

## SOME INTERESTING PITTSBURGHERS, 1911-1941

### PART ONE

CARLTON G. KETCHUM

A great deal was taking place in Pittsburgh in the first half of this century. The Pittsburgh of our great-grandparents, grandparents, or parents, depending upon the perspectives of the current generations, was a different and exciting city, with fascinating individuals whose names do not always appear in the history books. I assume that most of our readers are or were Pittsburghers, and that they may not be as familiar with this period as I am. But any readers who were here during those years — in which case they are octogenarians like me — may have recollections that are as lively as mine and, perhaps, more accurate and more complete. If anyone has memories of the time that differ markedly from my own, I will cheerfully listen to or read any recollections you may have that controvert those which appear on the following pages. At the outset, let me emphasize that this is in no way intended to be a comprehensive account of the many leading Pittsburghers between the turn of the century and World War II. It simply tells about a few of those whom I knew, or saw, or who seemed particularly important to me.

I came to Pittsburgh as a green, unsophisticated youth of nineteen in 1911. The years from 1911 through the end of 1941, following which World War II ushered in a new age, were markedly different from the postwar era. During those thirty years, I was here, looking and listening, and what follows is part of what I heard and saw then. I cannot relate more than a few sides of the city's early twentieth-century life. After long and heated debate with myself about what to include, I settled on the *people* of that time, and of them the ones whom the rest of us were noticing, the ones we talked about. Perhaps that makes this comment a tardy gossip column, written with malice toward none.

No one living in a city as large as Pittsburgh can qualify to rate the abilities and the usefulness of all the leading citizens who have stood out in reputation among those who were less spectacular but

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perhaps more effective behind the scenes. I am going to mention a few of those about whom I have had sufficient knowledge to form an opinion, with the proviso that in all of the seventy years of my residence here, my knowledge is still fragmentary and certainly does not qualify me to compare those I have really known with the many others I did not.

In my earliest years here, I was an obscure young man who knew only what the newspapers told him plus an occasional item passed on by someone who had more acquaintance with people and affairs. My qualification to appraise improved when I returned to the city after World War I, joined in setting up a small business, and directed some major activities for the University of Pittsburgh. Earlier, I had been too busy making a living and getting an education to know anything firsthand about the community leaders, except those at Pitt and some of the newspapermen.

For purposes of comparison, the Pittsburgh of forty to seventy years ago was much as it had been during the immediately preceding years. It is interesting to look at a few of the characteristics of the Pittsburgh which our parents, grandparents, or great-grandparents knew. We can measure them as best we can — knowing that no accurate comparison is possible — against what we see, hear, and know today. I believe that the older relatives of most Pittsburghers, who were here then and are still with us today, will agree with me on a few comparisons. On others regarding which some of them undoubtedly will disagree with me, I suggest that it might be instructive to ask them to tell how things *really* were as they saw them. The results would be interesting, since, of course, their recollections are, from their vantage point, as accurate as my own.

### *Changes*

The Pittsburgh of today is smoother, more sophisticated, and more cultured. Those things are true of American cities in general, but in the case of a good many of them, the change has not been as conspicuous as in the case of Pittsburgh. I have had an unusual opportunity to think about many cities and compare them with some degree of justice with each other and with Pittsburgh. My profession took me repeatedly to many other cities and put me in touch with much of importance that was going on in them.

Who of us old-timers ever believed that Pittsburgh would lose population? Several decades ago — back in the days I am writing about — there were nearly 700,000 of us within the city's limits, and

now there are about 430,000. While many of those who are not paying city taxes any more do remain nearby, Allegheny County has not been growing either. A vast number of the folks we used to see on the streets of the big town, or the boroughs, are now somewhere between Jacksonville and San Diego. The compensating pleasant thought is that we are actually bigger and better in almost all ways except population. Those many and still increasing good things we enjoyed are divided among fewer of us, which is not bad, and, as I write, I look out my window at a Pittsburgh that is building as much as any other city in the country, at least in the north and east.

From the teens, twenties, and thirties to the present, what has Pittsburgh lost or seen become greatly depleted? Rare or impossible to find are railroad stations, sidings, freight and passenger cars and long trains, streetcars, soda fountains, small corner ballfields, specialty shops in furniture, haberdashery, and a number of other products, department stores that "sold everything" whereas today our three huge and quite successful downtown stores usually turn out to have "stopped carrying" whatever it is you want. What changed the look of our cities by addition? Now commonplace are airports, motels, parking lots (although there never are enough), highways and turnpikes, buses, twenty- to sixty-five-story buildings, golf links, tennis courts, chain restaurants, and branch banks. If you had been here between 1911 and 1930 particularly, left town and just returned, those are the visible changes you would probably notice first.

You would miss the North Side market, and the one downtown, and most of the one- or two-day-a-week farmers' markets held in various sections of the town. You would notice that there were many fewer shops scattered throughout the city, including one-man drug-stores and one-woman bakeries and millinery shops. If you were a newspaper reader in the early part of this century, you would have had a choice of three morning and four afternoon dailies and a German language daily. The television newscasts and the radio, of course, have made up for the demise of all the papers except the *Post-Gazette* and the *Press*. Another change is in the rules regarding gambling. It was illegal in those golden days; now gambling is even used to help support the state. Something else that a veteran of the early decades would miss is strollers. In those years we walked the streets often, long, and without fear. Who dares to take a stroll nowadays in most parts of the city? Or other cities? And in those days before television and radio, it seemed that you could always hear a piano being played somewhere in the vicinity, and people gathered often just to sing

together. That occurs rarely now. The social practices of 1925 were more like those of 1825 than what people have been familiar with since 1950.

### *Community Improvement*

From a personal point of view — of course a prejudiced one — I think that in that half-century, Pittsburgh gained in a good many ways on Philadelphia, Cleveland, and Boston — all cities that I have had the opportunity to know and all of which I like. That probably is not true of Baltimore, which has astonished many observers by the advances it has made in the last fifty years. As for Cincinnati, Buffalo, and St. Louis, I have never seen the time when I thought any one of them was as progressive or as attractive as Pittsburgh. Our city is not big enough to make a fair comparison with Chicago, and I do not know enough about Detroit to hazard a measurement; as for New York, it is *sui generis*. It is not like anything else in the world, and there have been a good many times in recent years when many of us have thanked the Lord for that, and said to ourselves, "One New York is enough."

### *Civic Pride*

One of the ways in which Pittsburgh has matured and improved is that within the last thirty years or so, Pittsburghers have become more accustomed to noting, remembering, and speaking of the town's merits — not just of its shortcomings, as they used to. Seldom indeed in the early years of my residence in this city would one hear a Pittsburgher say anything good about his town; and all too often his voice was raised in unfavorable criticism. Some of the change is due to the great and numerous improvements made by the Pittsburgh Renaissance during the years following World War II, and the efforts led by the chamber of commerce and joined in by many to "tell the world" about the good things here.

In earlier years, it was a major trait of the Pittsburgher abroad within the country to listen to the compliments of the people of some other city for their community without ever speaking up about anything good here, and that typical Pittsburgher was also much too prone to join in adverse comment on "The Smoky City." We have learned to do much better in that regard, and that of itself helps to make not only a prouder city, but a better one, because more of us go to some pains to help make the city even better than we have said it is. We finally realized that hometown pride is fun, if it is justified.

*Scots and Ulstermen*

I have a theory about the former practice of Pittsburghers in speaking only ill of their community. The controlling element here during the community's earlier generations were immigrants or descendants of immigrants from Northern Ireland and Scotland. The Ulsterman and the Scot are possessors of a long list of sturdy virtues and admirable qualities, but few of them indeed have had a tendency to speak with pride in tones that can be heard by others. They have always been afraid of boasting, and perhaps superstitious that talking well about something they loved might bring it bad luck. The good, bad, and indifferent traits of the city's Scots, and Ulster-Scots' background have been moderated in the 1900s by mixture with contrasting characteristics brought by other elements of the population — and that has been all for the good.

It has been all too true in the past that the Scots, including particularly those who stopped for two or three generations in Northern Ireland before continuing their pilgrimage to the United States, have done all the good they could for the causes and institutions in which they believed and for the people around them — but they certainly hated to get caught at it. They were great, really great, producers, but inferior salesmen.

I can say anything I like on this subject because half my ancestors came here from Scotland, and they and the English half spent several generations as New England Yankees who were, if anything, more addicted to deprecating themselves and all the more cherished things about them. I grew up at the knee of a dear old Yankee grandmother, one of whose most frequent and best emphasized teachings was, "Never speak ill of anyone behind his back, or well of him to his face." Pittsburgh went through several generations of avoidance of speaking well of itself and those it most prized.

*Appreciation of Pittsburgh*

Another factor in the improvement of life in Pittsburgh, and our self-appreciation of that improvement, grew out of the fact of our being a big-industry city. Firms like Gulf, Westinghouse, Koppers, United States Steel, Jones and Laughlin, Alcoa, Allegheny Ludlum, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, Rockwell, Dravo, and others have sent not only many a man but many a family on assignments all over the globe and brought them back a few years later to their respective Pittsburgh headquarters. They have brought here with them a better

understanding of the rest of the world, a greater respect for it, and with that, a better appreciation of the attractions of their own town. Few of them have chosen to abandon us in order to stay in that other country, but instead have come home to live out their lives here and to bring into Pittsburgh knowledge and appreciation of places where they have been stationed. It was the Pittsburgher who had never been anywhere else who least appreciated the city.

### *Republicans and Democrats*

In an entirely different area, let me express a settled opinion, long held, as to the effect of the city's political history. For many years, running up into the early 1930s, Pittsburgh and Allegheny County were overwhelmingly Republican. From that point on, they have been overwhelmingly Democratic. Neither condition has been good for us. Any city or country is better off where the parties are continuously fairly evenly balanced so that each has to be on its good behavior and present us with its best in order to gain majorities. I do not think it is good for a voting area to be overwhelmingly Republican, or, of course, overwhelmingly Democratic. We would have as near as can be measured an ideal condition if the winning party never had more than 55 percent of the votes; and the losing never less than 45 percent. We would get better public servants, both among those we elected and those they appoint. In this particular area, Pittsburgh has been less fortunate than most.

### *Choice of Colleges*

A half-century ago, the children of the affluent families of Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania, when they chose a college, went to "one of the big Eastern universities" in the case of the boys, while most of the girls entered one of the major women's colleges, almost all of them in the East. This is no longer true. High school and preparatory school graduates scatter all over the United States. This is giving us a better mix than anyone used to get. We still have much brought back by our young people from the East and the "prestige" schools there, but with it, we obtain inputs from schools south and west of here, and a lot of notable teaching goes on in our local universities and colleges, which more and more shape our great corporate leaders as well as our leading professionals and scientists. "Hail, hail to Michigan" and to Purdue and Indiana, to Cornell, Harvard, and Yale, to M.I.T. and U.S.C. — but we do not draw on their

alumni rosters for Pittsburgh leadership nearly as much as we did before modern Pitt and Carnegie-Mellon began contributing men who can compare well with the presidents and board chairmen whose sheepskins came to them from universities to the east, west, and south.

### *Some Pittsburgh Leaders*

Among the first Pittsburghers whom I knew well enough to call "great" were Charles D. Armstrong, Homer D. Williams, and Arthur E. Braun.

Armstrong was head of the Armstrong Cork Company, and so long as he was a Pittsburgher, that is, before the removal of the company's operation to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, he was a stalwart leader in this community. He was one of the guiding powers in the formation and operation of the Citizens' Committee on a City Plan, which did a service of much value. Dignified and somewhat austere in manner, he was the only man to my personal knowledge who went to the tax office to complain that his company was not paying its fair share of property taxes and demanding an increase in their assessment. He helped greatly during the difficult first phases of the effort to put up the mighty Gothic structure at the University of Pittsburgh which came to be known as the "Cathedral of Learning," a name which he gave it without intending to make it the building's permanent title. Armstrong was a worthy model for any man to follow.

In the 1920s, Homer D. Williams was the highly successful president of the Carnegie Steel Company, the central element in what Judge Elbert H. Gary put together as the United States Steel Corporation. Williams made it plain to everyone that he was in charge of company affairs and would not tolerate inefficiency. I heard that Williams once called a meeting of the officers, chief engineers, and top salesmen of Carnegie Steel. To ensure attendance, he announced that all their names would be taken at the door. The story goes that Williams stood alone on the platform in the front of the room and said in a normal, measured voice:

There are some people in this room that haven't been earning their salaries. There are some people in this room who are cheating the company. There are some people in this room who are destroying their own futures. There are some awfully good guys, too, and I am proud of them, the whole bunch together. But I am talking to all of you because I don't know just who needs it. I can't talk to all of you individually because I don't know just who needs it. But I do have one thing to say. I like a drink. I take a drink every evening before dinner and sometimes I take two, but I do not drink during working hours, and you have no business doing so. If you have been doing it, you are going to quit doing it. You are not paid by the Carnegie Steel Company to spend your time around a bar shooting off your face or to have your

mind slowed down by alcohol during the day. If you go on doing that and I find out about it, you will be an *ex*-member of the Carnegie Steel Company. Now, in the evening, that is your time; it is not my business what you do in the evening. But, if what you do in the evening results in your coming in here the next day and doing a poor job instead of a good job for this company, we will part company. Now, this is all I have to say. I sincerely trust that you will all remember it, but if you don't we will be missing you.

The day came when the distressed owners of the Pittsburgh Steel Company, a much smaller concern, asked Williams to take over their firm's presidency, writing his own ticket as to compensation, and save the company from threatening bankruptcy. Williams left his job with the big, successful, absolutely safe company, took hold of the struggling and debt-ridden smaller one, and within two years had it growing and making profits. He knew how to produce steel and he knew how to build organizations. He knew how to draw the best out of other men.

During the first Cathedral of Learning fund-raising campaign, Williams was the general chairman. He gave me (as campaign director) a half-hour in the morning twice a week to show him my outline of activities, progress report, and a list of things that he, as general chairman, ought to do in the next two or three days. He was one of the finest chairmen of a philanthropic effort I have ever known, and I learned several very useful truths while watching and listening to him. His part in the creation of Pitt's magnificent and world-renowned college building was immense. He and other heads of the major companies in the steel industry have since rendered notable service to this community, and very much affected for the better the quality of those who served under and often imitated them.

I never heard Homer Williams raise his voice. I never heard him curse anybody. He had a famous poker smile and he always seemed to be perfectly composed; but anyone responsible to Williams knew exactly who was boss and what he expected of all those working under him. I think many of them were inspired by him and those who were not were too scared of him not to do a good job. Years later, I discovered in General H. H. Arnold some of the characteristics that made Homer Williams great. He exhibited leadership at its best.

Arthur Braun, who died in 1976, just after his hundredth birthday, had an extraordinarily high sense of community responsibility; like Armstrong, he was a big factor in the Citizens' Committee on a City Plan. He was, more than anyone else, responsible for the preservation of Cook Forest. He was, for long years, one of the most effective supporters of the University of Pittsburgh, and as publisher of the *Post* and the *Sun*, two of the eight (including the *Volksblatt*



*und Freiheit's Freund*) daily papers we had then, he selected and supported the men who steadily improved the quality of those two papers. He did a great deal for the West Penn Hospital. He was president of the Farmers Deposit National Bank, later consolidated into the Mellon Bank, and in his modest, low-toned way, provided front-rank leadership for his hometown.

James C. Rea was another leader in the twenties and for many years thereafter. A polished gentleman, he exerted a wholesome influence on behalf of many of the city's worthy institutions. He discovered a good many individuals who had the capacity for leadership and persuaded them to direct it into channels useful to the community. He could call others to serve good causes because he did that so much and so well himself. He was noted, too, for his good manners, from which many took the example.

The contributions of Andrew W. Mellon and his brother, Richard Beatty Mellon, must be known to all, but no such account as this could be written without reference to them. They were the great, outstanding businessmen of their time and they were the great, outstanding philanthropists of several decades. Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania, particularly, owe a great deal to these brothers and to R. B. Mellon's son, Richard King Mellon, who succeeded his father and uncle in business and community leadership, and in the latter outstripped them. The clear-cut and unquestioning standing of those men for the big things that would benefit Pittsburgh brought into leadership a great many of the others whose names should go down in history.

In the years when I was active personally in the direction of campaigns for the university and the larger hospitals and leading charities, I was in contact frequently with the men I have named and formed the lasting conclusion that we were blessed, indeed, in possessing such leaders. I would like to reemphasize the point that men of their quality are great not only for what they themselves do but for what they inspire and encourage others to do. A number of others who made valuable contributions to the growth and betterment of our community would, I think, have given little time and little money to those things but for the influence of the Mellons and the other men I have mentioned.

In those years approximately a half-century ago, there were others who merit inclusion in any list of Pittsburgh's outstanding leaders. One of them was James I. Buchanan, who was not a rich man and never held a business position as prominent as the others men-

tioned, but who exerted an unusual influence for good and who numbered his friends simply by the count of those who had had the privilege of making his acquaintance. He was a man of the most gracious manner, profound knowledge, and a very uncommon degree of unselfishness. His integrity was complete. One might say of another man of the time — "He's absolutely honest — why, he's as square as Mr. Buchanan." Buchanan gave a great deal of his life to Freemasonry, of which he eventually became the number one member in this country. He had a phenomenal memory. It was said of him that, without notice, he could go through all of the work of all of the degrees, speak every syllable clearly and with fine accent, and never hesitate. He was a tremendous Biblical scholar and was for many years the teacher of a men's class in the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, where his acquaintance with the Bible became legendary.

On one occasion, standing before the 100 to 150 members of his men's class in the Sunday school session, he began by remarking that the lesson for the day was the Book of Ruth. He went on to say that, in its English version, it was one of the most beautiful pieces of literature ever written, and declared that neither he nor anyone else could improve on it because it completely told its own story in terms that anyone could understand. He invited the members of the class to open their Bibles to the Book of Ruth and then, standing with his hands behind his back, recited all of its four chapters without missing a word and with the most beautiful enunciation. At the end of that feat, the class applauded, and Buchanan rebuked them for hand-clapping in a religious service. One of them said, "But, Mr. Buchanan, that was a perfectly marvelous feat of memory, and we honor you for it," to which he replied, "Well, I don't want to cheat and let you think I am more gifted than I am. I reread that Book just six months ago, so I have it fresh in my mind."

A couple of others whom my fellow old-timers will recall as great men in their day were James H. Lockhart and D. Lindsay Gillespie. They were two philanthropists of the first rank. They were friends, but men of very different types. Lockhart was modest, retiring, and seemed almost afraid that someone would detect him in one of his innumerable acts of benevolence. Those who mentioned him always spoke of him as "a gentleman of the finest sort." Gillespie, a swarthy man who might have been called a "five-by-five" because he was almost as broad as he was tall, enjoyed life to the fullest. He had come as a boy from Northern Ireland, went into the lumber business, cannily invested his profits in a company formed in his early years

and named the Standard Oil Company, and later in another new enterprise, the Aluminum Company of America. He was the patron saint of practically everyone who came to Pittsburgh from Ulster and some who came from Scotland, the parent of Ulster. Those who arrived penniless and jobless seemed always to hunt up Gillespie, who would greet them warmly, listen to their stories, announce forcefully and in the strongest language that he had no time to spend on anything but his own job, and then would ascertain where he could reach them. Shortly afterward, the newcomer would receive a message that there was a job waiting for him here or there, and it was always one that Gillespie had cajoled or browbeaten out of one of his innumerable friends.

I had a little experience with Gillespie. He was a trustee of the University of Pittsburgh during the first Cathedral of Learning campaign. He came up to the campaign headquarters on Fourth below Smithfield, and volunteered for an assignment looking for prospects — people he knew who might give to the university. He took a considerable number of names. As he went over them he came to the name Woods. Edward A. Woods was president of the highly successful Equitable Life Assurance Agency. Somehow Woods had made a contract with the company that made him their agent for all parts of Western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio, and West Virginia, and his outfit became the largest life insurance agency in the world. When Gillespie saw Woods's name, his face lit up. "Aah," he said, "that Woods is for me. I am his biggest customer. He's got more insurance from me than from anyone else, and I want to see him."

Then he went to the phone and got Woods. Gillespie said: "Ed, this is Lin. Say, I understand that you have a sales meeting every Monday morning, and have all your salesmen in from all over this area." Woods replied that that was so. Gillespie: "What time?" Woods: "8:30." Gillespie then said, "Could I come over and give them a little talk?" Woods said: "We'd be delighted to have you over, if you wanted to do that it would be perfectly marvelous."

Gillespie went over to Woods's, and my brother went with him. I have always regretted that I did not have the opportunity, because I would have enjoyed it. Gillespie gave a little talk covering all the points we had given him — why donating to the university would be a good thing, what it would do for the city, and what it would do for the school. He did a good job. Then he continued, "Now, I am counting on you to be good citizens, patriots, the kind of people to help good things along. I know every one of you is going to con-

tribute to this, aren't you?" A good number of people said yes. "Hold up your hands," Gillespie said, and everyone held up his hand. "That's wonderful," he said, "I just happen to have a few hundred subscription cards here, which I am going to pass around to you. You can fill them out and we'll pick them up. And I have a piece of good news for you. Ed Woods is going to match everything you give. Ed is an alumnus of the university and he loves it, and Ed is going to match all your gifts." Gillespie turned to Woods and said, "You are, aren't you, Ed?" Woods gulped twice and agreed. Gillespie came back to the campaign headquarters with pledges for \$15,000 and a note from Woods committing him to match this and any further gifts from employees of his agency. Thirty thousand dollars was real money in 1914, and a lot more came from this source.

Gillespie and Lockhart left their marks indelibly on the institutions of Pittsburgh, and on the lives of hundreds of the city's residents. So did Lockhart's brother Marshall and brother-in-law John R. McCune. It could be said that of any member of that group that he "put his money where his mouth was."

I ought not to omit in citing those who most largely influenced Pittsburgh's affairs in the twenties and thirties Dr. John Gabbert Bowman, who came here as chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh early in 1921. In his vision was the Cathedral of Learning, the Heinz Chapel, and the Stephen Foster Memorial. He fought them through against great odds chiefly because, on behalf of anything that he cared about greatly, he was able to make a sale to people who had the ability to make things happen. In his twenty-five years as chancellor, he accomplished much, educationally and otherwise, for the university, which should not be forgotten.

I worked with Bowman closely in the four campaigns my firm, Ketchum, Inc., put together to raise funds for the Cathedral — the first campaign including the gift of the Heinz Chapel by the Heinz family and Foundation — and until into the late thirties, I was a frequent counsellor and agent. He was a very difficult man. After a quarter-century as head of the university, he could almost be said not to have made as many friends as he had fingers. I came to dislike his self-centeredness and arrogance, and in the late thirties, broke the connection; but it would be churlish not to recognize the important things he did, including the selection of his successor, Dr. Rufus H. Fitzgerald, who served ten years as head of my alma mater and who was as gracious, friendly, and lovable as his predecessor and nominator was not, save rarely and to a very few.

All of us who were here in the second decade of the century were proud of Dr. John A. Brashear, the precision instrument maker, who, with his wife's help, made a record-breaking lens with which to observe the stars and who became the great man of the Allegheny Observatory. He was a lovable and much admired man of the first part of the twentieth century. Everybody called him "Pa," and everybody was proud to be a neighbor of that kind and courageous man and his wife.

A powerful figure of those decades was J. Hartwell Hillman (usually called "Hart"), the founder of the industrial and financial complex now called the Hillman Interests. He was a leader who drew admiration and respect for his abilities. He initiated. He had a constructive imagination. He was frequently rough-spoken. His two younger brothers, Ernest and James F. Hillman, were at first part of his growing organization, but James left and went into business independently. Both of them had many friends and admirers and gave much to Pittsburgh.

Another man who loomed large in the Pittsburgh of those years and well into the fifties was Ernest Tener Weir, born and bred here and forced to leave school very young by the death of his father. He made a quick and impressive success in the steel business, then took a big risk with limited funds to form his own steel company, Weirton Steel. He gambled in building a big plant and a town on the Ohio, a little west of Pittsburgh. This company was later united under Weir's leadership with the Hanna Group of Cleveland and the Great Lakes Steel Company of Detroit to form the National Steel Corporation. And he kept its headquarters in Pittsburgh.

Weir was a good citizen who generously supported Pittsburgh's cultural and philanthropic institutions, but he was, perhaps, more famous for his successful battles with the unions. He paid his men better than union wage but flatly refused to have a union in his plants, except a local one, with which he dealt amicably. He had a couple of famous confrontations with President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was unsuccessful in trying to force Weir and his company into some general patterns, and Weir took no pains whatever to conceal his dislike for the famous president. He was a major figure for several years in fund-raising for the Republican party, one of his frequent achievements being to face down any fellow businessman who offered criticism without "putting his money where his mouth is." Of my personal knowledge, Weir was an extremely hard man to say "no" to. One of his chief prides was that he operated his companies with

the smallest number of senior executives in proportion to the size of the company, paying each of them very high compensation and demanding outstanding performance. He was one of the last of the authentic "rugged individualists," with whom for several generations our city was well-stocked — famous similarly was "Ed" Crawford, the "McKeesport Tin Plate King" and local philanthropist.

Two other prominent figures in business during that time were Michael Benedum and Joseph C. Trees. They were partners and were frequently referred to as the biggest "wildcatters" in the oil industry. They made millions in Texas, Oklahoma, and elsewhere, and brought them back to Pittsburgh. Trees in his life and Benedum in his death were outstanding philanthropists. Trees's benevolence went chiefly to his alma mater, the University of Pittsburgh, and Benedum's in life and through his foundation, to his native state, West Virginia. Trees, a big, handsome, powerfully-built man, was notably soft-hearted and regarded as a "sucker" for anyone with a hard luck story; but his prowess in business was considerable. Benedum was with us until he became a nonagenarian, and almost until his death put in full hours in his office in the Benedum-Trees Building, and lunched at the Duquesne Club. He took pride in running up the eight steps to the front door. In several of his later years he gave himself a birthday luncheon, taking over the club's main dining room. These affairs were conducted with good taste, although some of those invited never understood how they came to be on the guest list.

One somewhat less widely known but very interesting personality with whom I became well acquainted was Hamilton Stewart of the Harbison-Walker Company. He was a bachelor, and bachelors always have time to dispose of. Stewart gave some of his to several institutions which were the better for his interest, and he had a somewhat unusual hobby to which he gave thousands of hours over a period of years — that was to familiarize himself with all the streets of this city and its contiguous suburbs. Late in the afternoon, Stewart would take a streetcar and ride to the end of the line. There, he would get out and walk the streets of that section, working in from the farthest out, sizing up the neighborhoods, noting the relation of each street to those with which it met, and giving the whole of his very active mind to reflecting on the characteristics of each section of town. When he was tired walking, or when darkness came, he would take a streetcar back for a late dinner at the Duquesne Club and return to his home in Sewickley. He did not turn this hobby to account by becoming a major real estate investor.

One of our distinctive personalities in those years was Lawrence Sands, president of the First National Bank — now, after many mergers, the Pittsburgh National Bank. He was an Englishman, who retained a mellow British accent and was known for his cultured habits and perfect manners. Every banking day at four o'clock those in his personal office, and those waiting to see him, were invited in for tea. A handsome cart carrying a large teapot, hot-water container, lemon slices, sugar, and cream was wheeled in. And there was always plenty of biscuits, imported from England. He was a huge man, always impeccably dressed, and imperturbable.

The early decades of the century were the last of the era of the rugged individualists in the ranks of industrial leadership. Among many, other than those already discussed, were Andy Robertson, Tom Girdler, Edgar Lewis, Bill Hubbard, and Frank Cordes — all men of marked personality who got there the hard way, gave much to their jobs, and demanded much of their subordinates.

*[To be continued]*