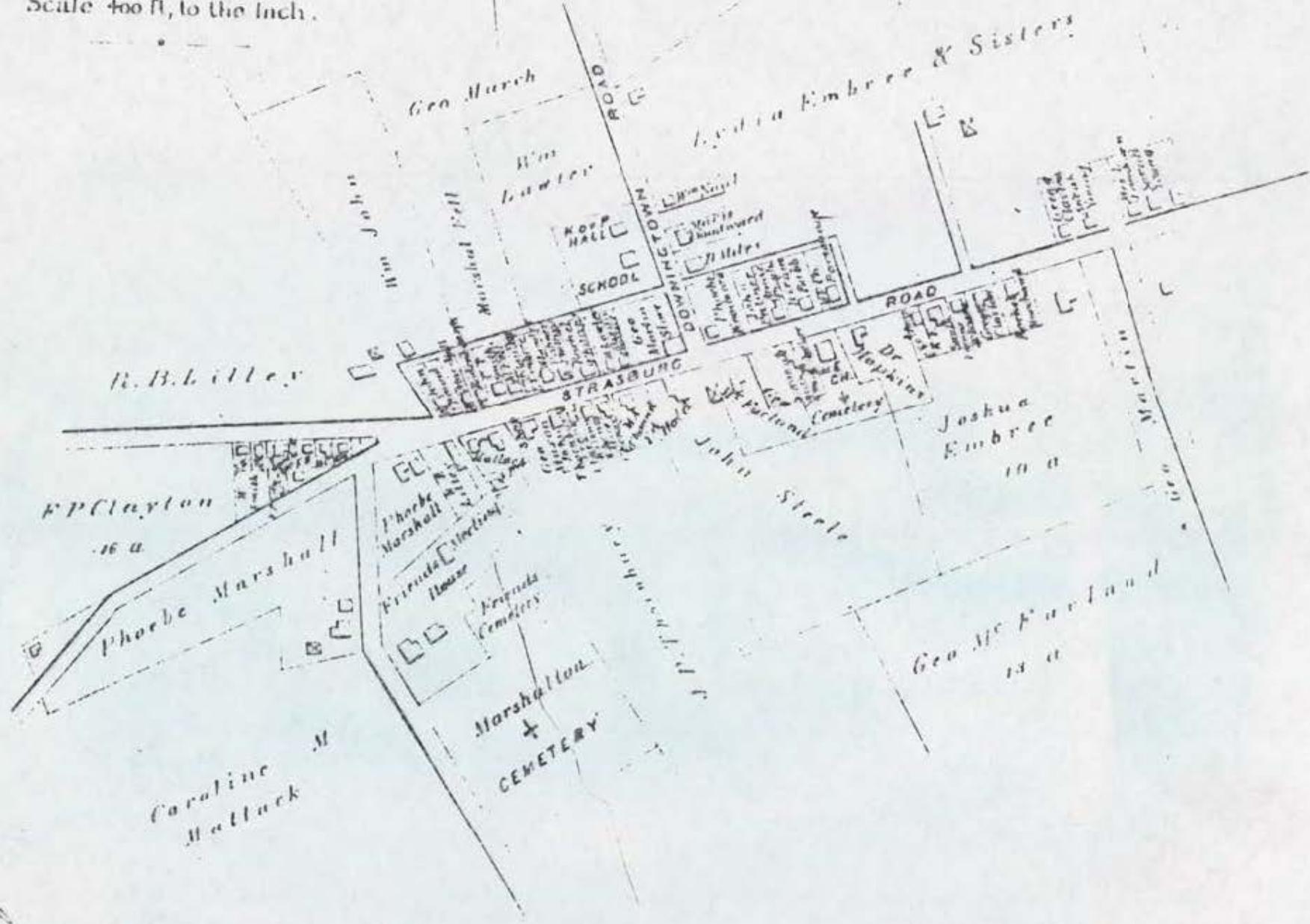


FOCAL POINTS OF THE MARSHALLTON HISTORIC DISTRICT

MARSHALTON

W. BRADFORD TWP

Scale 400 ft. to the Inch.



Mr. J. H.
Recent

Draft of Building Lots on the North side of the Strasburg Road and on the West side of the Downingtown

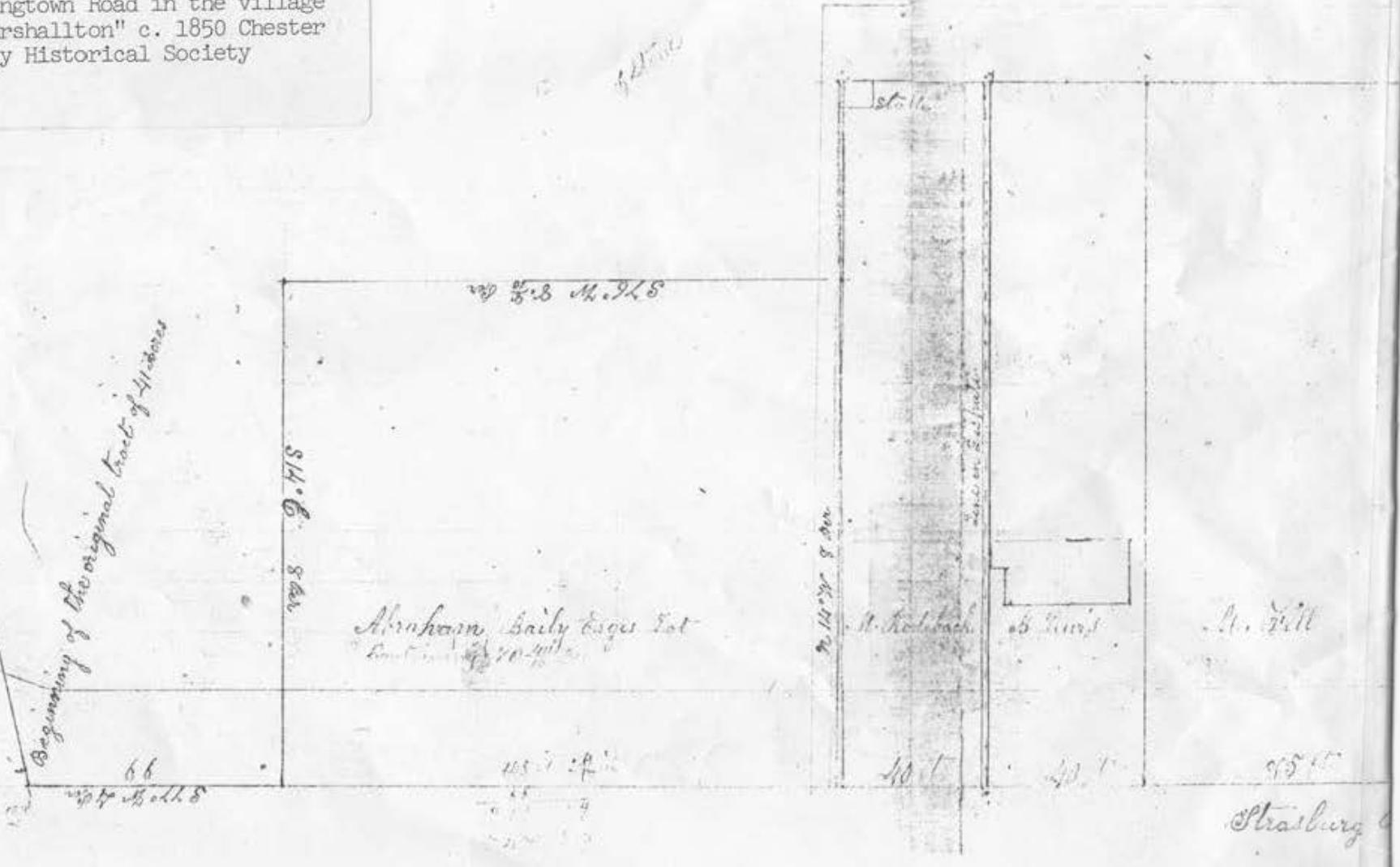


Scale 40 feet to one inch

Copy of "Draft of Building Lots on the north side of the Strasburg Road and on the west side of the Downingtown Road in the village of Marshallton" c. 1850 Chester County Historical Society

26.8° N 101.2° E

Beginning of the original tract of 40 acres



Draft of Building Lots on the North side of the Attrasburg Road and on the West side of the Downingtown

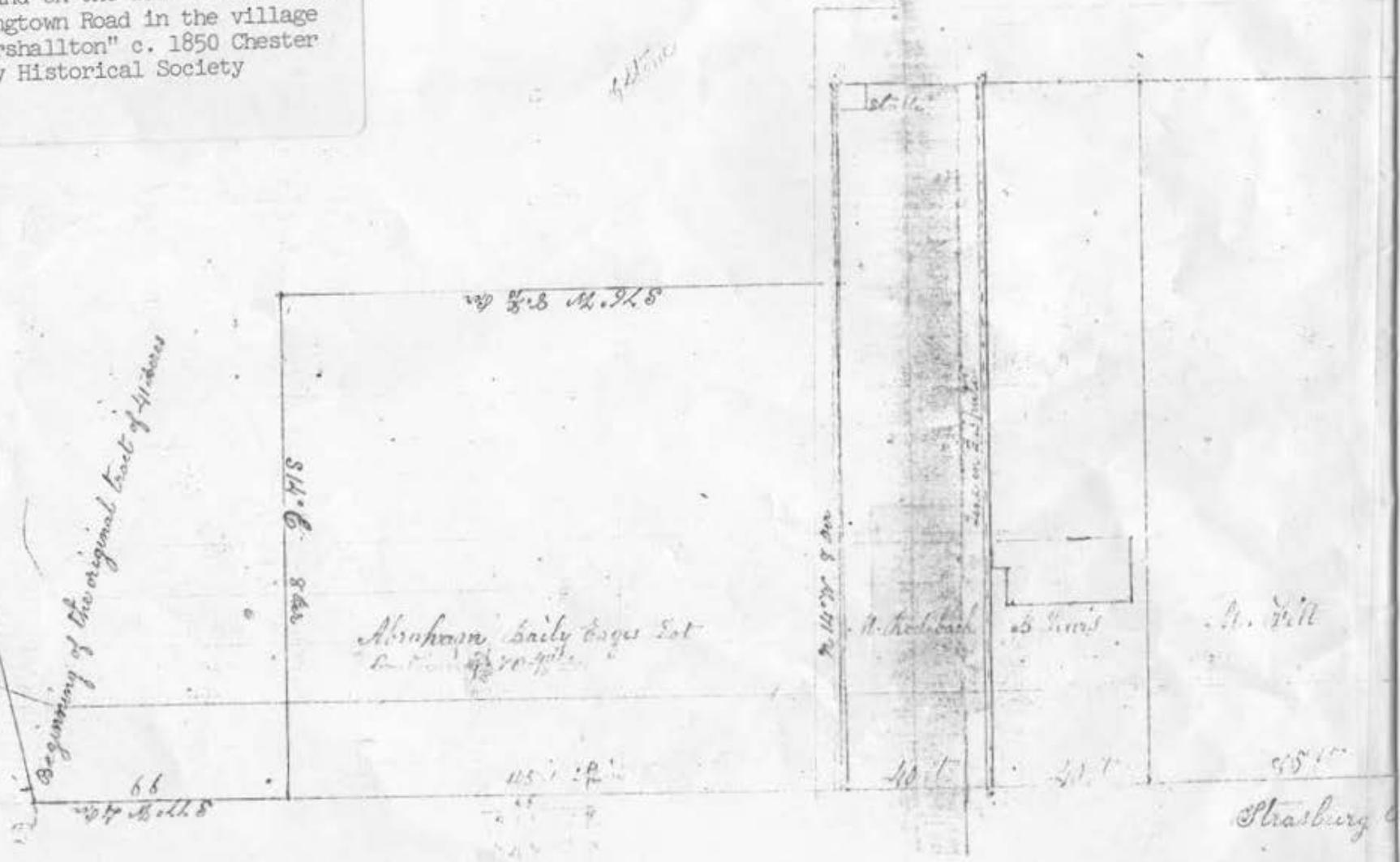


Copy of "Draft of Building Lots on the north side of the Strasburg Road and on the west side of the Downingtown Road in the village of Marshallton" c. 1850 Chester County Historical Society

Scale 40 feet to one inch

268° N 101 32'

Beginning of the original text of the



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(Marshallton Farms)

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Three Cemeteries -

Bradford
Friends
Methodist

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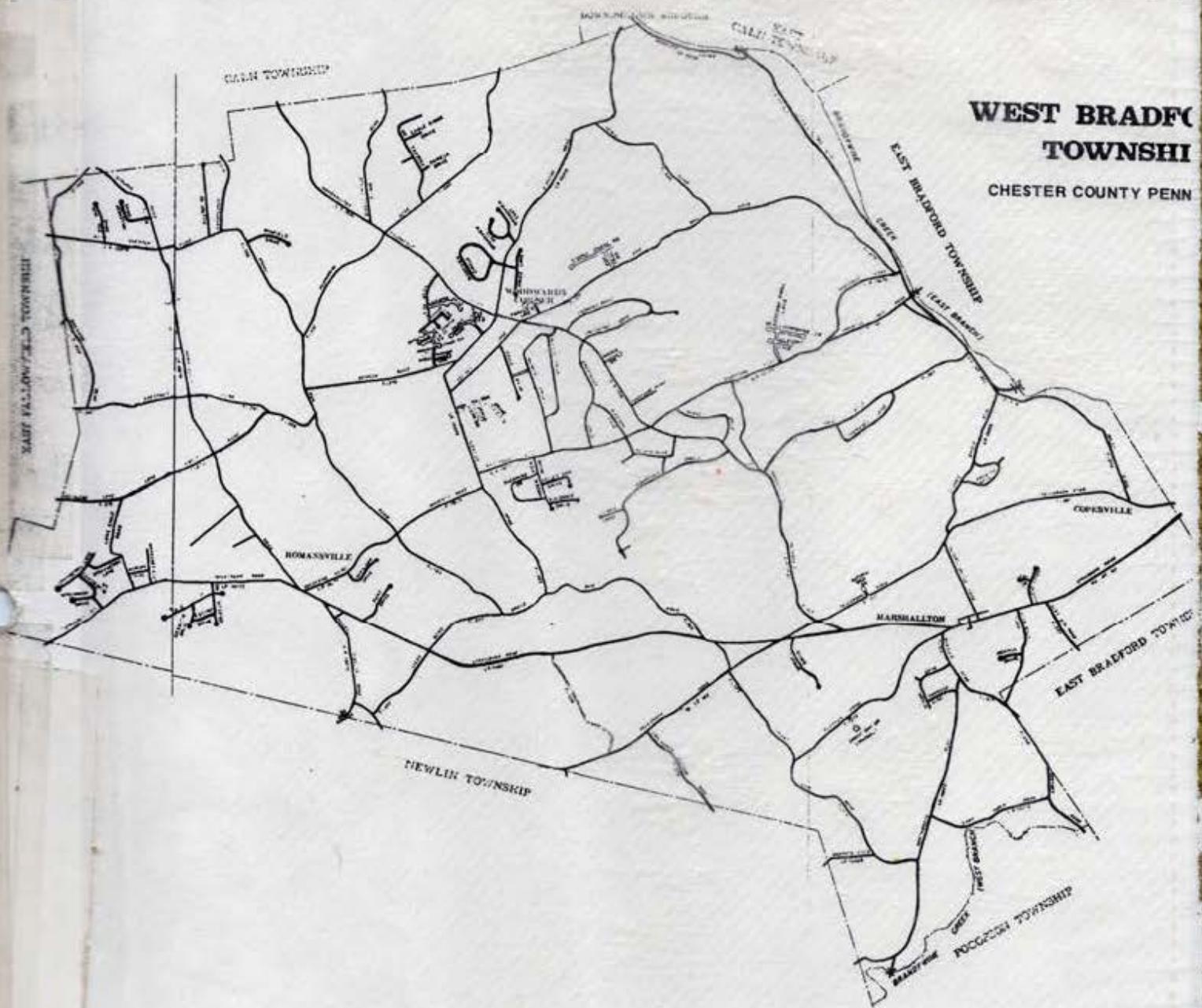
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L 3. 20. 1906

Hawks Have Been Scarce, 2, 20

There has been a scarcity of hawks out in West Bradford for some time and Lewis Frame, who started out to clear the locality of them with traps and caused quite a furor on the part of the game people when he got a red-tailed hawk, is doing little work in this line. The birds seem to have become scarce in the locality and are causing little trouble to the chickens on the farms. The traps are still being set but they are growing rusted for want of active service. Mr. Frame, however, declares he will keen after the birds until he either drives them out of the locality or kills them all. He lost a large number of chickens before starting out after the birds in earnest, but the loss is now small.

L 3. 30. 1906

The letter from Mr. Schamburg to the West Bradford resident contains the last proof of the condition of things in his company. The company has not got enough capital at the head and wants the people to furnish it—there seems to be no remaining question about this. But it is not the fault of the people—it is their misfortune—if a trolley company has come along which really wasn't able to build the road. Who ever heard tell of a railroad, of any kind, putting up the fares every time it makes repairs along the line? We must pay, so it seems, the fares of the Tennis don-head riders and do all kinds of paying for all kinds of causes. Should one of Mr. Schamburg's directors have a heavy doctor bill last this Spring, in all human probability we'll go the fare again. Well, he charged it all right at right. (The correspon-

A 4. 21. 1949

Over the south valley hills about four miles from Downingtown lies one of Chester County's most beautiful and historic villages, Marshallton, the "capitol" of West Bradford Township. Although Marshallton is little more than a hop, skip and a jump away, the contours of the land, the direction of the Strasburg Road and, above all, the school situation, has tied the village and its surroundings more to West Chester than to the Chester Valley. All this may now be changed for it looks as

L 11. 24. 1923

Some of the residents of Marshallton are still talking of organizing and securing a chemical engine for protection of that place, but much apathy is displayed on the part of a majority of the residents. If a real serious fire should gain headway in the village during bad winter weather it would spell disaster which might be prevented by a small outlay of money. There is no water for pumps there and apparatus from this place would prove of little value with bad roads preventing a quick response. The residents of the metropolis of Bradford are not up in line with other places of the same size in the county in the matter of fire protection.

L 3. 13. 1922

Snowdrops in Marshallton. 3. 13. Hundreds of snowdrops are in bloom in the ancient arboretum of Humphrey Marshall, Marshallton, where Walter Lillay was for several years a resident owner. These flowers give a Spring-like appearance to the grove, especially near the stone which was marked a few years ago by the Chester County Historical Society. The fact that Humphrey Marshall died over 120 years ago indicates that some of the trees must be of great age.

L 4-28-1897

Simeon Hoopes, one of the oldest residents of this place, tells of a bear chase which took place at Marshallton sixty years ago, and in Downingtown at night; but it finally escaped. The animal was first seen by Dr. Marshall, who resided in the West Bradford metropolis, as he was returning home one night, and he pronounced it a bear at once. He secured his hounds and sent them into the attack, but the bear was there for business, and it required but a few minutes for it to whip the dogs thoroughly. Then the hunt with the Doctor in the lead was organized. The citizens were called from their beds, armed themselves with guns, secured all the hounds they could find, and started out for trouble. The dogs took the trail and followed it to Downingtown, where it was lost, none of the hunters having ever seen the bear. It was daylight when the party reached home, and the bear was the talk of the town for many weeks.

If one is at all historically-minded, it is impossible to pass through Marshallton without taking a second look at the many well-kept buildings that have the air of having been around a long time—some of them since the county's earliest beginnings.

One of these buildings—sure to catch the passerby's attention—is the old blacksmith shop, operated by William Ludwick, and owned by Merrill Cann. *CR 9.7.56*

Ludwick, one of the few remaining blacksmiths in the county, still manages to keep busy five days a week but his trade has changed considerably since he first learned it 53 years ago, at the age of 15.

Primarily, the change has been in the kind of horses shod. At one time, his business was almost entirely with farm horses but now there are very few farm horses left. Ludwick's equine customers now are almost exclusively riding and show horses.

Wagon work also used to be an important part of the blacksmith's business, but that, too, has passed into history. Ludwick, however, still has some of the old equipment used by his father in making wagon wheels and steel tires.

As with every other commodity and service, prices, too, have changed considerably since Ludwick first learned the trade in 1903. At that time the charge for shoeing a horse was from 80 cents to \$1.25. Now the cost is \$12.

Although Ludwick and his brother both followed in their father's footsteps as blacksmiths, Ludwick's two sons have pursued different occupations. Robert, who played minor league baseball for about nine years, is now working at Wyeth, Inc., and William, Jr., is employed in the office of Downingtown Paper Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Ludwick also have two daughters.

Ludwick thinks it is a shame that no young men seem to be interested in the trade since he feels there will be a demand for blacksmiths for a long time to come despite the decreasing horse population.

The Marshallton blacksmith now does much of his work on the road, travelling from one farm to another. Among his customers, scattered over a 12-mile radius of Marshallton, are the Brandywine Hunt club and Cribilly farms.

When Ludwick first learned the trade under his father's tutelage, the family business was at Northbrook. Later, Ludwick worked as a blacksmith for Matthew Lamb in Coatesville.

He has been at the Marshallton blacksmith shop for about 20 years. Before that he also operated his father's former shop at Northbrook.

Although the picturesque blacksmith shop looks as though it could easily date back to the Revolution or before, the exact age of the building is currently unknown. Neither Ludwick nor Cann, the owner, have been able to establish the exact date of the building's construction.

Records at the county Historical society, however, show that the building has been operated as a blacksmith shop at least since 1844. At that time George Maxton took over the shop and was the proprietor until 1884 when he was succeeded by John Cunningham, of Downingtown. After Cunningham, came William S. Keenan, who was a squire in addition to being a blacksmith and heard cases in the shop, using a room upstairs for living quarters. Ludwick followed Keenan.

On the average Ludwick shoes about five horses a day but he can remember one day years ago when he and his father, working as a team, shod 25. There was also one day this year when Ludwick shod 17 by himself.

In his historic blacksmith shop, Ludwick has a collection of some of the tools of yesteryear, handmade by his father. The shop, a landmark frequently photographed by visitors and painted by artists, was open on Chester County Day several years ago.

L 4-2-1957

By JACK McCUFFERTY

Of The Local News Staff

In this age of supersonic jets, high-compression engines and power-driven farm machinery, William H. Ludwick of Marshallton is rare evidence that the rapidly-dying blacksmith trade lives on in Chester County.

The atmosphere at Ludwick's shop on RD 4 is almost a carbon copy of that created by Longfellow in his lines on "The Village Blacksmith," which many will remember from their early school days. The only thing that seems to be missing is the spreading chestnut tree.

One Of A Few

Ludwick, who will be 69 in June, is one of the few remaining smithys whose major work is still devoted to the art of shoeing horses. Unlike others who have remained in business by concentrating on the repair of farm machinery, Ludwick still depends on horses for the major part of his bread and butter.

Except for occasional jobs for the township, such as sharpening and tempering tools, he does the same work today that he has been doing for the past 54 years.

Ludwick began as a blacksmith when he was 15-years-old. He did so reluctantly, but according to the wishes of his father who also had devoted a lifetime to the trade in Chester County.

Inherited Job

"My grandfather was a blacksmith, too," Ludwick explained. "And in years back so were many of my cousins and uncles."

Most of Ludwick's present work is done for riding clubs or on show horses. He still shoes an average of four or five horses a day or around 1,500 in the year.

Multiply this last figure by the 54 years that Ludwick has been on the job and you get an impressive number. Even so that lifetime record would probably be an underestimate, since Ludwick can recall when he shod 17 horses in a single day. **L 4-2-57**

"Back in the old days we used to get \$2.50 for a job," he explained, "while today it costs between \$8 and \$16."

While practical enough to admit that some of the methods and tools used in the old days have long since lost their value, the hard-working smithy doesn't try to hide traces of nostalgia about the time when horses were as commonplace as today's streetcar.

Scores Of Tools

Still hanging in his shop are dozens of heavy old shoes long obsolete. He also keeps some wagon shafts and wheel rims, the demand for repairing which fell off years ago. In another corner of his shop are scores of tools, many of them made by his father, which are of no use save for a treasure chest of memories.

Not modern tools

a chemical spray to keep flies off horses. But just as he has been doing for half a century, Ludwick chases the pests away with a horse's tail which resembles a dust broom.

Ludwick still makes many of his shoes from scratch, that is, from a strip of metal. On the ready-made shoes he does use, he finishes the toes and heels.

Sports fans may remember one of Ludwick's sons, Bob, who pitched for nine years in the Brooklyn Dodgers' farm chain before hanging up his spikes to work with Wyeth in West Chester. Another son, William Jr., works in the office of the Downingtown Paper Co. Ludwick also has two daughters, Mrs. Leah Johnson of Marshallton, and Mrs. Doris Remerter of Colwyn, and seven grandchildren.

Ancient Shop

The shop in which Ludwick works is a story by itself. Just how old the shop is no one seems to know, although it is believed to date back to the Revolutionary War days.

Significant though this may be, it is still overshadowed by the clang of the sledge of the man inside with his large and sinewy hands. In mule skin apron he labors daily at his hearth with metal shoes, anvil and tongs.

Like the smithy in Longfellow's poem:

"Each morning sees some task begin
"Each evening sees it close..."

Commencement Essay of Mary Roberts Worth (Cornucel) read by
Westtowne 1923

A CHESTER COUNTY SLEEPY HOLLOW

Through a section of the farmland of Pennsylvania, over hills and past sunny fields, a famous old road winds its way. As this highway pursues its course through the country, helping men on their journeys, it occasionally gets tired of always going somewhere, and so, once in a while, in its travels, it slows down and takes a rest. One of these pauses comes when the old road forms the main street of a little country village, known to those who know it at all as Marshallton. Here it forgets itself, flattens out between two rows of trees and houses, and becomes the most important part of the country metropolis. If we should follow this route and approach the village from the east side, the first indication of anything unusual ahead would be a sign, commanding all trespassers on the soil of Marshallton to "run slow". This is a good suggestion, for it is utterly beneath the dignity of such a sedate old place, to have impudent automobiles come scurrying through, disturbing the habitual calm. Go quietly on and notice the houses. They doze behind their protecting rows of majestic trees and seem to say, "Behold the houses of Marshallton. None can surpass them." A new coat of paint is an unheard of thing here, and besides it would spoil the atmosphere of honorable and drowsy antiquity which envelopes the village like a cloud. We pass on down the street in awe. What is this we see? "A store?" someone timidly suggests. "No, the store," is the proud reply. This edifice is one of the most important buildings in Marshallton, being the gossip market as well as the food market and also the general meeting place of the men's club. One buys here anything from bread to boots and binder twine, sees the villagers in their native haunt, and gets a chance to answer the never omitted query, "Gona rain?" When he had seen the store, the casual observer might think he had completed the tour of the village, but just before the street splits in three and the main road shrinks to its usual size, and leaves Marshallton with a yawn, there are two intensely interesting old buildings. One is the home of Humphrey Marshall, the founder of the village, and the other is the Friends' Meeting House. When one realizes that the Meeting House was built in 1740 and that Humphrey Marshall constructed his house, with his own hands, not long after, the historical importance of this seemingly insignificant little village begins to dawn. We stand and look up at the magnificent old giants of trees guarding the little Meeting House, with its old stone mounting block, and think away back to the times when the Indians hunted, perhaps in this very spot, in the midst of dense forests, and the first settlers crossed the ocean to live in the colony of Pennsylvania. An old legend comes to our mind and we suddenly remember that Deborah's Rock is near this very village. This rock has on it the supposed foot print of that most beautiful Indian maiden, Deborah, who jumped from the top down into the Brandywine, to escape an exceedingly wicked chief who was chasing her. This is a very romantic story, until one looks at the foot print. Then, alas, a good bit of the romance disappears because the mark is several sizes too big for a dainty heroine, and we begin to get skeptical.

Years after Deborah had gone to her watery grave, the English colonists made their first appearance in the wildernesses. When enough settlers had arrived on the scene, the Meeting House was built and gradually a small village grew up around it. About this time Humphrey Marshall built his house, near the meeting house. He was getting to be quite an important man then, because of his extensive knowledge of botany. There are still around his house some remnants of a really fine collection of trees that he planted, some of which were very rare, and came from distant parts of the world. Humphrey Marshall is mentioned especially, in a biography, for the "aid and counsel he afforded in projecting and organizing that valuable institution for the education of youth, the Westtown Boarding School."

During the time that Humphrey Marshall was carrying on his botanical work, the village was growing, and later was named after him in memory of his name as one of the first American botanists. In the course of time it became necessary to choose a county seat for Chester County. Marshallton was then a thriving village, larger than West Chester, which consisted mostly of the Turk's Head Inn. It was situated almost directly in the center of the county, and because of this had been seriously thought

Westtown Commencement

1923

as the county seat. However, when the time came for the decision, the farmers of the neighborhood banded together and declared that they positively would not hear of Marshallton becoming the county seat. Their excellent reason for this decision was that during the time that court was in session, a good many boys would probably come to town, and these prudent farmers were very much afraid that the boys would steal their apples. Of course, nothing could stand in face of such logic as this, so the advocates of the step were forced to give in, and to this day the village remains a village and spends its time drowsily dreaming of the good old days, blissfully ignorant for the most part of a good bit of what is going on in the world. When a stranger comes into their midst, the older people look curiously at him, get all excited, and murmur to themselves, "Now dear me, whose grandchild's that?"

Marshallton, though no longer an important center, is still interesting as a community. Every day life there, one must admit, is not supplied with very many thrills, but the village is really of interest, and holds a charm, and mostly because of its calm and undisturbed sleepiness. The entertainments of the inhabitants are always rather interesting, too, on account of certain characteristics which are generally pretty obvious. For instance during the summer there are always opportunities for festivals. Now a festival is an occasion of great importance and excitement. To get an idea of the delights of one of these joyful events, look at a strawberry festival that was held near Marshallton several years ago. At this jubilee there were exactly two possibilities for entertainment, playing baseball, and eating ice cream. The baseball game was rather handicapped by the lack of an umpire, and so, unfortunately, resembled the annual meeting of an accomplished debating society, such more than it did an exhibition of ballplaying. This was rather discouraging, especially to the spectators, and to cap the climax, in the midst of a heated argument, a dog ran away with second base. The cooler half of the program, having gotten lost in the attempt to locate the party, didn't arrive until everyone was getting ready to leave the festive grounds.

In the winter, of course, there is that highly important social function, the Christmas entertainment. Santa Claus comes bustling into the room to the cheerful accompaniment of sleighbells, as is the custom in most such entertainments, perhaps loses his flowing white beard amid the general excitement, bestows boxes of delicious candy on the awestruck members of the younger generation, and exits gaily amid rounds of applause. Another exceedingly thrilling form of amusement during the winter season is the illustrated lecture. These educational feasts are especially inspiring because of the interesting tendency the pictures have of going into the lantern right side up and coming out on the screen wrong side up. This doesn't really make very much difference though, as someone remarked, and the talks are sure to be appreciated anyway, especially if they are free.

Marshallton does try in a way to keep up with the times. Take for instance an old farmer who all his life had driven a horse. One day, as has happened to so many people, he bought a sure enough automobile, a Ford, naturally, and after a while learned enough about it to drive proudly up to the store. Here an old acquaintance stopped up to admire the glistening expanse of brand new automobile and to discuss the potato crop, or some such vital topic. In the midst of the confabulation the impertinent Ford started to coast gently down the street. The owner, still deep in conversation, gave the steering wheel a mighty jerk, and roared at his shining equipage, in a tone of command, "Whoa, there!"

So Marshallton lies, surrounded by fertile fields and progressive towns, a relic of the good old days. What does it matter though, if it isn't absolutely up-to-the-minute? The more we think about it, the more we realize that the business of this village and the thousands of others like it all over the world is to give us a rest from continual progress. We may be inclined to laugh at its sleepiness, but at the same time we love it for the quaint memories it holds of our ancestors and of times, the like of which we shall never see.

EARLY DAYS IN MARSHALLTON ARE RECALLED
Writer remembers Sarah Hughes as Teacher of unusual ability ...
Some Old Properties

I have no doubt that the majority of readers of the Daily Local News will not be interested in this article, but I thought perhaps some of the people who are still living and had at one time lived in the old town of Marshallton and the ones who are living there now might be interested in reading it. Marshallton and its older inhabitants and their occupations back in the late '60's and early '70's, as recalled by a former resident then in his early youth, writes George P. McFarland, South Walnut Street.

Beginning on the hill just east of the village lived Maris Woodward on the farm owned and occupied for many years by William I. Reeves, who recently sold it to William Killifer who is now occupying it as a home. Mr. Reeves reserved enough ground and has lately built himself a nice home on the western slope of the farm facing the road.

The property down in the field, opposite the Reeves' new home, formerly known as the Abe Martin farm now belongs to the Canns, and is occupied by Homer Cann. The new house on the eastern edge of this farm, commanding a splendid view of the Brandywine Valley to the south, was built a few years ago by Harry Cann, Jr., who resides there.

EMBREE ACTIVITIES ... The three Embree brothers - Joshua, who was a nurseryman and fruit grower, lived in the house sitting in from the street. His son, Alfred, carried on the business for many years after his father died. It is now owned by the Cann brothers and a brother-in-law of theirs resides there. James, who manufactured cradles and scythe poles and afterwards, bought the old Woodward homestead and built the present house, later known as the Embree girls' farm. Lewis, another brother, a farmer west of Marshallton, sold his farm, moved to town and retired.

WOODWARD REGIME ... Other residents going west on the south side of the street were Richard Woodward, a pattern maker who worked at Cope's Foundry and machine shops. I have heard it said that the Richard Woodward house is the oldest house in Marshallton. It is now owned by Warren Climenson, of Philadelphia, who occupies it as a summer residence.

Emmett Smith, who manufactured cigars; Barclay Baldwin, who was a cattle dealer, moved to a farm between Unionville and Doe Run. This dwelling vacated by Barclay Baldwin was bought by Jacob Marshall, a retired farmer from Sadsbury township.

Next came the stone house occupied by Dr. Warren, later by the late Dr. Ephraim Hopkins and now owned and occupied by Gilbert Cann.

The house on the west side of the Methodist Church, now occupied by Leedom Mercer, was the parsonage of the church until 1876, when the new parsonage was built on the opposite side of the street facing the church.

Next came the residence of George McFarland, the pump maker, then the Marshallton Hotel, kept at that time by John Steele, now owned and operated by Barton Jefferis.

On down the street lived Wilson Cheyney, who carried on a shoe making business and his wife, Alice, ran a millinery and notion store in the same building. The property is now owned by John Trimble, who lives there.

SUPERIOR TEACHERS ... In one half of the next double house lived the Hughes sisters, Elizabeth and Sarah. Elizabeth was the housekeeper and it was with her that the school teachers generally boarded. Dr. Francis Harvey Green resided with her during his teaching at Marshallton School. Sarah Hughes was a school teacher and at one time taught the Marshallton School (in the old school-house, of course). She was an excellent teacher and very thorough in her teachings. The writer gained more knowledge from her than any teacher he ever studied under. The Hughes' sisters were sisters of the late Jackson Hughes who conducted a tailor shop and clothing store on Gay Street, West Chester, in later years.

The other half of the double house referred to was occupied by different owners, one of later years being Baldwin Clayton, a retired farmer.

THORNBURY RECORD ... The next, a three story brick house, now owned and occupied by George McAllister was built by Thomas Thornbury during the Civil War (I think 1864) and occupied by him for a time. John Thornbury, brother of Thomas, who carried on butchering down at Dogtown (southwest of the town) bought the property and moved there in 1876, continued butchering and attended market in the old market house (West Chester) for many years. At that time there were twenty-five acres belonging to the property. In the year following his purchase of the property, he built the present barn. The writer of this article bought the property in 1897 from the estate of John Steele, former owner and proprietor of the Marshallton Hotel. At that time there were only eight and one-half acres of land, the rest having been sold to the hotel owners, the Steele's, some years earlier.

The next property in our travel down the street is the old blacksmith and wheelwright shop. The first blacksmith the writer remembers was George Maxton who was followed by John Cunningham then by Wm. Keenan and still later by the present occupant, Wm. Ludwick. The first Wheelwright I recall was Ellis Hughes (brother of the Hughes sisters referred to above) then followed Caleb Wickersham who afterwards moved to Unionville. Next came George Cunningham who occupied the shop for a great many years, he being no relation to John. The present shops including a lot are owned by Merrill Cann, a prominent resident of Marshallton.

The next large stone house is owned by Harry E. Cann, President of the Eastern Sales Co., Esco Building, West Chester, who resides therein. My first recollection of this property was that of owner, Dr. Moses Marshall, who in later years, retired to his farm on the Northbrook Road (later known as the Matlack Farm) where he died and was the first one buried in the Bradford Cemetery at Marshallton in 1871. The property has changed hands many times in the last 75 years.

The little old stone house that stood on the northwest corner of the lawn and faced the street was torn down when the new Town Hall was built, to get the stone. The property at that time was owned by Wm. Keenan, the village blacksmith. The new stone house at the rear of this property built by the late Milton Durnall is now owned by Merrill Cann who resides there.

THAT OLD STORE ... The old stone store property just across the drive from the Cann homes, has quite a chain of owners and occupants in its history. The front or the next to the street was used as a store as long as the writer can remember, the first store-keeper being, in my recollection, Albert P. Hall who moved to West Chester and opened up business on North Church Street. Following Mr. Hall was Thomas Temple, who came from Lionville and next came Robert B. Lilley, he having moved from the old Center House Hotel which he was operating. Mr. Lilley kept the store for a number of years and was Postmaster also. Later he bought the Humphrey Marshall Estate directly across the Strasburg Road where the botanical garden was planted and much of which still thrives there. When Robert Lilley moved to his new home, the store was rented to Reuben Sindell, a man from Reading who conducted it for a year or so when the store was taken over by McFarland & Lilley; the former a brother of the writer and the latter, Walter S. Lilley, a son of the owner. This firm conducted the store a number of years, when Lilley withdrew.

to go to farming. My brother, Fred McFarland, continued on for several years when he bought a small farm adjoining the village, the brick home of which faced the west end of the drive leading past the old Friend's Meeting House. This house was built by Israel Lamborn (father of Townsend Lambron) and was owned and occupied by Elizabeth Millison, wife of Richard, who kept the Center House Hotel in earlier years. The place has changed hands since Mr. McFarland's death and I think it is now owned by Mr. Tanguy who is Superintendent of the County Home, now a State Institution. At this time an energetic young man (and, I think, just married) took over the store. His name was Harry E. Cann and he ran the store for a time, when he engaged in other pursuits and has been most successful in his other enterprises.

(to be continued)

EARLIER DAYS IN AND NEAR MARSHALLTON
John Steele recalled as the first proprietor of Old Hotel
IN CENTENNIAL YEAR

In going on down the street in our Marshallton Rambles, we come to the old Center House Hotel sitting at the forks of the roads leading to Embreeville and Northbrook. The first proprietor I recall was John Steele who afterwards moved to the upper hotel and was followed at the Center House by Robert B. Lille. I believe after Mr. Lille left the hotel, it never was granted a license to sell liquor again. In after years it was occupied as a restaurant and then a store.

The next building going up the Strasburg Road was owned by William Reese who kept a restaurant there, having ice cream in summer and oysters in winter, writes George P. McFarland, South Walnut Street.

The next house was the Carpenter house where Thomas Carpenter lived, who had manufactured hats (mostly the old Quaker variety) farther out west of the town. He had two daughters, Hannah and Ellen. Ellen Carpenter married William Hickman who lived their married life at Pocopson Inn, now the property of Hayman Orchards. We have in our borough two sons of this marriage, Joseph Hickman, late of Kennett Square, now at the Hickman Home, and Marshall B. Hickman, proprietor of the Turk's Head Hotel. The latter married Florence Parker, daughter of Jas. G. Parker, ex-Sheriff of Chester County and they last month celebrated their golden anniversary.

In the next house as we travel westward lived Robert and Caleb Buffington. They were both bachelors, retired farmers, and Caleb was school director for a number of years. I have no doubt quite a few of the older scholars of the Marshallton School remember Caleb. He bought a clock for the school and every week on a certain day he went to the school and wound the clock.

Next to the Buffington's house came George Smith, a carpenter by trade, who assisted in building most of the houses that were built in the '80's.

Next, the home of Dr. John B. Temple, and the next and last house has had so many owners and tenants that the writer cannot recall them all. The first one I remember was Moses Keech, a shoemaker by trade who carried on that work. He was the father of the late Joseph Keech who was a conductor on the P.R.R. and ran from West Chester to Frazer.

GOOD IRON WORKER ... Coming back to the eastern end of the village, we start on the north side of the street or road. The first house was occupied by one Joseph Bound, a blacksmith by trade who made all the iron work for the Embree cradles and scythe poles.

Next a frame house built by Townsend Lamborn as an investment and now occupied by the owner, Emmett Smith, a grandson of the elder Emmett, the tobacconist.

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Next a frame house built by Townsend Lamborn as an investment and now occupied by the owner, Emmett Smith, a grandson of the elder Emmett, the tobacconist.

The next house adjoining was also built by Townsend Lamborn where he and his mother lived until their deaths. The home is now the property of Carl B. McFarland, whose father, the late Harry J. McFarland, having previously owned it and carried on pump making and plumbing.

Just across the drive is the house James Young built for himself in 1877, he having retired from his farm up near Shady Side Schoolhouse. After his death there were several different owners, among the later ones being Samuel McAllister and wife, who resided there until their deaths.

The next house was built by Gregg Clayton, in the early '70's who owned a farm west of Marshallton, lately the property of the late Wilbur Baldwin. Clayton in his earlier days was a hatter by trade. He also built the brick house that stands at the forks of the road at Dogtown, that suburban town of Marshallton. Barton J. Harper now owns and resides in the Gregg Clayton house.

IN CENTENNIAL YEAR ... Next came the M.E. Parsonage built by members of the church in 1876.

The next house adjoining the parsonage, now owned by and occupied by Joseph Mattson, was built by Hiram Babb (carpenter by trade) in the year 1876 or '77. The house later came into possession of Eber J. Young who remodeled it and moved from his farm into it. The late Hiram Babb was also a pump maker and worked for my father for a number of years.

The double houses adjoining the Mattson home were built by Wilson Young who owned the large farm near Young's Schoolhouse. They were built, I think, in 1877. His sister, Rebecca, and a niece, Annie Guthrie, lived there a number of years. The other half of the house was rented out.

We next come to the house on the corner of the Downingtown road, now owned and occupied by Earl Johnson. In my earliest recollection this house was occupied by Moses S. Woodward. He was a son of James Woodward, one of the earliest settlers in Marshallton, whose home was where the Embree girls' home was in later years. The only things I remember Moses doing was going around among the farmers in the winter time and helping them butcher and in the summer time, he made ice cream on a commercial scale for picnics and the like. We boys used to hang around his place and he would put us to work pumping water out of the ice house which had accumulated from melted ice. We were allowed the privilege of licking the paddles of the big freezer.

DROLL CONSTABLE ... Moses was also constable of the township and it was said of him that when he went to a place to arrest anyone he would call out when he got within hearing distance, "Look out, buckies, I'm acomming," which would give the parties a chance to escape. In the summertime Moses set out in his front yard on an old bench under the shade of an old catalpa tree and call to most every man who came past, "Come in, buckie, and tell us all you know; 'twon't take you long." Moses was a great character. He was a large broad shouldered man and quite fleshy. Before he died, he requested that a bunch of wood shavings be placed under his head in his coffin. His wish was carried out for his brother, Titus, and my father put the pillow under his head. Titus was a bachelor and boarded at the Hotel as long as I knew him. He was a carpenter and stair builder and one of the best.

MARTIN MERCHANTS ... This brings us to the brick store across the Downingtown Road, built by George Martin away back in the early 1800's. The original store was burned down some years ago and was rebuilt by his son, Oliver Martin. George ran the store as long as he was able, then his son, Abram, took over; then Oliver and lastly, Nelson Martin, Oliver's son, ran it for a time. Since then, it has been sold several times and rented out to different storekeepers. It is now in the possession of Fred Hoopes and Marshall Chambers and his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Wickersham Chambers, rent the store portion.

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DROLL CONSTABLE ... Moses was also constable of the township and it was said of him that when he went to a place to arrest anyone he would call out when he got within hearing distance, "Look out, buckies, I'm acomming," which would give the parties a chance to escape. In the summertime Moses set out in his front yard on an old bench under the shade of an old catalpa tree and call to most every man who came past, "Come in, buckie, and tell us all you know; 'twon't take you long." Moses was a great character. He was a large broad shouldered man and quite fleshy. Before he died, he requested that a bunch of wood shavings be placed under his head in his coffin. His wish was carried out for his brother, Titus, and my father put the pillow under his head. Titus was a bachelor and boarded at the Hotel as long as I knew him. He was a carpenter and stair builder and one of the best.

MARTIN MERCHANTS ... This brings us to the brick store across the Downingtown Road, built by George Martin away back in the early 1800's. The original store was burned down some years ago and was rebuilt by his son, Oliver Martin. George ran the store as long as he was able, then his son, Abram, took over; then Oliver and lastly, Nelson Martin, Oliver's son, ran it for a time. Since then, it has been sold several times and rented out to different storekeepers. It is now in the possession of Fred Hoopes and Marshall Chambers and his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Wickersham Chambers, rent the store portion.

The next house west of the store was where James Embree and family lived, now the home of Arthur Hall and the stone house nearby where Mrs. Charles Young lives was the shop where James manufactured cradles and scythe poles. His son, William G. Embree, carried on the business after his father's death. After Embree moved his business from Marshallton, Nelson Loller bought the property and conducted a cigar store for many years. It became known as "Congress Hall" where all the loafers congregated to "swap lies and chew the fat" (and also tobacco). At Loller's death it was sold and converted into a dwelling. Many affairs of the Nation were settled at "Congress Hall".

The next house just across the alley (until recently occupied and owned by Merrill Cann) was the property of Isaac and Rachel Phillips, prim old Quakers. Isaac was the sexton and caretaker of the old Friend's Meeting House. Next door lived Rachel and Mary Buffington, two maiden ladies, where as a lad I used to enjoy their ginger cakes and chestnuts. They were friends of my mother who used to send me there on errands.

Next came the Loller house and tin shop. William Loller, the father, with his son, Nelson, carried on tinsmithing and plumbing. An older son, C. Wilson Loller, carried on the same business in Unionville. There were two daughters, Cydney and Lydia, the latter married J. William Moore and both remained at the home. The Moore's son, Clarence, now owns and lives in the house. Wilson Loller of Unionville had two daughters, Clara and Margaret. The former married Addison L. Jones, former Superintendent of Public Schools of West Chester; the latter married Walter S. Lilley of Marshallton. When the home at Unionville was broken up, Wilson came to Marshallton to make his home with the Lilleys. In his later years he homed with his daughter, Clara Jones, where he died.

(to be continued)

RECALLS CIGAR MAKING INDUSTRY AT MARSHALLTON

George P. McFarland, of West Chester, in recalling early days in and around the village of Marshallton, writes as follows:

The next houses to the Lollers' were occupied by Lydia Tucker in one and Lewis Embree in the other. Next came the Marshall Fell house built by him in the '80's. After the death of Marshall and his wife, the property was sometime afterward sole to Mrs. Harriet Wickersham, of Embreeville, whose grandson, Lewis Wickersham, now owns it and lives there.

The next property in my early recollection was occupied by Jackson Hughes (who I described earlier in this article). After Jackson Hughes moved to West Chester, the building was taken over by Charles P. Smith, brother of Thomas T. and Joseph B., of West Chester, and son of the founder of the cigar business, Emmett Smith, who conducted quite a factory, having several cigar makers employed. This building was later turned into a bakery where several bakers engaged in the business in later years. This building is now owned by Lewis Wickersham, who lives on the adjoining property east.

SCENTED SECTION ... The next house west was at one time the home of Dr. John B. Temple and later as I remember, it was the home of Pierce Rodeback, a stone mason by trade and he kept a little restaurant in the rear of the house. Pierce was a great trapper in his day and would bag several hundred pole-cats of a winter. He also kept that end of the town well perfumed.

Next comes the town hall built after the Knights of Pythias hall was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. The old hall stood just north of the present schoolhouse. The present hall was built and is owned by the American Mechanics. The Marshallton Grange meets in the building and entertainments and dances are frequently held there.

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FIRST POST OFFICE ... Next comes the home of George Fling. Tradition tells us that in this building the first post office was established in Marshallton. The first family I recall living in the house was Lydia Adams, a widow, who had a son, Henry, and a daughter, Lydia. This property has changed hands many times.

In the house sitting high up in the lawn adjoining the Fling property lived William R. Chambers, undertaker and cabinetmaker, who when he moved to Unionville, was succeeded by Jacob Fisher who carried on the same business. After Fisher came Abram G. Williams, of West Chester, who, for a few years, carried on the business. Later the place was bought by William John, who, with his son, William, Jr., lived there until their deaths, they having moved from the farm east of the County Home. The Jacob Fisher cabinet shop stood down at the end of the lawn near the street. On the other corner of the lawn next to the driveway stood an old blacksmith shop operated by one Thomas Marshall. The buildings have long since been torn down.

WHERE RARE TREES GROW ... The Botanical Garden, home of Humphrey Marshall, is not like it was when I first knew it, most of the rare trees, shrubs, and flowers having disappeared. I well remember the younger Humphrey Marshall. He and Dr. Moses Marshall, of whom I have spoken, were brothers.

Going on up the Strasburg Road a little distance, we come to the "Mountain House" farm where, in my earlier recollections, lived Moses Carpenter, owner and proprietor. The farm was later purchased by Jacob Martin who remodeled the house. In later years it came into possession of Mifflin Thornbury who tore down the "Mountain House" that stood close to the road. Later Mifflin sold the farm to Alfred Hallowell, came into Marshallton and built the house now owned and occupied by Earl T. LeFevre, second house east of the store. The house on the south side of the street just across from LeFevre's, where Edward Fling lives and is the present owner, was built by Thomas P. Worth, the land being acquired from the George McFarland estate.

KNOWLEDGE CENTER ... On the road starting out from near the center of town and what is known as the Downingtown Road stands the schoolhouse to the left; the first house to the right was built by William Darlington in recent years. The next double houses were erected by Maris Woodward as an investment. They have changed hands many times. The next single house was built by William Nields, a carpenter, who did much of the building in and around Marshallton. He had three children--a daughter, Miss Anna Nields, has been for a long time, and is at present, principal of the Consolidated School at Marshallton; the other daughter, Frances, married the late Dr. George Young, of Coatesville. The son, Edward, learned the carpenter trade with his father and resides near Thorndale.

This about covers the town as I have known it so far in my lifetime. I have seen 23 new houses erected; also the new church, the new schoolhouse and the new town hall.

I have not in this article gone back to the old history of the town nor the first settlers. That has all been written up several times and published in the Daily Local News. The News' correspondent some 40 years ago, Eugene Hughes, hunted up all the data in that respect and it was published in the News. I have clippings of all those articles in my collection.

The oldest resident of Marshallton now living is Mrs. Oliver Martin, whose maiden name was Hannah Woodward, she being the niece of Maris Woodward (first mentioned in this article) and brother of the late Nelson Woodward of Chatham, who later moved to West Chester and became Deputy Register of Wills. Mrs. Martin at this time is in the Chester County Hospital with a broken hip but I learn is improving and expects to return to her home soon, she having made her home with Nelson Martin, her son, of near Chadds Ford. Mrs. Clarence Barton, of Pocopson, is a daughter. Mrs. Martin will be 95 years old this coming May ... truly a remarkable woman for her age.

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Early History of the Village of Marshallton

Lloyd O Lohmeyer-Westtown School

In 1713 Edward Clayton and Thomas Arnald each bought from William Penn or his commissioners 198 acres of land within the immediate vicinity of the town of Marshallton. These were the first purchasers to have actually settled on their property.

In 1716 George Martin bought 200 acres of land, some of the western parts being within the immediate vicinity of Marshallton.

To connect these settlers in the valley with those further down the Brandywine in West Chester, a road was laid out about 1718. It ran from the forks of the Brandywine through about fours miles of unsettled wilderness to the valley near Caln Meeting. This road passes through the area that became Marshallton.

Along this road, a mile northwest of Marshallton, George Martin had built himself a large stone house. He petitioned the August Court in 1746 to be "licensed for entertainment" as he was "seated on a public road convenient to entertain travelers for entertainment and very remote". 26 men signed the petition. It continued as a tavern for about twenty years and was the first place in the area where people would gather. It gave way to the "Center House" which was more centrally located in a seed of a settlement-Marshallton.

In 1724, by deed on June 3rd. Richard Northwood, for 270 pounds obtained 1,000 acres, forming now the southeast corner of the township and on it the majority of Marshallton is built.

The first inhabitants of this area of Chester County were Quakers. The Marshallton area was centrally located, as it was here that two smaller roads joined to form the larger road to West Chester.

In 1729 the first Friends Meeting House was built within the present day boundaries of Marshallton. For eight years Marshallton was a fork in the road with a meeting house in a grove nearby. People came here once a week.

In 1737 James Woodward and his family took up settlement near the meeting house. His residence was the oldest in that part of the county for many years and was torn down in 1870. During the next few years several residences were built near the fork of the road, but it wasn't until 1764 that Marshallton actually became a village.

In 1764 the Center House was erected by Joseph Martin. Mr. Martin petitioned for a public house in the Court of Quarter Sessions in Chester August 1764.

Part of the petition thusly:

"That there is a great necessity for a Public House for the entertainment of said travelers in said township, there being many large much used by travelers and no house of entertainment upon any of them for several miles distant, so that they are oftentimes obliged to be burdensome to the neighbors for want of refreshment."

The establishment was called the Center House because it was thought to stand in the center of the county, which back at that time also included the land of Delaware County.

Abraham Marshall bought the property in 1776. It is believed that following the Battle of Brandywine, September 1777, British soldiers imprisoned several farmers in the Center House for almost a week, suspecting them of being Tories. The building ceased to be a

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public house around 1879, after 115 years of business.

In 1786 there was some talk of making Marshallton the county seat, because of its central location. However a farmer who owned the only available piece of land on which county buildings could be erected opposed the coming of county government. He noted that many types of people are attracted to a count seat and he feared for the safety of his orchards.

The main street of Marshallton was the Strasburg Road, laid out in 1785. This road, along with Lancaster Pike, were the two main east-west thoroughfares along which passed the freight wagon traffic between Philadelphia and ever extending points west. Much of this wagon traffic usually followed the Strasburg Road in preference to the pike in order to escape paying toll.

In 1805, July 1st, the post office was established with Adam Bailey Postmaster. It was the 11th post office in the county. The town was first called Marshallton on the establishment of the post office. The name first proposed was Martinville, but it was soon changed as it lacked originality.

The town was named after Humphrey Marshall (born in 1722 and died in 1810) a botanist living in the town. Mr Marshall lived in a fine stone he built himself on a small knoll on the western end of town. The house still stands. Both Mr Marshall and his residence are discussed in greater detail further in the paper.

During these years the Center House monopolizes the profitable business of providing for travelers. Undoubtedly others in the area wished to gain their share of the passing trade. Abraham Martin built a large stone inn in the center of the village during 1814 with this in mind. His effort to gain a license, and thus cut into the trade of the Center House, took eight years and is recounted in detail later in this paper.

In the early 1800's Marshallton had a population of 50 or more. The village consisted of the two hotels, two stores and the Blacksmith-Wheelwright shop. Abraham Bailey, Marshallton's first Postmaster was also a storekeeper. Therefore, in all likelihood he was the merchant to open his doors to business in that town.

In 1812 Methodism was introduced into the area by Rev. Alban Hooke, a local preacher at Battin. His hearers assembled at three places - Moses's Henderson's barn, Ebenezer Carpenter's pine grove and the Wheelwright's shop in Marshallton. The wheelwright shop adjoined the MacFarland residence at the eastern end of town and served in its time as a wheelwright shop, a tin shop, a place for the congregation of card players, a pay school (Hannah Fling, 1857) and a church. It was torn down around 1870.

In 1829 a Methodist church was built with a small graveyard beside it. The preachers came from West Chester until 1841 when it became part of the Brandywine circuit which included such faroff places as Hopewell and Coatesville. The preacher travelled on horseback and got to Marshallton about once a month.

Grain cradles were introduced in the early 1800's in an effort to replace the sickle. James Embree, of Marshallton, manufactured such cradles and later invented a machine for turning scythe-poles, which he patented in 1844. He sold his farm inventions in town for many years until his store burned down in 1848.

In 1838 the first school building was erected. The structure was built of stone by Dr. Moses Marshall. It had two stories with the upper one intended for a "hall".

The first town band was organized in 1844 by Milton Clayton. By 1860 it was acclaimed a "pretty fair" band.

Later in 1872, the town hall was built by Daniel Miles, a butcher, who used part of it for a slaughter house. Shortly afterward he built an addition, making the upper part a "hall" and the lower part the basement into an "oyster saloon".

Notable conflagrations in Marshallton's past include the burning of the meeting house roof in 1788, Embree's scyth and cradle shop burning to the ground in 1848, the same fate befalling Fisher's cabinet shop in 1857 and June 1889 when Martin's general store was destroyed by fire.

Beside the West Bradford Cemetery, the Friends and Methodist also have burying grounds, three yards containing over 2,000 graves; the larger number by far being in the Friends lot. The earliest date of death on any stone in any of the yards is "M W 1740" in the Friends. Some of the more numerous families are the Woodwards, Martins, Keeches, Connors and Youngs.

An 1894 total of the sum and substance of Marshallton, the village and inhabitants thereof read; "There are at present in Marshallton 70 dwellings, 225 inhabitants, 36 Methodists, 7 widowers, 35 unmarried women over 20 years of age, 18 unmarried men over the same age, 2 general stores, 1 bakery, 1 cigar store, 1 hotel, a wheelwright and blacksmith shop, 2 boot and shoe makers, a watchmaker, a barber, 2 schools and three doctors.

The Meeting House

The first meeting house was established in 1726. It was made of wood. The second house was built shortly after 1729 and stands today where it was built, a few hundred yards from the fork in the road that forms Marshallton. The old house was removed to the farm of Adam Marshall and used as a barn or stable for years. It is still an active meeting house and as far as the interior goes, as little changed as any in the area.

The building consists of one room with the usual sliding partitions to separate the men's and women's meetings. A most unusual addition to this general plan is the additional set of sliding partitions at right angles to the central partition with space for two rows between it and the south wall. Locally it was supposed this area was for slaves but at least by 1780 the tax lists show no slaves in the township. Perhaps the unusual partition was only to give opportunity for private meetings.

On March 2nd (1783) the roof caught fire from a defective stove pipe or flue an hour before Sunday meeting. The interior was not greatly damaged. The roof was replaced and the rest of the building was reported to have been saved by throwing snow in from outside through doors and windows and thus saving the floors. The roof was repaired by William Woodward for 17 pounds. Later the graveyard was walled by Joseph Cope in 1774.

The Blacksmith Shop

Richard Woodward bought 1,000 acres in the Marshallton area in 1724 and built the blacksmith shop shortly thereafter although the exact date is not available. In any event he left the building to his son Robert in 1748 when he died. Robert was a blacksmith as was William England, who owned it from 1771 to 1809. William England Jr. was a saddler and his brother Thomas a smith. Thus the owners were probably smiths until 1826. George Matson, who bought the property in 1875 had been renting it and there was a smith there from 1844 to 1884. His son-in-law John E Cunningham followed as a blacksmith at this shop.

The blacksmith shop to the west has always been one large room with a shed to the south. The two story wheelwright shop to the east also consists of a room to a floor with a shed to the south on the roof of which carriages could be taken through large double doors for drying the painting done downstairs.

The Humphry Marshall House 1713

Humphry Marshall built the house in 1713 and lived in it until he died in 1801. The inventory taken at the time of Marshall's death list very carefully all the household items and the rooms in which they belonged. The rooms today seem to have remained the same but with different uses.

The room in the center of the house with the stairway has two rooms east of it, each with corner fireplaces. To the west of this main room was the plant room and the kitchen. Bedrooms on the second floor are apparently unchanged except that a back stairway has been removed. The most unusual feature in the house is the flue from the first floor main room. The fireplace is in the west wall. The flue leads back and up at an angle to the second floor west. In this room it runs along the wall in a series of steps to the west outer wall where the chimney is. The long flue within the house thus helps to heat the plant room on the first floor and the 'Long Room' over it on the second floor. In the main room on the first floor the room with the stairway is a niche in the wall for a tall clock. Another unusual feature is a small wall safe built into the north wall of the long room on the second floor.

Humphry Marshall (1722-1801) was the son of Abraham Marshall who came from Gratton, Derbyshire, England to Chester County in 1697 and in 1707 settled in West Bradford Township and built a stone house, still standing, where Humphry was born. Humphry was a cousin of John Bartram whose house is still standing on the Schuylkill.

Humphry was a mason, a family trade as it were. With little formal schooling, his interest in botany was early aroused perhaps by his cousin, John Bartram. He also gives great credit to his wife for an important decision to devote his spare time to the classical and scientific duties. He filled many public offices and was prominent in matters of Bradford Friends Meeting. However, his claim to fame was his book "The American Grove" which was printed in 1785. In 1788 a French edition was issued. Mr Marshall was corresponding widely with the leading scientists in America and Europe and exchanged data as well as collecting specimens for collectors.

Married Sarah Pennock -
Margaret Marshall - 1788

Humphry Marsall Continued

He had also the assistance of his nephew, Dr. Moses Marshall who had received his medical training in Wilmington and had used his surgery training after the Battle of Brandywine in 1777. He practiced medicine for only a short time, however and as an aid to his uncle traveled in Europe collecting specimens. The 1773 house was left to Moses when Humphry Marshall died without children in 1801. Remains of the arboretum and botanical gardens are still on the property.

The Rivalry of the Two Taverns

During the early 1800's the Center House monopolized the profitable business of providing for travelers. Undoubtedly others in the area wished to gain their share of the ever increasing passing trade. The first attempt at such a venture was William Woodward Jr who presented a petition to May Court in 1812. His proposal was met by a petition that was signed by a dozen of the most influential men of the community who argued against a second public house. The petition failed.

In 1814 Abraham Martin, who for several years had kept a general store petitioned the court stating that he had "gone to considerable expense in preparing buildings suitable for a House Of Entertainment for the Public and had spent \$1,500. His petition had seventy-five signatures. A second petition challenged his, claiming that licensing a second house would "lead to mischief and disorder". In 1815 Martin petitioned again stating he had expanded his buildings and had now spent \$2,000. He called attention to the great increase of traveling along the Strasburg Road and that Marshallton had lately been designated the place for holding elections for the district. This petition was signed by 96 local men. He was again refused a license. In 1816 Martin tried again and also presented a petition from a large number of members of the Society of Friends of West Bradford, who stated "Our belief that a well regulated Public House might conduce much to the advantage of Travelers and others without adding any additional burden or inconvenience to our society or neighborhood". Martin was again refused. In 1819 he petitioned as usual with an additional petition signed by seventy-one Pittsburg wagoneers who praised Martin's accommodations as "there being none to exceed between West Chester and Strasburg". He was again rejected. In 1822 Martin tried again. His petition contained 86 signatures. The petition against his application contained only nine names, three of whom were near relatives to the owner and landlord of the Center House. His petition for a license was finally granted. Abraham Martin did not, however, live long to enjoy the fruits of his hard earned victory, dying four years later in April 1826.

The new hotel, at its opening stood upon a lot of one acre and was named the "General Wayne Hotel". The name was changed in 1858 to "The Marshallton Inn" by which it has been known since. The inn catered to the wagoneers who traveled to and from Philadelphia.

The wagons hauling the merchandise were of every description, but many were designed the Conestoga lines and drawn by six horses. These teams would lie overnight and fill both yards. Often these two places of entertainment were so crowded with both teamsters and teams that the beds to sleep upon and places to hatch were short. Also contributing to the 'full house' conditions were the drovers of beef cattle, hogs and turkeys passed in a constant stream through Marshallton. This was because their journey was timed to reach Philadelphia for the Wednesday market. When the drovers stopped overnight in Marshallton pastures were provided for the cattle. In the early settlement of the county, when fences were scarce and only cultivated ground was enclosed, all types of stock were allowed to use the fields surrounding Marshallton. In this matter the neighboring farmers had the opportunity to capitalize on unused pasture lands.

Noted Events of Yesteryear.

The following events are quoted from local newspapers and they provided insight as to highlights from the passing scene at the end of the 1800's.

3-7 1881 "Two young ladies from Marshallton created consternation among their friends by appearing in male costume for a few minutes a day or so ago."

3-30-1881 "The 'Professor' who travels around the county walking tightropes for a living, appeared in Marshallton on Monday and walked a rope attached to the Hancock Pole and Steel's Hotel. He performed some wonderful feats, after which he took up a collection which amounted to \$1.25. He left soon thereafter.

6-27-81 "On Saturday last the following was devoured by John Nimm at the saloon in Marshallton. The refreshments were paid for by the parties who 'bantered' him to do the eating: 10 plates of ice cream, \$1.00; 20 cakes, 15c; 8 bananas, 25c; $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pound of chocolate, 10c; a cherry pie, 25c; 2 coconut strips, 5c; 10 onions, 5c; 2 crackers, 1c; mint lozenges, 5c; Total \$1.66.

7-21-1881 "Some of the citizens are angry. This strange feeling has been brought about by the fact that telegraph poles are about to be planted along their streets, and this they don't like. A few of the more daring say they cut them down if planted,

11-11-1881 "How big Marshallton is-Marshallton is edging on toward a uniformed police force, an opera house, electric light and a mayoralty. She has lockboxes in her postoffice. The people are justly proud of these improvements.

6-6-1885 "John Hutman of Marshallton has a valuable terrier dog which celebrated the fourth by killing a groundhog. The dog afterwards suffered terribly from a bone which got caught in its throat and had to be removed by a pair of pincers".

LEGAL NOTICE TO Legislature
ter the inauguration of Gov-
-elect Sproul.

Jan. 16, 1919

FOR GOOD ROADS IN WEST BRADFORD

New Organization Will Do Its Best to See Highways Improved This Year.

The residents of West Bradford township were startled upon arising on Friday morning to learn, writes a correspondent, that a new organization had come into existence, known as the U. R. I. Club (meaning United Road Improvement Club.) On Thursday evening about a score of West Bradford taxpayers assembled at the residence of John W. Shofstall, near Romansville. After an hour or so of social entertainment the guests proceeded to form plans for the newly-born club. First, they decided on an appropriate name, when several suggestions were made. The one presented by Isaac S. Lied was adopted, the name above stated.

Then came the choosing of officers to serve the club for one year. President, Walter E. Shofstall; Vice President, Arthur Hedricks; Secretary, Norman T. Pugh; Treasurer, Isaac S. Lied. There was but one contest, that for Treasurer, when two candidates were nominated, but upon casting of votes Lied won over Johnson by a few votes.

On the Boosting Committee were Theodore Johnson, Harvey Cloud and John Shofstall.

After several matters of importance were talked over the meeting adjourned. Then the hostess, Mrs. John Shofstall, invited all to the dining room, where a long table was loaded with good eatables and fruits, which were indulged in very enjoyably, when a few toasts were given.

After everybody had done justice to the good things provided all present repaired to the parlor, where they were entertained by Harvey Cloud, with some very fine selections on the violin until finally the clock tolled the long hour of the night. Then there was a hustle among the guests for the homeward trip, all wishing the U. R. I. Club much success.

The reporter would have written more, but the roads out in that district are so rough he lost his pencil. You may be thankful that he was not lost in the bad roads or this item would have been blank.

U.R.I. ORGANIZED AT ANDARA
FARM - JOHN W. SHOFSTALL'S PLACE.

Take A Walking Tour

THE COATESVILLE RECORD, TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1972—

Through Historic Marshallton Village



THE SIGN OF THE MARSHALLTON INN welcomes you to Marshallton Village. First built as a country store in 1800, the building was enlarged twice in the early part of the nineteenth century to make it suitable as a tavern. Known as the General Wayne, the name was changed to Marshallton Hotel in 1840. The Inn is located in the center of the village on the old Strasburg Road, a well-traveled highway in early times. A regular stopover for Conestoga wagons, the Inn was also visited by streams of drovers on Monday nights driving their cattle, hogs and turkeys to the Wednesday Philadelphia markets. Today, one of the features of the dinner fare is a groaning board of salad ingredients, condiments and homemade bread, buffet style. Lunches are also served Tuesdays through Fridays.

By BETSY HUNGERFORD
Record Woman's Editor

A walking tour through Marshallton Village is becoming a popular way to spend a morning or afternoon.

One pops into the Yellow Bow to browse or buy materials for decorative projects. Every imaginable sort of handcrafted item is featured at the Poddlars Shop, and any candle fancier's whim can be solved at Brandywine Candle Craft.

There are antiques at the Blacksmith Shop, and there will soon be an old-fashioned country store in the center of the Village. After a bit of walking, one might have lunch or dinner at the Marshallton Inn.

If undertaking a furnishing project, one can be helped by Margaret Kelly, Interiors. Last summer, Hannah Williamson, art teacher at Scott Intermediate School, had a Backyard Gallery at her

home. She now hangs out her shingle for portraits, and this coming summer hopes to have a Garage Gallery and an Arts and Crafts Flea Market in her backyard.

Sustenance with its all-organic food is a fascinating shop to visit. One of the most pleasant parts of the tour is talking with the shopkeepers. Things usually are at a leisurely pace, and proprietors are happy to discuss their merchandise, give you hints, and even tell you the history of the people who made handcrafted items for them.

The Marshallton Village Antique Flea Market, open every weekend, draws hundreds of shopping enthusiasts, either hoping to make a real find or pick up a bargain.

But the tour need not stop with the shops. Marshallton itself is a historic village, beginning as an Indian trail. The first settlers in

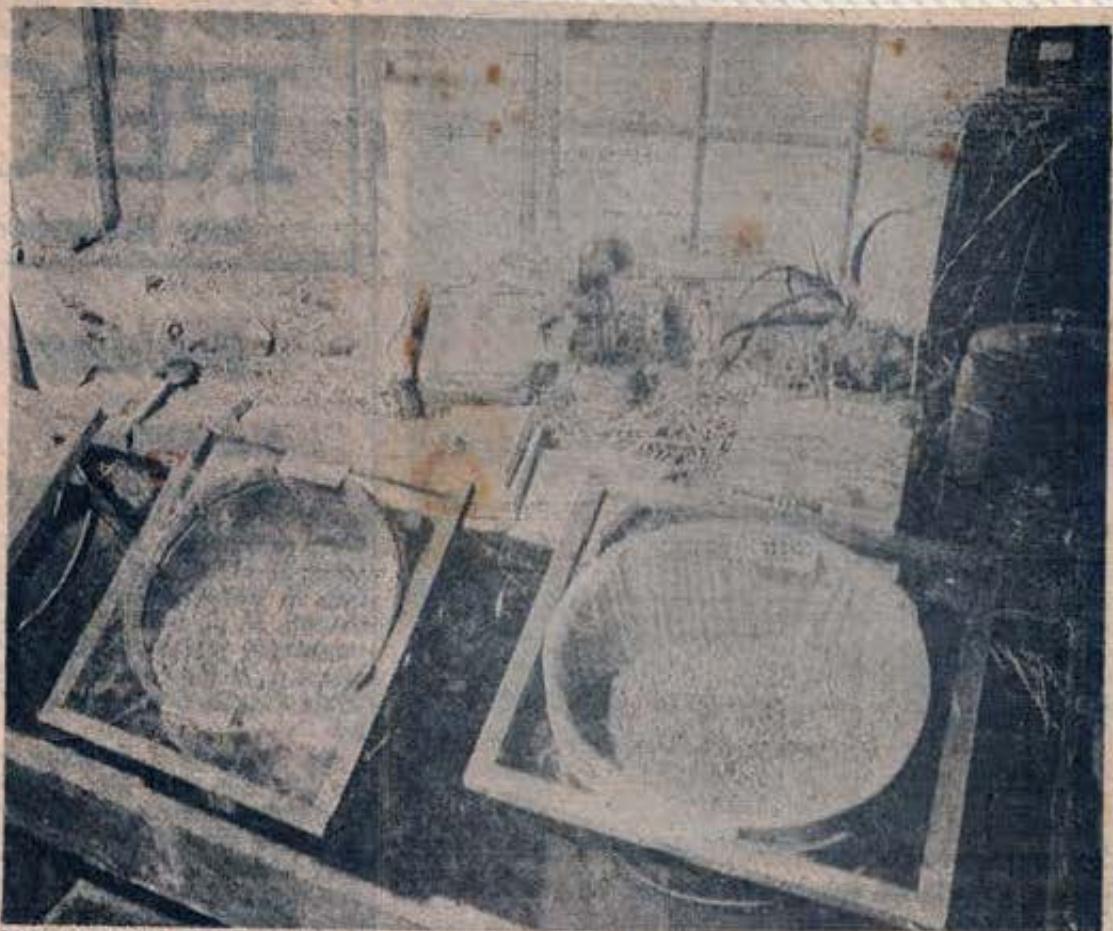
Photos by
FRANK SNYDER,
Record Staff
Photographer

the area were given grants of land by William Penn.

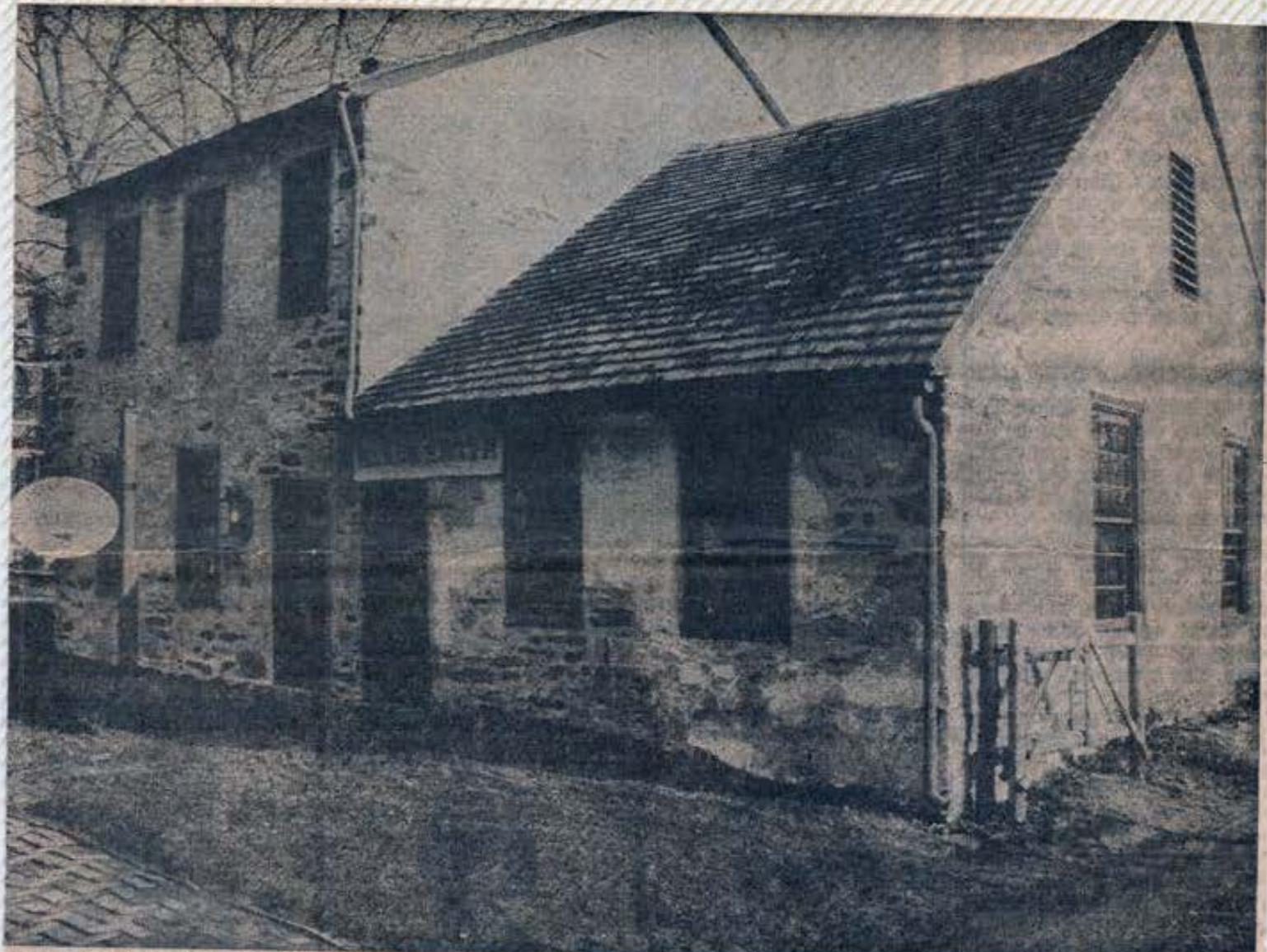
Its name is derived from an early resident, botanist Humphrey G. Marshall, who was a friend of Ben Franklin. Today, some Marshalton residents can show you copies of a letter from Franklin thanking Marshall for botanical specimens. Dated April 26, 1771, the original was copied about 1,000 times. Even so, it is a collector's item and a prized possession.

The graveyard beyond the Friend's Meeting House, circa early 1700s, is an interesting place to stroll. Among the headstones is one for Nate Sims, a Negro boy who gave directions to authorities chasing John Wilkes Booth immediately after Abraham Lincoln's assassination.

The walking tour is really a pleasant and interesting way to spend some time. One hint. Do wear comfortable shoes. True to its historical past, Marshalton features bricked sidewalks.



SUSTENANCE, the shop selling organic foods, offers a selection of raw nuts—cashews, soy beans, almonds, separate and mixed. Richard Jufes, the young proprietor, grinds flour out of whole wheat, rye and barley fresh every day. He also stocks homemade bread and pure old-fashioned peanut butter. Everything he sells is in a natural state, not preserved, and his vegetables are free from chemical sprays.

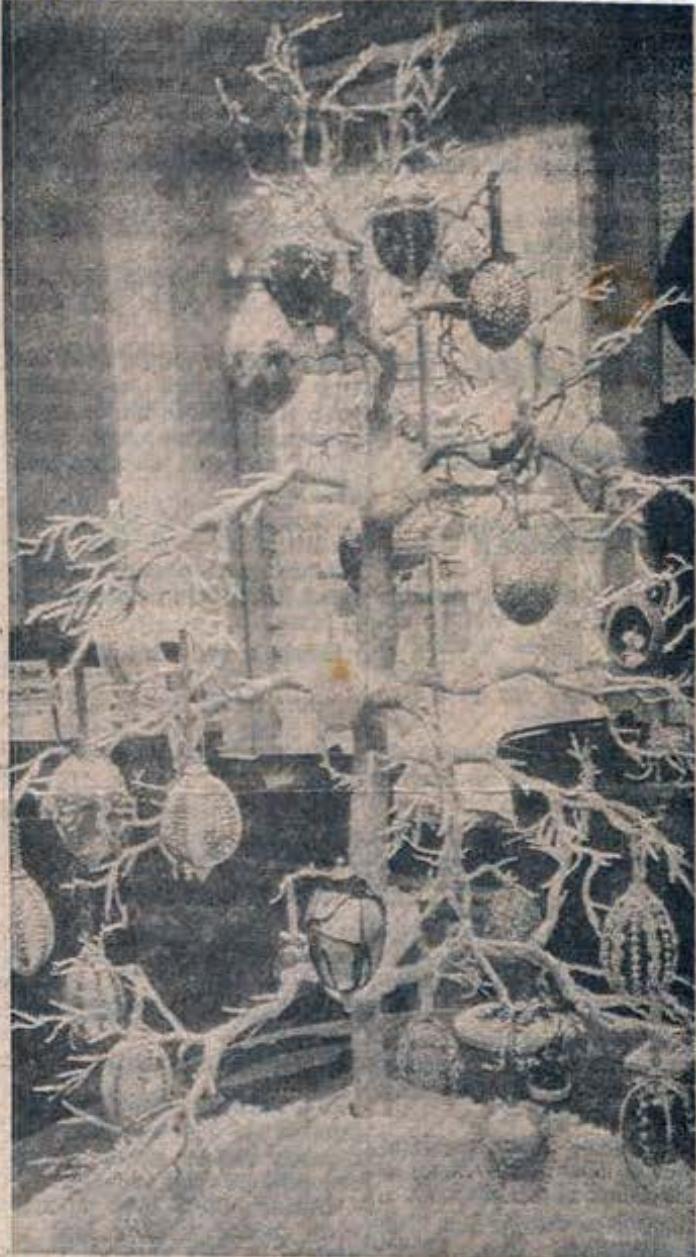


ONE OF THE OLDEST buildings in the area, the Blacksmith Shop was built around 1700. The shop, with sloping roof, is still intact. The left part of the building was a wheelwright shop, and

there Mrs. Mary C. Evans sells antiques. She also teaches classes for making lampshades and makes them to order herself.



ONE PIECE OF PLEXIGLASS forms the board for this chess set, which has figures made by a solidglass blowing technique. It is one of the unusual items to be found in The Peddler's Shop owned by Bernard and Ruth Bailey. All articles for sale are handcrafted and from parts of the United States except for stone carvings from Canada. In addition to wooden toys, wind charms, hand-blown glass pieces, weather vanes, wooden carvings, ceramics, hanging baskets, there is silver jewelry of all kinds — no two pieces alike.

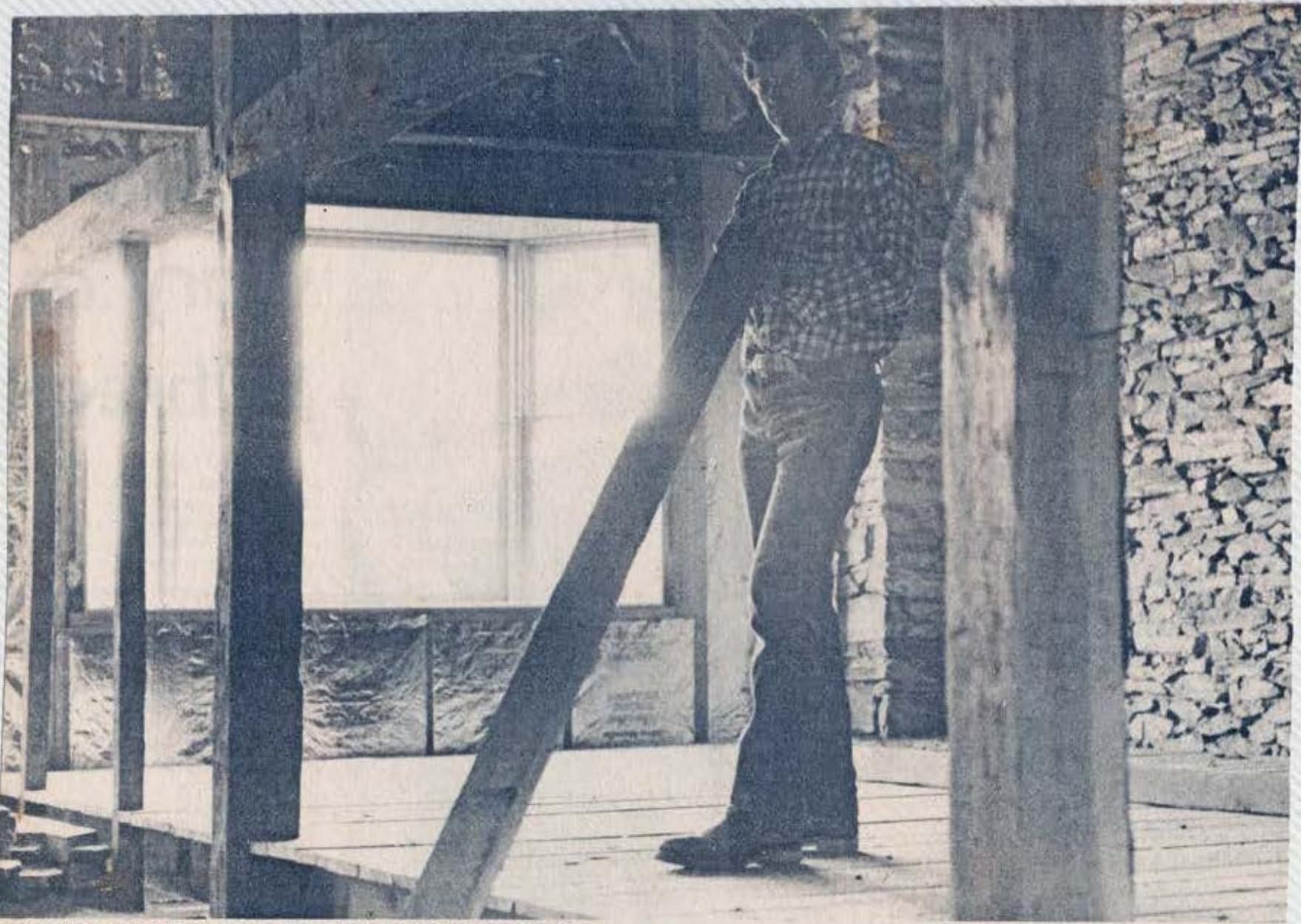


AN EGG TREE with make-it-yourself decorations is featured in the Yellow Bow. Mrs. Donna Taylor, owner of the shop, carries a complete stock of flowers, fruits and foliage, beads, sequins and buttons, and tapes and paints—materials for almost any decorative project. Starting this month will be spring classes in stained glass, macrame, decoupage, needlepoint design, crewel and headed flowers.



NATURAL BAYBERRY WAX is melted in the vat above to make bayberry candles. Stephen and Edith Elinski, owners of Brandywine Candle Craft, dip these candles every Saturday, and they say it takes 50 dippings to

get a bayberry candle. In addition to all sizes and shapes of candles, there are all sorts of holders and arrangements. The candlemaker will also find molds, scents, wicks—just anything he needs for his candlemaking at home.



SIZING UP A TWO-BY-FOUR, one of Jim Rohr's recent Saturday duties with the barn he and his wife Cheryl are "doing over." They are doing all the work without the help of an architect, contractor, plumber or electrician. Everything has to be custom fitted. None of the beams is square or plumb.

Couple is turning 18th century barn into their home



PREDATING 1790, THIS BARN near Marshallton is what Cheryl and Jim Rohr are turning into their home. They have been working on it two years now, and figure it will take another five to complete. The Rohrs are doing all the work themselves.

By ANNE THOMSON

Local News Correspondent

The old barn, dated prior to 1790, stands on the corner of the Marshallton Thorndale road. Horses graze in the barnyard, but two bay windows and a sun deck make the second floor look like a house rather than a barn.

And a home is exactly what it is going to be for Jim and Cheryl Rohr, both in their thirties, who are doing all the remodeling themselves, without the help of architect, contractor, plumber or electrician. If the Rohrs were not doing their own work, the remodeling would be an expensive project, because everything must be custom fit. None of the beams are square or plumb.

Five years to go

The project is two years underway, with another five to go; although the Rohrs hope to be moved into bedroom, kitchen and bathroom, in the old hay mow, by September. At present the Rohrs, three dogs and one cat, live in a rented trailer beside the barn.

"There isn't much living space but hope is on the horizon," says Mrs. Rohr, looking at the spacious three story barn. Her show horses occupy the stalls in the barn, and will stay there after the Rohrs move in, unless the horsey smell permeates the upstairs kitchen.

Rohr works for Westinghouse as an engineering technician and his wife teaches physical education at Marple-Newtown Senior High. The barn is a dream come true for both of them, who were tired of eight years of development living. Rohr had thought about remodeling a barn for 15 years, but the barn that he bought did not look like anybody's dream on the first day that Ms. Rohr saw it.

"It was a shock"

"Frankly it was a shock. The roof was leaking, the fields were waist high in brambles and the hay mow was waist high in rotting hay. The beams were rotted, and we had to think twice before taking a joint apart," says Ms. Rohr.

During the first summer, spent cleaning up the fields, and clearing hay out of the barn, both Rohrs had second thoughts about their project. Friends who volunteered to help quit because the work was too hard.



FAITHFULLY RESTORED, this entrance hallway of the Marshalton Inn in West Bradford greets visitors to the restaurant, which was recently placed on the National Register of Historic Places for being one of

the oldest continuously-operated "public houses" in the county. The building first opened its doors to travelers in 1822, although it dates back to about 1793. Staff photo by Larry McDevitt.

Growin' up, tearin' up

Marshallton-style...

DAILY LOCAL NEWS, West Chester, Pa., Thurs., Sept. 15, 1977

By ROBERT H. LUDWICK JR.
(Of the Local News Staff)

THE PLAYERS

Quayis	Bobby Giunta
Coey	Joey Giunta
Tink	Jeff Ludwick
Jingles	Carl Harper
Junior (or Dude)	Earl Edwards
Roger	Roger Edwards
Yogi	Mike Baer
Raymond	The late Raymond Baer
Slug	Franny Wood
Edie	Donnie Wood
Bill	Bill James
Reds	Mike Riggins
Jer-loo	Jerry Wood

THE PLACE

Marshallton, about 4 miles west of West Chester on the Strasburg road.

THE TIME

In the early 1960s.

"FRAN-N-N-NCIS," she'd wail into the darkening night. "FRAN-N-N-NCIS."

Francis, or Slug as we called him, was usually busy runnin' around second base or busy chasin' down a home run that had rolled off the school yard into the weed-infested field.

"FRAN-N-N-NCIS," she'd yell again. "FRAN-N-N-NCIS."

"I'm comin'," he'd finally yell back. "I'm comin'."

"FRAN-N-N-NCIS."

That was ol' Miz Kinzinger calling Slug and Edie, Slug's younger brother, home from the ball diamond at the ol' Marshallton Elementary School. Us guys never liked to hear "FRAN-N-N-NCIS." It always meant the end of the game for Slug and Edie usually brung all the bats. Of course, it was gittin' dark anyway. That's why

ol' Miz Kinzinger was yellin' for Slug and Edie to come home. Ol' Miz Kinzinger was Slug and Edie's grandmother.

You know, about that time (I musta been only 8 or 10) I always thought Miz Kinzinger was Miz Wood. For Slug and Edie's last name was Wood. And Slug and Edie's mom and pop's last name was Wood. So, why wasn't ol' Miz Kinzinger's name Wood. Well, my mouth 'bout hit my chest when ol' Miz Kinzinger told me one day 'er name wasn't Miz Wood. I didn't know Slug and Edie's mom hadn't been Miz Wood forever. I didn't know she had been a Kinzinger at one time.

Anyway, it was 'em ball games at the ol' school that may have been the greatest I ever played in. Every summer — darn near every night, too — we gathered at the school yard.

All the guys were there — Coey, Quayis, Tink, Jingles, Junior (also known as Dude), Roger, Yogi, Raymond, Slug, Edie, me and sometimes Bill and Reds.

Anyway, Coey and Quayis were brothers, as were Junior and Roger, and Yogi and Raymond. Tink and I were cousins. And Jingles, Bill and Reds were, ah, just Jingles, Bill and Reds.

Raymond was the biggest and the baddest, cuz he was the oldest. He cast a little fear in us other guys. Anyway, I 'member one day when Scottie Linn, who was about knee-high to Raymond, was showin' us his proficiency

with a bow and arrow. Scottie was real interested in bows and arrows, that day anyway.

And, for the life of me I can't 'member how, but he shot Raymond right in the knee. I mean right in the knee. I mean an arrow stickin' outta big, bad Raymond's knee. Little red-haired Scottie Linn shot 'im right in the knee.

We played four aside — sometimes three, seldom five. We also played right field as a foul ball since we didn't have enough fielders. 'Cept when Jingles batted. He was bigger and left handed and didn't have too much trouble hittin' the ball into the trees that run down the school yard boundary in right field.

Every once in a while we'd scare up a "little kid" (like Slug and Edie's brother Jer-loo who was years younger than the rest of us). Or sometimes a girl to even up the sides.

Of course, it was great bein' in the field when Jer-loo was up.

"Everybody move in," came the cry. And we'd move in and Jer-loo wouldn't get the ball out of the infield and we'd have an easy out. But it didn't matter to Jer-loo, he was too busy havin' fun with the big guys.

Anyway, we'd play — no supervision, no umpires, no scoreboard, no bases ('cept the "dents" in dirt from thousands of feet diggin' in it). Many of us didn't even have gloves. Slug and Edie had catcher's equipment, though. Boy, was that a novelty.

An ol' favorite of ours was the

blacksmith's shop. It was right on the main drag. Everybody liked the smithy. He let us hold the horses still while he shoed and he let us pet 'em sometimes. You know, I think every kid in town had a horseshoe nail ring. The ol' smithy made one — sometimes two when we lost ours — for everybody. He was a great guy.

Some nights it was hardball and some nights it was softball. Though I can't figure out why now. Some things I'll never forget, though.

Like trying to hit the ball over ol' Miz Moore's garage across the alley (in left field) from the school yard. It was quite an achievement and seldom, although still too frequently, accomplished.

A lot of balls banged off ol' Miz Moore's garage and a few rolled in'er flowerbeds. And I'll never forget the leftfielders tiptoeing up to the corner of the garage, sneakin' a peek and then hightailin' it across ol' Miz Moore's yard, pickin' up the ball and tearin' back to see if ol' Miz Moore was close behind.

I remember, all too well, the day Junior got a pack of matches outa his house. We were in third grade, or so. And what goes better with matches than cigarettes? Right. We — Junior, Roger and I — found ours off the street, half-smoked butts.

Well, we puffed. And coughed. And coughed. And our eyes watered. And coughed. And gag-

ged. And I thought the end was near. And, to this day, I've never had another.

The ol' "lost ball stay at third" trick was employed frequently. It was one of Coey's favorite moves. Coey was Quayis' brother. Quayis prided himself on being Robin Roberts, or a reasonable facsimile, especially when it came to whiffleball (which we all played a lot too).

Anyway somebody — usually Raymond, Quayis or Jingles, the biggest guys — would drill the ball into the air. And, heck, before it would even land, ol' Coey'd yell, "Lost ball stay at third."

And ol' Coey, more times than not, knew right where it was. I think ol' Coey yelled it once before Jingles even hit the darned ball. Quayis was ready to pitch, Jingles was ready to swing and Coey bellowed, "Lost ball stay at third."

And the pumpkins. Ol' Miz Wolf's pumpkins. I mean what we did to her and her kids was downright nasty. We was all sitting in Miz Wolf's house one night around Halloween talkin'. And when Miz Wolf wasn't looking, or one of 'er kids wasn't, we passed the pumpkins — one by one assembly line style — until the last guy opened the door and put them on the porch. Until we had all six, or so.

Then we left, went outside and smashed the hell outa everyone of 'em. Just maliciously smashed

the hell outa 'em. Well, Miz Wolf's kids cried. And we felt downright guilty.

So, being the good kids we really was, we mosied on down to ol' Miz Busby's house. Miz Busby, the farmer's wife, sold pumpkins. While we didn't exactly entertain thoughts of buyin' 'em first off, we did. Buy 'em, that is. And, good ol' Miz Busby even gave us some extras. And we jus carted 'em all down to Miz Wolf's. And all was forgiven, but never forgotten.

Ah, the great days. I can't remember when or why we quit playin' ball. High school, girls, cars, those things musta contributed. Plus, we remembered Coey and Quayis moving all the way to West Chester.

Now, sittin' on the corner (the only one in town), that was cool. That was small town cool. We'd sit on Arkle and Vera's front stoop. Arkle and Vera were Coey and Quayis' mom and pop and they once had a little store at the corner of Strasburg and Sugar's Bridge road. Well, that was the after dark place to be. Jus sittin' on the corner, watchin' the cars go by and occasionally drawing a stare from someone.

That was cool.

And, through it all, you know what I member the most.

Right.

"FRANN-N-N-NCIS..."

The **RECOR**

Marshallton

A precious piece of Chester County's history is still in existence in Marshallton, West Bradford Township. If local residents are successful, that piece of history will be preserved for future generations.

Marshallton automatically draws favorable comments from persons who have seen the village for the first time. Its buildings stand as visible links to our country's early history.

But there is much more to Marshallton. There are memories embodied by the quiet village. There is a long history spanning from colonial days — when West Bradford was a frontier town — to the bustling days of the last century.

A noble effort has been mounted to make the entire village a historic district. The West Bradford Township Historical Committee has been working with the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission to win that singular honor.

Few communities are more deserving of the designation than Marshallton. The town, which is definitely a vital part of the community, is unique.

Chester County stands astride the road of suburban sprawl. Communities with historic traditions and notable buildings are losing out to developers.

Marshallton is a gem set in a ring of historic sites in Chester County. As a village, it embodies the county's history within a few acres.

The West Bradford commission should be commended for its efforts to preserve Marshallton as an historic site. Residents of the township — indeed, the whole county — would agree that the state should grant the designation.

Marshallton is too valuable to lose.

RECORD

COATESVILLE—DOWNTONTOWN—WEST CHESTER—PARKESBURG, PA.

1.36

Friday, November 17, 1978—15 Cents

Marshallton:

Village enjoys rich heritage

By JOHN ADDYMAN
Of The RECORD Staff

Tugging on new suspenders that were a shade too tight, and looking out for carriages without lanterns, the boy criss-crossed the road.

It had been a pleasant night.

He darted from a pile of fresh sugar donuts at Mummert's Bakery to talk with his teacher, staying at the Hughes' sisters boarding house across the street.

Back to Mummert's and up the sidewalk, he turned, then squeaked in under the arm of one of the farmers who stood in the doorway of Congress Hall. They came Fridays to trade some talk and savor a freshly-made cigar or share a few bowlfuls of rich pipe tobacco.

"The smoke in the room was so thick you couldn't see across it," the boy said.

Up the block, the general store was setting bushels of new goods out on the porch, and the cradle-maker on the corner was working to get a new shipment ready.

80 Years Ago

The night was soft with the moon still in the trees rimming Strasburg Road. And it was nearly 80 years ago.

Had the boy been born 120 years earlier, he would have had trouble getting across the road.

The night wouldn't have been as quiet, nor the smells as liquid and refreshing.

In those days, Marshallton was a way station for the hard men who drove livestock of all sizes and shapes into market at Philadelphia.

And the pioneers . . . Conestoga wagons working their way to the opening of the Pennsylvania frontiers and the Ohio Valley, hauling people or goods. Sixteen feet to the top of the hoops, the wagons swayed as six horses strained up Strasburg road.

Way Stations

They might have stopped at the Centre House, a tall barn-like structure that sat on the crossroads of the Caln-Wilmington Road with Strasburg Road.

Because the Lancaster Pike cost money to use, the thrifty used narrow, winding Strasburg. Further along, another mile, lay the Mountain House, another inn.

Strasburg Road wasn't completed until 1770, yet Marshallton had been waiting for nearly 100 years. The town didn't have a name yet, that wouldn't occur until 1805.

But the village was there. John Bartram and Abraham Marshall, as young men, had

(Please turn to Page 10)

(Continued from Page One)

come to the new world and would be the founding fathers. But even earlier, William Penn had sold two large tracts of land, each 1,250 acres, to Mary Pennington and Daniel Smith, neither of whom ever saw America.

Daniel's son, Joseph, did come. He surveyed the land and built one of the first log cabins in the Bradfords, in the early 1700s. His land was eventually sold to Richard Woodward, and the Pennington tract was broken into smaller parcels, some picked up by Edward Clayton and Thomas Arnold, who also were willing to settle in the green land.

Abraham Marshall, Richard Woodward, Peter Collins and Richard Buffington, who left England to escape religious persecution, established a Friends Meeting in 1729.

A log cabin meeting house was built on Marshall's property, then moved from its spot along the Brandywine in the 1760s. As a stone meeting house was

erected painstakingly perhaps 100 feet away, the log structure was utilized as a stable until it was finally torn down. The Bradford Friends Meeting House, built in 1765, still stands, and is still in use.

Sons Prosper

John Bartram had a son, also named John, who became a botanist and author. His collaborator on a book, "Americus Botanicus," was Humphrey Marshall, another budding young scientist, and Abraham's son.

Humphrey planted an arboretum and herb gardens around his home in 1773. It, too, is still part of the town that now bears his name.

It was a quiet village, of course. When the chicks and ducks and cows had arrived, they were stored in pens behind the hotels. When they left, the town settled back into its pastoral murmur.

Until 1850, it served this transient trade. When the railroads took that away, manufacturing sprang up.

Abraham Bailey's home is a good example. He was the first postmaster to see that envelopes leaving his little office had both a stamp and "Marshallton" scrawled across them as a

postmark. And, besides the office and a residence, Bailey's building also housed a store.

Next to Bailey's, on the northern side of Route 162, the Strasburg Road, a town hall was built in 1872 by Daniel Miles. When folks weren't busy meeting, he was busy slaughtering livestock.

The next town hall belonged to the Knights of Pythias. That was raised in 1876, and burned to the ground in 1911. The Marshallton School is built very close to the old foundation, perhaps 150 feet north of the road.

By 1912 the existing town hall had been built by the Old Order of Independent Americans. At various times since it has been used as a grange, for dances, town meetings, and sessions of the Sons and Daughters of Liberty.

Pierce Rodebach had a store adjacent to the town hall, on the east side, two doors up the street from Bailey's home. Between 1867 and 1899, it was a restaurant. When it was in season, he sold ice cream. At other times, oysters were the speciality of the house. When oysters were hard to get, he served slices of polecat (skunk)...his customers, a hardy lot, didn't seem to notice

RECORD photos by
Sam Radziviliuk,
staff photographer



Upping block

There was a graceful way to get on a horse that had been plowing a field all week long, and this was it: an upping block. Just stride up four stairs, and jump on. The fieldstone block is in the yard of the Bradford Friends Meeting House.



Original marker

When a county seat was being decided upon for Chester-Delaware County, Marshallton was considered because it was thought to lie in the geographic center. West Bradford Township Historical Committee Chairman Dave Davis shows a stone that divided West Bradford in two: it is the marker between the original William Penn land grants to Mary Pennington and Joseph Smith. The road lying next to it leads to the Bradford Friends Meeting House.

Preserving the Marshallton miracle

By JOHN ADDYMAN
Of The RECORD Staff

Being witness to a miracle is something special.

Perpetuating that miracle is something else again.

One local community is trying to do just that.

"This is a very tight-knit little town," said Dave Davis, walking along Route 162. "And it's unique, because there are people here living in the same houses their parents and grandparents and great-grandparents lived in."

"It's a miracle that it has stayed the way it is ... the same."

Davis is one of a new breed of people — young people — who are stepping in between the irrevocable consequences of urban sprawl as it radiates from Philadelphia and Delaware County, and what remains of the old, and fairly original, Chester County.

As head of the West Bradford Township Historical Committee, Davis is preparing the group's application to the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission which oversees Act 167.

West Bradford wants to make the village of Marshallton a historical district, roughly following Route 162, the old Strasburg Road, from Copes Bridge on the east to Marshallton-Thorndale Road on the west, and from 800 to 1,000 feet north and south of the center of 162.

"We want to assure the people that we always have a village

atmosphere in Marshallton," said Davis. "It is the intent of the historical district not to limit development, but to provide guidelines so that future development blends into the unique character that is Marshallton."

The history of Marshallton, a way station for the commerce moving east and west along the Strasburg Road, is still readily evident. There are several buildings approaching their 200th birthday which today stand as remnants of a culture that spawned America and, more particularly, Pennsylvania.

Miracles rarely take on the solidity of stone and wood, but Marshallton seems to have them in abundance — the Bradford Friends Meeting House and cemetery nearby pre-date the Declaration of Independence.

The Marshallton Inn, first known as the Sign of the General Wayne Hotel, remains much as it was when built in 1793.

Humphrey Marshall's home, surrounded by an arboretum that was one of the area's botanical treasures, is still a residence, 206 years after it was built.

The Centre House, a hotel that has had a dozen uses since, was built in 1764 at the crossroads of the old Wilmington-Cain Road with Strasburg Road, and lies vacant today, with promises by the owner to maintain it.

And yet, all of these structures were put up before the heyday of Marshallton. They all bore witness — often a boisterous existence — to the parades of drovers and farmers, the teamsters, and pioneers.

Later, these same structures housed the new small

manufacturing sites which sprang up when the transient trade died, victim of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

And still later, in the 20th Century, Marshallton has a new life as an arts and crafts community, and as a select residential area. The same buildings, many of them, are still in use.

The Historical Committee would be moving to preserve these buildings, and the ambiance of the village community that provides such a pleasant drive-through on a Sunday afternoon.

Marshallton was almost the county seat, as talk would have it, when the site was being chosen in 1786. The central location recommended it highly.

And it was nearly called "Martinsville," but the United States Post Office would have none of it, because there were already too many towns by that name. The Martin family had been early settlers and successful merchants in town.

When "Marshallton" was finally picked as the name, honoring Quaker Botanist and author Humphrey, and his father Abraham who established the Friends Meeting, first postmaster Abraham Bailey was quick to get settled in at his job, in 1805. He split the mail chores with those of running his small store. His home — where the post office and store were located — is still standing.

Marshallton, as Davis describes, is readily identifiable as a village. It has been for more than 200 years. West Bradford Township would like to be able to call it a village 200 years from now, with the same affection.

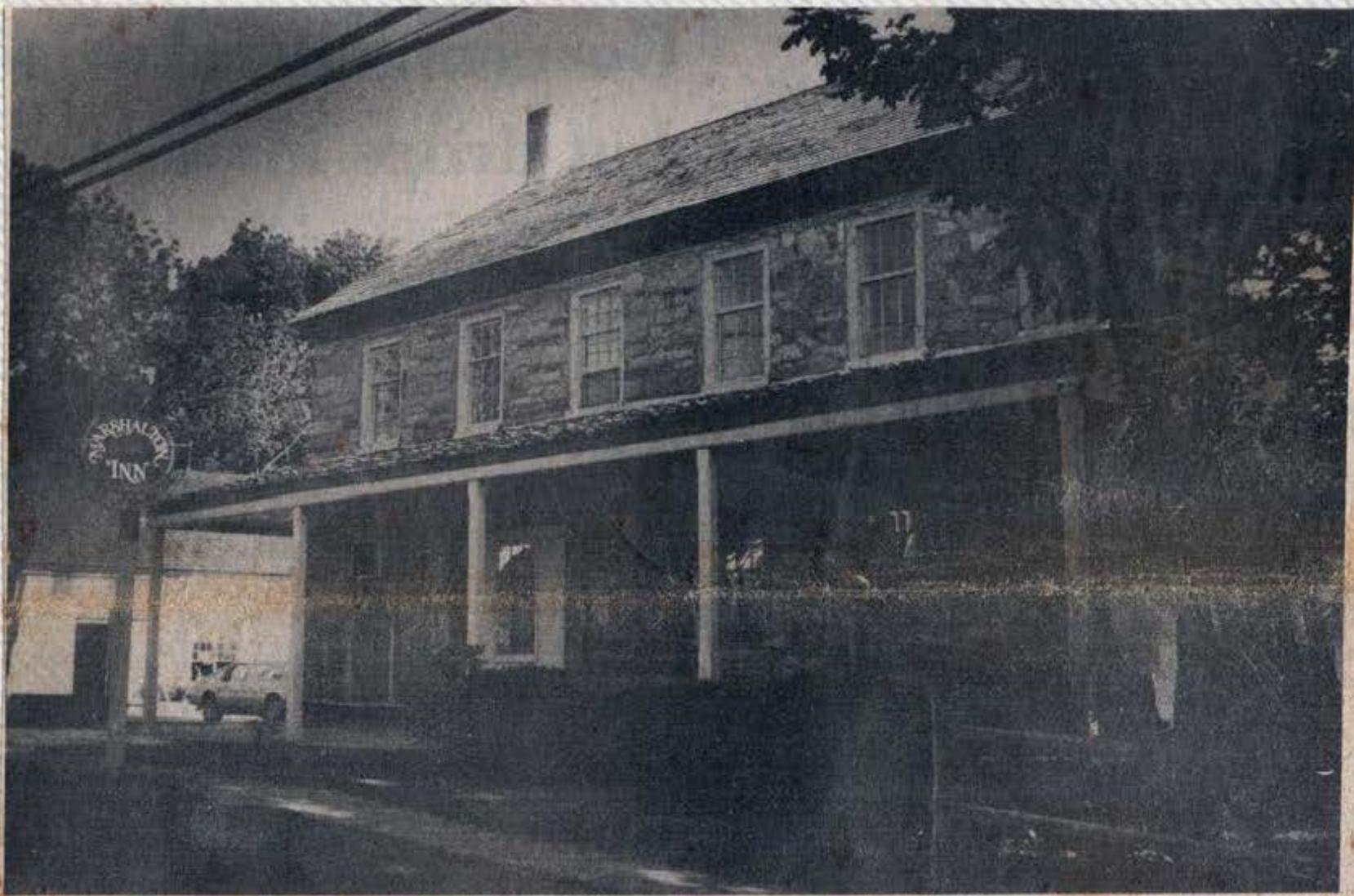
The RECORD, Coatesville, Pa., Friday, November 17, 1978 - 11



Bradford Friends Meeting House



Marshallton's first post office



Chester County landmark

The Marshallton Inn, which opened for business in 1793 as the "Sign of the General Wayne Hotel" is on the national historical building register, and one of the jewels of existing Chester County heritage. The white building

(RECORD photo by Sam Redzivilluk)

at the left was once a stable. In the days when Marshallton was a stopover for the drovers and teamsters driving goods and livestock to Philadelphia, pens out back kept the animals happy overnight.

W. Bradford tax logical

West Bradford Township has several valuable assets, including open land, a very capable Board of Supervisors, a unique historical tradition and a desire to preserve the character of the community.

By even considering a tax on new construction, the supervisors have opened themselves up to criticism from developers. The developers want to sell homes in the township, they're not overly concerned with the ability of the township to pay for services several years from now.

The supervisors are very concerned. They want to maintain the character of the township, saving it from being paved over with driveways and developments.

They are also concerned about the additional financial burden incurred as new construction brings in more people who have increased demands for services. They wonder why the newer residents don't pay a greater share for the increase in costs caused by population growth induced by developments.

There is considerable logic behind the new construction tax, particularly since the amount discussed as an example (\$700) probably wouldn't make or break a sale of a new house in one of the county's most beautiful areas.

Developers have been able to capitalize on West Bradford because it is a rural community — and the local officials want to keep it that way.

The new construction tax should be carefully discussed — particularly in light of the possible legal challenges. But that tax, considering today's housing market and the nature of the township, will not be a major deterrent to future, well-planned growth.

landscape architects'

goal: self-sufficiency

By CAROLYN ROESSEL
(Local News Correspondent)

Ian McHarg was late arriving at his University of Pennsylvania office. The pigs were loose again.

"They are diabolically clever animals," McHarg complained. Twelve of the professor's 90-pound feeder pigs paired up to push out of their pen, and McHarg, who is nearly always in his office by 11:30, instead was chasing the escapees who were tearing up his lawn.

That wasn't quite as bad, he said, as the time he chased his Highland bull and three cows down Rt. 162.

McHarg and his wife Carol, both landscape architects, never dreamed they would be raising 102 animals. But when the couple bought the 55-acre farm on Broad Run road near Marshallton, Carol said they just started accumulating animals, and the plan the couple now has for their farm began to take shape.

The McHargs' aim is to raise all their food and supply all the energy they need from alternative sources on the farm. This ambitious project is in keeping with their innovative philosophies as landscape architects.

Ian, 59, heads Penn's Department of

Landscape Architecture and Regional Planning, which he organized 25 years ago. He is an internationally-known conservationist, environmentalist, and ecologist, but he is probably best known as an outspoken doomsday prophet, predicting a bleak future for the human race, filled with polluted air and water, disease, starvation, radioactive contamination, oil spills, and energy shortages, all caused by stupidity.

"If we allowed SST's to destroy the ozone, it would be ridiculous for man to expire because of that," he said.

Ian's book, *Design with Nature*, is a set of vivid instructions on how to plan and redesign our man-made environment — cities and suburbs — so they complement, rather than obliterate, the natural water, animal and plant processes found there.

Carol, 31, earned her master's degree in landscape architecture from Penn, where she met Ian.

"It was very romantic. Some day I plan to write about it," she laughs. But now her efforts are concentrated elsewhere, on a "how-to" landscape book for homeowners tentatively titled *Nature's Design*. In it she explains in detail how to choose native plants that don't need watering or mowing to cover the land around

a house. She also explains where to place those plants so that one can save 40 percent on oil and electricity bills for heating and cooling the house.

"Developers have to stop bulldozing sites," she said. "Houses sitting on top of a barren piece of land look awful. And it takes years and years and years to make them look like they fit there."

"What I'm saying is there are alternatives which are as pretty or prettier and much less expensive."

It seems natural then, for a couple so impassioned with preserving nature to become, as Ian said, "the newest pseudo farmers in Chester County.

"Everyone, whether or not they live in a one-acre suburban colonial home, should be self-sufficient as much as they possibly can," Ian said. "What we're doing with the land at the moment is just mowing lawns. Families could produce all their vegetables on one acre."

"For too long we've taken for granted the farmers out there who are making the food, and we've also taken for granted the cheap prices at which we could buy food. All that has been thwarted by the rising cost of energy. For the first time since World War II, there's an advantage to re-



Standing cattle and a sitting hen: Marshallton couple wants to supply its own animals, vegetables and minerals

turning to the family farm."

On the corner where Rt. 162 meets the gravel Broad Run road is a pen holding six sheep, five of them black ("You can get a higher price for black wool," Carol explained), and a goat. Farther down is an overgrown terraced garden that produced the McHargs' vegetables in warmer weather. Across a small strip of land beside the road is the clear, tumbling Broad Run, the focus of "one of our biggest dreams. We don't know if it will ever happen," Carol said.

The couple wants to move the gravel road to the other side of the stream, and dam the stream for hydroelectric power. This could supply all the electricity they need to run the farm, and more, Carol said.

"We could sell electricity back to Philadelphia Electric. It would be nice to bill them for a change," she said, laughing.

Close to the road is the old fieldstone and wood house where the McHargs live. The front part of it was built in 1680 and another section was built in 1720. Across from that is another bare stone house that was once a mill for fulling (cleaning, stretching, shrinking) and dying cloth.

Behind this is what was once a lawn, now rutted by pig's feet. A lane between

the houses leads to the barnyard, a hodgepodge of ramshackle pens and sheds, with loose and faded boards. Chickens, roosters, and ducks strut across the muddy road, and pigs grunt from inside the gates of the largest barn, to which they were banished after their latest escape.

The farm dates from the early 18th century, Ian said, and has not been farmed in a long time. "It's an enormous job."

But the big barn, which apparently has been deteriorating for years, will be transformed, Carol said, into a solar greenhouse in which the couple will grow vegetables and fruit year-round. They also plan to build a swimming pool in front of the greenhouse to serve as a "heat sink." The solar panels that will heat the greenhouse will also heat the water in the swimming pool. Hot water for the house will then be obtained by running pipes from the pool to the house, Carol said.

Other energy-producing schemes the McHargs have for their farm include setting a windmill on one of the hilltops to generate electricity, and rigging a methane digester, or still, to make fuel to power vehicles. (Adjustments would have to be made on the vehicles to be powered by methane or alcohol.) A methane digester,

Carol said, uses manure to make methane. Distilled grain from a still produces alcohol, and the waste product, grain mush, can be fed to the animals.

"Obviously, we'll need a lot of technical advice," Carol said. "We want to make a complete circle — everything used for something else."

Carol said she and Ian are "extremely optimistic" that their plans will eventually be realized. The immediate problem, she said, is finding money to pay for it all. "We're hoping the government will give grants for these alternative energy things," Carol said.

Ian and Carol do all the work on the farm. "We don't even have a tractor," Ian said. But surprisingly, his wife said, the farming is not overly time-consuming. Carol said it takes about a half hour in the morning and a half hour in the evening to feed the animals.

The couple's food bill has been reduced by half since they started raising animals and growing vegetables, Carol said. She estimated they save about \$100 per pig over what they would have to pay for retail pork cuts.

"When I'm finished with this book I want to devote more time to actual farm-

(Continued on Page 24, Column 1)



Ian McHarg: environmentalist, doomsday prophet

'For too long we've taken for granted the farmers out there who are making the food...Everyone, whether or not they live in a one-acre suburban colonial home, should be self-sufficient as much as they possibly can.'



Carol McHarg on her Marshallton farm: 'Developers have to stop bulldozing sites. Houses sitting on top of a barren piece of land look awful.'

Staff photos by Larry McDevitt

Unionville man wins

DLN 5-5-00

city planning award

Prestigious Japan Prize given to local landscaper

By RUTH LAMBERT
Special to the Local News

Ian McHarg, a Unionville resident and professor emeritus of landscape architecture and regional planning at the University of Pennsylvania, has been named as this year's recipient of the Japan Prize in city planning.

Equivalent in prestige to the Nobel Prize, the Japan Prize is awarded by The Science and Technology Foundation of Japan to recognize scientists and researchers who have made a substantial contribution to the advancement of science and technology and to the peace and prosperity of mankind. A cash award of 50 million yen (about \$480,000) is presented per prize category.

McHarg said he believes he was chosen in recognition of his lifetime work integrating natural sciences into city planning and landscape architecture.

Born in Scotland, McHarg served as a major in the British army from 1939-1946. As part of that service he was involved in rebuilding the war-ravaged cities and communities of Europe. He then went on to study city planning and landscape architecture at Harvard University where he earned both his bachelor and master's degrees, but said the program was "impoverished of science."

"At that time landscape architecture was preoccupied with gardens for the rich, which I found to be offensive," he said.

When in 1954 he accepted the challenge of developing a department in landscape architecture at the University of Pennsylvania, he said that he realized he "knew nothing about

sciences and nobody else did either."

McHarg set about putting "nature back into landscape architecture" and developed the new department at Penn with a team of scientists representing the physical, biological and social sciences. The Penn team included meteorologists, geologists, hydrologists, soil, plant and wildlife ecologists, anthropologists and now computer scientists and resource economists.

"I was the man with the rubber baton, the integrator," he said.

"Ian put Penn on the map as one of the two leading schools in landscape architecture," said John Dixon Hunt, current head of the landscape architecture and regional planning department at Penn. "But in addition, he rode the wave of ecological and environmental concerns. He made it the philosophical and even the moral basis of developing a piece of ground."

Harry Perdue is senior resident of Marshallton

By DOUGLAS HARPER
(Of the Local News Staff)

Harry Perdue has been all over the state of Pennsylvania, putting up signs for the highway department. But he never found a place he'd rather live than Marshallton.

Perdue is retired now, but not idle. He was born in Downingtown in 1899, and moved to a farm in West Bradford with his parent when he was four. Several decades ago he moved up to Marshallton, and that's where he still makes his home.

Perdue figures he's lived in Marshallton longer than anyone. "Since Clarence Moore died, I'm about the oldest resident around this neighborhood," he said.

When he first visited Marshallton, Perdue said, people walked to the butcher shop for meat, the bakery for bread, and the general merchandise store for everything else.

Perdue's memory stretches back to the days before Marshallton had electricity. He remembers his father riding up to the village every Friday with a wagon load of butter and eggs

'Since Clarence Moore died, I'm about the oldest resident around this neighborhood.'

—Harry Perdue

to sell.

Perdue said he thinks it was a good idea that the village went on the National Register. He said he likes the way Marshallton has retained much of its "country village" atmosphere.

Perdue is writing a history of the Marshallton region, and spends every Tuesday in the County Court House researching deeds. But he has a personal treasure of memories, rarer than any written documents.

"I remember a whole lot of things that the old men of Marshallton told me, 75-80 years ago."



Marshallton Methodist Church near the center of the village

old school house in Marshallton, West Bradford

Staff photos by Larry

the difference.

Up The Street

Next to Rodebach's was William Loller, a tinsmith. His shop stood as a wing on his home, along the west side, facing Strasburg Road. The marks where the shop was attached to the home are still visible.

Loller was Clarence Moore's grandfather. Moore, at 87, is one of Marshallton's oldest residents. His daughter, Nancy Hill, is a member of the West Bradford Township Historical Committee.

She has found forms which might indicate that Loller also did some bootmaking. Her father and grandmother were born in that house.

Moore has been a traveler. Talking about Boston on a bright afternoon, he said, "The last time I was there, I saw Billy Sunday preach in Scully Square."

His father, J. William Moore, was at one time the township's Roadmaster. His uncle, Nelson Loller, ran Congress Hall, the tobacco shop which served the purpose of being the town communications center on Friday nights.

Across the street from the Moore residence, Nelson

Cheyney once made and sold shoes. At one time it was a clothing store owned by Jackson Hughes.

James Embree made his own farm implements in his shop, next to where the fire hall now stands. Nelson Loller owned it thereafter, turning it into Congress Hall, where Lancaster County tobacco which had been stored, dried and cured in local barns was made into cigars.

Behind these shops, even further away from the road than the second town hall, was the school. The first one in Marshallton went up in 1838, built by Moses Marshall, Humphrey's nephew. The present elementary school dates from 1879.

Marshallton Inn

Starting business as "The Sign of General Wayne Hotel" in 1793, the Marshallton Inn (the name was changed to the Marshallton Hotel in 1858) has been a haven for travelers for almost two centuries and is a nationally-recognized historical structure.

A town like Marshallton grows up with legends and facts. Sometimes the two intertwine.

Jack Thornbury, who lived in the only brick building in town pre-1900 and was a successful butcher, liked to regale the boys

at Congress Hall with his tales of prowess.

"When I go to get cherries, I don't pick 'em off the tree," he'd say, "I just back my wagon up underneath it and shake the whole tree."

Moses Woodward, whose house was built sometime after 1852 on the northeast corner of Strasburg and Sugars Bridge Roads, was the first constable. He arrested people, collected back taxes, and would pull passing teamsters off their wagons to have a chat and some lemonade on his front porch.

"Watch out you buckies, better run!" he'd rumble as the taxes came due and the delinquents were being sought.

George McFarland, living across the street from Woodward, was a pumpmaker. He asked to be buried with some of the pine he used every day in his coffin. The undertaker rested his head on a pillow stuffed full of shavings.

Cemeteries

Part of Marshallton's history is buried, and marked. There are three very old cemeteries, all south of Route 162.

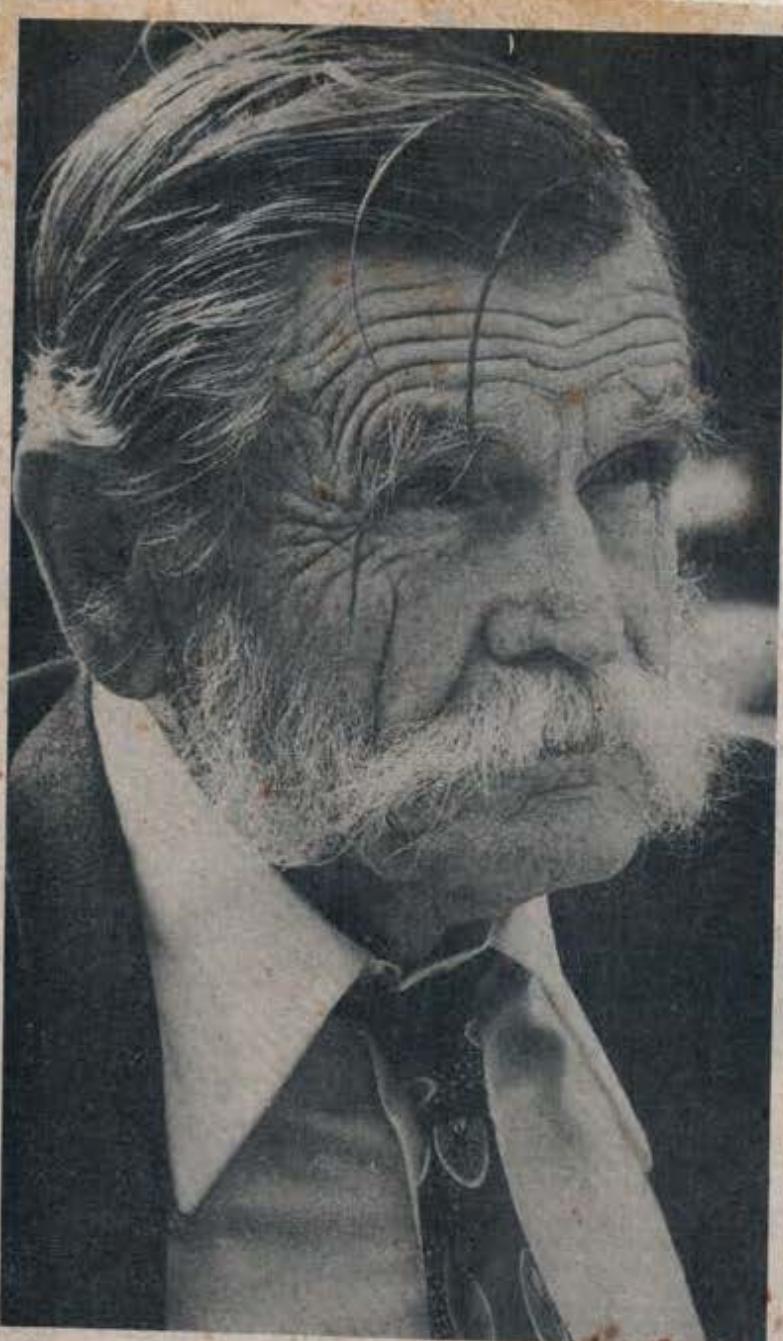
The original Friends cemetery lies behind a stone and masonry wall. At least one of the markers dates to 1740. To the south is the West Bradford Cemetery, organized much later, and holding the bodies of many of the citizens of Marshallton who were not Quakers.

One such man is Nathan Simms, a slave whose home lay right on the boundary line (now marked by a stone) between the original Smith and Pennington Penn land grants.

Simms, it is said, was the man who held John Wilkes Booth's horse on the night of April 14, 1865.

To the east, the Methodist cemetery represents an outstanding example of the early Pennsylvania country churchyard. A Revolutionary War soldier is buried there.

On every corner of every street in Marshallton, history is an ever-present fiber of the community; a partner who has been brought along through the progression of three centuries. It is a special ambiance that can't be created again...but its existence can be perpetuated.



Part of the excitement in history is living memory.

Harry Perdue, who admits to having lived in the neighborhood for 75 years, has seen Marshallton ease into the 1970s.

He is the model for the boy, criss-crossing the road; he helped write this story.

Unique viewpoint

(RECORD photo by Sam Radzivilluk)

From one of the unique vantage points in West Bradford Township, Harry Perdue has a twin perspective: he can look back over the 75 years he's been part of Marshallton's history, and ahead to the plans that are being made to preserve his village.



Living history

Not all of the history of a town can be measured in documents or buildings of stone; Clarence Moore is a good example. Living in the same house he and his mother were born in, Moore is 87 years old, and has seen the 20th Century touch his town, but not change it substantially.

Marshalton
Village
Incorporated

NEWSLETTER

"Marshalton's Future is Its Past"

Vol. 1, No. 2

May 1981

PPOSES
MARSHALTON
VILLAGE
INC.

The purposes of Marshalton Village Inc. are for education, charity and historical research; to collect and preserve relics, implements, momentos, pictures, books, manuscripts, records, source and secondary material, and other items of historical interest relating to the history and development of the American rural scene, American life, and early American history; to establish a permanent exhibition and museum of such collections, which shall in the years to come bear witness to American youth and to all Americans as to the conditions and difficulties under which their predecessors developed America and its institutions; to acquire and develop suitable sites and to provide appropriate buildings and other suitable appurtenances for depositing, storing and exhibiting all or any portion of said collections; to hold meetings devoted to said purposes; to reproduce said relics, records, and articles, and to prepare and disseminate pamphlets, books, and other written material relating to said purposes; and in general to promote the study of American history and the preservation of examples of early American life and institutions. The corporation does not contemplate pecuniary gain or profit, incidental or otherwise, to its members.

Articles of Incorporation for Marshalton Village Inc. -
Misc. Document #12540, by the court, Aug. 17, 1965 -
s/John M. Kurtz, Jr., Judge.

Marshalton Village Inc. is tax exempt under Section 501 (C) (3).
Federal Tax No. 23-7060634.

GENERAL
FORMATION Kirke Bryan, Esq., Norristown, Pa., serves as our Attorney.

The Architect & Planning Consultant is Orin M. Bullock,
Rising Sun, Md.

MUSEUM

The library and museum has been established primarily for research, history of East and West Bradford, family records, Humphry Marshall, and Marshalton Village.

The museum is open by appointment. Please call (215) 696-0816.

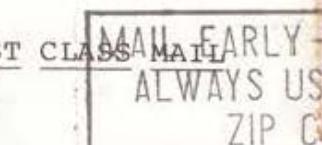
DONATIONS RECEIVED

Since our September 1980 Newsletter, the following donations have been made:

- *Old clothing
Mrs. Robert Batchelder
- *Stud Horse Poster
G. William Holland
- *Brick & Stone Mason's Level used by J. D. Reilly
in local area
Anna D. Reilly
- *Conestoga Wagon
Walter D. Carlin
- *Addressograph machine, cabinets, etc.
R. O. Claypoole
- *Carriage (shown in photograph below)
on loan - anonymous
- *Antique Eyeglasses - 5 pair
Mrs. Lansdale Humphreys
- *Book "Old Gardens In and About Philadelphia"
(includes Humphry Marshall's residence, 1773)
Allan Ferver



Marshalton Village Inc.
630 Sugarbridge Road
West Chester, PA 19380



Albert L. Anderson
R. D. 4
Coatesville, PA 19320

To be honored by Old Timers

Henry Jefferis has fond memories of baseball career

The RECORD, Coatesville, Pa., Friday, January 30, 1976

By NADINE FREEMER
RECORD Sportswriter

The name Henry Jefferis may not be a household word like Connie Mack or Dizzy Dean, but both of those baseball immortals were friends of a spunky kid from Coatesville who never really made it to the major leagues.

"I pitched for major league teams and against major leaguers. But I never pitched an inning of major league baseball," emphasized the 70-year old veteran this week.

It has been quite a while since anyone saw Jefferis in action, but the Kennett Old Timers' Baseball Association will be bringing him back into the limelight at their annual banquet on Feb. 14 at the Po-Mar-Lin Fire Hall in Unionville.

Jefferis will be honored along with Harry Nosnesky, Peck Darlington, Charlie White, John Moynihan and Bob Ludwick Sr., who Jefferis signed when he was a scout for the Dodgers.

Jefferis colorful career began

in 1925 when he graduated from Coatesville High School and was signed by the Easton club of the Eastern Shore League. Jefferis pitched for Easton until 1927 when the league went broke.

For the next two years, he embarked on an odyssey that included a year of pitching, batting practice and exhibition games for the Philadelphia Athletics, three months at Greenville, South Carolina, and then onto the Greensboro club of the Piedmont League. Greensboro won the league pennant in 1929, and Jefferis pitched two winning playoff games.

That pennant seemed to be the start of something big for Jefferis. When the season ended, the St. Louis Cardinals bought his contract and he seemed to be on his way.

"I'll never forget that first trip to Florida for spring training. I was raised in Romansville. My parents came to the train to see me off, and the Philadelphia Record sent a photographer. I



Henry Jefferis

Larger crowd joins in Marshallton race

(Continued from Page One)
the West Bradford Fire Co.

Good Start

The bikers wheeled off at the direction of Assistant District Attorney Robert Gathrop's deep baritone intonations and dropped his hat...bike wheels and gears clicking over the back

road cartways of West Bradford Township, down through rolling Chester County hills under broken dark clouds through which the sun peeked saucily to the Brandywine Creek...dumping bikes off the side of the road so that dozens of expensive 10-speeds lie in haphazard piles...

...Getting together with your partner, dragging a canoe to the creek's edge, slipping down the muddy bank, splashing into the water, clambering in, trying to right the fragile craft and point it downstream: getting the dickers scared out by the "Brandywine Pirates"—bar regulars Ted Morris, Laurie Huber, Gail Pietryk, and Steve Clark, who have parked themselves in a rowboat anchored in the creek, dressed up like pirates and firing off a yacht gun at each passing canoe. "We're here for rapine and slaughter!" Captain Morris yells at passing canoes, shaking a sword...

...Huffing and puffing through the final leg, pushing the bike pedals down deliberately, wondering if this hill is ever going to end, faces red, hair askew in the wind...finally, The Finish, and being greeted by a timer yelling your number off and the polite applause of spectators.

Overall Winner

For the second straight time, Allan Lawver was the overall winner, finishing in 58 minutes, 41 seconds. He beat his own record time of last year of one hour and 44 seconds.

Many other awards and presentations were made, in all sorts of categories, most notably "worst performance" to the three men from Sorbus, Inc. who borrowed a small computer, video screen, and printer and wrote up a program for race results.

The program set up by John Riordon and Joe Sheve with Mose Cornwell worked fine, but somehow some of the data input was messed up and they had to rewrite part of the program, causing an hour delay in race returns.

Personal goals were most important to participants, such as one young woman who responded to a question: "I'm alright. I beat the person I wanted to beat—my supervisor at work who's the same age I am and male."



Snack before race

(RECORD photo by Allegra Sensenig)

Two racers munch on a light, pre-race lunch of apples before the start of yesterday's Marshallton Inn Triathlon. The annual bike-canoe-walk race through rural Chester County landscape benefits Chester County Hospital.



INTO THE WATER go a team of hopefuls during the second heat of the Marshalton Inn Triathlon yesterday. The Triathlon combined canoeing, bicyclic bicycle racing and walking.

Allen Lawver repeats with Triathlon win

(Editor's note: Daily Local News correspondent Andrew Petkofsky, who wrote this story, finished third in his class' heat and just missed the Top 10 overall in the Marshallton Triathlon. About 180 contestants entered the race.)

By ANDREW PETKOFSKY
(Local News Correspondent)

He bent over the bicycle, squeezing the rear tire to test its inflation. There was no time to make repairs, but the activity helped him pass the minutes before the start.

"I really should have signed up to race," he said.

His son did not respond, having heard the same remark three times in the past

hour. Instead, he moved closer to the bike and breathed on his cupped hands to warm them.

"I should be racing," the man said.

It was mid-afternoon yesterday and already many were on the course, competing in the Third Annual Marshallton Inn Triathlon.

The 50 racers waiting to start in the final heat were impatient to be off, after the hour-long delay since the first racers had left.

Finally the gun sounded and they sped along Strasburg and then Northbrook and Wawaset roads on a wild downhill ride.

Not really for athletes

For a moment then, before the first heat leaders came across the finish line, the

man awaiting his son's return was left with other spectators in the Marshallton Inn parking lot. Many who had brought their children to race told each other they wished they too had entered.

Unlike more traditional athletic competitions, the Triathlon is not only for athletes. Combining canoeing, cycling and walking over a 10 mile course, it was designed to attract serious competitors and those out for fun.

This year friends of triathlon inventors George Mershon and Jack McFadden posed as pirates in a dressed up row boat. They barraged passing canoes with a ceremonial cannon.

"Out of all the racers, we only had one bad response," said pirate Ted Morris. "That says something for the good humor of the competitors."

Many racers said they hadn't trained especially for the event.

Rest is best

"We just got together a few times and rode around some," said a member of the Tredyffrin-Easttown Racers, a club that entered about 20 members. Another racer, claiming that rest is the best training, worked out by staying off his bike for two weeks prior to the race.

The first one back was Allen Lawver of Downingtown, who beat his partner Tom Schultz by six inches and set a new course record of 58 minutes, 41.8 seconds.

The old record, set last year by Lawver, was one hour, 44 seconds. At that time, most of the bicycle route down Wawaset road was dirt and gravel. It has since been repaved.

Class winners were: minuteman- Tom Schultz; minutewoman- Yvonne McFadden; drummer boy- Ralph Eppinheimer; forefather- R. Teague; foremother- M. Gibbon.

All winners received trophies with a cash prize of \$100 going to the overall winner. The classes represent different age groups.

Triathlon festivities went on past dark, with live entertainment and food from the West Bradford Fire Co. keeping things lively.

Many racers lingered at the Inn to hear the results, which took several hours to compile, despite the aid of a \$60,000 computer timing system which had been loaned to the officials.

Proceeds from the entry fees will be divided between the West Bradford Fire Co. and the Chester County Hospital.

Lurking pirates

Silently slipping through the channel, the pirates find a concealed cove to await their unwitting prey.

Suddenly, the splash of paddles is heard upstream. Pulling their bandanas tighter around their craggy foreheads, the evil outlaws of the sea tense with anticipation.

This is it. The chance for the bearded desperadoes to become masters of the waterway.

They show their colors, prime their fire arms and let fly.

A puff of smoke hangs over the Brandywine and the determined paddlers go merrily on their way, ignoring their brush with burial at sea.

It was all part of the fun during the Marshallton Triathlon yesterday. The ill-fated pirates were captained by Ted Morris. Story and more staff photos by Larry McDevitt of the Triathlon on Page 21.



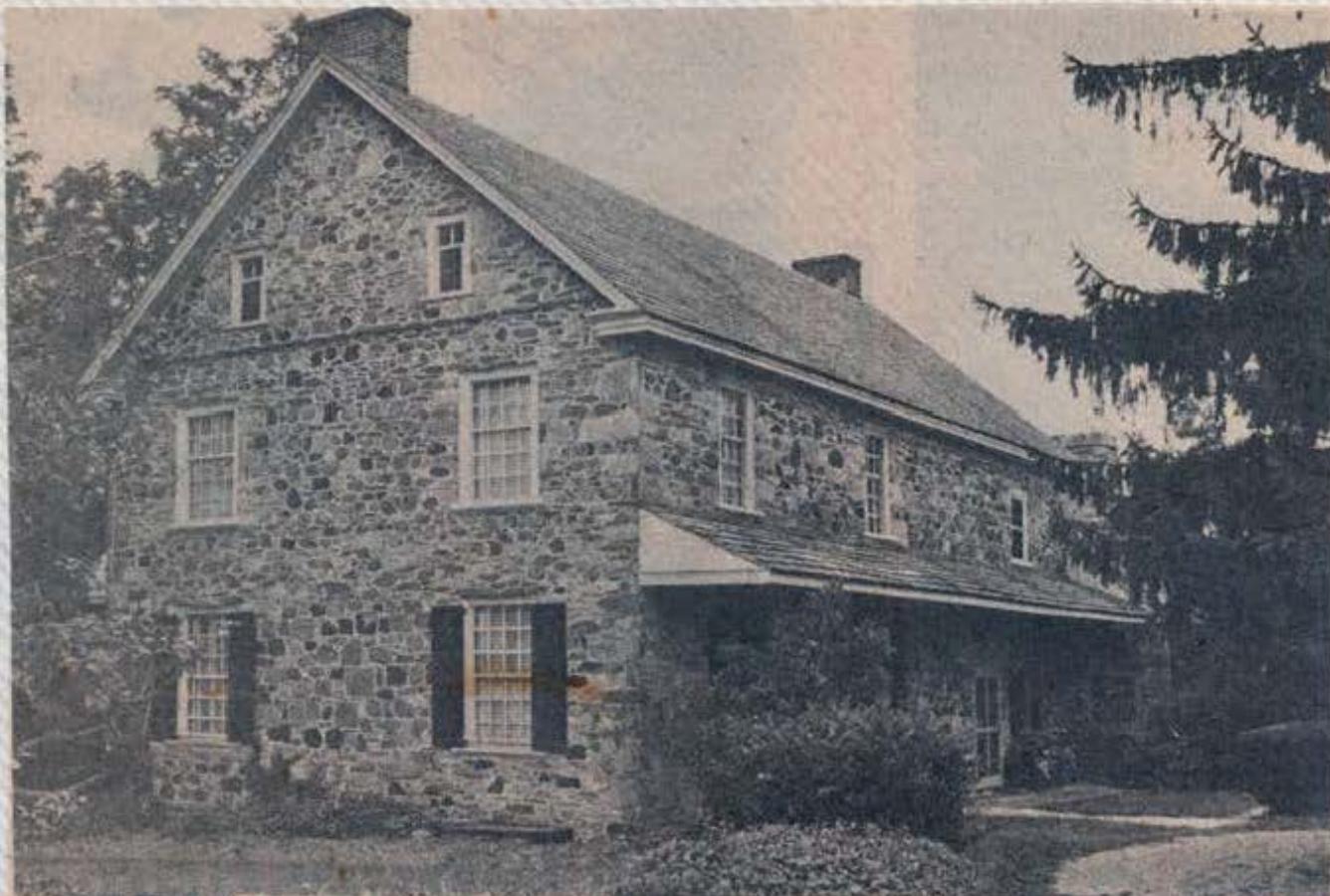


HANK HAMILTON, one of 180 participants in yesterday's Third Annual Marshalton Inn Triathlon rests

after the race, his bicycle lying by his side.

DAILY LOCAL NEWS, West Chester, Pa., Thurs., Sept. 16, 1982

One star of Chester County Day is the Marshal house



Humphry Marshal house

By CLARE LILLEY
(Of the Local News Staff)

There is nothing like a crisp early fall day to see some of the outstanding attractions of Chester County. On the first Saturday of October, Chester County Day, which benefits Chester County Hospital, West Chester, offers all kinds of delightful places for people to visit, including both public and private buildings.

The 42nd "Day" coming up is no exception. There will 46 stops offered in the West Chester, Marshallton, Westtown and Sugartown areas. Each place open has a distinction all its own, and Chester County Day people are always reluctant to praise one place over another.

But even with this reluctance, some places stand out in their own right. The Humphry Marshal House in Marshallton is one of these.

Built in 1773 by Humphry Marshal's own hands, of field stone of the area, the house and surrounding land was bequeathed to the Chester County Historical Society by the late Campbell Weir, who lived there from 1949 until his recent death.

DURING those years, Weir (1901-1982) accumulated antiques which were similar and comparable to the ones that would have been in the house during Marshall's life time. He did so, by consulting Marshal's estate inventory. According to Randall Woodward, executive director of the Chester County Historical Society, there is only one piece of Marshal's original furniture in that house today, a table. But, Woodward points out, that Weir had accumulated a very fine collection of antique furniture, all of which was well cared for.

The historical society has offered to open the house for the Day, the first opening since Weir's death, and the first time the house has been opened for the Day for about eight or 10 years. The late owner had been a host for Chester County Day on several occasions.

At the present time, the society and Southeast National Bank are working together to effect an orderly transfer of the property, which includes 50 acres and funds for maintenance; and the society's board is studying the property in order to make recommendations for its operation and future use.

HUMPHRY MARSHAL (1722-1801) was primarily a botanist, but his family was far too practical to consider that adequate for making his living. They apprenticed him to a stone mason, and he eventually became an expert mason.

The home he built for himself is testimony to that. The front of the house is built of "coursed" stones (horizontal layers or rows), with every stone being the same height, but alternating in length. On the other three sides, the builder layed up the stone in "rubble," fitting them as they came to hand and creating a pattern to please his eye as he went along. Each stone supports the next, and the pattern is very pleasing indeed.

The house had a double beehive oven, with a fireplace four feet deep, with one of the ovens used for pies and cakes and one for meats and breads. The cakes couldn't be baked over an open fire, but had to have some kind of controlled temperature.

ONCE MARSHAL built his house, he went about his business, which included growing and collecting botany specimens out of the nearby woods, and writing. He wrote the first book on botany published in the New World. He and his cousin, John Bartram,

were in close touch. Philadelphia was quite a botany center at that time.

Marshal devoted winters to scientific study of astronomy and natural history. He was also involved with the work of the Society of Friends and was county treasurer and trustee of the provincial loan office. In 1786 he became a member of the American Philosophical Society.

It wasn't until 1805, four years after his death, that the village he lived in took his name, when the Marshallton Post Office was established.

Campbell Weir purchased the property in 1946, after he retired from the U.S. Army Air Force, and moved into it in 1949, restoring the house to its former grandeur, and accumulating antiques that were suitable to their surroundings.

IT IS these that Chester County Day visitors will see on Oct. 2 — the five rooms of the first floor only.

All of the furniture is of the period of the late 1700s and early 1800s, and are genuine antiques, not reproductions.

The Marshal House is one of 10 homes on a walking tour of Marshallton this year, so the visitor can plan to park his car and stay for a couple of hours or more as he or she tours a truly quaint village, which has lost none of its charms through the years, which is probably why Weir chose to live there.

Homes will be open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tickets are \$10 and



The dining room



Living room corner



Staff photo by Larry McDevitt

Looking over some of the items to be featured at a Victorian Christmas Bazaar at the Marshallton United Methodist Church are (from left) Doris Hume, Hazel Busby, Nancy Busby and Dot Ludwick. The event will be

staged from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. Nov. 4 at the church on Route 162 in the Village of Marshallton. Santa will be on hand from 1:30-2:30.

1989

Pet cemetery

D.L.N. 27 March '90



When Campbell Weir's dogs died years ago, Weir had them buried in a pet cemetery under the branches of a big tree near the house where other pets were buried. Weir himself was later buried in the same cemetery.

Staff photo by Larry McDevitt

Marshall estate was village kids' utopia

Owner stressed learning, earning

By STEVE REINBRECHT
(Of the Local News Staff)

MARSHALLTON — For children growing up in Marshallton in the 1950s, hanging out at the Humphry Marshall property was close to paradise, according to Jack Hines.

Maybe the historical, botanical and educational significance of the 50-acre estate was not uppermost in the minds of the village boys that lent Campbell Weir a hand with his farm chores, Hines said.

Horseback riding, swimming, fishing and camping were the major attractions.

But as time went by, Hines and his comrades gained a lot more from the place than spending money and good times.

Weir lived the life of a country gentleman, Hines said.

The elder man moved into the house in 1949, renovating it into a home designed to allow him to follow his lifelong interests of horse and dog breeding and fine arts.

Hines said Weir always welcomed visitors to tour his property and home, built in 1773 by "The Father of American Bot

(See WEIR, Page A3)



Campbell Weir at the Fair Hill races circa 1937.

(From Page A1)

any," Humphry Marshall.

Researchers and history buffs would come to look at botanical specimens, tour the house and discuss its history with Weir.

"There was always someone up there painting a picture of the house," Hines said.

Weir himself painted and did sculpture, Hines said. His favorite subjects were the beloved Labrador Retrievers who shared the farm with him.

Hines said one time a pair of Weir's favorite dogs became so sick a veterinarian recommended putting them to sleep.

But Hines made a deal with Weir that he would take care of them and try to nurse them back to health.

He went to Weir's every day where the sick animals languished on a sofa and force fed them until they finally pulled through, Hines said.

When the dogs died years later, Weir and Hines buried them in a pet cemetery under a big tree near the house where other pets lay.

"As long as I can remember, he was very impressed with the property," Hines said of Weir. "He always wanted it to be preserved."

Weir left the estate and all his possessions to the Chester County Historical Society when he died in 1982.

Hines, a life-long resident of Marshallton and currently West Bradford township manager, did a lot of growing up in the woods and fields around the historic property where he spent summers and free time after school

doing odd jobs and yard chores.

Weir demanded hard work and work done right, but also took a lot of fatherly interest in the boys who came to help him out, Hines said.

"He'd tell us what to do, and we'd have to do it right," Hines said. "We had to clean the tools and put them away ready for the next job, or we didn't get paid."

The labor included mowing fields, weeding a large vegetable garden, mending stone walls, and tending to Weir's horses.

But Weir also spent time teaching Hines and his friends about woodworking, fishing, and horseback riding.

"He taught us how to ride bareback, like he did at West Point," Hines said.

Weir also provided the boys with materials to build a log cabin on the property.

"We spent every weekend out there, winter and summer," Hines said. "We stayed in tents until we built the cabin," complete with a pot-bellied stove.

Weir, an avid reader with an extensive library, also gave Hines books and magazines, including a series on American history and a subscription to National Geographic.

"I've got it from that day to the present," Hines said.

Hines knew Weir since he was a young boy, remaining friends with the older man until his death in 1982.

"After I got my drivers license and got busy with other things, I spent less time there," Hines said. "But I know other young kids from Marshallton would go up there."

"After I got married, one day Weir saw my wife in a store. He was a kind of a gruff guy — I shouldn't really say that, he was a gentle man — but he kind of gruffly tapped my wife on the leg with his cane and said he didn't appreciate the fact that now that Jack's married he doesn't come see me anymore."

Hines said he soon paid the old man a visit.

Life and times of Marshallton's Campbell Weir

Campbell Weir's life combined strands running through his family's long history — military service, a talent and appreciation for fine arts, and a love of animals.

Weir was born in Wilmington in 1901. In 1928, he married Esther du Pont and lived near Rockland, Del. where horse racing and hunting with dogs became his chief occupations. There he bred a famous pack of hounds, the Rockland Beagles.

He separated from his wife in 1938 and moved back to Delaware, but continued using stables and an art studio at their home in Unionville.

Although he went to a military summer camp as a boy and graduated from West Point in 1924, Weir deferred military service until the start of World War II.

He then joined the U.S. Army Air Corps and was stationed in bases all around the country and finally, in 1945, in Guam.

Weir left the service as a Lieutenant Colonel in 1946, the year he bought the Humphry Marshall Estate.

He moved into the 18th century house and began renovations in 1949, adding stables, a kennel, and an art studio.

Throughout his life Weir drew and painted and often included sketches in letters to friends and family. He also filled his home with antiques from the period it was built.

Weir was an active member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Chester County Historical Society.

Weir died in April 1982 at the age of 81.

Following his wishes, his body was cremated and his ashes buried between the graves of two of his favorite dogs behind his estate.



Campbell Weir is shown here in his younger days riding one of his favorite hunters, "Wise View." This 1934 photo is from the files of the Chester County Historical Society.

For Broad Run stream, a rare designation

West Bradford woman key to DER classification

By MICHAEL STARR
(Of the Local News Staff)

WEST BRADFORD — Dale Longmaid's environmental consciousness streamed into an eight-year commitment to preserve a beautiful babbling brook.

Due largely to Longmaid's efforts, the Broad Run basin recently was designated "exceptional value waters" by the state Department of Environmental Resources, a distinction allotted to less than 1 percent of Pennsylvania's waterways.

This rare designation allows the six-mile stream and its branches to remain virtually untouched by development or other human endeavors.

Longmaid, 49, a veteran environmental writer, began her crusade shortly after moving onto her Broad Run Road property 10 years ago.

"I was most familiar with Broad Run because we live along the stream and I knew its legal designation was not reflecting its true water quality," she said. "One of the reasons we purchased the land was because the stream was clean and pristine and had trout, which is rare for Pennsylvania streams. It appeared to have reproducing populations of brown and brook trout and substantial biological life supporting a clean and healthy watershed."

Longmaid said Broad Run — which empties into the west branch of the Brandywine Creek — also boasts rare and endangered species like bog turtles, peregrine falcons, osprey, bald eagles and numerous endangered plants.

Most of the Broad Run basin lies in West Bradford. A small portion of the stream runs through Newlin.

"It had a general classification before which meant that when the laws were passed in the early '70s there weren't enough people to check all the Pennsylvania streams," she said. "It was kind of middle of the road until the law provided for testing on an individual basis."

Broad Run's untouched condition is "fairly unique" in a highly developed region like southeastern Pennsylvania, according to DER spokeswoman Susan Woods.

"We're trying to do everything we can to protect waterways that meet its criteria," Woods said.

"People rely on Broad Run heavily as a drinking supply for horses and they're very conscientious and careful," said Longmaid, explaining the stream's environmental durability. "There's always a few bad apples, but on the whole the people are careful and resourceful and take a great deal of pride in the stream."

Longmaid's pride took the form of government petitioning in trying to preserve the stream's quality. Her

first stop was the DER's Scenic River Program.

"We started with an evaluation from the program and discovered a lot of small watersheds in the Brandywine River area had a general classification rather than a true designation based on chemical and biological factors," she said. "We went through the regional DER office in Norristown and collected data and my petition was forwarded to Harrisburg. By the time it was actually finished it took about eight years."

The Brandywine Conservancy and U.S. Fish and Wildlife Commission also lent their expertise and guidance to the long process.

Broad Run's "exceptional value waters" status means the stream cannot be degraded in any way. For instance, there are strict legal and engineering requirements should housing or sewage treatment plants be built near the stream.

"It's very tightly protected as far as discharges or any other impacts along the waterway that would potentially degrade the quality," Woods said. "This designation kicks in an extra review process through DER that makes it very difficult, if not impossible, to degrade the stream at all."

She never doubted the stream's future and said "good luck" has worked in keeping Broad Run's untouched flavor, Longmaid said.

"Nature wanted it that way and there's no explanation other than the fact that people around here care about it," she said. "There have been very few intrusions and people are becoming more sophisticated about taking care of the water. This rarely happens in the environment, but when it does it's wonderful."

Farm on the Broad Run

rich in history

Bordley: 'dean of agricultural reformers'

By DOUGLAS HARPER
(Of the Local News Staff)

WEST BRADFORD — The fields around the Como Farm are rich in history.

The place once was a model farm run by John Beale Bordley, the "dean of agricultural reformers." Bordley bought the farm on Broad Run in 1792.

It was Bordley who named it Como Farm. The Italian town of Como was the birthplace of the Roman writer Pliny the Younger. Pliny, like Bordley, was a lawyer and gentleman farmer.

Bordley was born in Annapolis,

Md., in 1727, the son of Maryland's attorney general. He followed in his father's footsteps into law and politics, and became a judge.

But the modest Bordley disliked political life. In 1770, his wife inherited a fertile 1,400-acre island on Maryland's Eastern Shore. Bordley took the opportunity to move there and devote himself to farming.

Bordley's second wife, whom he married in 1776, was a Philadelphian

and her connections drew Bordley to the city in 1791.

Farmers in those days generally raised one crop year after year: in Maryland, tobacco; in Chester County, wheat. But in Maryland, Bordley had experimented with the new idea of crop rotation. He also was interested in soil conservation.

Maryland plantations ran on slave labor. Bordley wanted to try his techniques on a Pennsylvania farm

that used paid farm hands.

That may have been one reason he bought Como. Another was that it simply was one of the best farms in the region. It covered about 340 acres then, with good water, and it was handy to markets in Philadelphia and Wilmington, Del.

Bordley and his family spent some summers there in the 1790s. But he was in his late 60s, and age and sickness were catching up to him.

He died in 1804, two years after he built the still-standing farmhouse at Como.

Bordley had corresponded with Thomas Jefferson on farming matters. He had organized the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, the first such group in America, which boasted George Washington as a member.

His name is engraved on the entrance to the Pennsylvania Farm Show Building in Harrisburg.

He also was an art connoisseur, and a benefactor of Charles Wilson Peale, who painted four portraits of Bordley.

From Marshallton, an invitation to look around, have a bite to eat

Dec 12, 1991

To mark the local Methodist church's centennial, members and non-members are opening their homes and giving their time.

By Susan Weidener
Special to The Inquirer

The village of Marshallton, in central Chester County, will open its creaking, handhewn doors and lay down the welcome mat Saturday.

There will be a walking tour of historic residences and buildings, a traditional turkey dinner, carols and homemade mulled cider. The event will raise money for and celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Marshallton United Methodist Church on Strasburg Road.

"It's really nothing short of amazing," said Doris Hume, whose grandfather served as Methodist minister in Marshallton in the late 19th century. "An entire community has come together to do something that has never been done before in the village."

The event has been deemed a success by organizers even before it takes place, because it has proved one thing: Almost everyone, from relative newcomer to second- and third-generation Marshalltonian, is committed to the concept of neighbor helping neighbor.

Susan Bragner is among the new-

comers to Marshallton, which has about 200 residents.

Bragner moved into the village with her husband and 6-year-old daughter from Northern Virginia last year. They are renting one of the old twin homes along Strasburg Road until their new house outside Reading is completed.

She and her family are members of the Methodist church. Bragner has volunteered her time and talent to organizing and promoting the walking tour.

Bragner, a former public-relations director, said Marshallton was just what she needed after 17 years on the fast track in Washington.

"People in the Washington suburbs judge other people on what jobs they have or what size their homes

are. It gets really draining year after year, when you meet people who are only into appearances. Here, there is that sense of community and emphasis on family that doesn't exist in a place like Washington," she said.

"There are remnants of the past wherever you go in the village. There is a sense of connectedness and community here that you don't find in most places."

Most of the residences in the village are indeed historic gems. And many are owned by people who are not members of the church but who were eager to help it raise money for its centennial — Sally Nassau among them.

A program control manager with Unisys, Nassau, 39, moved to the village from Paoli five years ago.

"I wanted to live in an old house in the country. When I found this place, I felt I had really lucked out," said Nassau, whose twin home dates to 1843.

But Nassau said she felt that the best part about her move to Marshallton was not the chance to restore an old home. It was her neighbors.

"We just really got along. There was a sense of town that you just don't find in other places. We're all friends here. We drag picnic tables into each other's back yards all summer long and have barbecues," she said.



In season
A shop window is decked out

Nassau said that when neighbor Nancy Busby asked her to make her house part of the walking tour, she didn't hesitate.

"It was a great way to help the church. Besides, it gave me the impetus to paint," she said, laughing.

Busby and Hume, who are co-chairing Saturday's event, estimated that more than 100 people, many of whom have no connection to the church, are helping out.

Some have children and grandchildren traveling from out of state to

act as hostesses for the open houses. Others have helped design and produce a booklet featuring pen-and-ink drawings of the nine homes and eight buildings on the tour.

The House Tour Committee expects the event to raise at least \$3,000, the amount raised in past fund-raising activities. The money has not been designated for any specific use, but members of the long-range planning committee are hoping some day to build an addition to the church, which has about 180



Special to The Inquirer / JERRY TRITT

Joe Mattson, 84, a Marshallton native, looks at memorabilia.

members.

Busby's father, who worked for Lukens Steel, moved his family to the village in 1936. In the house where Busby's mother still lives, the couple raised six children.

Busby, 43, shuddered at the thought of living in one of Chester County's newer housing developments.

"You don't know your neighbor, and people don't care," she said.

"Both the true Marshalltonians — that is, the people who are second and third generation in the village — and many of the newcomers stay here because this place is unique. They wouldn't live anywhere else. But there are sacrifices."

The traffic, for one, Busby said, pointing to the steady stream of cars on Strasburg Road.

"The houses here are small, and most need a lot of work," she said. "But this is the kind of place where

there is a sense of harmony. We enjoy our town and our friends. We all help each other out."

Busby recalled a local controversy just a year ago, when West Bradford supervisors were urged to pass a historic preservation ordinance affecting Marshallton. The ordinance would have protected historic structures from demolition — and regulated exterior paint colors and the design of additions.

"We didn't want it," Busby said emphatically. "This town has retained its original character over two centuries, and has stayed the way it is without a lot of government."

Hume said some villagers favored the ordinance. Despite differences of opinion, no rifts resulted and the proposal was dropped.

"This is a place where people work out their differences," she said.

Joe Mattson is one of the old-timers.

A paperhanger by trade, Mattson, 84, has lived in his 19th-century, L-shaped frame house on Strasburg Road for 57 years.

Busby, who lives across the street, and Busby's next-door neighbor, Margaret Thomas, often bake pies and casseroles that they know Mattson will enjoy. In return, he will drive to their favorite bakery in Kimberton for a loaf of homemade bread.

A Marshalltonian by birth, Mattson can remember the days when drovers herded sheep, cattle and turkeys through town on their way to markets in Philadelphia, West Chester and Lancaster.

He recalled one drover who stopped into a village tavern, only to come out and find his entire flock of turkeys roosting in the trees above the Marshallton Inn.

Mattson agreed to open his house to the public despite the fact that "I'm from that other religious institution in the village." He is a Quaker and attends the Bradford Friends Meetinghouse, built in 1765, in Marshallton.

The day of the tour, he will be at the meetinghouse, where mulled cider will be poured as part of the festivities. "I wouldn't miss that cider," he said, laughing.

"When the dedication of that church took place, everyone in the village was there," Mattson said. "It was a hot September day. I can still hear my grandmother talking about what a discomfort it was to hold my mother, who was 3 years old at the time. That's why I wanted to help with the centennial. The church has always been a part of my life."

Mattson said that although many people have roots in the village, there are also people he described as "transients."

"There was a time when people gathered together at places like old Spit 'n Chew, a cigar and pipe on Strasburg Road. Neighbors sat around and talked to one another. You got to know what was going on in your neighbor's head. Now you don't always get to know the newcomers."

For many residents, life in Marshallton has always focused on the century-old Methodist church.

Many of the villagers took their marriage vows, baptized their children and mourned the passing of loved ones in the little gray stone building with white trim on Strasburg Road.

Every summer, the Lukens Band plays for the public in the green area between the cemetery — known as "God's Little Acre" — and the parsonage.

Those who served on the centennial committee wanted Saturday's event to be special. But what has evolved surpassed any expectation.

"Everyone has come together to raise money for the church," said Mary Evans, who has owned the country store and the Blacksmith Shop, an antique store, in the village for 26 years. "There has been a true spirit of cooperation."

If you go

TIME: The walking tour is scheduled from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday. A highlight is the 50-acre Humphrey Marshall Estate, once owned by the botanist and astronomer for whom the town is named. The house, built in 1773, is owned by the Chester County Historical Society. A turkey dinner will be served from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. at the Methodist church on West Strasburg Road.

PRICE: Tickets for the walking tour, available at the Blacksmith Shop in Marshallton, are \$10 in advance and \$12 the day of the tour. The dinner will be \$6.

INFORMATION: For information, call 696-2126 or 696-2469.

DLN Dec 12 '91

Jefferis recalls Lindberg

by Mike Shields
staff writer

George Jefferis had just walked out the door of his family's farmhouse in the Romansville section of West Bradford when he heard the low drone of engines. So, instead of going fox hunting that foggy day in 1928, 18-year-old Jefferis spent a

much more exciting day. He met Charles Lindbergh, the international hero who had crossed the Atlantic Ocean in his history making flight the year before.

Lindbergh tried to land on the farm we were living on, and he got pretty near to the ground, about 25 to 30 feet, but he couldn't see because of the

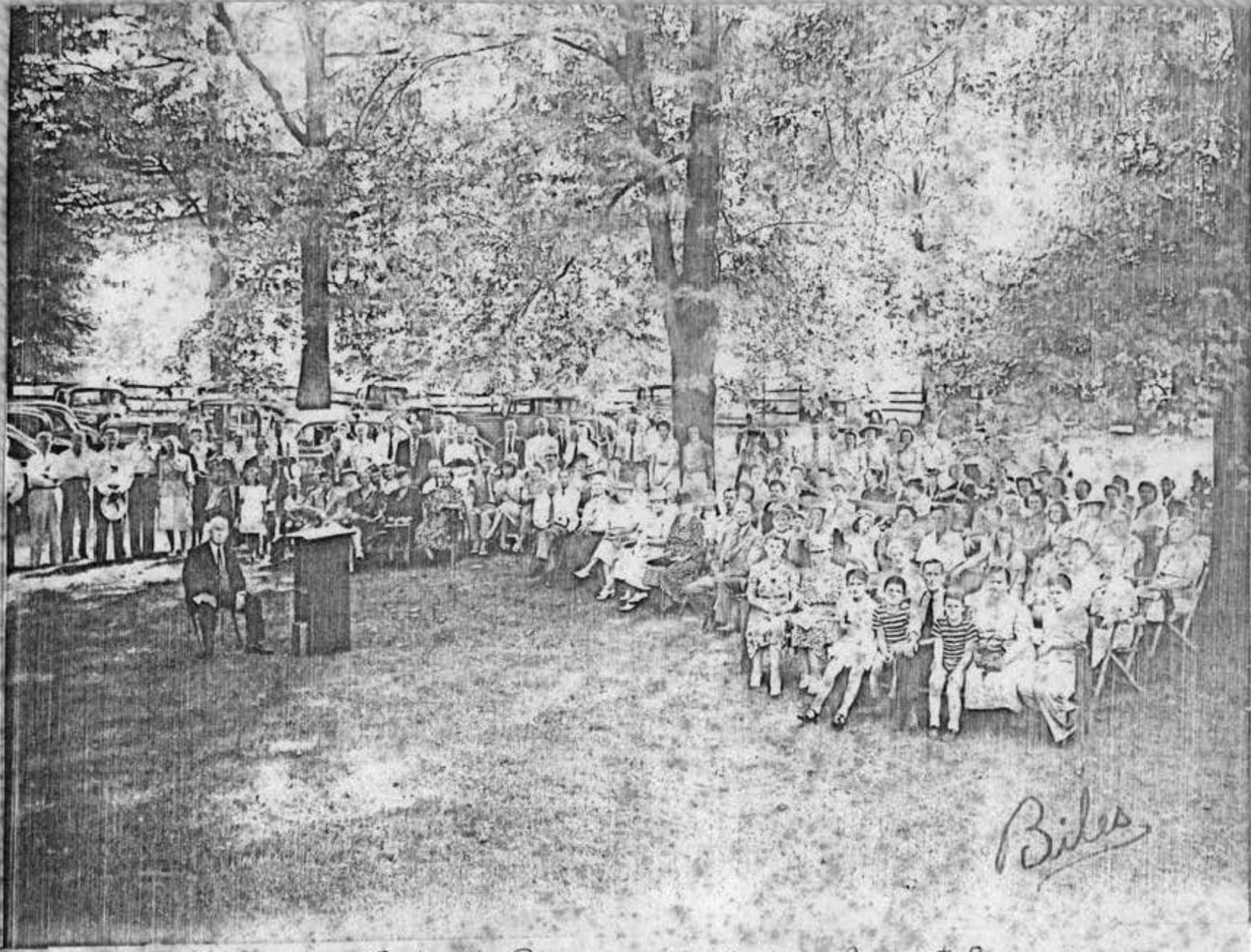
patchy fog," Jefferis remembered. "I could see his plane breaking through the clouds then get covered up again. I heard him land nearby, though, and followed the sound."

"Lindbergh and his companion, Henry Breckenridge, a lawyer, had landed on a farm nearby owned by the Way family. Jef-



Charles Lindbergh is beside his plane in a field in the Romansville section of West Bradford in 1928. The American hero had made an unexpect-

ed stop and stayed overnight at Stock Grange, attracting crowds of curiosity seekers.



Romansville School Reunion 1947 August 9

Biles



Romansville
ANSVILLE SCHOOL REUNION - 1947 August 9

Front Row: L to R

Elizabeth Baldwin Fisher

Ella Chandler Baldwin

Tillie Fulton Minshall

Sue Valentine Ramsey

Back Row: L to R

Cora Parker Gugor

Wood

Dr. Francis Harvey Green

Mary Jeffries Swaine

Walter Wood

Ann Rice Keck

John Keck

Alice Holstein Long

Robert Bone

Anna Nields

Fannie Nields Young

Reunion at Romansville School

Chester Co. PA. 8-9-47 —

Sixty-five years since

Dr. Francis Harvey Green

Began teaching there.

Died June 51

ODE TO ROMANSVILLE

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

How fine it is to gather here,
Romansville, dear Romansville!
And greet each other year by year,
Romansville, dear Romansville!
Blest mem'ries circle 'round the place;
Within our thought, it gains in grace,
As time flits by with rapid pace,
Romansville, dear Romansville!

Lift high your voices in its praise,
Romansville, dear Romansville!
And sing of it in loving lays
Romansville, dear Romansville!
Rembrances of it are dear;
We revel in its atmosphere,
And shout for it a hearty cheer,
Romansville, dear Romansville!

'Tis just a little country town,
Romansville, dear Romansville!
But yet it well deserves a crown,
Romansville, dear Romansville!
For here good people long have dwelt --
The type that make their goodness felt --
The kind with whom you're glad you dealt,
Romansville, dear Romansville!

The sky bends over it in love,
Romansville, dear Romansville!
Its air is calm as cooing dove,
Romansville, dear Romansville!
Its fields of green in beauty smile;
Its trees tower up in lordly style;
Its gardens, decked with flowers, beguile;
Romansville, dear Romansville!

At Romansville

(Dedicated to my old pupils and friends--Aug. 14, 1937)

What beauty there is in a friendship
That nothing on earth can destroy!
It gives to existence a meaning
And adds to its richness and joy.

Around it encircle sweet mem'ries,
Too precious to put into words;
And in it lie centered such virtue
As only the faithful engirds.

It graces the humblest of homesteads;
It glows where the richest abide;
There is naught that can banish its blessings;
No darkness its glory can hide.

And why do I now sound its praises?
The reason is easily guessed.
I find myself mingling with people
Whose friendship I long have possessed,

With persons for whom I have harbored
A feeling of love that will last
'Till the sun and the stars have all vanished
And earth is a thing of the past.

This friendship was born in a school-house,
Where pupils and teacher were met,--
A building whose simple construction
A master can never forget.

'Twas plain as the cot of a peasant--
Its walls were of beauty devoid;
No person, surveying its features,
Used phrases with praise unalloyed.

But fine fertile farms stretched around it,
And hills in the distance arose;
The woods and the cornfields were lovely,
Stretching off where the Brandywine flows.

It stood on a rise by the roadside,
Near a village of scanty extent;
But the beings that dwelt in those borders
Were persons with finest intent.

The grounds that surrounded the structure
Were lacking in beauty and grace;
However they ran all around it;
For play they provided full space.

There was room for some old-fashioned baseball;
 There were spots for a good game of tag.
 Each pupil could play "kick the wicket"
 And proudly of victories brag.

"Drop the handkerchief" furnished a fellow
 With a chance for a race and a kiss.
 Woe betide him if ever he stumbled,
 Thus losing the thrill and the bliss!

At times, to the sheds that were neighbors,
 Some pupils would make a wild dash
 And there by an effort uncanny
 Staid notions disturb with a crash;

For down to the ground they would tumble,
 And there, with a solemn command,
 Would call in a tone most beguiling:
 "Boogie up, boogie up," I demand.

And out from the earth, with a scramble,
 Bugs came as if raised from the dead,
 While onlookers stood in amazement
 And wondered if they "had seen red."

A plenty of good recreation
 Made bodies both wholesome and strong;
 It helped to promote happy living
 And warded off weakness and wrong.

How glowing were oftentimes the faces
 Of lads that had been in a game!
 How sparkling the eyes of the lassies
 Whose souls were with joy all aflame!

Just now as I write I can see them--
 So buoyant, so buxom, so fine;
 I'd give all the cash I could handle
 If again I could stand them in line,

And hear them recite a quotation,
 Or point out a place on a map,
 Or note them while solving a problem
 Or spelling some word with a snap.

What earnestness marked their demeanor!
 4 What eagerness oft was displayed,
 As lessons each day were recited
 By boys and by girls of each grade!

Sometimes there were blunders abundant;
 Sometimes there was cleverness rare;
 Sometimes there was serious thinking;
 Sometimes there were thoughts with a flare.

The day was begun with devotions.

Attention was given with care
To hearing the words of the Scriptures
And quietly engrossing in prayer.

Some hymns and some songs were indulged in,
And voices ascended in praise
To Him who with blessings unnumbered
Was crowding our duties and days.

to my mind now come thronging,
What names ~~now~~ ^{now} ~~troop~~ ^{now} into my memory,
As I think of the dear hours agone!
What figures arise up before me
As a list of my pupils I con!

There are Willa and Mary and Tillie;
There are Esther~~s~~ and Alice and Sue;
And Clara and Ella and Jennie;
How vividly come they in view!

There are Albert and Walter and Eunice;
Lewellyn and Charlie and George;
There are Banner and Alton and Johnny;
What numbers my mind can disgorge!

Each day was a time of enjoyment,
Each week brought results that were choice;
A month was a season of progress;
The year made us sing and rejoice.

I thank the good God that He gave me
A chance, in my own humble way,
To try to be useful to others
And help them from going astray.

I trust that some lesson I taught them
Has served them oftentimes in good stead;
I hope that their lives are uplifted
By something I sometime have said.

Some dear ones among them have journeyed
To "a land that is fairer than day",
And rest with the blest now forever,
All free from earth's troublesome fray.

How my heart is astir with emotion
As memory recalls them to view
And leads me to think of their goodness!
How noble they were and how true!

I believe that their spirits draw near us
As here we assemble to-day;
And they, with a glad hallelujah,
Rejoice in our work and our play.

4.

To you that live on I give greeting!
For each, is my heart full of love;
I pray that "Our Father" will keep you
And guide you to mansions above.

God's blessing rest richly upon you;
His strength be your constant support;
His wisdom watch over your voyage
And anchor you safely in port.

Does some one speak up with the question:
Where dwelt these good people you praise,
And say, with a mind full of interest,
"Toward the sport let me fix my full gaze"?

I'll name it with gladness, I tell you;
With an ardor that nothing can cool;
With a love that will be everlasting--
'Tis the place known as ROMANSVILLE SCHOOL.

Francis Harvey Green.

50 Years Ago

March 15, 1928

This vicinity had a most distinguished visitor, last evening, when Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, famous aviator, dropped from the clouds and landed on the farm of Emmor Way, between Mortonville and Romansville. The flier had with him a passenger, Henry Breckenridge, a lawyer from New York City, en route from New York to Washington, D. C. When the plane landed, the flier walked to the house of Mr. Way, being guided there by Frank B. Elvin, a boy who works on the Way place. Because of the smallness of the Way

home, the aviator and his companion spent the night at the home of Charles F. Elkinton, which was close by. The famous flier was forced to make a landing because of the heavy fog last evening. This morning, Col. Lindbergh and his companion hopped off in their plane, heading south in the direction of Washington.

A covered dish supper was enjoyed by a number of the members of the Downingtown Methodist choir last night in the social hall of the church. When covers were lifted a delicious and varied menu was presented, to which all willingly did justice. Those who participated were Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ryder, Mr. and Mrs. Neils Olsen, Mr. and Mrs. George Wagner, Misses Anna Buffington, Winifred Gamble, Hazel Laird, Esther Miley, Ruth Shumway, Mabel Tyson and Marian Wollerton.

50 Years Ago

March 16, 1928

Learning that the distinguished aviator, Col. Charles Lindbergh, had slept at Stock Grange, the birthplace of his grandfather, the late Hugh E. Steele, Dr. Charles H. Stone of Coatesville, journeyed out into West Bradford early yesterday morning to greet the famous visitor. In company with Mayor Swing of the Iron City and several other gentlemen, the trip was made over muddy dirt roads and the party arrived at the Way farm in time to shake hands with the flier and witness his hop off. Col. Lindbergh expressed polite interest in meeting the descendant of the former resident and assured the Coatesville representatives that his stay in their vicinity had been a comfortable one.

New swings are being put up at the schools in East Goshen township. Heavy rope is being used and the children are having much fun with them. At the Goshen Heights School, T. Vance Bates was appointed by the Home and School League to put them up. At Goshenville, Wiebe Velde had charge of putting them up. Both men were assisted by other men in the neighborhoods. The Home and School League is furnishing the materials for the swings, while the interested patrons furnish the labor.

On Saturday several Scouts from Marshallton journeyed to Philadelphia, where they took part in the Camporee in that city, all having had a wonderful time while there. Those who enjoyed the day were Scoutmaster J. Holland Heck, Assis-

tant Scoutmaster John M. Gabel, F. J. Pratt, first committeeman and Scouts Marshall Chambers, George McAllister, Allen Seiple, Martin Pratt, Lloyd Pratt, Harry E. Cann Jr., Edgar Johnson and Farrell Smith.

Everything about Romansville and West Bradford will now date from the time Lindbergh landed in that section.

At the meeting of the West Bradford Home and School League.



Nathan Simms' lonely resting place

Simms' act was one of true patriotism, says Mills, who feels that quality is sadly lacking in the country today. "And we want to commemorate Simms to call attention to such individual heroism. There is so much of this kind of local history around that people are not aware of. The Loyal Legion is composed of men who believe we should rededicate ourselves to the principles of civil liberties."

Annual Event

Alden R. Ludlow II of Bryn Mawr, who is commander of the Pennsylvania unit of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, says his group plans to mark the grave of Nathan Simms each April 14 in years to come.

The Legion, which has its headquarters at 1805 Pine St. in Philadelphia, was founded by officers of the Union Army the day following Lincoln's assassination. Membership today is made up of their male descendants, and now as then, the purpose of the Legion is "to uphold the Constitution of the United States and to defend the Federal Government at all costs."

The Loyal Legion's War Library and Museum in Philadelphia is said to be "the most complete in the world on the subject of the Lincoln era, the War of the Rebellion and cognate subjects." Each year the group sponsors a literary award through various universities, and it publishes a quarterly bulletin. Members wear a red, white and blue rosette on the lapel of a blue blazer. Dr. Arthur James and Harold Fitzsimmons represented the Chester County Historical Society at the Legion's wreath laying ceremony for Simms, but even they could give no answers to the modern secrets of the grave.

And Nathan Simms can't answer the new mystery of how and when the gray granite memorial was placed over his tomb, because the marker is comparatively recent. It certainly doesn't appear to have been in the ground since Simms' death in 1934.

Who put the plastic lily there? And the flag? There is an even more intriguing circumstance: Four members of the Hickman family, beginning with Ann, who was born in 1783, and ending with Martha, who was born in 1803, are entombed alongside Simms, and their tombstones have very recently been laid flush with the

ground. Like so many of the old grave markers in the cemetery, they had probably been knocked off their bases by vandals. But someone took the care to rescue them.

What is the connection between these Hickmans and Simms that they are so set apart from the rest of the graves?

There is a final fascinating twist to the modern puzzle of Nathan Simms. When Mills went to the Chester County Historical Society to search for background material for the Loyal Legion, he spoke to director Conrad Wilson about the Simms story. While they were talking a man arrived from a trucking company in

Washington, D.C. to load some ship models that will be on loan to the Naval Museum.

"Why, my name is Simms!" he said to Wilson and Mills after overhearing their conversation.

"And my brother's name is Nathan Simms. And my father's name is Nathan Simms."

And they are all from a county adjacent to Surrattsville, Md., where a 14-year-old boy helped a man on a horse 110 years ago. The truck driver said he was going to go right home and call his brother.



Starting third heat

Runners went out of the Marshallton Inn yesterday at the start of the third heat of the Third Annual Marshallton Inn Triathlon for the benefit of

Chester County Hospital. This year's bike-canoe-walk race featured the largest field yet with over 200 participants.

Crowd increases at Marshallton race

By JIM CALLAHAN
Of The RECORD Staff

It was refreshing weather yesterday to take a bike ride or a walk, but maybe a touch too cool for a canoe ride.

Unfortunately, a short canoe race is an integral portion of the Marshallton Inn Triathlon and besides, everyone had plenty of time to dry off while sweating through the rest of the race.

The Marshallton Inn Triathlon is a combination bike, canoe, and walk race. Starting at the historic West Bradford Inn, the bicyclists wind down back roads to the Brandywine where they leave their two-wheeled vehicles for canoes.

Paddle To Park

Shoving off into the Brandywine, the pairs paddle to Lenape Park and from there walk (with one foot on the ground at all times) back to the bikes.

Now comes the tough part:

you have to bike uphill back to the village of Marshallton and the finish line outside the Marshallton Inn.

Yesterday's race featured about 210 participants of all ages, from 10 to 58, the largest field yet. The third annual event is for the benefit of Chester County Hospital, but the race is clearly becoming a gigantic party for race participants and spectators alike.

Through an elaborate public address system, Inn owner George "Aukey" Mershon and bartender Jack McFadden barked out instructions and race rules to bikers at the starting point in the Inn's parking lot. The pair dreamed up the crazy race idea one night three years ago during a discussion in the bar.

Traffic on Strasburg Road was diverted around the village of Marshallton this year for added safety by fire police from (Please turn to Page Two)



Jockey for position

Canoists hang onto each other, jockeying for position, at Wawaset Bridge on the Brandywine's west branch to begin the water-leg of the Marshallton Inn Triathlon yesterday. The participants paddled to Lenape Park, walked back to the Wawaset Bridge and then began the long paddle uphill to the finish line at the Chester County restaurant.

h's visit to W. Bradford

feris said. And that was where the young man met the greatest hero of his era.

"I was the second one to talk to him," recalled Jefferis, who now lives on Glenside Road in West Bradford. Breckenridge tried to say it wasn't him when I went in Mrs. Way's house.

"George, isn't this Charles Lindbergh?" she asked me. And I said, "Yeah, that's him."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you people," Jefferis recalled Breckenridge saying, "but a lot of people mistake this man for Lindbergh."

But Jefferis, smart as the fox he was about to hunt, had a sure-fire way of determining the truth. "Take off your hat," he told the aviator. "We'll see."

When the man doffed his wide-brimmed hat, there was a cowlock, a telltale sign of the identity of the famous man.

"I told them I was going home to call the Coatesville Record," Jefferis said. "They tried to get me not to call. 'Don't make a fool of yourself,' they said." But back to the farmhouse Jefferis went, and he instructed his mother to call the newspaper.

"The guy at the Record didn't believe us," Jefferis recalled with a laugh. "But he called back a few minutes later and said, 'Where is this place? We just got another call saying Lindbergh landed there.'"

Word about the hero's presence spread like wildfire, but three days of rain had turned roads in the area to mud. "The

mud was up to your knees," Jefferis said. "You couldn't get through with a car. Of course, there weren't many cars in those days, except for Model T's. Even horses and wagons were having trouble."

Lindbergh and Breckenridge made their way to Stock Grange, an estate in West Bradford now for sale. At that time, the place was owned by Charles Elkinton, a Philadelphia stock broker. The aviator and his companion spent the night there.

Harrison Wetherill, current owner of Stock Grange, said roads in the area were practically impassable because of the deep mud. "The only ones who made it to the place were young kids who walked across the fields," he said. "They climbed the trees outside and looked in the windows. There were so many kids in the trees they looked like Christmas trees."

The next day, March 14, a huge crowd had gathered to just catch a glimpse of Lindbergh before he took off.

"There must have been between 2,000 and 3,000 people there," Jefferis recalled. "But Lindbergh disappointed a lot of people. He didn't talk to them at all. Breckenridge done all the talking for him. Afterwards, I understood why. Lindbergh must have felt like a wild animal the way people kept badgering him. People tormented him wherever he went."

"I read that people guarded his plane during the night, but that isn't true. They just wanted to see him take off. And I heard it said that the guys who helped him turn the plane around wouldn't do it unless they got a handshake from him. But he didn't shake hands with nobody."

The only acknowledgement the famous aviator paid to the crowd was to dip his wings and wave from his window as the plane circled after take-off, Jefferis added.

Reporters and photographers who flocked to the scene were also disappointed, Jefferis remembered. "He said 'No photos, no photos,' but I jumped out of the woods and took some before he saw."

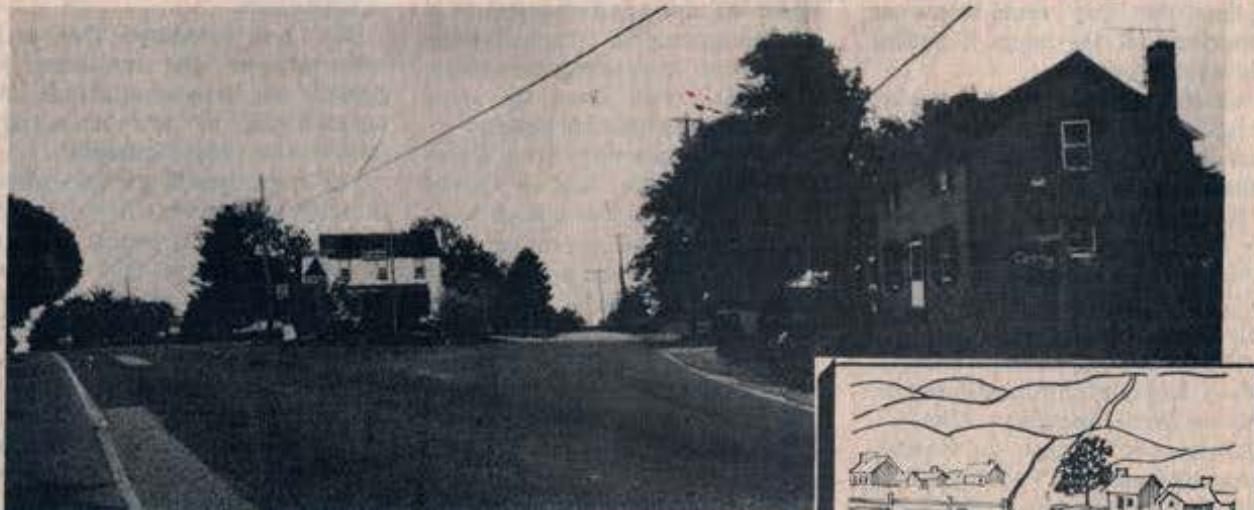
The explanation that has been commonly accepted for Lindbergh's unexpected visit to Chester County was that the plane was forced down by fog. But Jefferis claims he knows the real reason.

"He was supposed to be going to a party in Washington, D.C.," Jefferis explained. "But he didn't want to go. That's the reason he landed, not the fog. The fog wasn't that bad. It was patchy fog, but the wind was blowing it around. It wasn't so bad that it forced him down."

If and when Wetherill manages to sell Stock Grange, the new owner will be buying a piece of Chester County history. The day that Lindbergh dropped in is one of the brightest chapters in the history of the estate.



JAKE OSBORN



STRASBURG ROAD is the main street that passes through the small village of Romansville. There is just a service station, a general store and some historic buildings in the small town.

Jake is popular in Romansville

By BARBARA PAUL
RECORD Correspondent

In Romansville, nearly everyone knows Jake Osborn — by one name or another that is.

Eighty years ago, George Marshall decided that his next three grandsons would be called Jake, Jim and Pete.

"And that's just what we are called," says Osborn, "although our names are Elmer, Herbert and Walter."

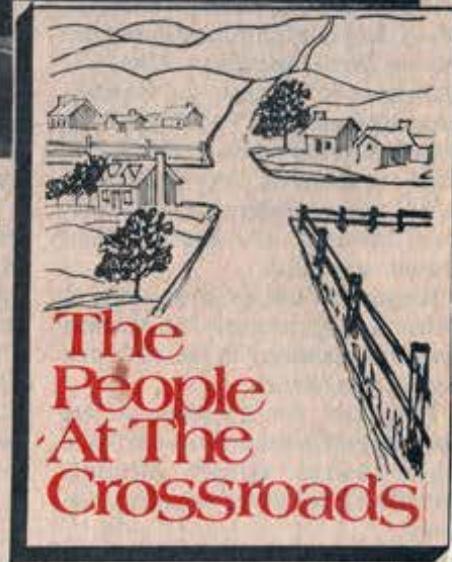
Shannon O'Doherty of Romansville.

The original store was located across the Strasburg Road from the present store. It now serves as a workshop for Jake Osborn. Taking time out from watering his tomato plants, Osborn sits in a rocking chair on the porch of the shop to talk about Romansville. According to him, Romansville was once known to old-timers as Kildare Hill, although he doesn't

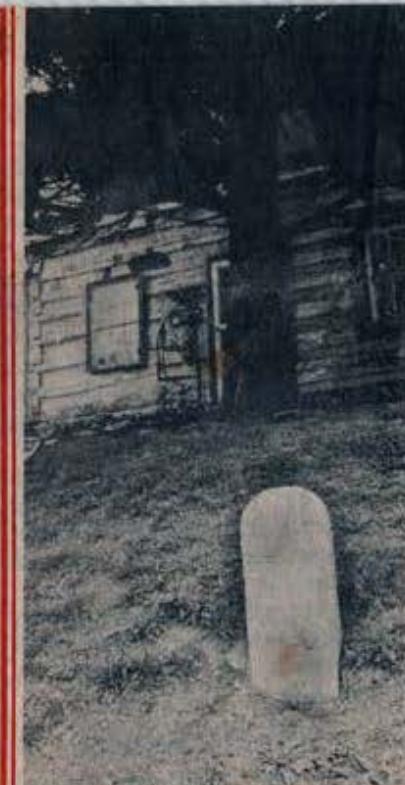
know why.

"It was named Romansville after the Romans family," says May Osborn, the 71-year-old niece of Jake. "Maurice Romans was minister of our Methodist Church for many years."

Paul Atkinson is a relative newcomer to the community, but is quick to point out that he's a country boy at heart.



**The
People
At The
Crossroads**



Philadelphia marker

Osborn, regardless of what you call him, has lived most of his 78 years across the road from the small general store located off Stargazers and Strasburg roads in Romansville.

The store hasn't changed much since Osborn helped his brother, William, build it in 1948. It was William who operated the store until his death in 1971.

"In them days hard work didn't bother you; we were too young and too simple, I guess," laughs Jake.

The store still has a sign outside which beckons folks to stop in and enjoy some ice cream and conversation. It is perhaps for that reason it has remained as the hub of activity, a favorite place for both the old and the young.

"I like to ride my bike to the store," smiles 12-year-old



VIRGINIA GRIFFITH, left, rings a Strasburg Road in Romansville. The and is patronized mostly by the loca

"It ain't country anymore. Too many houses being built," says Atkinson, while pumping gas at his service station. Atkinson moved to the country from West Chester 14 years ago.

"It was one of them do-or-die things," says Atkinson, referring to the purchase of his home and business. Atkinson's home was originally a log cabin built more than 200 years ago. An old stone marker with the mileage inscribed between Romansville and Philadelphia still sits in the front yard.

"An old tree used to be across the road," points Atkinson. "It had the name of every kid who ever lived in this area on it." That piece of Romansville history was lost when it was struck by lightning during a hurricane.

May Osborn adds that her Uncle Jake knows just about everything and everybody around Romansville, but the trick is to get the hard-working man to stop long enough to talk.

"He is like a flea; put your hand on him and he's gone," she laughs, tilting her head toward Jake Osborn who is now back at work in his garden.



Special to The Inquirer / JERRY TRUITT
The interior of the Romansville United Methodist Church, built in 1894, more than a century after Romansville was founded.

4-CC Sunday, Dec. 28, 1986 The Philadelphia Inquirer

Herewith is a bit about Romansville meeting from a sheet of paper I have that in turn came from a book titled Philadelphia yearly meeting II, Society of Friends & appears on pages 263 + 264. It is not too much but does show the building was erected in 1846.

271 Romansville (Bradford) indulged meeting, 1828 -- North of main road through Romansville, West Bradford Twp., Chester County, continued in 1828 as Bradford Preparative meeting, Hicksite, by Bradford monthly meeting (entry 262), after separation from the original Bradford preparative meeting (entry 120). From 1828-33 meetings were held during the afternoons in the meeting-house of the original Bradford preparative meeting, which was located at the junction of Strasburg and North Brook Roads, Marshallton. In 1833 the meeting erected a two-story brick meeting house on ground adjoining the Methodist property. This ground, and 1 rod additional, were purchased from John Dowdell. Meetings were held in the Marshallton meeting house until 1846. In that year, because the center of population had shifted westward, the meeting purchased in Romansville 1 acre and 88 perches of ground from John and Lydia

Worth. On this property, in the same year, a small one-story red brick building was erected and a graveyard plotted. When this meeting moved to Romulusville, its name was changed to Romulusville Preparative meeting. The property in Marshallton was sold in March 1846 to Abram Marshall, who in turn sold it to the trustees of the Orthodox Friends June 16, 1846. As early as 1877, this meeting requested that it be laid down. However, it was not until 1890 that this request was complied with. Caln Quarterly meeting (entry 261) and the preparative meeting discontinued. At the same time the meeting was re-established as an indulged meeting under the care of Bradford-Wurhlon Monthly Meeting (entry 276) and later under Sadsbury monthly meeting (entry 265) under whose care it has remained until the present. over Meetings are held during the summer months only. end.

The John Worth above mentioned is my great, great Grand father whose dates are 1782 to 1878. He thus lived to be 96.

7-8-75

Bill Worth.

In search of Chester County's history

The Brandywine Conservancy is researching the community of Romansville for possible listing on the National Register of Historic Places.

By Denise Breslin Kachin
Special to The Inquirer

The Romansville United Methodist Church, perched atop a hill on Strasburg Road and covered with white aluminum siding, hardly looked like a historic building.

But Martha Wolfe, a historic preservation specialist for the Brandywine Conservancy in Chadds Ford, knew that the West Bradford Township church had a rich history lurking beneath its remodeled exterior.

Wolfe, 37, and colleague Paula Kunkel, 27, a photographer, trudged up and down hilly Strasburg Road in the heart of Romansville to determine which buildings and houses could be considered for the National Register of Historic Places.

Wolfe, who diligently worked to get the village of Marshallton on the national register in January 1986, is hoping to extend the designation to the tiny community of Romansville, which was founded in 1773 by Moses Romans, a tinsmith.

Wolfe, of Birmingham Township, was conducting a site inspection. "We are here to gather information on structures at least 100 years old, to see if Romansville can qualify for national recognition."

Kunkel, of Darlington, Md., snapped photographs of the wood-panel interior of the church, which was built in 1894.

"According to the deed, the land was given by Robert Thornton to three Methodist ministers in March 1773, but it took more than 100 years for the church to be built on these five acres. The records have no explanation for this. The only reason I can surmise is that there wasn't enough Methodist followers to make up a congregation. But the land was available all that time for a church to be built on it."

The researcher said the conservancy was usually invited by a township planning commission or historical commission to help define and research historical buildings in a community. For Marshallton, the West Bradford Historical Commission asked the conservancy's help. The commission also decided that Romansville might also be deserving of the same honor as its neighbor.

The Brandywine Conservancy is a nonprofit organization dedicated to preserving the art and landscape of historic Chester County. The conservancy is the parent organization for the Brandywine River Museum and the Environmental Management Center (EMC), both in Chadds Ford.

The museum, which is opened to the public, is located in a century-old grist mill, restored and converted into an art showcase. Many of the Wyeth family paintings are on exhibit.

In addition to art, the conservancy is also devoted to preserving the land, water and historical resources of the county. The EMC works with citizens, landowners and government officials to protect the environment, encourage the effective management of open spaces, protect historic sites and provide environmental planning and zoning assistance to local governments.

John Sheppard, director of public relations for the conservancy, said the group depends on government grants, private donations and membership dues for funding. There is a paid staff of 32 full-time and 19 part-time employees.

"We also have about 150 volunteers, and we always need more," said Sheppard. "We couldn't do what we do without them."

"The Brandywine Conservancy is nationally recognized," Sheppard said. "Many groups doing this type of work come to us for advice and help."

Wolfe, who works for the EMC, has been with the conservancy since 1977. Wolfe, who has an art history degree from Swarthmore College, has lived in Chester County for the last 10 years.

A tiny church cemetery outside the Romansville United Methodist Church caught her eye and soon she was going from headstone to headstone in search of clues to unlock Romansville's past.

"It always amazes me how long people in Chester County lived," Wolfe said. "And they had such big

families. Families of 12 children were quite common in the 18th and 19th centuries and people lived past their 50s and 60s, which during those times was something. It must be the country air."

Wolfe said her job was made easier by the meticulous records kept by residents.

"These people were so intelligent," she said. "I spend a lot of time at the Chester County Library and the courthouse in West Chester, researching titles, deeds and maps after a site inspection is completed."

After the visit at the church on Strasburg Road, Wolfe and Kunkel walked down Stargazer Road to the home of Albert and Peg Anderson, whose farmhouse was built in 1818.

Wolfe told Peg Anderson that one of Romans' sons, John, had lived in the home. Anderson was happy to show Wolfe and Kunkel her rambling farmhouse.

"One of the benefits of this job," Wolfe said, "is all the people you meet and the beautiful, historic homes you get to see."

Next was the Romansville School House, built in 1870, now the home of Mary and Pete Noel.

Wolfe had earlier worked with the Chester County Historical Society in an attempt to compile an inventory of every historic house in Chester County. "The project began in 1985 and took months to complete," Wolfe said.

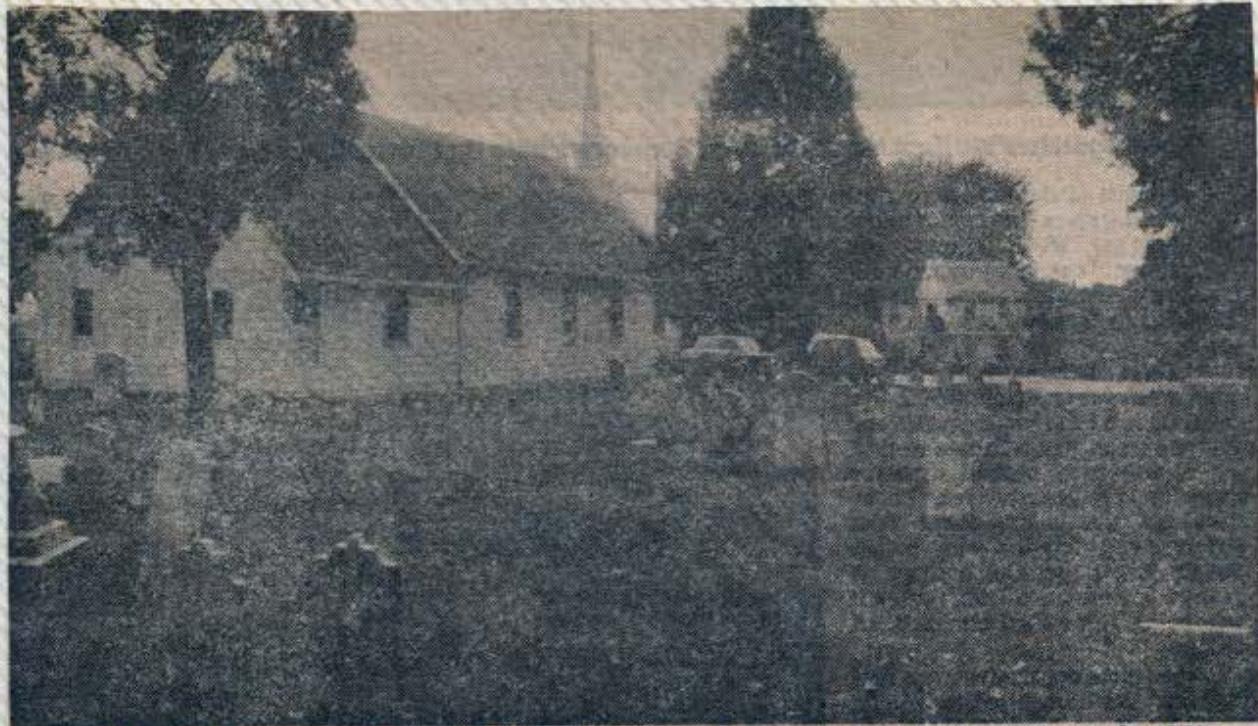
"Most people are enthusiastic about our work," Wolfe said. "They are real nice and never suspicious of us. They love to talk about their homes."

Once a town meets all the criteria for the historic register, Wolfe takes her information and research to the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission in Harrisburg for evaluation. After review by the commission, the information is sent to the National Park Service's National Register Division in Washington. Once approved by the agency, the area is placed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Wolfe said the placement has been controversial in some communities.

"Some residents think it means restraints on what they can do with their property. That is not the case at all," Wolfe said. "What it does is identify the properties as being historically significant. Owners are eligible for tax credits for property rehabilitations."

"We have a 300-year history here in Chester County that is worthwhile saving for the future. Where else can you go and every 20 miles or so see a stone farmhouse in its natural pastoral setting or a lovely brick village? That's very special to me."



Land for the Romansville United Methodist Church was given to three ministers in 1773.

34 /- 30-31 DAILY LOCAL NEWS, West Chester, Pa

NOTABLE



Introducing historic landmark **STOCK GRANGE**

Nestled in center of 330+ acres of rolling West Bradford farmland lies historic Stock Grange, notable example of early Chester County architecture. Dating from 1740, Stock Grange has survived series of colorful owners very much intact. Wrested from Tory grasp it became country estate of Continental Army General Richard Humpton. English colonist John Dutton Steele, recognizing its farming potential, acquired it in 1800's for future bride. His careful additions and improvements to main house and outbuildings (barns, sheds, tenant houses, powder house, spring house, chestnut tree lined lane, gardens, terraces, brick & flagstone paths, pond) coupled with judicious land clearance, transformed Stock Grange into magnificent homestead it remains today. Actor Claude Rains shared some of happiest times with notables from world of fine arts during his 25 year stewardship. Even international hero, Charles A. Lindbergh, paid overnight visit when plane was forced down in fog! Stock Grange, gracious fieldstone residence (5 BR/2½ B) with its storied past, beautifully balanced rooms, magnificently preserved artifacts & 10 working f/p's on such bountiful (330+) acreage offers notable opportunity to acquire productive homestead with springboard for future investment. Realistically priced.

Claude Rains Moves to Third Farm, still Seeking Green Pastures

By MORLEY CASSIDY

(Of The Bulletin Staff)

Farmer Claude Rains, the Hollywood agronomist, is absolutely sure of one thing: there's money in farming if it's done right.

Of course Farmer Rains hasn't made a dime at it so far. ("A dime?" he yelps. "A dime would be wonderful! I haven't made a penny!") But there was a reason for that. His first farm home, near Lambertville, N. J., burned to the ground after lightning hit it. His next, a 40-acre job at Glen Mills, in Delaware county, was too small.

But now, says Farmer Rains, he's going to make money. Absolutely!

Farmer Rains and family are moving today to his third farm, a 329-acre job with a stone farmhouse dating back to 1745, on the shoulder of a hill eight miles west of West Chester, near Romansville. Here he will spend all the time that is not occupied in making movies. It's just the place, he says, to forget those roles in which he is the shifty Napoleon III, casting Maximilian and Carlotta adrift, or the ne'er-do-well Adam Lemp of the "Four Daughters" family.

All Figured Out

And why is he going to make money?

"Because," says Rains reasonably, "I've got a budget. It's all scientifically arranged. Figures in black and white prove that it can't fail." Besides which, Farmer Rains has been taking lessons. All through the long winter evenings, he has been curled up beside the chimney piece at the Glen Mills place, reading bulletins of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Bureau, or knocking about Chester county, asking farmers questions.

"If this doesn't make money," says Rains with the same grim look with which he once plotted the death of Richard the Lion Hearted (remember "Robin Hood?") "I'll give up. But it will. I've been talking to the county agent. The only trouble with the soil here is that it's short of lime. That's because the tenants grew nothing but corn. Corn's horribly hard on the soil."

So that settled that. But the budget has been taking a furious kicking-around for the past two months.

That's because the new Rains farmhome is half home, half-museum. It's in two parts, one half of which was built in 1745, the other in 1817.

'New' Home is Old

And Rains, London-born, is not the man to play fast-and-loose with Pennsylvania antiquities. When he bought the place last January from the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the Methodist Church, he called in Lowell Gable, Paoli builder, and outlined his ideas in five words: "Make it like it was."

The 1745 section, at the rear of the home, is virtually intact. Wood floors came up from the old kitchen, and revealed the original green flag-

stone flooring, made of stones quarried on the spot.

One corner is given over to an 8-foot-long and 3-feet-deep fireplace. It needed a little pointing, nothing more. And a few bricks had to be knocked out to restore an old opening which connected it with an old beehive oven on the outside of the house, where the original owner heated his "pig-boiling water."

The beehive oven is being restored, but just for looks. The Rains will boil no pigs. And the kitchen, in the new scheme of things, will be the Rains office.

Every beam in the house is intact, and rings like a bell when hit with a hammer. And the floors are all genuine 1745—made of 12-inch white pine planks, an inch and a quarter thick.

All of them slope a bit, and some of them a lot, but they're solid. And Rains, says the builder, shrieked at the very thought of levelling them.

Handwrought Nails

Rains is a stickler for detail, and has done a lot of studying of Pennsylvania farmhouse. So has Gable; so the two of them had a picnic with such details as these:

Beams that had to be repaired were mortise-and-tenoned into place. Doors and door frames were pegged. Window frames were pegged.

But floors were nailed. It seems that 1745 floors were nailed, not pegged, with hand-wrought square-tipped nails. So Rains and Gable got a blacksmith to make up a lot of handwrought iron nails, exact duplicates of the old ones, for the repair jobs.

One bit of luck solved the door-and-window problem. One of the original doors remained, and one of the original windows. So the new ones are exact hand-made replicas, complete to hand-gouged beading.

The glass bothered Rains a little. Glass in 1745 was wavy, with blue highlights, and barely transparent. Rains compromised for modern glass he could see through.

A few steps out of the old-time

living room (it'll be a summer breakfast room under the Rains regime) will put the Rainses in the era of 1817.

A broad central hall here is dominated by a gracefully designed staircase with hand-carved rail, leading to a landing which extends across the whole width of the hall.

The dining room, on the left side, has a fireplace that was an 1817 masterpiece—a conventionalized Greek design with panels of hairline fluting all gouged by hand.

Rains' library is on the left, the former living room. The original glass-covered bookcases beside the fireplace reach to the ceiling. Rains has added some more, on the opposite wall.

Interesting History

Bathrooms and heating problems gave Rains and builder Gable their only real headaches. The bathroom problem was solved by lopping off parts of rooms and the upstairs central hall.

Heating difficulties were not so easy—channels had to be cut in the solid stone walls for all the pipes and radiators. Most of the radiators are almost wholly concealed. As for the two or three that had to stick out a few inches, Rains will simply apologize to his guests and let it go at that.

Rains and his wife, the former Frances Propper, and their three-year-old daughter are moving in today, but Mrs. Rains will have to do most of the "tidying up." Rains leaves by plane Thursday to begin a new movie contract.

That, he says, won't interfere with his farming. He'll do it by mail, until he can break away from Hollywood again.

"I've got everything all mapped out," he says, "and I've got a man who knows exactly what I want. We'll have a herd of white-faced steers by fall. And we'll grow our own feed. We're going to do this thing absolutely right."

In two years, Rains says, the farm will be making money. Positively.

"If it doesn't," he repeats, "I'll quit." But he doesn't mean he'll quit farming. He'll just quit hoping to make it pay.

THE EVENING BULLETIN—PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1941

An Actor's Haven—3,000 Miles and 195 Years from Hollywood



Claude Rains, a farmer when he's not making movies, stands in front of old fireplace in that part of his new home that was built in 1745. The front portion of the farmhouse (center) was added in 1817. At right is a view of the graceful staircase with hand-carved rail in the central hall. The house is near Romansville, eight miles west of West Chester

Homes

DAILY LOCAL NEWS

April 17 1992

One of the largest land holdings in Chester County now available

A historic, 565 +/- acre farm, located in Chester County is now being offered for sale through Roach Brothers in West Chester.

This country estate, which was once owned by actor Claude Rains in the 1940's, is suitable for horses with its split rail fence pastures, cattle or development and is available for farm use for \$5,000,000.

There is a fieldstone house which is situated atop a knoll which commands a breath-taking view of the gently rolling fields and woodlands. It was built in 1737 and has been completely renovated. This charming home with slate roof is almost 3500 square feet with hardwood floors throughout. Featured is a new gourmet kitchen with subzero refrigerator and freezor, compactor, double enamel sink, double oven and wood cabinets. The old kitchen still exists within the original compounds of the residence and boasts a walk-in fireplace. A total of nine fireplaces can be found as well as a library with built-in bookcases, and a living room with old, deep window panes. Views from every room abound as does 5 bedrooms on the second floor with one of the bedroom quarters offering a suite with living room, bedroom and bathroom all connected. The 3 upstairs bathrooms have all been remodeled.

Other buildings include a large equipment-building garage,



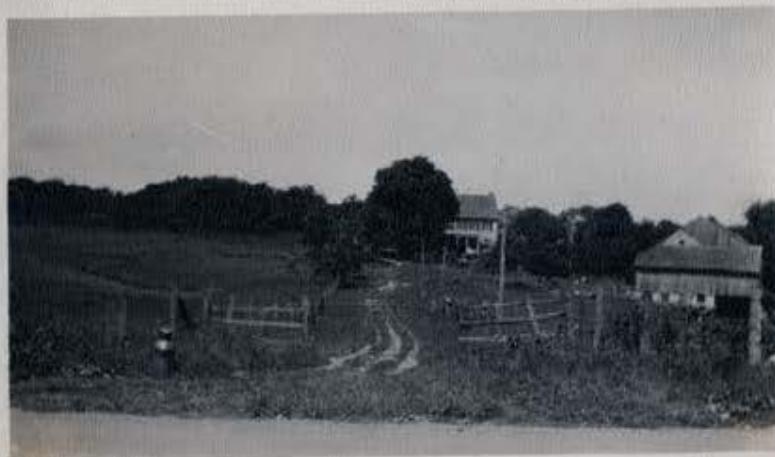
caretaker's house, a small, unrenovated fieldstone house as well as a new 24-stall horse barn with attached efficiency apartment. This property is minutes from the Thorndale train station.

This is a wonderful estate, explained Bernice Rocray, listing agent for this property. It provides true 18th century atmosphere with

20th century conveniences.

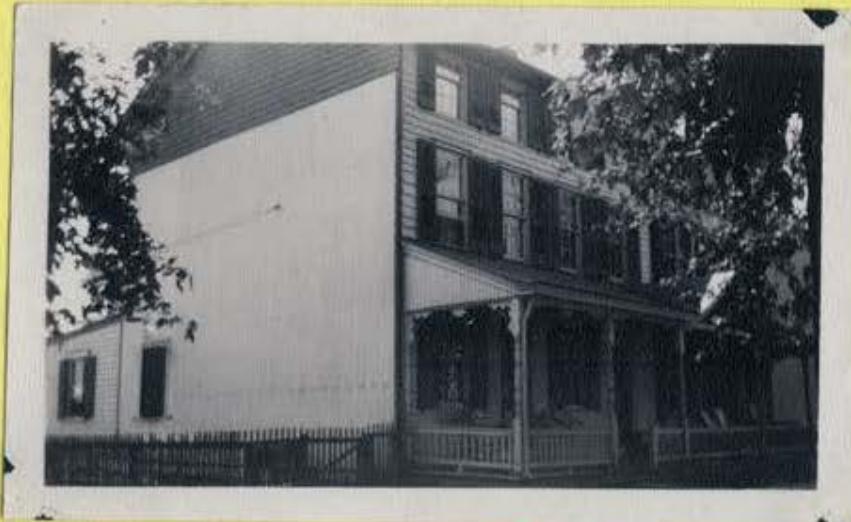
The main residence and ten acres are protected by deed restriction. This property is located within the Downingtown school district.

For more information or to schedule a private showing, contact Bernice Rocray at Roach Brothers Realtors at 431-1100.



→ The Embree Homestead ↑
Now Perdue's " "

Thornbury House



School House



Pictures donated by Sara McFarland

