

Bill Lucas, Peter Wager, Paddy Jackson, Charlie Crawford and the veteran, Ben Erie, these with others, too dim to recognize, stand out in the picture.

Step into the engine room and enjoy the busy whirr of the engine, one of the many pets of Jacob Gilbert, stationary engineer and expert machinist.

Follow the tan chain elevators to leach house and pass the time with George Jackson or Horace Greene who run liquors twenty-four hours every day or gaze at the foreign workers pitching leaches, their names forgotten but faces well remembered.

Skip in the fire room with John Gibbs or Tom Reese and see them convert waste tan bark into fuel to generate steam to run the machinery.

Visit the beam house and while enjoying the diversified odors of soaks, handlers and sweat pits, converse with Billy Haynes, Frank Darby Sr., Del Wispel, Geo. Figgles, Tom Norton, Pete Whitacre, Geo. Chapman, Charlie and Nattie Clarke, Bill Braunbeck, Max Zagroski, Gus Berlin, Old Man Bartom, George and Frank Marrer with a host of floaters, who told of places they had worked and did not stay.

Meet, the handlers, tanyard and scrub house workers bring recollections of many foreigners, mostly Poles, good fellows and thoroughly trained in the art of attending to their own business. Here greet Geo. Darby Sr., big in body and just in his dealings with men, as were the race of tanners from which he sprang, his sterling qualities were handed on to his five sons, Adelbert, Sam, G. Edgar, Fred and John, all of whom were versed in the three R's of a calling in which the name of Darby has become an honored tradition. Joe Baechle, head of the sweat pits, with Francis Tritchler, Rufus and George Boyles, Paul Galough and Ray Jackson in the tanyard doing the more responsible work, while Charley Jackson, John and Tom Clegg, John Braunbeck, Andrew Galough, "Ruty" Harrington, Ike Brown and old John Danoa kept things going in the scrub house.

Now, an exciting ride down the wooden tracks to the dry loft on a car loaded with freshly oiled leather and piloted by Charley Jackson. Then, the ticklish experience of shifting leather to the fifth stringer, which was forty feet above, with nothing under but air, a feat at which Jake Gries and Bert Greene were aerial artists.

Go out into the rolling loft where labor was lightened by jest and good fellowship, here, John M. Darby and his six sons, Charles, Henry, Dan, Frank, Sam and Clarence proved the truth of the basic principle—"Nothing without Labor"—as did Addison, Geo., Bert, Harry, Herman and Sidney Greene, Geo. Braunbeck, Reuben Featherbay, Geo. Dobbs, John McBride, Elwood Labarr, Richard and Sam McBride, Tom Bartom, Frank Shamoski, Frank Harrison, Philip Folkrod, Adam Brong, Dan Graffius, Johnny and Mike Morris, Fred, Lewis, Noll, Norman, and Francis Rinker, Wallace Vroman and others of the dim and distant past. Men, who played a good brand of base ball after eleven hours of hard work. Before leaving the tannery, visit the bark stack where fresh bark was piled for seasoning and find a constantly changing crew among them Ezra Wager, John Lucas and Anthony Cavanaugh, three men who mastered the science of shingling a bark stack without the sound of metal tool.

Meet William Craven and Tice Fogle, night watchman and shake the hand of William Hull, efficient superintendent and business manager.

Get the mail brought from Glen Mawr on the stage, driven by Steven Harrison, an authority on all things political, and distributed through the years by Postmasters Vernon Hull, Wm. P. McBride, Elmer Mecum, Jennie Sheeley, Ed. Holcomb, Walt Hoffman and Robert Brong.

Loaf on the porch of stores and hotels with "bulls of the woods" in for a fight or a frolic or both; mighty men of brawn and power these; prominent among them were Lyle Grange,—the father of the nationally celebrated "galloping ghost" of foot