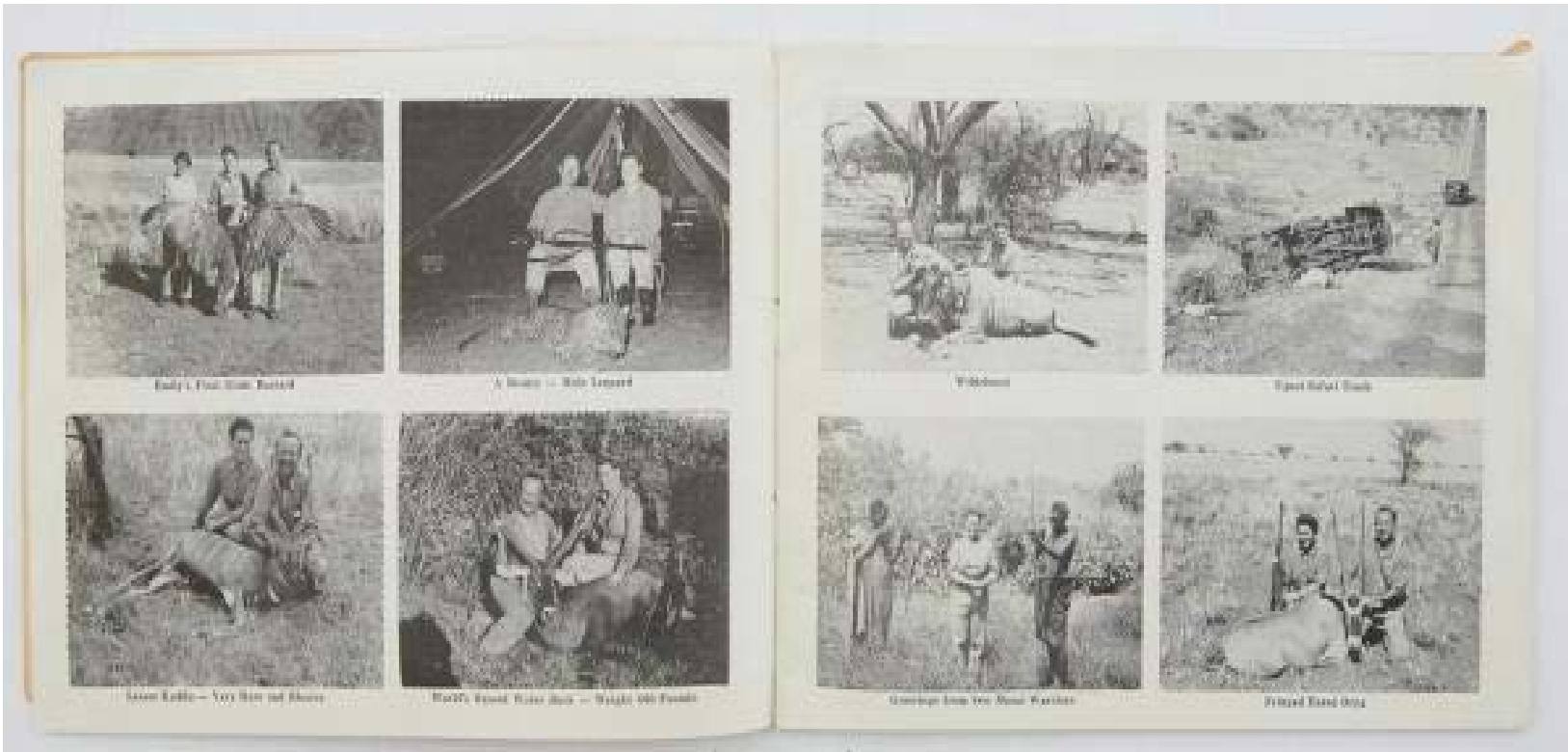


JEFFERSON REPORT

A LOOK BACK AT ERIE ICONS

A Sanida Safari



By Al Lubiejewski

(with research by Edward Robasky)

Editor's note: Following is a special article by Erie attorney Al Lubiejewski about milk delivery from another era, Erie's former Sanitary Farms Dairy (Sanida), and its captivating owner O. Carlyle Brock, whose big-game hunts and dairy museum captured the imagination of Erie children and adults in the 1950s, '60s, and early '70s.

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Back in the 1950s while I was attending St. Stanislaus Grade School at East 12th and Wallace streets in Erie, Pennsylvania, I lived with my parents at 540 East 19th Street. The neighborhood was a hub of commercial activity that included a laundry, a slaughterhouse, a railroad, a plastics factory, a cement works, a seed store, WJET Radio, and a dairy. More about that dairy later.

Our home had been trucked to our lot by two sisters who apparently loved their house but not necessarily its original location. I once had a local newspaper photo that showed it proudly riding like a queen on the back of a flatbed down Erie streets en route to its new site. I guess ours was like an ancient version of those pre-fab houses that you sometimes see rambling across Interstate 90.

Our morning wake-up call didn't come from an alarm clock but rather from a bevy of clanking milk bottles being loaded by the delivery men onto the Sanitary Farms Dairy trucks parked directly behind our house. Milk at that time was normally not purchased at stores but rather was brought to your doorstep by dairy truck drivers who dropped the quart bottles in company-issued metal boxes on which the dairy's name was emblazoned. Before you drank it, though, you had to shake the bottle vigorously to blend the cream on top (remember, "the cream always rises to the top") with the white emaciated liquid on the bottom. That bottom-dwelling watery fluid was probably equivalent to today's skim milk, and, although that's what my family exclusively drinks today, as a kid I would retch whenever, due to occasional unmotivated shaking, I got a lick of it.

The Sanitary Farms Dairy began life in 1879 as the Tarbell Dairy when home delivery of milk was done by horse and wagon from which the liquid was ladled from a dairy can into the customer's container. Tarbell later became Ander-Jon Dairy. It then relocated to 424 Cherry Street, where in 1934 it birthed Sanitary Farms Dairy. At that time, it had only two customer routes and employed just a handful of people.

But, by its 40th anniversary in 1966, the operation occupied nearly the entire northern side of the block at 521 East 18th Street, had more than 200 employees, serviced more than 50 routes serving more than 15,000 homes and 350 wholesale stores, and sold more than a million pounds of milk a month. [1]

For me, life near Sanida's (the name everyone used for the dairy) had its perks. Among them was its retail outlet, which served ice cream, milkshakes, sundaes, banana splits, regular and cherry cokes, root beer floats, orange drink, and lemonade. As a result, my brother Rich, myself, and my friends (the Robasky boys, Eddie, Lenny, and Ray) loved to go there, especially after Sunday Lenten services at St. Stan's.

As kids, we found those services taxing, which were called Gorzkie Zale, meaning "Bitter Lamentations," a Catholic devotion containing many hymns that developed in Poland in the 18th century. They were meant to recount the suffering of Christ during the passion. But we, in turn, rather selfishly, I admit, felt mainly our own discomfort. First off, we didn't understand the Polish language used exclusively during that lengthy Sunday service. Of course, we were required to learn the hymns phonetically, but, given a choice, we would have preferred singing the equally unintelligible "Hound Dog" with Elvis rather than drone those somber hymns.

To young brats, the service seemed interminable, the songs and the prayers were cryptic, we knelt until our knees buckled, we had to go back to church a second time that Sunday, we had to dress up and comb our hair, and we missed playing outside on a Sunday afternoon when all the other non-St. Stan's kids were sledding, having snowball fights, or, if the weather was right, playing dodge ball or football. After all, how many Sundays are there during your tweens?

However, and this is a big however, when we were turned loose from church, it seemed like the entire St. Stan's student body of about 1,200 kids stampeded to Sanida's, each with at least a quarter in his or her pocket. Soon

after we arrived, the afternoon devolved into a drunken orgy, except with soda pop. Fizzy drinks washed over students' prayer books and chocolate ice cream coated their rosaries. And kids who hated each other at school were seen embracing (note to self: send cases of Coke and mountains of sherbet to the U.S. Congress).

Ed Robasky recalls kids gleefully dunking in their Cokes onto the ends of the paper sleeves that covered their straws then blowing on them to launch the syrupy messes to the ceiling, where they stuck like a swarm of stalactites.

While reeling from our Sanida sugar highs, someone excitedly shouted, as we feasted like acolytes of Caligula, that there were wild animals lurking upstairs. Laughing and snorting and not believing a word of it, we, of course, immediately rushed up the stairs to shockingly find a garden of taxidermy delights, including huge bears, tigers, lions, giraffes, and other wild animals.

Thousands of other kids must have had the same experience judging by the advertising that appeared in the Erie Times-News over the years. For example, the Times on March 8, 1966 ran this promo: "You're Invited ... Visit the Brock Museum, 521 East 18th St. One of the most extensive private collections of wild game trophies assembled anywhere on the American continent. School groups especially welcome. Hours: Monday thru Saturday 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. - Closed Sunday."

Considering that last sentence, we either flashed special Sunday Lenten passes issued by the nuns, or the crush of the kiddie crowd rushing the stairs destroyed the barricades.

When I mounted the stairs and entered the display, the first animal I spied scared the bejesus out of me. It was a formerly one-ton Kodiak brown bear that was as big as a mountain who reared up on his hind legs flashing claws dwarfing those of our current superhero, Wolverine. This creature was bagged in 1946 off Grand Lake on the Aleutian Peninsula in Alaska, and, for quite some time, was the largest bear ever taken in North America, according to the American Museum of Natural History. Standing on its hind legs, the bear was 11 feet tall and was twice the size of the well-known American grizzly bear. [2]

As I explored further, I saw tiger skins draped over metal frames, zebra pelts affixed to the wall, and gazelles, moose, cheetahs, lions, leopards, giraffes, bears, reindeer, and water buffalo all communing with each other with blank stares. You'll see some of these animals in photographs run in the Erie Times included in this article.

You see, being from the city, I had little contact with wild animals except those few I sometimes saw behind the glass at the Erie Zoo or noticed pictured in National Geographic magazine. So, when finally exposed to a slew of exotic ones in Sanida's sanctuary, I felt magically transported to the African plains and the Indian jungle, watching them grazing or hunting in all their animated glory.

I soon surmised that all these alien and awesome creatures unfortunately crossed paths with someone with a rather bulbous rifle. I didn't know at the time who that sharpshooter was but rumor had it to be Sanida's owner, O. Carlyle Brock. But I had my doubts. After all, how could a guy who made kids so deliriously happy with barrels of butterfat be a threat to animals that posed no danger to us Erie tykes?

So, as a snotty kid, I faced an adult's dilemma that challenged my black-and-white view of the world. Although I was seriously awed by the display, I still wondered who could be so cruel as to shoot such beautiful animals simply for the pleasure of displaying their corpses in his attic? Should I be awed or saddened? Although I quickly chose the former, I didn't realize at the time I could be both.

However, while doing some research recently, I finally confirmed the shooter's identity. That confirmation came in a federal tax case in which Brock and his wife requested a deduction, as a dairy advertising expense, for the costs of the safari that harvested some of those animals. The opinion, written by Judge J. Edgar Murdock of the U.S. Tax Court, who seemed to share a juvenile fascination with big game hunters, found mainly in favor of the Brocks. I quote it below exactly, except for a few edits of extraneous matters and legal citations.

“Sanitary Farms Dairy, Inc. was organized under the laws of Pennsylvania in 1934. (Part owners) O. Carlyle Brock and Emily A. Brock (were) husband and wife.

“The outstanding stock of the Dairy at the beginning of 1950 consisted of 5,531 shares, of which O. Carlyle Brock owned 3,608 shares; his wife owned 408 shares; his father and mother owned 460 shares; his son Omar C. Brock owned 400 shares; and his daughter Carolyn owned 400 shares. The remaining 255 shares were owned by 26 employees, none of whom was related to the Brocks. Brock was president, treasurer, and a director of the Dairy. His wife was a director. There were 5 other directors, 2 of whom were also officers but none of whom was related to the Brocks.



O. Carlyle Brock

“Brock was born on Jan. 10, 1900 in Glen Sutton, Monteregie, Quebec, Canada, and was raised in Canada, where he learned to fish and hunt. He was trained and experienced in the milk business and built up the business of the Dairy to be the largest in Erie. The Dairy purchases milk, processes some of it, and distributes milk and milk products, including butter and ice cream, throughout Erie, Pennsylvania, and the surrounding territory.”

Brock began an advertising practice in 1938 of inviting wholesale customers and prospective customers to the plant where he and his wife served them dinners of game, which he had shot at various places on the North American continent. Later, groups such as associations and clubs were invited. Those dinners became so frequent and so large that Brock sent out other employees of the Dairy to assist in killing game for the purpose of the dinners. Motion pictures taken of the hunts were shown at the dinners. The expenses of the dinners were borne by the Dairy.

Some of the mounted heads and cured skins of the game killed for meat for the dinners were assembled in a room in the plant, which gradually became a museum for the display of such trophies. The public was invited to see the museum and the plant. A guide was in attendance. The museum attracted groups from the local schools, clubs, and other organizations to the plant, and the Dairy made use of such visits to bring its products to the attention of the visitors as a part of its method of advertising. Many thousands of people have visited the museum.

The advertising manager of the Dairy called to Brock's attention in 1948 or 1949 the publicity which had been given to an individual from a nearby city who had gone to Africa on a brief big game hunting expedition. Discussions ensued involving the advertising manager, Brock, and others in the employ of the Dairy as well as

a representative of an outside advertising agency and the board of directors. The decision was reached that it would be good advertising for the Dairy to send Brock and his wife, both experienced hunters, to Africa on an extended big game hunting expedition during which they would obtain additional specimens for the museum, write letters for publication during the period of the trip, and take motion pictures of the expedition which could later be shown to audiences throughout the area served by the Dairy.

Plans for the trip were made in 1949 and early 1950 and carried out in 1950. Brock and his wife flew to Africa by way of London, Paris, and Rome, stopping briefly and taking motion pictures in each city. They left Erie on May 28 and returned in November. They and the Dairy received considerable publicity when they left and when they returned. They wrote letters and took still and motion pictures during the course of their trip. The letters and still pictures, when received in Erie, were given as much publicity as possible, not only in a publication of the Dairy but also in local newspapers.

As the synopsis read, “the Brocks killed in Africa and eventually displayed in the museum many animals, always taking extra time, where necessary, to get the finest specimens available. For example, they refrained from killing any elephants except so-called ‘hundred pounders,’ which meant that each tusk of the animal weighed at least 100 pounds. The Dairy gave two leopards and a tiger, brought back alive, to the Erie Zoo and conducted a ‘Name-the-Tiger’ contest through the Erie newspapers.”

Emily Brock edited the films after the completion of the trip, and the Dairy began showing the films in auditoriums throughout the Erie district early in 1951. Brock explained the films as they were shown by Emily. He invited the audience to visit the museum. A showing would last more than two hours.

Every person in each audience had to have a ticket. Tickets were distributed free by drivers on retail routes to their customers and to others who might be prospective customers. Persons in the vicinity where it was proposed to show the films would be advised by handbills and otherwise that they could obtain free tickets by contacting one of the drivers or by a call to the office of the Dairy, in which latter case the tickets would be delivered by the driver who would make personal contact with the recipient. About 180,000 tickets were distributed, and most of them were used.

The Dairy later prepared and distributed a pamphlet containing pictures and descriptive matter pertaining to the safari. The name of the Dairy was prominent in all publicity obtained as a result of the safari.

Expenses of the African trip in the amount of \$16,818.16 were paid by the Dairy in 1950. The value to the Dairy of the advertising obtained as a result of the trip, the showing of the films and, in later years, the display of the trophies in the museum was far in excess of the entire cost of the expedition.

The Dairy, on its return for 1950, claimed as a part of its advertising expenses \$16,818.16 of the amount paid in that year as expenses of the African safari.



Pamphlet

The cost of a big game hunt in Africa does not sound like an ordinary and necessary expense of a dairy business in Erie, Pennsylvania, but the evidence in this case shows clearly that it was and was so intended. It provided extremely good advertising at a relatively low cost. The planning of the trip, the departure, news of the progress of the hunt, the return of the hunters, and the presentation and naming of the live animals was reported free by the newspapers as news, to the advantage of the Dairy, which was recognized throughout as the sponsor. An advertising agent expressed it as follows: "To a newspaper looking for copy, a big game hunter would get top billing. It appeals to the imagination. There is a little bit of the hunter in all of us, a little of the adventurer, I should say, a little hunting for adventure. When that big game hunter is a prominent member of the newspaper's community, taking a very active and prominent part in the business, civic, fraternal life of the community, then his desirability as copy has increased considerably. It is my opinion that Mr. and Mrs. Brock fill that requirement admirably."

The films were exploited successfully by the Dairy. Credit was given to it at each showing. "The people were invited and greeted as customers and friends of the Dairy. The film was presented to them as a dividend for their goodwill and their patronage. The Brocks [there in person] were presented as executive officers of the Dairy." "Any facility that can hold the attention of an audience for an hour and a half, to two hours, sometimes three, and impress them favorably [with] the product and the makers of that product, is a highly valuable advertising property." The quotes are from the testimony of the advertising agent who favored the trip and introduced the Brocks at the showing of the films. The trophies came into the museum in later years, because it took time to process, ship, and mount them, but when they arrived, they too provided good advertising for the Dairy. Costs incident to the preparation, shipping, and mounting of the trophies were paid in later years and are not involved herein.

The evidence shows that advertising of equal value to that here involved could not have been obtained for the same amount of money in any more normal way.

The portion of the cost of the safari accrued and paid in 1950 was deductible in whole in that year as a relatively small part of the advertising program carried on by the Dairy.

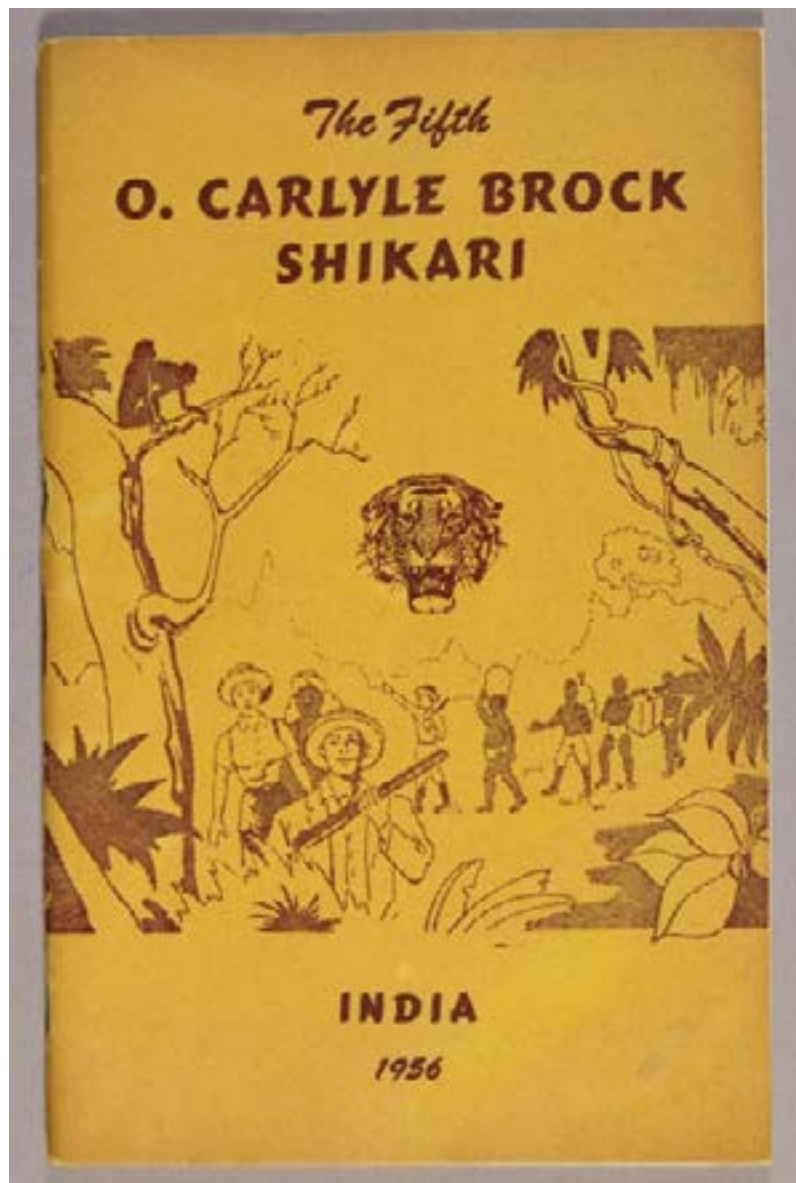
"No part of that cost is taxable to the Brocks as personal travel and pleasure expense of theirs. They admittedly enjoyed hunting, but enjoyment of one's work does not make that work a mere personal hobby or the cost of a hunting trip income to the hunter. There is evidence that this trip represented hard work on the part of the Brocks, undertaken for the benefit of the Dairy, rather than as frolic of their own."

Judge Murdoch seems to imply that the animals should have been honored to be part of the Brocks' cadaver zoo. Playing the devil's advocate, I seriously doubt it. Interestingly, according to the Judge, it was more than just the thrill of the hunt that doomed these animals, it was mostly business, the animals simply being a PR tool.

An article in the Erie Times, dated Nov. 15, 1950, seems to further detail Brock's East Africa expedition that was the subject of the litigation. The trip in question lasted four and a half months during which time Brock killed 41 different species of animals including six elephants, four rhinos, five lions, five cheetahs, two leopards, and four buffalo, for a total of 139 trophies. A trophy was defined by Brock as any animal worthy of mounting.

In March 1960, Brock ran a couple of articles in the Sunday Erie Times-News detailing a hunt in India where he sought trophies among the blackbuck, being the Indian antelope and the chincara, the Indian gazelle. He rued shooting one of the animals in the head with his .300 magnum because it ruined its chances as a trophy. In explanation of the gaffe, he said, "Unhappily, the .300 is too heavy a rifle for this type of shooting, but the breaking of the (gun)stock in shipping (to India) of my new custom built .280 left me no alternative." [3]

As mentioned in the Erie Times-News article above, Brock tape recorded his articles (there were more than the two above) while on the hunt and mailed the tapes to the newspaper, where they were transcribed for publication.



1956 Brock Book Cover

In another of Brock's pieces, appearing on page 54 of the Erie Times of March 13, 1960, he recounts stalking one night the famous man-eating tiger of Kutru, India. Unbeknownst to Brock, the beast had already been felled earlier that day by two well-placed bullets fired by a memsahib (a white foreign woman of high social status living in India, being the wife of a British official) named Emily. Nevertheless, while the natives celebrated the death of the man-eater, Brock, who somehow acquired the corpse, enlisted two natives to skin it, ostensibly for his Sanida collection.

In an ad in the January 28, 1961 edition of the Erie Times, page 7, then-Gannon College touted a February lecture Brock was scheduled to give that included a tour of Brock's "magnificent hunt specimens" that were currently on display in the window of the Lake Shore Visitor at the Erie Commerce Building at 12th and State streets.

During the 1950s, Brock privately published a now out-of-print tome collecting photos taken on his 1950 and 1952 safaris. An online description of the book states: "Lengthy safari through Kenya and Somalia, buffalo, lion, kudu & antelope. Lots of photos, not much text. Privately printed." That book's cover is pictured with this article.

In addition, while on Safari, Brock wrote daily letters to his wife, Emily, which were collected in several pamphlets published by Sanida Dairy for distribution to customers and for use by teachers. These pamphlets were fleshed out by photographs. You can see at this image that came from the internet website for New York's Duncan Auction House, which recently offered several of these Brock pamphlets for bid. [4]

I realize, though, that modern views of hunting for sport may tarnish the golden reputation Brock enjoyed more than a half-century ago. But admittedly, it may be unfair to judge him by current standards. In his day he was a dashing hero to most kids and, probably, to many adults who may have lived humdrum lives.

For example, George Stephens in his Erie Times article of February 1, 1953, page 52 and 53, near a photo of Brock with his Kodiak Bear trophy, gushes "that for thirty-seven years one of Erie's native sons has traversed the globe on numerous occasions but always in the quest of such killers as lions, leopards, and tigers." At least

three more photos accompany the article showing Brock standing over his kills of a lion, water buffalo, and elephant. Unfortunately, most of the newspaper photos are not of a high resolution necessary for reproduction here.

The piece continues: “According to Brock, who has been hunting for the past 37 years, a European would find it difficult nowadays to make a living purely on hunting.”

“In those good old days,’ (Brock) said, “a hunter might kill dozens of elephants a day and become rich by selling tusks. But hunting in most parts of the world is now restricted and in some places each hunter is permitted to kill only two elephants a year.”

Another photo accompanying the article shows Mrs. Brock holding a rifle and standing over a dead rhinoceros. The caption reads: “This goliath rhino charged a truck in which the Brock hunting party was riding. ‘It would have easily upset our truck,’ says Brock, ‘so I told my wife she had better kill it.’ Obliging, Mrs. Brock aimed and fired. Result: one dead rhinoceros. ‘They are extremely dangerous animals,’ says Brock, because they are very temperamental and will charge anything that moves. They have poor eyesight and a very small brain at which the hunter can aim.’”

Reporter Stephens continues with another Brock observation. “Of all the dangerous beasts, the elephant is the least dangerous one, the Erie hunter states. Furthermore, Brock states, one cannot miss his brain shot because of the big target.”

Stephens concludes with this thought. “So, one might say their latest expedition was more than successful. But then after all aren’t all of Brock’s hunting trips a success?”

Changing the animals and the continent, reporter Stephens says that “Brock has made seven trips to Alaska to hunt the (Alaskan brown bear). His tally sheet shows two dozen kills and while in the frozen north he also shot an equal number of grizzly bears. Brock has also killed more than 100 black bears.”

Again, changing the subject, Ed Robasky, while not a big-game aficionado, worked two summers for Brock’s Sanida Dairy while attending Edinboro University in the early 1960s. Ed details his job: “Inside the plant we packaged the small chocolate milk and white milk for schools, as well (as packaging) the quarts and half-gallon cartons. (At that time) the milk bottle was ancient history-collectors only. Almost all of the milk was packaged in cartons.

“We probably produced the gallon size also, but I do not remember them. On a really hot day, there was nothing better than to grab a small chocolate milk off the line and gulp it down.

“My job was filling the large six-gallon milk containers used in restaurants as well as (filling) the soft ice cream cans (containing) 6 percent and 10 percent butter fat ice cream for local ice cream stands. The cans were three-gallon, five-gallon, and 10 gallons. The three-gallon cans were cardboard with a plastic inset while the five- and 10-gallon cans were steel. We sent a lot of the cans to the ice cream stand on 26th Street by the (Erie) stadium and the ice cream stand on lower Parade Street. Also, we could count on Conneaut Lake Park for a large order.

“They had a freezer that was 10 degrees or so below zero. I once had to work in there for part of the day and my white work pants froze. They had this huge fur coat near the freezer that helped keep the cold from killing you.”

Robasky's observations continued:

The longer I worked there, the less I saw ice cream being (made). While blocks of ice cream were being discontinued, ice cream (made in) Dunkirk (N.Y.) would arrive and be placed in the cooler.

To me, the dairy seemed to be heading downhill. Ice cream trucks would arrive from Dunkirk, and less and less packaged ice cream was being made (at Sanida's). Home delivery of milk and dairy products was being discontinued as milk became available at convenience stores and large supermarket chains.

The best thing about getting a job at Sanida was the pay. My gross pay for the week was around \$80. However, the guys in the plant liked me and kept giving me overtime jobs (where I earned) time and a half for hours over 40 and double pay for anything over 60 hours a week (so) I was bringing home a weekly check of over \$120. The money that I made at Sanida really helped pay the undergrad bills.

I'm not sure if I ever met O. Carlyle Brock. I know I met his son. Next to the dairy was I believe a beige or light green house. In that house was an office and a desk. On either side of the desk were two large elephant tusks. Near the door was an umbrella stand made from the foot of I believe an elephant. During my two years of working there, I visited the mounted animals and skins many times. There were so many that it was hard to remember them all. Of all the animals there, I always wondered why someone would kill a giraffe.

But what happened to those pickled beasts, where are they now, where did they safari to? Well, unfortunately, Sanitary Dairy did go bankrupt in 1974, as Ed Robasky anticipated.

In April 1975, Federal Bankruptcy Judge William Washabaugh presided over the sale of one of the company's assets, the Brock animal collection, the product of more than 20 years of Brock's safaris. Those animals, many of which proudly roamed the jungles and the African plains and the Indian forests, made their next journey on a rented truck bound for the Kulis Taxidermy Studio in Cleveland, Ohio. Kulis was the high bidder at around \$15,000 for the entire zombie zoo. He must have thought the price a steal since he already had a taker who promised him \$10,000 for eight of the ivory tusks. Kulis said he planned to sell some of the remaining trophies and use the rest to establish a wildlife museum in Bedford, Ohio. [4]

But, the Brock animals, or at least some of them, weren't done traveling yet. One horde must have so loved grazing the Erie veldt that it herded back from Ohio when given the chance. According to reporter Kevin Cuneo in the Erie Times News in May 2007, "The Findley Lake Nature Center recently purchased Don Anderson's former Yamaha building, near the Interstate 86 exit ramp. The center features several amazing collections of big-game trophies, (reportedly) including animals bagged by the late O. Carlyle Brock, which stood for years on display on the second floor of the Sanitary Dairy building at East 18th and Ash streets." [5]

Ed Robasky and I spent almost a year attempting to contact the Nature Center without success. We called frequently and left emails but never received a response. At 2021 summer's end, I called a Findley Lake Realtor on a tip and was told the center had closed its doors. The Realtor also told me that the animals displayed there belonged entirely to another local big game hunter, not to Brock. I then called the son of that local hunter who confirmed that report.

So, sadly, our Sanida Safari ends here.

The animals are gone and untraceable.

The old Sanida complex has disappeared, having been replaced by another business that faces the Erie County Prison.

Our former family home still stands at 540 East 19th Street, but gone is most of the surrounding industry.

Sanida milk bottles are selling for at least \$25 on the internet and milk boxes for more than that.

But Brock, who made national news with his election in 1965 as the Imperial Potentate of the at-that-time 830,000 Shriners of North America, died in March 1987. He spent his 87 years helming a tasty business, engaging in notable public service, and pursuing glamorous big game hunting. All three make him a larger-than-life figure that I think would have welcomed the early 20th century literary moniker, “The Great White Hunter.” Or, perhaps instead, “The Great Gatsby,” with a .300 magnum.

End Notes

[1] From the March 8, 1966 edition of the Erie Times-News.

[2] From a photo and an article by George Stephens in the Feb. 1, 1953 Erie Times, Pages 52 and 53; and from a photo by Ken Ziegler and its caption in the February 10, 1959 Erie Times.

[3] From Brock's March 27 and April 10 articles in the Erie Times.

[4] Erie Times-News article published in the April 5, 1975 edition, Page 3.

[5] Kevin Cuneo article in the Erie Times-News, May 2007, page 2.

About the Authors: *Al Lubiejewski is a local attorney about to celebrate his 51st anniversary as a member of the Erie County Bar Association. He is also a host and volunteer broadcaster since 1982 of a variety of music programs including the current "Bop 'n The Blues" and "Jazz Ballad & Blues" on local radio station WQLN-NPR. He earned his bachelor's degree in English from Gannon University in 1966 and his J.D. from Catholic University in 1969.*

Edward Robasky is a former employee of Sanitary Farms Dairy who went on to teach English for 30 years at Harbor Creek High School before retiring in 1997. He now spends time with his passion, genealogy. He received his B.S. and M. Ed. from Edinboro University. He did the bulk of the research on this article.