

Tenting In Tunkhannock



The weathervanes took a variety of forms from simple arrows swaying with the winds, to giant roosters, racing horses, eagles, cows and sheep-rotating sedately to the north, south, east and west.

So rare have they become that they are seldom seen unless there might be one or two in the dim antique shops that stretch along several blocks of quaint old Pine street in Philadelphia.

But you really don't have to go to Philadelphia or anywhere else, for that matter, if you'd like to see one of the greatest collections of bells, cigar store Indians, and weathervanes in America!

They have found their happy hunting ground in two pine-paneled rooms in what might have been a garage behind a modest stone home opposite the Wyoming County Jail on Slocum Street in Tunkhannock.

They make up the lifetime collection of Floyd Titman, a Wyoming County boy who went to New York City to make his fortune in the automobile business—and wound up spending his leisure hours in the antique shops that lined Third Avenue.

His forebears were among the earliest settlers in the elm-shaded town that has been called the "Pearl of the Susquehanna" since the days when Frances Slocum spent one of the first nights of her abduction in a house at the corner of Slocum and Tioga streets. It is fitting that one of America's greatest collections of cigar store Indians is now gathered on that street.

(Continued on Page 10-T)

