

Tylerdale . . . as I remember it!



*From the recollections of
Floyd C. Marasco*

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**A collection of memories
for his family and friends**

Contents

TYLERDALE	3
"Union Block"- Peoples National Bank	5
Meadow Avenue	10
The McGugin Building.....	12
The Pensy Railroad.....	15
...Just In' My 1st Neighborhood	17
Wylie Avenue: A Busy Street.....	19
Dunbar & Wallace Lumber Co.	21
Hardware Store...Stamps..."Fertile Hair Tonic"	24
Tylerdale Had A Hotel...Once...Believe It Or Not!	26
Big Snow	27
Russell Brothers	28
Area Grocery Stores and Bakery... ..	31
Tylerdale Garage	34
Trolley.... Street Cars	36
Bits Of Sports In Tylerdale	38
Canton Twp. V.F.D. and the BEANERY	40
The Old Mail Man... ..	41
The Circus	42
The Ice Man..... A Weekly Cool Visit	45
Cuttings from the Barber Shop.... ..	46
Cross-Creek Rosie	48
The Clark Mansion on Jefferson Avenue	49
Canton Township	51
Tylerdale 7th Ward	53
The Tylerdale Churches	56
Rev. Francis Patrono Mission	60
Weirich Ave. Canton Twp Washington. Pa	60
Industrial area & views.... ..	64
Steam box swimming	64
William Neal.....	65
Barber Shops	66
Tylerdale Civic Betterment League (TCBL)	69
The Effects of I-70 on Tylerdale	72
A personal note:	74

TYLERDALE

The City of Washington which was first settled in 1781 celebrated its centennial as a municipality in 1910. From 1880 to 1890, the census showed a growth of 64.14 %. The factories were booming, and the beautiful glassware at Duncan & Miller Glass Co. was doing the same. In 1890, the Washington City boundary line was at Spruce Street, which ran from North Main Street to Jefferson Avenue (above the Jefferson Avenue Methodist church). West of this was all Canton Township.

As industries were lured to come here with abundant energy of coal and gas, more residents came for employment. A boarding house was erected on Jefferson Avenue at the site of the Dunbar-Wallace Hardware store. This 4-story building housed new workers temporarily until their family members joined them at a more permanent place to dwell.

Gradually, new homes sprang up in Tylerdale, Goat Hill, West End and 7th Ward. Envision the 4th Presbyterian Church being built, along with the 3rd United Presbyterian Church (near the old Clark School) and new Clark School- all evidence of a growing community.

Tylerdale is a name familiar to most residents of Washington, Pa. Two questions are often asked: how did the name originate and where exactly is Tylerdale? No one has ever explained how the name of the area was derived. Local residents recognize such names as: Tyler Tube & Pipe Company or the Tyler Coal Mine. Tylerdale was the name of the Pennsylvania Railroad station at West Wylie Avenue crossing (city limits). This commuter rail service from Pittsburgh stopped regularly twice daily, and freight cars frequently buzzed by noisily as I viewed with delight the coal and tank cars, flatbeds and caboose. Since no one knows of a 'Mr. Tyler', it's likely that the Tylerdale name was adopted from these industrial plants.

As to the boundaries of Tylerdale, it is not precisely set. The surrounding area was once farmland that opened out to residential expansion. Such suggestive names of farms include: Clark, Montgomery, Glenn, Wylie, Weirich and Humbert, thus suggesting the boundaries of Tylerdale. The central hub of Tylerdale is assumed to be the corner of Jefferson and Wylie Avenues.

the Brownson House (city line), to Third Street; including the Clark School district that embraces all of Maple Avenue and parts of Canton Township, Henderson and West Wylie Avenues leading into Canton Township (West Wylie and Weirich Avenue / fairgrounds/ Goat Hill areas). Westwardly is Canton Twp; northerly is Chartiers twp; eastwardly is South Strabane (at Wash High Stadium). The Pennsylvania Railroad separates Tylerdale from Canton Twp. at the West Wylie Avenue crossing near the former Philip Moses' store in the city and Russell Brothers in Canton Township.

Most of this area was newly industrialized requiring a near-by residential neighborhood and commercial center, which was assumed to be the corner of Jefferson & Wylie Avenue intersection. Since most of my life was spent in this immediate district within a few blocks of this busy corner, I have seen many residential and business changes. Consequently I now record as much as I can remember without claiming any authority other than leaving a memorable recollection of 87 years for interested residents to enjoy the memories of Tylerdale as viewed from past years, much of which was spent at my father's barber shop at the "corner" where I encountered adult conversations, some being Polish, Slavic or Italian (the latter I understood).

Let us reminisce...

“Union Block”- Peoples National Bank

The “All-American Building”, the monarch of Tylerdale, stood prestigiously on the corner of Jefferson and Wylie Avenues, erected about 1900 when the area was sprawling with newly erected homes on newly constructed streets to accommodate incoming arrivals seeking employment at many prospective factories. Tylerdale became annexed to the city of Washington to become its largest ward. The business hub of the area was around the Viehmann Building originally known as the “Union Block” that housed the Peoples National Bank in the corner room.

Most residents walked to the commercialized “corner” visiting the bank (Peoples National Bank), and grocery stores. This bank was located originally in the corner room of the “Union Block”, better known as the Viehmann Building. The bank I remember well, going for “change” for dad who operated a barbershop room behind the bank on the West Wylie Avenue side.

Officers at the bank were Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Garvin Wylie. (The former had two daughters teaching at Clark school. They were Miss Buchanan and Mrs. Lefever.) It was a convenient bank. The room was spacious and three tellers were always ready to serve. The officers sat at desks to the right of the tellers. Four tellers served courteously as utility bills could be paid here. As a teen-ager I visited the bank to get “change” for my dad’s barbershop. (Imagine haircuts at 35 cents!) I remember the bank’s built-in huge vault, when opened was loaded with money! The bank was very busy especially at paydays. The entrance to the bank was “different” because the three steps were shaped like a half-moon, about 8 feet wide, leading to the spacious doorway. The three steps were worn out. Occasionally the bank’s vault was opened to the public; it was awesome to view plenty of money inside. Outside of the bank, mounted high on the wall was a burglar alarm; having never heard it activated suggests its deterrent effect. (I once owned a little coin “saving bank” made of heavy shining metal given to customers. I wonder if anybody still has one. A key was needed to open at the bottom.)

As a lad of 11 years entering a busy bank generated many questions. Why are people at a side desk talking to the bank managers? I did understand what the tellers were doing: cashing checks, recording

added savings, and handling utility bills. Do you remember a water bill of \$1.22? Folks stood at wall-desks to sign personal checks, and used an ink pen that needed dipped into the inkwell, affixed on the desktop. Common was the use of a blotter to wipe off any excess ink to prevent any smearing of the inscription. (I have a few old blotters; many of them were fully "inked" from overuse.)

Next door to the bank, and part of the building, on Jefferson Avenue, was Miller's Drug Store, only 10 feet wide and 7 feet deep. A counter wall separated customers from all merchandise, thus unseen and out of reach except for a small window. Only the daily newspapers were accessible, as patrons would place pennies on the counter for the morning "Observer" or the evening "Reporter".

Viehmänn's Drug Store

The Peoples National Bank closed about 1933 to move "uptown" on South Main Street. Walter Viehmänn, Sr. moved into the former bank area when he purchased the Miller Drug Store. Mr. Viehmänn was the pharmacist with his two brothers, Ike and Bernard, as clerks; others serving were: Sam Lowers, Gladys Johnson, Mary Peacock, Rose Levato, Marie Selvaggi, Ruth Comfort, Alice & Jean Fleming, Jim Montecalvo and Virginia Brezinski.

When Viehmänn's remodeled the half-moon steps were reduced in size. The intervening wall was removed allowing the new drug store plenteous space for displaying products with shelves all around. The renovated space could accommodate the public with roomy display counters filled with merchandise with the newly enlarged storeroom.

Folks were disappointed without a bank nearby, but Viehmänn's drug store accommodated us with utility payments and also as a U.S. Postal sub-station where letters, stamps, packages and money orders were handled conveniently serving Tylerdale.

The old bank vault was used to store prescriptions and was filled with drugs with the door kept opened viewed by customers. Later on a dairy-bar soda-fountain was installed with many booths to serve young and old with ice cream sundaes or banana splits that were so popular. The food counter luncheon service was added to serve area patrons with much needed lunchtime meals; the menus' home-cooked

meals were delicious. A soda fountain was set up with many booths to handle crowds of folk, both old and young. It became the popular place for delightful treats. It was common for teen-agers of the community to discuss any news on the corner after supper. On summer evenings it was simply a "tradition" to meet at the corner in front of the Peoples National Bank (Viehmanns Drug Store). This was, as it were, the city square where community news was aired. Since Canton Township line was just a block away, oftentimes there was debate between the Trinity sports fans and the Wash High buffs. Those were the days when Wash High dominated with victories since Trinity's enrollment was much smaller. It was an annual competition enjoyed by sports fans, and since Trinity has been consolidated, it is much larger than Wash High. We would linger and often debate about politics, school and local happenings. These assemblies were important to appreciate each other. Watching the traffic made for conversation, but school issues took precedence and arguments were certain to occur especially about Wash High and Trinity football. We always remained friends.

There's more of the old building on the West Wylie Avenue side: the main entrance to the 2nd and 3rd floors and two storefronts. One was the first Marasco Barber Shop my dad started in 1923. He introduced his brother (my Uncle Saverio), and his nephews into the business (Jim and Sam), who later on, started the Washington Barber And Beauty Supply Co. Dad continued the shop moving at 979 Jefferson Avenue (1933) with sons, Gene and (myself), Floyd, retiring (1985 & 1992). The Wylie Avenue Shop was then occupied by Joe Alberta and John Cimino. Caleb Corey operating it during WWII. Next to the barber shop was the Faber Bakery. Due to allergies Fabers discontinued the business. I recall the pleasant scent of baked goods. This room was frequently vacant during depression years and was used to distribute 25 lbs. sacks of flour to needy families on appointed days. It was common to see folks shouldering the sacks back to their homes. I also recall viewing that room coated with dusty white flour. Other occupants of this room were: Mr. Killen, the tailor; Lindberg's cleaners (Marie and Ann doing alterations); Sam Belcastro, the watch repairman.

There's much more about Viehmann's building (on the 2nd floor!)

On the second floor of Viehmann's building were offices of Dr. Maxwell, Dr. Beveredge, and Dentist, Dr. Fred McClay. These men were often seen in the drug store conferring with Mr. Viehmann; they all mixed well with the public.



Dr. J R Maxwell



Dr. David Beveredge



Dr. Fred McClay



Dr. S. Charles Badiali

Access to the offices was from a double-door entrance on West Wylie Avenue that led to a stairway to the common waiting room for Maxwell and Beveredge. It was always busy. A common secretary/receptionist Mrs. Burns kept order. Patients sat in chairs placed along the perimeter of the large 25x30 ft room. The doctor, who appeared from an opened door calling, "Next", called patients personally! The citizens of Tylerdale are filled with memories of Dr. Maxwell's gracious treatment and generosity. Dr. Ely was the dentist, who retired about 1934. He lived on Jefferson Avenue next to the 4th Presbyterian Church. Dr. Fred McClay began his practice about 1937. Residents of Tylerdale are filled with enriching memories of all our doctors' gracious wisdom and generosity. In later years we were blessed with the services of Dr. Charles Badiali, who opened his office in 1954 in the Marasco Barber Shop building. He too, was a real asset to Tylerdale, and we all miss him.

The upper floors also housed tenants. Some of them were Jim Tarr, Mary Peacock, Mary Solomon Lloyd, the Smith brothers, the Grable sisters (teachers) and Mike Piccolo the custodian. The entrance to the upper floors was on West Wylie Avenue where strong double doors led to the stairway of solid steel treads and a handy railing. For the tenants, a large brick trash-burning facility out doors in the rear lot was often a smoking nuisance in the neighborhood. How could I forget?

There was a gradual increasing of auto and pedestrian traffic as it gave much attention to the busy and timely scheduled streetcars which at times were a "headache" for autos.

Tylerdale was "disturbed" by the newly constructed I-70 by-pass. With the two ramps nearby, traffic on Jefferson Avenue was a problem. It all led customers to use the parking lot under the bridge, wisely planned by the thoughtful area businessmen who organized the "Tylerdale Civic Betterment League" (1960). It is now a real blessing to the Tylerdale district. Ultimately, Viehmann's drug store moved a block away as the building was sold (1994) for a McDonalds restaurant. Walter Viehmann Jr. remained in the area as a pharmacist.

THE LARGE INDEPENDENT ROOM

On Jefferson Avenue, next door to Viehmann's, was a large independent room, (across from Krenzy Bakery), which stood vacant for many years. Before I could remember, I was told it was occupied as a poolroom. I remember when this room was the Butler Grocery store, with John as the manager (later a city policeman), a very friendly clerk, Mrs. Westland, mother of Bill "Slim" Westland, who served well. After a year or two it closed.

It remained empty until a hardware store took over for about a year. Then about 1979 we Tylerdale folks were wondering why a bank wasn't locating in our area. Finally Mellon Bank decided to branch out in Tylerdale. They remodeled the room and offered convenient friendly service to all. People were drawn to the bank on paydays. They continued shopping at Viehmann's for medicines and for other needs provided in the area. Then a problem came: parking! The I-70 increased traffic on Jefferson Ave. demanding no parking in the immediate area. It was choking both Mellon Bank and Viehmann's. Parking became available and convenient for Tylerdale shoppers under the I-70 Bridge. It is still a good business area.

Another bank, Washington Federal (now Washington Financial) opened a branch a block away at E. Wylie & Allison. So Mellon closed its Tylerdale branch. Viehmann had moved to 940 Jefferson Ave. in a newly built structure. The store did not last as Walter Viehmann decided to sell out and is a pharmacist at the Medicine Shoppe.

Meadow Avenue

The alley between Jefferson Avenue and Chartiers Street is known as Meadow Avenue; this was our winter playground for hockey and basketball. Both older and younger "boys" used branches from trees. We playfully dashed in slushy snow chasing and challenging opponents. Two teams kicked the "puck" (a carnation milk can) between two telephone poles as goals. With about 15 members on each team, it was a community spectacular of clean competition as we eagerly dashed in slushy snow chasing and challenging opponents. Unforgettable was Joe Presto, the artist who could strike the puck with such accuracy that it sailed from one telephone pole goal to the other for a score!! Can you imagine Jake Moses (who became an ophthalmologist) on school break, joined in with us! We were family joyfully blending together in play.

Well do I remember these: Fred Johns, Marty & Richard Frances, Ike Namie, Bill Moses, Billy Presto, Mike & Jim Elias; and these families: Bashur, Katreeb, McCarrell, Marasco, Dillard, Passantino, Lewis, Montecalvo, Slimans.

Next to the alley, still on West Wylie Avenue, was the well-known Philip Moses store. The store ultimately closed as the big McDonalds took possession, closing 150 feet of the alley for their drive-in parking lane. This borders Chartiers Street and parallel to the street was the Pensy railroad tracks, which is the boundary line between the city and Canton Township.

On Canton side was the "beanery"...often called the "bucket of blood"...operated by old Willy Rotunda, he kept strict rules. From an incident at the bar toward an unruly, rebellious customer, Mr. Rotunda shot him. I was then about age 12, a member of a Clark school boy's group visiting the Washington County Jail (1937), I remember seeing Mr. Rotunda there. He was proudly dressed in a white chef's uniform! Weeks later a large banner was stretched across the street parallel to the RR tracks. It read, "Entering Dodge City"... The beanery was a community meeting place.

But there were more favorable memories of Tylerdale.

While Mr. McCarrell was driving his car up Jefferson Ave. he suddenly turned left into an approaching streetcar. Glass was flying everywhere, but the driver was not injured; only shaken up. His dog

jumped out and ran home. The convertible, a 1926 Buick Sedan was towed to his back yard where it remained for years until 1934 when it was replaced by a used 1928 model Durante.

This car went for an adventure one day unbeknown to Mr. McCarrell. He took a Sunday nap and his son, Dwight, came up with a proposition that if we neighbor teenagers could furnish one dollar's worth of gas, he'd drive us to Pittsburgh. We furnished the gas and he, being under age, not licensed, drove the car.

"Don't go too fast! Be careful to drive like an adult," we said. We parked legally and went to the Brass Rail dairy treating ourselves with delight. The trip back home was without any adverse incident! What Dad didn't know...!

The McGugin Building

Better Known As The Metzner Building

Mr. McGugin of Hickory, PA built this building about 1905. He turned it over to his son James McGugin who was an active member of the Hickory Presbyterian Church and who taught a Bible class at the Gretna Grange. I met him there often when I was a guest speaker. The care of the building was assigned to Mr. Lewis Paul, owner of Paul's Store, where rents were collected from business and residential tenants.

The three-story structure was actually two separate buildings later connected by a two-story unit. The first floors were designed for commercial rooms, very spacious with a convenient off the street parking. On the 2nd and 3rd floors were apartments. Let's review the storefront occupants from the late 1920's beginning from the left corner to right corner.

At the left corner was Mr. Bert Paul's store; candy & pop plus "pin ball machines" (now H&R Block). It was really a loafing place for the community youth and unemployed. Next door Mr. Barney Resnick opened the first Imperial Cleaners (now Krenzy's restaurant); next was the Paul Passantino Shoe Shop (once the Marasco Barber Shop 1930 and Lou Belcastro Barber Shop, now Krenzy's Restaurant). Next McCarrell's Dry Goods Store, Sloan's Clothing, Charles Stuck's Donut Shop, Kennedy Drug Store (all now Krenzy's Bakery). Lastly, is Paul's Grocery Store (now the State Store.)

Next was the Pennzoil Gas Station, built about 1930 with Mr. Shearn (son was Paul) as the first manager. This brand new edifice was really beautiful with ramps from either direction of Jefferson Avenue leading to gas pumps. It was a handy drive-in for lube or grease jobs, and an onside drive-in for repairs. This property was sold to Albert Metzner in 1954, giving the building a needed revival (by John Kongelka) who began selling used cars. This covers corner to corner of the McGugin Building.

Let us return to the corner store of Metzner Bldg.. From Bert Paul's Store came the surprise gasoline station (1931). I recall the excavation for the gas tanks. Mr. Lawrence Lee was the first operator of the busy station. He had to go up and down 6 steps to enter the room for sales. The Sunoco brand gas was popular and his office floor was always

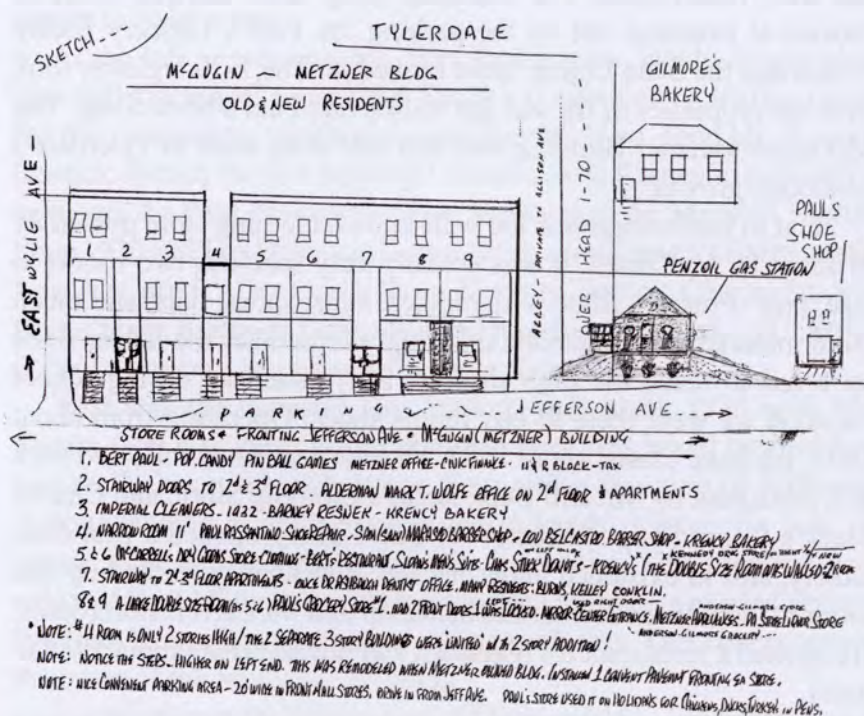
blackened with greasy oil. An outdoor hydraulic lift for lube jobs was operated by "Charlie" or Tony Jacobs. The office was also a place for good conversations. After several years the station was closed and Paul Irwin re-opened the station with the Mobile brand (1939 to 43). Metzner opened his own office here, and later opened his Civic Finance Co. until selling it in 1990. The H&R Block office now occupies this corner room.

Next door was Imperial Cleaners. I remember Joe Malie lettering the sign up high above the window for the cleaners. Mrs. Dutch Haas served here for many years. And John Lowers was a frequent "visitor" as were others. Mr. Resnick, owner of the cleaners, had a daughter, Sarah, who had come from Europe. I remember her in school. Next door, my dad replaced Paul's Shoe Shop with his barbershop (1931 to 1933), afterwards he moved across the street. Stuck's Donut Shop did well, then closed. The Kennedy Drug Store showed out-door movies at evenings out on the parking lot. Paul's Grocery finally closed and the State Liquor Store moved in. The 1-70 highway took over the properties of the old gas station and Paul's Shoe Shop. The McGugin-Metzner Building was and still is an asset to Tylerdale's economic growth.

Next to barbershop was the well-known clothing store owned by William D. McCarrell. It was actually very spacious two rooms in size, (*see drawing*) filled with clothes, suits, shoes, hats, and much cloth material for homemade tailoring. I remember the ladder fixed on a rail to reach the high shelves. Every summer during school vacation we went there to buy tennis shoes. Operating from about 1920, the store closed about 1933. Various occupants followed such as a restaurant by Mr. Bill Bert, Sloan's Clothing Store, and Charlie Stuck's Donut Shop. About 1970, Bob Krenzy opened a first class bakery, still in existence under his son Bob Krenzy, extending this room to include the former Barber Shop and McCarrell storerooms. He opened a restaurant for breakfast and lunch meals (about 1988 to date).

Then came the Paul's Grocery Store (now the PA State Liquor Store). This was the #1 store of many associated Paul's Stores in the city. It was common to see delivery trucks unloading in the rear merchandise stored here for distribution and pick-up for the other

related stores. The room was about 50 feet wide with a mezzanine for an office where tenants of the entire building paid their rent, as I did for my father's barber shop. The store dealt with many area farmers who brought their crops such as corn, beans, potatoes, tomatoes, and fruits in exchange for groceries. It was common to see especially during holidays, chickens, turkeys and ducks placed in wooden pens outside. One employee was Mr. Mansell Byers, who began working following high school graduation. As a lad, I watched him decorate the big window so beautifully with crepe paper, especially when new cereal products came on the market. On holidays, too, it was colorfully arranged by Mansell. "Mabel" Porter was an old employee.



The Pensy Railroad

The Pensy Railroad was essential to Tylerdale's economic development. As growing lad I saw cars loaded with coal, cement, chemicals, lime, sand, pebbles, lumber, tank cars, cattle, machinery, tractors, indicating the emerging improvement from the depression years. The railway served the following industries: Tyler Mine, Tyler Tube and Pipe Co, Russell Brothers, Richman "Junk Yard", Obrien Steel Co, Drakenfeld, Tin Plate Co, Dunbar-Wallace Lumber Co, Tygart Valley Glass, Mail Pouch Warehouse, Jessop Steel, Findlay Clay Refractory, Molybdenum Co. and Mississippi Glass Co. Duncan-Miller Glass, the Washington Brewery (Old Shay Beer), and Atlantic-Conoco Gas-Oil Co.

At the West Wylie crossing was the Pensy waiting station. Not only did the railroad serve with freight, but also for passengers commuting to Pittsburgh on a daily basis. The little railroad station served well during inclement weather as the waiting room had two 12 foot pews along the outer walls with many windows; and adjacent was a small room about 4 x 6 to house the watchman, who kept the coal burning stove alive during the winter. I remember two of these watchmen: Mr. Joe Turco and Mr. Mero Capo. It was at this crossing at West Wylie that the big circus unloaded their wagons, as elephants, horses and tractors moved equipment to the fairgrounds (Ohio and Race Streets). How well I recall "Ringling Brothers" or "Hagenbeck & Wallace Circus". More on that later.

Many were the times we kids placed objects on the rails to view the smashed results. When the engine stopped I would get close to the huge wheels of the locomotive and wonder how it could get started again. It was so common to be sprayed with bits of coal that shot out of the smoke stack when the powerful wheels spun leaving a shiny spot on the rail and some tiny black particles in my hair.

I have a brass plated belt buckle (PRR)
given to me by Joe Turco, PRR retiree.
(see its image)

There was also a "connecting railroad" just west of the Wylie Avenue bridge; this was really the busy, industrial area. At this spot is



the beginning of Weirich Avenue and the beginning of "Goat Hill" where I attended my first 5 years of school (Wylie Avenue School was at the top of the hill).

Most exciting was the experience of gliding down 'goat hill' on a bobsled. The snow covered, iced red-dog surface was ideal for sledding. While I was atop the hill, I hopped on the 12 foot moving sled as the tail-passenger. Wow, it was faster than ever! (bumpety-bump at 40 miles an hour). We safely crossed the railroad tracks and landed near the bridge (Guards were posted there to stop car traffic). Most of the riders were much older than I. The front driver guided it well. What an unforgettable experience! And I 'forgot' to tell mother or dad about it.

...Just In' My 1st Neighborhood

My earlier years on West Wylie were spent with the following families: beginning with Russell Bros., the Spino family (Mr. Spino, employed at Findlay Clay, died there accidentally). Next door was my uncle Saverio and Aunt Katherine Marasco and family: Jim, Sam, Joe, & Mary Jane. Then came Scrabski (Ted, Charlie, & Stanley). On over were Cunningham, Hughes, Domenic Mazzie, Jim Mazzie (including...Louis, Joe, Art, Sam, and sisters Janet & Marge).

Next door was the Dempsey family, then the Lahosky family: Ed, Tom, John, & Betty. I remember Clara's wedding to Bud Ayers. The kids on the block crowded in front of the house as lollipops were thrown out to us. One of them struck my forehead like a projectile! They were nice neighbors.

Next door was Fabbiano's Spaghetti House, later a beer salon. It was here during prohibition a "speakeasy" was open in the basement. From my house next door, I could see thru a cellar window the crowd around the tables drinking. One summer day, the state police came to destroy all the homemade liquor & wine. Standing on the 1st floor, he threw out the filled bottles, one by one out in the back yard. I watched splashing fluid and glass for an hour. Next door were the Bill Collins'. They had a parrot. Ruggiero family moved in, then the Mastrangelos. The next door was the Margine family. I remember viewing my first funeral visit at Mr. Margene's casket at this home. There were 3 sons: George, Tom and Ed. We lost touch with them. The next door was the Ben Andy family: Nellie, Sarah, Joe, Mary, and Sam. Joe was at Pearl Harbor on that memorable Jap attack.

The next door was the Czycheck family, and finally the Yorkin family, who often suffered floods, being so close to the creek: Julie, Marge, Alice and Chester. They sold milk to the neighbors, also eggs, chickens. Annually, they roasted a hog. outdoors. We had a nice neighborhood.

We could detect the odor of freshly baked bread from the Selvaggi bakery across the street. We would watch the hot bread being removed from the old-fashioned bricked oven. Mr. Selvaggi also sold holiday fish at his little store. His sons, Floyd and Camel continued in the business.

The little Italian church furnished lot of singing to the community. My dad and uncle, the Mazzie, Desmond, Manfredi, Comfort, & other families were charter members. Other families on the block were: Wonsetler, Justice of the Peace; Mr. Simpson, the constable; Donaldson; Mancini; the Deproskys (Tony, Chester, Helen, Betty).

My earliest years were residing at 169 W. Wylie Ave. I watched Mr. Ruggiero park his truck loaded with locust poles for coal mines. Next door were the Bercosky's, who moved about 1928, with the Fabbiano family as new neighbors. Our back yard was an open field for our playground.

My brother, Gene and I were thought to be twins, only 11 months apart. Dad planned for us to start school together. Knowing the principal, Ms. Mahan, it was approved. Dad took us up the hill the day before school started. It was out first view. The next day after class we got lost on the way home. We ended up at Woodland Ave. We knew we could find our home, but a customer of Dad's shop led us to the shop.

Popular was the game of marbles and the 'sharkies' were Frank Kopcha and Joe Andy. Shortly after we moved into the 'city'. Our new residence was 979 Jefferson Ave. Now we change to Clark School in 5th grade. Our new neighbors were McCarrells and Montecalvos (photo studio).

So we went "here and there"... My playground was the field, the creek, and the back of Russell Brothers and & pebbles, ...and the barbershop.

Wylie Avenue: A Busy Street

Beginning at Jefferson Avenue and going westward was full of activity for several reasons. On the corner was the Peoples National Bank (later Viehmanns Drug Store), the big A & P Grocery on the other corner; the entrance to the doctors' offices was nearby; the Marasco Barber Shop and Faber's Bakery, and Belcastro's Shoe Shop (later Kullas); Rachael Moses store on one side and the Philip Moses store on the other. Besides this, much pedestrian traffic came from the residents of West Wylie and Weirich Avenues, and Ohio Street (in Canton Twp). Add to this the employees at Tygart Valley Glass, Jessop Steel, Moly Corp, I. Richman Scrap Iron, and Russell Brothers. It is understandable that trucks too added to the traffic. Nearby residents were: the Namie family, (Albin, Nobeen, Ackle, Josephine). Around the corner on Jefferson Ave. was the Sliman family, (John, Ed, Mary.) Mr. Sliman had the poolroom for years on East Wylie Avenue. The Kulla Shoe Shop, known as "Zutts" was always a center of conversation much as were the area barbershops.

The alley that separated Jefferson Avenue and Chartier St. was Meadow Alley (Avenue). It was our playground for winter "soccer". Across the RR tracks was Canton Township, and the "beanery" was across the street from Russell Bros., operated by Mr. Willy Rotunda.

East Wylie Avenue

For many years East Wylie Avenue was active with commercial outlets, and in recent times it has acted as an "off ramp" from I-70 & I-79 for folks traveling to Rt.18 or Rt.844. From the early 1930's on the corner of Jefferson and Wylie was the active 4th Presbyterian Church congregation with a good softball team. Jack Bellotti was on the team. In fact, they had a tennis court at the rear of the property. I recall some of the young men at the court: Earl Russell, Guy McCarrell, Huffman & Donaldson.

At the Wylie & Allison corner was the nice yellow brick house occupied by the Barto family. About 1936 it was purchased by the Lou Cohen family (sisters were Belle And Esther who operated the Liberty Food Store). As the family aged and retired they closed their store and sold the house for a Dairy Queen Restaurant. Serving the public with old-fashioned attention, offering credit to customers was a real convenience; however, it included financial risks. The Cohen family served with a heart for people in need during the depression.

On East Wylie was the old slanty-roof garage building operated by Mr. Lindsay. He sold "Chandler" cars. He closed up about 1932. It remained unused for years until Diek McClelland moved in. He remodeled by including a "show room" for his new Hudson and Terraplane models. Imagine in Tylerdale an auto show room! It attracted many older folks and us young ones, too.

As to the West Wylie side...

It is also very busy. Business wise there was the Lindberg Cleaners & Tailoring with the two Limberg sisters (Ann & Marie). Years before the Faber Bakery was in this place, and Killen Tailor Shop. Nearby was the Belcastro Shoe Repair Shop, taken over by George "Zuts" Kulla.

It was a 'treat to enter the Philip Moses "General Store", especially to select from the candy counter whether to buy the 1 for penny, 'two for penny', the 'three for penny' candy or the all day sucker deal? Much depended upon how many "buddies" were with you at the time. Candy sales were made with hesitation, Old Mrs. Moses patiently waited on the pensive little customer...until the big decision was made. We knew the value of a penny!

I remember the old, wavy, uneven floor that was renewed with a level concrete floor (about 1938). The general store offered all items: plumbing, pipes, chimney pipe, nails, etc. and groceries. It was the community "emergency" store. Mr. Philip Sr. would cough so hard I thought he was going to quit breathing. Mother Sarah would shuffle her feet while serving customers. They all were good friendly people. The old store had hardware goods also, and during the winter, the Moses young men would display their game, bagged from hunting deer and bear up north. How often have our children seen a banana stalk hanging from the ceiling at the grocery store? Bananas were cut off according to the amount desired. An order was neatly cut with a sharp blade. Or seen a clerk using a long handled "grabber" to fetch a box of cereal for a customer? Or have coffee ground and packed in a one-pound package? Or watched the piece of beef being ground for your hamburgers! What happened to Oxydol, or Fels-Naptha Soap, or the paperboy selling the Sunday-paper, as we were aiming for the comics? Those were the days.

Dunbar & Wallace Lumber Co.

A real asset to Tylerdale was the Dunbar & Wallace Lumber Co. that furnished building material for the fast growing population of Tylerdale's sprawling years (early 1900's). Located at 1047 Jefferson Avenue with the Pensy railroad tracks behind, its many roofed shelters covered the orderly stacked boards.

Dunbar-Wallace Lumber Co. was busy filling orders for newly constructed houses. The mill was busy cutting custom lumber for stairways, window frames. The inventory was plentiful. It was a sight to see 2x4, 2x6, 2x8, 2x10 neatly placed; also all sizes of sheathing, flooring plywood, doors, windows conveniently available for contractors who were busy erecting houses on the "assembly line." Simply by observation one can determine houses of the same style lined-up on the same, newly opened street, indicating the handiwork of the same builder. Mr. Frank Dicks expertly served. In the "yard" were Mr. Vankirk, Paul Rock, and Don Ward. Eager to serve in the hardware was George Burk.

The Dunbar-Wallace office was really the front room of a regular house with a 4-foot high counter desk on the left as you enter. Orders were taken here and in the next room was a table for blueprints and for consultations. Often times Mr. Wm. Swigart, the architect, discussed details for construction and regulations. Advice was always accommodating. Homeowners came here for emergency repairs as Big 'Bob' Wallace's deep authoritative voice offered resolutions to existing problems. I shall never forget the bustling brisk conversations across the 4-foot high desk as Mr. Bob Wallace addressed customers' particular needs. His deep voice reverberated with an assurance to the satisfaction of a homeowner's problem of remodeling a frame house. The fix-it advice was sealed with a verbal understanding with a directive: "Take this order to Mr. Dicks at the wood shop; He'll work it out for you."

The office staff was always ready to assist an anxious customer when special attention was necessary, such as adapting to odd sizes. The carpenter's shop was available at the rear building that housed modern machines for shaping or cutting to size. (Jig saws, circular saws, planers, drill press, routers, miter cuts.) Instructions given at the office were written on paper, and given to the expert operator of

the shop, Mr. Frank Dicks, a master carpenter. When he was busy at the machines, it was difficult to carry a conversation for the noise of equipment running. The more, rough cutting was done downstairs, often filled with sawdust.

Some scrap cuttings were available to the public for personal use. Communication between office and the yard or shop was by a very loud blasting horn that everyone heard. I remember walking through the dark, walk driveway from the office to the yard. This building housed windows, doors, pre-framed units of all kinds.

Delivery trucks were busy as drivers Mr. Vankirk and Paul Rock loaded and unloaded at construction sites. It was promising to see stacked lumber suddenly turn into a nicely framed edifice. It was an education to listen to conversations from Mr. Wallace and contractors using such terms as: roof pitch, shingle weights, flooring one half, or three quarters, molding, tongue and groove, gable, quarter round, lath, panel joists, bulkhead, hip roof, and wainscoting.

Mr. Bob Wallace and his brother, Clare, worked well together in the office. Later on Bob's nephew, Bill, joined the staff until they shut down. It was a matter of not having enough family aspirants to continue in business. Besides, competitors were fast approaching at the malls with "chain" building suppliers. Bill Wallace moved to Arizona as a staff member of Arizona State University. The Wallace family was most helpful for financing many homeowners. They were very understanding to the residents of Tylerdale and its environs.

It was an education just to visit the store or the lumbar yard. We all were grateful for the excellent service from the Dunbar & Wallace Lumber Co.

Tylerdale could not have survived without this Dunbar & Wallace Lumber Company on Jefferson Avenue. This vitally-needed establishment served the community with integrity with understanding offering assistance to building contractors and homeowners.

Many remember Mrs. Foflygen, mother of John, Wayne and Kenneth, whose father was killed at a farm when attempting to start a model T ford by "cranking it." The car moved forward and pinned him against a tree. Mother Foflygen raised the 3 sons as she worked industrially cleaning up the Dunbar-Wallace offices, and did similar work for others. She lived behind Mr. Steve Bergan's auto paint shop, between Maple and Woodland Avenue on Allison Ave. These boys

recall getting haircuts with my dad at Marasco's barbershop.

We must mention the handy Wallace's Hardware Store next door. The 3-story structure was originally a boarding house for new employees at the area's growing industries. Later, apartments were arranged, but the storefront housed the Calcutts, and Boyers Grocery Store. These soon faded as the larger check out type stores entered Tylerdale. The first was on Jefferson Avenue next to the Tylerdale Garage. It was "Safe Way". The manager was John Krunick. And clerks were Charles Sitko, Helen Yuric, and Mort Sitko of the Sitko family (now the Hollywood video store).

It served the public exceptionally well with everything from bolts to nuts, tools, glass, plumbing and electrical needs. How can I forget the barrels of nails of all kind: ten-penny nail! Spikes! Finishing nails, screws of all sizes, neatly boxed on the wall shelves. Tools, hammers, wrenches, saws, drills, shovels, hinges, pipe were cut to order with threads. Windowpanes were installed, cut to size, and glazed in minutes as Mr. Don Ward was the expert always ready to serve. Also, very accommodating was the employee. Mr. George Burke. It was amazing how much merchandise filled up the small room. It was only about 12 feet wide, but was neatly filled with hardware.

Oftentimes, my dad would send me to get a piece of lumber for repairs around the house. I could hardly see above the height of the huge desk. One day we three brothers were playing roughly and accidentally smashed the window. Glass spilled everywhere. Dad removed the sash and told us to take it to the Dunbar & Wallace Hardware Store. I then observed for the first time glass being cut to size. With amazing skill I watched Mr. Don Ward take a glass-cutting tool, scratch a line and by his tapping the glass all along the etched line, the over-sized portion snapped off!

Glazing expertly Mr. Ward affixed the small triangular "flat nails", followed by his fast moving fingers applying the glaze so skillfully. Of course, we got a sermon from dad afterwards.

That hardware store was always busy. Plumbers came with requests for water pipes cut to size and for cutting threads with a die cutter.

Thanks to the Wallaces for serving a growing Tylerdale from early 1900 to 1990. Mr. Clair Wallace was often seen on the premises.

The property was sold to Mr. Al Lorenz, a building supply dealer in the area.

Hardware Store...Stamps..."Fertile Hair Tonic"

When I watched the destructive phase of "so called progress", it was erasing the visible memories of buildings that were personally endearing. For example, this brick building (rear view) had once been the Hamilton Hardware Store, managed by Mr. George Louage (983 Jefferson Avenue). It was the place I was permitted to enter to examine the wrappers from parcel post packages searching for cancelled postage stamps. Imagine how I searched the wastebasket! A good find was coming up with a one-dollar stamp or higher denominations. Common were the 3 cent Washington or World's Fair (Chicago) stamp, but when the big packages came in, so did the satisfaction to see *new* presidents' images on 2 dollars stamps.

This hardware store was filled with tools and advice of mechanics. >From the conversations heard, technical advice was flowing above my head. Being content merely for the gathered stamps, I took them to the barbershop across the street to bathe all the attached -to- the-envelope stamps in a pool of water. Within time the stamps would separate from envelope or paper wrapping. Upon becoming dry, I would enter them in a 3-ring loose-leaf binder. Today I have a thousand cancelled stamps all arranged in numerical order from a 1 cent, 1½ to 2cents. The 3-cent stamp remained the regular postage for a long period (depression times) therefore there were many different kinds, some very historical and colorful as were the more costly stamps. For example, there were different poses of George Washington. During the 1933 "World's Progress", Chicago World's Fair, this 3 cent stamp was most popular.

My collection is a memorial of yesterday's youth, but the hardware store closed in 1933, and the property was purchased by my Uncle Saverio Marasco and sons, who opened it with their Barber-Beauty Shop Supply Company. Cousin Jim started with producing his own brand of perfume, bottling it "Fertile Hair Tonic" (good for everything). Soon, he enrolled his brothers, expanding into beauty shop supplies, serving the tri-state area with 5 panel trucks. In 1941 they added two more stories to the original one story structure. (It suffered a fire in 1946, see photo)...

It was advised that their lab (using alcohol in tonics) be moved out of this building for safety. At 901 Jefferson Avenue a huge garage was erected for mixing prepared hair goods. The business was sold

by Mrs. Sam (Marian) Marasco, and ultimately a developer brought in McDonald's Restaurant (from Barber Supply to Mellon Bank And Viehmann Building)



Viehmann Building - Demo Oct. 20, 1994



Washington Barber & Beauty Supply Co. - Demo Oct. 20, 1994



Rear of Kulla Shoe Repair W. Wylie Ave (now McDonald's)
Demo Oct. 20, 1994 - photo taken for Meadow Alley
Rachael Moses Store in background across Wylie Avenue

Tylerdale Had A Hotel...Once...Believe It Or Not!

In the fast developing period in the early 1900's, the Tylerdale area was in need of a hotel to accommodate overnight business men. With industry expanding so did the commercial, social, professional and educational activities increase. A hotel was most useful. The Avenue Hotel was located at 957 Jefferson Avenue (now the east-bound overhead 1-70).

The four-story frame building featured a first floor restaurant, with a spacious pavement for a convenient entrance. I remember Mr. Blaine Snyder as the chef. On the second floor was a long porch where residents often sat outdoors during the day and evenings from 1930 to 1946.

Within a short time, the huge structure became a tenement house for many apartment dwellers. Soon the building became "poorly maintained". For years the unpainted siding became an unsightly eyesore. Fortunately, the Alpine (Italian) Club purchased the property, rebuilding the first floor for a large social hall, renting a few of the apartments from about 1950 to 1959, then 1-70 replaced the old former hotel. Alpine Club moved purchasing the former Duncan-Miller Glass Factory at 735 Jefferson Avenue, erecting a new multi-facility building.

Next door to the old former Alpine Hotel was a nice old man, a widower, Mr. Baldwin, who owned two antique cars: a Buick 1912 and another one of 1914 Vintage. They were stored in the garage at the alley, often on view when he would "clean 'em up". This property was purchased by Mr. Rotunda. Later, Lou Reda opened a restaurant there, followed by Barry's on the Avenue, a Chinese diner...it soon closed also... Currently it is vacant.

Moving up-street were the following residents: Weaver, Henderson, Mr. Mark Wolfe, (old alderman); Krouse, Derosé, Wharton, Strosnider, Lipps, Floyd Marasco, Saverio Marasco, Romano, Wendy Newt Day, Hull and Caleb Corey/ Tavern. (This covers the area from Viehmann's Drug Store to the Tylerdale Garage on Jefferson Avenue.)

Big Snow

Remarks about the big snowfall...WINTER of 1950-51... The huge snowfall made nationwide news! My residence then was at 905 Jefferson Avenue and I was due at the barbershop at 9 A.M.. Who could get to the shop? So I noticed the street condition. The streetcars, running regularly during the night (except from 2 to 5 am) allowed less snowfall in the center of the street. This path was the means of pedestrians walking to work. Each house therefore shoveled the deep snow from homes to the center of the street. I got to the shop about 10:30 A.M.. I was surprised to see a McWreath Dairy truck, unable to deliver on his regular delivery route, sell milk directly from his truck, and again Philip Moses was there to take a case of milk for his store.

At about 11 A.M. I saw a streetcar coming from town, headed for the car barn. It was said that the trolleys could have operated normally if it wasn't for stalled cars and trucks stuck on the tracks. The days following we heard plenty of stories of the hardships of the big snow, including wedding postponements and harrowing experiences of folks trying to get to the hospital in time.

Anyway, we didn't do much business that day, but much conversation followed.

We learned when we say, "I'll see you tomorrow" we should add, "Lord willing!"

Russell Brothers

101 West Wylie Avenue. Canton Township. Washington, Pa.

Another asset to the Tylerdale community is Russell Brothers who furnished building materials for the ever-expanding district. Located across the Pennsy railroad tracks on the Canton Township side, it was a very busy place. Upon entering the office at the corner door, most noticeable was the cement dust that powdered the desks and floor. It was however, always a most friendly environment as clerks, usually one of the Russell family members, were ready to serve. From the office were three steps leading to a storage room where smaller type packaged goods were conveniently stored, such as plaster of Paris. At times it was scooped out from a huge sack into a paper bag; or it was boxed fertilizer. A loading dock furnished sufficient light that conveniently illumined the darkened room. I recall an old redo truck (about 1910 model) with chain drive gears and hard rubber tires. It was viewed often parked in a garage until the mid thirties.

Russell brothers began in March 1907, as two brothers, Charles and Norman Russell, served the public with courtesy and expertise. Norman passed away in the late 1930's. As Charles' son, Earl, after college days, gradually became the owner. At Earl's death in 1989, his son David assumed the ownership to this date.

Behind the office building was a one-floor storage structure with a loading dock for sacks of cement of all kinds: Portland, with or without pebbles. A customer could drive circling around after a pick-up to exit onto West Wylie Avenue. The most exciting activity for us boys was to watch the operation of the huge crane. This was located in the rear adjacent to the open field.

It was the era of ready-mix concrete/cement delivered on site by special cement trucks. This was about 1929 or 30 when silos were erected and filled as a specially designed overhead crane-bucket "dug" in to a 30 foot pit. Oftentimes we sat along the edge of this deep hole in the ground wondering what it would be like had we fallen into it! The fright kept us safe. Operated by Mr. Andy Dillard, the bucket dropped down into the pit, and with a huge scoop of sand. It was transferred into the silo. The cement trucks parked at the silo's portal allowed the sand to flow directly into the truck's mixing chamber to which cement, pebbles and water were added for desired mix. As a

lad I watched Mr. Dillard operate the crane from his little cabin-shack. The sand was brought to the site by railroad cars equipped with a side shute that opened directly into the sand pit. Mr. Dillard sat in his chair while keeping his head and eyes upwardly, keenly observing every move of the bucket. He controlled the 5 or 6 levers that looked like gear shifts of a big truck. Expertly he maneuvered the opening and closing of the huge mechanical "jaws". The bucket coming up out of the pit continued upwardly for 30 feet, then turned 90 degrees for about 150 feet stopping atop the silo, unloading its cargo. Hour after hour I watched the routine that took about 2 or three days to fill the silos. The pleasant part of this operation was the spillage for which we kids were grateful. It was our playground. It was necessary to wash out and rinse each emptied cement order. The "left-over" cement was rinsed out onto the field, which over time allowed layers of hardened concrete to build up. This was removed with difficulty in order to install heavier truck scales. The crane and silos were demolished in 1958 to make room for another storage building. The late Mr. Earl Russell and his wife Mary Westlake, both well liked in the community, kept the business alive. For many years they improved the business by remodeling the office and increasing the inventory with up-to-date products

From the old "glazed blocks" came the yellow clay 'natco' tile; then came the cinder blocks followed by the, 8-inch and the 10, followed by the cement type. Then available were the 'modified' for color and beauty. Russell Brothers satisfied both building contractors and farmers. Problems were often resolved when a homeowner presented the headache of a wet basement. On the shelf was the remedy: a waterproofing material. Expert advice was given for other problems related to concrete foundations or cracks.

Often overlooked were the vehicle weighing scales located just outside the office entrance. An empty vehicle was weighed before and after a load to determine the price to pay. These scales were read indoors.

I remember: the bookkeeper, Mr. Truman Clark; truck drivers: Pat Patterson and Fremont Patterson; Porky Wilson Pearl, Bob and Dan Kelley; Mr. Andy Dillard, the crane operator and his son,

Neil; Waverly Strothers, Frank Clark, Dee Bilotti, Ray Brooks, and yard man, Bob Hayes.

Across the street from the office was the “tile-pile” corner where haphazardly stacked building tiles were used by winos as a summer “habitation”. Four or five of them were assembled here regularly. I remember one of them was named Enoch, and another had a cherry-red nose. These were the depression days...but...we appreciate the services still available from the Tylerdale’s Russell Brothers.

With David Russell now in charge, and with his son Jason as an associate, it is likely they will remain “in the business” for many years ahead. They will continue with the same friendliness and know-how of their elders. Incidentally, Russell Brothers celebrated their 100th anniversary in March 2007. Congratulations!

Area Grocery Stores and Bakery...

Small grocery stores accommodated local neighborhoods since few folks had automobiles. Convenient shopping nearby made the grocer a part of the community. At the crossroad of Jefferson and Wylie there were more stores since pedestrian traffic drew folks for other reasons such as the bank and doctors. At this intersection let us begin naming the stores:

On West Wylie & Chartiers Streets (at the tracks), was Philip Moses Store (really, a general store). Elderly Mr. Moses, his wife Sarah, Philip Abe, Alice, Jake, who became a medical doctor in Columbus, OH, all were clerks. Plenty of candy at the big counter! Being open on Sundays, was a convenience for emergency needs.

Nuts, bolts, stovepipes, plumbing needs, as well as meats and food. They were most accommodating and friendly, a real part of the community. Across the street was the Rachael Moses Store, much neater and also a family operation. Rachael's husband died about 1924, so Rachael and family kept it alive. Son Joe, Jake, Sara and Helen all helped out. Jake sold Sunday newspapers in the smaller adjoining room. William is the youngest son, the only member surviving.

On East Wylie Avenue

Yenko's Meat Market, in the Metzner Bldg., was owned by Mike and Lou Yenke. With their wives they operated a very clean meat service with few groceries. The Yenkos were an asset to our community.

Farther eastward was a little store, Gellers, (now part of Get-Go gas), operated by little Mrs. Geller and Lou. With a small inventory, candy, bread and milk were common sales. Going up to Norwood Avenue corner, was the Zullo property-store. It is now razed.

At the main intersection (Jefferson-Wylie) was the Great A & P Store operated by Mr. Stanley Phillips who lived on nearby Wellington Avenue. He managed a busy well-organized store with experienced clerks (Mr. Knestrick & Jim and his sister Helen) whose well-stocked inventory attracted many.

At summertime bushels of goods fruit and vegetables were displayed, neatly arranged outside. Big hand printed signs were all over the windows with "specials" such as 7 lbs bananas, 25 cents;

bread, 6 cents; milk, 15 cents: remember? Do we recall newly advertised cereals; it lured us with toys in the box or saving the photos of Indian chiefs on chew-gum? Trading cards with baseball players? New on the market was Kellogg's "Snap, Crackle & Pop", Baby Ruth, or the double-dip ice cream cone! ...

Buyers had to line-up, take turns to deal personally with a clerk who went to fetch the item like cereal boxes stored 10 or 12 ft high which required a long handled gripper. Each clerk went separately for each item, returned to the counter for the next item, and added up the amount of the bill...without any adding machine! The clerk used no adding machine just a pencil. And counting out loud, he came to a total! No registers calculating the change! Neither any checkout counters. Clerks did it all... got the goods and then placed them on the counter. The A & P caught on fire about 1937 was revived and later moved up town (Main Street). Well. Sweet memories.

The next occupant was the Liberty Food Store with Lou Cohen, Rose, Bella, Esther; and John Baloga, the butcher. Moving from the Woodland Avenue to Jefferson provided more space. Theirs was an old fashioned, family oriented store that offered credit (buying on the books). Familiar was Bella's big car stuffed full with vegetables from the Pittsburgh supplier. How she ever saw while driving was a mystery! The Cohens were good folks at heart. Age gave way and their home on corner of East Wylie and Allison was sold (where Dairy Queen is now).

Another neighborhood store was next to Dunbar/Wallace Lumber Hardware Store.

Other modern stores came: Kroger's (where the Clark estate was)...a shame to tear down this property. This was once the A. Blaine Day Funeral Home. This gave way to Foodland and now, to the storage company. Paul's Grocery Store no. 1 was in the Metzner Bldg (where the State Store is now) always busy with rural folk trading their vegetables, chickens, etc. for food products. Other branch stores came here to stock up goods. Lew Paul was the manager. The Porter sisters, Mansell Byers were employees. Another Paul Store was located at Jefferson and Third Street. Kenneth Smith helped the Pauls. On the corner of Jefferson and Fourth St. was a Clover Farm Store. Another was at Hall Avenue corner and another at Jefferson & Henderson.

gradually these neighborhood outlets gave way to more incoming
st checkout stores that kept a full inventory of goods and shopping
rts.

Other stores were on West Wylie: Jack Bellotti's Store; John
zeicheck's Store near the Wylie bridge; (He move to 'Goat Hill'
ear Wylie School). On Weirich Avenue was Kern's And Talerico's
ore. On Maple & Arch was the Sitko's; on Maple & Summerlea
as Clutter's; on Henderson Ave. was Wiencek's, and the James' Store
Tyler & Donnan, and Paul Jacobs at Arch Street.

Little known to residents of Washington was a local real
ommercial bakery located a 'stone's throw' from the heart of
tylerdale. It was Gilmore's Bakery operating behind Paul's Grocery
ore (directly behind where Metzner sold used cars) 978 Jefferson
venue. Mr. Harry Gilmore lived in the McGugin Building and had
son, Jack. In front of the bakery was a vacant lot where we played
ght games. During the winter months, to get warmed-up we'd enter
e entrance of the bakeshop and watch the several bakers handle the
ough for bread, sweet rolls and buns. The baked goods were primarily
elivered on a "bread route" in the rural areas, but I recall when we
ere hit with the 48-inch snowfall day after Thanksgiving, 1950,
ilmore's bread was a blessing. I saw Philip Moses carrying a large
rdboard box loaded with the scarce commodity for his store. Mr.
ilmore retired before the 1-70 highway came through, and the
roperty was taken by the state. Mr. Paul Mounts of Tylertown helped
ut in delivering the bread, and later on, together with Harry Anderson,
ok over the Paul's Grocery Store. This operation lasted about a
ear or so.

All this info adds up to much activity about Tylerdale in past years.

(Some information in this chapter is from Warren Killen.)

Tylerdale Garage

"We never kloze" was the motto of the Tylerdale Garage that served the city from about 1928 to 1992. Located at 895 Jefferson Avenue near Tyler Avenue, the station at the time was the most modern, up to date service station.

Mr. James Beck, Sr. started in business dealing in batteries, both old and new. This garage was located behind the former 2nd Christian Church at the corner of Allison and East Wylie Avenues. (It was in the rear, near Terrace Avenue.) Shortly afterwards he moved to the larger facilities on Jefferson Avenue where four double-sided gas pumps set parallel to the avenue. The spacious drive-in apron could handle parked cars many of which came for needed air for tires. Keep in mind this was the era of many flat tires; it was not uncommon to watch a vehicle stopped on the street with its owner struggling a hand-pumped jack, prying with an iron, and repairing the inner tube with pre-glued patches; straining to replace the tube into the tire then onto the wheel. With minimum air into the tire he hastened to Beck's garage for sufficient pressure, which was conveniently pre-set and confirmed by a ringing bell.

The garage had two tow trucks painted in blazing yellow and red letters with "we never kloze." The structure was well illuminated spreading needed light during long dark nights. Mr. Beck was one of the first to use neon signs as noticed on the front large window most visible from the street. Mechanics were on hand for auto repairs. Some remembered were: Mr. Danley, Mr. McKay, "Charlie", and Chester Gatten, Mr. Willhoff. Auto parts, well stocked, were also a major part of the business. Open on Sundays and holidays it was a convenience for folks on the road during emergencies. Mr. Beck was always ready to give advice for problemed motorists.

His son, James Beck Jr. took over the operation after his father retired, as the business kept pace with a growing economy. What was interesting was what we take for granted - free air for tires, checking the pressure, washing the windshield, and free maps all of which are rare today.

Every few years the garage was painted. The high ceiling sheltered all of the gas pumps. In huge letters the Tylerdale Garage is unforgettably registered in the memories of Washingtonians.

Mr. Beck Sr. took up a hobby of gardening, attempting to be the earliest to present a ripe tomato. These 'stories' were heard by his barber.

James Jr. then enlarged the facilities with a huge front addition adjacent to the garage. As gas stations sprang up all over town and new restrictions required costly tank regulations, Mr. Beck Jr. decided to discontinue gasoline sales about 1993 and in failing health, now deceased, Jim's son, Robert operates the place dealing in tobacco and beer sales.

What was once the largest gas station in town, open all night, with the slogan, 'we never klose' is ours to remember.

Trolley.... Street Cars

Tylerdale and Washington were blessed with an excellent transportation service from the Pittsburgh trolley system. The "Jefferson and Maiden" route that ran from Jefferson Avenue Extension to East Maiden Street Extension was busier than the "east and west" which covered West Chestnut Street to East Beau Extension. Seasonally there were runs to the Washington Park on Dunn Avenue. Another run was "North Washington" providing rides to Sixth Ward district. The maintenance shop, not visible from Jefferson Avenue (beyond the Brownson House) was always busy with cleaning and repairs. Nearby was the Tylerdale Lake (pond) where ice skaters and others enjoyed "hockey" games on the iced lake.

Besides the local trolley routes, there were routes to Pittsburgh. The "Pittsburgh" cars were larger than the yellow local ones and they were red in color. Beginning from the "uptown" office-terminal on East Beau St. (now a bank drive-in), it passed through the city, north down Jefferson Avenue, past the "car barn" to Oak Grove, Arden, Meadowlands, Houston, Canonsburg, Morganza, McMurray, Castle Shannon, and the "junction", through the "tunnels" and across the river into Pittsburgh.

This service was most convenient for Tylerdale residents since it did not require extra trips to and from uptown if taking the Blue Ridge Bus. The Pittsburgh ride was about an hour and forty minutes, but upon returning home, the occupant could tell he had been in the big "Smokey City". Of necessity one must wash hands, neck (bathe). Shirts were coated with coal dust. As to the ride...it was an experience of being shaken gently and sometimes not so gentle. It appeared that high speed was necessary to keep the schedule. Hold on to your seat!

The evening edition of the Post-Gazette was delivered by this trolley- about 12 issues at the Jefferson-Wylie corner. Often times there were no passengers to exit, and while moving on the conductor would open the exit door and throw out the newspapers to the sidewalk. I delivered these for a while. Mr. Gilson always waited for his 8 pm copy of the early edition.

The city trolley system discontinued about 1955. Imagine paying 5 cents to go "uptown", plus a free transfer if you wanted to go on the "east & west". Most common was on Saturday evening when weekly

sses expired at midnight. Upon exiting, we kids would ask for their
-needed passes and together ride the trolley for several hours
hout cost. It was fun to watch the conductor at the "end of the
e" disconnect the electric line form the rear of the car and re-connect
e other one for going forward. Though the trolleys were noisy and
imes a traffic nuisance, they were always on time; every 12-minute
edule was reliable... And do we miss them?

Some of the conductors were: Mr. Dorsey Strosnider, Stan
encek, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Sandusky, Mr. McCausland, Carl Cooper,
Stollar, Mr. Brehl, Jack Johnston, Mr. McNeeley, & others. Another
mployee was Frank Magnone, who kept the switches and tracks
ar of debris, especially after a heavy storm. During the wintry ice,
cleared the iced-jammed switches. Mr. Riggle was the electrical
aintenance man examining the control signal boxes mounted on
n poles along the streets.

I remember streetcar accidents. One involved Mr. Wm. D.
McCarrell who tried to dash with a sudden left turn to the Pennzoil
s station on Jefferson Avenue. He crashed his big 1928 convertible
lan into the streetcar. He was not injured but the damaged car
ained in the back yard for years. (We lived next door). Another
cident occurred when a big flatbed truck tried to squeeze between
e stopped trolley and parked cars. While the trolley was discharging
ssengers at the corner the truck was slowly moving southward.
e truck scratched deeply into the body of the trolley ripping off a
iled piece about 8 inches in diameter. I saw the truck move on
hout stopping. Keeping the coiled metal, it was later given to an
vestigatior. It was another of many incidents that frustrated city
ffic. But, many residents really miss the reliable streetcars. Yes,
ey were very noisy...since our residence was at a switch.

Bits Of Sports In Tylerdale

Athletics in Tylerdale was a real community-wide event especially during the depression years. We were fortunate in our area of the steel and glass industries that provided not only employment but also enjoyable pleasure of good quality performance from sandlot football and baseball games. One big problem was the poor, sub-standard playing fields. For example the Jessop Field, near Weirich and Hayes Avenue was often muddy from floods. Though this didn't stop a game of football, it did postpone a baseball schedule. Other fields included: Tygart Field, near the West Wylie Avenue Bridge (now a loading area); the Tin Plate Field (behind Brownson House); Ramage Field (behind Dunbar-Wallace Lumber); and various Atlas Glass fields (near College Field). It was a well-organized league known as "The Industrial League". The teams included: Hazel Atlas #2, Atlas #1, The Atlas, Tygart Valley Glass, Jessop Steel, Washington Tin Plate, Washington Mould and Tyler Mine.

Crowds were moderate until playoffs were scheduled. A keen competition existed between Jessop and Tygart Valley, who were annual favorites. Some of the players were quality! Without citing any in particular, may I comment? Andy Mack was a huge pitcher, a heavy hitter with the bat, but he couldn't run well. Slamming a double or a triple was but a single for him! One pitcher was one-armed...Sardy Bonus. Just to name a few others: 'Flood' Hughes, Al & Joe Ferelli, Nasime Elias, the Mawhinney Brothers, Roy Patterson, Tony Popeck, Joe Urso and so many others seen in photographs printed in old Observer-Reporter publications.

Then too there was football, sandlot style. Using the same fields mentioned above, these teams, from season to season seemed to change their names and membership. I remember the Poundstown team, Tylerdale Firemens and others (photos are plentiful from the O-R), the Pulaski team, Polish AC, etc. Although I was not permitted to attend football games, I did see two of them. Being too young to appreciate the game I was impressed with the excessive "brutality" of the sport. It was good entertainment for the community. During "breaks", a volunteer would "pass the hat" for donations to support the needs of the team. Our area was really sports-minded and it brought the residents in closer kinship with the affairs of our neighborhood

as it is continuing in our present times. There is a place for sports. The past is to be remembered and appreciated.

See photo Poundstown Football Team 1934



POUNDSTOWN TEAM: 1934 (West End, Washington, PA.)

- 1st Row: Joe Steratore, Grudi, C. Verno, D. Bullotta, C. Pizzino, L. Wardle.
 2nd Row: Coach Giles, B. Veltri (trainer), T. Stage, F. Picio
 H. Howell, E. Barlow, S. Solomon, T. Miller, P. Steraore, trainer,
 Coach E. Jurkosky.
 3rd Row: E. Gary, C. Marshall, E. Sorgie, N. Bick, Ravella, J. Golitz, J. Long.



Eagles Baseball Team: Washington, PA late 1920s.

Banty Riehner, Endell Turner, Richard Scott, Tony Popeck, Libby Lewis, Clyde Garner.
 Rear: —Zollars, Willis Henry, Dee York, Mike Manning,

Canton Twp. V.F.D. and the BEANERY

Canton Township residents and the city folk of Tylerdale were closely united in civic activities. Many worked together and shared in local sports programs or community functions. The demographics of both areas were marked with first-generation grown-ups of immigrants from Poland, Italy, Sweden, Slovakia, etc. We all faced the similar challenges of adjusting to American culture. With such a zealous spirit came the inspiration of having a Canton Volunteer Fire Station.

The first station was located on West Wylie Avenue, across from Russell Brothers. This property was purchased and remodeled to house the fire truck on the first floor. An outside stairway led to the second floor where the men assembled. It appeared rather narrow, but the truck was carefully driven in place. I remember hearing it speeding by a few times and it seems that the department faded away for some undisclosed reason. It has been said that one day the fire truck was wrecked with very little information of details. The reported drivers were Sam Cimino and Sardy Bonus (the one armed, baseball pitcher) and possibly others. "Sam had one eye while Sardy had one arm" was the old saying. Without any criticism, the men meant well. Though the fire station discontinued operating, the upstairs room was used as a social hall for a few more years, until later the VFD was re-established.

Next door was the beanery, operated by Willy Rotunda. It was a busy meeting place of grown-ups, some unemployed, but bustling with neighborhood news. On holidays, the front porch was loaded with men, and especially on the 4th of July night, they fired away with noisy firecrackers that were thrown across the street striking the Russell Bros concrete wall. Many of these became responsible citizens of the district and contributed much to the growth of a respectable community. These were days of experimental endeavors with lessons and experience to be gained.

The Old Mail Man...

Mr. Robert I. Findley is remembered well by Tylerdale residents. How could they miss his on-time schedule of twice a day mail deliveries! His mail route included the environs of 7th Ward of Washington, and in particular the area surrounding the Wylie-Jefferson Avenue district. This included West Wylie and East Wylie... Jefferson from Maple to Tyler Avenue... Allison and Chartiers.

How well I remember how he boarded the streetcar with his heavily-loaded mail bag strapped over his shoulder. After returning to the main office for another bag full of mail, he resumed the same route beginning at about 1 pm to about 4 pm. So we watched for mail twice a day... Imagine that!

Mr. Findley was always friendly wearing a smile. Living in the west-end of the city he retired after 42 years of service at the Washington Post Office in 1946. He would have recalled the building up of the Tylerdale area witnessing the new structures of the Union Block (Viehmann Bldg), the McGugin building (Metzner Bldg) and the 4th Presbyterian Church...all these in the early 1900's.



Robert I. Findley

I was privileged to trim his hair on many occasions. After retirement he moved to Ohio in 1946 to be with relatives there.

The Circus

Once a boy was given a dollar to go to the circus for the first time. Leaving his rural home for a novel experience he noticed the crowd going in a certain direction, thinking this is the way to the circus. Following them he saw the dazzling parade. There was much music, clowns, wagons and all the animals. This he enjoyed. At the end of the procession, folks scattered about. He went back home, returning the dollar bill to his father who asked the son, "Did you go to the circus?" the son replied, "Yes, dad. I didn't have to pay. It was free. The circus came right down Main Street!"

As a growing lad I remember all around town huge attractive posters were placed on walls, vacant storerooms, billboards, announcing the coming of the circus in a few weeks. The circus was a big event. Beginning early at sunrise the expert handlers moved wagons ramped off the flat rail cars using horses/ elephants that pulled the equipment down West Wylie and up Ohio Street to the fairgrounds. To see lions, tigers, hippos, monkeys, zebras, camels, ponies, rhinos, bears, leopards, gorillas, etc., was a real education and delight. Then too, there was the parade at 1 o'clock the next day. It meant that there was a half-day of school!! The parade began at Oakland Ave & Jefferson Avenues southward up Jefferson to Town and back. Here we heard the calliope, saw clowns, and all the caged animals.

Since it was a major community event, schools were reduced to half a day session. With placards posted all over town that the circus was coming to town, it meant for a holiday celebration, plus a half day off at school. The excitement began in the early morning. The near-by railroad crossing was the center of attraction. Watching the circus wagons being ramped off to the street level and then pushed by elephants or pulled by a team of horses was a real treat. Early at dawn the circus railroad cars pulled up at West Wylie crossing to unload as workmen guided the circus wagons down a ramp on to the street, and with excitement watch horses pulling the wagons to the watering place at a vacant lot adjacent to the bridge at Ohio Street. Elephants pushed some heavy wagons as they obeyed commands of trained guides. With delight we watched all kinds of animals, some securely caged, such as, leopards, lions, tigers, hippos, rhinos. While elephants, zebras, ponies, camels, prized horses together paused for

refreshing bath via the splashing water hoses. It was the morning
h plus thirst quenching drink of water from huge tubs continually
ed by a hose connected to the street hydrant. All the animals,
pecially the un-caged ones were well watered in front of my house
ere there was a vacant property and a fire hydrant. Water was
rywhere, provided by a nearby hydrant. Big drums were troughs
l bathing was pleasantly accepted.

From the watering place attention then shifted to the "fairgrounds"
t 600 feet into an open field. It was fun to watch the two men with
illating sledgehammers driving tent pegs into the ground.
imately the big three-ring tent was up!

In one sense, this was the circus because we got to see all the
ed animals. Imagine myself standing near a fierce tiger looking
ectly into my eyes! Imagine how close I came to the face of a
ge lion! It was harmlessly resting behind the bars. I stood along
e of an elephant and touched it as it passed down the street... or
at a thrill just to stand next to a monstrous elephant.

From the front porch of my home, I watched the water soaked
ent in preparation for the big parade at 1 pm. A holiday spirit
ailed as the parade began from the fairgrounds. This is in Canton
wnship where, now Bedillions Scrap Yard and the rear of Pete
anas (Race Street) are located. Nicely decorated, pretty, cleaned-
wagons were drawn by beautiful horses. With animals in view
d the clowns fully dressed on foot, the cortège proceeded to Oakland
venue to Jefferson Avenue, "up town" and back. The personnel such
clowns, trapeze artists, and midgets added more color to the big
ent. (They slept in rail sleeping cars.) The clowns doing their thing,
e loud music from the calliope, the beautiful marching horses,
nies, and all the caged animals was a magnificent sight. Crowds
hered along the one-mile route, and the local streetcars were loaded
th riders enroot to the circus. It's not often that one gets to see
ns, tigers, leopards, hippos, rhinos, zebras, all kinds of apes,
nkeys and jungle birds. We saw clowns in action, heard the calliope,
d watched the walking elephants, horses, the caged animals and
peze artists. At 2:30 pm was the big three-ring performance under
big tent.

Folks jammed the circus grounds bringing along their children for the big show. This was the main attraction. The streetcars were filled with passengers all going to the circus. It was a real holiday.

What we depression-kids appreciated was walking through the menagerie to view all the animals, some caged, lined-up for their entrance into the performance arena. To me this was the circus, even though I was fortunate to have free tickets because a circus placard was placed in my dad's barbershop.

After the evening performance, dismantling the big tent, the return of wagons and animals occurred during the late night hours. The railroad flat cars were loaded up for the next town's visit. Later, we were content to have also seen the tearing down of the big tent and the return trip onto the rail cars. Again, the animals pushed or tugged the wagons onto the flatbed rail cars.

It was thrilling and educational. The festive day of merriment will ever live in our memories. Well do I remember Heckenbeck and Wallace Circus coming to town every other year. These were our joys in the 1930 to 1935 era. It was in latter years that the menagerie was closed.

Grasp the lesson: following the crowd is often misleading. During the "religious" seasons more attractive than eternal blessings are such commercialized presentations so popular folks struggle in line for a "brand A" doll, or a "style X" garment. Diverted deliberately or by ignorance, they miss the main attraction of the "performance". Jesus Christ walked on the way called Dolorosa; alone he faced a sacrificial death. Rom.5: 8 says "Christ died for us." In this divine parade Jesus was the main attraction for our salvation. The "scattering" crowd may mislead the innocent from the main attraction, that is, Jesus, who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life"... John 14:6.

The Ice Man..... A Weekly Cool Visit

For us boys it was a treat to wait for the iceman during a real hot summer day. While he was delivering a block of ice we raided the truck for chips of ice. After all, these pieces were going to melt anyhow, and the iceman never chased us away. We couldn't run away with a 25 lb. block of ice, and he knew our homes and was acquainted with our inside "ice box." With his ice hook's sharply projecting and grasping the iced block, he handled it gently all the way into the "icebox."

Each house was given a four colored diamond-shaped sign, each designated with a number, 25, 50, 75, or 100 lbs of ice. The number placed at the top signified the size of one's order.

Slobbering the melting ice was a treat even though our clothes were dripping wet. By the time the iceman served our area, we had enough time to follow the truck until we satisfied ourselves with excessive ice. The Washington ice company was located on Meadow Avenue (behind Subway restaurant on Jefferson Avenue). I remember old Mrs. Weirich in the office, where customers would buy a ticket and present it at the dock for pick up service. Every year we would buy a 100 lb and haul it in the trunk of the car for our church picnic at the Washington Park.

Well, like other utilities, the iceman faded away. We finally bought a refrigerator. What a commodity! And the icebox was a beautiful piece of furniture.... Requiring a timely drain. Remember?

Cuttings from the Barber Shop....

Spending over 50 years in the barbershop was replete with an experience similar to a professor who taught genealogy for decades. All I, Floyd Marasco, had to do was to serve the public in one location and observe over three generations of customers passing through the shop.

Together with my older brother Gene, I knew almost every patron's name, residence and employment. I shared periods of joy during graduations or weddings; and endured the tales of fishing or hunting. The shop was always filled with friendly customers. We were glad.

It was a family affair when a dad brought his three or four sons for haircuts. At times, it was an "invasion"...get the toys out...the romping kids filled with energy need to have a toy in hand. It was "baby-sitting" time when the lad got his first haircut. Requiring patience to handle a frightened lad the barber smartly used some accommodating method such as running the turned-on clipper onto the body of a toy truck. The lad saw the wheels spinning! It simply diverted his attention. First haircut certificates were issued with a lock of hair attached. Pleasant memories.

Conversation around the chair ranged from sports to a current happening in town. Much can be learned from listening. The morning newspaper was better understood with new developing information gathered by incoming customers. Technical information from experts included advice on merchandise, home repairs, politics or religious issues.



Gene & Floyd Marasco At old 1st barbershop - 979 Jefferson Ave. Note: house step & porch - Old Barber Pole. Next door: McCarrell's porch was enclosed for an alderman's office 1946.

I was given a "good tip" one day from an unclean and poorly dressed stranger. He said, "Barber, it's a sure thing...it's the fourth in the fifth."-a prediction of the horse race at the Meadows. Not to hurt his feelings, I did not place any bet, but upon checking it out, he was correct. About a week later, this same man entered the shop while I was out for lunch. He asked Gene, "Where's the other barber?"

"He is out"...and out went the "hot tippin" man. Had I met him he would've received a good sermon! By the way, he made a mistake. He meant to visit the shop across the street! Or was it a mistake?

A customer came into the shop saying, "I've got a good used car for sale, do you know anyone who may be interested?" Hours later another patron entered with his concern saying, "I'm looking for a good used car. Do you know anyone who has one for sale?" The connection was made, a car sold and car bought via the barber! (no fees asked). My son-in-law of Somerset County produces maple syrup and many interested customers purchased some every season. (Sechler Sugar Shack, Confluence, PA)

Being an ordained minister, I also answered questions from inquiring folks. At times the phone would ring demanding a pastoral response. It may be a funeral notice, an unexpected death. Folks in the shop would be told if deemed discreetly. Sometimes members from my parish would enter the shop for emergency counseling. Tender moments in private gave some immediate peace...

As I opened the shop one early morning, an elderly, well-dressed man entered and asked for a shave. Appearing that he hadn't slept all night, and not going to his "regular barber", he desired to be anonymous. While in a reclined position with his face lathered, I decided to break the silence attempting some conversation. That was a mistake! Embarrassed, I remained scolded and silent for a minute. While re-lathering him, he suddenly rose from reclining and said, "Barber, you go ahead and talk to me." I spoke to him of Christian values. He was so impressed of my faith that he returned next week for another shave. Boasting of his church ties, it betrayed his way of life. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap"... he got the message at the shop! And I hope that the Lord helped that man to the glory of God. "Praise shall continually be in my mouth"...Ps. 34:1

Cross-Creek Rosie

The Tylerdale community bustled with comments when a novel attraction became a daily sight. She came from the Avella area to enjoy a more urban residence. Known as "Cross Creek Rosie", she had no automobile, thus was often seen walking or taking the city bus. No one could avoid catching her attention. Spotting her mixed colorful apparel with a bright red scarf around her neck, a multi-bright ribbon in her hair, a blouse of gypsy-like spattering of the rainbow. The clashing hues were like listening to an orchestra with instruments clashing discord.

Rumors were plentiful as to who and what she was. Some were true, some false, and some critical. Walking the streets at late hours gave rise to being desirous of a ride; this created more rumors, but what she really was remained limited. Most folks offered critical remarks that inflicted pain. If "picked up" by a male rider who assumed she was seeking companionship, it resulted in misunderstanding and possibly some pain. She had a large masculine face highly painted with rouge and make-up. Some of the stores prohibited her entrance, while the old "mom & pop" restaurant treated her with kindness.

One day she visited the local doctor who was new to our community. A near-by businessman noticed her entering the stairway to his office and decided to call to "forewarn" him of this mysterious "Cross-Creek Rosie". After hours, the doctor visited his informer, revealing Rosie's visit and medical request. She wanted an injection of B-12 to make her beautiful. According to his judgment he could not give it to her. Thus becoming enraged she stomped down the steps in anger and disappointment (1953 to 1970 +/-). She was a sight to see, often frightening children, remaining harmless. (Possibly was a transvestite). She disappeared from town.

The Clark Mansion on Jefferson Avenue

With a frontage of nearly 300 feet on Jefferson Avenue, the Clark homestead remained the most stately, dignified edifice in Tylerdale. It was maintained with meticulous care as the lawn was "manicured" with timely attention. The two-story-tan brick edifice just never seemed to age. At the north end was a two-story residence for the caretakers and garages (once stables for horses and carriage). It was never publicly opened to the public, until it was sold for a funeral home to Mr. Blaine Day (about 1947). He then retired the business to Mr. Robert McCoy. Under these men Mr. Bob Hummel begins to practice. The Clark home was sold and demolished for a Kroger store that served the community well until labor problems moved them out of the state. Foodland stores took it over and erected an elevated parking lot for the increasing business from the surrounding community. The Mele family decided to "retire", closing the store. It is now a storage firm with enlarged space, new entrance, leaving us memories of the past.

Next door to the Clarks were Mr. Earnest Ibes who sold to Dr. Masday, the veterinarian; Floyd Selvaggi was next door; two more residents and then Mr. Charles Reichart's garage. We all remember how he decided to sell the newly-on-the-market (experimental) automobile called Frasier. It became a bad investment but Charles continued offering good repair service. One good mechanic was Mr. Brezinski. Across the street was the Washington Brewery producing "Old May" Ale and Brand Beer. There was a side rail track that delivered the grain, and often seen were beer barrels loaded on trucks. It closed about 1939.

Part of this building was then used for the Washington Glass painting. It served by personalizing tumblers with logos or designs that identified a hotels, restaurants or for advertisements. It was beautiful and colorful. Across the street from Clarks, were these residents: Taggarts, Steele, Beard, Lavelle, Spina, and The Tylerdale Garage, and Jim Beck residence. Moving northward, was the Corner Corey Beer Tavern, Corey residence, Dave Hull, Wendy Newt Day, Romano's, Saverio Marasco, Lipps/ Floyd Marasco, Strosnider, Thorton, Krause, Mark T. Wolfe, Henderson, Baldwin/Rotunda, Doc Lewis, Montecalvo Studio/Bill Bert, Salvatore Marasco Barbershop, Springers; W.D. McCarrell /Funka Insurance; Louage Hardware

(Hamilton)/Marasco Beauty Supply Co; Butler Store (2nd floor residents: Coughendefer, McConnell, Mellon Bank; Miller Drug Store/ Viehmann Drug Store; Peoples National Bank on the corner/ Viehmanns. It is amazing to remember these neighbors. Wendy Day had a drug store where Veltri Cleaners is now. It had beautiful old marble counters but closed about 1937. His son sold local newspapers. ...*dear old Jefferson Avenue!*

Clark School, a class in 1919
(front row second from left is William McCarrell)



Clark School, a class in 1919

Canton Township

West Wylie Avenue People & Events

A most interesting section of the immediate Jefferson-Wylie area was what was once called "Dodge City", located across the street from Russell Brothers. On the corner of Chartiers St (on the Canton Township side of the tracks was a pile of building blocks known as the "tile pile" where winos spent most of the day and nights. Arranging the tile for their convenience and often sleeping for days, they were unsightly, but unthreatening. Among the ones I remember were "Red Nose" and Enoch.

Next to this was the Canton Township Volunteer Fire Station. Parked in the garage the big red fire engine was a most formidable sight. Upstairs was the meeting place. This operation lasted for about two years. Many of the area men were manning the station and were eager to serve in the initial VFD.

Adjacent to this was a one-story building known as the "Beanery", operated by Willy Rotunda who was quite strict running his bar. The next little room was on the corner of Pennsylvania Ave and West Wylie Avenues. Here Jack Bellotti operated a grocery store for about five years (1933 to 38).

Then there were homes of Wonsettler, Old Man Simpson, the Constable, Donaldson, Deprosky, the Italian Christian Church, Iocvitti, Selvaggi home and store and bakery, the latter on the corner of Ohio Street. Between this and the Bridge was an open lot until Irwin and Nelan build a huge garage for their excavating machinery. This lasted from about 1931 to 1939. Before this there were two large billboards that made an ideal playground for us kids.

More importantly, this spot brought many exciting moments for the neighbors since the animals from the circus, having unloaded at the Pennsy crossing a short block away, paused for a refreshing water bath and drink. This entire staging area of watering the animals is now a parking lot for the near-by plastic plant. But I must speak about the bridge across Catfish Creek build in 1926. I remember its construction as I walked across a wooden walk bridge under the care of an older cousin. We kids played all over this bridge, playing "Blue Balls".

This section covers West Wylie from Jefferson to the Wylie Avenue Bridge (on the South side).

We must not omit the north side of West Wylie Ave. from Russell Brothers to the Bridge. Next to Russell Bros were the following residences: Mr Joe Spino family, Saverio Marasco family (my Uncle), Mr Scrabsky, Conover. A little alley way; Domenic Mazzie, Jim Mazzie, Dempsey, Lahosky, Fabbiano (Spaghetti house/tavern); Salvatore Marasco (my first home in Washington); Jim ?/restaurant; Margene; Ben Andy; Szycheck/store; Yorkin. This last home often flooded from the overflowing creek so near. Across the bridge is an auto repair shop once originally a West Penn Power Sub station. I recall it being built. We played in the alley and field, which were between the two railroad tracks. Happy memories!



The McGugin / Metzner Building

Left to Right

1. Barbershop Marasco-Belcastro
2. Sloane's Men's Clothers
3. Kennedy Cut Rate Drug Store-Dairy Bar

Storerooms 1 & 2 originally housed McCarrell's Store

Note: streetcar tracks – snow - 1936

Tylerdale 7th Ward

This chapter of my memories of Tylerdale deals with the northwest section of the City of Washington, viewing it with designated account to illustrate the encompassing pulse and make-up (demography) of this district.

Outlining the area are two Pennsylvania State highways: route 18 north, (Jefferson Avenue - Henderson Avenue), and route 844 west, (Jefferson Avenue). The city limits ends at the Brownson House on Jefferson Avenue, and on Henderson Avenue at the overhead bridge. This area includes the newest and largest addition to the city known as 7th ward.

To grasp the heartbeat of the people, be mindful of the residents of all nationalities who came here for employment: the Scotch-Irish, Italian, German, Polish, English, Swedes (Scandinavians), Slovaks, blacks, browns, whites, et al.

The area bounded by Maple Avenue, Henderson and Summerlea Avenue was heavily populated with growing families during the period of 1910 to 1940 as evidenced by the necessity of building a new separate school addition for the upper-grade students. Both structures are still standing up well...Clark School.

Now travel with me, beginning at the end of Jefferson Avenue (going to Wolfdale). Just outside the city limits are the remains of the Tyler Tube & Pipe Company, which made huge steel pipes. This plant closed about 1930 and the building was razed. Some of the foundation may still be seen (huge cement chipped blocks). On the city side of the bridge is the Brownson House. It was the main office of the Tyler Tube Co., and later donated to the "neighborhood house" (which had begun at Weirich Avenue). The original name of the organization was changed to honor Judge Brownson.

After years of development under superb management, including Art Sandusky, the Brownson House served the youth with football, basketball and other athletic programs. It is truly an asset to our community.

Next to the Brownson House property (south of the football field) was the nicely kept, old brick home of the Popeck's. The front area was the "Silver Maple Inn." Next was the "Maxwell Bar" and home of the Maxwell's. Then came the Paletta Clover Farm Store, the Lackie

store, Spadafore Barber Shop, the Slovak Club (formerly the Penekie Shoe Store) on the corner of Woodland Avenue.

On the NW corner was Alfred Osso's Pizza, who rented from the owner, Mr. Penekie (Mr Osso's first pizza was on Oak Spring Road at Murtland Avenue. Alfred's son now owns the pizza shop on Henderson & Allison Avenue; and next door (westwardly) was the home and office of Jim Mawhinney, The Justice of the Peace. Next was the Abel Funeral Home on the corner of Jefferson and Henderson Avenues.

On the SW corner of Jefferson and Woodland was the "Champion Coal" Company Store. Later on the Liberty Food Store moved in. On Jefferson Avenue, next door was the Sasso Barber Shop, and next was Siek's Bar.

Going westwardly on Woodland from the company store was Molinaro's Hall (Miller's), where many wedding receptions were held (music, dancing socializing); many remember Minnie Miller...and her brother Guy; their home was next door.

Next door was a garage-gas station, and westwardly was the "slaughter house" where cattle and hogs were processed. It closed about 1932, and it became a church where our black folk worshipped. It was later demolished.

At the NW corner of Woodland and Jefferson was a tailor shop of Mr. Ben Urso; next was Lou Belcastro's Barber Shop (later, Walter Giecek Barber Shop operated here for many years). Next on Woodlaand, was Openchinski's Bar. When he move to Murland Avenue the newly organized Civic Club moved in. Next was the Roadrunner Bar (Provenzano). Another store in the area was Katz Store on McAdam Avenue. After it closed in 1936 the Civic Club occupied it. Another small family store was located on Allison Avenue at Woodland was the Wolozyn Store. It was so common for neighborhoods to have stores because few had cars to go to the larger stores. As noted, there were plenty of bars: Siek, Polka, Maxwell, Roadrunner, Popeck, and perhaps, speak-easies, bootleggers, and home wineries.

Now, let's go to the NE corner of Maple and Allison Avenues, where we recall the Allison Avenue Baptist Church (no longer there. It moved, re-named Abundant Life Baptist on Cameron Road).

Currently the Living Stone Community Church worships here, and rents the premises from the "Youth for Christ" youth ministry. Next property on Allison is the Randazzo residence. Going westerly from the church, on Allison was Fabers Bakery/at the alley corner; at the NW corner of Allison & Maple was Pluto's used cars; and next was Mr. Berg, the blacksmith, where later, Mr. Conklin had an auto repair shop, followed by the Westland Muffler Garage.

There's so much I remember! Let's go on Henderson Avenue, corner of Jefferson Avenue: facing north, on NW corner was a big house, with a little store and a big gas station; it was operated by different men such as: Mr. Taggart, and Bill Brower. Now it is a BP gas outlet. Next on Henderson Ave, was Pat Iperine Auto Garage; Taggart Dairy at the alley; and the Sandusky Soft Ice Cream stand with the Sandusky home on corner of Allison Avenue.

On Jefferson Avenue, from Henderson to McAdam Avenue next to the gas station, were: Jimmy Miller (Molinaro) home which had a store front where the Pulaski Club first started. Next (westerly) was the Desensi family, who baked fresh bread in the outdoor oven and sold it to area families. Next door was the Chas. Desensi family, Tom Mancuso, the Natali, Divincenzo, and Gaultieri families.

Please note that these names are deliberately listed since each has contributed much to the history of Tylerdale. From these families came professionals, patriotic services for our country, and notable athletic achievements.

Some information from Joe Mancuso

The Tylerdale Churches

The churches in Tylerdale were built according to the developing increase of residents. The earliest churches were the 4th Presbyterian and the 3rd United Presbyterian churches, were originally only one block away from each other. The 3rd UP church erected a new sanctuary on Cortez drive in the Wolddale area.

The Jefferson Avenue Methodist Church is probably the oldest (in Tylerdale) since it was built at the edge of then the city limits which was Spruce Street (now closed) just south of the church.

The 2nd Christian Church, (now the Fairhill Manor Christian Church), was located at the corner of East Wylie at Allison Avenue. After the 1-70 was erected, they moved to Montgomery Avenue (Fairhill Manor).

Other churches sprang up before the war ('37) were: Calvary Temple, beginning at the Jefferson Avenue location (now where Veltri's Cleaners is located), and after the World War II, erected a nice edifice on Donnan Avenue.

The Free Methodist Church had its start in the mid 40's on Glenn Street. The Church of Christ began on the corner of 4th and Allison, but purchased the Montgomery homestead (Allison & Duncan) about 1950, erecting a large assembly and parking area. New life Church now occupies the 4th & Allison edifice. The Holy National Catholic Church moved from its original place on Griffith Avenue (where Shiloh Bible Institute meets now) to a newly-build sanctuary on Hewitt Avenue.

St. Hilary Roman Catholic is on Henderson Avenue, having enlarged very well.

The Christian Church of North America moved to 4th and Shirls as the Bethlehem Temple Church occupied the West Wylie Avenue church.

Other churches of Tylerdale: the old Allison Avenue Baptist Church (corner of Maple Avenue), moved to Cameron Road (near Rt. 19N) and changed name to "Abundant Life." Presently at corner of Allison & Maple is the "Youth for Christ" office, and a new assembly, "Living Stone Community Church."

The Washington Presbyterian (Reformed) is on Humbert Lane.

The Bethlehem Temple is at 164 West Wylie Avenue..

The Friendship Baptist Church moved from Oakland Avenue to

17 E. Walnut St. site of the former Christian and Missionary Alliance Church. A new apostolic church now occupies this Oakland Avenue church. Mosier Mission on Weirich Avenue is closed.

Folks living in the adjacent rural districts enjoyed fellowship at these conveniently located churches.

It was my pleasure to have known the ministers and /or pastors of these named churches, and to have fellowship with many of the members of these churches. There were occasions that the barber shop was more of a chapel as Dr. Dozer or Rev. Roy Wolfe played the organ and we all sang.

David said it well: **“his praise shall continually be in my mouth”.**

The Italian Christian Church history CCNA in Washington, PA

Many Italians settled in the Canton Township area of Washington, PA. Here they “colonized” for several reasons. Many were illiterate necessitating others to read and write letters to their relatives whom they left in Italy. At times legal matters were handled by a “paesano” experienced and adjusted to the new world. There was one notable absence: **there was no local Italian church.**

Consequently, the opportunity to evangelize these churchless families was promising. Introducing the Bible to aspiring hearts was one servant of the Lord, who spoke Italian & English.

Among the first to reach these immigrants was Rev. Francis Patrone, who had completed his seminary studies at the Pittsburgh Theological Seminary. And with his wife, who studied at Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, they opened a place of worship at 18 Weirich Avenue (in the Cimino store room, adjacent to their home).

He welcomed both parents and children, teaching the elderly how to read some English and to write their own name. Some samples taken from these classes have been found. Using the Bible made for interesting reading lessons. Besides, the children heard Bible stories conducted in English. Among the families involved were: Cimino, Belcastro, Nicastro, Tallerico, Angott, Comfort, Bellotti, Urso, Bonus, Tiano, Manfredi, others. Little recognition has been given to the vital ministry of the Patronos. (More about this ministry in the next chapter.)

Yet there was even a larger outgrowth of Patrono’s mission which operated from about 1922 to 1936. During this same period, out of town ministers visited this area presenting the gospel entirely in Italian. This satisfied the older Italian immigrants.

This began to "take root" and in 1927 a church edifice was erected at 165 West Wylie Avenue, called the "Chiesa Cristiana" (Christian Church). In prior years beginning in 1924, these met in homes on Weirich Avenue (at Tony Comfort's & Manfredi's...where home made pews were used). Italian sermons inspired the newly professed Christians. Basic Bible Sermons stabilized their faith and the church enjoyed increasing members. Early evangelists were Rev. Richard Corsini (Beaver Falls), and Rev. Thomas Tedeschi (whose young wife was Rose Mazzie); also Rev. Frank Maruso (New Castle). Rev. Tedeschi became the pastor with associate pastor, Saverio Marasco. Others active were: Sam Desmond, Salvatore Marasco, Tony Comfort, Ralph Macre, Domenic Mazzie, Angelo Morra, Joe Angellilo, Domenic Giamarco, who became pastor of the Italian church in Canonsburg, the Julian, Arena, Curcio and Dagostino families.

The youth of the church heard mostly Italian sermons and hymns until 1939, when the first English service was held. Sunday school classes however, were conducted in English from 1930 for growing children, with Sam Marasco (Salvatore) acting as superintendent for many years. Other teachers were young Sam Marasco, Louise Dagostino, Evelyn Julian, Eugene & Floyd Marasco, & others. In the 1940's hymns in both languages were sung simultaneously. A brief English sermonette was provided by a young ministerial student, Floyd Marasco, who also conducted the English services (on Thursdays) for 18 years ending in 1959.

Other ministers related to the ministry of the Washington, PA church include: Rev. Joseph Marasco, (Belle Vernon PA, Covenant Church); Floyd C. Marasco, Sr. (Friendship Community Church/ Richeyville Community Church); Frank Levato, (seminary teacher, Seattle-Pacific); Tony Spina (pastor, Methodist Church, NE); Randy Zenner (Bryon Center, Michigan); Richard Tedeschi (TV ministry, Washington state); Dennis Marasco (pastoral counselor, NH/ ME); Rob Burk (CCNA, Washington, PA); Joel Zenner (Rushville, Ohio); Randy Don Giovanni (Bryon Center, MI); Foley & Kevin Selvaggi); the Mele family: Paolo Mele, minister in southern Italy and France)..

"and the word grew and multiplied"... ..Acts 2:24

Calvary Temple , Washington, PA

The evangelical message of Christ came to the Sitko family in the early 1930's. So enthused of the new faith they began witnessing to relatives and neighbors until they acquired the use of the former W. Newt Day Drug Store at 1011 Jefferson Avenue (now Veltri Cleaners and formerly Leone's Shoe Repair Shop next door.) Their lively worship attracted others into the faith until more room was needed. Nearby on Donnan Avenue (at Summerlea Avenue) they acquired property, erected a new sanctuary with accommodating facilities seating 150 persons. Within a few years they remodeled with an expansion project increasing the seating capacity and included Sunday educational rooms and a small kitchen.

Pastoring the church was Rev. Michael Sitko, the oldest of 5 brothers and later the co-pastor was Rev. Herb Sweat, his brother in law, who passed away about 1999. Rev. Michael lived to be 93 years of age, passing in 2006. The old fashioned gospel-minded church presented the "full gospel" ministry with the Pentecostal position. Rev. Michael shared a compassionate ministry to many in this area.



Photo: the first church site 1934 - 1948

The church was re-named Calvary Temple when moved on Donnan Avenue.

Rev. Francis Patrono Mission Weirich Ave. Canton Twp Washington. Pa

Many Italians settled in the Canton Township area of Washington. Pa. Here they "colonized" for several reasons. Many were illiterate necessitating others to read and write letters to their relatives whom they left in Italy. At times legal matters were handled by a "paesano" experienced and adjusted to the new world. Imagine some of these illiterates receiving important letters from loved ones in Italy. One choice was to depend on a "paesano" in the neighborhood to disclose its content. Then too, imagine their children living at home in a bilingual atmosphere, conversing with combinations of Italian-English.

One notable absence: there was no local Italian church. Consequently, the opportunity to evangelize these churchless families was promising. Introducing the Bible to aspiring hearts was one servant of the Lord, who spoke Italian & English.

Among the first to reach these immigrants was Rev. Francis Patrone. He was converted to the evangelical faith, having attended the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh. He took classes at the Western Theological Seminary and later met his wife, Edith, a graduate student from Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. They married in Pittsburgh in 1909. Both Rev. Patrono and wife Edith were trained in the ministry with a burden for the Italians who struggled to adjust to American culture.

They opened a place of worship at 14 or 18 Weirich Avenue in the Cimino storeroom. The mission property owned (to my knowledge) by the Cimino family. was adjacent to their home. Among the families involved were: Nicastro family and the Belcastros, Angotts, Tallerico, Bellotti, Tiano, Urso, Curcio, Comfort, Manfredi, Ruggirio, Ferelli, Desmond, Bonus, Macre, Marasco...

Rev. Patrono and wife opened the Christian mission for Italian families in the Weirich/West Wylie Avenue area of Canton Township. Many of the elderly had recently arrived as emigrants in need of assistance to adjust to a new cultural environment. One handicap was the language, reading and writing English. Besides presentations from scripture, the Patronos taught the elderly some English, writing and reading. With eagerness did the "students" absorb lessons, both educational and spiritual.

Rev. Patrono and his wife taught them by teaching from the Bible, partly in Italian; and for the children, they spoke in English at Sunday School sessions. The Patronos communicated well especially since the Reverend himself was born in Italy, came to America and was schooled in English.

They came with a burdened heart to both educate and evangelize these "churchless" Italians. Located at the juncture of Weirich and ("Goat Hill") West Wylie Avenue, the convenient storeroom became the mission-church where the illiterate un-schooled were taught reading and arithmetic. >From the Bible stories, they heard how to discern new words and their meaning. and writing new words. Some of the illiterate adults were delighted to achieve the ability to sign their own name, often needed for legal purposes.

He welcomed both parents and children, teaching the elderly how to read some English and to write their own name. Some samples taken from these classes have been found. Using the Bible made for interesting reading lessons. Besides, the children heard Bible stories conducted in English.

Among my collectibles is an old New Testament, once used at the mission. On the inside sheets unprinted are practiced handwriting much similar to kindergarten style. The "student", Mr. Giuseppe Conforti, wrote both letters and numbers, plus his signature, noticing some pencil marks through out the entire scripture gave evidence that he knew the Italian language, and was desirous to learn English. Very noticeable was the condition of this Bible; in order to preserve it he covered it with a black cloth, sewing it together with black thread that pierced every page of the bible (photo). I remember this Giuseppe Conforti; he was father of Tony Confort, Frank Confort; and of Mrs. Sadie Manfredi (all deceased).

Yearly, Rev. Patrone and wife arranged a picnic for holidays / special occasions. Little recognition has been given to the vital ministry of the Patronos. However, from this mission-training program some of the youth became teachers and ministers: the late Rev. Dr. Joseph Belcastro who pastored a large church in Columbus, Ohio and also his son. From this Italian community came civic leaders, industrial specialists, good athletes, and professionals such as teachers and ministers.

The Patrono Mission closed about 1936 as its purpose was fulfilled. However, from its influence another Italian mission began (1926) in the area at 164 West Wylie Avenue, now known as the CCNA church.

Rev. Patrono and wife had planted a “seed”, the Word of God, which is ever living,

Rev. Patrono’s son, Mr. Francis Patrono, now deceased, was an active attorney here in Washington, PA. I received some family history from him.

Rev. Francesco Paolo Patrono was born in Roccaforzata, Italy on July 8, 1876. He attended Bloomfield Theological Seminary, Bloomfield, NJ 1906-07; and received the Bachelor of Sacred Theology at Western Theological Seminary (Pittsburgh) 1910. Licensed, Oct. 12, 1909 and ordained June 15, 1910 by Pittsburgh Presbytery, he served Clairton, PA and other missions to 1909-12; Calumet, Michigan to 1912-16; Gary, Indiana to 1917-18; Follansbee, WV to 1918-23; Washington, PA 1923 to 1936,

Rev. Patrono’s ministry will continue to live in the hearts of many who attended the mission on Weirich Avenue (Tylerdale), Washington, PA.

He died August 14, 1973; his wife, Edith, a native of Canada, died July 4, 1956. Both are buried at Washington PA cemetery.



Edith M. Patrono Frank P. Patrono
1874 - 1956 1876 - 1973

Re: Rev. Francis P. Patrono, deceased United Protestant Mission

There is a need to acknowledge the services of the Rev. Francis P. Patrono and wife who came to Washington in 1923 to minister to Italian immigrants who settled in the Weirich — Wylie Avenue area of Canton Township.

They served from 1923 to 1936, both deceased and buried at the Washington cemetery.

The Patronos were a vital link in the lives of these industrious folk who had no Italian worship services to attend at this time. Their

children also had to adjust with grammar lessons at school while conversations at home were Italian. The contribution of the Patronos was never publicly recognized. The youngsters from this mission became professionals, business leaders, and one became a minister.

Is it possible for Washingtonians to offer a tribute to the Patronos? Should the Italian American Heritage consider doing this honor?



1st Row: Mrs. Tedesco; Edith Patron; Rose Ruggerio/Sam Levato; Sylvia/Tom Ruggerio; Mrs. Tony Perry; Mrs. Tiano/Louis; Mrs. Bonus; 2nd row: Mrs. Urso; Filomena/Joe Ruggerio; Mrs. Frank Tallerico; Ursula Bellotti; Mrs. Tallarico; Mrs. Patsy Perry; Julie Angott/Jim Ardeno; Mr. Patsy Perri; Mrs. Roy Harris.

Industrial area & views...

Steam box swimming

Adequate supply of energy such as coal, gas, oil and water brought industries into our area. The valley streams also provided drainage for industrial processing. Catfish Creek (a sub of Chartiers Creek) flowed through Gordon Valley (Weirich Wylie-Henderson), convenient for many factories. Jessop Steel drained its water into our "swimming hole" called "steambox" (along Weirich Avenue), where behind the trees, the naked boys enjoyed the treat. The gang included: Joe Andy, Chester Deprosky, Camel Selvaggi, Sam Mazzie, Stan Skrabski. I was there too.

The glass factories were an asset to Washington's economy. They worked on 6-hour shifts allowing ladies to be employed. It was common to hear folks say, "I got 3 days in this week." With many "lay-offs" even one day a week was welcomed. It was the "tin mill" that appeared to be operating steadily, as Jessop had some "slow-downs."

It was the glass factories (Hazel-Atlas), even with some slow-down periods, that allowed the area to economically survive. Tygart Valley Glass, moving here from Grafton, WV in 1920, also contributed well. Common talk included: "the box shop", "the mould shop", "layers", "hot end", and the "shipping department".

Employees at the Duncan Miller Glass (now Alpine Club) saved their choice glassware such as the colored ducks, ruby swans, goblets and crystal ware (now prized antiques).

Many changes occurred according to closures and/or expansions. Sad was the shut-down of the Washington Tin Plate and the Tyler Mine (next to each other on Woodland Avenue). The mine elevator shaft was a common site.

From memory...here's a list of industries... Some still operating: Jessop Steel, Tygart Valley Glass, Washington Tin Plate, Washington Mould, Duncan Miller, Washington Brewery, O'Brien Steel, Richman Bros, Drakenfeld (Ferri), The Mail Pouch Warehouse, Landay's Scrap Yard, Mississippi Glass, The Tri-State Engineer, Plasteel Co, Simms Lumber Mill, Washington Ice Co, Albert's Meat Packing Co, McGlumphly Blacksmith, Tyler Mine, Washington Steel Co. and Findley Clay. **All in the Tylerdale area!**

Do you remember the coal-filled rail cars, parked overnight along the creek? It provided "free coal" that "fell off" and gathered by the "goat hill" residents.

It was a provision of God. Those depression days demanded perseverance. And Tylerdale survived with many developing experiences. It's our history.

William Neal

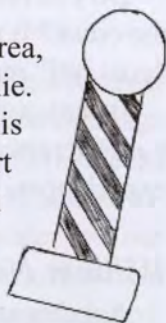
Another asset to Tylerdale is Mr. William Neal, who has contributed valuable input to our community. He began his professional occupation as a young and aspiring man in 1949 with Mr. Coweson. He was friendly, respectful and trustworthy. He was an excellent prospect.

His decision to open a funeral home in the center of Tylerdale was met with the approval of many. He contributed invaluable benefits and wise advice to our community. He was respected for his professional and proficient services to this whole area.

Tylerdale honors Neal's contribution with appreciation and gratitude.

Barber Shops

There were many barber shops in the Tylerdale area, especially at the busy intersection of Jefferson & Wylie. My father came to Washington in 1923 to begin his barbering career at 4 West Wylie Avenue, which was part of the Union Block Building (later, the Viehmann Building). He remained here until 1930, moved for a year at Henderson Avenue next to Polka, then rented a storefront at the 992 Jefferson Avenue (McGugin Building /Metzner). In 1933 he purchased the 979 Jefferson Ave. property, built a shop and moved into the house for family residence.



The shop continued with sons, Eugene and Floyd operating the shop until Gene's death in 1985; Floyd operated until retirement after 51 years, in 1992. Others who worked there under Floyd were: Jim Horne, Norman George, and Jim Amos (currently the shop is entirely operated by Dorsey Pettit).

Other shops soon entered nearby. The just-vacated, 992 Jefferson Ave. shop, was occupied by Louis Belcastro, who moved from a Woodland Avenue shop location in 1935. He retired about 1990. His son operated for a short period. Krecny Bakery enlarged and moved in.

On East Wylie Avenue there was a small barber shop, Chuck's, who was also employed at the Pennsylvania Transformer in Canonsburg. This shop was next to Jimmy's Cleaners. Chuck's shop closed down after the 1-70 highway job was completed. Chuck replaced Mr. Bovine as the original shop owner at this location.

For many years Mike Bell had a barber shop in a "cubby hole" room that separated the A&P Grocery Store from the adjacent store front (long time vacant). The A&P was on the corner of Jefferson and Wylie, and Mike's Shop was squeezed in between two large store-rooms. It was about 5 feet wide and no more than 6 feet long!

Another shop that opened for a short time was Mr. Sam Billotti, 889 Jefferson Avenue at the alley near Tylerdale Garage. It was an old store front, nicely renovated. He did not serve here long...less than a year.

Walter Giecek's Barber Shop was well established on Woodland Avenue just a few feet from Jefferson Avenue. He finally retired about 1998.

If you go back in the late 1920's Johnnie Cimino had a shop on Weirich Avenue at the bottom of "Goat Hill" (West Wylie Avenue) at the railroad tracks. He later joined with Joe Alberta who started his shop at 4 W. Wylie Avenue in the early 30's, and they retired in the 90's. Mr. Caleb Corey operated Alberta's shop while he was in military service. Mr. Ed Carey had a shop on Third Street until 70's. So, Tylerdale was trimmed by plenty of nice barbers. Only "Marasco's" (under new management) remains.



Clint Renz gets his hair cut



Principal Wylie Avenue School



Mary Perri Merlo, **Joe Bonus**, **Lucy Belcastro Bonus**, Tony Zullo
 Rear: Sam Belcastro, Dorothy Rice, Jim Zullo, "?", Art Mazzie,
 Sophie Belcastro Oliverio



Evelyn Mastrangelo, Janet Mazzie, "?" Ventura, Nellie Andy,
Bride: Sara Andy Ventura, Ann Yorkin, Julia Tiano, Helen Deprosky Sten
 REAR: Art Mazzie, John Belcastro, Bennie Cimino, "?" Ventura,
Groom: Mike Ventura, Patsy Andy, Russell Marasco, Ben Andy.



Exiting Funeral Service of Mr. Mason Abbas.at I. C. Catholic Church
 c. 1939 The Mason Residence was on Jefferson Avenue near Maple

Tylerdale Civic Betterment League (TCBL)

Realizing that the main route of 1-70 was set to intersect the heart of Tylerdale, merchants and residents became aroused as to its detrimental affect on the community. Would it become a liability or an asset? Really, no one knew. Many thought the thru-way would lead to blight, disrupt established business, or create monstrous traffic problems.

Concerned business men called for a meeting to orchestrate an "oversight" committee to keep abreast of highway plans with state and local authorities for update information of concern to Tylerdale-ites.

Officers of TCBL were selected: C.E. "Diek" McClelland, David Funka, Al Metzner, Floyd Marasco, Louis Cohen, Joe Comfort, Jim Antonolli, Bob Krecny, Bernard Viehmann,

Many meetings were held, some at the barber shop. Various committees were set-up to facilitate our investigative search for information. There was a close-knit concern about the devastating affect on business and the parking situation. Homeowners were also concerned about the devaluation of their properties.

Two particular concerns included parking and traffic. Invaluable to the business district was the need for parking. What could be done? Obviously, the area under the overhead bridge was prominently sighted as a possible place. Diligently the TCBL began an investigation as to permission. The word from the state was that this property was not to be used for commercial purposes. Officials never stated that we could not or should not use it for a parking lot. As the highway was about to open, we prepared to raise funds with the hope of proceeding with our plans.

At committee meetings with the state "Penn DOT", we revealed our plans without receiving any certified authority to proceed with the parking project. It was not financed by the state, nor did Penn DOT provide labor. Funds were raised by having a "Tylerdale community street fair" held on East Wylie Avenue from Allison to Norwood Avenues. The event was successful, and the next few years other fundraisers were held.

A problem with the draining of the highway storm water created a muddy mess as it flowed onto the Jefferson Avenue pavement and roadway. We summoned the state with photos and a visit at

Uniontown. Being convinced, they installed 8-inch drain pipes and connected to the storm sewers.

Now we were ready for the black-top surfacing. The city allowed us to use the painting equipment for parking lanes if we paid for the paint.

A full diagram of the parking was presented including rules for the public. It was a task well done and the TCBL served well during the crisis. The project was a magnificent togetherness and hard work of Tylerdale-minded citizens. Amazing what can be accomplished with unified effort.

New Street Lights

Left: Marasco Barbershop
Right: Metzner Building



L. Yenke, F. Marasco, B. Veihmann, J. Antinelli, Mayor Krouse, D. Funka, D. McClland



Tylerdale Village Shopping Center

Tylerdale Fair Opens



Mayor Krouse and Tylerdale Civic Betterment League
cut ribbon to open street fair



Tylerdale Street Fair sponsored by the Tylerdale Civic Betterment League
on East Wylie Avenue near I-70 Interchange

The Effects of I-70 on Tylerdale

The city of Washington and its environs have dramatically changed ever since the I-70 and I-79 highway was erected. What was once nice and quiet areas of neighborhoods and small businesses have faded for the convenience of highway traffic. The small locally-owned gas stations are now super-giant stopovers for truckers, and long-distance commuters. The major eating restaurants have "gobbled-up" old time residences making Jefferson Avenue, East Wylie, and Tyler Avenue ramps no longer a quiet place.

During holidays the off-ramp at Wylie is a problem calling for patience. Perhaps, Penn-DOT should have designed it to exit directly onto Jefferson Avenue. This would allow much of local traffic to lessen the load for those traveling on to route 18 north and 844 west. It would eliminate the delay at the Jefferson and Wylie traffic light.

Just look at the new business firms now in Tylerdale. Where I once lived at 905 Jefferson is one block long of commercial outlets of all kinds. The Tylerdale Garage is no longer a garage (beer sales; used car sales; labor office; bread outlet; Aaron's Appliances. The remaining old establishments are Krecny's Bakery/Restaurant and the barber shop (now Pettit's) across the street, next to Funka's insurance office, and at the corner Presbyterian Church.

With McDonalds and the Dairy Queen nearby, the travelers are served too. We do appreciate the convenient bank & drive-in service at Allison & Wylie; it was needed. Surely, we must not forget the admirable task performed by the Tylerdale Betterment League sacrificing much time to plan and produce the parking lot under the bridge (over-head I-70). Many residents do not realize the great effort rendered by this committee. The parking area was the salvation of the Tylerdale business area.



The Marasco house at 979 Jefferson Avenue as it was originally



The Marasco Barbershop at 979 Jefferson Avenue in 1994

A personal note:

I had never been to my birth town until my adult years. Finally during retirement my children planned the trip that was filled with high expectations. My dad had a barber shop and grocery store in Piney Fork, Ohio, which was only about 75 miles across the border of Washington, PA.

As we entered the small village the size of a football field, I had hoped to visit some old timers with more information about my dad. Knocking on several doors, I found the folks so friendly and helpful, but most of the contemporaries of dad were gone. It was most disappointing.. Until one kind neighbor inquired of our milling around and though not offering any information about my dad, he did invite us to his closed -on-Sunday tavern (only one in town; unlocking the door, he offered us refreshments (non alcoholic) on a day that was very hot; besides, we were relieved to use the rest rooms also.

Though we thought the trip was a failure, on our way out we saw a road leading to the right. The nicely paved road led to a dead end, where a man, sitting on a milk case, suddenly ran into the house. We thought he was frightened by our visit. Within a minute, he came out with two huge shoe boxes filled with coal mine daily work reports. He said, "Ok, just give me the name you're looking for."

First we looked for my dad's name in case he may have worked at the local mine the slips began with 1923, so that eliminated my dad's name since he moved from Piney Fork in March of 1923.

"Do you have any other names, he asked?"

"Yes, my uncle Tony Russo and son Genaro."

Filing through hundreds listed alphabetically was helpful, and we found three slips of my Russo relatives. They were ours to keep. Each slip showed the amount of coal dug for the day and the amount of pay, deductions for dues, etc. Finding this information made the trip a joyful success. Seeing my birthplace was most satisfying after 76 years, 51 of which I spent as a barber in Washington, PA, and 40 years as a pastor of the Friendship Community Church.

By Floyd C. Marasco Sr.

545 Montgomery Ave.

Washington PA 15301

Phone 724-222-0147

e-mail: fcm545@verizon.com

My residential history:

1922- 1933....169 West Wylie Ave.

To 1948... 979 Jefferson Ave.

To 1952... 905 Jefferson Ave.

To 1959... 144 Wellington Ave.

To Present...545 Montgomery Ave.

...to all my friends:

Thank you. I hope my memories have rekindled yours to recall mutual experiences of old Tylerdale. Deliberately have I included names, families, businesses and outstanding events.

Apologies for any "omissions", or for incorrect listing of dates or names. Information contained in this book may be used only for non-profit purposes. Enjoy "my trip" around Tylerdale with inspirational memories. June 2009

Ps. 145:7 they shall abundantly utter the memory
of thy great goodness

Ecc1 9:5 may not the memory (of them) be forgotten

Pa 92:1 it's a good thing to give thanks unto the lord...

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