

History of Bradford, PA

by

Luella A. Harris

This history of Bradford and Tuna Valley was written by Miss Luella Harris, a former English teacher in both the Junior and Senior High Schools of Bradford. Miss Harris has been retired for several years and resides in the family home on High Street.

So far as known, the territory around Bradford was never the home of the Indian, though the Indian name of the stream shows that it was part of their hunting grounds. Not a single trail has been authenticated within the borders of McKean County. It was part of the land secured through the indefinite treaty by which the Penns extended the boundaries of Pennsylvania to the west.

The Indians preferred to place their strongholds along the Allegheny River; and when these were destroyed by Broadhead's expedition against Cornplanter, the Indians were forced to move farther up into New York. So few remained in this immediate section that it was unnecessary to provide a reservation for them. On the other hand, western New York had several. The celebrated agreement by which the Cattaraugus Indians were given their choice between the piece of land 40 miles square or one of 40 square miles was in New York, and had nothing to do with McKean County or with Pennsylvania.

When the first settlers appeared in the valley of the Tunangwant between 1823 and 1826, they avoided the area where the two forks of the stream come together. This may have been because the section was under water for some part of every year. It is more likely that it was because there was not land enough here for a farm, and these people were farmers. The site of Bradford must have been more cut up at that time than now.

There was apparently at some time a brook starting in the spring near the head of Tibbetts Avenue, and crossing Congress Street where the W.C.T.U. Building now stands. When the foundations for that building were being laid, it persisted in breaking out again and again with such force as to threaten the success of the enterprise. In my childhood, it seemed to have lost its way in the marsh in back of the old Green Hotel on lower Main Street, and never reached the creek.

Frederick Newell says that the sharp bend in the West Branch just west of the head of Main Street is artificial, the stream having been deflected from its course to go around Uncle Daniel Kingsbury's mill pond. In that case, the two forks must have run nearer together than they do now. Incidentally, he also says that Main Street stops where it does because Uncle Dan would not let it go through his mill pond.

The first settlers, with others who followed them, formed two groups or communities. One was south of the Bradford of today, and took the name of DeGolia from the first settler. The name covered several farms extending toward Lafayette in one direction and into Minard Run in another. The second community was farther north, beginning at the mouth of Kendall Creek, which was named for Post Master General Amos Kendall, and extending up that stream and down the Tuna to the mills at the state line. This section took the name of the post office.

Mr. R.B. Stone, in his history of McKean County, says that Nathaniel Edson was the first post master. When Nathaniel Edson was made the first postmaster in 1841, he kept the mail in the big clock in his own house on Kendall Creek near Sawyer. When John F. Melvin became second postmaster in 1843, he moved the "post office" to his house somewhere near the mouth of the Foster Brook. In 1845, it was moved to the Fuller House, which stood on the northwest corner of East Main and Kendall Avenue. Here it remained until 1854, when it was moved to the Old Red Store and its name changed.

For some time before that, the name "Kendall Creek" was being limited to the families along that stream; and a new name was applied to the community centering at the corner of the Limestone and Kendall Creek roads. An undesirable citizen had been tarred and feathered. A stranger, driving through the place one morning, and seeing the litter, remarked that this must be a tar port. The name stuck, even after the section became the Sixth Ward of the City of Bradford.

Kendall Creek, or Tarport, grew much faster than any other part of Tuna Valley. It had several stores, a large school house that was used for meetings, a hall, and the post office. As late as 1877, William McDougall, who lived somewhere up Foster Brook, means Tarport when in his journal he speaks of "coming to town", and when he goes to "the road connecting the villages of Bradford and Tarport."

McKean County was formed in 1804, but was not completely organized until 1826. The next year, a petition headed by John F. Melvin and signed by 14 others, requested that a new township be separated from Ceres Township, and called Bradford Township. It has usually been taken for granted that the name was chosen in honor of William Bradford, the first printer of Pennsylvania, but Mr. R.B. Stone makes out a rather good case for another origin. Bradford was the name of the New Hampshire township from which the Melvins came; and as a Melvin headed the petition, he probably also suggested the name.

At the time of the organization of Bradford Township, there was not a person living where the village afterward grew up. In that same year, however, (1827) Dr. W.M. Bennett, for whom Bennett Brook was named, built the first house, a log cabin, situated somewhere about 21 Boylston Street. Apparently he stayed but a short time. The only inhabitants for another 10 years were the Hart family with six boys and six girls, among them three pairs of twins. As no mention is made of their building a house, I infer that they occupied the log cabin of Dr. Bennett. They are said to have been a happy-go-lucky family who extended hospitality to every chance passer-by. But they seem to have vanished from the face of the earth, and to have left no trace behind.

The real settlement of Bradford proper began in 1837 with the arrival from Boston of Colonel L.C. Little, agent for the United States Land Company, sometimes called the Boston Company. Col. Little had just married Lucy Dix Webster, widow of Phillip Huntoon Webster, and sister of Governor Dix of New York. She had two sons, Phillip L. Webster and (missing text), at this time 7 and 3 years old respectively. Into this new country Col. Little brought his wife and two step-sons, arriving by team. They found no place to live except the deserted log cabin of Dr. Bennett. This they enlarged and occupied for some time. An apple tree standing just west of the former Bethesda Home is said to have been planted by Col. Little. After a time, he built a larger residence. Here Ellen, daughter of Col. Little and Lucy Webster Little, was born, the first white child born in the present limits of Bradford.

Around the home of Col. Little, there grew up slowly a settlement called, indiscriminately, Littleton, Littletown, and Littleville. It is impossible to trace its development as reminiscences differ. Sands Niles is said to have built the second house in the village in 1838 or 1840; but one account places it on Mechanic Street, another, the first house built on Main Street where the opera

house stood later. It was in the latter place that he lived when I was a little child.

John Wellogby built a house on Mechanic Street in 1839 and Dr. Ebenezer Olds on the same street in 1845. P.L. Webster calls this the third house within the present city limits, but if the above dates are correct, it would be at least the fourth. In any case, the little Webster boys would have had plenty of room to play. An old drawing shows not more than six houses in 1850.

The chief streets in the 1840s were Mechanic Street (so called because the first men building on it were mechanics), and the Corydon Road. All the flat where Main Street now is, to and across the creeks in both directions, was forest. This accounts for the Congregational Church and the Little or Webster home being built on Corydon Street.

The Dr. Olds referred to above must have remained for some time, for I remember as a child hearing him spoken of as "Old Doc Olds", though I do not think he was living then. He is said to have been a fairly good doctor, and so well liked as a man that his mistakes were overlooked. One which became a standing joke was his diagnosing a case of smallpox as "putrid itch." He came to this section, not as a doctor, but as a tanner, and carried on both occupations.

Various reminiscences speak of there having been, at the south-western corner of Mechanic and Corydon Streets, a log school house which was replaced by a frame building. At least, Judge Ward taught in a building on that location in 1851. He had previously taught in Tarport for two years, and after two years in Littleton, opened the Bradford Academy on the public square below the corner.

The coming of one man to Littleton in 1851 gave a marked impetus to the growth of the community. It has been said that Daniel Kingsbury made Littleton. Energetic, dramatic, arbitrary, he bent everything to his will; but he had business sagacity, and with his coming, old enterprises took on new life and new enterprises sprang into being. Kingsbury had been a stockholder in the United States, or Boston Land Company, and according to a deed dated November 20, 1850, at that time bought from the company more than 50,000 acres lying along the Tunangwant.

In 1851, he came here with his wife, Aunt Ruby. A Mr. Langmaid, who later had a general store on Main Street, had partly built a large frame house on what is now Congress Street. This Mr. Kingsbury bought it and made it into a house that was fine for the times. Here he continued to live until his death in 1870, and Aunt Ruby and her cats still occupied the house till her death. Mr. Kingsbury's brother-in-law, A.T. Newell, and two other nephews, A.W. And Frank Newell, either accompanied or soon followed him to Bradford.

A.W. Newell, at that time only 19 years old, became secretary and agent for Mr. Kingsbury, and he and his first wife lived for a time in the home of the Kingsburys. It was in that house that the Honorable Frederick Newell was born. Both A.W. And A.T. Newell acquired large tracts of land. A.W. Newell's holdings at one time embraced nearly all of the Third Ward. He laid out the streets School, Pleasant, Summer, Pearl, and Center, built side walks and built houses or lent money for building. It is said that at one time he owned 60 houses in the city. A.T. Newell's land included the southern side of lower Main Street and most of the Fifth Ward, extending to the Carshops and to the top of the hill.

The old Kingsbury house, enlarged and improved, but retaining the general plan and appearance, became the Emery home. It was probably the oldest residence inside the city limits when it was sold to Forest Dorn, who had it torn down, and his new house built on the site.

Uncle Dan also built on the side of Quintuple above his residence, a vault or tomb in which he stipulated that his body and that of his wife should lie. One wonders if he had dreams of a marble

shaft being erected above the plain vault, with graveled paths running to it, the whole side-hill a park, and the spot venerated as the last resting place of the founder of Bradford. If so, how sadly his deams would be shattered by one sight of the ruined, neglected, almost forgotten tomb hidden among the bushes.

Kingsbury erected a huge double mill at the head of Main Street, with the effect on the stream and on the street when it was opened, that has been mentioned. In 1853, the "Old Red Store" on the corner of Main and Congress Streets was built for his offices, and it was to this building that the post office was moved the next year. The name of the building came from the fact that it was painted a dull red from some clay product found in the vicinity, probably the same from which terra cotta was afterward made. The building passed through many hands in the course of years, being occupied, in 1876, by the drugstore of F.W. Davis. It was moved around on to Congress Street to come to be regarded as the oldest building in Bradford.

The rapid growth of Littleton in the three years following the arrival of Mr. Kingsbury, and the large business that he was carrying on, made it desirable that the post office should be nearer than Tarpot. In changing the location, the name was also changed. It could no longer be appropriately called Kendall Creek and there were objections to the name "Littleton." It seems likely that the strongest objection came from Mr. Kingsbury, who was jealous of the prominence given his predecessor. Col. Little had retained his position as agent of the United States Land Company, but he died in this same year, 1854.

Another difficulty arose from the fact that the exact form of the original name had never been settled. It is said that a statute ordering an election called the place Littleton; the sherrif issued the writ for Littleville, and the election, being held in a school house on the other side of the creek from the village was declared illegal. As to the new name, we have seen how, many years before, the township had received the name of Bradford. Its extension might help to placate the Melvins for the loss of the post office; and Kingsbury would perhaps agree to the compromise. In any case, the old name disappeared in 1854, never to be revived.

Among the other projects of Daniel Kingsbury was that of running a railroad from Bradford to Carrolton to connect with the Erie which already ran to Salamanca. In the early 1860s, the route was surveyed and the track actually laid. For this enterprise, A.W. Newell was surveyor and chief engineer. When Kingsbury went into bankruptcy, chiefly because of papers that he had endorsed for others, Mr. Newell's wages were far in arrears. In consideration of this, he asked that the railroad be turned over to him, and this was done. The road bed was already overgrown with weeds, but Mr. Newell hired a man and together they mowed the 12 miles of track. He then procured a hand car which he attached to a flat car, and for several months ran a daily "train." He says that he often made \$10 a day. The Erie finally bought the road, which was developed into the "Bradford Branch" and opened for traffic January 5, 1866.

Someone ought to write a history of the Bradford Branch, its stations and depots, its rolling stock, and the men who lived by means of it for 50 years. There would be thrilling tales of cars breaking away on the Big Shanty Hill and plunging madly down grade. Sometimes the locomotive seemed to take the bit in its teeth and the whole train headed for destruction. On one such occasion, someone afterward remarked to the fireman that he supposed the telegraph poles looked like fence posts. "Fence posts!" retorted the fireman. "They looked like a fine-toothed comb."

The most romantic individual career connected with the Branch would doubtless be that of Pat Crowley. He worked with the section gang between Limestone and Carrolton, learned telegraphy from his father, and was made station agent at Limestone when only about sixteen. As there was only one train a day except for an occasional freight, his duties were not arduous, but included

keeping up the fire in winter and keeping the station in order.

Being bright and witty, he became a prime favorite with the boys and girls of the village. After school they flocked to the station to wait for the train coming up. Here also was always to be found a group of "train scholars" – that is, pupils waiting for the train to take them to their homes along the Branch. There they proceeded to hector the good-natured Irish lad till in desperation he would devise some work for the ringleaders. One of his favorite orders was, "Here you! Take up these ash."

As a telegraph operator, he was held responsible for a wreck on the Big Shanty Hill and was discharged from employ of the Erie. This however, instead of being the end of his railroad career, proved only the beginning; as a few months ago, Mr. P.C. Crowley retired from his position as president of the New York Central Railway.

The opening of the railroad brought to Bradford a number of new residents who were distinguished from earlier settlers as "railroad folks." Besides a number of Irish families who came to number among families of A.K. Johnson, station agents, John Breman, telegraph operator, David Frazier, baggage master, and Schaidler, the big German blacksmith who did all the local repairing for the railroad. Aside from this group, it is impossible to trace the growth of the village during the 1860s. A photograph of that decade shows a game of "sock ball" in progress on the common at the head of Main Street, and there appears to be little else than common. The Bradford House does occupy the north-west corner. This was burnt down in 1868, but was rebuilt.

By 1872, Bradford numbered about 600 inhabitants, and in that year became a borough with P.T. Kennedy the first burgess. He was again elected in 1876 and did much to keep affairs straight in that tumultuous period. He was a lumber man with large mills on the Kendall Creek and that on Kennedy Street that later became Millers. He was a man of good principles and extremely warm-hearted and generous. But he was an avowed free-thinker or atheist. When John Copeland was pastor of the Methodist Church, Mr. Kennedy advertised building lots for sale in desirable locations, being, along with other advantages, "within easy access to churches." In his sermon the next Sunday, Mr. Copeland berated him soundly as a man who claimed to have no use for churches, and yet used them to increase the value of his property.

Mr. Kennedy was ably assisted in his efforts to maintain good order by Loyal Ward, who was justice of the peace. Offenders were so heavily fined that there were threats of personal violence against him, but nothing altered his course, and many a hard character left town because of the constant "persecutions" of the Judge.

When oil was discovered, Bradford was a borough of about 600 people. It included the level section along the two branches of the creek, the present third ward as far as the school house, a large part of the fourth ward, but nothing east of the creek. Its general appearance was like that of other villages of the time. Main Street was lined on both sides with maple trees which had been brought, years before, from the flats along the Alleghany River, as slender sapling poles without a leaf or branch, and set out. At what is now the corner of Chambers Street was an immense willow tree like that still standing on the bank of the West Branch at the corner of Boylston Street and Charlotte Avenue. There were doubtless other trees, remnants of the original forest, scattered about the town. Certainly most of the lots had fruit trees as well as shrubs, so that in summer the village was lost in the leaves. The lots on the north side of Main Street extended through to Boylston, so that I recall only one house on the south side of Boylston, that at No. 32. On the other side was the house that now belongs to the Woodards. It was long known as the Dr. Foster house, and before that, had been occupied by the Knights. Across the creek was the section where camp meetings were held and famous as a vice resort under the name of Pig Island.

Out Jackson Avenue, first known as the Limestone Road, was the big house bought by Judge Ward when I was a child. I do not know who owned it previously. On the lower side of the road were the Evanses and Bromleys. On the upper, farther west, Mrs. Hayhes and later Mrs. Sandford and the Broders.

On School Street, west of Mechanic, were the Prossers, Crookers, and Youngs, and beyond the school house the Blairs. At the head of Mechanic Street was the Woodard or Matteson house. Out Corydon Street were the homes of Switzer, Moorehouse, and Parsons. Where the post office now is, was the Webster home. There must have been others inside the borough, but these are all I can recall except those on Main Street. The houses were largely a story and a half, several being of the upright and L type. They were usually neatly painted and a few were always kept white with green blinds.

The stores were mostly at the upper end of Main Street on the public square. At the head of the street stood George Crooker's store, where the men gathered, and in summer sat on benches on the porch to settle affairs of the nation. Halfway down Main Street on the north side was what was at that time the most important building in the village. Upstairs was Newell Hall, the only place suitable for social affairs. On the east side of the building was a croquet ground. Downstairs was the jewelry store of Wilbur Degolier, who in 1875-76 was post master, and in his store was the post office. Here was a round, revolving rack such as is still sometimes used to exhibit picture postal cards. But this one was behind glass except for one small window. On this rack were mounted letters. All the patron had to do was turn the crank, and if his name occurred, to put in his hand and pick off his mail.

Behind the store were rooms for a family, and here Mr. and Mrs. R.B. Stone lived when they first came to Bradford. It was here that Miss Phebe Lewis, visiting Mrs. Stone, first met Mr. A.W. Newell, who had his office in the store in front, and whom she afterward married. It is said that the back part of this building still forms part of the Penney Stores at 63 Main Street.

The accompanying sketch of Main Street was furnished by Henry Osgood, who, being a few years older than I and growing up on Main Street, remembers it quite distinctly. The house that he has marked Colby's is that in which Father, Mother, and I lived in 1865-66, and which, I'm sure, previously to that, belonged to Dr. Findley.

The rapid change from this rural village to a bustling oil town has been too often described to need further notice. In 1879 it was incorporated as a city with James Broder as the first mayor. He too had been a lumberman, and his wife was one of the Blair girls. He was called rather a rough man, but on the whole proved an efficient mayor, and later was elected for another town. It is told of him that, called out of bed one night to decide whether a dance that had been interrupted on complaint of the neighbors was really, as they maintained, a nuisance or lawful festivity, he listened to both sides, then drawing himself up, recited with a gush of school-boy rhetoric, "On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!" and went back to bed.

The election for the newly organized city of Bradford was held in the school house (the old Third Ward building), the only polling place in town. The city consisted of one ward, and a special set of state legislature was necessary to enable the voters to choose four men for elect, and six for common, council. Other changes in the city do not concern us here.

There were, however, three things in the neighborhood outside the city in those early years that are perhaps of historic interest. The first is the Kinzua Viaduct, more commonly known as the "Big Bridge." It was completed September 2, 1882, and spans the valley of the Kinzua Creek from hill to hill. It is 2,051 feet long and 301 feet high. It has been pronounced one of the World's Wonders;

and for a time, as many as 3,000 people visited it in one day, even including General Grant.

A second feature was the narrow gauge railroads. Other places have had such roads; but perhaps none ever had so many, and certainly none ever ran through more beautiful scenery, or carried larger numbers of passengers. The sight of a train winding around the side of Mount Raub, pulled by one locomotive and pushed by another, was something not to be forgotten. It was on this road that one of the most tragic of our fires occurred. The morning train out of Bradford was run through a stream of oil coming from a well on the hillside above. In an instant, everything was a mass of flames and several people were badly burned. The disaster could be distinctly seen from the town below, but it was some time before any help could reach them. Perhaps because of the sad frequency of oil fires, no one seems to have recorded this particular one; and I am unable to give details. I should say that the date was somewhere between 1880 and 1882.

The third famous feature, the first in order of time, was the elevated or peg-leg railroad. It was projected as an experiment in 1877 after the plan of a single-rail track used at the Centennial in the previous year. It was completed to Gilmore, a distance of four miles, on February 11, 1878. The track consisted of a single rail spiked to a heavy timber set on piles, and the car carefully balanced on single wheels. One Irishman compared the locomotive to a big pair of boots hung over a clothes line. Another described the whole equipment as a train of cars running on a fence. The first locomotive was a rotary engine with two boilers. The second was a fifteen ten upright locomotive built to order by the Baldwin people, but proved unsatisfactory because of its weight. The third, new and improved, was put on for an experimental trip on January 27, 1879. A short distance from Babcock, one boiler exploded, tipping the engine sideways on the lateral timbers of the road and hurling cars, a passenger, and a flat car, into the creek. Five men were killed and another badly injured by the explosion. The road was sold at Sheriff's Sale and abandoned.

There was one enterprise within the city that has not been given the attention that it deserves. I have spoken elsewhere of the great temperance meetings that were held in the church and in the opera house for weeks at a time, where thousands signed the pledge and wore the white ribbon. At the close of the campaign of 1877, some of the best men of the town, regardless of denominational lines, or lack of them, met to consider the possibility of finding some substitute for the saloon for the many men who were trying to escape its influence. The committee appointed with power to act consisted of Burgess P.T. Kennedy, J.H. Morris, and L.G. Peck. Just at this time, the lot at the corner of Main and Congress was put on the market. This committee, backed by a few others, advanced the \$1600 necessary, and bought the lot, 28 x 120 feet. The land rose so rapidly in value that in a short time the committee sold the Main Street end for enough to reimburse those who advanced the money and to put up a substantial building on the Congress Street end. An organization was incorporated under the name of the Bradford Temperance Reading Room Association, with a capital stock of \$5000 divided into 1,000 shares of \$5 each. To this association, the committee turned over the property valued at \$3000.

The second floor was fitted up as a library and reading room. The first books were donated by citizens; but as far as possible, the proceeds of the sale of stock were devoted to the purchase of books, newspapers, and magazines. The first floor was occupied by a temperance restaurant, the rentals going to the support of the library. To this room flocked men in their leisure hours, and boys hungry for something to read. Its doors were kept open till the founding of the Carnegie Public Library, when the collection of books was turned over to the new library, and the rentals applied on its support. Only recently was the old building sold, and the income from the proceeds applied to the Carnegie Library.

But the old Temperance Reading Room Association still exists. Its members meet once a year and appoint three representatives to serve on the Carnegie Board. The school board chooses three,

and the Mayor three. By this arrangement, the policy of the Carnegie Library has been broader and its appeal wider than that of similar libraries in many towns. Its directors come from all classes, and no group or section controls its management. Truly of that little company of men who sought to help their fellow men, it can be said, "Their works live after them."

Another volume should be written on the public schools. I shall touch only on two points. In his book on McKean County, R.B. Stone makes a serious mistake when he says that his brother George F. Stone organized the present school system of Bradford. It was organized in 1878 under Prof. H.C. Bosley, who came from Titusville bringing five teachers who had taught under him there. After two years, he was followed by Mr. Wills, who stayed only a year, and who, many years later, was head of the Genesee State Normal School. He in turn was followed by Prof. Bell, and he by George F. Stone.

During the four years that the town schools had been in existence, Mr. Stone had been the most active member on the school board. He visited the schools long and often, and studied their defects and their successes. His frequent appearances caused some amusement among the older pupils. The high school occupied one room and a small recitation room of the second floor of the wooden building on the corner of Elm and Congress, and later burned down. Mr. Stone had a habit of clearing his throat when he reached the foot of the stairs. He also had a habit of laying his long finger beside his nose as he sat talking to the teacher. Hence, when that "hem" was heard, fingers were laid beside noses and glances were exchanged. But every pupil took care to be in order when the visitor entered the room.

Though technically it is an error that Mr. Stone started the school system, in actual fact, it is not so far wrong. His ideas of school management and methods were, in many respects, 50 years ahead of his time and he placed the schools of Bradford on so solid a foundation that nothing has been able to move them entirely from the bedrock.

To teach under George F. Stone was a liberal training school in itself. The weak teacher, or a beginner, knew that he was likely to walk in at any minute. He stayed, sometimes half a day, to return the next half. He pointed out mistakes and kindly showed the causes of failure. He taught classes and let the teacher watch. He would send a weak teacher to visit or "assist" a strong one, providing a substitute for her. He changed teachers from grade to grade as he saw where they best fitted. And not till everything possible had been done was a teacher dropped; but if she could not or would not learn to teach, then dropped she was.

It is interesting to recall the various means employed at different times to get their salaries to the teachers. At first, the janitor went to the bank, drew out the cash, and carried it to each teacher in her school room. It finally having occurred to someone that this was hardly a safe way of doing it, two members of the school board were deputized to draw out the money and carry it in a cigar box to a room in the central building to which each teacher came to receive her share. A scare having arisen that these men were to be waylaid and robbed, a policeman with a drawn pistol was assigned to accompany them and their box. But caution developed apace. The cash was no longer taken from the bank; no one was even allowed to handle the checks. Each teacher had to appear at the office of the Secretary of the School Board, sign her name to the payroll, and get her check. At the present time, there is a partial revision to the original method. The janitor gets the checks and carries them to the principals of each building.

There seems no end to the things I might say; but I had no intention of writing Bradford as a city.

Luella A. Harris

This account by Miss Harris was obviously written many years ago and there have been a number of changes in the city since the time of writing.

Her version of the train fire on page 8 does not agree with that of Thomas Barber and James Woods in their history of the railroads in the area. They say the train was coming in from Wellsville and the date was January 15, 1884. I have a penciled note on my original copy of this history that says a stuffed whale from the New York Museum was aboard this train.

*Another penciled note says that the first Bradford newspaper was printed in 1858 and was called *The Bradford Miner*.*

-- Marge

****This text was taken from a typed version done by "Marge." The original by Luella Harris may have been written in the 1920s.****

Thank you to Fran Bottone for sharing this little gem with Back to Bradford!