

CHRONICLE

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Publication of the Allegheny-Kiski Valley Historical Society

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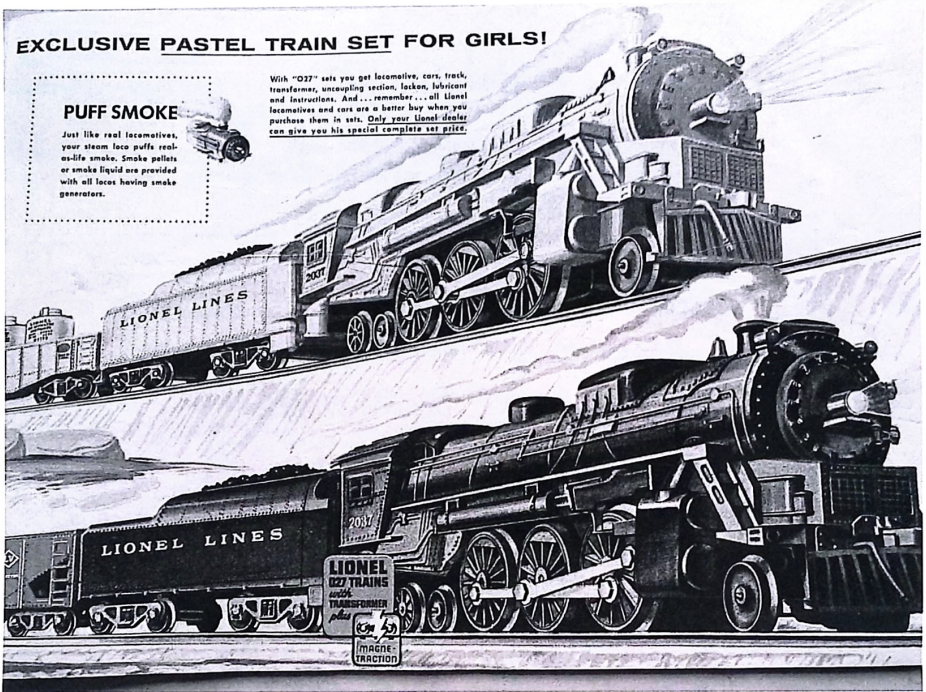
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Toy Trains.....a Christmas Tradition

by Rick Tonet

Many folks in Western Pennsylvania will remember the term *Christmas Putz*, as it was a big part of their Holiday decor. The term Putz is apparently German in origin and actually refers to putting various things together to create a somewhat life-like scene. A more "Americanized" term for a Putz would be the Christmas train layout. When I was a lad, growing up in the Birdville area, many of my friends and family members had just such a scene underneath their Christmas tree; as did we.

I very fondly recall my Grandparent's Christmas Putz, which was gingerly placed under their fully decorated tree every year in their home on Third Avenue in Tarentum. The fake plastic snow was sprinkled throughout the scene as well as on the many little cardboard or Plasticville houses that were placed around the imaginary village. Barclay metal figures as tall as the houses themselves walked the streets or skated on the pond made out of a discarded mirror. The plastic cars from the nearby GC Murphy's store, complete with their rubber stamped price tag of 29 cents still stamped on their roof or hood, made the scene even more fascinating.

A brown dog as big as a Buick sedan occupied one corner of the scene keeping an eye on the baby Jesus. Obviously no Christmas Putz would be complete without a manger, along with Mary, Joseph, some shepherds and animals. Because after all, isn't that what Christmas is really all about? Oh, and let's not forget the oversized shining star carefully put in place to shine above the manger. You see, on a Putz the beauty of it is that nothing has to be in scale or even from the same time period. But ra-

ther, effects that have deep special meaning to family members are placed there. And it all creates a harmonious blend of Christmas festivity that is difficult to describe and has to be experienced to be fully understood.

As a child, the most fantastic physical feature of my grandparent's Putz was the Lionel *Flying Yankee* O gauge streamliner electric train that circled this imaginary scene. The real *Flying Yankee* was a sleek art-deco era streamliner passenger train that was known for its speed and comfort. But the realistic Lionel version ran on tracks with three rails. This always caused my brain to do a flip flop when I looked at it, thinking to myself that real railroads only have two shiny rails! Which brings up an argument that Lionel train enthusiasts' and Gilbert's American Flyer S gauge fans still have to this day, as the Gilbert track was advertised as being more realistic with its two rail tracks.

But no matter what your preference is for toy trains they were, and continue to be, a very big part of the Christmas Holiday tradition. The Buhl Science Center model railroad exhibit is one of the most visited attractions in Pittsburgh during the Christmas season. People from this area connect with this tradition and want to share it with other family and friends, especially if they are unable to have a Christmas layout in their own home. And those who do put up a Holiday layout desire to see this and other layouts to get ideas on how to improve their own or just for the sheer joy of seeing electric trains in action. There are many Christmas train displays open to the public (or at least we hope so during these trying times) to feed one's appetite.

But how did model electric trains become so popular with children and adults alike? We can easily blame the beautiful advertising found in the elaborately illustrated catalogs that were published every year by all of the big manufacturers like Lionel, Gilbert, Marx, and others. The colorful illustrations in these catalogs were true works of art that many times created scenes that children could relate to in their own towns. Powerful smoke-belching steam engines pulled long freights past very cleanly illustrated steel mills. While the new streamliner diesels hauled long passenger trains past railroad stations that looked very much like those found in Tarentum, Natrona, New Kensington, and other towns up and down the Alle-Kiski valley.

Electric trains were pricey toys to receive back in the 1950's. As a result many toy train sets were actually purchased as Christmas gifts for deserving sons or daughters and were typically given as the "big gift" of Christmas. Which train for mom and dad to finally purchase was often determined by what those beautiful catalogs suggested were the best choice. But of course it had to fit into the family budget too! It was a gift for many kids that had to be put away after the holidays were over, and the long wait until the next "train season" began. But for some the electric train became part of a permanent layout in the basement or spare bedroom and eventually turned into a lifelong hobby (such as for yours truly).

Toy trains have been around as long as real trains have, and that goes back to the early 1800's. Even back then crude but somewhat realistic models were being produced in wood, tin or cast iron, many of which were powered by wind-up mechanisms similar to what was being used in clocks of that time. Some companies even offered toy trains that ran on real steam. One can only imagine the issues of having live steam and hot fires in the hands of small children. Eventually crude battery powered toy trains made an appearance along with very early electric powered models. Up until electricity became widespread across the United States wind up trains became very popular.

The electric toy train industry took off like a rocket in the late 1940's and especially throughout the

1950's. Toy train sales for big companies like Lionel and Gilbert were in the multiple millions of dollars yearly as the popularity continued to grow until the early 1960's when things like slot cars, rocket ships, record players and other things replaced miniature trains as a prime toy for boys and girls.

In the late 1950's a weekly trip to visit my Grandparents in Tarentum during the Christmas season was looked forward to with much eagerness. Walking through downtown Tarentum (especially in the evening with snow flurries in the air) during the Christmas season back then was magical to a kid. The streets were so nicely decorated with the colorful strings of lights strung across the streets from sidewalk to sidewalk. Many of the town's telephone poles featured a large plastic lighted round decoration which featured Santa, reindeer, lit candles or other Holiday effects which were dreamlike to my youthful eyes. People Christmas shopping or just window shopping seemed to all be having a wonderful time. And the slight odor of smoke in the air from nearby homes being heated with coal stoves reminded me of recently bygone days when real steam engines would pass through the town leaving a distinct smell behind.

But what really made this time special to me was seeing all the electric toy trains for sale in the various shops in town, and this wasn't limited to just Tarentum of course. Many hardware stores throughout the valley sold electric trains, and did a whirlwind business during the Holiday season. In Tarentum, Stockdale's hardware store had a Lionel section as did Klingensmith Hardware in downtown New Kensington and in the Heights Plaza Shopping Center. GC Murphy's in New Kensington, the Heights Plaza, and Tarentum always stocked up on trains for the Holidays. Murphy's, W.T. Grant and Western Auto stores (all located in Tarentum at one time or another) were big sellers of more inexpensive toy trains typically offered by the Louis Marx Company. I treasure a tin Marx train car in my own collection that came from the Tarentum GC Murphy store and still retains its small square white Murphy's price tag of 69 cents.

Toy train sales were not limited to just the bigger name companies either. On the corner of Corbet Street and 7th Avenue in Tarentum was the Alpha Service Store. The Alpha Company was originally a gasoline and auto repair company that got the idea of selling toys as well as automobile necessities, similar to Western Auto. The Alpha toy store was always well supplied with bicycles and many nice quality toys. And they also had a Gilbert American Flyer section for anyone seeking S or HO gauge trains (yes, Gilbert made HO trains too).

Many towns throughout the valley had stand-alone hobby shops that offered a large variety of model trains and accessories. Tarentum had a small hobby shop next to the Manos Theater that sold models for the more serious modeler, as opposed to just toys. It was in this little hobby shop that my father bought his first electric HO train in 1958 and was hooked, and became an avid train modeler for the rest of his life. Although quite young, I too became hooked that day and cherish that train more than any other in my collection.

Today we live in a world that has very little resemblance to downtown Tarentum at Christmas time in the 1950's. But with this great hobby of model toy trains one is able to turn back the hands of time, if not only for just a little while as the trains zip around your Christmas Putzin' or on a permanent layout in your home. The distinct smell of ozone from the sparking wheels and the smell of Lionel or Flyer smoke emanating out of the smoke stack of your steam engine as it rounds the bend taking you back in time. It's 1958 again. How we wish!!



CHRISTMAS CHEER

A specially selected group of corny jokes for the season

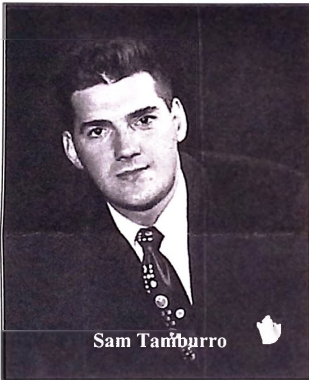
- Why didn't Rudolph get a good report card? *Because he went down in History.*
- What do you call Santa's helpers? *Subordinate Clauses.*
- What is Santa's primary language? *North Polish.*
- Why are Christmas trees so fond of the past? *Because the present's beneath them*
- What do you call an obnoxious reindeer? *RUDEolph.*
- What do you call a kid who doesn't believe in Santa? *A rebel without a Claus.*
- What do you call a bankrupt Santa? *Saint Nickel-less.*
- What is Santa Claus' laundry detergent of choice? *Yule-Tide.*
- How does Santa keep his bathroom tiles immaculate? *He uses Comet.*
- What do you call Kris Kringle when he goes on his wife's health insurance?
A dependent Claus.
- What do you get if Santa goes down the chimney when a fire is lit? *Crisp Kringle.*
- What is the best Christmas present in the world? *A broken drum, you just can't beat it!*
- What did Adam say the day before Christmas? *"It's Christmas, Eve!"*
- What do you call a bunch of chess players bragging about their games in a hotel lobby?
Chess nuts boasting in an open foyer!
- What do you get if you eat Christmas decorations? *Tinsilitis!*
- Which famous playwright was terrified of Christmas? *Noël Coward!*
- Why couldn't the skeleton go to the Christmas Party?
Because he had no body to go with!

The holiday season can mean many things to different people.

Story by George Guido

For college football fans, it's the bowl season, the time in which teams are invited to play in a game, usually in warmer climates. It's a reward for teams that have successful seasons and accepting an invitation to a bowl game usually takes about 5 seconds. But for Penn State getting a Cotton Bowl invitation in 1947, the road to Dallas was dicey, to say the least. But, ultimately, it resulted in a sporting event becoming racially integrated, it gave birth to a college chant that still exists and it also resulted in a major encounter with someone who helped write a dark page of American history.

A year earlier, the 1946 Penn State team had a 6-2 record and was scheduled to play in Miami. But with the Jim Crow laws in effect at the time, Miami told Penn State that it could not bring their Black players, Wally Triplett and Dennie Hoggard. Penn State coach Bob Higgins left it up to the players to decide whether to travel to Miami without Triplett and Hoggard or to cancel the game. When a player suggested Triplett and Hoggard leave the room while the players voted, 1944 New Kensington High School graduate Sam Tamburo got up and said: "No, they are part of the team. We are all Penn Staters." That became the team mantra and the Nittany Lions stayed home. Today, the chant has been shortened to "We Are Penn State".



The 1947 season found Penn State undefeated and ranked fourth in the country. The Cotton Bowl wanted to match the Nittany Lions with No. 3 Southern Methodist University. Higgins made it clear that the Nittany Lions would only accept the bowl invitation if Triplett and Hoggard could play. Cotton Bowl officials gave the OK, but said Triplett and Hoggard couldn't stay with the team at the segregated Dallas hotels. Tamburo insisted they find a place where the team could stay together, according to Tamburo's grandson, New Kensington-based attorney and former Westmoreland County Judge David Regoli. "We're Penn State, and that's it," Penn State Board of Trustees member Paul Suhey said in a 2015 interview with the Valley News Dispatch.

The Nittany Lions stayed at a Naval Air base about 14 miles outside of Dallas. Keeping college guys on a military base wasn't easy. One night, team members noticed a lighted building in the distance. They hopped the fence and discovered the building was a burlesque joint called "The Carrousel." The players went to the door for admittance, and told the doorman they had Black players present. The doorman said he'd go and get the owner. The owner came, pondered the situation, and motioned the players in. The club owner turned out to be Jacob Rubenstein, better known as Jack Ruby, convicted killer of Lee Harvey Oswald. On Nov. 24, 1963, two days after the Kennedy Assassination, Ruby shot Oswald at point blank range in the bowels of a police department while the accused presidential killer was being transferred to another facility.

The Jan. 1, 1948 Cotton Bowl ended in a 13-13 tie with Triplett scoring the tying touchdown. But Texas sporting events became integrated that day. Tamburo would go on to make four different All-America teams and played for the NFL New York Bulldogs. Tamburo died on Dec. 18, 1998 at age 72. He was inducted posthumously in the Alle-Kiski Valley Sports Hall of Fame in 2015.

Triplett played in the NFL for the Lions and the Cardinals. He died on Nov. 8, 2018 at age 92, and kept in touch with the Regoli family over the years. By the way, for you historical trivia buffs - Lee Harvey Oswald was the first person ever shot on live TV.

Once Upon A Time In TARENTUM

An Allegheny Anthology

by
RICHARD CURRY
E S L E R



Published By
Costello Printing & Graphics

Richard Curry Esler was born in Tarentum on Christmas Day 1909 and died on June 30, 1995

THE CHRISTMAS TRIP 1919

In the house of my youth, my greatest treat at Christmastime was the annual trip to Pittsburgh by those intrepid adventurers, my father and me.

The morning was still gray when we boarded the 7:15 and sat in the smoking car on green plush seats while our mammoth locomotive clicked us into the fabled city, trailing clouds of steam and glory.

We hustled through the P.R.R. station and up Liberty Avenue to Market for a second breakfast at Donahoe's from whose dumbfounding cafeteria I emerged with a Kosher pickle and a cream puff.

Then we headed for the department stores where each window was an animated fantasy and every toyland an extravagant dream. The morning was Lionel trains and beebie guns at Kaufmann & Baers and Joseph Hornes, and gift lanes at Rosebaums and Frank & Seders.

At noon it was Dimlings for a fabulous lunch of hasenpfeffer (sour rabbit), fried noodles, and my own small stein of pilsener.

Then to Gimbel Bros. and Boggs & Buhl with a side visit to the Fun Shop where I bought a Young Magician's Kit of Amazing Tricks by the Great Blackstone.

Dinner leisurely, at the Hotel Henry - rare prime ribs, New York cheesecake, a corona cigar for dad, and a candy cigarette for me.

Finally came the climax of our day, a vaudeville bill at the Old Nixon. I loved every minute of it the soft shoe dancing, the blackouts, the salty old jokes, the trained canaries, the hilarious songs, the juggler, the slack wire acrobat, and best of all the comic headliner, Sliding Billy Watson, who would burst from the wings sliding on his enormous shoes and skid the whole way across the stage.

At midnight we caught the "bummer" home, the Conemaugh Division's last train out. I slept all the way home, clutching my treasures and my gifts for Mother and Phyllis which cost me a year's savings, one whole dollar.

That was the best part of the trip, coming home while dreaming of even more daring adventures the next time Christmas and I came to Pittsburgh.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES of a young girl in the 1940's

by Marie Thomas

The time before Christmas seemed to speed by. The icy winter season was on the way with blasts of cold wind, intermittent days of snowflakes or heavy velvety blankets of snow which covered the ground and obscured every object with a dripping frosting of snow and icicles. The days were getting shorter and the dark of evening came earlier and earlier. The city workers were getting downtown New Kensington ready for the season, decorating the telephone poles and hanging Christmas lights: a large center star with multi-colored lights that trailed to both sides of the streets in the shopping district.

This time of year was special and magical to me because my birthday fell, after the first day of winter, on December 23, followed by Christmas Day on the 25th.

Of course, in those days things seemed simpler. I would be ten that year and wanted a few very specific things. Some of my wishes were for a twin sweater set, a set of miniature aluminum pots and pans and a Pop-eye paint box.

This time of year was especially busy for my mother who did much of the cooking, shopping, and preparation for the holidays. Being of two different cultural backgrounds provided us with a smorgasbord of special foods for the holidays. My mother was of Polish descent while my father who came from Galicia Province in northern Spain wanted to enjoy the customs of his homeland. It was left to my mother to secure and prepare not only her foods, but also those specialties of my father.

Mother made fudge, cookies called rocks made with black walnuts, orange cookies, nut rolls, prune bread, and a delicious white fruitcake made from a recipe sent to her by her sister, Helen. She and my sister, Jule, also made dates stuffed with a half of a walnut and rolled in granulated sugar.

Mother also prepared ham, pierogi, sweet potatoes, and a relish tray with pickles, olives, celery, carrots, and peppers.

In addition to her foods, were the special foods my father liked. My mother and I would walk to the Arnold A&P or to the Parmassus A&P to search for the freshest shrimp and fresh sardines. When the seafood was purchased, my mother would set about preparing a dish known as *paella* which consisted of chicken and shrimp in a saucy rice. This was usually a main course on my birthday.

Mother walked everywhere and made many trips to local stores. I was with her most of the time. I can remember accompanying her to Beraducci's Italian Grocery Store on Fourth Avenue to purchase olives, *chorizos* (spicy Spanish sausages canned in Spain), canned ham from Spain, and *castañas* (chestnuts), figs, and dates..

The olives came in big barrels that sat in front of the counter in Beraducci's. One barrel contained big juicy green olives floating in brine while the other barrel contained shrunken black olives in oil. Sometime the store person would tell me to dip into the brine barrel and grab a handful. This was a treat better than candy.

In those days, Catholics abstained from meat on the day before Christmas. So following the custom of Spain, Mother would clean and prepare the large sardines. This is a very smelly fish especially when frying. The fish were cleaned, washed, dipped in flour, and fried in hot oil. The smell permeated every thing, but my father thought those fish were the greatest treat. I must admit that the fish were delicious, but the heavy oily fish odor was something else. Thank goodness those fish were only prepared at Christmas Eve.

My family did not drink much, but there was always wine, beer, and some whiskey for company. My father was always inviting people to come over to eat or drink during the holidays.

Christmas decorations consisted of a few wreaths in the windows and a fresh long needled pine tree. The tree was purchased late and never put up until Christmas Eve after I was in bed. The decorations were very old and were brought from my mother's home in Plymouth, PA. Some early ornaments were a crèche and wise men, snow babies skiing on mounds of cotton snow, a blue glass lake with skating snow babies, and a Dutch girl and boy carrying water on their shoulders in tiny pails. One of the finest decorations was a set of miniature wooden furniture brought back by my godmother from one of her trips to Mexico. Of course, Santa was under the tree, too. Santa was a strange long skinny figure dressed in red and white flannel with the funniest straggly beard. My father used to laugh and refer to him as *Barbantonio*. I'd say, "Santa". My father would tease me with *Barbantonio*. Years later I searched many places for this Santa, but I have never been able to find him anywhere.

I had no fancy Christmas stocking so I hung one of mine on our fireplace. I usually received an orange and a few nuts in the stocking. Over the years I can remember receiving a variety of gifts some of which were: a painted tin tea set, a toy electric iron, a small baking set, books, a metal adding machine, a nurse doll with blonde hair and a white cap, white dress, and a blue cape, a doctor kit, a small December doll, a hat-making set, Lincoln logs, a rather large doll that I named Mary, a bride doll, and a chemistry set.

The Christmas I received the large doll, Mary, is very memorable. I was about five years old and was delighted because Mary was like a real baby; she cried when she was bent over. Mary had a mechanism inside that produced the cry. Well, I wanted to find out what made her cry, so a while after Christmas I performed surgery on her. I cut a large hole in her chest and examined the box that produced the cry. Fearful of what my mother would say, I proceeded to sew up her chest with black thread. My mother was upset and told me I had ruined the doll. I said, "Oh no, no one will see it when she's dressed".

I can remember the Christmas I was ten very vividly. My mother was very frugal, but quite creative. My father was a coal miner, but there were five of us and money was not plentiful. Mother spent very sparingly and especially where toys were concerned. We always had plenty of food on our table, but excessive amounts of clothes and toys were never even considered.

My mother was good with a needle and thread, and she could make things new again. That year, in the weeks before Christmas, I was filled with excitement and thoughts of the coming holidays. One night I had gone to bed early in the evening, but was awakened either by a noise or a dream. Slowly I slipped from my bed and wandering half asleep found my way to the kitchen. There sat my mother at the kitchen table tracing something on a piece of white oil cloth. I wanted to know what she was making.

She simply said, "Oh, it's something I need...What are you doing up?"

She got up from her chair and gently helped me back to my bed.

For Christmas that year I received the sweater set, dusting powder, the Popeye paint set and one special gift that stands out in my mind. It was a beautiful dark haired doll which my mother had refurbished from the nurse doll. It wore a new brown wig, a new dress and bonnet, and the white oil cloth shoes which my mother had lovingly made while staying up late at night.

Many Christmases have come and gone, but the refurbished doll is still remembered as a very special gift.

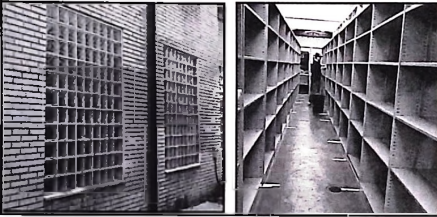
Christmas at our house was not an elaborate affair, but created some very pleasant memories of special foods, the excitement of the beautiful tree, and of course the wonderful creativity of my mother.

MUSEUM CLOSED DURING PANDEMIC

Due to precautions for the safety of our volunteers and visitors, the Heritage Museum has been closed since April 2020 during this Covid-19 pandemic; we hope to reopen in April 2021. You can check the latest status online at AKVHS.org

MAINTENANCE AND IMPROVEMENTS

Two needed maintenance projects were completed this year: eight 89-year-old basement windows have been replaced, and eighty feet of cracked and uneven sidewalk has been replaced.



ADDITIONAL ARCHIVAL CAPACITY

When the Tarentum Library closed in May, we were able to purchase their steel shelving and use it to create additional archive capacity.

DIGITIZING

We have started a major multi-year project to digitize the museum's collection of photographs and unpublished papers. This will enable researchers to easily access information which currently can only be found by searching many files of material.

When digitized and indexed, information will be easily accessible on the computer and ready for use.

The original material will be in archival containers, safer from damage of handling and aging

VIDEO RECORDING VETERANS

Over the past six years, John Bailey has video recorded, free of charge, more than sixty military veterans telling their stories of their service during WW2 and later.

We started showing these videos on Thursday afternoons at the Museum but were quickly shut down by the pandemic. We plan to resume in the summer of 2021, after most people are vaccinated.

FLEA-TIQUE SEASON

The start of the 2020 Flea-tique season was delayed one month because of Covid-19 restrictions. The date of November 15 was added to make up for the one canceled in May. vendors and shoppers said they were very pleased.

2021 DATES:

(3rd Sunday of the month)

May 16, June 20, July 18, Aug 15, Sep 19, Oct 17

Antiques and Collectibles Only
Sorry No Pets Allowed

HISTORY PROGRAMS AT THE MUSEUM

Programs scheduled since April have been postponed until groups can safely attend.

ZOOM PROGRAMS

Virtual meetings on ZOOM are being planned. An internet connection will enable you to view and participate from anywhere. To register meetings, email your email address to us at info@akvhs.org

EVENTS AND HISTORY PROGRAMS

Being developed for 2021 and 2022
your help is welcome:

- COMMEMORATING AVON LADIES

USE YOUR CREATIVE TALENT

CLEAN-FIX-PAINT-CREATE

Reconfigure exhibit areas
Display new items
Transfer files to new shelves
Scan photos and files
Enter items into the computer
Write a Chronicle story
Help fundraising
Join the Board

The AKVHS is an All-Volunteer
Non Profit 501-C3 Corporation

The following publications can be purchased from the Allegheny-Kiski Valley Museum.

History of East Deer Township

(Its People, Heritage and Industry)

Contains 150-pages and over 200 photographs that tell the story of the people and events that helped shape East Deer Township. **Price \$20**

Greetings from the A-K Valley

A 351-page picture postcard history of 28 communities located in the Alle-Kiski Valley. **Price \$25**

Historical Natrona

A 256-page book on the history of Natrona with information on the early history, industry, schools, churches, social and fraternal organizations, sports, civic groups, music, theater, and the military. **Price \$25**

Memories of the 1936 Flood

This 337-page book "Remembering the St. Patrick's Day Flood of 1936 in the Allegheny-Kiski Valley" contains over 325 photographs of the flood plus copies of several hundred articles from the local newspapers that describe the devastation caused by this valley's greatest disaster. The book was prepared by Mickey Cendrowski (previous Museum Manager). **Price \$25**

Stroll Down Memory Land

Pictorial History of Catholicism in Tarentum

A 301 page book with historical information and over 530 photos of the Catholic Churches of Tarentum - St. Peter, Sacred Heart, St. Clement, Sts. Peter & Paul, Holy Family, Sacred Heart-St. Peter, and Holy Martyrs. **Price \$25**

World War II Honor Roll

This 196-page memory book is dedicated to all the young men and women who faithfully served our country during World War II. The book contains a large number of color and black and white photographs, many quotations, and over 25,000 individual names. **Price \$25**

Tarentum - Then & Now

The book contains 254 pages of then and now photographs of local schools, churches, stores and other businesses, plus various events that have occurred in Tarentum with historical information describing what is shown in the photos. **Price \$25**

Please add \$8 for shipping and handling when ordering by mail.

Allegheny-Kiski Valley Historical Society – Heritage Museum

224 E. 7th Ave., Tarentum, PA 15084

www.AKVHS.org

Phone: 724-224-7666

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"Preserving and Celebrating our Cultural, Industrial and Ethnic Heritage"

Membership Application

Benefits for a membership include –

Free unlimited admission to the Heritage Museum

Free parking at our Flea-tiques

Free research work (excludes genealogy)

Free admission to AKVHS programs and events

Free subscription to the Alle-Kiski Chronicle

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Phone _____ Renewal ___ New Member ___

Make check payable to: **AKVHS** and mail to: **224 E. 7th Ave., Tarentum, PA 15084-1513**

Allegheny-Kiski Valley Historical Society is a tax exempt, charitable 501(c)3 organization.

All membership contributions are tax deductible to the fullest extent of the law.

This is the first Chronicle mailed since the July-August issue. For 2021 we will change from six bi-monthly to four quarterly editions, and hope to increase the number of pages per issue. If you have a story about the Alle-Kiski Valley and would like to share it with our readers, please feel free to submit it for consideration.

Allegheny-Kiski Valley Historical Society
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