

obtained from National Fibre and from my father up the hill and close to the Gun Club. When he died about 1956, Mrs. Eckles sold the property to K. Edward Lefren. It is now owned by Bud Thomas.

The annual five-day trapshoots held at the Yorklyn Gun Club were attended by the best marksmen in the U.S., who came from as far away as Portland, Oregon, Sydney, Nova Scotia, and the Canal Zone. Night shooting under the lights was always on the program for Wednesday and Friday. My father never allowed shooting on Sunday. The high point was in the 1930s, when the Yorklyn shoot was the second largest in the country, second only to the Grand American Tournament in Ohio, where all the national championships were decided. In 1931, Steve Crothers of Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, won the 500-target "Marshall Marathon" with a score of 499; in 1935, Joe Hiestand of Hillsboro, Ohio, duplicated this feat. In 1935, a squad of five shooters broke 498 out of 500, breaking a 19-year-old squad record of 497 (made at Maplewood, New Hampshire), and in 1936, the same squad broke 499 to eclipse their record of the previous year. The tournament of August 1946 was the largest ever held at Yorklyn, when nearly 600 shooters participated.

Harold E. Thomforde leased the building and grounds for his chicken barbecues and Sunday smorgasbords from 1959 through 1967. In 1971, I surrendered the 1925 lease on the 10 acres to NVF, and the company converted the old clubhouse into a management center. The 16 acres remaining in the Sharpless tract were sold to Amad E. Amer in 1987. Amer built a large home on the old parking lot with a spectacular view facing the Ashland Nature Center.

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, May 5, 2008

**The Pittsburgh Titans:** Many fortunes were made in iron and steel in Pittsburgh in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Names like Carnegie, Frick, and Mellon were legend. There were a myriad of smaller successes, such as Jacob Painter Jr. (ca. 1850–ca.1938) and the Snyders of Shenango Steel, of whom I wrote a few weeks ago. Then there were Howard J. Heinz and his 57 varieties and Pittsburgh Plate Glass (PPG). We had very brief brushes with a few of them, and our experiences were always positive.

Mr. Painter attended many of my father's Yorklyn trapshoots. Very tottery the last two times he was here in 1933 and 1935 in his big Packard sedan, complete with chauffeur and private secretary (who also shot), he was a poor shot but enjoyed himself immensely. The bronze statues in the front hall at Auburn Heights were gifts from Mr. Painter, and from his estate I was given a fine English Purdy trap gun. In 1984, as a guest of Whitney and Jean Snyder, I was treated to dinner, along with three others, at an exclusive country club in the affluent suburb of Sewickley, and we spent the night on the Snyder estate. Whitney had several fine cars, including a 1911 Stanley that we restored to running condition for him at Auburn Heights in 1980.

About 1988 I attended a Mercersburg Academy Board of Regents winter meeting at the exclusive Duquesne Club in downtown Pittsburgh, where Scott Johns and I spent the night and enjoyed several meals. The Regents were guests of Dave Genter, also of Sewickley. Around the same time, Richard Mellon Scaife and his party of six or eight, having expressed interest in the Wilmington & Western Railroad through the efforts of Brian Woodcock, were entertained in the Red Clay Valley, where he rode in the cab of one of the W & W steam locomotives from Marshallton (or Greenbank) to Mount Cuba. Ruth and I met the train with the Mountain Wagon at the latter place and brought them to Auburn Heights for a lunch on the porch. Their Mountain Wagon journey was completed when we delivered them in Hockessin, and a special train took them back to Greenbank.

Finally, Ruth and I spent a very pleasant long weekend in Pittsburgh in February 1992. Taking the day train from Paoli around the Horseshoe Curve to our destination, we enjoyed rooftop dining with a spectacular view of the city, a concert at Heinz Hall, a tour of Fort Duquesne in the Golden Triangle, the PPG building, dinner at Station Square, and the heights of Mount Washington. The Cathedral of Learning at the University of Pittsburgh and the Phipps Arboretum were also included on an almost-balmy mid-winter weekend. I phoned a long-lost friend from Meteorology school days (Edmund C. Franz) and had a nice chat before he and his wife departed for an Elderhostel.