

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

HISTORY

WINTER 2015-16

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WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORY
WINTER 2015-16



Rodman's Big Gun

My Italian American Grandmother

Isaac Broome's Civil War Monument

P.R.R. 2200

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Western Pennsylvania History (ISSN 1525-4755) is published quarterly as a benefit of membership in the Senator John Heinz History Center (legal name: Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania), 1212 Smallman Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15222-4200. © 2015. See inside back cover for membership information. Institutional subscription: \$40; international, \$50.

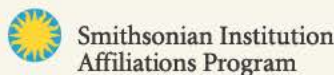
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Development, Heinz History Center, 1212 Smallman Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15222-4200. USPS 679-200. Periodicals Postage Paid at Pittsburgh, PA.

This publication is made possible, in part, by the Kenneth B. and Verna H. Haas Bequest. A portion of the History Center's general operating funds is provided by the Allegheny Regional Asset District and the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission.

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The 20-inch bore of a Rodman gun could fit a man inside. This Rodman was en route to Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1864 when it stopped long enough in Harrisburg, Pa., for a photo.

Ken Turner Collection.



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EXHIBITS

Toys of the '50s, '60s and '70s

Opening March 4, 2016

Gumby. Barbie. Slinky. Mr. Potato Head. Wham-O. Spirograph. Hot Wheels. The names of popular toys from the 1950s, '60s and '70s capture the craziness, joy, and sheer fun of being a kid. But beneath those nutty names are rich veins of nostalgia, memory, and history. Experience the stories behind more than 50 iconic toys in a fun-filled exhibit with three imagined living rooms that bring the decades back to life.



Minnesota Historical Society.

Winter 2015-16 — Ongoing Exhibits



Students give their best Rosie the Riveter pose in front of a Sherman tank outside of the History Center.
Photo by Nate Rodda.

We Can Do It! WWII

Through January 10, 2016

This 10,000-square-foot exhibition focuses on Pittsburgh's role on both the home front and the battlefield during World War II using 300 artifacts, four life-like museum figures, and interactive displays. Learn about the Jeep, created in Butler, Pa., and the stories behind "Rosie the Riveters" and local Tuskegee Airmen.

Close-Up: Photographs from the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette 2014

Through January 2016

From Slavery to Freedom

Explore 250 years of African American history in Pennsylvania

Western Pennsylvania Sports Museum

Pittsburgh: A Tradition of Innovation

Heinz

Special Collections Gallery

Treasures that celebrate our ethnicity, industry, innovation, and lifestyle.

Glass: Shattering Notions

Rediscovering Lewis & Clark:

A Journey with the Rooney Family

Prine Collection

of Woodworking Planes

Wrought Metal Treasures

from the Blum Collection

Clash of Empires:

The British, French & Indian War, 1754-1763

At the Fort Pitt Museum:

Captured by Indians: Warfare & Assimilation on the 18th Century Frontier

At Meadowcroft Rockshelter and Historic Village:

Reopens to the public Spring 2016

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Andrew E. Masich
President & CEO



Pittsburgh Bicentennial

On November 25, 1758, while observing the smoldering ruins of Fort Duquesne, George Washington and General John Forbes looked out over the Forks of the Ohio. As the two men surveyed the strategic location at the confluence of three rivers, Washington turned to Forbes: "What are we going to call this place?" Forbes thought for a minute and then replied in his Scottish brogue, "Pittsburgh!," pronounced like Edinburgh, in honor of British Secretary of State William Pitt.

The pre-Colonial outpost grew until, nearly 60 years after Washington and Forbes' visit, the City of Pittsburgh officially incorporated in 1816.

Over the next 200 years, the city rebounded from the Great Fire of 1845; had its "h" removed by the Geographic Names Board in 1890, then added back in 1911 after residents protested; worked day and night to become the "Arsenal of the Union" during the Civil War and the "Arsenal of Democracy" during WWII; then rolled up its sleeves to clean the city during Renaissance I. The city evolved from a leader in glass, iron, aluminum, and steel to reinvent itself as the home of world-class education, medicine, technology, and culture.

To help celebrate 200 years of innovation, a can-do spirit, and future-focused thinking, Mayor Bill Peduto asked me to serve as

chairman of the recently launched Pittsburgh Bicentennial Commission (1816-2016).

Comprised of leaders from more than 200 local organizations, the Pittsburgh Bicentennial offers an opportunity for the city and region to celebrate all that makes Pittsburgh extraordinary and visionary, while connecting the past and the future. The Bicentennial provides an opportunity to share what is best about our city and welcome visitors from around the world who are interested in visiting, living, playing, and working here.



Andy Masich and current Pittsburgh Mayor Bill Peduto collaborated to save artifacts after the closing of the Macy's (former Kaufmann's) department store.

Photo by Rachellynn Schoon.



Hundreds of events will take place in 2016, including an Incorporation Day celebration in March, a Bicentennial Bash at the Point and the History Center in July, and a special Light Up Night in November, as Pittsburgh hosts hundreds of leaders from throughout the world for the National League of Cities conference.

Pittsburgh will also shine the spotlight on its more than 600 bridges as we bridge the past and the future of America's "Most Livable City."





FORT PITT

By Alan D. Gutchess
Fort Pitt Museum Director

The Forgotten Survivors of Gnadenhutzen

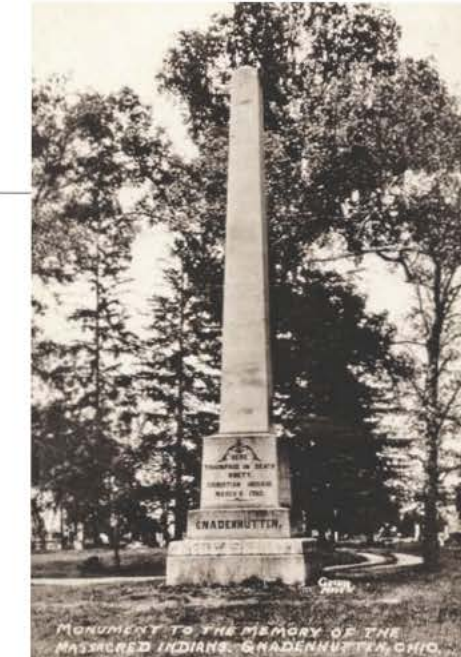
With the 1781 defeat of the British forces at Yorktown, the American Revolution began winding down in the East. On the frontier of Western Pennsylvania however, armed conflict continued on and off for more than a decade as two cultures clashed for control and survival. One of the darkest days in this struggle came on March 9, 1782, when militiamen from Washington County, Pennsylvania, massacred what is believed to have been 90 Indians, mostly Lenape-speaking Christian converts, men, women, and children.¹ Ironically, while murdered by American soldiers, these same Indians had been forcibly removed from their villages in Eastern Ohio a few months earlier by British forces for their suspected loyalty to the American cause. They had only returned briefly to recover what they could of their crops and supplies left behind in their old homes, as they were practically starving at their new British-enforced residence near Upper Sandusky, in Northwest Ohio.

The militiamen, led by Captain David Williamson, were in the region seeking hostile Indians who had been raiding the frontier. Late that winter, fate placed them all near the abandoned Moravian mission town of Gnadenhutzen. At first, the Indians were

led to believe the troops were their friends and rescuers. Many hoped the militiamen might take them to safety at Fort Pitt, but the Indians soon discovered the truth. Once gathered, the Indians were disarmed and confined as prisoners. They were accused of either being active participants in warfare, or at a minimum, of harboring and supporting those who were. Many of the militiamen had lost friends or family in frontier conflicts, some quite recently. In a bizarre form of frontier democracy, a vote was taken among the whites as to their next action, and those seeking blood overwhelmingly dominated. In the seemingly endless cycle of violence on both sides, deaths would be avenged with fresh bloodshed that would no doubt trigger the aggrieved to strike as well in revenge. The guilt or innocence of the slain rarely mattered—only their race and proximity.²

They forced the Indian men into one cabin, the women and children in another. As some of the Christian Indians began to pray and sing hymns, their executioners stepped forward and began the slaughter with a wooden cooper's mallet. Nathan Rollins was described by one eyewitness as taking "the lead in murdering the Indians." After dispatching 19 of them, he was alleged to have sat down crying and (possibly out of remorse) exclaimed, "it was no satisfaction for the loss of his father & uncle after all." When the grisly task was complete, the cabins were set on fire.³

Only two Indians were said to have survived the massacre. One, a teenager named Thomas, had been struck down and scalped, but lived. He regained his wits and later sneaked away from the scene of the massacre, undetected. In the cabin holding the women and children, a widow named Judith managed to pry up a floorboard and deposit two more boys into a root cellar below. They stayed there while the massacre took place above, the blood of the victims running down on to them.



A monument erected in 1872 commemorates the massacre of the Indians, on a c. 1910 postcard. The tribute stands in the village of Gnadenhutzen on the site of the original mission town.
Both private collection.

Finally, one of the boys managed to force his way through an air hole at the back of the wall and escaped. The other boy, being larger, could not fit through the opening and was burned alive when the cabin was destroyed.⁴

Over the next few weeks, no other survivors returned to rejoin the missionaries or their fellow tribesman. As the bodies of the slain were so badly burned and intermixed in the fires, no exact forensic account was made of their numbers when they were buried several years later in a mass grave at the massacre site. Except for the two boys mentioned, all those known to have returned to gather supplies were presumed to have perished at the hands of the militia.

Reaction to the massacre in both white society and in Indian country was oddly the same. Even whites who may have shared some of the sentiments of the militiamen recognized the extreme barbarity of the act and the consequences it would no doubt bring to Euro-American settlers who had no hand in it. For Indians already aligned with the British, it confirmed their opinions of the Americans, and those who had held some sense of neutrality now saw the conflict from a different

An early 19th-century depiction of the massacre titled, *The Moravian Indian Martyrs*.

perspective. Few of the men who participated in the massacre—or their children or grandchildren—would even acknowledge their presence at the act. For the last hundred years, historians have struggled to even reconstruct a muster roll of the soldiers and their officers involved. Not all the militiamen needed to hide in complete shame. It was reported that about 18 of the roughly 200 participants had voted against the reprisal and had separated themselves from the others, yet only a handful of them are known by name today.⁵

Factual history always seems to hold more twists and surprises than the best novelists can imagine, and the Gnadenhutten massacre story, which appeared to have ended for all but two in 1782, has more to offer. During the 19th century, the family of one of the dissenters among the militiamen claimed that the 22-year-old Obadiah Holmes, Jr., had not only voted against the massacre, but had also “rescued at the risk of personal danger to himself from the high passions aroused in others and took home with him and reared and cared for him ten years, an Indian boy of seven years of age.”⁶ Such a tale might easily be dismissed as that of a family trying to elevate their ancestor above the atrocity with which he was associated, but in recent years, evidence in support of this claim has surfaced.

In 1999, the diaries from the Moravian mission at Fairfield, on the Thames in Canada, were translated from German and published for the first time.⁷ On August 31 of 1801, the mission diarist recorded:

An Indian came to visit today who had been captured by whites as a child and raised by them. He works in the service of a white man not far from here. He has wandered around for some time now looking for his people and thus came to our town. It turned out he is Benjamin, the son of Daniel and Johanne, who we thought had been killed on the Muskingum. His brothers



and sisters recognized him by two scars, one above the eye and one on his leg. He has all but forgotten what happened to him immediately after his capture. He was baptized again by the whites and named John. He told us other children had survived (the massacre) who are still with white people today.

Benjamin eventually returned to living with the Moravians, but it appears that the missionaries did not believe he was a complete convert to the faith. When he died at age 40 in 1813, they noted that although he regularly attended meetings, “He did not recognize his natural depravity and did not know what a blessed sinner was. He died in this frame of mind after a short illness.” The entry at his death revealed one more key detail: “He was seven years old at the time of the infamous massacre. A white man hid him in the bush and saved his life.”⁸

This corroborating evidence from a previously unpublished source certainly appears to validate not only the story of Obadiah’s defiance of his more bloodthirsty neighbors and comrades, but also that

unnamed others did likewise. Due to the identical ages and congruent stories, perhaps it was even Benjamin himself who was raised by Holmes as “John.” Obadiah remained in Western Pennsylvania, passing away in Pittsburgh in 1834.

¹ Some sources give the total killed as 96.

² Paul A.W. Wallace, *The Travels Of John Heckewelder In Frontier America* (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1985), 192-194.

³ James Taylor Holmes, *The American Family of Rev. Obadiah Holmes* (Columbus, 1915), 199.

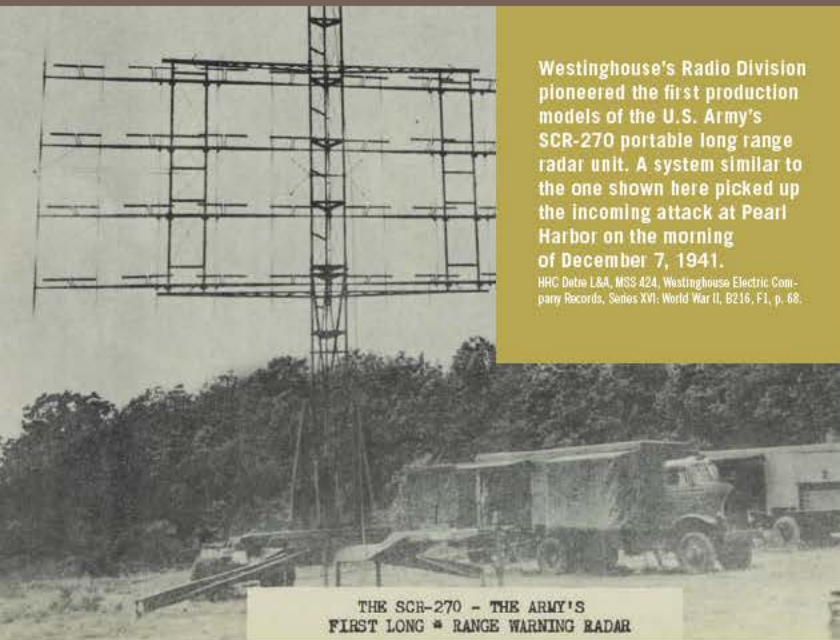
⁴ Wallace, *The Travels Of John Heckewelder*, 195.

⁵ A recent well-researched attempt to compile a comprehensive list of all of those militiamen on the campaign was done by George C. Williston. It can be accessed at: <http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~gwilli824/moravian.html>. Williston lists other potential dissenters as David Williamson, James Taylor, Thomas Orr, Edward Christy, Jacob Miller, and Robert Marshall.

⁶ Holmes, *The American Family*, 169.

⁷ Sue Goehring, who at the time was the site director at Schoenbrunn State Memorial in New Philadelphia, Ohio, first told the author about the Fairfield diary entries related to the survivors of the massacre.

⁸ Linda Dabth-Judd, trans., *Moravians In Upper Canada: The Diary Of The Mission Of Fairfield On The Thames 1792-1813* (Toronto: The Champlain Society, 1999), 239, 490-491.



Westinghouse's Radio Division pioneered the first production models of the U.S. Army's SCR-270 portable long range radar unit. A system similar to the one shown here picked up the incoming attack at Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7, 1941.

HHG Detrie L&A, MSS A24, Westinghouse Electric Company Records, Series XVI: World War II, B216, F1, p. 68.

THE SCR-270 - THE ARMY'S
FIRST LONG * RANGE WARNING RADAR

Tuning in for Victory

By Leslie Przybylek, Curator of History

Optimists who see a "silver lining in every cloud" are wondering whether the war of today presages some sensational development in radio as it did in the first World War.

- *The Pittsburgh Press*, November 13, 1941

In November 1941, *The Pittsburgh Press* recalled that Westinghouse's radio research for World War I paved the way for KDKA's milestone of national broadcasting that began November 2, 1920. Now, observed the *Press*, "Twenty-one years later Westinghouse radio production plants are working day and night turning out precision broadcasting and receiving sets for Uncle Sam."¹

Radio equipment was only part of Westinghouse's contribution to World War II. At the height of war production, the company employed more than 100,000 people and made 8,000 defense products. From massive turbines and ship generators to helmet liners and electric torpedoes, Westinghouse epitomized what company leaders called "the great drive of science and industry" to supply, fight, and win a new kind of war.² That effort also included communications technology: radio and radar devices that created a vast electronic network to keep enemies under surveillance and maintain contact between U.S. forces spread across land, air, and sea. A Westinghouse GP-7 radio transmitter and tuning unit, on loan from the Smithsonian Institution's National Air and Space Museum and on display in *We Can Do It! WWII*, symbolizes the role of Westinghouse's Radio Division during the war. One of more than 12,000 GP radio units Westinghouse produced for the U.S. Navy

through 1944, the transmitter enabled communication between navy ships and aircraft, including the navy's Douglas SBD Dauntless, a carrier-based dive-bomber that devastated Japanese forces during the Battle of Midway.³

Westinghouse's Radio Division also epitomized the logistical pragmatism that earned the company lasting commitments from federal contractors. Before the war, Westinghouse split radio development between offices in Pittsburgh; Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts; and Baltimore. As demand for military electronics increased, officials in Pittsburgh recognized that members of the Baltimore office had become key radio experts for the U.S. Navy. The company centralized radio operations there, moving about 250 employees from Massachusetts and Pittsburgh to Maryland. The Radio Division's proximity to Washington, D.C., eventually made it Westinghouse's primary Defense Division facility.⁴ Another report suggested the reorganization was spurred by Westinghouse's knowledge of ongoing military radar research and the potential of large federal contracts.⁵ Pittsburgher Walter Evans, acting as general manager for the Baltimore plant, observed in 1941 that it became "almost a 100 per cent defense factory."⁶ He noted: "Our employment roster is five times as large as it was only two years ago."⁷

It wasn't enough. Navy demands for radio equipment eventually outstripped Baltimore's production capacity. Westinghouse again reached out nationally, establishing radio facilities in Landsdowne, Maryland; Sunbury, Pennsylvania; Springfield, Massachusetts; and Mansfield, Ohio. Between 1939 and 1945, employment in the Radio Division jumped from 500 to 6,000; plant area expanded nationwide from 60,000-square-feet to 925,000-square-feet.⁸

While the GP-7 transmitter exemplified Westinghouse's importance to the navy, the Radio Division also made a legendary contribution to the U.S. Army. As early as 1933, Westinghouse electronics engineers experimented with radio signals beamed from the company's Research Laboratories in Forest Hills to the East Pittsburgh works. Similar to German and U.S. military experiments, they detected road traffic moving between the facilities by observing how signals were interrupted. These tests demonstrated the idea behind radar: the detection of objects through the reflection of radio sound waves. At the same time, experiments in radio waves and object detection were being spearheaded by the U.S. Army Signal Corps Research Laboratory at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. By 1939, the Westinghouse Radio Division, working with Fort Monmouth, manufactured the U.S. Army's first standardized radar system, known as SCR-270 / 271.⁹ By 1941, the Radio Division in Baltimore had constructed 108 of these units. Four, all portable SCR-270 models, were sent to Hawaii.¹⁰

At 7:02 a.m. on December 7, 1941, soldiers operating one of these units at a U.S. Army Signal Corps radar training station at Opana Point, Oahu, picked up the "largest blip" they'd ever seen. They notified their superiors.¹¹ But radar was new; few army personnel had trained in it. There was little precedent for predicting an attack. Skepticism greeted the warning. Perhaps planes were coming from the *USS Saratoga*? Perhaps B-17s were approaching from the mainland? Regardless, the report was not passed forward. Fifty-five minutes later, Japanese planes attacked Pearl Harbor. Historians will long debate whether the warning truly would have



The GP-7 radio transmitter was used to communicate with the U.S. Navy's carrier-based Douglas Dauntless dive bomber. Here, a Dauntless from the USS *Yorktown's* bombing squadron VB-5 flies over Wake Island in October 1943.
National Archives and Records Administration.

helped, but for Westinghouse it was a crucial milestone: the SCR-270 successfully detected incoming enemy planes. An experimental technology had come of age.

As World War II progressed, demands for radar and radio equipment continued to expand even as people began envisioning new uses for them after the war. Eventually, Westinghouse's Radio Division focused on radar. Be fitting this shift, by February 1945 the Division reorganized again. Home radio production went to Sunbury, Pennsylvania. The Baltimore office gained a title that looked to the future: Industrial Electronics.¹² So the Radio Division name carried by the GP-7 radio transmitter now on display in *We Can Do It! WWII* lasted only about five years, from around 1940 to 1945. But during that period, it epitomized Westinghouse's leading role in naval aviation communications and pointed the way toward new technology that would engage the company into the Atomic Age.



The Westinghouse GP-7 radio tuning unit and transmitter on display in *We Can Do It! WWII*.
Smithsonian Institution's National Air and Space Museum. Photo by Rachel Lynn Schoen.

¹ Si Steinhauser, "War Puts Radio to New Test," *The Pittsburgh Press*, November 13, 1941.

² David O. Woodbury, *Battlefronts of Industry, Westinghouse in World War II* (New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1948), 2.

³ *Westinghouse in World War II*, Radio and X-Ray Divisions, Book 1, October 1946, p. 45, HHC Detre L&A, MSS 424, Box 216, Folder 1.

⁴ Woodbury, *Battlefronts*, 95-96.

⁵ John M. Hightower, "Secret Super Weapon: Mass Production of Radar Brought Electronics of Age," AP article *Ellensburg (Washington) Daily Record*, June 26, 1943.

⁶ Steinhauser, "War Puts Radio to New Test," *Pittsburgh Press*, November 13, 1941.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ *Westinghouse in World War II*, Radio and X-Ray, p. 2.

⁹ Ibid., 101.

¹⁰ Ibid.; Eric Siegel, "Museum to exhibit type of radar used during attack on Pearl Harbor," *The Baltimore Sun*, December 3, 1991, accessed August 5, 2015: http://articles.baltimoresun.com/1991-12-03/features/1991337100_1_attack-on-pearl-radar-system-pearl-harbor.

¹¹ *Westinghouse in World War II*, Radio and X-Ray, p. 5; Woodbury, *Battlefronts*, 104-105; Siegel, "Museum to exhibit type of radar"; and Floyd Hertweck (Staff Historian, CECOM LCMC), "'It was the largest blip I'd ever seen': Fort Monmouth Radar System Warned of Pearl Harbor Attack," article originally published in the *CERDEC Monthly View* (July 2009), accessed August 5, 2015: http://cecom.army.mil/historian/pubArtifacts/Articles/2010-01-01_0900-FILE-CERDEC%20Monthly%20View%20July%202009%20-%20SCR%20270.pdf. The drawing of the original radar plot made with the readings from the Opana Point Detector Station, now part of the collection of the National Archives and Record Administration, can be viewed online, accessed August 5, 2015: <http://www.archives.gov/legislative/features/day-of-infamy/> and <http://www.archives.gov/legislative/images/pearl-harbor-radar-plot.jpg>.

¹² "Westinghouse Radio Divisions Renamed," *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, February 22, 1945.

UP FRONT



WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA SPORTS MUSEUM

By Anne Madarasz, Vice President Museum
Exhibits and Collections/Co-Director WPSM

On Course

This region is home to the nation's oldest surviving continuously played golf course. Established by Joseph Fox in 1887, the Foxburg Country Club and Golf Course celebrates its 130th anniversary next year. Nestled near the Allegheny River about 60 miles northeast of Pittsburgh, this USGA course has welcomed competitors to its narrow, but challenging fairways for more than a century. However, a different kind of golf recently attracted hundreds of athletes from around the world to Pittsburgh—they came to compete in the Professional Disc Golf World Championships.

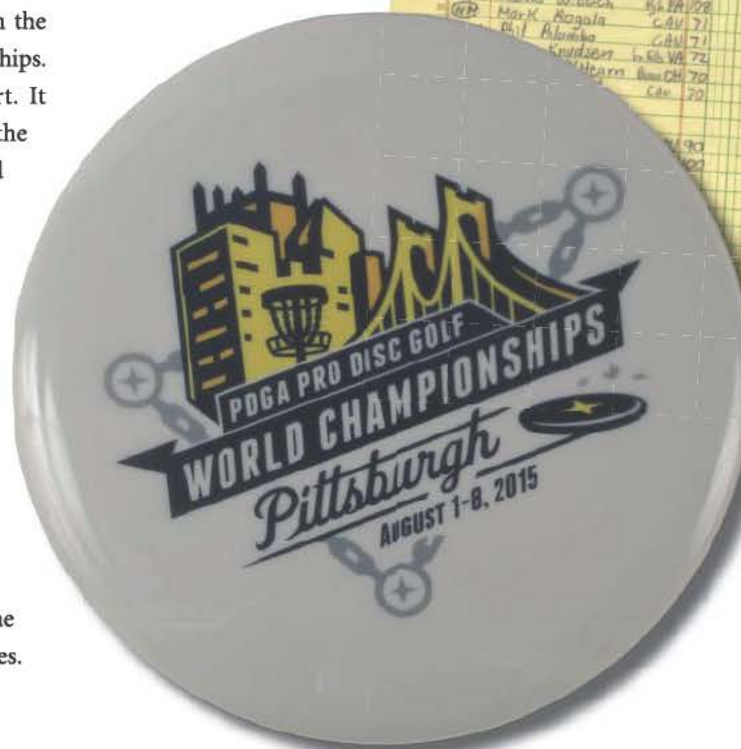
Disc golf is a relatively new sport. It traces its history to the evolution of the Frisbee, from a metal pie pan tossed for fun on college campuses in the 1930s and '40s, to the hard plastic discs made possible by advances in technology in the 1950s. A southern Californian, Fred Morrison, designed the first plastic "flying saucer," and he later sold his design to Wham-O, which renamed the toy a Frisbee. Popular for beach and outdoor play, the Frisbee also inspired competitive games that included throwing for distance and accuracy. The sport of disc golf grew out of these games.

Score card from the
first PDGA tournament
in Frick Park, 1984.
HMC Detrol L&A, gift of Steve Kohman.

RESULTS OF THE PDGA PRO TOUR TOURNAMENT IN
FRICK PARK
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Date: 4/20/84
Tournament By: [blank]
Place: [blank]

RANK	PDGA#	Name	Round 1	Round 2	Round 3	Round 4	Total	Prize \$
1	11749	Steve Kohman	61	60	62	56	239	100
2	1700	Johnny Sias	60	60	62	56	238	75
3	1914	Dave Griffith	64	55	62	56	237	60
4	969	Dave Griffith	64	55	62	56	237	60
5	1413	Don Thassan	64	60	60	56	240	55
6	1255	Bob Hays	62	60	60	60	242	50
7	294	Bob O. Clark	62	63	61	60	246	45
8	2463	Don Robillard	62	63	61	60	246	45
9	553	H. O. Clark	66	61	61	61	249	40
10	2734	J. Gary Dropke	66	61	61	61	249	40
11	2224	Dave Blumstein	61	64	64	66	255	35
12	2416	Ed Haller	65	64	62	63	254	30
13	1157	Steve Hatal	64	64	69	63	260	25
14	1969	Jeff Spasat	64	64	66	63	257	25
15	1060	Red Whittington	67	65	66	63	261	20
16	165	Jim Housers	67	61	66	66	260	20
17	2718	Don Barred	64	68	64	64	260	20
18	1039	Steve Cull	65	66	67	64	262	20
19	352	Donk Williamson	66	66	61	66	259	20
20	2556	Kerry McDaniell	70	70	70	70	280	15
21	2720	Jim Hay	65	67	67	67	266	15
22	2753	Steve Smyth	67	65	68	67	267	15
23	1792	Joe Adams	72	72	74	74	292	10
24	2884	Steve Orlando	72	72	74	74	292	10
25	1792	Joe Adams	72	72	74	74	292	10
26	2720	Jim Hay	65	67	67	67	266	15
27	2753	Steve Smyth	67	65	68	67	267	15
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49	2884	Steve Orlando	72	72	74	74	292	10
50	1792	Joe Adams	72	72	74	74	292	10



Disc from the 2015
PDGA Pro Disc Golf
World Championships
held in Pittsburgh.
HMC Collections, gift of Pittsburgh
Flying Disc Society, 2015.55.1. Photo by
Nicola Hayduk.

Red Whittington trading card, 1993.
HHC Collections, gift of Red Whittington, 2015.54.1. Photo by Nicole Hayduk.

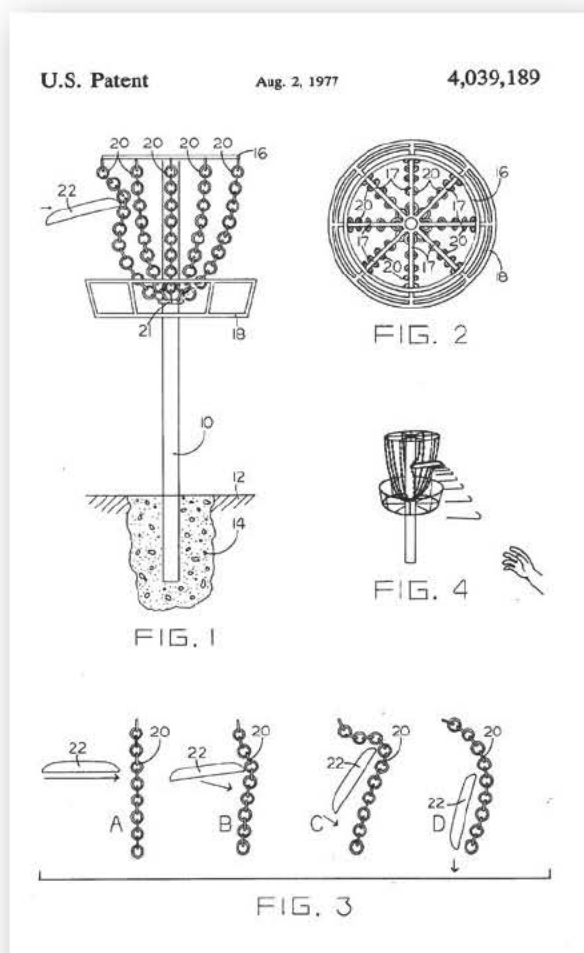
marketing director, later hired the tournament's winner, Dan Roddick, to head the company's new Sports Promotion Department. With Roddick's leadership the sport gained visibility, and with "Steady" Ed Headrick, it evolved into the form that is played today.

Headrick left Wham-O to found his own company, the Disc Golf Association, and in 1977 he patented a disc golf catching device he called the "Pole Hole." This addition turned a back yard game into a formalized sport. Players compete on a "golf" course by throwing their disc into the pole hole target with the goal of having the fewest possible throws. More than 23,000 active PDGA members now compete in 1,500 sanctioned events on almost 5,000 permanent disc golf courses around the world.

The sport of disc golf took off in this region about a century after the Foxburg Golf Club opened, with the first sanctioned PDGA tournament held at Frick Park in 1984. The winner, Steve Kohman, went on to design the region's first 18-hole course at Schenley Park with Keith Clark, Red Whittington, and John David. Whittington, a Pittsburgh native who still competes at the Masters level, has won state, national, Can-Am, and World Championships. Along with hundreds of others, he took part in the World Championship matches played here in August, bringing this new kind of golf to a regional audience.



Steven T. Kohman trading card, 1993.
HHC Collections, gift of Steve Kohman.



Ed Headrick's patent drawing for the Pole Hole helped to formalize the game.
US Patent 4039189 for a "Flying disc entrapment device."



THOMAS & KATHERINE DETRE LIBRARY & ARCHIVES TREASURES

By Sierra Green, Archivist

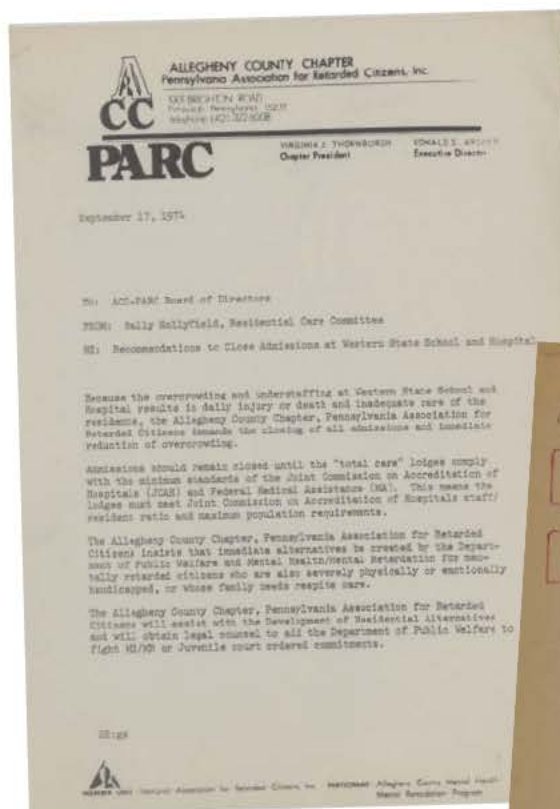
Western Pennsylvania's Disability Advocacy Movement

In powerful and profound ways, the archival records of human rights advocates stand as essential evidence of their efforts to affect positive change in society. The letters, notes, reports, photographs, and news articles are all part of a path into the heart and history of a movement. The History Center's Detre Library & Archives holds one such collection, generated by a small but dedicated group of local advocates. The records of the Allegheny County Chapter of the Pennsylvania Association for Retarded Children (ACC-PARC) vividly capture a watershed moment in Western Pennsylvania's Disability Advocacy Movement.

First formed in 1951, the ACC-PARC (today known as Arc of Greater Pittsburgh) was a grassroots organization primarily comprised of the parents of people with disabilities. With the mission to promote and advocate for the welfare of people with disabilities, the ACC-PARC spearheaded initiatives and services to assist the intellectually disabled and their families. These included educational and vocational training, diagnostic clinic support, community centers, ongoing research and advocacy, counseling, and recreational activities.

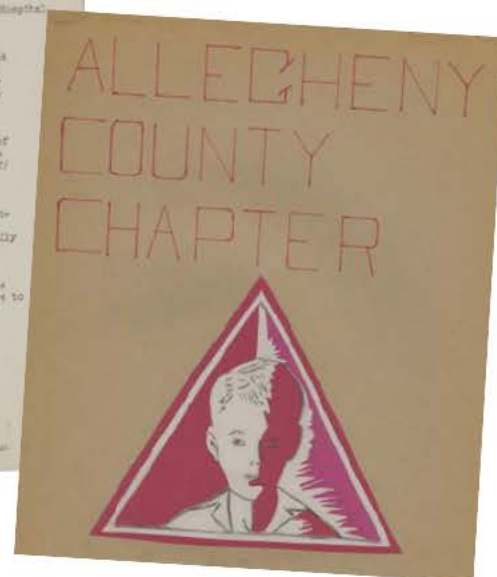
In the early 1970s, a core group of ACC-PARC members began to investigate and expose human rights injustices suffered

by people with disabilities who were living in state-administered and state-funded institutions. Working closely with ACC-PARC staff members Bob Nelkin and Chuck Peters, they made both announced and unannounced visits to care facilities. Among the core visitation team members were parent advocates Barbara Sistik, Jean Isherwood, and Ginny Thornburgh, wife of soon-to-be Pennsylvania Governor Dick Thornburgh. Reacting to leads and reports made by internal medical staff and the parents of residents, ACC-PARC visitation team members investigated the residents' living conditions as well as the facility's staff, sanitary conditions, disciplinary practices, and treatment strategies. Throughout the course of their visits, the teams discovered and documented evidence of institutions that used straitjackets, restraints, isolation rooms, cages, and cattle prods, all violating the residents' human rights.



Left:
These recommendations by ACC-PARC advocate the ending of further admissions to WSSH.
HHC Detre L&A, MSS.1002.803.005.

Below:
The ACC-PARC logo is found on one of the organization's scrapbooks from 1966.
HHC Detre L&A, MSS.1002.803.004.



During this time, ACC-PARC members advocated for the rights of residents at multiple institutions in the region, including the Western State School and Hospital (WSSH) and the Polk Center. In the case of the WSSH, a Joint Visitation Team was formed of ACC-PARC members and representatives from the WSSH Parent's Group and Board of Trustees. Among the team's chief responsibilities was to document and critically analyze the disturbing effects of the institution's overcrowded conditions and chronic understaffing. Visitation team members found that these two troubling factors contributed to negligence, malnourishment, inferior medical care, a lack of programming, and mistreatment of those people living at WSSH. The visitation team members further discovered a disturbing correlation between these deficiencies and


recent deaths of WSSH residents. Following each visit, team members compiled and maintained formalized notes and reports that documented their observations. These documentary records and the alarming evidence contained within them became the crucial foundation upon which the ACC-PARC would build public awareness in order to advocate for change.

With their thoroughly recorded observations in hand, ACC-PARC members undertook a campaign to expose the distressing inadequacies at residential care facilities in the region. At the core of their strategy was engaging key change agents in conversation such as local government legislators, the Pennsylvania Department of Public Welfare (today known as the Department of Human Services), and members of the local media. In clearly and consistently articulating the deplorable living conditions they discovered, ACC-PARC members worked towards effecting legislative change that would either institute reform in resident care and facility staffing or terminate inadequate care facilities.

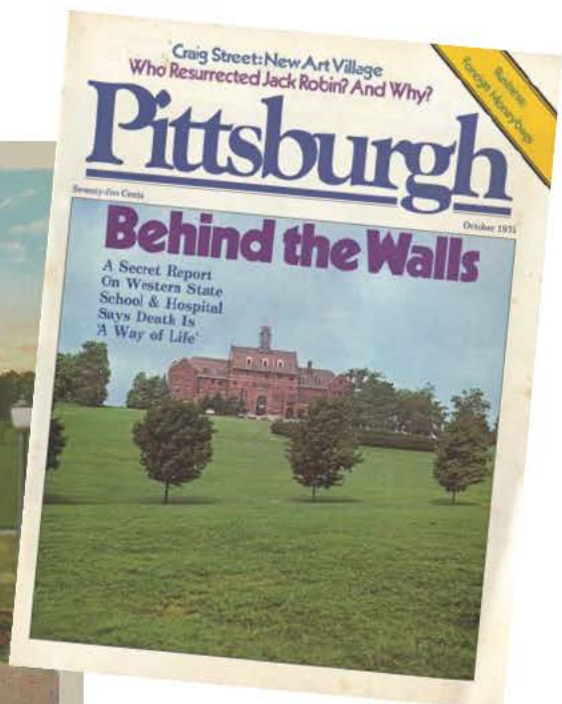
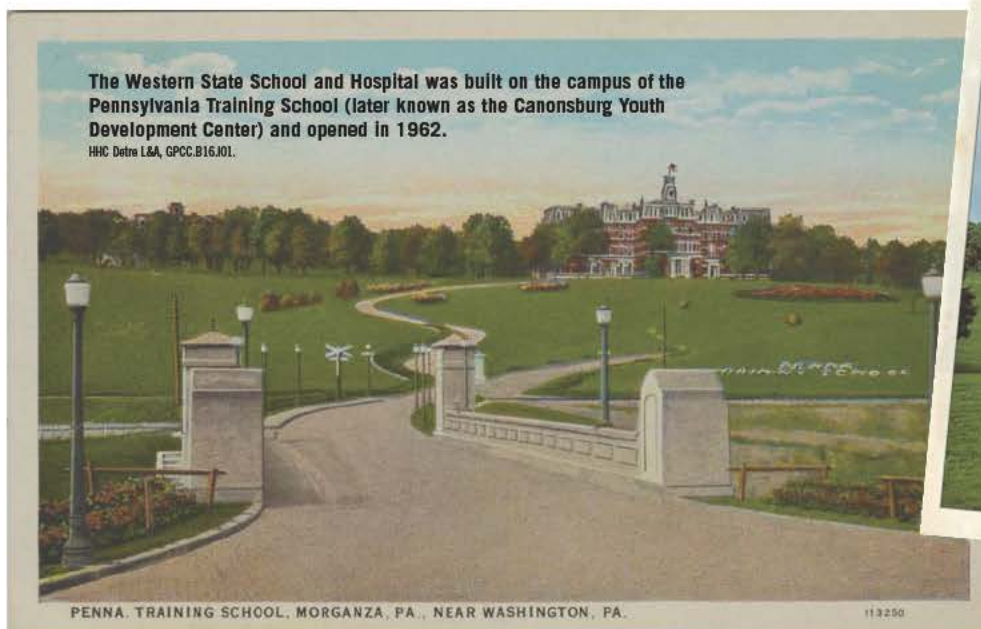
In the case of WSSH, the ACC-PARC worked with local media outlets in order to raise awareness concerning the recent deaths of WSSH residents. ACC-PARC also advocated strongly along with local elected officials for the release of reports by the state's Department of Public Welfare that formally and critically assessed WSSH's living conditions and quality of care. These reports were released as a result of their efforts in late October 1975. The advocacy efforts of the visitation team also led to the emergency appropriation of funds to the WSSH and other state-run institutions in 1975. While continuing to lobby the state's Department of Public Welfare to address their concerns, ACC-PARC also tenaciously engaged in legal battles in order to stymie any court attempts to admit new residents to the already overcrowded institution.

Sadly, concerns about the quality of life of those people residing at WSSH persisted. While continuing to witness and report the rights violations at the WSSH and other local institutions, ACC-PARC members expanded their

advocacy efforts in order to more strongly emphasize the right of the intellectually disabled to live and thrive in a community-based living environment. The ACC-PARC pushed for real reform by engaging state employees, partner advocates, and the general public in conversations about the benefits of community living arrangements.

Those interested in exploring the history of the local Disability Advocacy Movement further are encouraged to visit the website, *From Wrongs to Rights*, at <https://uwac.omeka.net>. Sponsored by ACHIEVA and the United Way of Allegheny County, this online project features more than 800 pages of digitized primary source documents from this collection. In addition, the original records in this collection are open for research at the Detre Library & Archives. 

Pittsburgh Magazine featured an article in 1975 on the deplorable living conditions at WSSH and human rights violations endured by people with disabilities residing there.
HHC Detre L&A, MSS.1002.B03.003 with permission of *Pittsburgh Magazine*.



UP FRONT



NEIGHBORHOOD STORIES

By Bette McDevitt

Cedar Avenue, North Side

The double house on the corner of Cedar Avenue and Foreland Street, facing Allegheny Commons on the North Side, has been through a lot in 175 years: home to large families and boarders, but also operating as an undertaking business and a grocery store. Now the two houses are being totally renovated and will become one. This good fortune came about through a series of events, beginning with the worst power blackout in U.S. history.

On August 14, 2003, in “a blink-of-the-eye second” as one official called it, the grid that distributes electricity to the eastern United States became overloaded. As circuit breakers tripped in a cascading pattern, millions of people were instantly without power. While the blackouts rolled west from New York and took out Erie, Akron, and Cleveland, they stopped short of Pittsburgh. Southwestern Pennsylvania was spared largely because it is on a different power transmission system and its equipment knew when to shut itself off. That blackout prompted Congress to adopt national reliability standards, and Duquesne Light put together a plan to upgrade its portion of the national grid.

This brings us to a vault beneath part of Allegheny Commons, across the street from the houses 726 and 728 Cedar



The mortar Chris uses to repoint is lime-rich, protecting the original soft bricks from damage.

Photo by Bette McDevitt.



Temporary braces ensure that the entire wall gets pulled into vertical alignment as the bolts are tightened.
Photo by Chris Gates.

Avenue. The vault was built in 1977 and is part of an underground transmission line. In 2007, Duquesne Light planned to install a cooling substation within the vault as part of the upgrade. The engineers determined that the electronic parts of the substation would have to be above ground for protection from weather conditions. Duquesne Light considered several locations, including above the existing vault in the park, a nearby church parking lot, and a school parking lot. All options were rejected by the community as well as by the company for aesthetic or practical reasons.

Now comes the good part. The company spotted the two vacant houses across the street with a garage in the backyard. Duquesne Light purchased the property in 2010, demolished the garage, and built the needed structure in the back one third of the property. Bob Baumbach, an architect who lives and has his office space in the neighborhood, designed the handsome brick building in the style of a carriage house. Duquesne Light gave the houses and funds to stabilize them to the East Allegheny Community Council, which has partnered in restoring many houses in the neighborhood.

At that time in 2012, Chris Gates and his partner, Stephen Pascal, of New York City, were planning to move to Pittsburgh. New York, Chris said, was becoming a “cement canyon.” “We came,” said Chris, “to look at another house on the North Side, with a realtor, but it didn’t suit. The realtor suggested we meet with Nick Kyriazi, a preservationist who lives in the neighborhood, Nick showed us the double house, which he indicated might be beyond repair, and I said ‘You’re going to tear this down? This is my dream house. We can combine the two houses, and have four rooms

UP FRONT



up and four rooms down. It faces the park, it's on the corner, and we can have a backyard.”

While renovating the double house, they lodged at 720 Cedar Avenue, although Stephen is still working as a writer and editor in New York City. “We are going to preserve everything we can, including the plaster and lathe walls,” said Chris. “We’ll add what’s needed, such as closets. The house is properly set up for what we want it to be.” Chris, who had a career as a dancer and musician, has become an expert at reusing lime plaster, which involves using his feet, properly shod, to push large chunks of plaster through a metal grate, into an old bathtub. “It is a process commonly used in Europe; the old lime bonds with new lime in the mortar—part cement and part lime—and self-repairs.” The lime plaster is much kinder to the bricks, less brittle than mortar used by itself.

The restoration is in its early stages, but the house is already creating a stir. The seven metal stars on the front and four on the side of the house are more than just a decoration; they have saved the house from collapsing. The stars are attached to bolts that run through the floor joists and have pulled the supporting walls inward. Before Rick Horn, a contractor, put in the stars with help from Chris, one wall had bulged outward five inches.

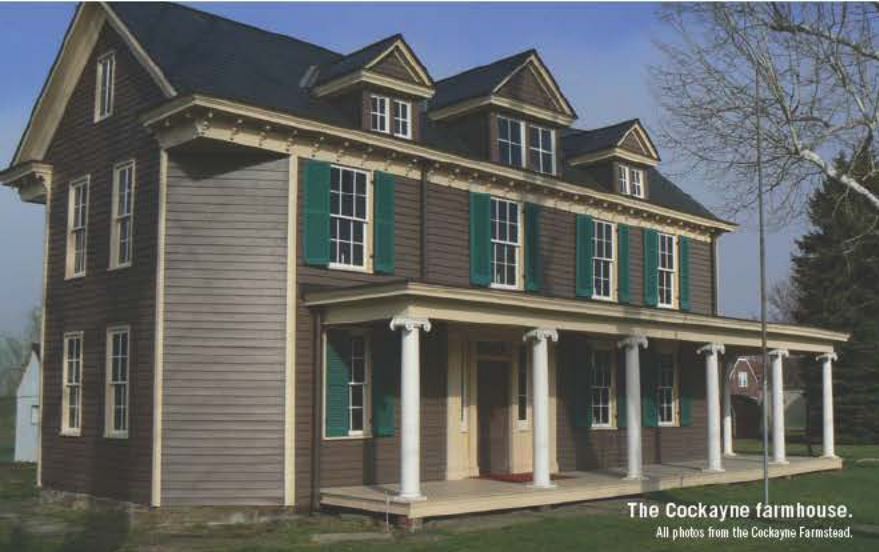
It’s not all sweat and hard work; Chris put flower boxes in on the front and side of the houses. “The flowers are just growing everywhere, spilling out on to the sidewalk,” said Chris. That makes him and his neighbors very happy. 🌻

Bette McDevitt is a freelance writer and longtime contributor to *Western Pennsylvania History*.



Stephen demolishes one of the property's later alterations, an oversized 20th-century concrete stoop.

Photo by Chris Gates.



The Cockayne farmhouse.
All photos from the Cockayne Farmstead.



The burial mound that was originally part of Mr. Cockayne's farm.

The Cockayne Farmstead

- The Cockayne Farmstead, consisting of a c. 1850 farmhouse and its artifacts, are all that remain of a sprawling and vibrant 303-acre farm located in Glen Dale, West Virginia, 70 miles southwest of Pittsburgh. The home was built in 1850 by Bennett Cockayne, the father of Samuel A.J. Cockayne, who raised Merino sheep.
- The farmstead, originally named the Glen Dale Farm, is named for Samuel A.J. Cockayne, who prospered in the 19th century as an internationally recognized producer of Merino wool. Merinos are prized for producing the highest grade wool of any sheep. Samuel Cockayne sold his wool and sheep as far away as Australia, utilizing the farm's position on the Ohio River and near the railroad line to transport his goods. For his expertise and dedication to his trade, he was awarded a Bronze Medal at the 1876 Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.
- Located directly across from John Marshall High School in Glen Dale, the one-half-acre farmstead is an educational institution dedicated to preserving the memory of the region's rich cultural and economic heritage. Its mission is to create an educational and cultural center from a unique historic property that will nurture individual creativity and artistic expression, and to encourage the development of leadership skills and community pride through the rich cultural heritage of West Virginia.
- The artifact collection, meticulously cataloged under the guidance of Jim Mitchell from the West Virginia State Museum, consists of an eclectic mix of artwork, clothing, furnishings, jewelry, magazines, tools, and toys. The farmstead also boasts more than 14,000 primary source documents dating from 1775, most pertaining to the mid-19th and early 20th centuries.
- Through the untiring efforts of Marshall County and the West Virginia Historical Society, the Cockayne Farmstead was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 2002.
- In 2010, the farmstead was reunited with a smaller structure and a prehistoric Indian burial mound, both of which had been part of Mr. Cockayne's original farm. The mound dates to the Adena Culture and it has been authenticated but never excavated.
- The Cockayne Historic Preservation Committee promotes awareness of the farmstead through community involvement, education, preservation, and special celebrations.
- The museum is open Monday through Friday from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. and also by appointment.
- The Cockayne Farmstead is located at 1111 Wheeling Avenue, Glen Dale, West Virginia, 26038. For additional information, please visit www.cockaynefarm.com or contact them at cockaynehouse@gmail.com or (304) 845-1411. The Cockayne Historic Preservation Committee and Marshall County Historical Society can be reached at PO Box 267, Moundsville, WV 26041, or on Facebook at Cockayne Farm Historic Preservation Project.

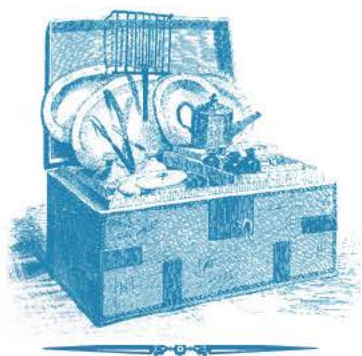


Table setting in the farmhouse's dining room.

The History Center Affiliates Program, HCAP, is a membership-based network that allows local and regional historical societies and museums access to museum professionals and best practice standards through the Senator John Heinz History Center.

To learn more about HCAP or to apply for membership for your organization, please contact Robert O. Stakeley, Educator, at rostakeley@heinzhistorycenter.org or (412) 454-6359.





CURATOR'S CORNER

By Emily Ruby, Curator

Joseph Modispacher

The ability to detect whether or not someone is telling a lie is a vital tool for law enforcement. The lie detector, or polygraph machine, has its roots in the early 1900s when changes in a subject's blood pressure were used to determine truthfulness. John Larson, a police officer in Berkeley, California, coined the term polygraph in 1920 when he invented a machine that tested both breathing and blood pressure. The term referred to the "many writings"

or various methods of measurement used in this system as opposed to just blood pressure. When a polygraph examination became part of the evidence in a 1923 court case, the case was appealed all the way to the Supreme Court, which ruled that the scientific evidence did not yet support polygraph results as valid evidence. This ruling was later upheld in a 1998 Supreme Court case as well.

Despite these rulings, investigators continued to use the machines to procure confessions and aid in investigations. For



Above:
Modispacher at work with a polygraph machine.
HHC Collections, 2011.127.A15 a-g.



Left:
Polygraph machine, 1948.
This is an example of an early lie detector test that measured only blood pressure and heart rate. Modispacher never used this machine during his time on the force but donated it to the Pittsburgh Police Historical Association before its collection was donated to the History Center.
HHC Collections, 2011.127.A15 a-g.

many years the Pittsburgh Police used the county examiner to conduct tests; he also ran polygraph tests for attorneys, corporations, and even private couples. Starting in 1966, the Pittsburgh Police decided to have its own trained polygraph examiner on staff and sent Detective Joseph Modispacher, who had been with the force since 1955, to be trained in Chicago. In his first case using the machine he discovered that a rash of fires at a local hospital was set by a nurse's aide who craved the attention of saving the day when she "discovered" the fires.

Each test took about two to three hours to complete. Modispacher familiarized himself with the case and then interviewed the suspect to determine if they had any medical issues. He then stated all the questions that would be asked: four "hot" and four "spacers." These questions were asked several times and in different orders. Modispacher claimed that in his experience the tests were 97 to 98 percent accurate.

For 10 years, Modispacher served as the sole staff polygraph examiner for the



Stoelting Deceptograph, 1966.

Stoelting Company of Chicago, which had produced polygraph machines since 1935, made this Deceptograph. It recorded blood pressure, heart rate, respiration, and electrical skin resistance among other things. All instruments came packaged in an aluminum Halliburton case. The police bought this machine for \$2,000 and used it for 10 years before Modispacher took it home to use for extra parts. He never took it apart and donated the machine to the History Center in 2011.

HHC Collections, 2011.135.2 a-c.

Pittsburgh Police, conducting more than 3,500 tests. In 1976 the police sent two more detectives for polygraph training and they joined Modispacher in his investigations, although he remained the lead examiner. Modispacher retired from the force in 1988 as a Detective Sergeant but continued to conduct polygraph exams for local attorneys and corporations. In a 1994 interview with the *New Castle News*, Modispacher claimed that although the tests were not admissible as evidence, they were “a tool used specifically to eliminate people. It’s used for investigation purposes.”

In 2011, the Pittsburgh Police Historical Association donated its collection to the History Center. That same year, Joseph Modispacher also made a donation of his personal collection to us. Included in both donations were examples of polygraph machines.

Newspaper article about the man behind the Deceptograph, July 16, 1966.

HHC Detrol L&A.

Modispacher's Pittsburgh Police badge.

HHC Collections, 2011.135.5.



Device Catches You Just Thinking A Lie

City's 'Deceptograph' Proves Trap For Any Verbal, Mental Dishonesty

By CHARLES DURDEN

Lying just isn't what it used to be.

Not, at any rate, in the Pittsburgh Police Detective Bureau, where they have a new device called a "deceptograph". But a lie detector by any other name is still a lie detector.

This one is unbelievably sophisticated.

City Detective Joseph Modispacher is the man behind the machine. Despite the newness of his job and the deceptograph, he has already tested four suspects.



When Mr. Modispacher finishes strapping a person in the chair by means of several gadgets and gizmos, the police are set to determine his honesty.

Unfortunately, for some, a lie doesn't have to be

just thinks a lie the traps with erratic

the graph paper.

marks, similar to

the n-wall art

the key to the sus-

reveals Lies

near a being disov-

consideration in detest-

a simple warm-up test

the machine, Mr. Modispacher instructed a volunteer

on a card he had picked from a small stack.

After connecting the machine to the volunteer, Mr. Modispacher asked six questions three of which were "did you pick number 16"? The others, alternately interspersed, concerned other numbers.

He switched off the machine and pointed to the graph—it showed when the participant had lied.

While this machine isn't foolproof the chances of beating or cheating the test are near zero, the detective-operator contended.

Near Perfect

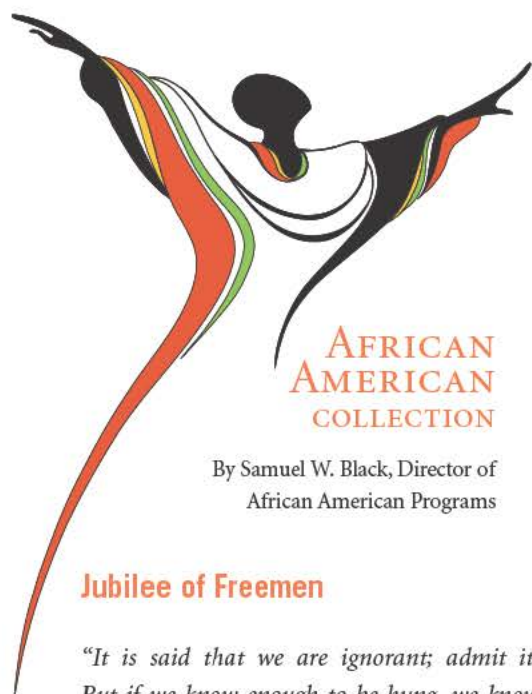
"Given a perfect machine and a perfect operator," he said, "you can have a perfect test most of the time."

The deceptograph, installed about one month ago, cost the City \$2000.

Assistant Superintendent of Police Eugene Coon called the deceptograph "another step in using scientific detection methods."

"It benefits the innocent and all the tests are strictly voluntary."

Mr. Modispacher said the test results are not admissible in court, either for or against the defendant.



By Samuel W. Black, Director of
African American Programs

Jubilee of Freemen

"It is said that we are ignorant; admit it. But if we know enough to be hung, we know enough to vote. If the Negro knows enough to pay taxes to support government, he knows enough to vote; taxation and representation should go together. If he knows enough to shoulder a musket and fight for the flag for the government, he knows enough to vote.... What I ask for the Negro is not benevolence, not pity, not sympathy, but simply justice."

~Frederick Douglass, 1865

One of the most important episodes of American history was the culmination of the Civil War and the ratification of the 15th Amendment to grant voting rights to African American males in Pennsylvania and throughout the nation. At no time in U.S. history has such a large number of people had their status transitioned almost overnight. This newfound freedom resulted in a radical shift in democratic ideas nationally and internationally. For African Americans in Pittsburgh, the 15th Amendment was a long-time coming to receive justice and the restoration of a right that had been taken away 31 years earlier.

All men in Pennsylvania could vote until the new constitutional assembly of 1838. By

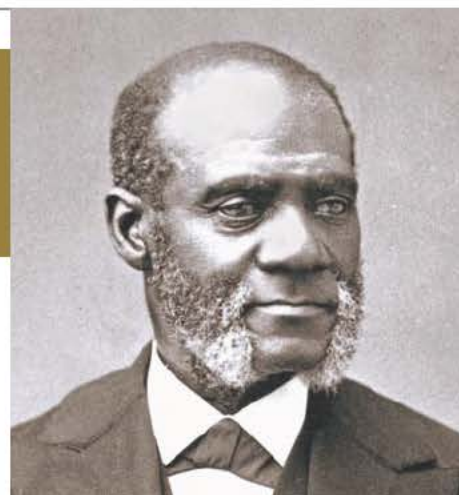
Henry Highland Garnet, founding pastor of Grace Memorial Presbyterian Church, Executive Committee member of the National Equal Rights League, and U.S. minister to Liberia.

University Library, University of North Carolina Chapel Hill.

1839, not even sympathetic legislators or the governor could prevent the mostly eastern but definitely rural legislators from stripping suffrage from Black men. Learned men such as Martin R. Delany, Lewis Woodson, Abraham D. Lewis, John B. Vashon, Halston Vashon, Samuel Bruce, George Parker, and John Peck had the skill, knowledge, and fortitude to serve in the legislature but after 1839 were stripped of their right to vote. Not until the ratification of the 15th Amendment would the right of suffrage be returned to Black men in Pennsylvania.

Between 1839 and 1870, a tumultuous struggle ensued for Pittsburgh African Americans around the issues of citizenship, freedom, and suffrage while still fighting slavery. In August 1843, most of the African American leaders in the region convened at the Allegheny County convention of colored men. They did not attend the national meeting in Buffalo, New York, that same month where Henry Highland Garnet gave his famous "Address to the Slaves of the United States of America." Instead of joining Garnet, Frederick Douglass, William Wells Brown, Charles Ray, Charles Lenox Remond, and hundreds more, Pittsburghers convened a meeting to discuss the suffrage issue and options for freedom that included migrating to an isolated and self-governed commune in rural Ohio.

Lewis Woodson was one of the proponents of this self-determined idea based on independent communities for African Americans. Lewis espoused that his "return to land" idea would provide "for greater liberty of movement and richer realization of living."¹ Woodson came to Pittsburgh in 1831 from

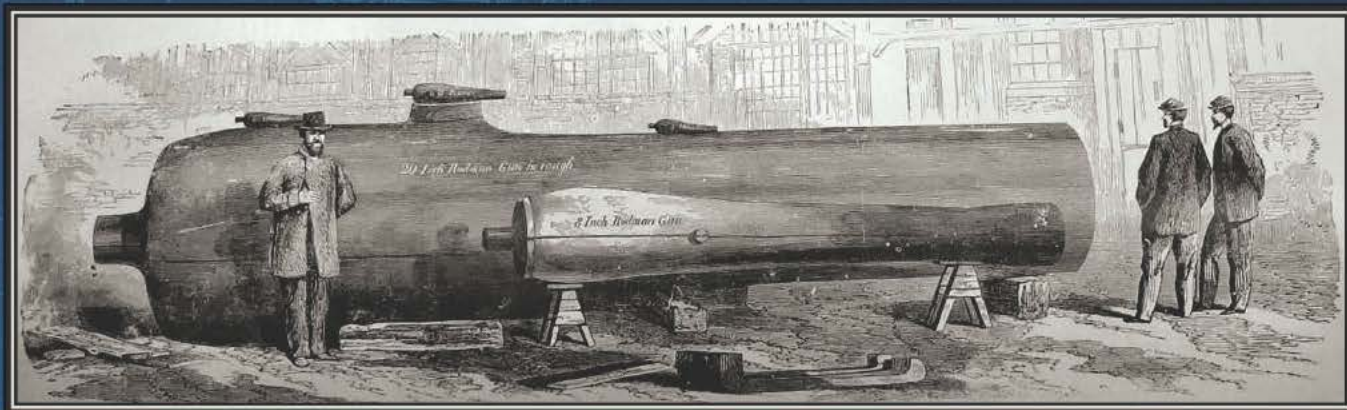


Chillicothe, Ohio, as a minister of the AME Church. He immediately began to organize the community in Pittsburgh, helping to form the Western Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, the African Education Society, the Moral Reform Society, and Temperance Society. He was a mentor to Martin R. Delany and helped lay the groundwork for activism in the African American community. The *Pittsburgh Memorial* listed 79 names of Allegheny County African American men, and Woodson was one of them.

In 1864, African American men convened in Syracuse, New York, to form the National Equal Rights League. Its first meeting held in Cleveland, Ohio, on September 19, 1865, further defined the mission of the organization and almost immediately began to organize state chapters. In Pennsylvania, the state chapter (PERL) was headed by William Nesbit of Altoona and George B. Vashon of Pittsburgh. One of the charges of the NERL was to use its state chapters to lobby legislatures and congressmen to ratify the 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments to the U.S. Constitution.²

Upon ratification of the 15th Amendment on February 3, 1870, Allegheny County members of the PERL set out to organize a parade. Called the Jubilee of Freemen, the event was quite possibly the first and largest parade by African Americans in the country. Dignitaries from politics, military, business,

19



RODMAN'S BIG GUN

By Andrew E. Masich

Above: Rodman stands beside the wooden models used to make sand molds for his 20-inch gun and smaller cannons cast at the Fort Pitt Foundry.

Marcus McLeMORE.

Right: Ordnance officer Major Thomas Jackson Rodman.

All images HRC unless noted.



The devastating explosion aboard the USS *Princeton* prompted Rodman to find a solution for casting large-caliber cannons that could withstand the immense pressure of being fired.

Library of Congress, LC-USZC2-3201



The largest cannon of the Civil War was a monstrous 20-inch caliber ship killer designed by Thomas Jackson Rodman—one of America's most innovative and productive ordnance experts. More than a decade after the war ended, the big gun was still a major attraction for the millions who attended the Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia. Cast at Pittsburgh's Fort Pitt Foundry in 1864, Rodman's Columbiad was a marvel of military engineering that epitomized the prodigious power of Union industry and influenced the cannons that followed.

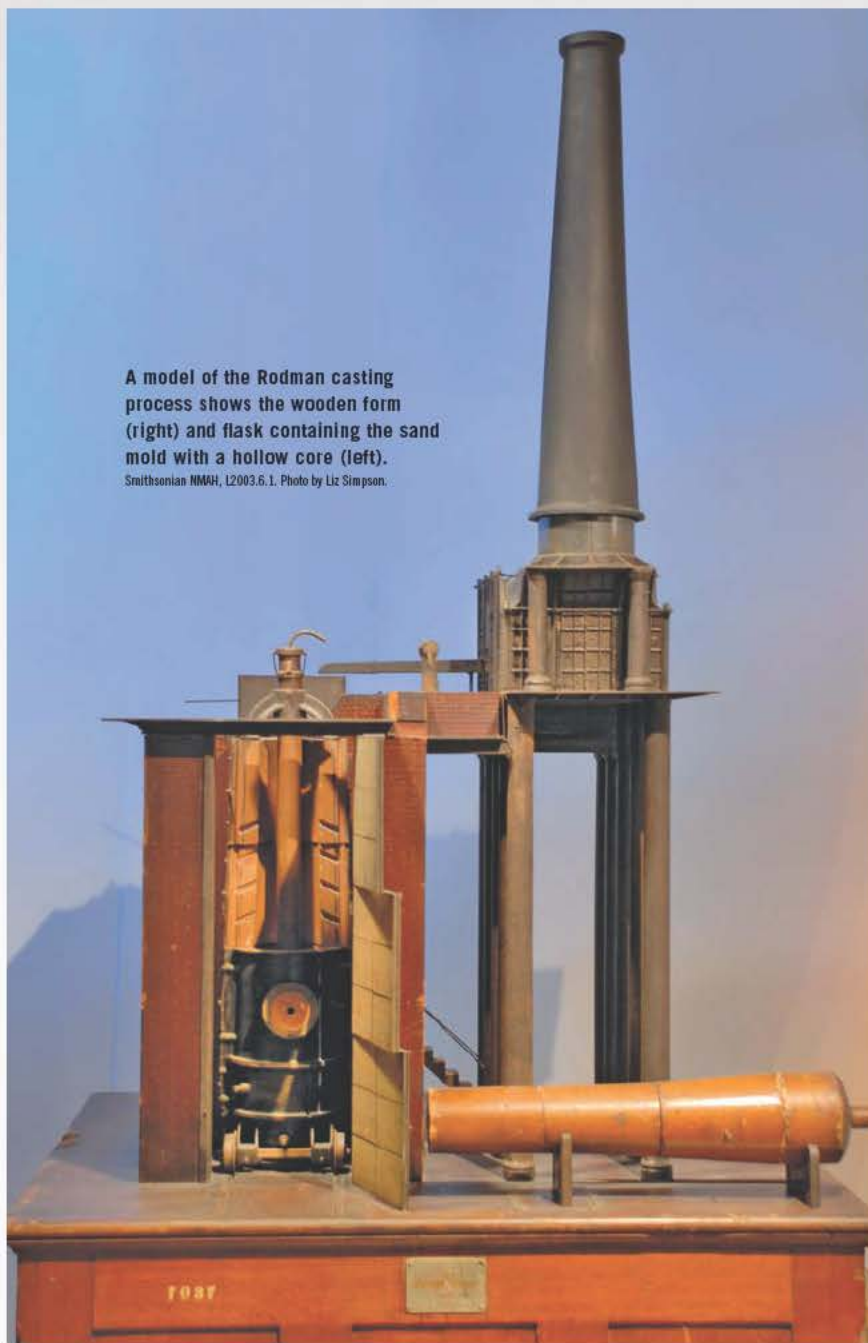
The genesis of Rodman's big gun and the generation of armament it inspired began well before the Civil War. Appropriately, its story begins with a bang—a tragic explosion that shook the confidence of the Ordnance Department and the nation. On the calm waters of the Potomac River, February 28, 1844, Commodore Robert Stockton hosted a who's who of Washington society to show off his pet project, the USS *Princeton*, the navy's most modern warship. Among the dignitaries on board were President John Tyler, Secretary of State Abel Upshur, Navy Secretary Thomas Gilmer, and Senator Thomas Hart Benton.

Even Dolley Madison, the much-admired former first lady, attended with her entourage.

The ship had been designed by John Ericsson, a brilliant naval engineer who also designed an innovative 12-inch wrought iron gun for the deck; he added hoops to its breech (back end) for added strength. However, during the three years the boat was being built, relations between Commodore Stockton and engineer Ericsson became strained. Stockton took over much of the project, even creating a second gun for the ship, dubbed the "Peacemaker"; unfortunately, not understanding the design

of the original, Stockton merely thickened the breech, forgoing Ericsson's hoops.¹

More than 400 guests swarmed the decks enjoying a sumptuous feast and a seemingly endless supply of champagne. The highlight of the pleasure cruise, however, featured the firing of the fleet's most powerful cannon. The gun was fired twice during the day, sending each shot on a two-mile arc and then glancing across the surface of the water. When it was ready a third time, the crowd broke from dinner and toasts below deck. As the ship passed by George Washington's Mount Vernon, the gun captain again pulled the



A model of the Rodman casting process shows the wooden form (right) and flask containing the sand mold with a hollow core (left).
 Smithsonian NMNH, L2003.6.1. Photo by Liz Simpson.

lanyard. There was the usual loud blast—in fact, somewhat less than before—but there was much more smoke, and when it cleared, the crowd was flattened from the concussion. Six people were dead and 20 more were wounded, some mortally. Stockton and other dazed and deafened survivors bled from their ears and noses. Uninjured officers and crewmen ran to the breech of the “Peacemaker” to find the gun blown to pieces, along with the closest of the

dignitaries. The beheaded and limbless bodies of Secretary Upshur, Secretary Gilmer, and others were mixed with bloody fragments of the burst gun. Even the father of the president’s fiancée was horribly mangled. Only by chance had President Tyler been out of harm’s way, buttonholed by a constituent and enjoying the music below decks; many had stuck near him too, though his valet, a slave named Armistead, was on deck and died soon after.²

As stunned Americans mourned their loss in the worst peacetime accident ever to befall the nation’s leaders, young Lieutenant Thomas J. Rodman, only three years out of West Point, determined to get to the root of the tragedy and make sure it could never happen again. Before the black crepe was removed from the public buildings across the country, Rodman turned his considerable talents to finding a solution to the problem of catastrophic failure in large caliber guns.

Recognizing that wrought iron and bronze cannon could not be manufactured to withstand the high pressures and consequent stresses demanded of warship cannons and Columbiads (America’s largest class of guns, introduced by Colonel George Bomford in 1811 for seacoast defense), Rodman turned his attention to cast iron. Though iron had been used to manufacture cannons for hundreds of years, the large caliber guns made of this material had a reputation for blowing up and killing their crews. Rodman, however, thought the fault lay not with the iron itself but the casting process. As a newly cast cannon cooled in its mold, it hardened from the outside, one layer at a time, until the molten core finally set up. The cooled gun was then laboriously bored to the desired caliber and finished on the outside. Raised rings known as “reinforces,” where the gun telescoped down from the thickest part of the breech to the narrowest part at the muzzle, were believed to strengthen the gun.

Rodman theorized that air cooling made the guns harder and denser on the outside and left them relatively soft and weak in the center where the greatest strength was really needed. During his tests he found that he could drive a cold chisel its entire length into the cast iron core as easily as if it were wood. He also discovered that the molecules of air-cooled iron aligned themselves under tension rather than compression. Guns cooled in this way were doomed to fail. Rodman determined to reverse the process by cooling the casting from

Rodman thought the fault lay not with the iron itself but the casting process.

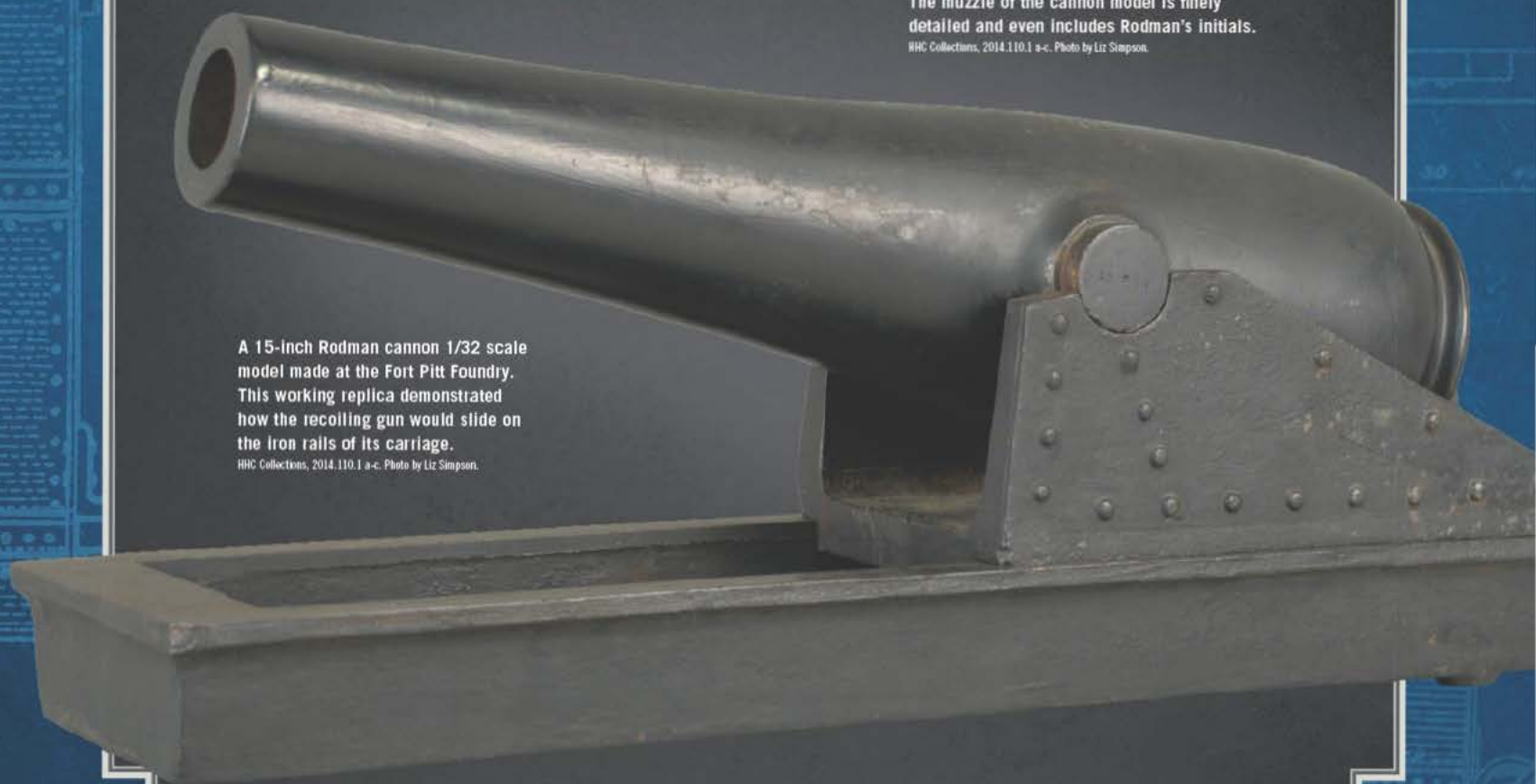


The muzzle of the cannon model is finely detailed and even includes Rodman's initials.

HHC Collections, 2014.110.1 a-c. Photo by Liz Simpson.

A 15-inch Rodman cannon 1/32 scale model made at the Fort Pitt Foundry. This working replica demonstrated how the recoiling gun would slide on the iron rails of its carriage.

HHC Collections, 2014.110.1 a-c. Photo by Liz Simpson.

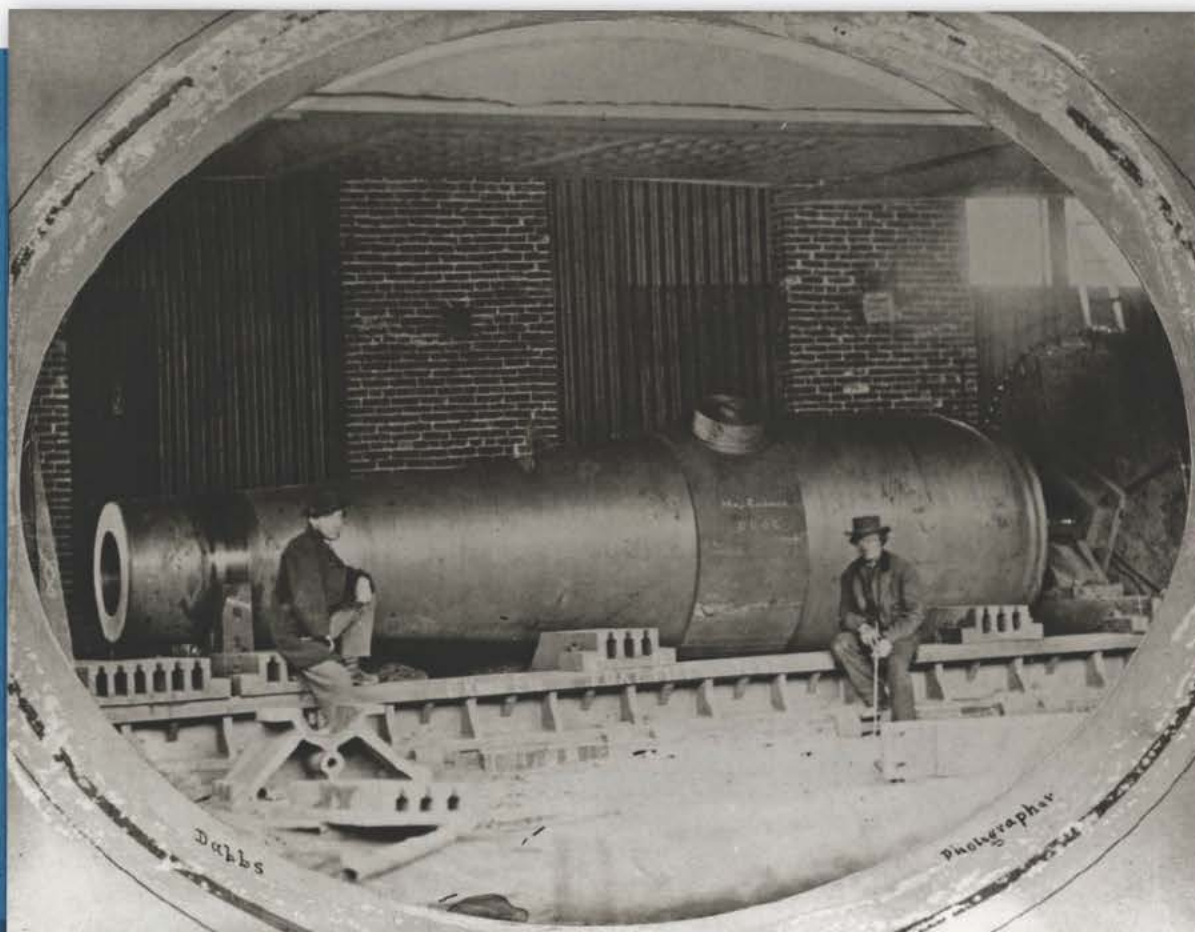
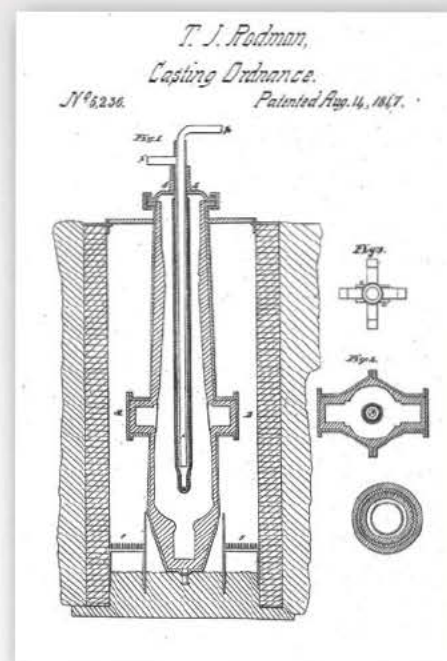


the inside out. To achieve this, he would have to cast the guns hollow by pouring the molten metal into the mold around an iron core. The hollow core was actually an iron pipe through which air and cold water could be pumped in order to cool the casting from the inside out.

Excited by the possibilities of this new system, Lieutenant Rodman shared his idea with others at Pittsburgh's Allegheny Arsenal, where he was then stationed, and on up the chain of command to Chief of Ordnance Colonel Bomford and his superior General George Talcott. The higher-ups brushed off the young officer's carefully drawn plans and told him that the army was not interested but that he was free to pursue his novel ideas on his own—if he had the inclination and funds to pursue a patent. On a lieutenant's

pay of \$53 a month, Rodman had little extra to spend on ordnance development and legal fees, but he did possess an abundance of ambition and energy.³

On August 14, 1847, Rodman was awarded Patent No. 5,236. Pittsburgh had already gained a reputation as the "Iron City" and by 1849 he worked out a partnership with receptive iron founders Charles Knapp and William Totten. Rodman assigned his patent to the Fort Pitt Foundry owners, and in exchange they funded the research and development and agreed to pay him 1/2 cent per pound for every finished cannon cast using his system. The Fort Pitt Foundry, located just two miles from the Allegheny Arsenal, soon cast a prototype 8-inch Columbiad on Rodman's principle. Additional experiments followed with 10-inch



Top:
Patent drawing showing the
core barrel used to cool the
casting from the inside out.
U.S. Patent and Trademarks Office.

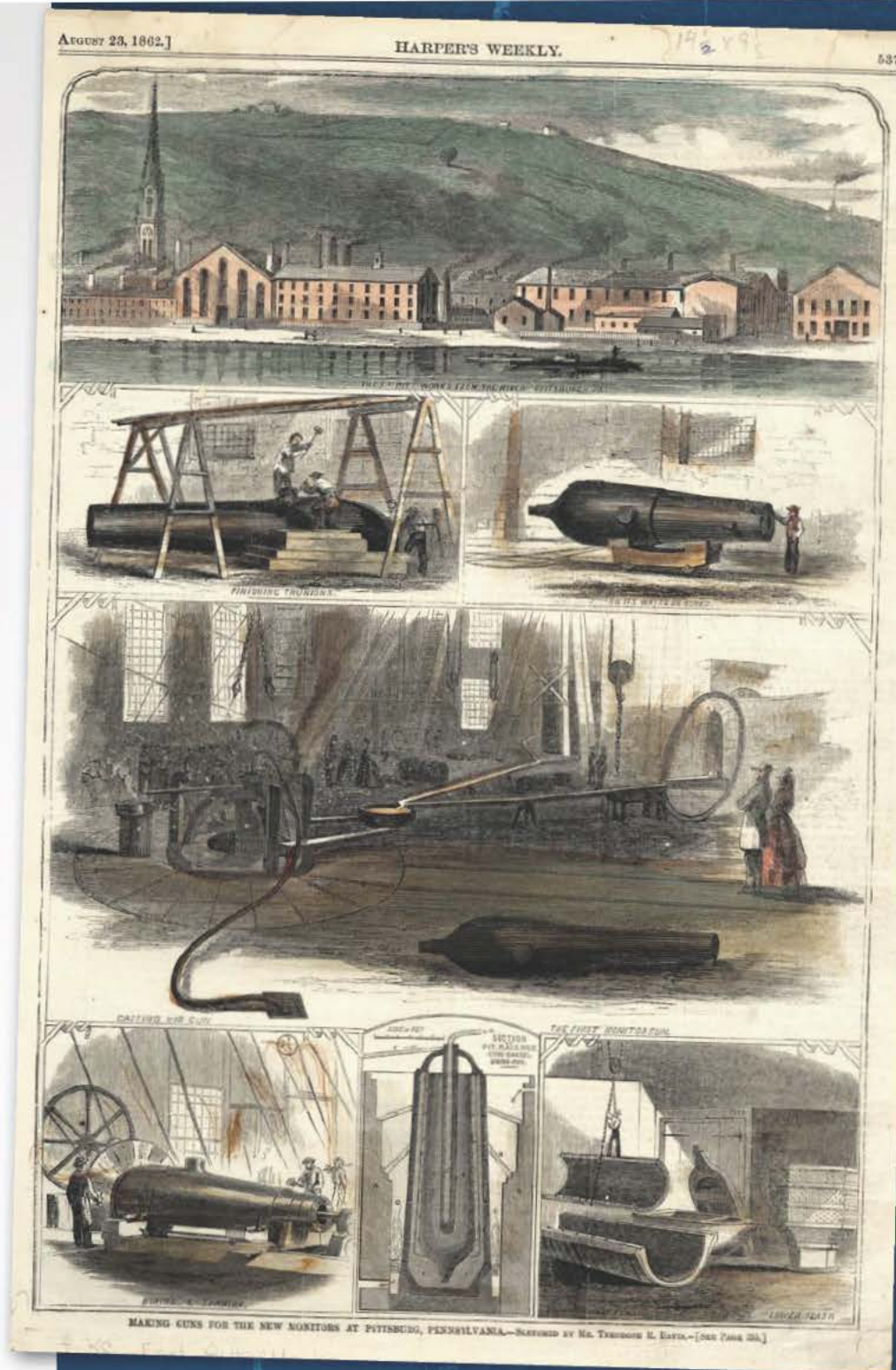
Left:
The big gun sits on a lathe
at Fort Pitt Foundry; on the
right is Superintendent
Joseph Kaye.
Carnegie Library.

Harper's Weekly featured the skilled ironworkers of the Fort Pitt Foundry (right) in 1862. The Rodman gun is being bored and turned at lower left.

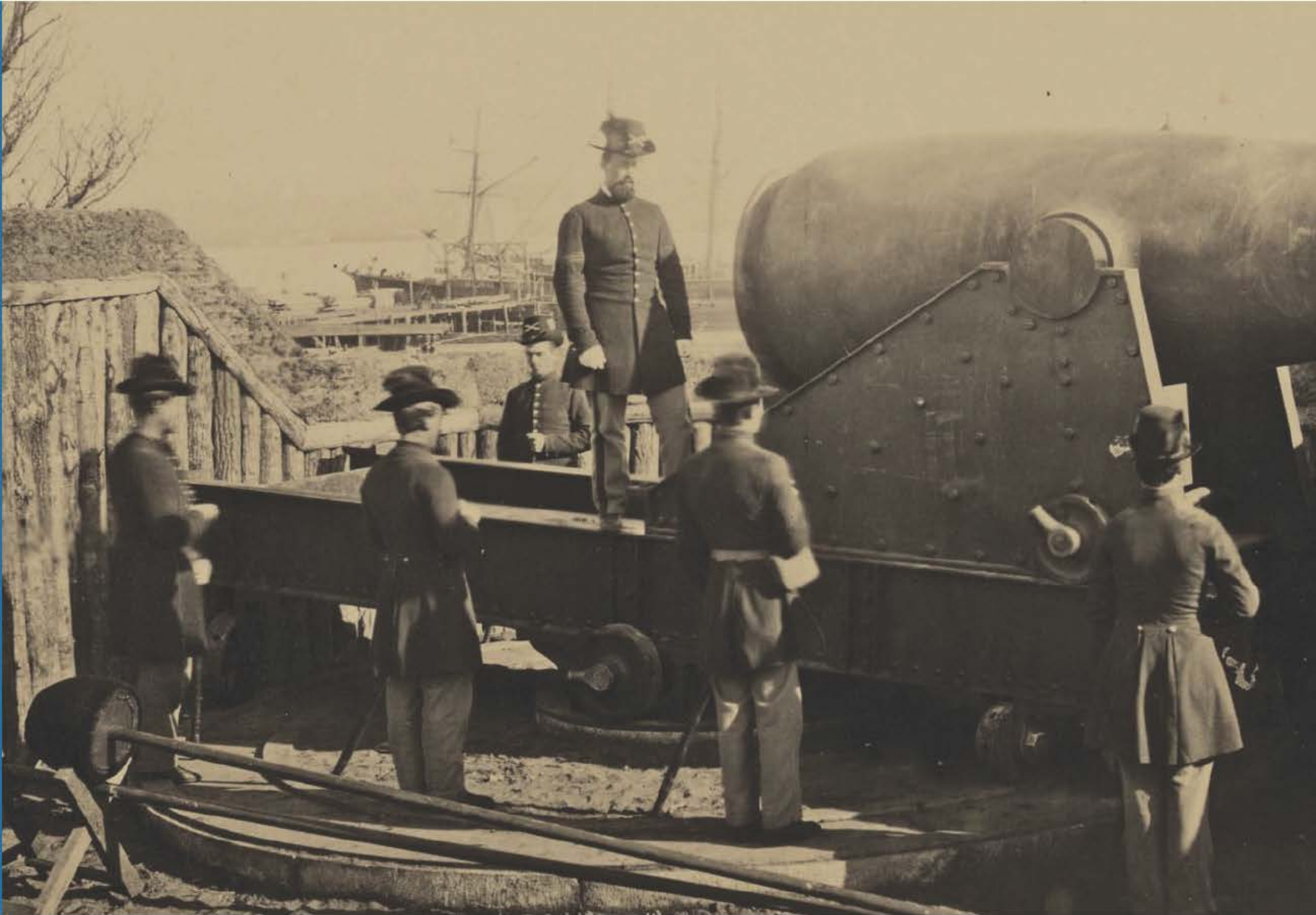
Columbiads. Rodman modified his design to eliminate any reinforces or other abrupt changes in the gun's exterior contours. He had discovered that cracks and failure usually occurred at these places, and his cannons now took on the smooth "soda bottle" shape that became their most distinguishing characteristic.⁴

Double-charged and double-shotted proof testing, followed by repeated firing with service loads, demonstrated the efficacy of Rodman's system. A solid core gun cast from the same batch of iron burst after only 74 test rounds while the "water core" gun showed no discernable wear to the bore, chamber, or vent after 1,300 rounds. The new process was an unqualified success, and by 1860 the Ordnance Department fully appreciated the value of Captain Rodman's innovation (he'd been promoted in 1855) and ordered 8- and 10-inch Columbiads as well as an experimental 15-inch gun. This latter piece had a 16-foot-long barrel that weighed in at nearly 50,000 pounds—the largest gun cast in America up to that time. It was proudly named the "Union Gun" and sent to Fort Monroe, Virginia, for further testing in March 1860.⁵

As the Southern states seceded from the Union in 1861, the War Department scrambled to order Rodman guns in 8-inch, 10-inch, and 15-inch calibers. On April 15, just days after Confederate guns surrounding Charleston harbor blasted Fort Sumter into submission, Rodman notified his superiors that he could cast an even bigger gun—one weighing over 100,000 pounds and capable of



By 1860 the Ordnance Department fully appreciated the value of Captain Rodman's innovation.



hurling a 20-inch, half-ton iron ball up to five miles and destroying a ship with a single shot. As much as Abraham Lincoln may have wanted a Rodman super gun to deter European powers from steaming into New York harbor (as was indeed contemplated by France, Russia, and Britain), the necessity of manufacturing Rodman's smaller caliber guns to fortify cities—including Washington—and seacoast defenses took precedence over his massive gun proposal, which remained unrealized on Rodman's drawing board.

By late 1863, Rodman's hollow casting technique was standard for Model 1860 Columbiads of his design and for other cannons as well, including Admiral John A. Dahlgren's big 9-inch, 11-inch, and 13-inch

naval shell guns.⁵ Though Fort Pitt Foundry was still producing the majority of the big guns, the West Point Foundry in New York, Cyrus Alger Works in Boston, and Seyfert, McManus & Co. in Reading, Pa., also manufactured siege guns, mortars, naval guns, and Columbiads using Rodman's process. The conservative Ordnance Department now wholeheartedly endorsed the idea of hollow casting and, with the fulfillment of cannon orders by the various foundries, the chief of ordnance saw fit to give Rodman the go-ahead on the 20-inch gun.⁶

Charles Knapp and his new partner H.F. Rudd oversaw the activities of 280 workers at the Fort Pitt Foundry as they excavated more than 40 feet of earth for a casting pit that was so deep it had to be shored up and lined

to prevent the Allegheny River water table from rushing in and filling it up. The pit was engineered to accommodate a multi-piece iron flask containing a sand mold that had been formed on an oversized wooden model (it measured six feet at its widest point by 25 feet long). Five furnaces burned at full blast for five hours to melt the 105 tons of Juniata pig iron (from central Pennsylvania, and considered the best) that would be needed for the continuous pour. Two of the smaller furnaces stood by as backups while the three primary furnaces were connected by troughs that would pool their molten streams in a clay-lined collector before the molten metal funneled into the mold.⁷

On a cold February 11, 1864, Rodman, ordnance officers from the army and navy,



As the Southern states seceded from the Union, the War Department scrambled to order Rodman guns in 8-inch, 10-inch, and 15-inch calibers.

A 15-inch Columbiad at Fort Monroe, Virginia. A seven-man crew could load and fire it in one minute and ten seconds, however, it took two minutes and 20 seconds to traverse the gun.
LoC 8817-7419.

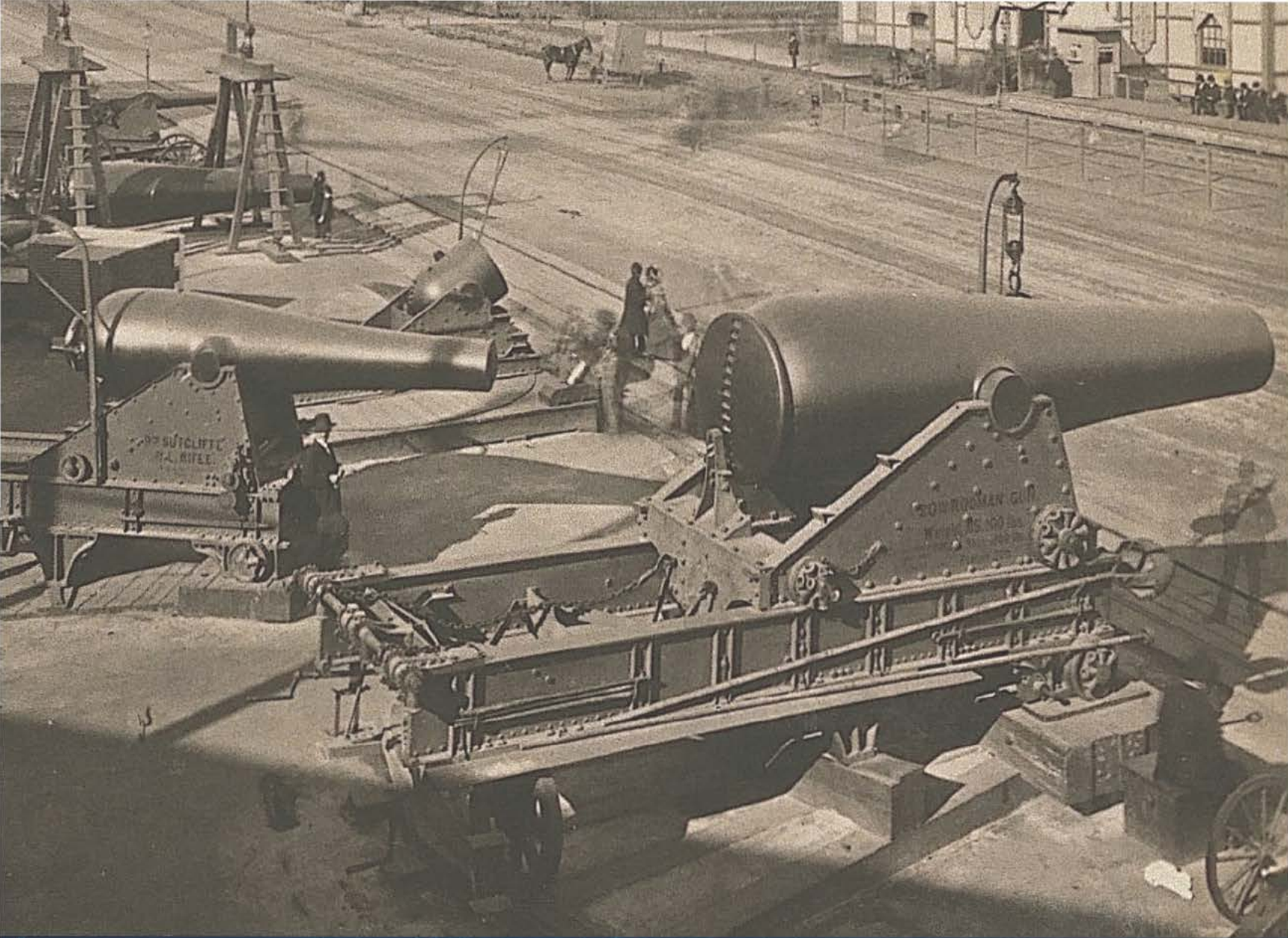
and observers from as far away as Great Britain and Italy huddled in their greatcoats and looked on expectantly as the red-hot metal began to flow. The foundry men pumped water at the rate of 60 gallons a minute down through the core, then captured the heated water as it returned to the top through flutes scored into the fire clay coating that surrounded the core barrel. After two days the water was shut off and cold air was forced through the core. Four days after the initial pour, the casting was determined to be entirely cooled. Steam cranes hoisted the casting from the pit and, with the help of men and several dozen oxen, moved the rough cannon to the boring machine. Here the bore was enlarged from 17 to 20 inches.

A mammoth lathe then turned and smoothed the 80-ton casting to the pleasing shape of a finished gun, more than 20 feet long and weighing 116,497 pounds—the largest iron cannon barrel ever cast, anywhere.⁸

The big gun was drawn from the mold nearly 20 years to the day after the explosion of the *Princeton's* “Peacemaker”—the infamous accident that originally set Rodman on his course. The British, Germans, Russians, and Italians all expressed wonder at the feat. Rebel reaction to the news of the successful casting of the 20-inch gun was not recorded, but in Richmond Chief of Ordnance Josiah Gorgas, who had worked with Rodman on ordnance projects before the war, must have admired the effort as he struggled to produce his own

crude, and often unsafe, Columbiads for the under-resourced Confederacy.

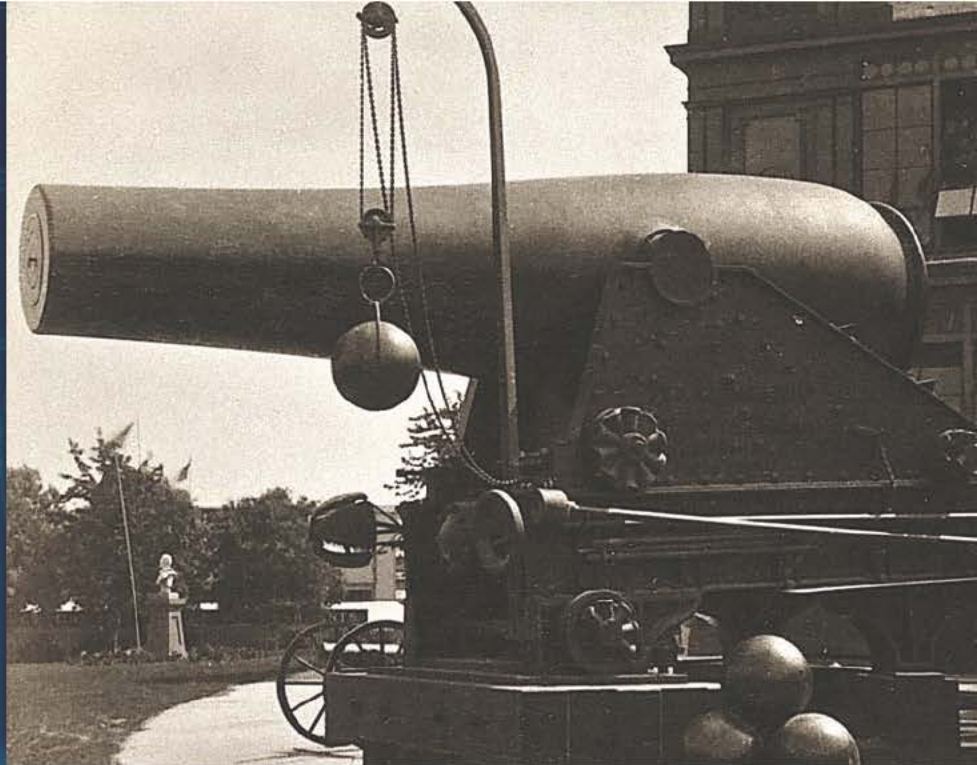
The 20-inch Rodman gun required special handling to get it to Brooklyn's Fort Hamilton at the Narrows that separated New York's upper and lower bay. Twenty-four big horses and a small army of foundry workers hauled, levered, and wheeled the massive barrel to a railroad spur where two specially fitted flatcars with double trucks (iron wheels) waited. While the special cars would help distribute the gun's tremendous weight, Pennsylvania Railroad officials carefully inspected rails and ballast between Pittsburgh and New York and shored up or otherwise strengthened the trestles and bridges along the route to ensure that they could accommodate



The ball hurtled through the air for
a full 24 seconds, sounding like a
freight train in flight.

Left:
The 20-inch Rodman gun was a featured attraction at the 1876 Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, Pa.

Right:
The loading crane holds a 1,080-pound solid shot for the cannon. A 12-pounder mountain howitzer, the smallest cannon in U.S. service, was displayed next to the big Rodman for comparison.



the unusual load. Even with these precautions the journey took nearly a month as railroad officials limited the speed to a crawl in order to avoid excessive friction on the rails.⁹

At Watertown Arsenal, Rodman designed and fabricated an 18-ton, front pintle, iron barbette carriage that was set in place at Fort Hamilton's lower battery alongside the 15-inch Rodmans overlooking the mouth of the Hudson River. The upper portion of the riveted iron carriage that cradled the gun was designed to slide on rails pitched at a 15-degree angle, but the immense weight of the barrel was expected to absorb most of the recoil. So confident was Rodman that even the enormous powder charges contemplated would not budge the barrel from its balance point, that the oversized pivoting trunnions (the supports on each side of the cannon) were not even capped. The big gun would be fired only six times during the war, with charges of mammoth gunpowder (each grain measured nearly an inch across) varying from 50 to 150 pounds. Regular cannon powder was too fine grained and would burn too rapidly creating dangerously high pressures, even for Rodman's guns, so the captain designed the slower-burning large grains. To make the powder

burn more thoroughly and predictably, he formed cylindrical and hexagonal cakes of compressed powder, which he pierced through with wires. This perforated cake powder would burn uniformly and progressively to ensure that internal pressures would remain within the safe range while imparting maximum propellant force to the projectile.¹⁰

Secretary of War Edwin Stanton joined Rodman and a crowd of onlookers for the test firing, and hopes ran high as the specially trained, nine-man crew loaded the gun with a 100-pound blank charge. But the first shot was a disappointing misfire because the standard friction primer was not strong enough to send a flame down the 24-inch length of the vent hole drilled through the cannon's thick iron breech known to ordnance men as the "preponderance." Once the charge was pulled and the vent cleared by a volunteer, who crawled 20 feet down the bore and confirmed that the primer flash was inadequate, the gun was reloaded, the vent filled with fine-grained powder, and the lanyard yanked again. This time, even with the reduced charges, the gun's roar was deafening. Brooklyn residents claimed that the shock wave broke windows. The 1,080-pound solid shot left the muzzle

at over 1,700 feet per second—nearly twice the velocity of a Minié ball fired from a rifle musket. The barrel remained in the iron cheeks, but the entire upper carriage recoiled almost seven feet, sliding back along the iron rails just as planned. The crew then levered the gun back into position and fired a round at an elevation of 25 degrees. The ball hurtled through the air for a full 24 seconds, sounding like a freight train in flight, and splashed into the water three and a half miles away after skipping like a stone and sending enormous plumes of spray skyward with each bound.¹¹

It seems, however, that once Rodman had demonstrated that the gigantic gun was a practical reality, the country lost interest. The very fact of its menacing existence seemed to be enough to satisfy the president and the Ordnance Department. Further testing was not carried out until 1867. When loaded with 200 pounds of Rodman's improved cake powder, the half-ton ball flew nearly five miles. One well-aimed shot obliterated a target ship anchored in the channel. Ordnance officers and awestruck spectators could only wonder at the destructive capacity of the Rodman gun, causing Rodman to design new devices to more accurately measure projectile



The Rodman at the Centennial Exposition sat across from the Women's Pavilion.
Library Company of Philadelphia.

velocities (an unprecedented 1,735 feet per second) as well as the internal and external forces exerted by his weapons. Though the 20-inch gun was never deployed against an enemy and the government only authorized the casting of two of the giant guns, their deterrent effect was great. The Rodman guns became a symbol of the North's industrial might and its determination to go to any extreme to defend the Union.¹²

More than a decade after the Civil War, the 20-inch Rodman gun was still considered a super weapon and an unequalled example of American power. In 1876, the nation celebrated its centennial with a year-long exposition in Philadelphia. One of every type of Rodman gun, from mortars to Columbiads, was exhibited—including one of the 20-inch guns, which had been placed in the battery at Fort Monroe to guard strategic Norfolk and Hampton Roads, Virginia. The problem was getting the monster gun to Philadelphia. The 100-ton ship nearly capsized when the steam crane operator failed to center the big gun on the deck. By the time the ship reached Philadelphia, alarmed exposition officials and reporters noted that the load sank the vessel to within a foot of its gunnels.

Rodman's big gun was the hit of the Centennial Exposition. Millions gaped at the

huge weapon that the army whimsically chose to exhibit next to a Model 1841 12-pounder mountain howitzer—the smallest cannon in the U.S. service. Alongside the big gun were the 20-foot-long rammers and the hook-shaped winch the crew needed to hoist the ball and load the gun—a procedure that could be accomplished in under two minutes. Also on display were a variety of 20-inch rounds: explosive shells (each capable of holding a 25-pound bursting charge), solid shot (weighing 1,080 pounds each), and “cored shot” (with a small hollow cavity to reduce weight and thereby extend the gun's range). No one who saw the exhibit doubted that the muzzle-loading cannon had reached its zenith and that only American ingenuity and industry were capable of such an achievement.¹³

Though the ever-conservative Ordnance Board attempted to upgrade the big smoothbores by reducing the bore diameter with inserted rifled sleeves, inventing elongated projectiles, and designing more easily traversed gun carriages, by the 1880s most experts realized that built-up guns fabricated from steel (which became readily available thanks to advances in metallurgy and new blast furnace technology in the post-war years) were the future of heavy artillery.

They never fired a shot in anger and did little to change the outcome of the Civil War. Still, the 20-inch Rodman guns were spared the scrap drives of subsequent wars and can be seen even today, guarding New York at Fort Hamilton and across the Narrows at Sandy Hook, New Jersey. They remain symbols of American military might and the largest iron cannons ever cast in the history of warfare.

Andrew Masich, PhD, is president and CEO of the Heinz History Center, and chairman of the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission.

¹ For detail of the tragedy, see St. George L. Sioussat, ed., “The Accident on Board the U.S.S. *Princeton*, February 28, 1844: A Contemporary Newsletter,” *Pennsylvania History* 4, no. 3, (July 1937), available at <http://journals.psu.edu/phj/article/view/21070/20839>. The Swedish-born Ericsson was recruited by Stockton to come to America after his innovative screw propulsion designs were rejected by the British Admiralty; he would later design the ironclad USS *Monitor*.

² President Tyler married Julia Gardiner, daughter of New York Senator David Gardiner whose arms and legs were blown off in the blast; she fainted into President Tyler's arms when she learned of her father's fate. The 57-year-old president had previously asked the 23-year-old woman to marry him, but her parents demurred. The traumatized couple was married a few months after the tragedy.

³ Charles Knap testimony, Feb. 4, 1864, “Heavy Ordnance,” *Thirty-eighth United States Congress, second session, Report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War*, Benjamin Franklin Wade, Daniel Wheelwright Gooch (Washington: GPO, 1865), 85-90.

⁴ Brig. Gen. George Ramsay Testimony, Jan. 27, 1864, "Heavy Ordnance," 8-11; T.J. Rodman testimony, Feb. 6, 1864, *ibid.*, 99-100.

⁵ Henry A. Wise testimony, Jan. 28, 1865, "Heavy Ordnance," 27. Cast in 1860, the 15-inch gun was originally named the "Floyd Gun" after War Department Secretary John Floyd, who soon after announced his secessionist loyalties and was commissioned a Confederate general. "War Excitement in Pennsylvania," *New York Times*, June 23, 1861.

⁶ Admiral Dahlgren became a bitter rival of Rodman, contending that the strength of his shell guns was due primarily to their exterior form rather than the hollow core cooling process. Dahlgren testified to the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War that Rodman actually borrowed the admiral's own design for smooth exterior lines that resulted in stronger castings. Fort Pitt Foundry cast three "water core" XX (20-inch) Dahlgren shell guns—one in 1864 and two more in 1866. See B.F. Wade's report and testimony of Charles Knap, Feb. 4, 1864 in "Heavy Ordnance," 2, 87, 119; Gideon Welles to J.A. Dahlgren, letter, July 9, 1863, *ibid.*, 129; *New York Times*, July 23, 1865.

⁷ George T. Fleming, *History of Pittsburgh and Environs* (New York: American Historical Society, 1922), 99, 113-15.

⁸ *Harper's Weekly*, August 23, 1862; *Scientific American*, May 18, 1861, and March 19, 1864.

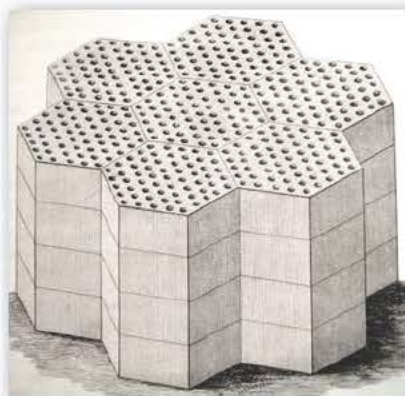
⁹ As officials wrestled with the problems of transporting the "big gun," Pittsburgh residents amused themselves by "crawling into the bore on their hands and knees." A reporter speculated that, "A good sized family, including pa and ma, could find shelter in the gun—and it would be a capital place to hide in case of a bombardment." *Pittsburgh Gazette*, July 23, 1864. The special train's progress was limited to only 30 miles a day. *Pittsburgh Post*, Sept. 3, 1864.

¹⁰ S.V. Benet testimony, Jan. 28, 1865, "Heavy Ordnance," 44; T.J. Rodman testimony, *ibid.*, 108.

¹¹ *Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle*, Oct. 28, 1864; *Harper's Weekly*, Nov. 19, 1864.

¹² Though authorized during the Civil War, a second 20-inch Rodman Columbiad was not completed by the Fort Pitt Foundry until 1869. Two 20-inch Dahlgren-style shell guns were also cast using the Rodman "water core" system but these were sold as surplus to Peru after the war.

¹³ S.V. Benet testimony, Jan. 27, 1883, Report of the Select Committee on Heavy Ordnance, 86-87, 95.



Rodman's perforated cake powder.

THOMAS JACKSON RODMAN

Thomas Jackson Rodman was born in 1816 on a farm near Salem, Indiana, the son of James Rodman and his wife, Elizabeth Burton. In 1837, Rodman entered the United States Military Academy in West Point, graduating seventh of 52 cadets, and in 1841 was appointed a brevet second lieutenant in the U.S. Army Ordnance Department. At Allegheny Arsenal in Pittsburgh, he built the first bullet machine capable of making Minié balls and other bullets by compression rather than casting molten lead. A great innovator, he held patents for hollow casting large cannons as well for improvements in cartridges for breech-loading small arms. His revolutionary idea of progressive-burning perforated cake gun powder for heavy seacoast and naval artillery is still in use today.

He spent most of the war commanding the Watertown Arsenal in Massachusetts, and his inspector's initials may be seen stamped on the muzzles of U.S. ordnance ranging in size from the diminutive 12-pounder mountain howitzer to the largest Rodman Columbiads. By the end of the Civil War, he was still an "unconfirmed major" according to his own testimony before Senator Ben Wade's Joint Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, which investigated charges of war profiteering and disloyalty. This suspicion likely resulted from jealousy within the army over royalties (1/2 cent per pound) he supposedly received for the large guns cast for the government using the Rodman hollow casting method. Some of his political enemies and competitors questioned his loyalty when he failed to fire salutes at the end of the war, but his mother having been born in Virginia also may have raised concerns. Though energetic and admired by his superiors for all of his work in the Ordnance Department, Rodman spent much of his postwar time defending his conduct. He ended his career as commander of the Rock Island Arsenal in Illinois, where he died in 1871 at the age of 54.

as it took all I had to get
back on so that I have
none left I never ask
the favor if you can so
no without helping
yourself to my
direct to the right I let
me know if you got
my photographs as I have
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time give my respect

❧ **Servant** ❧

“Up on the Hill”

My Italian American Grandmother

By Tina Calabro



Pasquale and Agostina Calabro with children
Domenico (rear), Carmella, and Bruno (on mother's
lap), McDowell County, West Virginia, 1923.

All photos courtesy of Tina Calabro.



Calabro grocery, located on a hill in the west end of Washington, Pa. 1959.

People often associate warmth and color with Italian American family life—comforting food, generous affection. Certainly, these associations ring true for many. But the life my paternal grandparents made in Western Pennsylvania a century ago doesn't quite fit that image. Their experiences were rather cheerless and my thoughts have always glanced off the rough surfaces of their lives—especially the seemingly loveless relationship between my inexpressive grandfather and the all-but-invisible woman who was his wife.



The author's father, Bruno Calabro, with his mother Agostina in May 1943, just days before her death.

My grandfather lived to an old age, but I never met my grandmother, for whom I'm named. Worn to the bone, she died suddenly at age 59 from a cerebral hemorrhage, aged much beyond her years, inside a house bleak and tired-looking, and now erased from its site. In family memory, she abides as an emblem of how unfavorable life could be for an immigrant woman of her time, place, and station. Her name was Agostina Di Leonora Deviola Calabro. In contrast to the impressive length of her name, the amount known about her is very little. Only a handful of people who remember her are still alive today, but all of them say the same, simple thing: "She had a hard life." She left little trace of her thoughts, feelings, or beliefs. Now, as I surpass her age at the time of her death, I find myself wanting to look closely at her, wanting to add warmth and color to her memory, if any can be found, and understand how her life informs mine, even today.

A photo taken "up on the hill," as my family still refers to our Washington, Pennsylvania, homestead, in May 1943, just a few days before my grandmother's stroke, is a testament to the conditions of her life. She is standing with my father, who wears a formal army uniform (dark olive-brown, badges and brass buttons). He is Private First Class Bruno Calabro, fresh out of basic training, Italian dark and handsome, and about to be sent into war. In his open smile and bright eyes, there is self-confidence and pride. In my grandmother's thin white hair, closed-lipped smile, and eyes burrowed deep under her brow is the toil of her years.

Mother and son each have an arm around the other. His free arm ends in the slender young hand of a 20-year-old. Her bare arm is dough-white and unadorned against her patterned housedress. Arthritic knuckles bulge in lateral relief across her hand.

I long to hold that hand and hear her stories.

A White Widow

Family members recall only a few facts about Agostina. Born in 1883 in the village of Sant'Elia in Reggio Calabria (the "toe" of the Italian peninsula) and poor, she was given away at age 11 to work in the household of another family. We know nothing about her family of origin.

In 1909, at age 26, she married Pasquale Calabro, from the nearby town of Saline, who appears to have been as taciturn and emotionally distant as a young husband as he was later as a father and grandfather. Perhaps she was considered long overdue for marriage; perhaps she was considered unmarriageable. My cousin Sue recalls stories told by her mother and the other women of the family during her childhood in the 1950s and 1960s. It was a marriage of convenience, she heard. "I don't think it was love. I think it was, he needed someone and she needed someone."

"The family she worked for in Italy tormented her," Sue heard. "She was a used woman from very young, worn out before she even got started. She was a servant and that's all she knew. She didn't have a chance in the world."

By 1913, the couple had two sons and Pasquale was on his way to America, alone. Like many Italian women of her day, Agostina would follow her husband to America once he was established. Historians of Italian American immigration gave these women a name: "white widows," meaning that left alone in Italy, often with children, they fended for themselves, much like actual Italian widows who traditionally dressed in black. As one historian put it, these women "scrimped, saved, and struggled to hold their families together." With their husbands pursuing work in America, the wives held on to the expectation of a better life.

Pasquale Calabro in front of the family grocery with some of his adult children, their spouses, and grandchildren, early 1950s.



It was a marriage of convenience, she heard. "I don't think it was love. I think it was, he needed someone and she needed someone."

Statistically, my grandparents were among the four million Italians who left their homeland between 1880 to 1930 for the United States. During that period, more immigrants came from Italy than from any other country. The majority came from southern Italy and Sicily—the “mezzogiorno” (literally, “midday”)—where peasants struggled with challenges that threatened their survival, including floods and mudslides on deforested hillsides, a devastating earthquake in 1908, and diseased and pest-infested agricultural lands. An unstable political climate created even more incentive to leave. The year my grandfather arrived in Pensacola, Florida, perhaps as a stowaway on an Italian ship—1913—was a peak year of legal Italian

immigration through teeming east coast ports.

Work was not difficult to find, but it was hard, dirty work. America’s cities were growing, creating great demand for unskilled laborers. The coal mines that fueled industry, the railroads that transported goods, and all manner of public works projects employed hundreds of thousands of Italian immigrants. The pay was low and the working conditions were harsh and dangerous, but these jobs provided the traction for starting new lives. Discrimination kept Italians out of better jobs. “They were at the bottom of the immigrant labor hierarchy,” notes historian Donna Gabaccia in the 2015 documentary *The Italian Americans*. “They were human steam shovels.”

My grandfather was one of them. He came north and found work in the coal mines of McDowell County, West Virginia, the gritty center of the coal mining industry that fueled legions of steel mills in Pittsburgh and the Ohio River Valley. A seven-year separation such as my grandparents had was not uncommon. Although many Italian immigrant men traveled back and forth across the ocean at intervals to see their wives and families (historians dubbed these men “birds of passage”), my grandfather did not.

When the time came for the family to reunite, my grandmother began the voyage from Naples, the most common port of departure for southern Italians, with only one of their sons, seven-year-old Domenico. Their



older son, Bruno, had died in an accident at the age of six when he fell on a sharp rock that punctured his abdomen. In family memory, Agostina's aloneness in her grief over his death is a shared understanding.

In my mind's eye, I see Agostina as a young mother in a rocky southern Italian landscape. She is with her two little boys. One of the boys is hurt and she is stricken by fear and helplessness. The boy disappears and her anguish is as deep and dark as the mines she imagines her husband entering each day in West Virginia. How does she find the words to tell him? She soldiers on without anyone to comfort her. And when she reunites with her husband four years later, she realizes that he cannot feel the same grief. The child was just a baby when he left for America. It was his firstborn, a son, and that means something, but he does not feel the pain and guilt that she does.

Like most Italian immigrants, Agostina and her young son crossed the ocean over 14 days in the least expensive manner—steerage—described by historian Nicholas P. Ciotola as “the dank, dreary quarters in the lower levels of the ships, where engine noise and heat, lack of adequate comfort facilities,

and poor ventilation made the journey one of unpleasantness and difficulty.” When they arrived in Boston on January 6, 1920, and continued on to West Virginia, they encountered biting cold weather, far unlike the fair climate they had left.

By the end of that year, Agostina and Pasquale would have a daughter, Carmella. By 1922, another son (my late father, the second “Bruno”) and then another daughter, Josephine, in 1924. Family life in coal mining towns, or “patches,” was unappealing to say the least. People strategized to get out if they could. They would find a way out by learning a skill or trade or, like my grandparents, by opening a neighborhood

grocery store. Self-employment was a viable option for Italian immigrants, especially due to discrimination that kept them out of competitive jobs.

And so, in 1925, my grandparents and their four children moved 250 miles north to a wood frame house on Altamont Avenue in the densely populated west end of Washington, Pennsylvania, and opened a “mom and pop” grocery on its first floor. (Pasquale later built a separate structure for the store adjacent to the house).

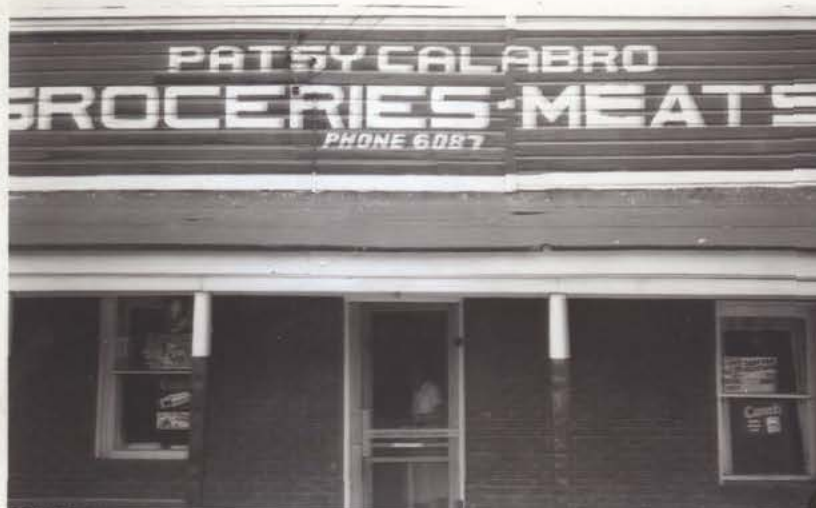
By then in her mid-40s, Agostina would give birth to two more children—a daughter, Antoinette, and a son, Armenio. When the youngest was 15, Agostina fell dead.

She soldiers on without anyone to comfort her.



Sisters Mickey and Sue Steuernagel,
daughters of Antoinette Calabro Steuernagel,
on a 1949 Plymouth Deluxe.

The family grocery.





The author with her grandfather, 1954.

**We older grandchildren
recall our grandfather as a
constant builder, pick and
shovel in hand.**

The Store

Never once as a child in the 1950s and '60s did I ask to see the inside of the old wooden Calabro house, although there was no reason I could not. The house seemed to emit depression—weathered, sad-looking, lacking any welcome or attraction. I would regard it from a distance, puzzled by its gloom.

My cousin Faith, who lived nearby, recalls a large, flat tree stump with hatchet marks between the old house and the store. She heard that was where our grandmother chopped the heads off chickens. Mickey—a cousin whose family lived in the house for a couple of years in the 1960s when she was a teenager—recalls the coal furnace and coldness of the basement toilet, often broken. Cousin Sue remembers a large rose bush out front, perhaps the only spot of beauty. Today, standing on the bare hilltop where the house once stood, a panorama of the town (little changed since the 1920s) unfolds before one's eyes. This was the Calabro family's perch.

The Calabro grocery store served the neighborhood for four decades. Every inch of the store is vivid today in the memories of the grandchildren, all of us now in our 50s, 60s, and 70s. From the street, the distinctive white script of the "Salada Tea" sign in the window was a focal point. A big thermometer on a metal sign hung high on a pole. Inside the entrance, to the left, was a large candy case with a glass front. Cousin Faith remembers the satisfaction of tending candy sales as a child. "Even today," she says, "I could probably name every type of candy in that wonderful old case."

To the right of the candy case was a counter with a gumball machine, a cash register, and a note pad where customers' "tabs" were written down. During the Depression, credit was extended to anyone to who needed it. Like their neighbors, the Calabros were also poor. Census records from 1930 and 1940 list the family income as "0." My late father often said that he dropped out of high school because he was

ashamed to wear his older sister's shoes. His teeth were so rotten when he entered the army that he had them all extracted.

Other memories of the store include two waist-high, refrigerated, red Coca-Cola "pop" cases with glass bottles standing inside and the opener for their metal caps incorporated into the case itself. A long refrigerated meat case sat directly opposite the front entrance. Against the wall behind the case was a rough-hewn butcher block on four thick legs upon which sat a slicer for lunchmeat and cheese, and a hefty meat cleaver. Milk, butter, and other items were also kept in the case. The top of a white porcelain scale peeked over the top of the case.

A well-worn accordion door led from the store to a back room, where our grandfather once held poker games. The hum of refrigeration, the smell of processed meat and cheese, and the creak of footsteps on old wood floors permeated the store. From spring until fall, Pittsburgh Pirates baseball came through the tinny speaker of a portable radio.

Nearing the 1950s, our widowed grandfather's finances improved, perhaps in part because of the gambling parlor and pool hall he ran in a room below the Kroger's supermarket on Chestnut Street, one of the town's main drags. He partnered with his oldest son, the Italian-born Domenico (by then a successful construction contractor with the American name "Don") to purchase properties adjacent to the house and store, turning the top of the "hill" into a crazy quilt of hand-made structures. We older grandchildren recall our grandfather as a constant builder, pick and shovel in hand.

To the left of the store and house, on a triangular lot, he built a two-story red brick house for his oldest daughter Carmella and her husband. To the right of the store, he converted the former Bellevue Elementary School—a rectangular building that all the

The author with her grandfather, 1959.



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Calabro children attended—into a duplex to rent. He also built a tiny red brick house on the jutting corner of Altamont and Bellevue Avenues.

The last house he built was wedged behind the store—a small, buff-colored brick house on Bellevue Avenue, where he lived with his daughter Josephine, who took care of him until his death in 1959. Unmarried and without children of her own, Aunt Jo doted

on her nieces and nephews, each of us certain of being her favorite. At the same time, Aunt Jo's designation as her father's caregiver spoke clearly of the deep-rooted gender roles our grandparents brought with them from Italy.

"Grandpap made sure Aunt Jo didn't get married," said my cousin Mickey. She had a serious boyfriend when she was younger. They were in love, serious. They wanted to get married. But Grandpap wanted her to

take care of *him*. Men didn't take care of themselves. They needed a woman for that. He was alone, there was no woman. Aunt Jo had to be that woman.

"He told her that if she married her boyfriend, she would be out of his life forever. This was old school. Parents had the last say."

After our grandfather died, Aunt Jo, nearing age 40, belatedly started her life. She left the store in the hands of her siblings and eloped to California with Frank, a salesman of questionable character. Two years later, divorced, she returned home and closed the store. Within a few years, she married Ray, a gruff, decades-older bachelor farmer. "Aunt Jo went from taking care of Grandpap to having a fling to settling down with a guy she had to take care of," said Mickey. "It's what she knew."



The grocery served the neighborhood from 1925 until the late 1960s. After Pasquale's death in 1959, his adult children kept the store open for another decade.

Gender Roles

By all accounts, our grandfather was hard to know, and autocratic. He took care of his wife and family in practical ways, but offered little of himself. Our grandmother was uncomplaining and compliant, left to run the store and raise their brood of American-born children with little involvement from her husband.

"Our grandmother knew her place and believed that was what she was here for," said Mickey.

Sociologists studying first-generation Italian Americans have noted the strict adherence to traditional gender roles within these families. Husbands worked and ensured the family's economic health; wives cared for the family. Restrictive as they were, these gender roles complemented each other and contributed to the Italian family's survival in America, notes anthropologist Colleen L. Johnson. "The authority system the Italians brought with them can only be described as patriarchal," she writes. "The immigrant father stood above the other family members as the ultimate source of social control, his superior position maintained by the enforcement of respect for his role as a provider and protector of the family. Most importantly, despite the highest possible odds, he rarely failed in this role. Few Italians can recount a father who deserted them."

Within this family structure and hardships of daily life, it's not surprising that immigrant women like my grandmother left little record of their lives for future generations. Lack of literacy is another factor, writes historian Emiliana P. Noether. These women were "truly silent," Noether writes, not only because they lived in a society controlled by men, but also because, "being illiterate, [they were] unable to leave any expression of [their] innermost feelings for posterity."

At the same time, their contribution to the stability of their families is unmistakable.

Nicholas Ciotola writes,

The patriarchal structure should not minimize the importance of women in the Italian family. Numerous scholars refer to the Italian-American family as father-dominated and mother-centered, rather than strictly patriarchal. In other words the father, as the head of the family, maintained unquestioned authority over the household, but the mother provided the emotional focus of all family life.

As important as my grandmother was to her children, it's unlikely she felt valued by her husband. It was common knowledge that he was unfaithful. "He had a few women," said Cousin Sue. "He did what he wanted to do, when he wanted to do it. But he made sure *she* was a good girl."

My father's simmering resentment of Pasquale's behavior is evident in an incident from 1946, three years after Agostina's death. The occasion was my parents' wedding. My father refused to let his father into the reception because he was accompanied by one of his girlfriends.

"I don't know where she came from," my mother, now 92, recalls. "She was a big woman, big busted, red hair, like a floozy. It was a big scene. Bruno was furious, 'How dare you come in here with a woman.' His father embarrassed him."

Even so, my father's bond with his father never wavered. Like all his siblings, he was devoted to both parents. As a 16-year-old, he drove his father east to Philadelphia for treatment of his lung disease. Also as a teenager, he drove his mother south to West Virginia to see a healer for her arthritis. "There were lots of healers in those days," my mother explained. Neither grandparent spoke English; their children translated.

**Every inch
of the store
is vivid
today in the
memories of the
grandchildren,
all of us now in
our 50s, 60s,
and 70s.**



Grocery cash register.



Cousins gather at the family grocery, Easter Sunday, 1958. The author is at front left.

She survived separation from her family of origin, the loss of a child, a hollow marriage, endless work—and created a legacy of love.



Agostina's health was not "up to par," Sue said. "She was ill, ill, and more ill. She had bad arthritis, got it very young." Sue's mother, Antoinette, told her that she and her sisters would knead bread dough for their mother because the arthritis in her hands was so severe. Antoinette also spoke of massaging her mother's feet. The youngest child, Armenio, was 15 when his mother dropped dead in their house. "My dad didn't talk much about his growing up," said his son Michael. "From what he did say, I gathered they did not have the best life."

As soon as he was old enough, Armenio joined the army. Antoinette, the second youngest, age 17 when her mother died, stole some of her older sisters' clothes and ran off to Pittsburgh. She found a job in a nightclub, taking pictures. "She felt she had

to get out," said her daughter, Mickey. "In order for girls to do what they wanted to do, they had to run away. They couldn't stay and do what they wanted. Look at Aunt Jo. Grandpap told her, 'You are going to be who I want you to be.'"

The oldest sibling, Italian-born Domenico, was 30 years old, married, and had three children at the time his mother died. Soon afterward, he moved his family from the west end of Washington to the neighboring town of Canonsburg. "It was like a divorce from the family," his son Robert said. "We lived seven miles away, but it could have been 700. Both our grandparents' personalities were subdued, but there was always lots of arguing and loud talking in the store," he recalled from those days. "Who was getting money for

dances? Whose hand was in the till? After our grandmother died, the family fell apart."

That our grandmother was not simply good, but saintly, is without question. But my father once called her "chickenhearted," an old-fashioned term meaning "timid" and "cowardly." His pronouncement bothered me; it still does. It seemed so unfair to her memory, after all she did and endured. She worked herself to death for her family.

Within that unflattering word—so diminishing—I hear Pasquale's precept: Women are less than men. *You are who I say you are.*

And Agostina's acquiescence: *She knew her place and believed that was what she was here for.*

Two generations later, those beliefs reside deep inside me, a crumbling foundation I can't seem to sweep away. When I am afraid to act on my own behalf, when I accept less than I deserve, I stumble on those stones.

"Your grandmother was like the mother hen in her barnyard," observed a friend, also

descended from Italian immigrants. “Those were complex social hierarchies. There was a pecking order.”

However, in at least one situation we know about, Agostina thwarted the order. In the months leading up to her death, she regularly protected her high-spirited daughters from their father’s wrath. Although in ill health, she descended “the hill” in every kind of weather to intercept the girls when they returned from social outings late at night. By walking into the house with them, she defused her husband’s anger, silently facing him down.

That sounds like courage.

Cousins

Like the proverbial roads leading to Rome, family memories about Agostina Di Leonora Deviola Calabro all seem to point to the same place: a large, soft heart of maternal love.

“She might not have been a kingpin, but she was well-loved,” said my cousin Robert, who says he can still feel her comforting presence from his early childhood. “I remember her making bread in the outdoor oven. She would cut the hot loaf in two and top it with butter. It was really good.”

Robert once got a spanking from his parents for setting out alone from their house, about a mile away, to his grandparents’ house “up on the hill.” “I wanted to see my grandmother,” he says.

In another instance, our grandmother saved his life. He and his older brother got themselves locked into a refrigerator that was left outside. Agostina discovered them. Robert was six years old when his beloved grandmother died. He recalls her casket in the front room of the old wood frame house. “She was loyal, frail,” he said. “I did not know what love was at the time, but she did.”

Thanks to my family’s memories, I now see my grandmother and her undeniably

“hard life” more clearly. She survived separation from her family of origin, the loss of a child, a hollow marriage, endless work—and created a legacy of love. I honor her womanhood and feel her strength within me.

A new intimacy grew between my cousins and me as we talked about our grandmother’s life and acknowledged the value she was denied in her own time. Through many long phone calls and visits, we cradled her overworked hands, felt the warmth of her generous heart, and marveled at her unwavering commitment to her family. We are her legacy. We are our grandfather’s legacy too. As I put words together to try to say what’s in my mind, I think of my grandfather building the store and the houses “up on the hill,” one brick at a time, leaving indisputable evidence of himself in his new country. ❖

Tina Calabro is a Pittsburgh-based writer. This essay had its genesis at a Heinz History Center workshop on Italian American memoir taught by Joseph Bathanti in January 2014. Mr. Bathanti, an East Liberty native, professor of creative writing at Appalachian State University, and former North Carolina Poet Laureate, was the first Scholar-in-Residence for the History Center’s Italian American Collection.

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The original stone marker for Altamont Avenue is still in place. Behind the marker is one of the houses built by Pasquale Calabro “up on the hill” in the 1950s.



ISAAC BROOME

AND ALLEGHENY COUNTY'S

FIRST
CIVIL WAR MONUMENT

By Nicholas P. Ciotola



In August 2011, a lucky visitor to the PBS *Antiques Roadshow* event at the David L. Lawrence Convention Center in Pittsburgh excitedly stood in front of TV cameras to share his porcelain bust of Cleopatra with antiques appraiser David Rago. According to the expert, the extremely rare bust had been made by renowned ceramic artist Isaac Broome in Trenton, New Jersey, and displayed at the 1876 Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia. Much to the delight of its owner, Rago described the bust as being very rare and of the finest museum quality. What failed to come up in the conversation, however, was that its celebrated maker had an important (yet overlooked) career in Pittsburgh long before his famous Cleopatra bust was modeled, molded, and fired.



Formed from the same mold as the privately owned example on the *Antiques Roadshow*, this chocolate-colored porcelain *Cleopatra* by Broome is in the collection of the New Jersey State Museum.

Isaac Broome, *Cleopatra*, 1876, Ott & Brewer, porcelain. Collection of the New Jersey State Museum, CH1974.73.1.

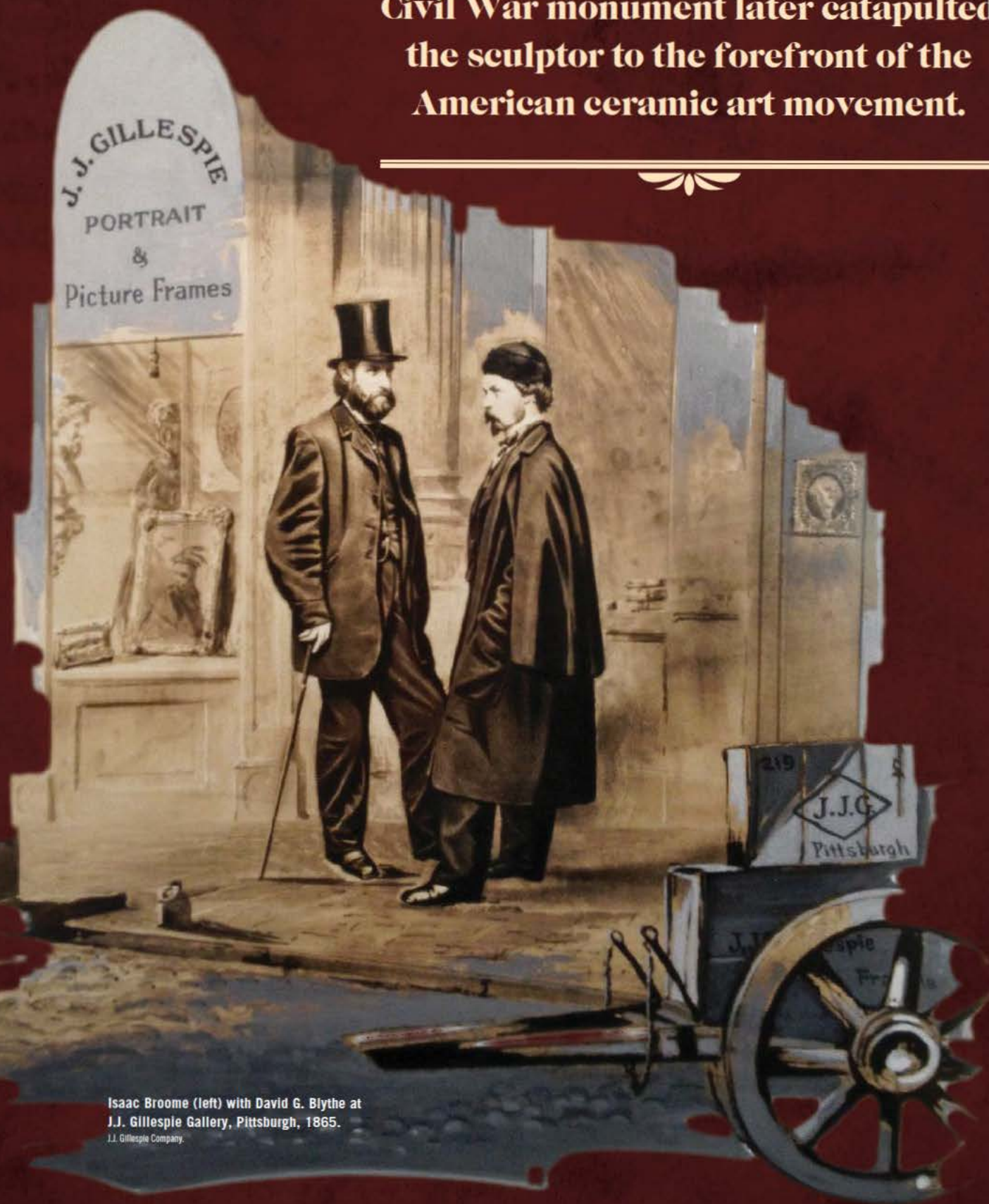
In the field of decorative arts, Isaac Broome is known for creating an array of porcelain pieces for the Ott & Brewer Company display booth at the 1876 Centennial International Exposition—pieces that included multiple Cleopatra busts, a George and Martha Washington-themed tea set, and, most importantly, a pair of grandiose, figural urns chronicling America’s newest sporting pastime known as the *Baseball Vases*.¹ Broome’s work for the Centennial came about after a six-year period in Western Pennsylvania, where the eventual master ceramist first honed his skills in other mediums, particularly marble. One of his most significant achievements in Western Pennsylvania came in 1866. In that year, Broome commemorated local veterans when he sculpted Allegheny County’s first Civil War monument in Sewickley. The classical inspiration, ornamental symbolism, and life-like figural elements that appear on Broome’s Western Pennsylvania Civil War monument

later catapulted the sculptor to the forefront of the American ceramic art movement.

Isaac Broome was born on May 16, 1835, in Valcartier, Quebec, and moved to Philadelphia during infancy. Educated in Philadelphia schools, Broome went on to study at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, where he specialized in the fine and industrial arts. In the 1850s, he married Victoria Myers of Washington, D.C. During that time he executed sculptures for the pediment of the U.S. Capitol and W.W. Corcoran’s mausoleum in Georgetown. In 1858, Broome established a studio in Rome, Italy. He briefly lived in Florence, Paris, and London so he could visit museum collections of Grecian and Etruscan vases—the designs of which he used as inspiration for his own painting and sculpture. In 1860, the 26-year-old artist returned to Pennsylvania to become one of 12 academicians at the Pennsylvania Academy, filling a vacancy brought about by the death of Rembrandt Peale.²

After a promising early career on the East Coast and abroad, Broome moved to Pittsburgh in 1865 to pursue a business venture in decorative terracotta. Though known primarily for iron, steel, and glass industries, the Pittsburgh region also became a nationally known producer of fire brick, stoneware, and other clay products. Sizable clay deposits in the region’s river valleys provided the raw material, nearby bituminous coal fields afforded fuel, and railroad, canal, and river networks offered quick and efficient transport to an array of markets.³ Drawn by the potential of the region’s budding clay industry and the post-war urbanization of Pittsburgh and adjacent Allegheny City, Broome opened a terracotta manufacturing business to produce decorative pieces for buildings, parks, and public gardens. Located in a square west of Federal Street in Allegheny City, one of Broome’s terracotta fountains took the form of a semi-colossal, partially nude boy holding a basin in both hands,

**Broome's Western Pennsylvania
Civil War monument later catapulted
the sculptor to the forefront of the
American ceramic art movement.**



Isaac Broome (left) with David G. Blythe at
J.J. Gillespie Gallery, Pittsburgh, 1865.
J.J. Gillespie Company.



Broome realized that the city's moneyed industrialists offered great potential for artistic patronage, so he augmented his income with commissions as a sculptor.

The same classical inspiration that defines Broome's Civil War monument can be found in his 1876 masterpiece of American ceramics: the *Baseball Vases*.
Isaac Broome, *Baseball Vase*, 1876, parian porcelain. Collection of the New Jersey State Museum, the Brewer Collection, CH354.22. Photograph by Ricardo Barros.



Classical motifs characterize Isaac Broome's art tiles, fabricated in Western Pennsylvania in the 1890s during his tenure with the Beaver Falls Art Tile Company.

Isaac Broome, Tile Setting, c. 1890, ceramic in wood framing. Collection of the Brooklyn Museum, H. Randolph Lever Fund, 79.173.1-5.

modestly draped in robes, and supported by a stylized tree stump on a sandstone base. Designed to provide drinking water to thirsty park-goers, the four-foot-tall fountain carried its water supply upward through the center of the figure and to the sipping receptacle.⁴

Although the prospect of a lucrative terracotta business drew him to the region, Broome realized that the city's moneyed industrialists offered great potential for artistic patronage, so he augmented his income with commissions as a sculptor. This work may have even surpassed his work in clay, as Broome's listing in the city directories for this period label him as an "artist" and "sculptor."⁵ One of his extant works, a statue of a trumpet-wielding, cloth-draped woman commissioned

in 1865, marks the graves of Lippincott family members in Allegheny Cemetery. In 1870, the city directory lists Broome's affiliation as "fresco artist," indicating yet another artistic undertaking that employed him during his Pittsburgh years. Broome and his new family appear to have moved often, with city directories and the census listing multiple residences and work addresses in both Pittsburgh and Allegheny City.⁶

On the social front, Broome developed personal relationships with members of the region's budding artistic colony. His close friend, celebrated Pittsburgh artist David G. Blythe, painted the only known likeness of Broome as a young man. Created in 1865, Blythe's self-portrait shows the artist and

Broome standing side by side in front of J.J. Gillespie's famed art gallery on Wood Street in downtown Pittsburgh, further illustrating his acceptance among the city's artistic elites.⁷

Serendipitously, Broome's arrival in Pittsburgh in 1865 coincided with burgeoning discussions among community leaders in nearby Sewickley for a monument to honor their Civil War casualties. Like many Western Pennsylvania communities, Sewickley had heeded President Abraham Lincoln's call for volunteers and witnessed the quick departure of its native sons for the battlefields of the South. Many of Sewickley's volunteers formed Company G of the 28th Pennsylvania Volunteers, a regiment that saw action in the bloody battles of Second

Most communities placed their monuments in town squares, but Sewickley leaders believed that the cemetery's bucolic setting on a wooded hillside overlooking the valley would be more appropriate



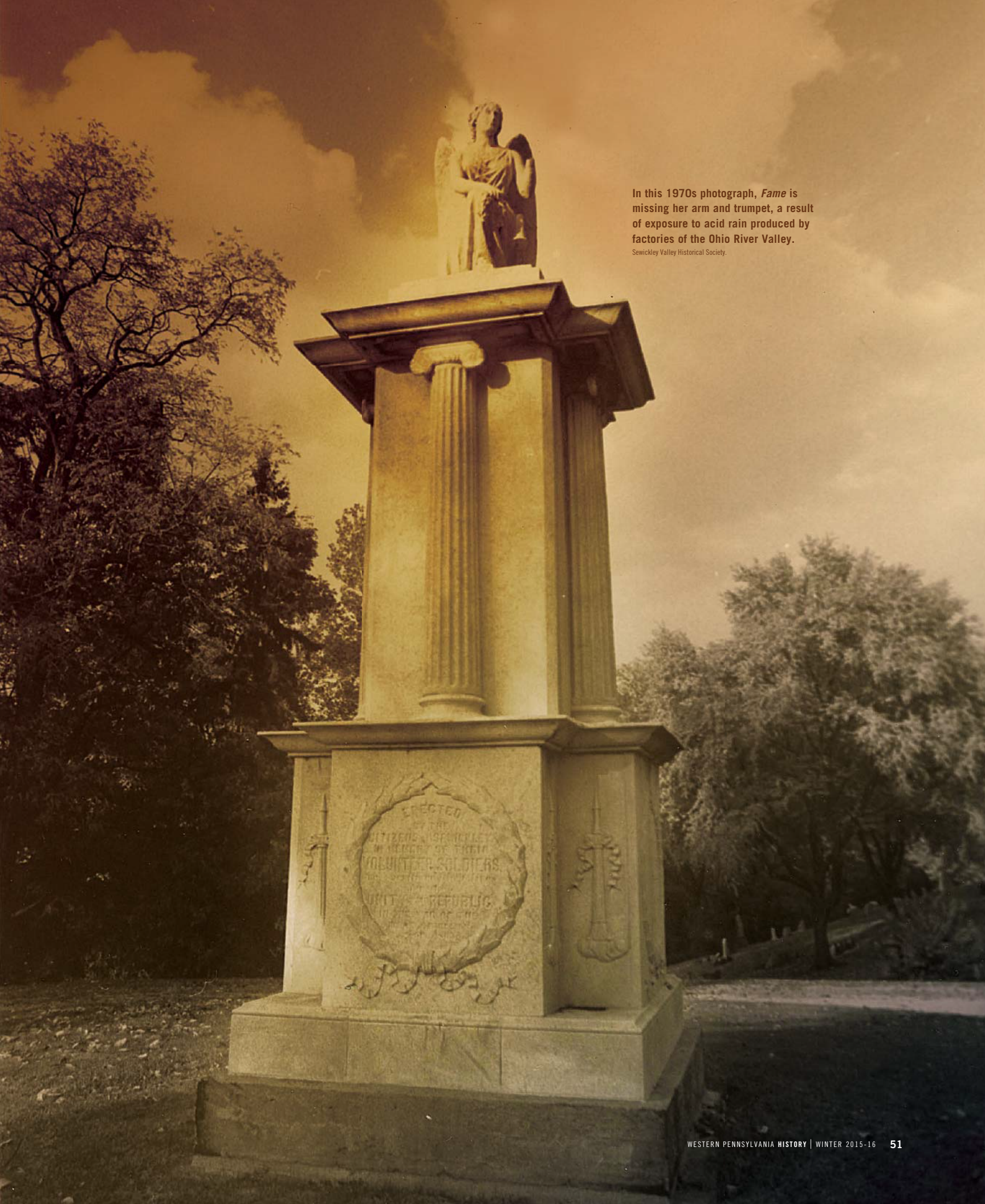
Isaac Broome, Mary L. Lippincott Funerary Monument in Allegheny Cemetery, marble, 1867.
Christopher Bailey via Pittsburgh Cemeteries; or, the Architecture of Life and Death, <https://pittsburghcemeteries.wordpress.com>.

Bull Run, Antietam, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. Over the course of the war, local newspapers somberly reported on Sewickley Cemetery receiving the remains of the town's Civil War dead—some killed in action, others who died from disease. As the final resting place of many of its casualties, the cemetery seemed the appropriate place for a monument to recognize those who gave the ultimate sacrifice to the Union cause. Whereas most communities placed their monuments in town squares, Sewickley leaders believed that the cemetery's bucolic setting on a wooded hillside overlooking the valley would be a more appropriate (and more peaceful) location. At a meeting on June 15, 1865, cemetery Superintendent D.N. White first proposed the monument.

Since our last annual meeting, under the blessing of Providence, peace has once more smiled upon our land, and

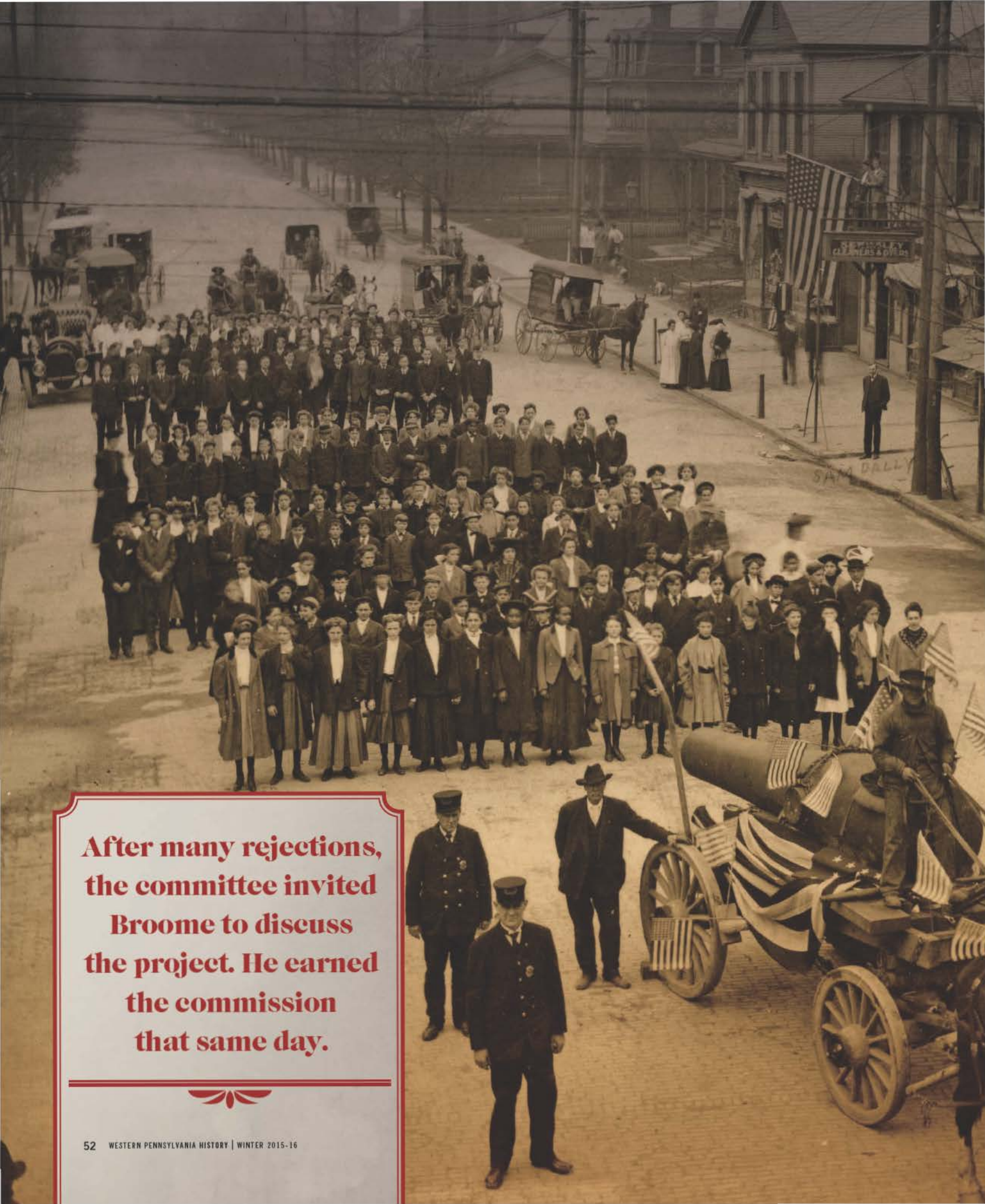
our veteran soldiers, with shouts of victory, are returning to their homes. But there are some who went out from our midst in all the pride and vigor of young manhood, who will return no more. They sleep in far-off battle fields, while others rest in our beautiful cemetery, to await the final resurrection. Do not the patriotic citizens of this valley owe something to their dead heroes? Shall their names be suffered to perish? Shall no record, imperishable as marble, be kept of their deeds and sacrifices? Shall we have no enduring memorial of the remarkable rebellion, and of those who perished in defense of union and liberty? It seems proper that this work should be undertaken by the cemetery company, as it is composed of many of our principal citizens and has an organized and corporate existence. I would therefore recommend to the Board of Managers that immediate action be taken to promote so laudable an enterprise.⁸

On the same day of this heartfelt address, the cemetery board of managers passed resolutions to take action on a monument and formed a small committee consisting of Superintendent White, T.H. Nevin, and J.W.F. White to lead the project. After establishing that they would receive no compensation for their work and that the cemetery would undertake no debt, the committee members created a fund to cover the cost of a statue, with a first public appeal taking place on July 4. Spearheaded by \$200 donations from town leaders James L. Carnahan, William Reed, and the trustees of the Economy Society, the fund grew to more than \$4,000 in a matter of weeks. As for the design, the committee first considered the use of American granite, but quickly ruled it out because the innate hardness would prevent the elaborate ornamentation envisioned for the piece. Instead, the committee agreed on

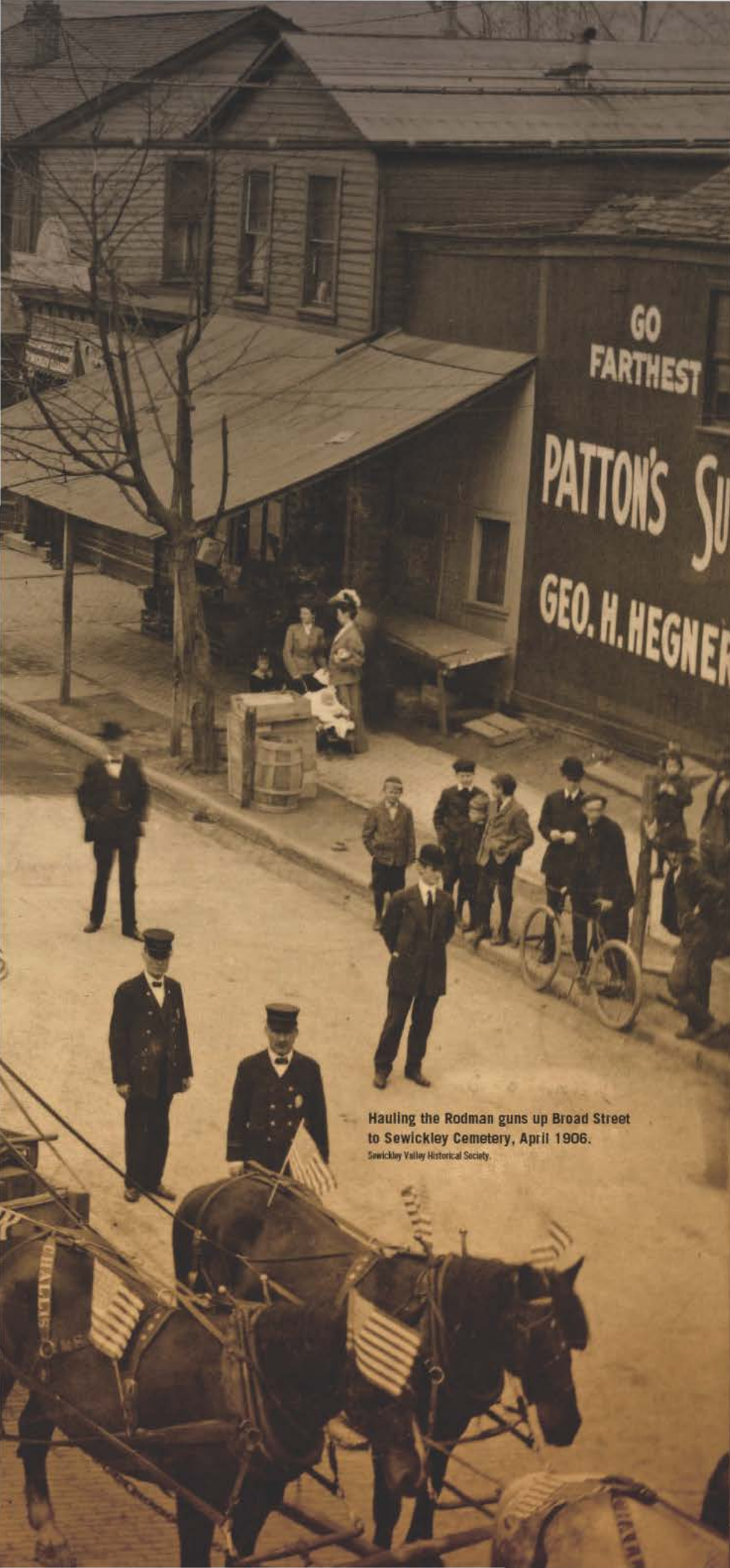


In this 1970s photograph, *Fame* is missing her arm and trumpet, a result of exposure to acid rain produced by factories of the Ohio River Valley.

Sewickley Valley Historical Society.



**After many rejections,
the committee invited
Broome to discuss
the project. He earned
the commission
that same day.**



Hauling the Rodman guns up Broad Street
to Sewickley Cemetery, April 1906.
Sewickley Valley Historical Society.

the use of Italian marble—a material that, “for durability and richness, and the facility with which it can be wrought into beautiful forms, has rendered it the chosen material for works of art, and monumental structures, for ages.”⁹

Once the material had been determined, the committee sent out a call for design proposals. Its excitement at a large number of design submissions quickly turned to disappointment as not a single one proved to be acceptable to the committee’s vision. “There was an almost universal sameness in all the conceptions presented,” the group lamented, “all of them including an obelisk, or column, and generally surmounted with an eagle and all of them with military emblems.” Since such monuments were already being erected in other parts of the country, the ubiquitous obelisk design capped by an eagle (or an armed soldier standing at attention) failed to inspire Sewickley’s vision for a “true work of art, expressive of the object, classical in its expression, while original in its conception.”¹⁰ After many rejections, the committee learned about Isaac Broome’s recent arrival in Pittsburgh and invited him to discuss the project. He earned the commission that same day.

Dedicated one year later on July 12, 1866, Broome’s Sewickley Civil War monument took the form of PHEME (or Fame), the feminine personification of fame and renown in classical Greek mythology. Carved from marble, Broome’s embodiment of Fame rested on one knee, folded wings behind, with a laurel wreath in one hand and a trumpet in the other. The kneeling figure was perched atop a four-sided structure made of marble and resembling a temple from ancient Greece. Fluted ionic columns constituted the core of the temple, enhancing the classical feel. The artist’s conception for the 21-foot-tall monument was the culmination of kinetic action:

Fame, flying through air, seeking to sound trumpet, spies the marble structure, which with ionic columns, represents a small Grecian temple, and



Closeup view of one of the four 10-inch Rodman cannons made at Fort Pitt Foundry that surrounded *Fame* from 1906 until 1942.
Sewickley Valley Historical Society

she finds it as being dedicated to the memory of heroes, prepares a chapel of laurels to hand upon it in their honor. Folds her wings and kneels for that purpose, holding laurel in one hand and seizes the trumpet to sound in their honor.¹¹

The public marveled at the masterful carving and lifelike detail of Broome's *Fame*, commenting on her facial features, arms, hands, fingers, and even the folds of her robes. Beneath her feet, three sides of the temple contained carved panels surrounded by low relief laurel wreaths (symbolizing victory) that listed the names of Sewickley's Civil War dead. The front panel, also encased in low relief laurel, proclaimed the monument's function as a memorial "for the unity of the republic in

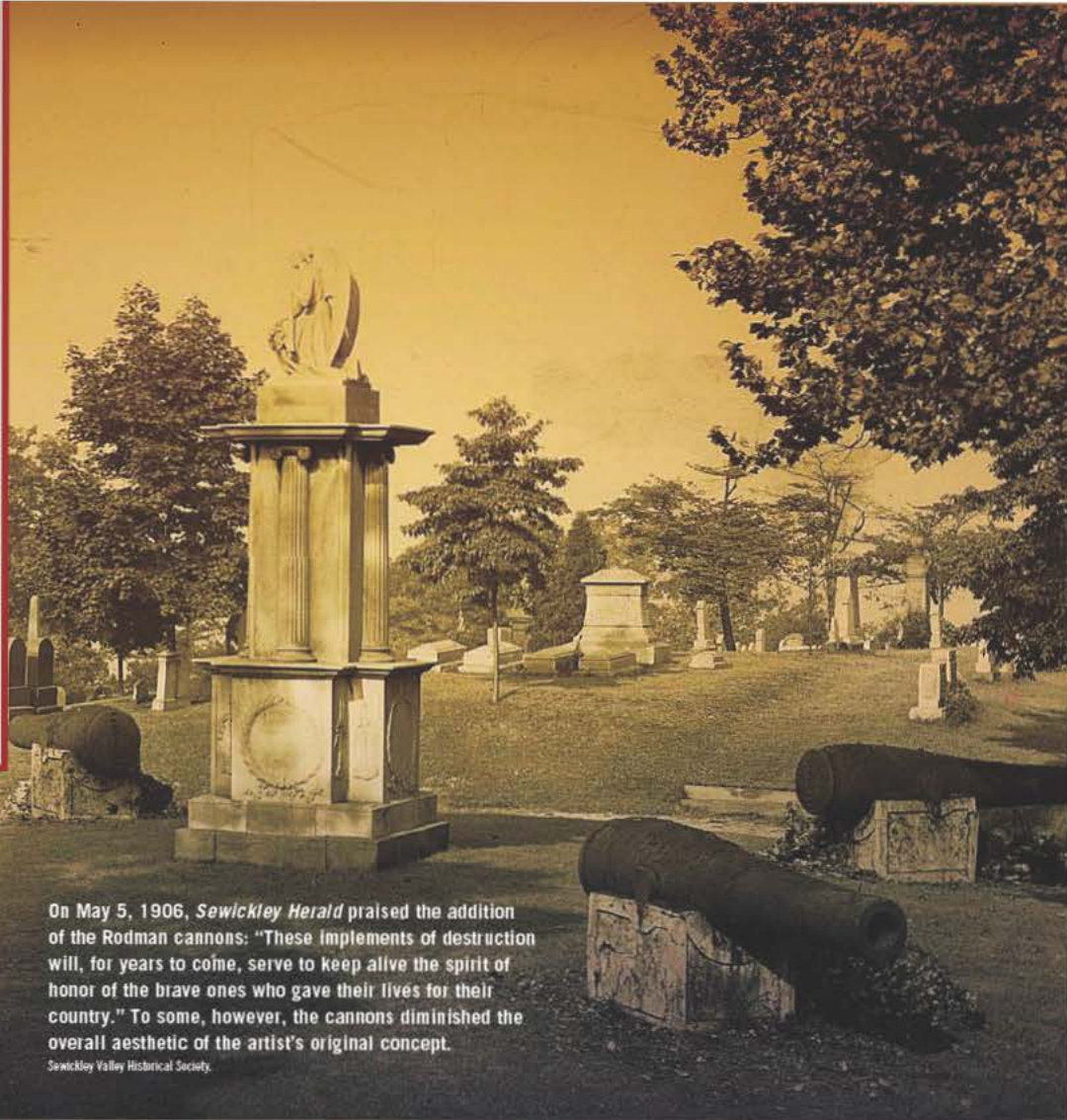
the war of the Great Rebellion." Flanking each of the panels, inverted torches symbolized the darkness faced by a community grieving over its lost sons. Pleased with the uniqueness of the design, the cemetery committee lauded Broome's artistic efforts, crediting him with "producing one of the finest works of art, of a monumental description, to be found in this region."¹² Fittingly, the statue would go on to serve as the central focus of Sewickley's annual Memorial Day ceremonies for many years.¹³

It is unclear what influenced the choice of *Fame*, but it is possible that Broome was inspired by Theodore O'Hara's poem *Bivouac of the Dead*, which includes the stanza, "On *Fame's* eternal camping-ground / Their silent tents to spread / And glory guards, with solemn

round / The bivouac of the dead."¹⁴ Although written in the aftermath of the Mexican War to honor Kentucky veterans, O'Hara's poem saw new life in the 1860s when it was used in ceremonies and public memorials mourning Civil War soldiers. The mention of *Fame* in a popular poem of the day may have moved Broome to use the figure on his monument. It is also likely that Broome was guided on his choice by his travels in Europe, where *Fame* had served as an allegorical symbol on military memorials for centuries. It is unclear if O'Hara's poem or Broome's Sewickley monument played a role in inspiring another famous Civil War statue of *Fame*: the 1897 Battle Monument on the grounds of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point.



**The mention of
Fame in a popular
poem of the day
may have moved
Broome to use
the figure on his
monument.**



On May 5, 1906, *Sewickley Herald* praised the addition of the Rodman cannons: "These implements of destruction will, for years to come, serve to keep alive the spirit of honor of the brave ones who gave their lives for their country." To some, however, the cannons diminished the overall aesthetic of the artist's original concept.

Sewickley Valley Historical Society.



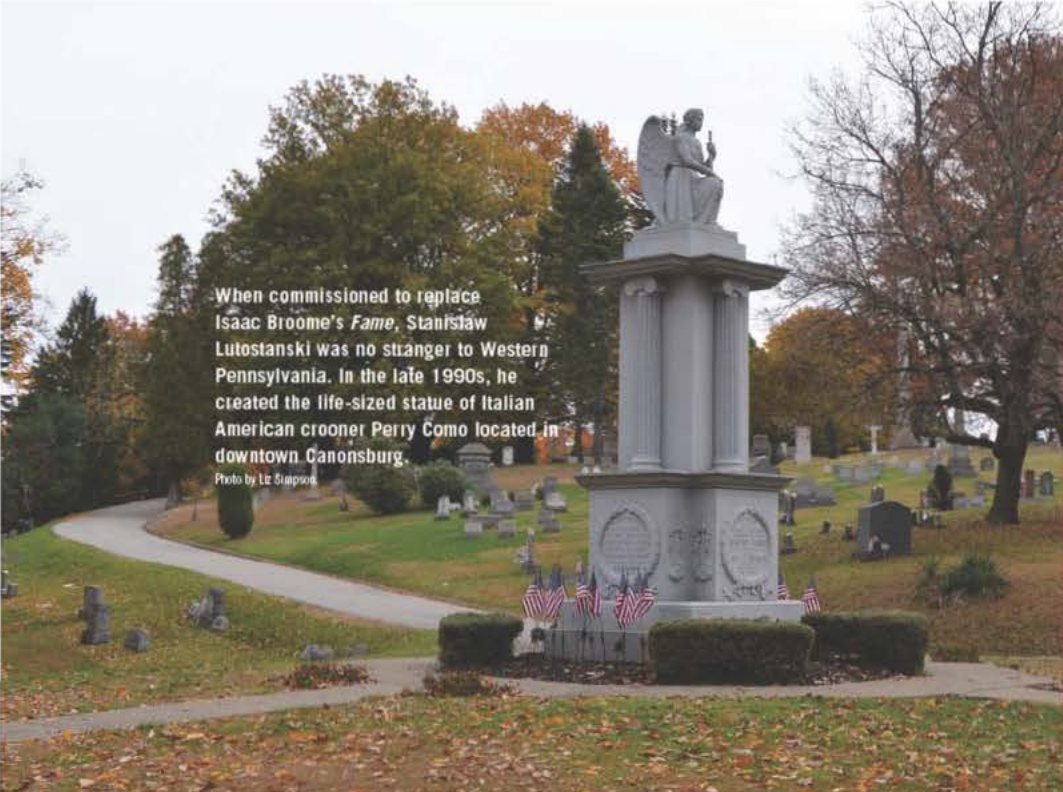
Broome left Pittsburgh in 1871 to pursue another short-lived terracotta project in Brooklyn, after which he undertook his celebrated work for the 1876 Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia. A second chapter in Broome's Western Pennsylvania career came in 1890 when the artist (by then established as a ceramic tile designer) accepted a position at the Beaver Falls Art Tile Company. From 1890 until 1896, Broome designed decorative fireplace

and oven tiles using the same classical inspiration as his Sewickley statue. While a resident of Beaver Falls and nearby New Brighton, Broome also built a bathtub and enamel works at Ellwood City, dabbled in projects connected with the Pittsburgh Iron Works, and received patents for a number of innovative tile decorating apparatuses.¹⁵ In 1896, Broome left the Pittsburgh region for good to pursue artistic endeavors elsewhere.

Broome's second stint as a Western Pennsylvania resident ended shortly before Sewickley civic leaders embellished his Civil War monument with a cannon circle. Enlisting the support of Gilbert Hays (the son of Gettysburg hero and Franklin-native General Alexander Hays), cemetery officials acquired

In 2005, Vermont sculptor Stanislaw Lutostanski created a replacement Civil War monument modeled after Broome's original creation. Granite was selected over marble to ensure durability.

Photo by Liz Simpson.



When commissioned to replace Isaac Broome's *Fame*, Stanisław Lutostanski was no stranger to Western Pennsylvania. In the late 1990s, he created the life-sized statue of Italian American crooner Perry Como located in downtown Canonsburg.

Photo by Liz Stuprowski

Cemetery officials moved Broome's original statue to an unassuming location inside the cemetery chapel, where it still resides.



four 10-inch Rodman guns weighing 15,000 pounds each and installed them around *Fame*. Made at the Fort Pitt Foundry, the cannons had most recently been mounted on the fortifications of Fort Independence in Boston Harbor. In some respects, the addition of the cannons in 1906 ran contrary to the original inclinations of the monument committee that wanted a classical, non-military theme for its memorial. Nonetheless, an elaborate ceremony in which the cannons were hauled through town trailed by a procession of tearful veterans and schoolchildren quickly warmed the public to the new addition.¹⁶ Less than 40 years later, however, the memorial returned to its original state when a World War II metal drive in 1942 claimed the cannons for scrap. The Sewickley Valley Cot Club raised the funds for four teams of dray horses and a specially built 10-ton wagon to haul the Rodmans from the cemetery to the railroad, where they were shipped off to a scrap yard and converted into modern tools of war.¹⁷

By the 1970s, it was obvious that using marble for the Civil War monument had one severe shortcoming: susceptibility to damage from exposure. Situated on a prominent open

hillside in one of the country's most prolific industrial river valleys, Broome's statue suffered from the effects of 100 years of air pollution, acid rain, and the natural elements. Once lauded for its intricate detail, Broome's *Fame* became marred and cracked, her arm and trumpet lost, and the panels holding the soldiers' names rendered nearly illegible.¹⁸ As the damage increased with each passing year, community leaders decided that the entire sculpture and temple base should be replaced in granite, thereby ensuring greater durability for the next century. An ad hoc group named Citizens for Soldiers achieved the herculean task of raising \$300,000 to commission a granite replica of the *Fame* statue to be made by Vermont sculptor Stanisław Lutostanski. The community dedicated its new monument on July 12, 2005, exactly 139 years to the day after its original unveiling. Amid the pomp and circumstance of the event, cemetery officials quietly moved Broome's original statue to an unassuming location inside the cemetery chapel, where it still resides.¹⁹

Following his death in 1922, Isaac Broome was largely forgotten by Western Pennsylvania and continues to be overlooked

in any discussion of public sculpture in the Pittsburgh region.²⁰ Broome's formative Western Pennsylvania years, however, represent an important chapter in the early career of a celebrated American artist—an artist whose classically inspired statue of *Fame* made a lasting impact on the landscape of the Ohio River Valley and represented one of the earliest and most distinctive memorials honoring the nation's Civil War veterans. ❧

Nicholas P. Ciotola is Curator of Cultural History at the New Jersey State Museum and a former curator at the Heinz History Center. His previous work on public sculpture in Western Pennsylvania includes "From Honus to Columbus: The Life and Work of Frank Vittor," in *Italian Americans: Bridges to Italy, Bonds to America* (New York: Teneo Press, 2010).

¹ Alice Cooney Frelinghuysen, *American Porcelain, 1770-1920* (New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1989); Molly Randolph, "Isaac Broome: Ott & Brewer's Ceramic Artist" (unpublished master's thesis, George Mason University, 2014).

² "Isaac Broome, Pioneer Ceramic Sculptor, Dies," *New York Tribune*, 5 May 1922, 11; "Life Devoted to Art Productions," *Trenton Sunday Advertiser*, 8 October 1905, 9; Edwin Atlee Barber, *The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States: An Historical Review of American Ceramic Art from the Earliest Times to the Present Day* (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1893), 371-372. For a recent study of

Broome, including biographical material on his earlier life, see Molly Randolph, "Isaac Broome: Ott & Brewer's Ceramic Artist."

³ George Henry Thurston, *Pittsburgh's Progress, Industries and Resources* (Pittsburgh: A.A. Anderson & Son, 1886), 177-178; Ronald L. Michael and Phil R. Jack, "The Stoneware Potteries of New Geneva And Greensboro, Pennsylvania," *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine* 56, no. 4 (October 1973): 365-382; Ronald L. Michael, "Stoneware from Fayette, Greene and Washington Counties, Pennsylvania," *Northeast Historical Archaeology* 6, no. 1 (1977): 33-41; W.A. Calhoun, "Early Clay Industries of the Upper Ohio Valley," unpublished manuscript, Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, Ohio History Connection.

⁴ *Annual Report of the Park Commission of the City of Allegheny, Pittsburgh* (Allegheny City, Pa.: W.O. Johnston & Co. Printers, 1870), 16-17. No remnants of these classically inspired fountains survive.

⁵ *Directory of Pittsburgh and Allegheny Cities, 1865-1866, 1867-1868, 1868-1869, 1870-1871; 1870 United States Federal Census, Allegheny Ward 3, Allegheny, Pennsylvania.* Pennsylvania Room, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ Walter Read Hovey, "Painting in Pittsburgh from the Frontier Settlement to the Industrial Development," *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine* 40, no. 1 (Spring 1957): 43.

⁸ "Soldiers Monument," in photocopied publication titled *Sewickley Cemetery*, vertical files, Sewickley Valley Historical Society.

⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹¹ *Ibid.*

¹² *Ibid.*

¹³ "Our Soldiers Monument," *Sewickley Herald*, 27 May 1932, 1.

¹⁴ The full text of O'Hara's poem can be found in Thomas R. Lounsbury, ed., *Yale Book of American Verse* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1912).

¹⁵ "New Patents," *Clay Record*, 29 December 1893, 12; Edwin Atlee Barber, "Recent Advances in the Pottery Industry," *Popular Science Monthly* 40 (January 1892): 310-311; "Life Devoted to Art Productions," *Trenton Sunday Advertiser*, 8 October 1905, 9; Norman Karlson, *American Art Tile, 1876-1941* (New York: Rizzoli, 1998), 57-58.

¹⁶ "The Cannon Arrive," *Sewickley Herald*, 28 April 1906, 1.

¹⁷ "Cannon Go Back to War," *Sewickley Herald*, 8 October 1942, 1.

¹⁸ "Back Into Time," *Sewickley Herald*, 14 July 1971, 14.

¹⁹ "Monumental Task Underway at Sewickley Cemetery," *Sewickley Herald*, 30 June 2004, 13; "Community Prepares to Bid Farewell to a Lady," *Sewickley Herald*, 25 May 2005, 13. "Fame's Final Day," *Sewickley Herald*, 29 June 2005, 13.

²⁰ Broome's *Fame* is not included in the "Greater Pittsburgh" chapter of the excellent reference book on public sculpture, Marilyn Evert and Vernon Gay, *Discovering Pittsburgh's Sculpture* (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1983).

Today, Broome's *Fame* resides inside a chapel on the cemetery grounds.

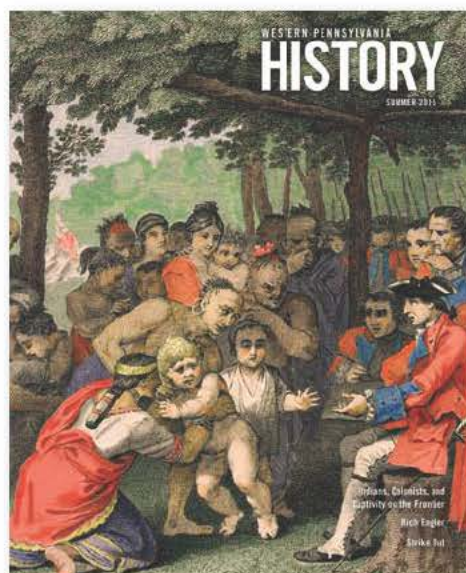
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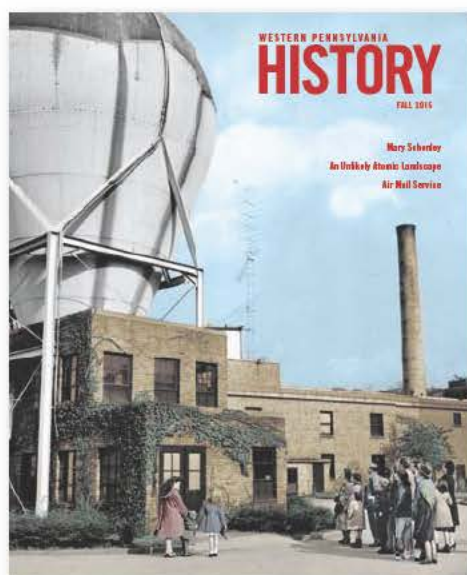
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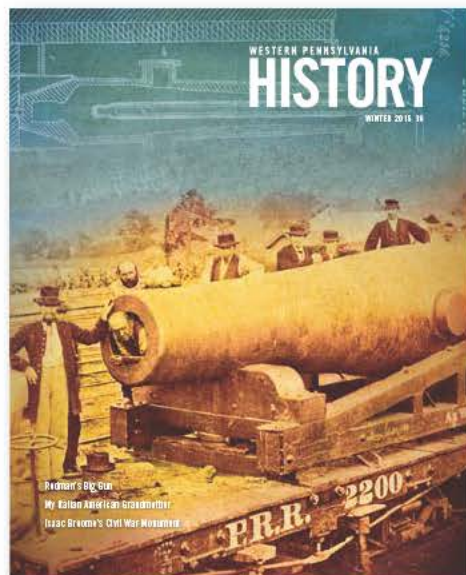
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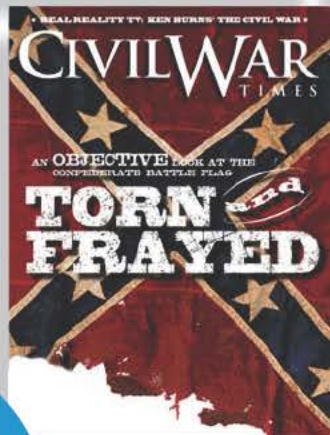
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City of Steel: How Pittsburgh Became the World's Steelmaking Capital During the Carnegie Era

By Ken Kobus

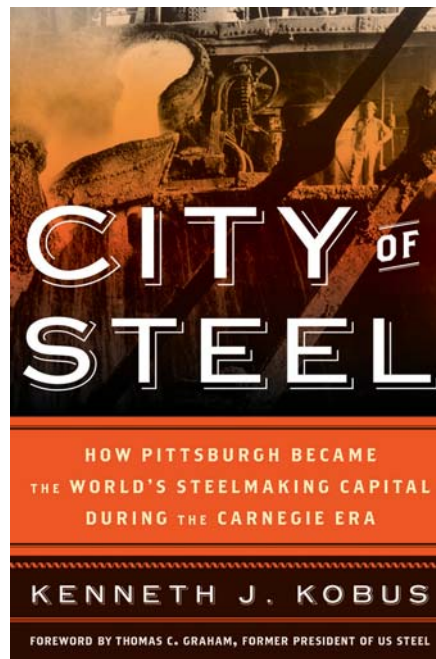
Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, 2015

320 pp.

Hardcover \$45, eBook \$44.99

Reviewed by Matthew G. Hyland, Ph.D.

Assistant Professor, Duquesne University



So much of Pittsburgh's steel history, from corporate records and machinery to production processes and the factories themselves, has been lost. Over time, the inter-relationships among labor, capital, finance, immigration, technology, and raw materials that gave rise to the Pittsburgh steel industry in the Gilded Age have unraveled. *City of Steel* seeks to recover this past and explain the initial growth and development of steelmaking in Pittsburgh by focusing on the Carnegie Steel Company.

Kobus's main interest is the industry's early period, defined by the incorporation of the Carnegie Steel Company and the construction of its first furnaces in the 1870s up to the sale of the company to J.P. Morgan and Carnegie's withdrawal from the industry in the early 1900s. His time interval selection reveals a company on the rise, hitting record-setting production markets, buying out competitors, and making spectacular

profits for shareholders. Kobus attributes such success to decisions by the company in adopting innovative techniques and equipment, what Joseph Schumpeter called creative destruction, that is, the paradox of advancing by sweeping away the things that had brought such progress. Kobus also makes the usual arguments for such success based on Pittsburgh transportation facilities, low-cost immigrant labor, and availability of natural resources for making iron and steel.

Kobus places production and the grandeur of heavy industry at the center of his narrative. Production processes, production numbers, systems of production, production records, and production methods dominate the chapters. His knowledge of production is helpful if you have ever walked the underground passage from the Steel Plaza "T" station to the U. S. Steel building. There, you may have noticed H.R.

Shuler's 1985 mural *Challenge — Pittsburgh*, particularly the first section of the mural showing all the elements that go into making and strengthening steel. Kobus's chapters on crucible steel making, puddling, surveying the quantities of coal mined from the Pittsburgh seam, cooking and distilling coal into coke, the Bessemer process, and open hearth furnaces carefully detail all of the processes and ingredients of steel-making and what Shuler has visualized in the mural. *City of Steel* makes a fine companion for appreciating Shuler's mural or for reading the documentation of Pittsburgh steel mills by the Historic American Engineering Record.

Despite the detail on production, *City of Steel* provides only a snapshot of the steel industry during the Carnegie era, written from the point of view of the factory floor. Missing from *City of Steel* is a wider explanation for the rising demand for steel products by consumers,

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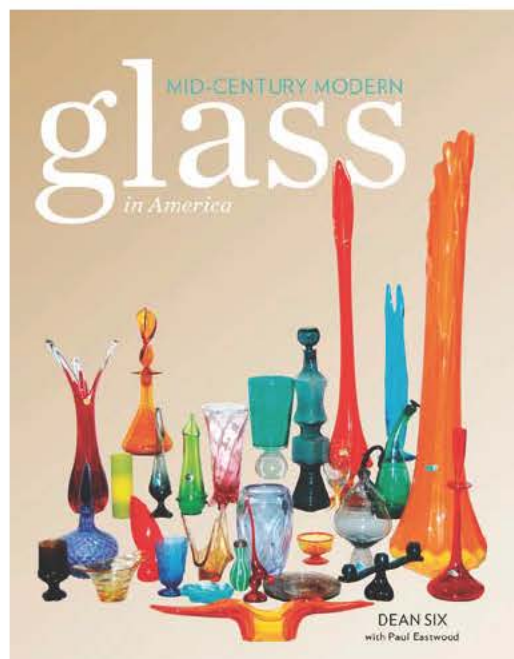
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the intricacies of steel-focused investment banking, sustained comparisons with other Great Lakes steel companies (Lackawanna Steel, for instance), and labor's struggles for better working conditions. Kobus's assertion that Pittsburgh became the Steel Capital of the World during the Gilded Age is dominated by his detailed exposition of the steel making processes. It is a wonderful look at the processes but leaves open the possibility of a sequel that looks at the industry itself. ❖

Mid-century Modern Glass in America

By Dean Six with Paul Eastwood

Schiffer Publishing, 2014

272 pp., 690 color and b&w illustrations

Hardcover \$39.99

Reviewed by Emilia Boehm Emig,
Curator of Collections at the Marblehead Museum in
Marblehead, Mass.

"Can it be a little modern or must it scream?"

In *Mid-century Modern Glass in America*, veteran glass collector and author Dean Six (along with contributor Paul Eastwood) tackles this and other intriguing questions as he welcomes readers to the subset of glassware known as American Mid-Century Modern (AMCM). Defining AMCM is Six's first task and presents no small challenge, beginning with establishing the timeframe under discussion. Ultimately, Six focused on American (plus a few Canadian-made) glass designed, produced, and marketed between 1945 and 1974. The term *modern* also requires delineation; here, Six settled on a broad meaning of "denouncing and rebelling against the form, embellishment, and visual appeal that came before."

The majority of the book is dedicated to examinations of more than 30 glass manufacturers, accompanied by illustrations

BOOK REVIEWS

of the styles and lines of AMCM glass they produced. As is to be expected given the region's longstanding glassmaking tradition, companies from the tri-state region of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia figure predominantly, with a smaller number of firms from New York, Indiana, Texas, and Canada also represented. Included with each manufacturer's vignette is a "good, better, best" scale in which two or three examples of that maker's AMCM products are illustrated. These graphics successfully give the reader a sense of the hierarchy of quality and desirability for each firm's output. Also helpful are the suggestions for further reading included with many of the manufacturer entries.

Beyond his attention to manufacturers, the author also gives brief treatment to select designers who provided cold decoration, an industry term for surface embellishment added to a glass object long after its original ("hot") production. The section of biographical snapshots for 16 AMCM cold decorators (both individuals and companies) adds an interesting look at a few of the artists responsible for the designs that made AMCM products so unique.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of the book is its nearly 700 illustrations, which

document various AMCM product lines and allow for comparison between makers and types of objects. Reproductions of catalog pages and advertisements offer a fascinating look at the way in which AMCM was marketed to the American public and further place the objects in the context of their times. For the majority of illustrated glassware, the author also provides price guidelines—valuations which, as the author acknowledges, are subject to many variables. While the value guidelines will be of interest to some collectors, the book's most lasting contributions are found in its summaries of the glass manufacturers, the copious product images, and the brief look at select cold decorators.

A welcome contribution to the scant reference literature available on American glassware inspired by and produced during a time of great social and cultural change in the nation, Six's volume offers an insightful introduction for collectors venturing into the "brave new world that was American Mid-century Glass."



Book Events

January 14, 2016 • 7:00 p.m.

6th Floor Detre Library & Archives

Steel City Jews

Discussion and book signing with
Barbara Burstin

Thursday, February 18, 2016 • 7:00-8:30 p.m.

6th Floor Detre Library & Archives

Mayoral Ink: Cartooning Pittsburgh's

Mayors with Rob Rogers

Saturday, February 13, 2016 • 1:00–3:00 p.m.

5th Floor Mueller Education Center

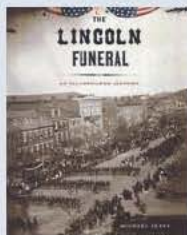
*Gesture and Power: Religion, Nationalism,
and Everyday Performance in Congo with*
Yolanda Covington Ward

All three events are free and open to the public but do not include admission to the rest of the museum.

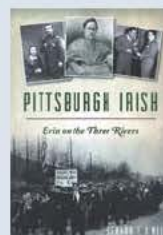
For more information, please contact
Caroline Fitzgerald at ccfitzgerald@heinzhistorycenter.org or 412-454-6373.

Look for more reviews at www.heinzhistorycenter.org/blog/category/online-book-reviews

NEW
ONLINE



*The Lincoln
Funeral: An
Illustrated History*



*Pittsburgh Irish:
Erin on the Three Rivers*

LEGACIES

By Elizabeth A. McMullen,
Senior Development Associate

Carol Szazynski stands next to her husband's plaque installed in the Western Pennsylvania Sports Museum on September 9, 2015.
Photo by Elizabeth A. McMullen.

Each person, family, neighborhood, and town has a unique history to tell. The Senator John Heinz History Center shares those stories of Western Pennsylvanians in many ways—through exhibitions, programs, publications, and even commemorative items. We feel it is important to give people the opportunity to share their own story, leaving a legacy for future generations.

Mrs. Carol Szazynski shared the story of her husband Tim Szazynski with a plaque on our Black and Gold Wall, located at the entrance of the Western Pennsylvania Sports Museum. The simple inscription reads: "Tim Szazynski, Lawrenceville Tigers Baseball." For those who remember "Tiger" Tim and the championship baseball team, the plaque has the power to evoke great memories of competition and camaraderie.

As Mrs. Szazynski reminisced:

As the wife of "Tiger" Tim, I have everlasting memories of the Federation League Lawrenceville Tigers baseball games at Leslie Park on 46th & Butler Street. It is now called McGrane Field. In 1959, Tim Szazynski organized the team and was the manager, catcher, and groundskeeper. He was known as "Mr. Sandlot" in the City of Pittsburgh.

On September 30, 1962, a picture was published of Governor David L. Lawrence giving a trophy to the Lawrenceville Tiger Team in the State Office Building in Philadelphia. The Tigers won the Greater Pittsburgh League Shanessey Playoff.



From 1965 to 1969, Lawrenceville dominated the Fed League, winning five straight titles. In 1969, the Tigers of Pittsburgh won the Annual National Amateur Baseball Federation Senior Championship in Buffalo, New York. They defeated the Buffalo Cardinals before 3,000 fans.

The final year for the Lawrenceville Tigers was 1971. Thirteen years of baseball history came to a close, but memories are everlasting. Thank you Lawrenceville Tigers Baseball Team.

The History Center enjoyed getting to know Mrs. Szazynski and learning more about the Lawrenceville Tigers. As Mrs. Szazynski expressed:

Thank you Heinz History Center for giving me the ability to purchase a commemorative plaque to give recognition to my Heavenly husband Tim Szazynski and the Lawrenceville Tigers Baseball Team. I am gifted to have been given the option to be present during installation of the plaque on the second floor and to invite family and friends.



Lawrenceville Tigers team photo, 1969.
Carol Szazynski.

A commemorative item truly makes the honoree part of Western Pennsylvania history. For more information about leaving a legacy at the History Center through a bequest, commemorative tile, time capsule, life insurance, or other gift please contact Elizabeth McMullen, Senior Development Associate, at eamcmullen@heinzhistorycenter.org or 412-454-6445.

INFORMATION

4 Museums. 2 Magazines. 2 Memberships:



An affiliate of the Smithsonian Institution, the 275,000-square-foot Senator John Heinz History Center is the largest history museum in Pennsylvania. The six floors include the Western Pennsylvania Sports Museum, covering a wide range of interests and events, and the Detre Library & Archives, containing 700,000 photographs, 40,000 books, and many more maps, records, and archival collections.

1212 SMALLMAN STREET in the Strip District
Parking lots and meters nearby.
www.heinzhistorycenter.org
(412) 454-6000

HOURS

Museum and Shop: 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., daily.
Library & Archives: 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.,
Wednesday through Saturday.
Closed on New Year's Day, Easter, Thanksgiving,
and Christmas.

ADMISSION

Members Free
Adults \$16.00; Students \$6.50 with a school ID;
Seniors (62+) \$14.00; Ages 6-17 \$6.50; Retired
and Active Duty Military \$6.50; Age 5 and under Free.

Admission includes the History Center, the Western Pennsylvania Sports Museum, and the Library & Archives. *Admission to only the Library & Archives is free for all visitors.*

PARKING:

History Center members showing a valid membership card can park for a \$4 flat rate across the street from the museum at 12th and Smallman, subject to availability. Parking is also available at 13th and Smallman, 15th and Smallman, the Convention Center Garage, and the Grant Street Transportation Center Garages.

FACILITY

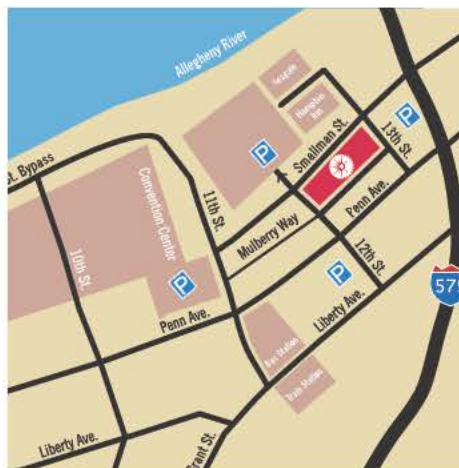
Members enjoy a 15% discount at the Museum Shop.
Wheelchair accessible. Café on site.
Discovery Place and Kidsburgh for children.

GROUP SALES

Discounted rates for group admission, advance booking required. Call (412) 454-6304.

FACILITY RENTAL

The History Center's distinctive setting, with superb dining provided by Common Plea Catering, is the perfect place to host your next banquet, party, reception, or seminar. Call (412) 454-6435 for information and reservations.



AVELLA, WASHINGTON COUNTY, PA
www.heinzhistorycenter.org/meadowcroft.aspx
(724) 587-3412

Take a step back in time less than an hour west of Pittsburgh near West Virginia. Meadowcroft contains a 16th-century Indian Village, a 19th-century rural village, and the 16,000-year-old Rockshelter, the oldest site of human habitation in North America, and now a National Historic Landmark.



HOURS

Memorial Day through Labor Day
Wednesday through Saturday: 12 to 5 p.m.
Sunday: 1 to 5 p.m.

May, Sept, Oct.
Saturday: 12 to 5 p.m.
Sunday: 1 to 5 p.m.

ADMISSION

Admission includes Rockshelter, Village, and Museum
History Center Members Free
Adult \$12.00; Seniors (62+) \$11.00;
Ages 6-17 \$6.00; Students \$6.00 with a school ID; Retired and Active Duty Military \$6.00; Age 5 and under Free.

GET BOTH A HISTORY CENTER AND A SMITHSONIAN MEMBERSHIP FOR 1 Low Price.



101 COMMONWEALTH PLACE PITTSBURGH, PA
<http://www.heinzhistorycenter.org/secondary.aspx?id=296>
 (412) 281-9285

Located in Point State Park, this two-floor, 12,000-square-foot museum in a reconstructed bastion tells the story of Western Pennsylvania's pivotal role during the French & Indian War and the American Revolution, and as the birthplace of Pittsburgh.



HOURS

Hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., daily.
 Closed New Year's Day, Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas.

ADMISSION

History Center Members Free
 Adults \$7.00; Seniors (62+) \$6.00;
 Students \$3.50 with a school ID;
 Ages 6-17 \$3.50;
 Age 5 and under Free.

PARKING

A variety of parking is available including:
 Boulos Parking Lot
 601 Commonwealth Place
 \$13 all day, \$5 after 2 p.m., \$7 on weekends.

Join the History Center and you also join the Smithsonian for free!

The Heinz History Center is a proud affiliate of the Smithsonian Institution. A one-year membership to the Senator John Heinz History Center includes free unlimited admission to the History Center, Sports Museum, Meadowcroft Rockshelter and Historic Village, and Fort Pitt Museum as well as our quarterly Western Pennsylvania History magazine, invitations to members-only events, and more. You'll also receive a subscription to Smithsonian magazine, discounts in select Smithsonian shops and dining facilities, and other benefits. Join or renew today!

- ☐ Individual \$60
 62 and older pays \$57
- ☐ Dual \$70 ☐ Family \$85 ☐ Contributor \$125
- ☐ Mr. & Mrs. ☐ Mr. ☐ Ms. ☐ Dr.

Visit www.heinzhistorycenter.org for details.

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By Phone: (412) 454-6436

By Fax: (412) 454-6031

In Person:

At the Admissions Desk at the History Center

By Mail:

Heinz History Center
 1212 Smallman St.
 Pittsburgh, PA 15222

Online: www.heinzhistorycenter.org

Questions: membership@heinzhistorycenter.org

Double your donation! Check with your employer about your company's matching gift program.



Smithsonian Affiliations
 Membership Program



Yeah, that's kind of
what our ideas do.

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