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MUSEUM ENDOWMENT FUND

A long planned project was launched this fall with the creation of an Endowment Fund for the Lycoming County Historical Museum. This fund, administered by Commonwealth Bank, will insure the continuing operation of the museum by creating operating monies not dependent on government grants or outside funding sources. Monies will be deposited in a secure account and only the interest from the fund will be used. The endowment is being created by donors who may make a cash gift to the fund (all gifts are tax deductible), or by Will bequests. The following is a list of donors to whom we owe our most gracious thanks. Won't you pitch in and join them in this worthy project?

1. Clarence R. & Evelyn Antes Mutchler - \$5,000

This gift to be listed as the Gibson G. Antes Memorial Fund in the Lycoming County Historical Museum Endowment Fund and shall be a continuing memorial to him. (Mr. Antes was a past president of this Lycoming County Historical Society.)

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COVER

The cover is a photograph of the William Tallman farm near Montoursville at harvest time. This photograph was taken July 12, 1910 by D. Vincent Smith and is one of more than 5,000 Smith photographs in the collection of the Lycoming County Historical Museum.

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Dear Members:

So much is happening these days in your museum that I feel you, as members, should know about. I am going to use this letter to urge you all to avail yourselves of your membership privileges to come and see.

First there is a new meeting room. It is still on schedule which means it should be finished the first week of December, but watching it go up has been fascinating. Stop in and see the progress.

Then there is the lumber gallery. It is being reorganized which will make it very simple to grasp the complete story of the industry as you go through. It will be finished by November. Do come and see it and maybe learn something new about old Williamsport.

Finally, there is the Ralston country store. You will find a story about it in this issue. It is in the final stages of rebuilding and it looks great. By November 1st it should be in business, storekeeper and all.

We have had over 1,000 visitors every month this summer. One month we had more than 2,000. September the count was 1,080. This was before the school children began their regular tours and it was the poorest attendance of the summer, but still over the 1,000 mark. Of that 1,080, only 23 were members *and* guests.

I would like to say, "see you at the museum" and feel that I really would.

Sincerely,



Jane W. Ingersoll,
President

HOW ZORA MACHAMER ELUDED THE VAMPIRE OF RAUCH'S GAP

*From an unfinished manuscript in the collection of the Lycoming County Historical Museum.
By Henry W. Shoemaker, edited by J.J. Zebrowski*



The Rocks, Rauch's Gap, Nippenose Valley.

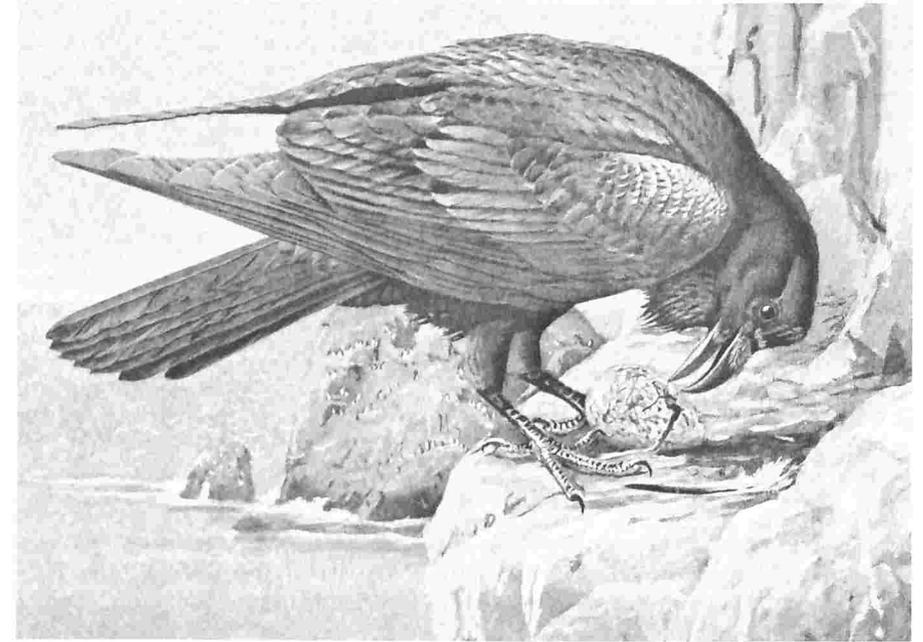
Old Daddy Ralbfleish, whose name is given to Lycoming County's imperial mountain, passed this story of Indian superstition and witchcraft on to Israel Grape, gigantic Jumbo Grape's father, who told it to the late S. Jim Sheasley, and in turn to this writer, shortly before the Sage of Mt. Zion passed to his reward last year.

"It was a relief to the pioneers in Nippenose Valley, situated in Clinton and Lycoming counties, when news came that the Cherokee alleged descendants of good old chief Nippence, had left their stronghold in Rauch's Gap, near Ravensburg. They had built a log cabin, on a high stone foundation, by Rauch's Creek, and as the maps were then marked "unmapped, unclaimed," they resorted to their Indian rights to move in and stay on. Nobody wished to stir up an Indian war right on the heels of the murder of Captain Harry Green and his party of surveyors, so the squatters, as the pioneers called the group of Cherokees, were ignored by everyone except young squirrel and fox hunters who liked the looks of the Indians' white adopted daughter Zora Machamer. The Indians' story of the girl's past sounded "fishy" to say the least. Her mother, on her way to North Carolina had taken sick and been brought to the

Cherokees' camp by her husband, where she had died.

The husband and father anxious to push on and join his party of explorers, gave Zora to the chief's squaw as "payment in full for services rendered;" however, she had most likely been kidnapped in an Indian raid. The child grew up among her adopted family, daintily beautiful, small and dark, with clear-cut features, and dark eyes. She was shy and retiring, but on the "pleasant side." Yet, she showed no desire to take up with any of the Clark, Shaw, Green, Rauch, and Metzger boys who occasionally visited the camp and shot mark with the older Indians. The rumor was that she was promised as a wife to a great chief, the nuptials to be celebrated near Pittsburgh on her eighteenth birthday.

The disappearance of the Cherokee claimants from Rauch's Gap soon became apparent. It was nothing but a bad case of superstition and witchcraft fright, caused by the story of the vampire or cannibal ghosts so long a part of the folklore of the tribe. Such doomed spirits crept into the lodges and cabins at night and during sleep sucked the blood and ate the flesh of the victims. Yet they remained invisible, except in daytime they took the forms of ravens. Such creatures were called from their laugh-



ing cries, Raven-Mockers. They might well come in from the rookery high up on the Ravensburg (Gatchka-Anojota) and at night waste away the frail white form of Zora Machamer. When the ailment became apparent as the poor girl rapidly became thinner and pale as a ghost, they became afraid to remain in the house, for fear others might be attacked. They felt they must abandon the girl to her fate, as once the foul enemy tasted her blood, and liked the quality of it, would follow her to the ends of the earth, and when she was sucked dry, select a fresh victim for his terrible appetite. Or there might be several vampires which would select others of the group for their torturing. Recently the ravens had been putting on some flying circuses in the air, indicating that the sable birds were up to something. They were performing high dives while flying aloft by holding one wing close to the body. As the birds fell to a lower level, they turned a somersault in the descent, probably done for amusement, but to the superstitious Indians and others, it was a sign of coming malevolent activity.

As Zora became weaker, and her natural white face pastier, the Indians made signs to one another. While she slept one evening, they pulled out and made away in

the direction of the South, travelling as far as they could the first days by the Karoondinah, thence to the Frankstown Path, to put as great a distance as possible between them and the unhappy vampire victim. Zora awoke next morning to an empty house, no playful songs of children, or barking of Lenni-chums or Indian dogs. Soon she realized she was alone; perhaps all had gone for a hunt, but why were the papooses absent? She was too shaky to rise and investigate. Her voice crying for help soon failed her. Thirsty and weak, all she could do was wait. Day passed into night, and a second day followed. The third morning three young fox hunters interested in the stillness of the place knocked at the door. They were George Clark, Joe Green and Jess Rauch. She said 'please come in' in a weak voice, but they heard her, and in the dim light beheld a living skeleton, once the beautiful Zora Machamer lying among a mused-up covering of buffalo hides. She was able to tell them that she had been left alone for at least two or three days and nights, had been too weak to get even a drink of water. She had grown weaker and would have soon died if they had not come. George Clark unslung his flask of applejack and poured it down her shriveled throat; some color immediately came into her cheeks. They started a fire and warmed some water to make mountain tea, and to wash her. After she had the warming beverage, and a few pieces of deer meat with corn pudding, they washed her face and hands, and somehow she felt relieved. The boys picked her up and carried her to the Metzger home at Rauchtown, where, with the tireless care of the women of the town, she gradually became herself. The girl's peaked, bloodless face indicated there must be something in the brukelak, or vampire theory, about the Ravenmockers.

Dr. Fullerton, of Jersey Shore, found her body covered with tick and flea bites innumerable. Some festering sores made it seem to him as if she had accidentally sat on a thorn bush, but he still had the opinion that the "raven" had pecked those holes in her soft, smooth flesh; or some other invisible blood-suckers had done the damage. Zora, however, could recollect nothing. All had been done while she slept, she was sure. The three mountain boys who brought her from the living death in the cabin were assiduous in their attentions. She preferred George Clark, the first of the three she saw at her door, and by spring, they were married and went to live with his parents at the old posting house on White Deer Mountain.

It is said their blood still exists in the beautiful Valley of Nippenose. The log cabin where this adventure occurred stood until the WPA reconditioned Ravensburg Park about 1933, when they tore it down, and even cut down the gum tree that hung over the door, and the gnarled, twisted, old black-topped white pine which stood in the garden. Prior to these renovations, that part of Rauch's Gap always reminded one of an Alpine pass, bleak and open, and wild.

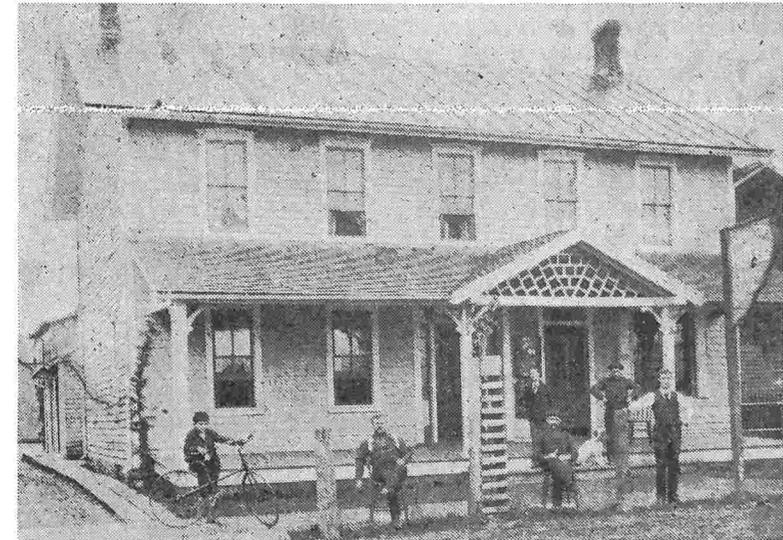
The road-relocators and the C.C.C. camp during the long depression, who destroyed their isolation, drove the ravens away from their cubicles on the Ravensburg. No longer are their aerial circuses seen above Ralbfleish Mountain, and the soul of the blighted warriors and braves contained in their forms, have gone to other regions like the missing Cherokees, who fled the supposedly bewitched Zora Machamer.

It was a few months later, in a camp on Klingman's Dome, in the great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, where the Cherokees from Rauch's Gap had fled, that an astounding confession occurred. An old squaw on her death bed, tremblingly admitted that she had fallen in love with Zora, and to keep herself sound and supple, night after night put a goose quill into the girl's flesh and sucked her blood as she slept, until tribal fears made the Cherokees move on, and her sustenance withdrawn, could find no other "blook bank" she quickly relapsed into an aged, shriveled old woman again. When she died, the self-exiled tribesmen left her un-buried in a deserted place for the wolves and vultures to feed on. Long were their regrets that it was too late to return to Rauch's Gap, but the ravens were vindicated at long last, despite the evil ways of some of them.

THE KAST HOTEL: A FAMILY INSTITUTION

by Mrs. Lois Hunton

Operating for almost a century at the same location and under the same family ownership, the Kast Hotel, on Arch Street in Williamsport's Newberry section, is unique. Although it has had three different names and two buildings, the hotel has been a family affair since 1887. In that year Alfred Bastian Kast, great-grandfather of the present owner, Howard Kast Peterson, bought the Old Homestead Hotel.



The photograph above, taken of the Kast Hotel about 1890, shows left to right in front: Leonard Kast, A.B. Kast, unknown, and Barney Hinckel, the bartender. Standing at the rear on the porch are Bussler Bovee, left, and E.H. Kast.

We are indebted to C. Lee Berry for the photograph and the data concerning it. In 1890 the establishment was known as the Arch Street Hotel, and had been in operation three years. See page three for photographs and material concerning the present-day Kast Hotel and its personnel.

Kast was born in Philadelphia, a son of Jacob E. and Nancy J. (Bastian) Kast. His father, who came to this country from Germany as a young man, settled for a time in Philadelphia, where he worked as a cooper and as a brewer before moving his family to Williamsport in 1865. Young Alfred found employment in a hotel here ("continuing the same until he was sixteen years of age," according to Collins and Jordan's *Lycoming County*, Vol. 2) and later learned the lumber business by working in several different mills; he also established a small notion store at the corner of Hepburn and West Jefferson Streets.

The Old Homestead was a familiar place to Kast when he bought the hotel, for he had rented and operated the business for four years before purchasing it and renaming it the Arch Street Hotel. A wooden structure built about 1860 by A. Wuhl, the building had been used previously as a general store by Daniel Hurr and as a cobbler's shop by Pat Carey. Although he became, in 1891, the first foreman of Engine Company #5's paid firemen, he continued to run the hotel until 1896, when his son-in-law, Edward H. Kast, became the proprietor.

Jack McKelvy, brother-in-law of E.H. Kast, took over the hotel in 1910-1911, assisted by bartender Sylvester Stark. In the following year Kast moved the old hotel to the rear of its lot, and ground was broken for the present brick structure. The hotel continued to operate in the original building during construction. Although plans had been made to raze the old wooden hotel when the new one was completed, the structure was instead sold to Sylvester Stark and moved a second time, across an alley,

where it became the Stark family's home. The house, on Glynn Avenue, is still recognizable as the old hotel building. The new brick structure, built by the Jacob Gehron Company, opened in November 1913 as the Kast Hotel. Pressed tin ceilings ("horrible to paint," says their present owner) are vintage features, as are iron rails set into the concrete floor of the basement; a flanged-wheel trolley rode on these rails to move barrels of whiskey to their proper storage place.

J. Grant Peterson, a son-in-law of E.H. Kast, became owner and operator of the hotel in 1934 and was succeeded in 1975 by his son, Howard Kast Peterson, the fourth generation and current owner; he, in turn, is assisted by his son, D. Scott Peterson, who will in time assume full control. Although changes are likely — second floor rooms may soon be utilized for bed-and-breakfast patrons — Scott has three sons; any one of them may become the sixth-generation operator of a venerable family institution.

UNRAVELING THE WERTMAN SITE MYSTERIES

by James P. Bressler



Hearth or Campfire where food was prepared.

Members of the North Central Chapter, Society for Pennsylvania Archaeology, in cooperation with the Lycoming County Historical Society have been busy all summer excavating an extensive Indian site on Muncy Creek in eastern Lycoming County. A large number of artifacts have already been uncovered and stored in the museum for eventual processing and display.

Known as the Wertman site (36LY218) and named after the land owner, this Indian village has played host to travelling bands of aborigines from the earliest times to the colonial period. Artifacts found during the present dig, along with those known to have been dug previously, range in age from post ice-age Paleo points of circa 9000 B.C. to Shenks Ferry of around 1400 A.D.

The site itself is quite extensive but mainly confined to a narrow terrace strung along the north bank of Muncy Creek from near its mouth to a mile upstream. Where the dig is being conducted there are three fresh water springs, making this otherwise well-drained terrace an ideal camping ground. The terrace is above the flood plain and separated from the creek by a steep rock bank.

The site is also adjacent to the historically famous Wolf Run Indian Fort, described first by Conrad Weiser in his accounts of his journey to Onondaga, New York for the colonial government in 1737. It is also near the site of Fort Brady, excavated by Clark Kahler in the 1930's. The area is, in fact, an almost continuous Indian site, being strategically located near the river and a main tributary, both of which were major communications routes through the wilderness. The railroad bed cuts through this site and is responsible for destroying a portion of the Earthworks feature. The builders of the Earthwork site were undoubtedly the Shenks Ferry who also constructed the Bull Run stockaded village east of Williamsport and now covered by the beltway (I-180).

The Wertman site is important from several other perspectives. Over it ran the Wyalusing Path near its juncture with the Shamokin or Susquehanna Path. Bishop Ettwein led his band of Moravian Indian converts over this trail from the North Branch in 1772 to seek a safer haven on the Muskingum in Ohio. Its terminus at Port Penn made it an important Indian highway that figures in several other colonial episodes.

The Wertman site has been subject to periodic looting for over 50 years but has been most extensively ravaged during the last several years. Even so, a few isolated areas have been spared, and it is these that continue to yield spearheads, drills, hammers, netsinkers, celts and other tools. Many mortars and mealing slabs were left behind, since such heavy objects could not be transported by the Indians. Many fireplaces have been located intact.

The most intensive occupational periods so far observed began with Lamoka, a culture first studied and reported by Dr. William Ritchie on Lake Lamoka in central New York. Its age at Wertman remains in question since we have not yet been able to locate a charcoal-bearing hearth of that period suitable for carbon dating. On Canfield Island, these points were found scattered on the Broadpoint (Transitional) level (Ca. 1500 B.C.). This strongly suggests that elements of the narrow point tradition (Lamoka) persisted into an era where they were heretofore not known to be. Ritchie believes that Lamoka was part of the Laurentian Tradition, beginning as early as 3500 B.C., but postulates no terminal date that would explain their presence on a Broadpoint level. Dating this prominent and important culture is of first importance in the West Branch Valley.

The second prominent culture at Wertman is the newly christened CANFIELD culture of terminal Late Archaic times dating to around 2000-1500 B.C. These people seem to have been firmly established along the major rivers and their large tributaries where they had adapted to available food resources, especially fishing, hunting and gathering. Their distinctive lobate and tapering stemmed points are found all over the Eastern seaboard and are even more numerous at times than Lamoka on the Wertman site.

Since Canfield evolved into the Susquehanna Broadpoint cultures, sometimes called Transitional (into the ceramic Woodland era) it is logical that we find their tools as well. Typical Transitional tools at Wertman are rhyolite spearpoints of a distinctive shape, soapstone bowl fragments, drills and an occasional celt or chopper. Rhyolite spalls are numerous, and since this is not a local stone, these people must have been great travelers, especially to the Gettysburg region, the only place it can be obtained.

The Broadpoint people in turn evolved into the Orient cultures (1200-900 B.C.) named after Orient, Long Island where they were first studied. We find fewer Orient fishtail points than we do of the other major component cultures, nor have we so far found their versions of the soapstone bowls they continued to use; but since they were by now well along toward the manufacture of ceramic vessels, soapstone use soon died out.

What follows is the Woodland period, the hallmark of which is ceramic pottery, and soon to ensue, the practice of crop growing. Farming required a more sedentary

lifestyle, suitable soil conditions and all in all, a new aboriginal lifeway - that of semi-permanent villages.

Found in much lesser quantities is evidence of Middle and Late Woodland campsites indicative of temporary stopovers. Wertman was best suited to an Archaic way of life. It is not a flood plain where deep alluvial soil would provide deep cropping soil. Woodland sites are invariably located on deep river bottom soils.

Nor is Wertman a deep or stratified site. Nearly all cultural evidence is located in the first 12 inches of soil, except where pits were dug by the Indians. Since there was no alluvial soil buildup, many features and fireplaces are still on the surface, the land here never having been plowed. Not being covered by flood deposits, most charcoal from hearths was washed away. Artifacts from the several cultural periods are hopelessly mixed. Very little bone material survived.



Excavating the Wertman Site, 1985.

The dig is difficult to reach, requiring a long hike from the nearest parking space and is on private land where trespassing is controlled. Yet a goodly number of chapter members have persevered, allowing as successful a project as conditions permit. The archeology staff of the William Penn Memorial Museum assisted in laying out the grids and were much impressed with the potential of the entire area for possible future projects headed by that institution.

WHY IS IT CALLED THAT?

With colorful place names running a dime to the dozen in this area, tracking down their origins is a fascinating occupation. Many derive from the surnames of early settlers, while others have backgrounds in Indian words; some legendary origins are hard to believe (see "Susquehanna," below), and some are authenticated by post office or other records. For instance —

BEAUTY'S RUN:

Some time after the Revolution, J.R. Hayes, who was known far and wide for his ugliness, settled on Locoming Creek. (He was the "Squire" of the Squire Hayes Homestead on Rt. 15 N.) His neighbors, in a spirit of derision, nicknamed him "Captain Beauty." So generally did he become known by this name that it was given to the small stream which ran through his property. Thus, "Beauty's Run" perpetuates the memory of the ugliest man who ever lived.

ELIMSPORT:

Around 1837 a German Methodist preacher, George Schneider, opened a small store in this area and operated it on weekdays. It occurred to Mr. Schneider that the community could use a post office; for this he applied to the department and chose the name "Elim." However, since there was already a post office named Elim in Delaware County, and since postal regulations did not allow two offices of the same name in the state, the new community was christened "Elimsport." Mr. Schneider apparently selected the name from the Biblical "Elim" in Arabia, the second stopping place of the Israelites after they crossed the Red Sea. God had pacified the Jews, who were upset with Moses for taking them into the wilderness, by leading them to Elim, where there were 12 wells of water and 70 palm trees.



Rt. 84 one mile north of English Center.

ENGLISH CENTER:

By the 1780's, the English family were living in Jersey Shore; later they made their way up Pine Creek and, eventually, Little Pine Creek. All the branches of the family were large, having eight to fifteen children. William English was one of the first to settle in the area. When the post office was established in 1844, it was designated "Little Pine Post Office" but was changed later to "English Center," perhaps due to the fact that the postmaster was John English.

Another early family in Pine Creek Valley was that of the Campbells, to whom the Englishes were related by marriage through the Morrison family; William English married a Morrison girl, as did the son of Samuel Campbell; this latter union produced eleven children. Their village was named "Cammal."

JERSEY SHORE:

In 1800, Jersey Shore was one of the many "Waynesburgs" then in Pennsylvania. Two of the first settlers, Rubin Manning and his nephew Thomas Forrester, had migrated from Essex County in New Jersey. As the settlement grew, it came to be called "Jersey Shore" because Manning and Forrester were "Jersey men." At first the term "Jersey Shore" was merely a derisive nickname given by the Irish settlers living in the Nippenose bottom across the river. The traditional explanation of the name is that these Irishmen usually referred to the shore on which these Jersey men had settled as the "Jersey Shore." The nickname finally prevailed, and the act that incorporated the borough in 1926 directed that the "place shall be called and styled Jersey Shore."

OVAL:

Nippenose Valley originally was called Oval Limestone Valley, from its general shape; the village near the valley's center recalls the old name.

PENNY HILL:

There is a bold promontory in Clinton Township. To quote McGinnis: "Its eastern escarpment is almost perpendicular where it overlooks the river. Its rocky cliffs overhanging the railroad track at its base afford some wild and picturesque views. On the western side, where the hill gradually recedes to the valley, a few yards east of Road Hall, once dwelt a man named David Torbert. This was supposed to have been about 1790. He was the owner of a small dog named Penny. This dog acquired the habit of going to the summit of the hill and sitting there for hours apparently viewing the beautiful landscape spread out before him . . . From this fact tradition informs us that the natives named it 'Penny Hill.'"

However, we find a more credible story in the *Montgomery Mirror* in the late 30's: the article quotes the McGinnis story above, but then relates the findings of a Dr. James Rankin from the Muncy area. His version was gleaned from his grandmother and verified by several other long-time residents of the area. In the early 19th century an itinerant minister erected a small log chapel on the summit of the hill. He was quite familiar with the Bible and with the Hebrew language and chose to call his chapel "Peniel," after the chapel Jacob built after he had wrestled with an angel of the Lord. From the spelling of the word, it is easy to see how the place became known as "Penny Hill."

PICTURE ROCKS:

Although one legend suggests an origin in the picturesque quality of its rocks and surroundings, Indian paintings are the more likely source. Since these were merely painted and not carved into the rock surfaces, the pictures, which showed battle scenes, have disappeared completely as the paint dissolved over the years. The rocks themselves were quarried to provide building stones. A 1790's map of the French Azilum Land referred to the rock pictures.

PLUNKETT'S CREEK TOWNSHIP:

Col. William Plunkett was an early resident of the area, a physician who treated many scalped heads and other wounds of the settlers. When, in 1836, a petition requested the formation of a new township, the suggestion was made to call it Plunkett's Township; however, John Barbour (for whom Barbour's is named) objected strenuously, saying that the doctor was "an old Tory," whose loyalty was suspect even though (or perhaps because) he had remained passive during the Revolution. As a compromise, "Creek" was added.

SLABTOWN (Loyalsockville):

Logs were cut into boards at sawmills upstream. The refuse, mostly slabs (the bark

of the trees and external, useless hunks of wood) were tossed into the creek. It drifted downstream and collected in the slack water pool at the game farm. Another story, in an article from the *Sun-Gazette*, explains that a previous bar owner at the Loyalsock Inn was told by a customer that the then dirt road (now Route 87) got quite muddy at times and difficult to travel over. At such times the locals would take slabs from the slack pool and put them over the road to facilitate travel.

SUSQUEHANNA:

"hanne" was the Delaware Indian term meaning river or waters. As Jim Bressler tells us, the Indians used terms describing pictures rather than actual names for places. A more imaginative legend explains "Susquehanna" as a corruption of the names of the wives of three men — an Indian, an Englishman and a Dutchman. Arguing over a name for the river, they decided on a combination of their wives' names: Susie (English) plus squaw (Indian) plus Hannah (Dutch).

WARRENSVILLE:

Known early on as Carpenter's Mills from the founder of its grist and saw mills, the settlement had no official name. As the community grew, a local store owner, John Coryell, led the movement for the establishment of a post office, and nightly the question debated around the store's stove was "What shall we name it?" Carpenter's Mills? Johnstown, in honor of John Weisel, who had laid out the town complete with streets and alleys? (That name was already taken.) Sydneyville, for Weisel's wife? ("Women's worth was not then publicly recognized, and the proposition fell like a wet blanket"—McGinnis.) Livingstone, for the missionary/explorer? Finally some history-minded soul suggested "Warrensville," for the Revolutionary general who sent Paul Revere on his famous ride, and in 1842 the name was adopted.

News from the Front. **A Brief History of the Great Illustrated Weeklies of the Mid-19th Century and Their Impact on Reporting the American Civil War** *by David L. Richards*

The great illustrated weeklies of the mid-19th century were one of the most remarkable success stories in the annals of publishing history. The inspiration behind their success was a unique blend of modern technology and ancient craft: combined they created a means to record news *and* illustrations in a fashion unparalleled in history up to that time. To fully understand the technological state of affairs in the printing industry during the mid-19th century, it is essential to briefly examine the major events and innovations relevant to the growth and progress of the printing "revolution." Also, it is equally important to note the other major technological breakthroughs during the period and their direct and indirect contribution to journalism. Only then can one fully appreciate the value and impact of the illustrated weeklies.

Almost since the dawn of mankind, the human race has craved news and information about his fellow man and environment. Until relatively recently, communication was horrendously slow and often inaccurately passed on by word of mouth. The time it took for news to spread, was alone, a serious hindrance to the progress of man. History is laden with instances where faster communications could have averted wars and disasters. In this age of high-tech telecommunications via satellite it is extremely difficult to imagine the reliance placed upon the humble newspaper by the masses to obtain news and information.

A means to rapidly multiply and distribute information became available with the invention of the movable type printing press by Johann Gutenberg in about 1450. Almost overnight, this great technological advance made obsolete the historic oral tradition and produced a rapid decline in the ancient craft of hand copying books. The printing industry quickly spread across Western Europe from its origins in Germany: it was not only the intellectual, but also the commercial revolution of the age.

Just when the first newspaper was published is unknown. The oldest surviving paper was printed nearly 150 years after Gutenberg's invention, but, surely, some must have been printed before this.

It was soon perceived that the ultimate extension of newsprint would be printed illustrations. As early as 1460, the first known typographic book with illustrations was published. These early illustrated books, however, were time consuming and costly to produce. The technique employed to achieve this was woodblock printing, which came to Europe as a result of the crusades. Woodblock printing was achieved by etching lines onto a woodblock to produce an image in relief, which could then be transferred by ink onto paper. Originally from China, woodblocks were quite effective by ancient standards in creating religious posters and prints and (illegally) playing cards. Indeed, before 1400, attempts at making "blockbooks" (picture books using woodblocks) were quite successful and became very popular.

Introduced in the latter half of the 16th century, copperplate engravings effectively replaced woodblocks as the desired method to illustrate books. While certainly able to reproduce illustrations with greater detail than woodblocks, the technological advances of the day simply did not allow illustrations to be mass produced in periodicals. Illustrated books were published in limited editions, but, as with earlier attempts, they proved to be too expensive to produce in mass quantities. This was mainly due to the fact that copperplate engravings could not be run with the type, but rather, they had to be printed on a separate press run and then hand inserted. On the other hand, woodblocks would soon crush because they could not withstand the rigors of the newer printing presses. At this time then, woodblocks were inferior to copperplate engravings technologically in producing illustrations. As a result, little or poor wood engraving was done from about 1650 until about 1790.

However, in about 1775, Thomas Bewick hit upon a simple solution that revolutionized wood engraving. First, Bewick discovered that by turning the woodblock on end, lines could be carved into the end grain much like lines engraved into a metal plate. Then, after experimenting with apple and pear wood, he discovered that boxwood had a smooth, hard grain which gave it superior texture and compactness. This discovery enabled talented engravers to rapidly cut illustrations with elegant detail. Furthermore, the hard texture of the boxwood allowed it to be run in contemporary presses. These innovations by Bewick ("The father of wood engraving") cannot be minimized because they made pictorial journalism possible in the mid-19th century.

About the same time, lithography was invented in Bavaria by Aloys Senefelder. In lithography, the image is not incised or in relief. Rather, it is drawn on a stone block with an oil based wax marker. The stone is then bathed in water which allows the ink to pick-up on the wax but not on the face of the wet stone. By 1837, lithography was capable of producing illustrations with exquisite detail in several different colors (chromolithography) and quickly became a popular form of illustration. However, like copperplate engravings, lithographs had to be run on separate presses which increased costs and effectively eliminated their use in periodicals.

Beginning about 1800 and continuing on into the mid-19th century, several innovations in manufacturing techniques revolutionized the printing industry. These were a direct result of the industrial revolution. First, continuous "sheets" or rolls of paper were made possible in 1803. Then, in 1814, the London *Times* employed the world's first stop cylinder steam-powered press. These inventions vastly increased production rates and dramatically cut costs. In addition, the reading public at large was steadily increasing in numbers and their demand for prompt news and information did not fall on deaf ears. By the 1830's the printing industry began an incredible expansion - the printing revolution was on in full swing.

In 1835, an invention by Samuel F.B. Morse was to further revolutionize journalism. That invention was the telegraph. For the first time in history, information could be transmitted over great distances in a very short time. The consequences of this were vast and the journalists were not slow to make use of this technological wonder. Soon after the invention of the telegraph, another equally important development came into existence: photography. The unique ability of the camera to capture an image so perfectly was to drastically alter public perception and created an insatiable demand for illustrations. By the 1850's, several methods had been invented to reproduce photographs. However, they all suffered from one major shortcoming: photographs could not be reproduced in books or periodicals on an ordinary type press. The fundamental problem was that type is in relief, and the ink is applied to the raised parts of the type for transfer onto paper. What was required to reproduce photographs was a technique by which the highlights would be incised and the shadows would remain on the surface of the ink transferring medium. The only known method at that time capable of mass producing illustrations in periodicals was woodblock engraving. Their ability to print simultaneously with the type gave them a tremendous technical and economic advantage over photographic prints. However, woodblock engravings could never come close to reproducing the fine tonal scale or detail of a photograph because the image had to be transferred by hand onto wood. Fortunately, the etching process was further refined in the 1850's when a method was developed to print the photographic negative directly onto the woodblock. This eliminated the need for an intermediate sketch and thus saved time, cost and accuracy.

By the 1850's, the state of the printing industry enabled the illustrated periodicals to be mass produced for the first time. By the end of the decade, two major weekly illustrated newspapers had emerged at the top: *Frank Leslie's* and *Harper's*. These two publications would dominate the field for years to come. Not surprisingly, both were published in New York City and both were successful printing establishments before the advent of the illustrated weekly. To succeed, the newspapers employed an elaborate division of labor for the rapid production of woodblocks for cartoons and graphic reporting based on sketches from art correspondents or photographs. Wood engravers were not draftsmen but rather, they were skilled professionals who meticulously followed with their engraving tools the sketches artists had made on the woodblocks, cutting away the wood between the lines. Some time before the Civil War, a method was perfected whereby an electrotyped metal impression was made from the woodblock for printing on rotary presses. From now on, the woodblock was not employed in the actual printing process as before.

Beginning in 1861, an event was to rock the nation and prove to be a real boom for the illustrated weeklies. That event was the American Civil War. Thanks in large part to the illustrated weeklies, the war was to be more thoroughly drawn by artists on-the-spot than any previous war. On-the-spot sketches were to become the hallmark of the illustrated weeklies. Because nearly everyone had a friend or family member in uniform, those back home developed a deep personal interest in all news coming from the front. The more visual this news could be, so reasoned the reading public, all the better. The illustrated weeklies of the day were not slow to realize this and capitalized on it. *Harper's* eventually employed nearly 50 art correspondents in addition to printing sketches submitted by soldiers and officers in the ranks. Meeting this demand for more and more illustrations helped the publishers in a material way: subscriptions often doubled and so did profits as a result of the war. *Harper's* peaked at about 120,000 copies a week during the war. *Leslie's* also had a similar subscription rate.

Weeklies regularly borrowed newlines from other, well established newspapers like the New York *Herald* and the New York *Tribune*. The illustrated papers simply could not afford to pay artists and reporters. Furthermore, the illustrated weeklies never had the editorial clout of the other established newspapers, but that was never seriously contemplated: Their goal was to report the war *graphically*. Upon the artist then, did the weeklies depend and place the burden of sketching news-breaking events.

The artists were an interesting group. Much less numerous than their counterpart the reporter, and generally younger as a group, the artists and reporters soon established

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Published weekly on the 1st of October in the year 1857 by Frank Leslie, at the Court of the Southern District of New York.

No. 227—Vol. XIII.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1862.

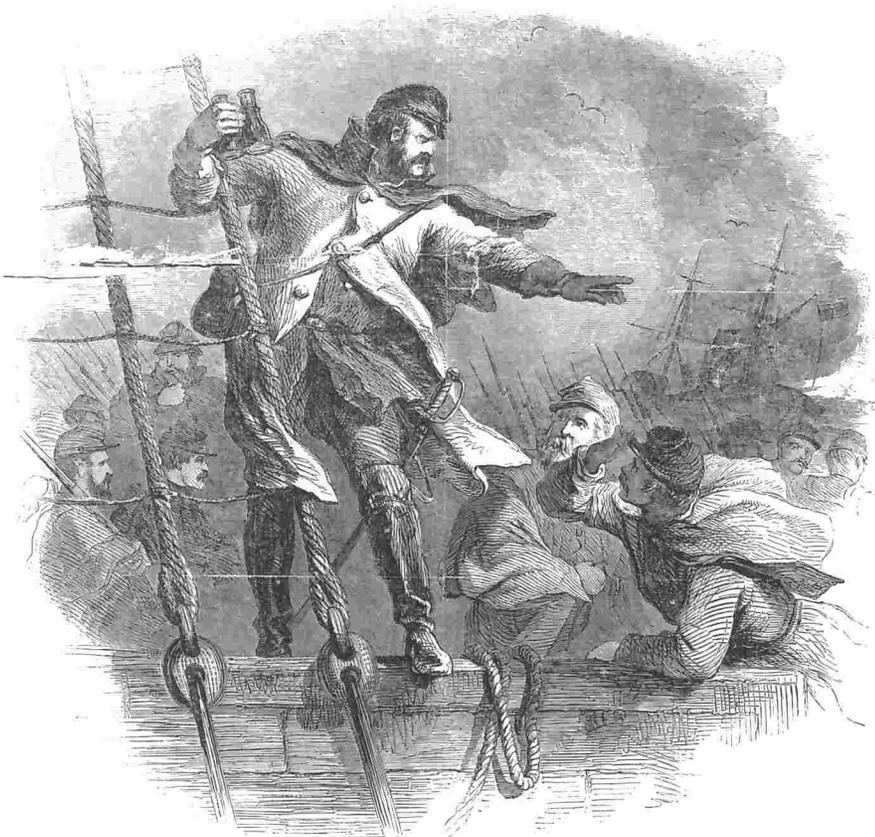
[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

The Victory at Roanoke Island.

The first blow of the Burnside Expedition has fallen with terrific force on the enemy's flank. After lamentable delays and disasters, the Expedition succeeded in fairly entering Pamlico Sound on the 4th of February. On the 6th it left Hatteras for Roanoke Island, commencing the passage between Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, which had been strongly fortified and garrisoned. It reached its destination

on the 7th, and found that the defenses consisted of not less than six forts and batteries, mounting over 40 heavy guns, and garrisoned by between 4,000 and 5,000 men. The passage between the two Sounds was found obstructed by sunken vessels and heavy piles, behind which lay the rebel flotilla of eight vessels, under command of Com. Lynch. The bombardment of the principal fort was at once commenced by the gunboats, under Com. Goldsborough, while

forces on the lower end of the island. This movement was rapidly and successfully effected, in face of the enemy, with out loss. These operations consumed the 7th, and it was not until the 8th that the work of reduction commenced in earnest. On that day the barricades in the Sound were forced, the rebel flotilla defeated and dispersed, the forts silenced and captured, and the entire rebel force on the island, with the exception of a few hundreds, who escaped in small boats, taken prisoners. Nor did the operations



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—THE FLEET AND TRANSPORTS OFF HATTERAS DEBISO THE WORK—THE GENERAL GIVING ORDERS—SEE PAGE 230.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. VI.—No. 270.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.
\$2.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1857, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE SURRENDER OF FORT DONELSON, FEBRUARY 16, 1862.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

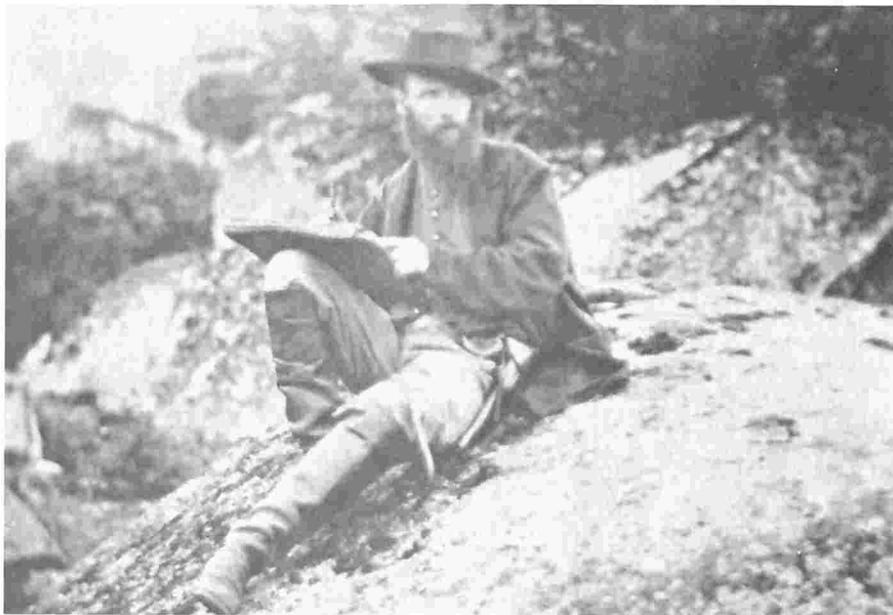
Harper's Illustrated Weekly was probably the most popular illustrated journal during the War.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper was Harper's chief competitor in the lucrative illustrated weekly business.

professional ties. Reporters often furnished information for the artists, and in return the artist would provide the newsmen with maps, diagrams and information. Because sketches tended to be less offensive than the printed word, artists generally got along with officers and commanding officers much better than reporters did and they were usually welcome anywhere. The artists tended to move about more than reporters, roaming the camps everywhere searching for material to sketch. Like photographers, the artists were well received by the common enlisted man. Financially, the artists were no better than the newsmen. Winslow Homer commanded the top rate from *Harper's* - \$60 for a two-page spread. Because there were often many weeks when an artist had nothing published, these space rates tended to make life rough for the artist.

And then there was the matter of covering a war. Poor F.C.H. Bonwill of *Leslie's* lost his entire portfolio of the Red River Campaign in Louisiana in 1864 when Bank's Army was defeated at Sabine Cross Roads and he was captured by the Confederates. Henry Lovie, also of *Leslie's* and one of their premiere art correspondents, wrote about the hardships of a battlefield artist soon after Shiloh:

"Riding from 10 to 15 miles daily, through mud and underbrush, and then working until midnight by the dim light of an attenuated tallow 'dip', are among the least of my disgrements and sorrows . . . I am nearly played out and as soon as Pittsburgh is worked up (Shiloh) and Corinth settled, I must beg a furlough for rest and repairs. I am deranged about the stomach, ragged and unkempt and unshorn, and need the services of the apothecary, the tailor and the barber, and above all, the attentions of home."



The Special Art Correspondent

Civil War Battlefield Photographer, Timothy O'Sullivan captured *Harper's Weekly* Artist Alfred R. Waud sketching a scene from Devil's Den on the Gettysburg Battlefield. This photograph was taken July 6, 1863 — only three days after the battle! Fast pictorial coverage of major events was the hallmark of the *Illustrated Weeklies*.

Alfred R. Waud, (pronounced Wood), of *Harper's*, had a similar tale when he wrote a friend summarizing his experiences shortly after the disastrous Seven Days Battles before Richmond in 1862:

" . . . as seven days almost without food or sleep, night and day being attacked by overwhelming masses of infuriated Rebels thundering at us from all sides."

He continued by complaining about something he labeled:

" . . . billious remittent fever picked-up from exposure to the damned climate in cussed swamps, etc.!"

Life was certainly not as romantic or easygoing as one might be led to suspect for the battlefield artists. Like the footsoldier, the artists had to acclimate themselves to the oppressive Southern climate and the rigors of active campaigning. For over four years, the special art correspondent suffered the same fate as the soldier in faithfully recording the war, through both victory and defeat. Although habitually under enemy fire, and sometimes captured by the Confederates, there is amazingly no recorded instance of any being killed in action. There are, however, ample accounts of artists narrowly escaping death from volleys of Confederate iron and lead.

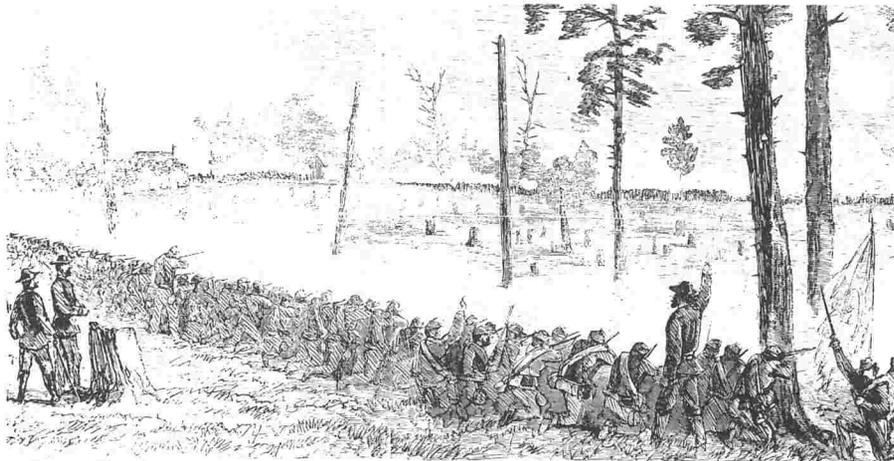
Criticism of the artists' work was not lacking by any means. General George B. McClellan, when asked if sketches of Union field works at Yorktown might not be of value to the Rebs replied that they "were as likely to confound them!" A journalist at Vicksburg noted during the siege in 1863 that the exaggerated pictures of the illustrated weeklies usually provoked merriment among the troops. The wood engraver's awl and the artists' impressionistic work tended to cloak the war in a kind of romantic pageantry. In 1864 the New York Historical Society reported that: "The testimony of parties engaged shows that these representations, when they are not taken from photographs, are not always reliable." They were quick to add, however, that the work of A.R. Waud, Edwin Forbes and Henry Lovie, among others, was generally well done.



The Final Charge at Kernstown; March 17, 1862 Company "F", 84th PA Volunteer Infantry, otherwise known as the "Muncy Rifles", participated in this successful Union charge that routed Confederate forces commanded by Gen. T.J. "Stonewall" Jackson. This battle was that legendary General's only battlefield defeat in the War. Col. Murray, commander of the 84th, was killed in this charge.

A. Waud Sketch

In conclusion then, what was the impact of the great illustrated weeklies during the Civil War? For over four long years they brought home weekly to millions of readers the visual drama and tragedy of the Civil War. It was a graphic manner of reporting never before achieved. They revolutionized the publishing industry and led to basic changes in the social function of the press. For the masses not fortunate to live near the great photographic galleries in the large Eastern urban centers, the illustrated weeklies provided a cheap, regular source of illustrations portraying important battle scenes and portraits of new war heroes. This ability to visually record events for readers in the most remote of areas greatly altered the public's perceptions and convictions about the war raging fiercely far away to the South. Certainly, this was the greatest contemporary impact of the illustrated weeklies. These journals were clearly the forerunners of today's *Time* and *Life* magazines. These 20th century counterparts and their contribution to modern journalism and war reporting (World Wars I and II, Korea, and Vietnam) clearly got their inspiration from the old, 19th century illustrated weeklies. To be sure, the old weeklies were not faultless. They tended to over-emphasize small, unimportant victories and belittle disasters. They also had definite propaganda leanings at times. Confederate ability and tenacity were regularly underestimated and only at war's end would these traits be grudgingly recognized. In addition, important individuals in power, either politically or militarily, were always accorded great respect and prestige - even though they were inept or corrupt.



The Battle of Bethesda Church: The last fight of the Pennsylvania Reserves; May 31, 1864. The unit pictured in the foreground (Fisher's Brigade) "stood with conspicuous gallantry" in repelling a desperate Confederate attack. One Company in Fisher's Brigade (Co. "A", 5th PA Res.) was from Jersey Shore. The unit was honorably mustered out of service shortly after this engagement.

A. Waud Sketch

Nevertheless, the weeklies gave the public what they wanted to see and read, and therein lies at least part of their amazing success. Clearly, however, the great wealth of Civil War artwork that we have today is the crowning achievement and lasting legacy of the old weeklies. A.R. Waud and his brother William (also an artist for *Harper's*) alone have over 2000 sketches in the Library of Congress. Unlike the camera, the artists could and did capture action scenes. Indeed, some of the most memorable images of the Civil War in existence today were drawn on the spot by the artists employed by the great illustrated weeklies. In addition to bringing their readers illustrations from the front, the weeklies were able to publish them within two weeks of the event - a great technological achievement in that era. Without the overriding influence of the weeklies, the vast majority of this art treasure would never have been drawn, and thus, be lost to the modern historian. Edwin Forbes, Henry Lovie and Alfred Waud are forgotten names now, but in their day they were household words and their artwork was eagerly awaited each week by millions of readers, both in America and abroad.

THE FIRST APPENDECTOMY IN LYCOMING COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

(As told by Mr. Clarence A. Brown, Jersey Shore)

Dr. Godfrey Hess Cline was a physician in Jersey Shore. His wife was Mary Williamson, daughter of James Williamson and Margaret Butler Robinson. He was a brother of Margaret Helen Cline, wife of Charles Wesley Williamson. Dr. Cline had a son, Edward, who graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and returned to practice medicine with his father in Jersey Shore.

J. Pierson (Pete) Smith, a prominent citizen of Jersey Shore, was involved in an accident which made it necessary to have a leg amputated. Young Dr. Ed Cline asked one of his professors at the university to come to Jersey Shore to perform the surgery. In the meantime, Ernest A. Brown, a boyhood friend of Dr. Ed's, had developed symptoms which were diagnosed as "inflammation of the bowels," almost always fatal. But young Dr. Ed said that at the university the new name was "appendicitis" and operations were performed.

Dr. Ed met Dr. Barton of the University of Pennsylvania at the Pennsylvania Railroad station at Antes Fort. Dr. Barton had brought with him a nurse, Miss Josephine Yocum. Dr. Ed was driving a spirited horse hitched to a smart buggy. Instead of taking Dr. Barton to see Mr. Smith, young Ed said he had another patient, an emergency. They drove to the home of Alexander W. Brown on South Main Street, next door to the Presbyterian Church, where Ernest Brown lay seriously ill. On seeing the patient, Dr. Barton decided to operate immediately. The dining room table was dismantled and taken upstairs to the sick room to serve as an operating table. The operation was successful.

At the time of his father's operation, 1893, Clarence A. Brown was one year old.

In 1938 Dr. Warren A. Shuman, of Jersey Shore, suggested that Mr. Clarence Brown take his father, Mr. Ernest Brown, to the University of Pennsylvania clinic for a checkup. This was done. In the course of the examinations the old appendectomy scar showed up. The size of the scar was astounding to the modern surgeons. Mr. Brown was taken before a class and became the subject of a lecture about the progress made in operating procedure.

Dr. Barton wired to the University of Pennsylvania for another nurse for J. Pierson Smith. While Ernest Brown was recovering from surgery the Presbyterian Church next door burned. Sam Junod carried Mr. Brown to the Crawford Hotel until the danger was over.

AN UNUSUAL TOMB

What *Life* magazine of September 5, 1937 (Vol. 3, No. 1) called "one of the strangest burial places in the world" stands in Wildwood Cemetery. It is the tomb of Thomas Pursell, a retired Williamsport fireman who died June 14, 1937, at the age of 83.

A letter and pictures sent to *Life's* editors by Helen M. Unger explained the structure:

"Fear of being buried alive prompted Pursell to conceive plans for and erect this mausoleum with ventilating system and patented wheel lock, which can be opened only from the outside. The fireman spent a year and a half perfecting the vault. He made by hand the brass bolts which fasten the door in place, and entrusted James Miller, a friend, to apply them and clip off the tops with a hack saw so that no entry could be made. Placement of a hammer and two boards by his side, to aid in an exit should resurrection occur, was a part of the burial which attracted the curious to the cemetery grounds."

THE RALSTON GENERAL STORE

by J.J. Zebrowski



1914 Photograph of The Ralston General Store, James Maggio, Proprietor.

This is a story about an old abandoned general store in a small northern Pennsylvania town and how it came to new life as an exhibit in a museum.

One cold morning in March, 1985 the telephone at the Lycoming County Historical Museum rang. Mrs. Mix, the receptionist, answered the call, then paused and called to me in the office, "The history department at Shippensburg University wants to speak to the Director." I turned away from my desk and picked up the phone.

The conversation that followed was about an internship program the University offered. Students are sent to summer work sites within their field of study. They receive academic credit toward graduation and gain employment experience.

Elise Knowlden, a resident of Ralston and a history student at Shippensburg, was interested in museum work. Could we accommodate her as an intern for the summer? We discussed the details of the program and I accepted the offer. This was the first in a series of connections that resurrected the Ralston general store.

Elise began her internship in June. She was shy, bright, and ambitious. She liked museums and all the artifacts they contained. She wasn't afraid of dirt either. She laughed when I commented about "grime" as she removed 100 years of greasy dirt from an old cider press.

Elise had initiative too. One day as we were discussing exhibit improvements I mentioned that an old store front would make an interesting exhibit and that I was looking for one. Elise's eyebrows raised and I could see that she had an idea. "There's an old store in Ralston that's being torn down," she said. "My Dad knows who owns it. If you want me to, I'll find out if they wouldn't mind donating it." I did want to find out about it, very much.

The following morning Elise gave me the information and I called the store's owner, Steve Ribovich. He said he didn't mind at all if we took the whole store. In fact,

he liked the idea of turning the old place into a museum exhibit.

Dave Richards, our Civil War historian, was doing some carpentry work at the museum that day. I asked him if he had ever taken a building apart and then put it back together again. He gave me a sideways look, smiled and said, "No, but I'll try it."

As we drove toward Ralston through Trout Run and the Lycoming Creek Valley I thought how little the scenery had changed from postcards dated 1910. These steep mountains and narrow valley still dominated the land.

Near Ralston I could see a rocky outcrop high on a mountain top. That place was called Band Rocks. Around the turn of the century the brass band from the community of Red Run performed there. Their music could be heard by people far down the valley.

The store we were looking for was easy to find. The building's upper floor was already gone and it looked very old and worn out. In spite of the demolished upper story, the store was still intact and appeared to be in reasonable condition. The windows were old wavy glass and the doors had all the original latches. The ceilings and walls were made of beaded tongue and groove board. The hard maple floor boards, though very dirty, were still usable. The entire store, all of it, would go to the museum.

For two weeks Dave Richards went to Ralston every day to dismantle the store. He numbered each piece of woodwork, and bundled related pieces. Finally it was transported and stored in a back room of the museum.

The barn boards of the previous general store exhibit were removed and the framework enlarged to accommodate the new store. A decision was made to add a barber shop to the general store. We learned that Angelo Pennalla, whose barber chair is in the museum, worked in Ralston between 1910-1920. So it all began to fit together.

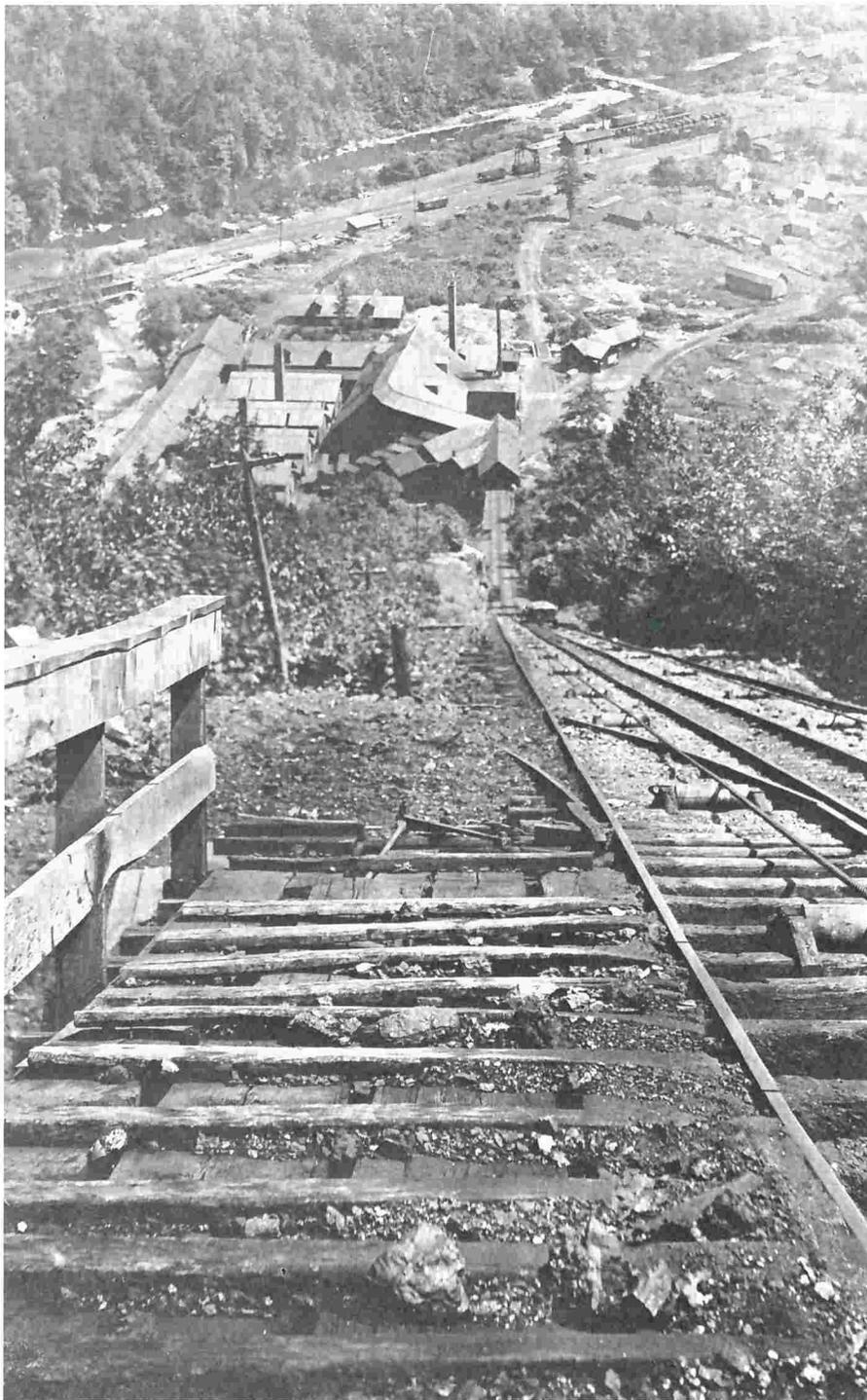
We watched Dave's building progress every day. Slowly, the walls, ceiling and glass front were attached. The store began to take shape. Even though all the hammering made clouds of dust fly from the old boards, the spectators seemed to enjoy watching the exhibit being born. Many people touring the museum even remembered the store when it was in business. The store needed new paint. Weather and long use caused the old paint to peel and flake. Over the years many coats of paint had been added. Most of it didn't match the original colors. So the paint scheme had to be found. Layer after layer of paint was removed from selected wood strips until the original colors were evident. Judy Read, who had done the paint and wallpaper scheme in the School Room Exhibit a number of years ago, blended paint colors until they matched the original paint.

Today, September 11, 1985, nearly all the carpentry has been finished and exterior and interior painting will begin Tuesday, September 17. Artifacts to stock the store have been selected from the museum collection. Luckily nearly everything we need is already here and the exhibit will open November 1, 1985.

No exhibit is finished no matter how good the artifacts or how attractive the layout until the story has been told. For our general store's story, I went to Mr. Bruce Knowlden, a life-long resident of Ralston. Bruce happens to be Elise's father and knows much of the store's history.

During an interview done September 5, 1985 Mr. Knowlden related the following information to me. "The store must have been built between 1885-1900. Ralston was growing in those years. The coal mines at McIntire near Ralston employed about 1200 people. Coal was shipped to power plants and to New York state. Saw mills, a tannery and a brick works were in operation. The town had its own newspaper, too. All those people who worked near Ralston needed stores where they could shop, and that was why a man named Leonard opened the store. It was a general store that sold hardware, groceries, tools, penny candy, carbide for the miners' lanterns, cloth and ready-made clothing. If someone wanted a suit of clothes made, he was measured, a sample of cloth selected from a catalog and the order sent in. Sometime later the suit was delivered. He picked it up at the store.

Salesmen who stayed at the local hotels, and catalogs kept the store supplied with merchandise. People didn't have the opportunity to shop in Williamsport and Elmira. The roads were all dirt until 1928 or 1929. That's when the hard top roads were put in. Before then they bought everything they needed at the general store. The people



McIntire incline near Ralston

congregated there. They didn't have much else to do. The men sat around the store smoking pipes and chewing tobacco. They played checkers. The women shopped and gossiped. The children ate the penny candy you used to see on top of the counter in glass jars. Generally people hung around there.

There were Swedes, Italians, and Poles who worked in the mines. When they first got to this country they came in at New York City and agents recruited them to work in the Ralston mines. It didn't take long for them to realize that they weren't getting the money they thought they should get, or as much as they were told. Some left the mines because of this.

The second owner of this store was one of these immigrants who first worked at the Red Run mines. His name was Jim Maggio. When Jim Maggio was in town one day the owners of the mine asked him if he wanted to buy the mine. He said, "How much?" and they told him \$5,000. Now a couple of the mine owners of the group that owned it, wanted to buy it all, but they didn't have the money right away. But Jim Maggio wired his brother in New York City. They came up with the money and bought the mine. The Maggios beat the other people to it. Jim and Mrs. Maggio moved off the mountain from Red Run and came to Ralston. They bought the store



Red Run Coal Company

then; that was about 1912. Jim ran the mine and Mrs. Maggio ran the store. That's when the store was the Red Run Company store. The miners bought their goods on credit against their wages.

By the time the Red Run Coal Company was getting going the McIntire mines were about closed down. Red Run had about 700 people then. They had a store, post office, church and school.

The business of these towns started to decline in the 1920's. There were just a few families living and working at McIntire. Red Run was getting the same way. The schools were closed and the children brought to Ralston. Until 1928, Ralston was quite a railroad town. Nearly half the men in the town worked for the railroad then. But in 1928 the crews were all pulled out.

The Maggios operated the store and mine until the late 20's or early 30's. By then the Coal Tipple was run down and not working. Only a few fellows were working in the mines then. They hauled the coal down to Ralston in trucks. Some of their

coal was sent to the railroad. Keeler's Boiler Works in Williamsport bought Ralston coal. But by then the mine was a small operation.

In the early 30's two steam shovels with drag lines were taken in to strip coal but that only lasted a year or two.

After Jim Maggio died in the 30's no more mining was done. The store was closed then, too. Most of the population had left so there was no need to open it again. The store was vacant a long time and then sold. The Roans — Bob Roan, Sr. — had an antique store there for a while, then they sold it to another antique dealer, but he didn't make a go of it. Soon it was up for foreclosure. Then Steve Ribovich bought it and he is the person who gave it to the museum. He owns the house next door to the store. Since the store was vacant for so long it got to be a fire hazard. That's why he decided to take the building down. It sure was good timing, the museum wanting a store just when Steve decided to demolish one."

Bruce Knowlden was right. The timing was very good. We were lucky in that. But we were luckier still to make the many connections necessary to obtain and re-create this exhibit. Our thanks to all the people who were involved in this project. Thanks for your help and generosity. Due to your efforts, the museum has another excellent permanent exhibit that will be enjoyed by everyone.