

“We Scrapples”

Craig TenBroeck

Molly TenBroeck grew up in Wayne, and lived in Tredyffrin's Great Valley during the 1930's, 40's, and 50's. She wrote a charming manuscript of her life and times, with the humorous title *We Scrapples: The Main Line as it Really Was*. Her son Craig recently published the manuscript as a tribute to his mother. He shared some stories from the book at the September 16, 2007 meeting of the Historical Society. What follows is a transcription from an audio tape of that presentation.

I can't begin to tell you how excited I was to find her typescript after she died in 1986, and was able to get it published. When she was living, mother couldn't get it published. It was too local, and none of the bigger printing houses would take it. Even the vanity presses wouldn't take it. But now there is a new technique for computerized publishing and I was able to utilize that and produce this book and publish it in her memory.

I scanned it on my computer and I edited it, but only for typos. I didn't do anything else because I didn't want to change her book. It was her book. The book was written sometime between 1950 and 1979. I'm not exactly sure about that. I remember she always had a typewriter on her octagonal table in the corner of the bedroom, and whenever the muse was upon her, she would go over and type away on a page. I was not living in the house at that time because I had moved away and gone to college and gotten married. But after reading it, I realized that it was very well done, and something that I should share with her old friends and with the community in general. I know there are some people here, maybe many people here, who remember some of the things mother wrote about. And I would hope that when the time comes when we start talking about the book, you'll raise your hand and tell us your reminiscences. I would like to have this become a local town meeting where we can all share our reminiscences of that era. But hold on to that until I get to the book, because I want to give you a little background first.



My mother, Molly Atmore, at her wedding in 1933. *Unless otherwise noted, all photos in this article are courtesy of the author.*

Mother was born in West Philadelphia and moved to Wayne in the early 1920's. She went through the Radnor school system and then Bryn Mawr College where, oddly enough, she was a Business major and a Music minor. How she got this talent for writing I don't know, but she didn't get it there. She married Dad in 1933. There's mother in her wedding dress - 1933. And there's Dad. I think that was about the same time, but I'm not sure. That photograph was not dated.



Edward H. TenBroeck, c. 1933.

Dad was also raised in West Philadelphia, but his parents had a farm, Bonticu Farm, which is on Yellow Springs Road. It's still there, where Mill Road intersects with Yellow Springs. I have a picture of that too, a fairly modern picture, but it hasn't changed much. This is the house where they lived. My grand-

couldn't go to the movies, we couldn't do anything like that when she was around. When she died all things changed. Anyway, this is where Dad brought his new bride to live. It was tough on my mother, because she was brought into a house where my grandmother was the alpha female already, and there was a

big argument, I understand from my Aunt Virginia, over who was going to raise me. My grandmother figured she had more experience, having raised two sons. My mother had no experience at all. But my mother won that argument because I was her baby. As a sacrifice, she let my grandmother raise my sister.



Bonticu Farm, Yellow Springs Rd. at Mill Rd., Malvern.

father was not a farmer. He was a produce broker or something in Philadelphia; I'm a little obscure about that. It was a summer place for them. They didn't farm it, they tenanted it out. They had other farmers do it for them and they were only here mostly in the summer because it was too miserable for them in the winter so they went back to Philadelphia. During the Depression, the farm was sold, and Dad bought ten acres in the southwest corner and built his house there, called Hawthorne Hill. It's still there, but it doesn't look like this anymore. Is Larry Fondren here? No. Larry's the guy who bought it, so I was wondering if he might be here. This is where, after Dad built this house and they sold the farm, he brought his parents to live with them.

I have a picture of my grandparents, my grandfather and grandmother. My grandmother was stern looking (she was a stern woman), Presbyterian of the most rigorous persuasion! We couldn't do anything on Sunday at our house; we couldn't play cards, we

Nevertheless, undeterred, we went on. This is the family (following page). This is my grandparents' 50th wedding anniversary, about 1943, – my sister Mary, my brother Ted, myself, my father and mother, my grandparents. My youngest sister, Nancy, she was born, but I think she must have been in the crib or something at that time. She was born at that time but she was not in the picture. This is the four of us taken about 1952, I think. That was about the time I graduated from high school.



Philip and Sophia TenBroeck, c. 1940's.



Left: My family's home, *Hawthorne Hill*, on Yellow Springs Road, Malvern.

Right: L. to R., sister Mary, mother Molly, brother Ted, Craig, father Edward, and grandparents Sophia and Philip TenBroeck, c. 1943.



Left: The four TenBroeck children. The author is at center rear, c. 1952.

Let's talk about Mom's book. Why did she write it? She was very upset about the reputation of being rich snobs that the Main Line area had, especially from prominent writers of the era. For instance, Morley's *Kitty Foyle* and Barry's *Philadelphia Story* or especially James Michener. Case in point, Michener's comment that she remarks upon "A house without rhododendrons is considered a slum on the Main Line." She liked Struthers Burt, whom I never heard of until I read the book, and Cornelius Weygant, because he lived here. But when she was visiting someone out of the area and they would ask "Where do you come from?", she would say "Philadelphia." "Where in Philadelphia?" "Main Line." People's reactions would be "Oh, you must be wealthy." This was very uncomfortable for her; she wasn't wealthy. She was comfortable, but she was not wealthy by a long shot.

I said that I didn't change her book, that I didn't edit it. Well, I did. Mother used pseudonyms in order to protect the privacy of her friends and neighbors. But since there aren't many still living I replaced the pseudonyms with their real names where I could. I didn't know quite a few, though, and I hope that if you have figured out who some of the people are... How many have read the book? Good! If you read the book and you figure out who some of these people are, please let me know. I have a note in the forward that asks you to do that. I have since located three of the people in the book, but the rest are all my guesses, and Connie Braendel's, too. Connie helped a great deal. She was my fact checker!

Everybody asks me, "Why the name? Why the name?" Outside of being a wonderful hook to sell a book, it fits. And she chose that name. She had two or three other options, but this is the one she liked best, so I kept it. The name came from a story in 1860, when Edward VII was visiting Philadelphia; he was the Prince of Wales then. He returned home and he reported, "I met a very large and interesting family named 'Scrapple' and discovered a rather delicious native food they call 'Biddle.'" Well, she used this malapropism to identify the wealthy Biddles versus the ordinary folks, the Scrapples. She goes all through the book with that. She asked the rhetorical question, "What is the difference between a Biddle and a Scrapple?" The answer is, the difference really doesn't matter; they all made valuable contributions. You don't have to be a rich Biddle to

be a valuable asset. The Biddles, the Cassatts, the Drexels, the Chews, have all been very valuable. They financed institutions, built large farms, ran companies and so forth. But the Scrapples did their share too. They were the farmers, the storekeepers, the mechanics, the housewives. They were what I would consider the infrastructure of the Main Line. Especially the women, and especially during World War II, when most of the men were away or otherwise occupied.

She talks a little bit about the Main Line, I think primarily for people who don't know it. You all know it pretty well, but some people don't. The Main Line got its name from the Main Line of Public Works of the State of Pennsylvania. It was originally a horse-drawn railroad. But later on it got steam engines and so forth. She considers it the backbone of the area.



The Paoli Local, c. 1940's. Photo courtesy of Bill Keltz.

Do you remember the old MU [Multiple Unit] cars? The Paoli Local? I think that one is coming out of Overbrook, by Overbrook Station from Philadelphia (I'm not sure). Bill Keltz gave me that picture and I think that's where it was. It was definitely coming out of Philadelphia because there's no overpass behind it. Here's a different shot of it up close (following page). You can get an idea of what it looked like but it doesn't tell you what it was really like: very dirty, hot, smelly, whatever. Mother has quite a section in the book about that. The description she has in the book was accurate. It wasn't like today's R5. I know because I used to ride it to and from school every day. It was sort of a bonding agent, especially for school children like myself. I got



Framed by the platform canopy, these owl-faced Paoli Locals occupy both outside tracks in this 1950's scene. Robert S. McGonigal. *Heart of the Pennsylvania Railroad: The Main Line, Philadelphia to Pittsburgh*. Waukesha, WI: Kalmbach Books, 1996.

on at Overbrook and then the students from Friends Central would get on, and Agnes Irwin would get on, and Baldwin, and Shipley, and Haverford. We all got to know each other riding on the train.

There was an interesting character on that train, too, which I've never forgotten. He was a conductor. We called him Waxy because he had a big waxed mustache. He was very helpful to us. Oddly enough, he helped us with our Latin homework. Can you imagine that a conductor on the railroad was learned in Latin?

Audience: He lived in Paoli, on Lincoln Highway, across from Good Samaritan Church.

Craig: Do you know his real name?

Audience: Bill Houck.

Craig: I never knew it - I just called him Waxy. Thank you for sharing that. I appreciate it.

Next she gets into the section of the book where she talks about Paoli. I have a picture of Paoli. That's the Paoli station there. She talks about why trains always stop at Paoli. People coming from Chicago or somewhere would find the train stopping at Paoli and say, "Why

are we stopping at this little hick town?" This was before electrification. Steam engines would come out and they would have to coal and refuel in Paoli, west of the bridge now. When electrification came, it only went as far as Paoli. So if you are taking a long haul train to Chicago or someplace, you had to stop and they would put a steam engine on or you would have to change the train; I don't know how they did that. She has a long section in the book about this station. She describes it, not kindly, as a shrunken brewery. Anybody remember Norm Reynolds? I think Norm was the station agent. Ah, I got that one right. Good! She said that during the war, he deposited \$50,000.00 a month, which is a lot of money in those days, in the bank. Back in that time I think Paoli was a primary stop because the trains came in for the steel mills in Coatesville, the Valley Forge Army Hospital, and it was a short cut to get to Wilmington, so there was a lot of action here. She asks, "Why do they still stop here? Well, they probably just can't get out of the habit."

I have another picture of Paoli station [facing page] after it was remodeled. It doesn't have the character. It shows a GG1, I like the GG1. Raymond Loewy was the one who I think designed that.

Audience: This station design is called "Amshack."

Craig: Amshack. Okay, I'll buy that. They didn't do anything to the other side. That's still the same.

Next she talks about the people of the Main Line and, in particular, of Paoli [facing page]. There's Paoli in about 1950, looking down from Darby Road to the west. Here's the bank and the firehouse and Bruni's



The Pennsylvania Railroad station in Paoli during WWII. Skilton, Paoli Library postcard collection.



The "beautiful" new PRR station in Paoli, c. 1953. *Courtesy of Roger Thorne.*

over what is now the antique store.

Craig: On the west side of South Valley Road?

Audience: Yes, on the corner.

Craig: Over Ajax Laundry?

Audience: Yes, I think so; it used to be an antique store, Mrs. Phillips' antique store.

Tailor Shop and the drug store down on the corner.

Audience: Your mother didn't mention the Cilley Shop?

Craig: No, she didn't mention the Cilley Shop.

Audience: I thought everybody knew that.

Craig: I knew the Cilley Shop, but she didn't mention it. I don't know why. But you all know the Cilley Shop. [More on the Cilley Shop in a future issue.—Ed.]

Audience: My wife and I moved into the apartment right there in 1951.

Craig: Which apartment?

Audience: The one

A side story here: when I was just out of college, I was looking for some social life, because I didn't know anybody in this area at the time. A friend of mine, John Thompson, told me, "Look, you want to go over to the Ajax." We called it the Ajax ghetto. Above the Ajax store there were five Penn State



Postcard of Paoli, looking west from Darby Rd., c. 1950's. *Paoli Library postcard collection.*

girls. I actually got engaged to one of them, but that didn't last long.

Mother talks about the Great Valley to a great extent, because that's where she lived. She talks about how people were noted for their helpfulness, especially during the war era. Sometimes neighborliness became a fetish, especially in times of stress. She tells the story about when my grandmother was dying. Our neighbors adopted us four kids, one neighbor or another, for over two weeks. They just came in and took us. It was fine; we got good food that way. When Grandma passed, there were three friends in the driveway sitting there waiting for mother to wake up, come down and tell them what they could do for her. Do you think they would do that today? They did wash for her, they brought meals and flowers, did laundry, they ran errands, everything.

I would like to point out that there was no class consciousness that I can remember in this area, especially during the war. The B ration cards were quite a leveler. No matter how rich and famous you were, if you got a B card then you got the same amount of gas as everybody else who got a B card. You guys remember the B card, don't you? We were fortunate that my Dad worked for Atlantic Richfield, Atlantic Refining Company then. Do you remember Cooksey's gas station? That's where we patronized because he had Atlantic gasoline.

I want to talk about my mother's sister, Virginia Wilson. Virginia Wilson preceded her through Bryn Mawr and I think she graduated in '28. She married Dave



The Wilson farm on Swedesford Road, about 1907. Five-year-old David Wilson holds the reins. *Photo courtesy of Penny Wilson Stanger.*

Wilson and they moved to his farm on North Valley Road. The Wilsons had many farms in this area. I have a picture of one - there's Dave Wilson holding the reins of this little donkey or horse, or whatever it is. That's the main Wilson house, which is still there on Swedesford Road, just east of North Valley Road. Also across the street they had the "Homestead."



The farm of David Wilson, on North Valley Road below Paoli, where he operated a dairy farm from 1937 - 1957. *Photo courtesy of Penny Wilson Stanger.*

That's Dave's house on North Valley Road; it's still there. It's just been bought by the son of a friend of ours. The barn burned and they have built a new building on top of that.

Dave had a lot of bad luck. He had three of his barns burned by a group of bad kids in the neighborhood, which mother mentions in the latter part of the book. Then he lost his son, just graduated from college; that was young David. She tells anecdotes about people coming to buy eggs or milk from Dave and Ginny. They'd go and buy their eggs and talk to Ginny and she's sitting on the porch reading Swinburne. It's not something your average farm housewife did. Ginny said the nice thing about this was quite often some of the wealthy landowners would hire Dave to lime or plow their field or something like that and then they'd meet at a cocktail party socially a day or so later. She says she got "front stairs gossip and back stairs dirt."

Dave's brother, Jack Wilson, had a garage on Spring Street in Paoli. There's a funny story she tells about Jack. Jack was the only member of the family that didn't get into farming one way or the other. He was happier doing his garage work. I think he went to Penn State and got a mechanical engineering degree or something. Anyway, there's a story about Jack and the garage. (I even remember him telling this story.) There was a lady who moved into our neighborhood named Mrs. Cooper. (Somebody said it wasn't Mrs. Cooper but I'm pretty sure that it was.) Mrs. Cooper was the wife of an officer in the military, an army sergeant I think, or army officer. She was used to having her words obeyed. She came into the garage one day with her car smoking and steaming. She said, "Jack, you've got to fix my car. I have a social engagement to go to tonight and you've got to fix it." Jack was very laid back and he sat there and puffed on his pipe and he said, "Well, I'll fix it for you but I can't do it today because I'm busy, too. I've got to get ready." It turned out that night that they met at the First City Troop dinner and you can imagine Mrs. Cooper's face when she saw Jack in his First City Troop regalia.

Living on the Main Line was much less formal than people thought. There were so many organizations for people to join. She tells the story of one woman moving down from Pottsville. I found out that it was not a pseudonym, that her real name was Helen

Bixler. She said, "How am I going to get acclimated to that area? How am I going to meet people?" Well, she got here and she joined so many different clubs and organizations, she hardly had time to do her housework.

Anybody remember George DiAddio? George and the Queen? Do you know what the Queen's real name was? It was Jean. She always told us she went to Bryn Mawr, too. We figured she went there on a train, and that was about it. He was a real delightful guy. He had the soul of a real Scrapple, as mother says. I remember one time Dad asked him if he would come (he did handy work) and redo the basement. "We want to make it look nicer. Mom wants to have an office down there." He said okay he'd do that, sure! They started talking about a price and George said, "\$2.00 an hour." Dad said, "That's not enough; at least \$3.50." or something like that. George said, "No, my wife doesn't want me to work nights and I'd have to work nights to earn that. Besides, I just want to buy another power saw." So that was it – \$2.00!

Does anybody remember Libby Wildman? I was hoping that her son would be here today. She was a real mover in the valley and I'm sure many people can tell you stories about her that I don't know. Her public works were prodigious. Were it not for her, Eisenhower would not have been elected (according to my mother), Valley Forge Park would be unknown, and the Red Cross would be anemic.

Back in the old days, everybody's house was open. Nobody locked their doors. There was no need to. Besides, you probably needed to get something from your neighbor's house. My mother had a 15-cup coffee urn and people were always coming in to borrow that. It was kept on the window ledge on the basement staircase. I remember that. Libby had a set of something like 24 punch cups. She was very social. That's how she got her groups together. If you wanted to borrow it, you'd just go into her house and take it. She never complained about it.

My mother had what she called the rubber pool. The rubber pool was a big box in our front closet. If your kid (this was during the war and rubber was hard to get, galoshes and so forth). . . if you kid outgrew their galoshes, they could bring them and throw them in the box and pick out a pair that fit. This went on for quite a number of years.

Paying calls on new residents: I've got a story for you. If you haven't heard of Alfredo Krause, you're going to. Do you know Mead Jones? (You people know everybody!) Alfredo decided he was going to pay a call on a lady who had just bought a new house. It used to be the Hutchinson's house up on Yellow Springs Road. He went up there one day and she was sitting on the porch. He knocked on the porch window/door. She said, "Come on in." She said, "Oh, I know what you want. Come on, I'll show you." She took him down to the basement. There was a lot of trash there from the previous owners or something like that. She said, "Where's your truck?" He said, "I don't have a truck." She had thought he was the trash man! After that was straightened out, they laughed about it for years and they got along famously. It's funny today. . . We have two people who just moved in on either side of our house and we paid a call on them just like that. They didn't care. They never answered it. I don't think people do that anymore. It's a shame because that's how you get to meet people.

Mom says we Main Liners are a little stuffy and slow to adapt to things new. She talks about the Rosemont bus line which doesn't exist because the people didn't want it. They wanted to run a bus line up Montgomery Avenue. The people said, "No, we don't want that." So they drove their cars instead, which was kind of stupid but they did it. The turnpike came along too. I remember when the turnpike came through in the late '40's. We didn't like it at all because it cut right in front of our property and cut the neighbor's property in half. We kids, doing our best civic duty, would go and pull out all the surveyor's stakes. I remember spending half a day one time trying to dig out a whole concrete benchmark. It wasn't worth the effort. They just resurveyed it anyway. It didn't stop them.

Mother said, "We come from a Quaker influence but most of us were not Quakers." She said, "We are not stingy but want to get our money's worth." Dave Wilson was the primary person at this. He would go to thrift shops and buy his clothes. He said it was cheaper to buy a jacket than to have it cleaned. Just go buy another one. And it probably was, if he got it for 50 cents or something like that at a thrift shop. My mother and Dave used to have a contest to see who could get things cheaper. I think Dave won. I can tell you a funny story about Dave because he's no

longer with us, bless his soul. I loved that man so much. A couple of years ago, Dave, my wife and I were going over to New Jersey; a relative had died so we went over for the funeral. On the way back, my wife said, "Let's stop at the circle there in Camden and get some wine." So we stopped. Dave said, "I'll get vodka." Dave liked vodka. He went in the store and got this huge jug of vodka. I said, "Dave, you're 92 years old. You're not even going to finish that." I was always kidding Dave. A young kid there said, "What you mean he's 92 years old?" I said, "Yeah, he's 92 years old." When Dave bought the bottle and took it to the clerk, they carded him. The clerk was holding Dave's license, calling all his friends, "You've never seen this. It's 1902!" They'd never seen one that old!

I'm going to ramble a little bit here. Does anybody remember Anna Maria Malloy? She lived on North Valley Road. She was a real Scrapple. She told a good story about her father who, as a teenager, hired on a ship as a galley boy. He came all the way to New York. He had enough money when he got there to go to Philadelphia. He wanted to go to Philadelphia because Ben Franklin did very well in Philadelphia so he said he was going to go there too. He got on a train. When he got off in Philadelphia, he didn't have any money left, but he walked down the street and he saw something he had never seen before. He heard about it, but had never seen it before - a bunch of bananas! To him, bananas were real significant; you had to be rich to have bananas. He didn't have them where he was from. I don't know why, because he was from Italy. They must have had bananas there. Nevertheless, he was a classic case of immigration success. He slept on the streets for a while and got a job sweeping floors at some kind of store. It was probably a tailor shop because later he apprenticed to a tailor and later he got his own tailor shop and did very well. One thing he told Anna Maria was, "The best thing you can have is a good education and music. Music is very important." This was important to Anna Maria, too, because she worked her way through college singing and playing the harp that she bought with the money from her pure bred boxers. She raised boxers too. There's a story about that which is pretty funny but I don't think I'm going to tell you that one. The funny thing - she was a Democrat; they were strange people around here at that time. The ironic thing - she was very much against the Chesterbrook development. She was fighting that tooth and nail. Where'd she wind up? Chesterbrook!

Anybody remember Mr. and Mrs. Colley, next to the mill? They owned the mill property. Mr. Colley was the president of the Atlantic Refining Company at the time and we were fortunate to be allowed to swim in his swimming pool occasionally. Mrs. Colley was a Scrapple, too. Although now she was quite wealthy, she came from Maine and she was a schoolteacher. She was an ardent Christian Scientist. She didn't see well and her mother was deaf. They went in to Van Roden's 5 and 10-cent store. Remember Van Roden's? Someone told me it was Mape's but I remember Van Roden's. Well, one was deaf and one didn't see well. One of them told the other that she took some pins and she told the other to pay for them. The other didn't hear, I guess, so they walked out with the pins. The next time that she went into that store, Mr. Van Roden sternly greeted her at the door and said, "Madam, you are not allowed in this store anymore. Do not come in here again!" Mrs. Colley said, "What did I do?"

Mom says there is lots of socialization on the Main Line. There really was because Scrapples are extroverts – lots of fun, parties, fundraising, mostly for worthy causes. Some just for fun, but civic and charitable works are prodigious. They had three kinds of parties: conventional parties, beneficial parties for raising money, and what she calls hickey parties (That was an oyster party we had.) She would bring about 50 people in and they'd shuck and eat oysters. Alfredo was very good at that. They would just eat oysters and drink beer all night. They had a wonderful time.

Does anybody know about the Selfish Sewers?

Audience 1: Yes. Were you a member?

Audience 2: My mother was.

The women in the Valley had so many things that they had to do, like raising funds and taking kids around, that they never got a chance to do their own work. The Selfish Sewers were developed so that you could come to somebody's house (it moved around from house to house) and the rule was you could not do any work for anybody else; you couldn't sell anything; you had to do your own stuff. That's why they were called Selfish Sewers. There's a little play on words there because you spell sewers 's-e-w-e-r-s', and that's where the dirt came out.

We always had a traditional Memorial Day party at our house because we didn't want to go to the Devon Horse Show. That was too expensive. We would have people come from all over. They would bring their own food. Sometimes we had about 125 people show up at our house. We'd ride our pony around the house and we'd play games – Kick the Can and all sorts of things. It was a wonderful time. So that was one of the socials.

Did you know there was a railroad between here and Newtown Square? The Paoli Leopard and Sugartown Railroad. It was a live steam miniature railroad created by Ken Souser on Buttonwood Road right where Buttonwood Road comes out on Rt. 252. My mother writes about that – Ken Souser and his Pennsylvania live steamers. They were real railroad buffs. They'd get up every Saturday morning and put on their railroad hats and their coveralls and such and they'd run these steam engines around. They built all the rolling stock, including the locomotives, themselves. Mr. Souser had a fantastic metal shop in his basement. They would create their own cars, rolling stock and everything. You could actually get on it and ride. I used to do that. I'd sit on the back and Mr. Souser would sit on the tender on the front doing little things to the engine to make it run. It was a lot of fun. He had 886 feet of track and a full size work car with a shower, stove and toilet. I don't know how he got it from where it was to where his place was. I don't know of any railroads there; probably put it on a truck, I guess.

She talks a little bit about ghosts. This is something I didn't know anything about. She mentions a horrible ghost story in the McGeorge house on Montgomery Avenue in Bala Cynwyd. Anybody know that one? Can't get any help there. A man came home and found his wife in the arms of a lover. He killed the lover and then she killed him. It was terrible. The ghost still comes out. She said there's a hitchhiker that walks along the Pike in Malvern. I didn't know about that, either. And Valley Forge Park has a Washington ghost. I didn't know that.

She talks about famous folks who lived on the Main Line. One of the most famous I guess is Wharton Esherick. You've all heard of Wharton, I presume. Funny thing about Wharton, he started out as a painter until he found that he wasn't selling his paintings but he was selling the frames that he put them in. He

decided that woodworking was better for him. If you've not been to that museum, it's really worth going to. It's gorgeous. Dave Wilson was one of Esherick's buddies. They would help each other out. Dave had the mechanical equipment, the tractors and so forth. Wharton built that house and he needed stone and stuff like that. Dave would take his stone boat up and Wharton would pick out stones and they'd drag them back over. One time, Wharton asked Dave for some horse manure for his garden. Dave said, "Okay. Where do you want me to put it?" Wharton said, "I'll tell you. You bring it over and I'll show you." Wharton took a plank about that high, shaped like the north end of a southbound horse, painted like that too, and on the bottom it said, "Put it here, Dave." and he put it right in the ground. I saw that last week. It's at my cousin's house down in Maryland.

She talks about the Drinkers and their musicales. Remember those? I didn't know them, that was not in my era. Our neighbor was Charles Hires of the Hires Root Beer Company. Judge Bok from down in Gulph Mills. That house was not built by Judge Bok. It was built by my late wife's grandfather, named Jacoby. Any time that story would come out about Judge Bok's house, my wife would write a nasty letter to the newspaper saying it wasn't Judge Bok's, it was the Jacoby house. She didn't win that argument.

Doctor Albert Barnes. Do you remember him, of the Barnes Foundation? I understand he was killed right up here on old Routes 29 and 401, at that intersection. Froelich Rainey, do you remember Froelich Rainey? He had a TV show called "What in the World." It was a wonderful show. I loved that show. He lived just this side of Valley Forge Park; the first house on this side of Valley Forge Park, next to the Liggett place. Henry Drinker, I didn't know him. A. Edward Newton of Oak Knoll in Daylesford. Anybody remember him? The famous bibliophile. My mother said you could go over to that house ... and he had first editions of this and first editions of that. It must have been a fascinating place.

Another famous person that you may know, that you may have heard of, is Marge Henderson Buell. Anybody know her? Yes! Little Lulu! Famous for Little Lulu. Mother tells a story about when Marge and her two sisters were small, they used to prowl all over the area with their ponies and they invaded the grounds of

Immaculata College at one point, which was near their house. They found a secluded grotto and found this lovely doll in it. They took it home. It was so pretty. They were going to play with it and they cleaned it up until their mother found it and made them wash it and take it back. Whether or not the Sisters knew where the Virgin had been languishing, I don't know. But I do know that after she was returned to her shrine, they made a good miracle out of it, remarking especially on the fact that the Virgin was much cleaner on her reappearance.

Mother mentions a priest in the book. I don't have the slightest idea who this man was. Maybe you can help me. She calls him Father Glasby. That may be a pseudonym, I don't know. Evidently, he was in the Paoli area because she talks about him dealing with people on the streets and stuff like that. If anybody can find out who that was, I'd appreciate it. I think he was Episcopalian but I'm not sure.

She talks to a great extent about her doctor, Dr. Robert Elmer in Wayne. Anybody remember him? I would love to have known him. I remember seeing him occasionally as we drove past to my grandmother's house. He was quite a renaissance man. He was a United States championship archer. In fact, he wrote an article on archery for the Encyclopedia Britannica. Not only that, he played the bagpipes; he was a bird woodcarver; he was a novelist and he wrote several books. I looked them up on Google and they're still there. He was an etymologist. Not with bugs, with words. Not entomologist, etymologist. Mother tells a story about one time she went to see him for a physical or something and she complained that she was too buxom and Dr. Elmer said, "No, that's not right. Buxom does not mean busty, it means energetic; so it's a good thing to be buxom." Ever heard of that before? That was new.

Another funny story - he tells about a colleague he had who said that one of his patients, whenever she would visit her lover, she came home with a horrible rash appearing all over her body. The colleague said, "That's got to be psychosomatic, leaving her lover and so forth." Dr. Elmer took a look at her and said, "I think her bed has bedbugs!" (Turned out to be right!)

I'm going to tell you about my next-door neighbors, the Krause's, Alda and Alfredo Krause. If you didn't

know those folks, then you missed something because they were a delightful couple. Alfredo was born in Mexico of German and French parents. His mother was French, I think. They died when he was about eight. He was sent back to Germany to live with his grandparents. I can't remember what the city was... Hamburg, right? The grandfather was quite famous. He was a music critic and he lived right across from the Opera House, because he was blind and that was easy for him to get there. The grandmother was kind of shaken when she found these five young boys had to live with her. She said, how am I going to handle that in an apartment, but she managed. Especially since one of them, Carlos, Alfredo's brother, kept snakes. In the summer she made him keep them out on the fire escape, but in the winter they had to come inside to keep them warm. He tells a story about one snake that was missing. They hunted all over the place and they couldn't find the snake. They figured it may have fallen through the fire escape and got killed. But, it turns out, the following spring she found that snake in the pillow where her husband had been sleeping!

Alfredo was an interesting guy himself. He decided he was going to come back to the United States from Germany. I think he was a teenager then, 19, or somewhere in there. He came back to Philadelphia. He was going to go south. Maybe he was going to go to Mexico, I don't know. He never got there. He had a huge mustache, like Waxy, I guess. He was sitting in a car and the people behind him were making fun of him in German. He turned around and told them kindly that he spoke German, too. They stopped that and switched to Spanish. He turned around and told them that he spoke Spanish, too. That turned out to be serendipitous. He got talking to this couple and the man was a shipping agent in Baltimore. He said, "Alfredo, you speak three languages. We could use a man like you in our company." So he hired him and took him right off the train in Baltimore. Alfredo went to work for this man in the shipping company. He met his wife, Alda, there. Alda was a schoolteacher from Washington State. Someone told me she was the first female graduate from college. I don't know if that's true or not. Anyway, he got off the train in Baltimore, took a job, met and married Alda and then moved to Philadelphia. He

was again a shipping agent working in the dock area of Philadelphia and he came into our life at that time.

He came into our life because he didn't have any place to live. He didn't have much money, either. We were at the Wilson's one day when we met them. He got to talking with my father. My father said, "We have this old place on our property. It's not much but if you want to, you can stay there." Well, there was no heat in it; there was water, but no electricity or plumbing. He made a deal with my father that he could stay there rent-free if he would upgrade it and put these facilities in. My father said, "That's fine with me," so they did.

Here's what it looked like. That's pretty much what it looked like then and it looks the same today. I tried to get in there to take a picture of it but I couldn't. There was a set of steps going up here that got you to the front door, here; a Dutch door, I remember. This was the basement. This was originally, we figured, a cold storage house. We called it the Egg House because they stored eggs there. It has always been



The "Egg House" on my father's property where the Krause's lived.
Photo courtesy of Nancy TenBroeck.

called the Egg House in my memory. In my father's, too, I think. It's still on the property. The present owner has plans to do something with it, but I'm not sure what he's going to do. He talked about building a bank barn or something. I don't know what he is going to do. He wouldn't explain it to me. The interesting thing about the Egg House was they put a bathtub in the kitchen, a strange place for a bathtub. But the bathtub was huge. It was probably almost as big as this projection screen is wide. It had a big wooden cover that you pulled down, and that's where Alda worked. That's where she did all her food preparation and stuff like that. If she just had a dinner or something and she didn't want to do the dishes that night, she just lifted it up and put all the dishes in there. Then when she got free, she'd wash the dishes, unless Alfredo got there first and wanted to take a bath. They did very well. They had two sons, Bruce and Douglas. One went to Lehigh and the other went to Princeton. Alda was, as you can see, very interested in a proper education.

Now, two of the most interesting people that I have ever met. Is Wisty Miller here? Wisty Miller? She's not here. That's a shame. I want to talk about Ellen and Rebecca Winsor. They built a house in the 1940's, during or just after the war, when nobody was building houses. They built this huge mansion across the field to the north of our house. We couldn't figure out (we would wander through it during construction) why two elderly women needed a house with 64 closets! That was just the first shock. I think they just loved to shock people. I remember this story – One day my grandmother was over to their house, and my mother, too, I guess. One of them said, "Could you see our garden from your window?" My grandmother answered, "Why do you ask?" "Last week, we were out there; we gave the servants the day off and we went out and gardened ... in the nude!" (They were in their sixties at the time.) They loved to shock people. They had the most fantastic dinners, musicales; they were real Biddles. I think they really were Biddles, as a matter of fact. They actually had the first-tier players of the Philadelphia Orchestra come out to play, just for the two of them! They would sit there and play a concert for them. There are a lot of stories about that in the book, too.

They were sort of anti-politics, pretty much so, as a matter of fact. They were what we call vegans now. They wouldn't eat anything that had meat in it or

anything like that including, they would not eat eggs because they didn't want to deprive a baby chicken of its life! My father would say, "Never mind the fact that these were not fertile eggs." They used to taunt my father left and right. They would drive him nuts. He was a real fan of George Washington. He loved George Washington and they thought George Washington was a fake, a sham. I don't know if they really thought that or not, but as far as my father was concerned, they did. They were also pacifists. They quite often wrote letters and they refused to pay war taxes, a percentage of their income taxes that went to the war. They were suffragettes, primary leaders in the suffragette movement. They were more than once imprisoned in Washington for leading marches and things like that. In a strange chain of events, once when they were in prison, they found that some of the other prisoners were prostitutes. They got to talking to them and they heard their stories about the kind of life they lived. They said, "We've really got to help these people, too." They did. They were wonderful. They did everything! As I said, they were music lovers, art and music lovers. They started the Tri-County Concerts Association of Wayne.

I've got a story to tell you about that, about me personally. One time Anna Moffo was performing there. They were having a reception for her afterwards. I had a date and I was going to impress my date that I knew Anna Moffo. So we went to this party and in the receiving line, I introduced myself. She said, "Oh, you're Molly's boy." I was mortified!

They had an artist living on their property in the gatehouse, which is still there, too. This is the house that the Hires family now owns. Pete Hires is still living in the main house. The driveway is right at the corner where Yellow Springs Road makes a sharp left turn, going west. There is a little gatehouse there. It's a lovely place. It was set up as an artist studio. They had a famous artist living there (I didn't know he was famous at the time) by the name of Julius Bloch. If you look on the Internet, you can find a lot of information about him. Here's a story with Dad: Julius decided at one big party they were having with a lot of people from the art world and the music world, my father and mother were there, at one point the buzz went out that Julius was going to make a presentation. A presentation was something that Julius rarely did. They were concerned and this was going to be really great. They went through formally

opening the package (or whatever it was) and Julius took out the painting, a still life, and everybody went "Ah, ah, wonderful, wonderful, isn't that great!" My father walked over and looked at it and said, "Very nice, Julius; pears, I think." Julius never spoke to my father again!

I'm almost done. I want to tell you... I mentioned that Dave lost three barns. There were other people who lost barns, too. There was a group of kids who started burning barns for thrills or something like that – some older boys and some younger boys. Mother says they were all incarcerated for some period of time. Eventually, they came back and the community did not hold it against them. They brought them back into the community and one went on to be a hero in the Korean War, I believe.

Here's a thistle story. This one is credited to Connie Braendel. I don't know whether this is true or not. Connie was at home when she got a knock on the door. The local policeman was there with a couple of other stern looking individuals. He said, "Mrs. Braendel, can we speak to you a moment?" She said, "Sure. What have my kids done this time?" The two other guys took over and said, "This is our jurisdiction. We'll talk about this. Mrs. Braendel, do you own the property at the end of this drive down by Swedesford Road?" She said, "Yes, you just drove down the drive. You know that." It turned out there was an infestation of thistles down there and thistles are against the law. "They must be removed." She called Dave Wilson and Dave came with his mower and mowed them all down. He wouldn't tell her who ratted on her. Any truth to that story, Connie?

Connie: Yes.

Okay. I mentioned Anna Malloy. She raised boxers, pretty good ones, evidently. Er ... I'm not going to tell you that story, after all. You have to read the book for that one.

For my last story, I'm going to talk a little bit about the Octagonal School. You all know what that is, I'm sure. The old school's student association had a reunion there and they refurbished the building, the desks and the chairs and everything to just the way it was. They said we need a hickory stick here. All the schools had a hickory stick for switching the kids. Mother said it was Buzz Wilson that talked to Alfredo and Alfredo came to my father and said, "You got



Diamond Rock School. Ned Goode, 1958. Library of Congress.

any hickory on this property?" My Dad said, "Yeah, there's one over there." He cut off a hickory stick and took it and it became a real showpiece. It was green, they could tell it wasn't a hundred years old but they bought it.

That's about all. I want to read the last two paragraphs of the book because this is what really got me. The next to the last paragraph:

"Struthers Burt must have been thinking of us Scrapples when he wrote, 'William Penn envisioned a place where, in the already proven fruitfulness and opportunities of a new continent, many plain and well intending people, and, if you are not so plain and of greater intentions, could live in sober and solid prosperity. Some would get rich; the great majority, provided that they were hard working, farsighted and well behaved. They could sit secure under their vines and fig trees.'"

Mother concludes, (and this gets me) "Having spoken my piece, every word of which is true, I now return to my fig tree." I love that bit. That's what made me try this book.

One more Alfredo story ... Alfredo had a Jeep with a trailer on it. One day, he called me and said, "Craig, we've got to go down to Independence Hall." He had conned the workmen there to give him some old shingles that came from Independence Hall. He took them home and, I presume, he put them on the Egg House. I don't know.



Craig TenBroeck and Doug Krause at Independence Hall.
Courtesy of Douglas Krause.

There's the octagonal school house and there is a group picture with two Japanese people in it. They were always welcomed in my grandmother's house. I will digress a little bit to tell you about that.

In the 1800's, my grandfather went to the University of Pennsylvania, Class of '95. There was a Japanese fellow there. He couldn't go home for vacations or anything like that; it was going a half a world away. He became close friends with my grandfather and he was sort of adopted into my grandfather's family. My grandfather had a mincemeat business. He was the mincemeat king of Philadelphia. Anyway, he was adopted and when my grandfather died in 1933, his family invited my entire mother's family over to Japan at their expense; sent them the tickets and everything. These two families have been connected ever since. Ginny Atmore and my grandmother went over. My mother was having me so she couldn't go.

The names of a few of the people in the photo: that's David Wilson (young David who was killed in a motorcy-

cle accident), old Dave, my mother, my Uncle Robert who was 6 foot 6 or something like that, size 14 shoes. He couldn't get into the Army – he was too tall. He became a Red Cross Ambulance driver. There is my father on the far side; there's me. I don't know who the Japanese people are. That's my grandmother and my sister, Jij Wilson, my brother, my aunt, Aunt Virginia (Ginny) Wilson. That's Jonathan. I guess he was born by then. My sister, Penny Stanger, Ginny's daughter, has kept in contact with these people in Japan. She said, "Craig, we went over there last year. They really want to see you." (I'm named after my grandfather, Craig Atmore.) So we're going to go, the 4th of October, and spend 13-14 days, whatever, to renew that family bond.

That's all my reminiscences. Has anybody got anything to add? I love to take questions.

Audience #1: Where's Connie?

Craig: Connie's right there. Stand up a little bit if you can, Connie.

Connie: I want to say that Molly really proved her point. She was telling us in this book that all of us



Christmas at the TenBroeck's in 1951, the height of "Scrappledom," with Molly TenBroeck's extended family and an unknown Japanese couple.

were different. We weren't snobs; we weren't rich; just because we lived on the Main Line didn't mean that we were rich snobs. We were from all kinds of places, we did all kinds of things, we had a wonderful, wonderful life and it was all remembered lovingly.

Craig: Thank you, Connie.

Audience #2: Is the Anna Maria Malloy you're talking about the first principal of Strafford School?

Craig: I don't know. I don't think she was, no.

Audience #2: Her name was Anna Maria Malloy also and she was my principal.

Audience #3: Anna Maria Malloy taught music.

Craig: It might have been but I don't know that she was ever the principal there.

Audience #3: In about 1956 Anna Maria Malloy decided she was going to run for Supervisor as a Democrat. I was her opponent. One more point: there are really two Main Lines. There is the real Main Line which runs out through Wayne, Strafford, most of Devon, Berwyn, and Paoli are the Upper Main Line. The weekly newspaper in Paoli was *The Upper Main Line*.

Craig: Mother used to write for that paper.

Audience #3: So I'm sure. I have always contended that the real Main Line had a branch that ran up through the Great Valley and so your mother was not a snob, and never drew a snobby breath.

Audience #4: You mentioned the name the "Kaltenthalers," whatever happened to them? I knew them back in the 30's.

Craig: Bill Keltz can you tell us about that.

Bill: I know they lived on Church Road. That's the only thing I remember about them.

Audience #5: Katherine, I can't think of her name, was in my class in Bryn Mawr and what was the daughter's name?

Audience #6: Betsy. And both the mother and Betsy had Alzheimer's.

Audience #7: I wonder what ever happened to Henry and Johnny, their brothers?

Audience #6: I don't know.

Craig: In case you might be interested, I have a couple of copies. This is the actual typescript from my mother. If you would like to look at it, feel free. I have done what I can do with it. Yes, sir?

Audience #8: I'm surprised that your mother didn't say anything about Mr. Isinger, of the coal yard. He started that with a horse and buggy. The last horse was Nick. He was 32 years old and he was retired at Waynesborough Farm when Robert C. Liggett owned it. I worked there one summer, 65 cents an hour, \$38.50 a week during the summer. I used to work that horse for the mower. Mrs. Houghton and Bill Isinger used to plan all the planting on the bridge area where the railroad is. They were very close. Mr. Isinger was so particular that he hauled coal up that North Valley hill with a horse and buggy. He had to get there in time (like five o'clock or six o'clock in the morning) and when he finished had to pull the coal chute down to the basement window. He would pick up every single piece of coal. Not one single piece would he miss, he was so particular. He ended up being President of the Paoli Bank in 1950. He was a self-made man. He worked for LeBoutillier in the Valley there as a gardener.

Craig: I didn't know that.

Audience #8: He had a green thumb. I bought his place. I admired it. I lived across the street when I was growing up and I bought it. He died in '55 and she died much later. Eventually, I bought it in '58. He always said he would not have a weed grow in his yard and that was true. Just a little trivia.

Craig: Thank you all very much for partaking in this. I really appreciate the opportunity. I'm sure my mother appreciates it, too.

We Scrapples: The Main Line as it Really Was may be purchased at local stores, Amazon.com, or directly from Craig TenBroeck at 610-687-0346.