



DECEMBER, 1960



NOVEMBER, 1967

SEVEN YEARS OF PROGRESS

THE
JOURNAL

OF THE

Lycoming County Historical Society

VOLUME V
NUMBER ONE

SPRING
1968

LYCOMING COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLISHED BIANNUALLY IN WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

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SOCIETY PROGRAM

1967-1968

Our Program Chairman, Mrs. Edith Wright, has brought us the following varied and interesting programs for our regular monthly meetings through April of 1968:

SEPTEMBER 21, 1967

Dinner Meeting for Progress Report on the New Museum.

OCTOBER 19, 1967

Miss Karen Raasch, Curator of Textiles, William Penn Memorial Museum, Harrisburg, on "Design for Weaving and Embroidery".

NOVEMBER 16, 1967

Prof. John W. Chandler of Lycoming College gave us an illustrated lecture on "George Luks", a noted artist, native of Williamsport.

DECEMBER 21, 1967

Christmas program at the Park Home by the Susquehannock Chapter of Junior Historians.

JANUARY 18, 1968

Mr. Paul Gilmore, Editor of the Sun-Gazette, who spoke on, "Our Vanishing Landmarks".

FEBRUARY 15, 1968

Mr. Leo Bobb of Sunbury presented his widely acclaimed talk on "Lincoln Came This Way".

MARCH 21, 1968

Mr. Clark B. Kahler, "The Brady Family" in YMCA Social Hall.

APRIL 18, 1968

A "Live Folk Entertainment" by Mr. Henry Glassie, State Folklorist, William Penn Memorial Museum, Harrisburg. Mr. Glassie will bring a group of performers with him, in YMCA Social Hall.

YOUR BOARD OF GOVERNORS

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

Now that the new museum has become more than a rosy day dream, it seems to be appropriate to outline the progress being made toward making this dream a reality.

It all started on the cold day in December of 1960 when a disastrous fire burned a great hole up through the center of the gracious old Roman Way residence, which had served as our museum since 1939. It came within an ace of destroying the collections that had taken 53 years to assemble. Except for extensive smoke and water damage, most of the objects were saved. While many of the most valuable things were taken to private homes, most of the artifacts were stored in the carriage house at the rear of the property.

Looking back, we can now see that this catastrophe and the gradual deterioration of objects packed into the carriage house had its brighter side. It spurred the Board of Governors of the Society into giving serious thought to starting a campaign to build an up-to-date museum which would be better able to serve the people of our community. Under the leadership of President Frank Brunner, plans were started for a modest museum and public meeting room structure in Ways Garden. The Park Commissioners then in authority were favorably disposed toward this location.

During the next two years, other leaders of the Society; such as, Mr. James Bressler, Dr. Max Gingrich, and Dr. Lloyd Wurster, continued to spearhead the movement for raising a building fund by popular subscription. About this time, a group of leading business men, headed by Mr. Carl Simon and assisted by Messrs. Ralph Cranmer, Walter Heim, Michael Lagana, A. F. Beaghley, and William Nichols, Jr., were persuaded to serve as trustees of the existing property and anticipated building funds. Early in 1964 the services of a professional fund raising organization were hired and a drive for \$250,000 started. The momentum to get the drive started was somewhat dampened by the problem of pinning down a suitable location for the new museum. Ways Garden was no longer available under the then current City Administration. Some civic development groups felt that we should locate in one of the down-town redevelopment areas. Since the cost of such properties were prohibitive and no positive availability dates could be set, the use of the original Way residence property was finally decided upon. Rehabilitation costs made the use of the shell of the old Way residence impractical.

Meanwhile the Society's collection were moved to the Richardson Building at 405 West Third Street. An office secretary was

hired and sorting, renovation, and temporary display of the artifacts were started by mid 1964. \$160,000 of the original goal of \$250,000 was raised or pledged by June of that year.

Late in 1965 the Trustees, in their quiet, behind-the-scenes way, began exploring the possibility of obtaining state funds to match those already pledged and to help offset the increasing cost of building a suitable museum facility. By 1966, the estimate, based on using the Way property, has increased to \$300,000. Thanks to the help of State Senator Confair, Representatives Wise and Bush, and particularly to Dr. Stevens, Director of the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, our Trustees' efforts paid off. The following is a copy of this legislation, which finally became law in October of 1966.

The General Assembly of Pennsylvania

HOUSE BILL Session of
No. 418 1966

Introduced by Messrs. Wise and Bush,
July 12, 1966.

Referred to Committee on Appropriations,
July 18, 1966.

An Act

Making an appropriation to the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission for rebuilding and equipping the Lycoming County Historical Society Museum subject to certain conditions.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF
THE COMMONWEALTH OF
PENNSYLVANIA

HEREBY ENACTS AS FOLLOWS:

Section 1. The sum of two hundred thousand dollars (\$200,000), or as much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby specifically appropriated to the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission to be expended by said Commission for rebuilding and equip-

ping the Lycoming County Historical Society Museum in Williamsport, Lycoming County, Pennsylvania.

Section 2. The moneys hereby appropriated shall be available and expended only at such time as a sum equal to the amount hereby appropriated by the Commonwealth is contributed to the Trustees of Lycoming County Historical Society Museum by local historical societies, associations or similar organizations, or by individuals, to be used for rebuilding and equipping the museum. Affidavits evidencing such contributions shall be submitted by said trustees to the Auditor General.

The actual check for \$200,000 was delivered early in April, of 1967. The "matching funds" were made up to \$200,000 by adding the value of our artifacts to the \$150,000 collected by public subscription. When we were assured of this additional money, things began to happen rapidly. Construction contracts were let on April 13 and demolition, to make way for the new building, was completed on the 23rd of this month. In this same period the services of Exhibit Design Consultant John Strawbridge III were secured.

Now that the building is half finished and plans for exhibits are well under way, we must face up to the unpleasant fact that we are sadly lacking in funds for a budget on which to operate our new museum. For example, the dues from our present membership of 750 people is not even enough to pay the electric bill for one year of operation. Practical ideas for generating the necessary income to support a \$20,000 annual operating budget are being earnestly sought. What ideas do you as a member have to close this gap? Let us hear about them. Do you want to raise the dues - Charge admission to the new museum - apply for public funds, or what?

D. M. Carson
President

A FORECAST ON THE NEW MUSEUM

John W. Strawbridge III

Exhibits Consultant

We are not isolated in time. What has gone before us may well determine what lies ahead. Such is the usefulness of the study of history. History can supply the background for our present problems, can show us where we've been, how we got where we are. The world is too small and our personal responsibilities in it too great, to view ourselves as isolated in time and place.

As an aid to the study of history, to the understanding of modern man's place in a changing world, the Lycoming County Historical Society is building a new museum. That is common knowledge.

It is not commonly known, however, what the nature of this facility will be and how it will benefit this community.

To understand this particular museum, the general concepts of history museums must be understood. History museums collect and exhibit examples of our past as an aid to understanding man's present. They exist not only for the purpose of supporting the specialized historical interests of a relative few people, but also for the purposes of generating interest and aiding understanding on the part of the many. The point is that museums, being social institutions, must direct themselves toward the majority of prospective visitors. They must try to make the people who couldn't care less about history, care more. The justification for the historical museum is the value of the study of history, the belief that one can learn from the past.

A museum is more than a teacher, however. It can also be a place for unqualified enjoyment. Much of the past offers little intellectual enlightenment, but can still enrich our lives. For example, a fine old painting may offer little "meaning," but can be greatly satisfying to its beholders. A museum can appeal to emotion as well as to reason.

The Lycoming County Historical Museum

is guided, in its development, by these ideas. It will present to the people of this area the story of the civilization of the West Branch Valley from Indian prehistory to the present. The exhibits will focus on three major themes; the Indian way of life, the coming and development of white civilization, and the growth of area industry, especially the lumbering industry.

This story of local history will be illustrated with the myriad objects of the museum collections. Because of exhibit space limitations, all of the collections will not be on display at any one time. However, many of the exhibits will be changed at frequent intervals, bringing to view many objects previously in storage.

Aside from the development of public exhibits, the museum will encourage historical research by storing its collections in an organized and easily accessible fashion. Also, an attempt will be made to utilize the museum as a supplement to education in the city and county schools. This would be accomplished through school tours of the facility and the development of travelling exhibits and programs.

The possibilities of making this new museum an asset to the community are as many as one's imagination will allow. The only factors that would limit its future growth are the limits of the Historical Society's willingness to support it. This project is a group effort. It is hoped that all members of the Lycoming County Historical Society will contribute something toward this endeavor, something on the order of an hour of volunteer time, a dollar of cold cash, an historic object, or an idea.

Summing up, the new Lycoming County Historical Museum will present a view of local history for the purposes of better understanding the present and of better directing the future. It will attempt to aid the understanding and enjoyment of its visitors, visitors ranging from the child to

the scholar. The museum can go as far and grow as rapidly as its support will allow. Note: Communication from any Society member as to what they would like the new museum to be will be greatly appreciated.

LOCAL HISTORY AS A HOBBY

by Rev. Charles F. Berkheimer, D.D.

Former pastor of two churches in Williamsport, former Market Street Methodist and Pine Street Methodist, Retired District Superintendent of the Methodist Church. Presently librarian and Curator of the Central Penna. Methodist Church Historical

An Address delivered before the Lycoming Historical Society on March 16, 1967.

Madame Chairman, Mr. President and fellow members of the Lycoming Historical Society, and guests, - I fill this engagement this evening with a strange combination of emotions, which you will readily understand. Last October I agreed to give this talk before this Society, as a pinch-hitter, in case of a program emergency if it would serve to fill a gap. The request came from one of the most eminent members of this Society, whose recent passing from us has "left a lonesome place against the sky." Although I was prepared for a different type audience, I repeat the address here tonight in fulfillment of his request, and hereby dedicate whatever may be worthwhile in it to the memory of a distinguished historian, history maker and humanitarian, Dr. Lloyd E. Wurster.

Digging into the past of one's family and one's local community is a good hobby for one to have, especially if that one is a professional Grandfather. At present this is the only real profession in which I am not merely an "Ex-". I am currently a properly proud and definitely dedicated Grandfather and want to take my new profession seriously. Of course, I admit, it is possible to rationalize here, as anywhere else. When one is tired and frustrated with today's unsolved problems, he can go back 100, 200 or 500 years and live for a while in history where some of today's problems may have been created, but where one needs not be involved in offering solutions. I admit that this hobby may become only an escape. But

ciated. The Society office at the corner of William and Willow Streets, Williamsport, is open from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., weekdays. Phone (717) 326-3326.

Society. Doing research on the history of the Penna. Methodist Church. Chairman of the Methodist Editorial Board who are presently preparing the History of the Methodist Church in Pennsylvania.

we all need an escape or a retreat of one kind or another once in a while, don't we? I am not recommending this means of escape as a full time activity for any of you. We must keep on being citizens who are alert to today's problems, too. What we do about them creates the history our heirs inherit.

But I am sure that here is one way in which we can help our grandchildren grow up into good, responsible American citizens. For example, when I take my grandchildren to visit two graves within a few miles of Valley Forge and point out that here was buried the body of their great, great, great, great, great, great grandfather who died on December 27, 1777 at Valley Forge during that bitter winter of deprivation they read about in their history books; and that General Washington is said to have visited him twice in the little log building that served as a hospital; and that their great, great, great, great, great, great grandmother, at the personal request of George Washington, came back after she had buried his body here in the little old cemetery near their farm, and nursed other dying men for the rest of the winter; then I believe I am helping them to see that American history is not only a subject to be studied from a book, but a real part of their lives. Furthermore, I shall be somewhat surprised if they thoughtlessly become part of some youthful and irresponsible gang of impatient demonstrators who have no other purpose than to declare themselves "independent"

of the past or of the approved standards of moral conduct. I want my grandchildren to know that the past is an integral part of them and that there are some important values of life today and tomorrow that must be brought out of yesterday! I hope that they will be able to relate themselves intelligently to the best elements they discover in American history.

Of course, there are some hazards in this for the grandfather. When my grandson, in history class, wants to tell the teacher about this, (being a modest young man, he can't imagine a grandfather being so great as to be seven times great) he raises his hand and proudly says, "One of my grandfathers knew George Washington!" Later, when I am introduced to the teacher, she quizzically asks, "Are you one of Evan's grandfathers?" I hasten to answer defensively, "Yes, I am but I'm not the one who knew George Washington."

Some day I'll tell them about some of their Revolutionary War ancestors who might have known George Washington under different circumstances if he had gone all the way to western Pennsylvania to quell the Whiskey Rebellion, for they lived then among those who were the determined dissident of the day. By the way, a second incident of lesser national importance but not entirely unrelated to the first, took place in that very community in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. There in the old Mingo Presbyterian Church about twenty Godfearing farmers met one Sunday afternoon and drew up and signed the first recorded joint temperance pledge in this state. You probably know that within twenty-five miles of Williamsport, at Kelly Cross Roads in Union County, William Clingan was thought to have been the first farmer to discover that it was not impossible for the harvesters in the hot days of July and August to work all day long without the usual whiskey in copious supply which previously had been honestly thought to be required "to keep up their strength". Sometime following this, probably about 1814, these farmers in Western Pennsylvania met to discuss what they could do about this and what their own practice should be. After carefully considering that there was no absolute necessity to "be refreshed" while harvesting, they had about agreed on the following pledge: -

"In consideration of the fact that the use of ardent spirits is not absolutely necessary to our welfare, and of our belief as Christians that its excessive use is, in truth, damaging to both health and morals; and in consideration of the unanimous agreement of all individuals here met, Therefore, we severally and jointly pledge ourselves to abstain entirely from the use of ardent spirits, except for medicinal purposes".

Just as they were about to sign it, however, one man questioned their ability to get through sheep shearing in the spring in cold water all day long without "something to warm your blood". So, by common consent they signed the pledge which ended, "except for medicinal purposes or on sheep shearing day". Tradition has it that one retired farmer signed it who had no sheep and that the next day he went out and bought one.

To look at this from another angle, there is abundant Scripture precedent for keeping alive the memories of past glories and patriarchs long dead. If you want such Scripture, I refer you to the Books of Genesis and Exodus, with the particular story of Joseph in Egypt and the subsequent captivity of his people, the Israelites, there. Joseph had been given the status of a Pharaoh, you remember, before he died. The Jewish people, kept captive in Egypt for 430 years, finally escaped with Moses leading them toward an independent future in a Promised Land. In Exodus it is recorded that "Moses took the bones of Joseph with him" into the wilderness. This may bring to your mind an imaginary picture like that brought to the mind of a friend of mine who said that it probably meant that a young Jewish boy would be trudging along in the sandy desert with some old bleached bones under his arm wrapped in an old copy of the Philadelphia Inquirer or part of a Williamsport Grit. (You've seen worse things than that in both of these papers.) But it wasn't so simple a job as that. Read the last verse of the Book of Genesis which says, "And Joseph died and they embalmed his body and put it in a coffin in Egypt." That's a different picture, especially in the light of the modern day discovery of the body of "King Tut", a Pharaoh of Egypt, which was encased in a rich coffin within a mass-

ive sarcophagus. By inference, Joseph's body was treated like a Pharaoh's. It could not have been transported by Moses without tremendous effort. My point is that Moses knew that no matter how you might win your freedom from past dominance by tyrants and no matter how fair the future looked in a land of promise, with a great society, there was always something precious from the past to be carried into the present and passed on to the future! You can't declare your independence from all the past without danger of jeopardizing your future.

Then, too, I must confess to having no vivid imagination but a very avid curiosity all of my life. As a lad I had questions to ask which were not always answered for me by my elders. Even my two beloved and revered grandfathers let me down at this point. My paternal grandfather I asked, "Grandpa, where did we get such a dumb Dutch name and what does it mean?" He didn't know. (Incidentally I've always thought that such names as Carson, Wright or Antes sounded intelligent, but not mine! That is, until late in life I found its origin and meaning.) I asked, "Was your grandfather born in this country or the old country?" He wasn't even sure of that. (His great grandfather had come to America from Germany but he hadn't been told that.) I remember asking him, "How many Rebels did you kill in the Civil War?" He astonished me by saying he hoped he hadn't killed any and my boyish mind concluded that he hadn't been much of a soldier. (I long since changed my mind about this, too.) I think it must have been then and there that I decided that if I ever had any grandchildren I'd be able to answer their questions!

Now, you see, I can't tell my grandchildren that I ever killed any Rebels either, but I can tell them that I fought a few dragons in my day. And I can show them some ancestors and others of the same surname who were in the forefront in some religious conflicts for conscience and faith's sake and thus helped make history. For example, excommunicated in 1519 in the same Papal Bull with Martin Luther was the Counselor Wilibald Birkheimer, of Nuremberg, who became one of the first nineteen members of the first Lutheran Church in the first

Lutheran City. Its worth telling them in this day of ecumenical emphasis that the greatest individuals of our family name were Roman Catholics and that even the latest edition of the Catholic Encyclopedia contains biographies of two of them who lived in the 15th and 16th centuries. It's entirely possible that we might all be better citizens, churchmen and historians if we knew our spiritual and religious genealogies as well as our natural and national ones. Most of us are indebted to a great degree to our forefathers for their devotion to their religious beliefs.

Vital curiosity is also responsible for the hobby of digging up Local History. As a minister, I have always sought to know who the founding fathers in a given local community were. The written church histories I found told of the buildings, property deeds, dates, debts, dollars and dues, but these are not the real history of a church. PEOPLE make history - not institutions and dates. PEOPLE ARE HISTORY - ordinary, active, live people are the real history makers! PEOPLE like you and me. Of the membership of this society only a few will be either notable or notorious enough to get into the history texts a century from now. We are history makers, nevertheless!

Will Durant, the author of the monumental ten volume History of Civilization, once epitomized it all like this: - "Civilization is a stream with banks. The stream is sometimes filled with blood from pleople killing, stealing, shouting and doing the things historians usually record, while on the banks, unnoticed, people build homes, make love, raise children, sing songs, write poetry and even whittle statues. The story of civilization is the story of what happens on the banks. Historians are pessimists because they ignore the banks for the river".

Most of us may remain on the banks of the stream all our lives and we may or may not be historians but we are makers of history, nevertheless.

History is PEOPLE. History is YES-TERDAY and History is also TODAY!

Recently a cartoon appeared, showing a father with his High School son's new history text in his hand calling to his wife in the next room, "Hey, Marge, twenty years ago was History!" He was only partially right. TODAY IS HISTORY.

So my hobby impels me to look for PEOPLE, whose names the text books haven't room to mention! Let me give you a thumb nail sketch of a few of early Williamsport's history makers who influenced their generations and left names which later generations do not recognize. You'll forgive me for mentioning early Methodists since these are the persons who came naturally into my purview.

Few persons of the present generation have heard of the three ministers I shall mention or of the several laymen who made history during the early and middle parts of the nineteenth century.

The first minister I shall mention was without a peer as an eloquent preacher and master of large audiences in Williamsport history. The pastor of Williamsport Station before it was Pine Street, he also served later at Mulberry Street and as the first pastor at the Third Street Methodist mission in 1867. His sermons were masterpieces of classic elegance and eloquence. When he was announced to preach at the Camp Meetings of the day the congregations always numbered in the thousands. A skilled administrator and parliamentarian, he was recognized as a leader in his denomination and is listed among the greats of his conference's history. In the day when the Methodist Church elected its mighty orators to the episcopacy this man was one of the mighty. But he was never elected a Bishop because like multitude of his fellow ministers of the day he was addicted to the tobacco habit, which was all too common in the ministry as well as the laity. This giant among the preachers of his day must be judged by the standards of his day but such standards have changed, and for the better. It is a matter of record that the Methodist Church now requires all ministers to pledge themselves to abstain from the use of tobacco. The objection of the church was not to the smoking of cigarettes, of course, but to the uninhibited chewing of tobacco in public or in private. This church law was first passed in 1896 and attempts to repeal it have been defeated in many General Conferences. The chewing habit became intolerable to members of the congregations, particularly before the days of individual communion cups. The bewhiskered tobacco addicts created a serious and often insurmountable dilemma for the fe-

male members in receiving the Sacrament of Holy Communion. There may be a few older persons still living who may remember seeing cuspidors at some pews and even in some pulpits. It is less than a century ago that two leading business men, trustees of Pine Street Church, were delegated to police the congregation each service to enforce the rule against any attendant chew-tobacco during the church service. I mention this indelicate subject, not to derogate the character of the minister I mentioned, or of any others of his generation, but because it is a matter of history and because it illustrates the fact that the former times were not better than the latter. "These were the good old days", cannot be defended as unqualified truth. If you go digging into the past to find "the good old days", you will likely be disappointed.

The Methodist minister who did become a national personality is remembered by a good many Williamsporters but not as the pastor of Newberry (1868-70), Third St. (1871-72) or of Grace Church. In 1904 Dr. Silas C. Swallow was the Prohibition candidate for President of the United States. He was the controversial ministerial figure of his day for his tremendous influence was thrown into the Prohibition movement. He argued that every Christian ought to be for Constitutional Prohibition of the liquor traffic and that anyone who wasn't, be he Bishop of the Church or common member, should be despised as a Saloon Subsidizer. He really was a great orator, an able editor, a most active reformer and an astute politician. His significance for us in Williamsport lies in the fact that the two Prohibition Mayors we have had were greatly influenced by him.

The name of the third minister whom I shall mention as a history maker in this community appears only briefly (and somewhat inaccurately) in the story of the founding of Williamsport Dickinson Seminary. He was Charles Maclay one of five brothers who became Methodist ministers, all grandnephews of The Honorable William and Samuel Maclay, first United States Senator from Pennsylvania. Charles Maclay and his brothers, however, became notable in their own right. In 1848 Charles was Junior Preacher on the Circuit with headquarters in Williamsport and had an active

part in the transaction through which the Williamsport Town Council sold the old Academy property to the Methodists. Consequently, the next year Charles Maclay was appointed by the Bishop as Financial Agent of Dickinson Seminary, representing the new institution as a public relations man and fund raiser. Here, associated with the town's leading business and professional men, he gained invaluable experience which was to stand him in good stead in a far field of activities. By 1851 he was in California as a missionary and minister, serving also as President of the new college at Napa City for a short time. When his voice failed he left the active ministry and became a lawyer and successful business man. California Church historians say he was one of the outstanding citizens of the territory, a leader in civil and religious affairs and a member of the State Legislature. In 1886 he proposed the establishment of a Theological School at the University of Southern California and offered the trustees either \$100,000 in cash or a large tract of land in the rich San Bernardo Valley. They wisely chose the latter, named the School the Maclay School of Theology, elected his famous brother Dr. Robert Maclay, a missionary to China, Japan and Korea, as dean of the school and then realized \$175,000 from the sale of the land. This native Pennsylvanian left Williamsport Dickinson Seminary to minister to the gold miners in California and induced his four brothers to follow him there eventually. They served as pastors, college presidents, members of the Legislatures and benefactors with a record of distinguished service. Williamsport Dickinson Seminary owed much to Charles Maclay and others but Maclay would say that he owed some of his later business success to his early experiences in working with Williamsport's leading business men.

Let me list a few of "the people on the banks of the stream" in Williamsport who made history in their several ways without getting their biographies in the history books. They are nuggets from the mine which a little digging uncovered.

First, there was Jeremiah Tallman, Jr., born in 1776, coming to Loyalsock township and from there to the village of Williamsport in 1799, and establishing the very first shoemakers shop and later a saddlery

shop at Third and Pine Streets, where the Carroll House now is. An earnest churchman, he was a member of the building committee and a trustee of all of the first three church buildings the Methodists built here. The first was Lycoming Chapel, built in 1805, where Fourth and Cemetery Streets meet, while the second and third were the buildings erected on Pine Street in 1826 and 1844 respectively. It is more than probable that the leading layman in the effort to build on Pine Street was Jeremiah Tallman, in whose residence Methodists had been meeting for class meetings and preaching on alternate Sundays for a number of years previous to 1826. He was not only a church leader but a leader of affairs in the earliest history of the town and the county. He was one of the earliest trustees of the Williamsport Academy, a member of the Masonic Lodge 106, elected County Treasurer, County Commissioner and County Auditor, in turn. As his business prospered he trained a number of local apprentices who later took their places of leadership in the business and political community.

Secondly, here is one of the most prominent of Tallman's early apprentices who came to the forefront as a business leader in the early history of the town and later the city. He was John Smith, of common name but uncommon personality, who was born on a farm where Vallamont now is, came to learn the shoemaker's trade at the age of sixteen, joined Tallman's church and lived to a ripe old age, known and beloved as few Lycoming countians ever were. He later established his own mercantile business on Pine Street and for half a century or more was a popular and pious leader of men. By 1828 he was a Williamsport Councilman; he was twice elected an Associate Judge of the County; and an active leader in local, state and national politics. He was probably the foremost Lincoln Republican of Lycoming County. He, too was an active Mason.

When Rev. B. H. Crever came from Milton in 1847 to look at the Williamsport Academy property which was for sale, he found that John Smith and several other Methodists had been on the last Board of Trustees before the town council bought the property. Not only that but John Smith and Rev. Charles Maclay, with one or two others, raised the money on their own en-

dorsement to buy the property for the denominational leaders. John Smith became one of the members of the Board of Directors of Williamsport Dickinson Seminary and served for the first twelve years as its Treasurer. He was a generous supporter of the Seminary and of his church, of which he was a trustee for forty-two years. Judge Smith was an extraordinary man and, although his name no longer looms large in our background, was one of the responsible "makers of history on the bank of the stream" of our civilization.

The historians of the past have not seen everything that was back of the eventful move by the Methodists to buy the old Academy property. Rev. B. H. Crever had for some years proposed the founding of a seminary by the church and had advertised that proposal in the church papers. Among the trustees or directors of the failing Academy which the Town Council had purchased had been at one time Jeremiah Tallman, Henry Lenhart, and now Judge Smith, Jacob S. Mussina and Major Charles Low, all Methodists who must have heard of Crever's interest. At any rate these Williamsport business men were here to welcome Rev. Crever when he arrived on that Spring day in 1847 and to give him their appraisal of the situation and their approval of his proposal.

Major Charles Low, mentioned above, was another business associate of Jeremiah Tallman and Rev. Henry Lenhart, as well as being the son-in-law of Michael Ross, the founder of Williamsport, and one of his heirs. These heirs of Ross had given a quitclaim deed for the property which Michael Ross had set aside for such a school. As a representative merchant of the town and as a representative of the heirs of Michael Ross, Major Charles Low had served as the Treasurer of the old Academy and became one of the first members of the Board of the new seminary. He was distinguished as the head of the militia in Lycoming County. He was the owner of a Williamsport hat store. His wife was Ann Ross, youngest child of Michael Ross. Major Low and his wife were the ancestors of Mr. Joseph Haag, of Williamsport who is present here tonight.

You will recall that my purpose in this talk is to point out a few persons who were neither notable nor notorious enough to

make headlines or even notice after their own generations, but they were noble persons to whom the present is indebted.

The final Williamsporter of whom I shall speak tonight has probably never received the recognition which a grateful community (and nation) might well have honored itself in giving to his memory, for he was one of our national heroes and has been so recognized by the United States Navy. He was the first Union Chaplain to give his life in the Civil War and the story of his sacrifice is an epic which deserves a place with another epic story of the Second World War which involved like sacrifice on the part of four Chaplains.

First I must tell you about his father, a Methodist local preacher who gambled his future on the future of the village called Williamsport in 1811 when he brought his little family up the river from York, Penna., (embarking from Columbia) to set up business as the town's first hat maker. Henry Lenhart came from York where his family was poor but highly respected. Two canoes brought family and possessions to this port on the bank of the Susquehanna. Henry Lenhart was a local preacher when he came here and soon associated himself with Jeremiah Tallman and others in the society which worshipped in homes or in Lycoming Chapel near Amariah Sutton's up in the country near the creek. He immediately set up his hat making business in a house he bought across Pine Street from Tallman's at the southeast corner of Third and Pine. Shortly afterwards he added to his stock a line of drugs and kept the first drug store in Williamsport. This store as modern as a twentieth century drug store as Lenhart's advertisements show, "Henry Lenhart, Drugs, Hats and Other Merchandise", appeared weekly in the Williamsport Gazette.

Within a year after arriving in the little town, Lenhart was elected a director of the newly formed Williamsport Academy. The fact that he was a Methodist seemed not to have been held against him for he was soon holding positions of trust and leadership in his adopted home town. A member of Masonic Lodge 106, Lenhart was Master of the Lodge when the Anti-Masonic hysteria forced the suspension of meetings. He was then appointed District Deputy Grand Master and served as such for a decade or two un-

til the Lodge could be re-opened and then he was again the Worshipful Master upon its resumption of activities. He, too, made history in the early days.

But it is mainly about his two sons who gave their lives for the Union in the Civil War that I speak. Godfrey was probably the only Williamsporter who served in both the Mexican War and the Civil War. He died of disease while serving in the latter.

John L. Lenhart is the son whose name is listed among the immortal heroes of the United States Navy, as having voluntarily offered his life rather than forsake the dying men for whose spiritual welfare he felt responsible. The first full time ministerial recruit in the recorded history of Pine Street Methodist Church, Rev. John L. Lenhart became a distinguished minister, serving in several larger churches in New Jersey very successfully. More than ten years before the Civil War he became one of the Chaplains of the United States Navy, sailing into most of the major ports of the world with the men under his spiritual care. When the Civil War was declared he was assigned to duty on the obsolete Frigate Cumberland. While in Hampton Roads they were attacked by the Confederate Monitor and The Virginia. From the outset the result of such an engagement seemed inevitable for the Cumberland was not equal to such a contest. Having a number of wounded and sick men aboard the Captain offered the heroic Chaplain the opportunity to accompany the hospitalized to shore under protection. Lenhart refused, saying that his duty was with his men. When the casualties of the fight were strewn over the bloody deck,

the chaplain assisted the surgeons while he ministered to the dying. Again the captain ordered wounded men with a chance for survival to be evacuated requesting the chaplain to accompany them. He respectfully declined. Finally, with the ship obviously sinking, the official order was "Every Man for Himself!"

The official record of the United States Navy indicated that the officers and men who were seeking to save themselves left the ship said that the last they saw of their chaplain was while he was deliberately turning away from safety for himself to go towards the mortally wounded men who were compelled to lose their lives for their country. John L. Lenhart gave his life so that he might minister to the last to those who were losing theirs.

This heroic man was not a native of Williamsport and did not come to Williamsport in 1811 with his parents. He followed them later and as a young man felt call of God to enter the ministry while a member of Williamsport Station, later Pine Street Methodist Church. But he was a member of this community. The notice of his death in the local paper gave no real indication of the nature of his heroism. If the town ever recognized this heroism in any way I have found no evidence of it. I now record the fact that the United States Navy places this name high on the list of its immortal heroes. Some day it may be that this story will be given a place among those of other heroes of the community.

Mining in local history yields nuggets worth digging for. I recommend it.

REMINISCENCES OF W. H. SANDERSON

INTRODUCTION

The Historical Reminiscences of W. H. Sanderson are not only interesting, but authoritative, and shed much light on the much-debated Pine Creek Declaration of Independence. To read a pen picture of Robert Covenhoven by perhaps the only living person today who saw a Signer of the Pine Creek Declaration stamps this narrative of unique historical value. The won-

derful story is like a link with the glorious past of the West Branch Valley, now sinking into oblivion as hazy tradition. Mr. Sanderson has performed a valuable service in saving these bits of history for the benefit of future generations. His description of Ole Bull, who he saw returning from his illustrated venture in the Black Forrest, gives us adequate conception of what the great violinist really looked like, his manner of travel, etc., and how he was

regarded at the time. The sketch of the Indian visitors to his fathers home, and the mysterious silver mine confirms many legends on this subject that were told by the late Jacob Quiggle and other old people throughout our valley. Last, but not least, the General Grant story is a perfect gem of its kind, and will rank among the best Grant anecdotes in existence. When the writer of this introductory visited the venerable Mr. Sanderson in company with the publicist C. H. Rich, A.M., of Woolrich, and aged poet, John H. Chatham, a notary was provided at his request, so that no doubts could ever be cast on the exactness of his statements. The remarks of Covenhoven,

one of the Signers, that the Pine Creek Declaration was executed under the great elm tree recently marked by the Clinton County Council of National Defense, proves for all time the exact location of this historic happening. It is to be hoped that the State Historical Commission will take cognizance of this added evidence and erect a permanent and suitable memorial at the scene of this great achievement of the Fair Play Men of the West Branch Valley.

Henry W. Shoemaker

"Restless Oaks," McElhatten, Pa., January 6, 1920.

AN INDIAN STORY

AS RELATED TO ME BY MY FATHER

The Indian trail in this section came up this valley and went up the left side of Fishing Creek and crossed over into Sugar Valley. Another trail went up the Bald Eagle to where the dam is located and crossed the Murdock Riffles and led up past where the Lock Haven Normal School now stands, up through to Sugar Run.

One evening, when I was a little baby six months old, and lying in my cradle (which cradle I still have in my possession, being of cherry material and hand-made, a very fine piece of workmanship), just as my mother was preparing the evening meal, three large, fine-looking Indians, dressed in leather, with frayed edges on their trousers, and faces painted a brick red, came into the kitchen and pointed down to me lying in the cradle and grinned all over their faces. Mother, being very much frightened, left me lying in the cradle and ran out to tell my father, and he came in, and found that they were friendly and harmless. They pointed to their mouths, indicating they wanted something to eat. They seated themselves around the table and ate a hearty supper, and as one of them could talk a little English, father asked if they wanted to stay all night, and they stated they did, so they were told they could stay in the kitchen, but they pointed out to a shed just

outside, and indicated they wanted to sleep there. They then went to this shed and stayed all night, and in the morning they were gone, but at night they came back again repeated this for three nights in succession. The next year two of the Indians came back, and one of them presented my mother with a string of pink beads strung on deer sinew for me; these beads I had in my possession for a number of years. I would give quite a sum of money to have them again in my possession. The Indians asked for something to eat the same as they did the year before, and slept in the shed. One of them had a pack on his back, made of deer skin, and father asked what it contained, and he took from it a piece of pure silver about half the size of a man's thumb, and when father asked him where he got it he made a motion towards his throat, indicating if he told he would be killed. Finally he told father that the silver was gotten between our home and the maple grove (there used to be a maple grove where the Condensary now is located, and another grove seven miles further up the valley, part of which is standing today). The third year just one Indian came back, he stating the other two were dead. They were fine-looking, well built Indians, one being considerable older than the others.

OLE BULL

WORLD-FAMOUS MUSICIAN

The great Norwegian violinist was a wonder to me. I was a young fellow, about the year 1852, and was coming from the Jersey Shore High School in the afternoon, which was about four o'clock, coming towards our home on the river bank, which is now main street, and as I and my companions came along we heard a horse coming back of us, and, turning around, we looked, and there within twenty-five feet of my Uncle John's side door, and we were going in, and we saw a man riding a horse, and he looked as if he had been on a day's journey. It was Ole Bull, coming from Oleona, going to Philadelphia to see what he could do towards getting the titles straightened up for his colonists and raise money, as it seems the party who gave the deeds did not have the proper right in the land and the settlers were ordered out. Just then Uncle John Sanderson said: "Now, boys, look at that man." He knew he was coming and was going to give an entertainment at the High School that night, as he was a fine violinist. Ole Bull was riding the finest jet black horse I had ever seen in that day or this. It was an entire of about sixteen hands high and weighed thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds, but was quick and active, had a long mane and tail; was told it was im-

ported from Norway. Ole Bull wore a slouch hat and odd-looking coat, to me. He wore leather boots, with his trousers tucked inside of them. He was a large man and had a beard over his face, and combed his hair back over his ears and had a florid complexion. On the back of his saddle he had a place to keep his violin in, and belongings. He took his horse down to Richard's Tavern and gave some instructions and the man at the barn rubbed the horse down and washed him off, and I remember a crowd had gathered in a very few minutes. The horse was as gentle as a cow. That evening Uncle John Sanderson told us we were going to hear that man play at the Jersey Shore High School. He played mostly his own music, as well as some of ours. It was the finest music I ever heard, and he played just as sweet music on one string as on four. The building was crowded and there was hardly standing room. When my Uncle John came from the entertainment I remember of his telling Aunt Mercy that he had never heard such wonderful music as that man played.

This was Ole Bull's last trip from the Black Forrest to Philadelphia, and he never returned to Oleona again.

State of Pennsylvania, ss:
County of Clinton

Before me, the subscriber, a Notary Public, residing at Woolrich, Pa., personally appeared W. H. Sanderson, of Lock Haven, Pa., and states the foregoing facts are true and correct.

W. H. Sanderson

Affirmed and subscribed before me this 29th day of August, 1919.

My commission expires February 21, 1924.

A FISHING STORY

My First Introduction to General Ulysses S. Grant. General Grant had been invited by L. A. Mackey, A. C. Noyes, R. R. Bridgens and Judge C. A. Mayer, with four Congressmen and Senators, to fish in Young Woman's Creek. It had been my custom

each year to fish this stream with three other companions (and at that time in three hours we could catch all the fish we wanted) for a day, and always caught what fish we wanted on the last day to take home with us." I had fished about one and a half hours,

and as I was going down stream to examine a good piece of water, I noticed a stranger sitting on a log fishing. He had on a military suit that showed a good deal of wear, and a hat with a cord around it. He had a cigar in his mouth, about one third smoked, and which was out. His face seemed familiar to me, but I did not recognize him. I says: "What luck?" and he opened his basket, in which there were about six or seven fair-sized trout. He then asked me "what luck," and I opened my basket, and he says, upon looking inside, "What beautiful trout." I offered him a cigar and some matches, and he lit same, and I started to go, but he asked me to stay and fish with him, as he liked company. But I told him I wanted to go down below and test some water for tomorrow. After going a short distance an intelligent, well dressed man, with Prince Albert coat and silk hat, came out of the brush and asked me if I had seen his friend about 100 feet above, setting on a log and fishing in a hole, and if I recognized him. I told him I saw a man about 100 feet above. He told me it was General Grant and he was with a party fishing against a certain U. S. Senator. I told him probably I could help, and upon going up to where the General was I asked him to let me see his line and hook. He threw it upstream towards me, and I saw that the hook he had was too large for trout, and he was not using a leader. I took a hook and leader from my book and put it on his line, and in the meantime I opened my basket and filled the General's basket so full I had to tie the lid shut. Pretty soon he pulled out a trout about nine inches long, and when he went to put it in the basket he found it was so full he could not get it in, and looking up into my face and smiling, says to me; "What shall I say?" I told him, "You have nothing to say; no

one will dispute your word when you hand up your fish basket." The other party wanted to put in what few fish he had with him besides, but I told him he had better catch all he could from now on, to throw off suspicion. General Grant invited our party to take lunch with him that evening, as they had a private car which was on the railroad track. We did not like to accept the invitation, but thought we had better do so, and when we came up to the car at the appointed time, a crowd had gathered around in a circle and the fish were counted, and when the count was over, the General had just had two and a half dozen more than his opponent, and, of course, won the wager. At the table I sat obliquely to General Grant, and he would look up and sort of a smile would come over his face and he would grin at me. Judge Mayer always suspicioned me, but I told him I had not seen the men fishing on the stream, which he doubted, but one day at Dr. Prierson's drug store in Lock Haven, just before his death, I told him the truth.

When General Grant ran for the Presidency and spoke from the back of his special train, just where John McMahon's store is now located, I jumped up on the platform, shook hands with the General and told him I was the fellow who supplied the fish. He took a good laugh and invited me to call on him if I ever came to Washington. People who knew me wondered what business I had to jump up on his car and shake hands with the General, as they did not know I was acquainted with him.

By
W. H. Sanderson
Lock Haven
August 29, 1919

ROBERT COVENHOVEN

The Famous Scout

I was born where the Clinton Country Club now stands. My father and mother came here in the fall of 1835 and moved into a house that stood just where the lower pier of the club house now stands. I was born in the year 1837, at this place, and have resided here all my life, and am now

82 years of age.

Robert Covenhoven, the subject of my narrative, was my great grandfather, and lived at a place called Lockglen (Lochabar), in Nippenose Bottom. His daughter, Crescie, married Colonel George Crane, whose mother was Elizabeth Quiggle. My father

married Catherine Crane. I am the only one living today of the Cranes or Sandersons that ever saw him. I first met my great grandfather, Robert Covenhoven, at my grandfathers (George Crane). I probably was seven or nine years old when I first went to visit my grandfather and met Mr. Covenhoven. He was a tall man, and at that time 90 or 91 years of age. His hair when he was a young man, was red, but when I saw him it was gray, streaked with red. He wore his hair straight down and combed it back over his ears, and it was quite long. He had a heavy head of hair at this advanced age. His eyes were brown and he had a florid complexion and a prominent nose. His shoulders were very broad, and arms were quite long. He was a little stooped, but when straightened up he was a man, I should judge, over six feet tall. At this age he was quite spry. He had unusually large hands, but the smallest feet, for a large man, I ever saw. He wore a coat made from material that today would resemble gray melton, or wool, with side pockets, and very much like the light overcoats worn today. He wore ordinary trousers and hand made shoes that were pegged. He wore a slouch hat and carried an ordinary cane cut from the woods.

When I first came in contact with my great grandfather, I was a little shy of him, as my mother had told me he was a great Indian Killer, but after being around him for four or five days I soon became very fond of him, as he was like an old soldier, who always wanted to talk. He seemed to become very much interested in me, and would talk by the hour. I remember we were sitting on the porch which was in the month of September, and he asked me if I would like some peaches, and I told him I would, but could get them myself; but he insisted on going with me, and he gave me all I wanted and filled his two side pockets. When we came back and sat down he smashed some of the peaches in one of his pockets, and grandmother came out and noticed it, and he just laughed and handed them to her.

He had told me he fought under General Washington at the battle of Trenton, and had crossed the Delaware, and it was very cold. He slept in a barn, had good shoes, but no stockings, and suffered much with the cold. After fighting at the battle of

Trenton, he stated, he and an uncle by the name of Wyckoff came to Sunbury and joined Captain Brady's company of scouts and they patrolled the Susquehanna River up as far as Sinnemahoning, as the Indians were coming through from Canada to take the land away from the whites, and the government was rushing aid, these scouts notified all of the settlers to get together and retreat down to Sunbury or Northumberland. The scouts came up to Great Island, and from there they sent out three runners - Covenhoven, Captain Brady and Peter Grove, who were considered the three fastest runners they had.

Captain Bady could run like a deer, and Covenhoven was about second best runner. These scouts always covered the retreat. They got the people all together; the women and children and old men were placed on rafts and in boats, and the scouts and young men drove the stock ahead of them. The settlers were finally all gotten together at a place called Muncy town, and from there they made their retreat down the river. The scouts were attacked by the Indians at Williamsport, at Lycoming Creek, and Wyckoff got behind a tree for shelter, and as the tree was not large enough to protect him, as he was a large man and hump-back man, he was killed by the Indians. This retreat they called the Great Runaway.

Robert Covenhoven had two knives which he prized very highly. One was his hunting knife. This knife had a blade about six inches long and a black handle about five inches long, made of wood. On the back of this knife were filed twelve or thirteen notches, and each notch represented an Indian killed by him.

The gun used by Covenhoven was an old flint lock, with a barrel six feet long.* I asked if the gun ever miss fired, and he told me "never when it was needed." I handled this gun many a time, and remember that it sat in my grandfathers pantry, and when it came into possession of Jim Crane it was taken to Jersey Shore, and Billy DeShera, a gunsmith, cut down the barrel and changed it into a gun to use caps, or what we call a breech loader. I have always surmised that Jim Crane, who was a great hunter and very fond of hounds, traded this gun off for a favorite dog, with one of the Englishes of

Englishtown, now English Centre, as he always had three or four with him when he would come up to the Great Island to sell corn, and he invariably got into a fight with the Myers boys over dogs. It was said of him that he would rather fight than eat.

Robert Covenhoven stated they had been harassed by the Indians, and the English Government had not protected them, so they drew up a Declaration of Independence called the Pine Creek Declaration, "and declared themselves free and independent, and he was one of the Signers of the instrument." These Signers called themselves the "Fair Play Party." From the description there is no doubt in my mind but what this document was signed under an old elm tree still standing on the banks of the Tiadaghton or Pine Creek, on the Clinton County side,

the site of which is marked by the Clinton County Council of National Defense, July 4, 1918.

Robert Covenhoven was a very kind and interesting old man, and he and I sat by the hour over the high banks of the river talking about his many adventures.

* It was sold to John Knepley's father, Christian, who sold it to old John English, of English Centre, who sold it to Miller Day, born Dec. 24, 1836, of English Centre, who, in September, 1919, presented it to his granddaughter Mrs. F. Hurlock, 2831 Diamond Street, Philadelphia, where it is at present.

W. H. Sanderson

Lock Haven

August 29, 1919

1876 — CASCADE TOWNSHIP

Material contributed by H. Carlton Fink

Cascade township was organized from Hepburn and Plunkett's Creek, August 9, 1843. The name is singularly appropriate, as the scenery formed by the mountain streams pouring over rocks, presents a view of innumerable cascades that are unequaled elsewhere in the county. Michael Kelly, who penetrated the forests at the head of Wallace Run in 1843, was the first settler. He found it necessary to cut a road through the forests from Lycoming Creek, which was the first wagon road in that part of the township. Dubois & Low built a mill many years ago, which was burned down. Mr. Kelley occupied the site in 1856 with a steam mill, where he manufactures about two million feet of lumber per year. Mr. Kelly's settlement opened the way for others, and he was followed by Mr. Lang, Mr. Riley, Patrick Logan, Barney Morton and some others. The improvement of the land occupied the attention of the settlers generally; it has proven to be quite fertile, and yields lucrative returns for all labor expended. Corcoran & Bubb & Company erected a steam mill in 1870, which is capable of cutting two million feet of lumber per year. The township is sparsely settled as the sur-

face, except along the creeks is mountainous and rocky and not capable of sustaining a population of any extent. The same range of mountains that have been found to contain inexhaustible supplies of coal in McIntyre traverse Cascade, and here undoubtedly coal and other minerals could be found by application of proper effort. Copper has been found to exist in considerable quantities in land owned by Mr. Kelly but as yet no attempt to develop the mine to any extent.

The only church in the township is that erected by the Catholics in 1854. The Union Church built at the confluence of Murray's and Wallace's Run, formerly in Cascade Township is now in Gamble Township. The township is but poorly supplied with schools, there being two or three. Kellysburg is the only town situated on Wallace's Run on lands located by Michael Kelley, and named in his honor. It contains a school house, a blacksmith shop, and post office and several dwellings, mostly occupied by employees of Mr. Kelley. The town is well supplied with water for manufacturing and all other purposes, and would be an admirable field for stock raising.

MONTOURS

Conrad Weiser, in his mission to the West Branch, speaks of his visit to Olustago,¹ where resided the somewhat noted Frenchwoman, named Madame Montour. She later married a Seneca chief, named Carundawana. By her first husband she had three sons, Andrew, Henry, and Robert. The services of these people to the early settlers at a time when friends were scarce, and which, from their peculiar training and Indian mode of life, they were so eminently fitted to render, deserved more than a passing notice.

The three sons of Madame Montour were life long friends to the whites, and Andrew particularly interested himself in watching over the interests of the settlers of this valley. In 1765 he is mentioned in connection with an expedition that penetrated as far as Muncy Hills, and there had an engagement with the Indians. Montour gave directions as to manner of preceeding, and in-

formed the party of the character of their foes. He was valuable as a spy, and, being constantly on the alert, saved the scalp of many a settler by warning him in time of approaching danger but being tolerably educated, he and his brothers were for a long time in the employ of Government as interpreters. They were never known to prove recreant to the trust reposed in them, and for fidelity were rewarded by government with large tracts of land. One was located in this County, and was surveyed in 1769, and set apart for the exclusive occupancy and use of Andrew. The town of Montoursville, located near Loyalsock Creek, and near the site of the ancient town of Olustago, perpetuates his name, which will ever be remembered with reverence by the residents of West Branch Valley. His brothers were likewise rewarded with reservations located in different parts of the state.

1. Editor's Note: probably Weiser's interpretation of Otstonwakin or Otsuagi.

BLOOMING GROVE

Continuation of a series of selections to be reprinted from "Blooming Grove" the historical work of Joseph H. McMinn printed at Williamsport in 1901.

ORIGINAL COLONISTS

The colony of 1804 comprised the following named persons: John and Gottlieb Heim, Leonard Ulmer and family, Leonard Staiger and family, John George Waltz and family, John George Kiess and family, David Young and family, Wendel Harmon and family, Michael Gross and family, Michael Biehl and family, Ferd. Frederick Scheel and family, Michael Burghardt and family. In 1806 came Christopher Kiess, George Kiess and Michael Waltz with their families. From this time emigration was prohibited for ten years, after which John Heim returned to Germany and brought out the families of Christian Heim, Jacob Heim, Frederick Schafer, John Wagner, Jacob Guinther, Jacob Streile, Abraham Schiedt, Jacob Kurtz, John Kurtz, Ulrich Stabler, Abraham Wolf, and Michael Stroble. Other

families came also from time to time. Some became converts with the Dunkers, but many only settled near by and intermarried.

Previous to this time the traffic in human souls by the "Newlanders" as depicted by Gottlieb Mittelberger (an organ builder from Wurtemberg) known to us as the "Redemptioners," had been broken up. Thousands of children too young, or parents too old for use as servants had perished from starvation and exposure after being turned adrift at Philadelphia. But the emigration agents, or as they would now be called, "promoters" or "steerers" worked up parties of colonists in the interest of ship owners, and Wurtemberg continued to be one of the most fruitful fields until as late as 1835.

THE FIRST TITLE

Wendel Harmon was a man of stern, methodical business instincts. He had some money and was thirsting for more. In looking for an investment, he was probably guided by the Quaker "interpreter," on ship board, mentioned by Mr. Kiess, and fell in with the Quaker land speculators who swarmed about Philadelphia for 150 years after William Penn. One of these speculators was Jesse Willits, of Berks county, who induced Harmon to purchase a tract of land "up the country." This tract had been warranted to him on the 23rd day of May, 1792, in Loyalsock township, (now Hepburn in part) in Lycoming county, state of Pennsylvania, for twelve shillings and ten pence, (less than four dollars) and was called *Hopewell*. It contained 422 acres and 116 perches, with an allowance of six per cent, for roads. He had received his patent for it May 21, 1794. On the 31st day of May, 1805, Wendel Harmon obtained his title of Jesse Willits for the above mentioned tract of land for £316, 17s, 6d, (about \$1,500 of our currency, or \$3.65 per acre.) See deed book E, page 276, Lycoming county records. The land afterward bought by these people, in the immediate vicinity, and of just as good quality, cost them from one dollar to one dollar and a half per acre, which was a fair price at that time.

"This for the purpose of founding a colony of his countrymen." Those named in the title purchase were: John Heim, Leonard Ulmer, Gottlieb Heim, Michael Bertsch, Leonard Staiger, George Waltz, George Kiess, Jr., and Ferdinand Frederick Scheel. Although each one contributed his share in the purchase of the land, the deed was made in the name of Wendel Harmon, evidently the financier for the party. He was to execute a deed to each one of them, and that the contract might be clearly understood, as well as to protect Harmon, in case of litigation, they entered into an agreement in writing, November 24, 1807, setting forth clearly the terms of this compact. The old instrument is still in existence and in possession of Ezra, a grandson of Jacob Heim, who was one of the early settlers.

After the purchase was effected the colonists having taken possession of the land, they first erected a long house of logs, where Harmon and three or four other families

lived for several years. About the same time was built of round logs, a rude hut, on the lower side of the road from the present church building, in which Dr. Holler lived and served them as doctor, preacher and schoolmaster. For many years children walked to and from school, over a distance of four miles or more. Doctor Holler in selecting a tract of land for himself went over the mountain to the confluence of Murray Run and Wallis Run, where he remained about two years, after which he located permanently on the tract about a mile from Harmon, where he labored in cleaning the land, cultivating his crops, as well as continuing his professional duties as long as he lived. As they had been accustomed to worshipping in secret in Germany so in the early history of the colony they naturally gathered at each other's houses or barns for worship on the Sabbath. In harvest time they would go to Dr. Holler's on Sunday, take in his crops for him, and afterward participate in religious services at his house or barn; an incident that attracted no adverse comment. The harvesting is said to have been conducted decorously enough unless their chronic habit of discussing their different interpretations of Scripture happened to mar the solemnity of the occasion. It once occurred that two of the brethren fell into such a dispute as they journeyed from the meeting toward their homes. One of them became so incensed that he called the other a *Judas*, but "*Judas*" wouldn't resent it, so he got pommelled in the fence corner. Doctor Holler was permitted to live and contribute his faithful services to his people until the evil days passed by, and they became settled in bodily comfort, and spiritual freedom. On the eve of this new experience he was stricken with cancer of the throat and went to his reward. About this time (1828) a new and commodious house of worship was erected, against the slope of the hill opposite the old cabin. Its dimensions are as follows: thirty feet wide, forty feet long, and twelve feet high, to the square. It is built of flat hewn logs, with joints "chunked and daubed." The girders are counter-hewn, and the lumber all worked out by hand. The building is yet in a good state of preservation, but its historic interest is marred by a covering of modern "weather

boards" put on thirty or forty years ago, when the building was re-roofed and improved. The interior, however, has been preserved unchanged, even to the table used by Doctor Holler in his ministrations. Such splendid pine trees as afforded these logs extending the entire length of the building, with their broad hewn surfaces, polished by time, are unknown to the present generation.

The long plain benches without back supports testify to a race, at once vigorous and

robust, and who scorned any show of comfort or ease, such as we find required in modern churches. It might be said in this connection that mothers with nursing infants would occupy the seats next the wall which offered them a rest and when the small children fell asleep they were often laid away under the seats. In a modern church in this valley a small room is provided with a couch and a stove, where restless infants can be nourished and quieted, without disturbing the congregation, or turning the mother out of doors.

THE MINISTRY

After the death of Doctor Holler, (1828), Gottlieb Heim was chosen to the sacred office. After him (1844) David Young was selected; then Christian Reisch; after him Frederick Weinman, followed by Christian Heim, until 1878, when he died. After him Doctor Adams, John Schaefer, then Gottlieb Heim; then Abraham Beidelspacher led in worship, and kept the congregation together as much as possible until the present day. These pious men taught their people to "live aloof from the world and its wickedness, to abstain from the manufacture and use of spirituous liquors and tobacco, to settle their differences among themselves and not go to law, nor to war, to use plainness of speech, and modest apparel." Surely a solid foundation for christian character and good citizenship.

The old Dunker fathers have gradually passed away, and not having provided the means for keeping the younger people together, they have not followed strictly in the severe and serious practices of their elders. But finding more congenial company among the Baptists of the neighborhood, whose doctrines so closely resembled their own, they have almost entirely united with them, and have contributed largely toward establishing the several prosperous congregations housed in the beautiful and comfortable church buildings which now adorn this valley.

The preacher sat, uncovered, on a bench, with a table before him, upon which lay the open Bible. The music, without instrument, was led by a "foresinger", and the

many sweet melodious voices joined in a grand volume of praise, that was as inspiring as it was powerful. It is yet said by old people "well do I remember how sweetly those Dunker women sang." Their love of music finds an illustration in the home of the late Joseph Gross whose brother, John, built a piano for him, which was accompanied by other musical instruments in the hands of the many who resorted there to indulge their love for this refining accomplishment.

This community is now visited at intervals by "preachers" from the "River Brethren," whose doctrines and practices differ very little from the Dunkers, and whose visits and ministrations are welcomed by the German Baptists of all shades of belief. Their Quaker garb and long beards attract attention to their novel appearance as they read the Scripture in classic German, close the book, and preach in Pennsylvania Dutch.

These Dunker people had no official organization, and kept no records; never united with any established body of believers, nor sent any delegates to the conferences. In fact, their preachers were not ordained at all, but acted, on the united wish of the people, as their spiritual leaders, succeeding each other as they became too old and enfeebled to discharge their duties. Their purity of life and fidelity of spirit marked them as the highest type of christian character to be found anywhere.

One of the severest spiritual trials to these people since their coming among us, occurred during the civil war, 1861-1865.

There never is any doubt about the patriotism of a German. "Die Vaterland," is an imperishable object of their love and veneration. But when duty to their country and their peace convictions were brought into conflict, the latter prevailed and no volunteers were enlisted from the settlement. Later on, as the gloomy days came upon our land, and the conscription fell heavily upon them, they paid their fines and re-

(To be continued)

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mained at home.

It is related of one man who was drafted, and whose convictions prevented him from responding in person, and just as strongly prevented his furnishing money to hire a substitute to go forth and raise his hand against his fellow man. The conflict in his mind refused to become reconciled until finally his reason became unbalanced.

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