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OF THE

Lycoming County Historical Society

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*Hastings Street, Williamsport, December 11, 1944, from the D. Vincent Smith Collection.*

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VOLUME XXVIII  
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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Fellow Members:

As I complete my tenure as Society President, I am pleased to note that we are continuing to make progress at the Museum—progress with regard to the collection, financial matters and membership.

Under Museum Director, Joe Zebrowski's guidance, we continue to improve upon our existing collection as well as add new exhibits. We expect the Greek Revival Room to be completed in 1989. A project has been undertaken to photograph the Museum collection. This will greatly aid our cataloging of the artifacts contained in the Museum. We are always interested in acquiring additional items of local historical significance for the Museum. Please keep us in mind if you possess or know of items which may be of interest.

Our membership campaign went quite well as we added 180 members to our rolls. There is still work to be done in this area, and I solicit the aid of each member in recruiting others.

The Museum conducted a Business Support Campaign in late 1988. This was directed at area businesses seeking their financial support for the Museum. I am pleased to report that this Campaign was successful, and we are grateful for the support of the business community. Our Endowment Fund continues to grow with additional contributions, and I invite all of you who have not participated in this to do so.

I have been proud to serve the Society as President. These two years have given me a greater appreciation of the Museum as a local resource. I have also become more aware of the effort required to maintain such a quality institution. As you know from past letters, volunteers are always needed, and I ask each of you to contribute your talents to the betterment of the Museum.

Sincerely,  
John E. Person III  
*President*

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

In June of this past summer one of my Grandmothers passed away. I had planned a visit with her on Monday. When my mother called me with the news on Sunday, I was filled with all the natural feelings of bereavement anyone in my position might feel at this time. But, then as I sat and remembered all of the times we spent together and the things we talked about, I began to realize how very little I really knew about her. I had put off asking her to help me fill out a genealogical chart of her side of the family figuring that a better time than just now would come along. It never did. I know nothing of my Grandmother as a girl, save for a few stories about her years as a flapper. And, now, there is no one else to ask. Like Frances Reed, I can't help but wonder about the relatives that people my family tree and I too regret not having thought to ask questions.

There are so many significant things in each of our lives. I feel like I missed a lot by not sitting down with Grandma to hear the story of her life, to know what mattered to her as a young woman, her special joys and most poignant sorrows. I hope that one day there will be someone to listen to my stories. I may be boring them to death, you say. Never, I say! There is always something of worth to pass on, every life has value. It is the meaning we each give to our own lives, our purpose, what we each represent which, in the telling, is our own personal history. It is always the right time to tell and to listen.

Once again we are sharing material from the Museum archives. I have heard it said that a historical society journal should contain nothing but research material. I cannot see limiting ourselves when there is such a rich archival treasure most society members and Museum visitors will never see. It is impractical for the Museum to try to exhibit such artifacts as these. The *JOURNAL* is, therefore, the best and only reasonable place for their exhibition. I hope that you share my point of view.

This issue of the *JOURNAL* contains the second part of "Gifford Pinchot—Conservationist." Though most of Mr. Pinchot's work was done on the federal level, nearly everything he worked so hard to achieve impacted here in Pennsylvania. Incidentally, the "let it burn" policy employed in western forests, which I believe would have been opposed by Pinchot, does not apply here. This is due in part to the high density of population. It is also due to the fact that hardwood forests are killed more easily by fire than the deciduous forests found in the western states. This past year was a particularly busy year for State Foresters and firefighters in Pennsylvania. In the period between January 1 and November 30, 1988, there were 1,680 forest fires. The estimates for December are between 150 and 200 forest fires. The leading cause of forest fires in Pennsylvania for this year was the use of fireworks. Ordinarily, debris burning is the primary cause, most fires being caused by the use of unprotected burning barrels. The second leading cause of forest fires in Pennsylvania is arson.

With the shortage of moisture, levels are one and one-half inches below normal for this time of the year; forest fires in Pennsylvania have set new records in our area already! There were two forest fires in January. According to records going back to 1920, there have been no forest fires recorded in this area in January. According to William C. Miller, Forester of our district, things for 1989, are not off to a good start.

You may also be interested to know that in Alaska, trees in our national forests are being sold to lumber companies for one dollar per tree. That is less than the going price 50 years ago. No doubt inflation rates have been taken into account. With ethics a major priority for the new Bush administration, it would be a step in the right direction to bring the standards set by Gifford Pinchot, and the Forestry Service under his administration, back to government.

Stephanie Zebrowski  
*Editor*



## MARGARET The Life of Margaret Longworth McLaughlin

*by Frances Kilburn Reed*

*Reprinted and abridged for publication.*

*Editor's Note: Mrs. Frances Kilburn Reed is the granddaughter of Margaret Longworth McLaughlin. Mrs. Reed was the first "county librarian" for Lycoming County, taking up her duties in 1939, working out of the basement of the James V. Brown Library. She has been credited with organizing the first bookmobile service to more than a hundred rural elementary schools and some forty small communities in Lycoming County.*



*Portrait of Margaret by her great-great-granddaughter, Elizabeth Spencer Watkins.*

Of my two grandmothers, I knew only one. My father's mother was a widow who lived with my family before the time of my birth until her death almost thirty years later. But my mother's mother was always an enigma to me. Her name was Margaret Mary Longworth McLaughlin. She died nine years before I was born, succumbing to diphtheria in 1903, at the age of fifty-nine. Survived by six grown children and her husband, my grandmother was born on a pioneer farm in

Ontario, Canada in 1844, of Irish immigrant parents. She died in the home her husband had built on another pioneer farm in Cascade Township, Pennsylvania.

Thinking back to my childhood, I can't recall hearing stories about her. It seems strange that I was not more curious, but evidently one grandmother sufficed. There was no photograph of her on display and the only item in our house that was said to have belonged to her was a small caned rocking chair which she used when she was sewing and knitting. No doubt the spinning wheel resting in the attic had been hers. But, since one-fourth of the genes that I inherited came from this grandmother, I have wanted her to mean more to me and my sons and daughter than a name on an ancestral chart or one engraved on a tombstone.

Margaret's parents were Robert Longworth (1796-1891), and Catherine Brazel (or Brazille) (1804-1872), who came from King's County (now Offaly), Ireland to Canada in 1840, and settled first near Streetsville, Ontario. In 1838 the steam liner Sirius began making regular crossings of the Atlantic from Ireland. Its owners caused great excitement by advertising that the voyage would be made in fifteen days, as compared to the four to six weeks by sail. Other steamships soon followed. It seems likely that the Longworth's came to Canada on one of these before the potatoe blight struck in 1845 and 1846, which caused a famine that resulted in more than a million deaths in Ireland and the immigration of another million people.

Seeing no hope for a bright future in their native land, the forty-four year old Robert and thirty-six year old Catherine joined other migrants and departed for Canada in 1840. Perhaps the first of their four daughters was born in Ireland or on the voyage. She would have been Catherine. Next came Ellen in 1841; Margaret, my grandmother, in 1844 and Mary Anne in 1845. Margaret Mary was born in Streetsville when her mother was forty. A few years after the birth of the next child, Mary Anne, the family moved to Albion Township to begin farming.

My grandmother married Charles Joseph McLaughlin, a neighbor, in Albion on October 28, 1873. A year younger than Charles, Margaret and he may have been waiting

for quite a long time until they were able to marry. He and his five brothers were going to be forced to move on, just as their parents had, to find land for farming, the only life they knew.

Margaret's mother died in 1872 and the following year Charles Joseph returned from a trip to Pennsylvania where his brother James had migrated to Cascade Township, Lycoming County, the hilly, northern part of the state. It is believed that Jim had gone to Philadelphia in 1865, heard about this Irish Catholic community, had gone there and acquired a large tract which was subsequently divided among the six brothers in the family.

After their marriage Margaret and Charles left Canada for Pennsylvania aboard the Hamilton and Northwestern Railroad which had been built through Albion in the early 1870's, during a flurry of railroad construction in Ontario, connecting with the New York state line at Niagara Falls. From there it would have been a simple matter to reach Elmira, New York and continue on the old North Central Railway that stopped twenty miles north of Williamsport at Bodines. Bodines is four miles from the edge of Cascade Township. Their journey would have been about three hundred miles.

There was a huge homemade black wooden trunk in the attic of the home in which I grew up. My mother told me that it held the possessions of her parents when they came from Canada.

This new land was also heavily forested, but a sawmill in the area made it possible to have the logs cut into boards. With these Charles built the large two-story clapboard house with wide porches that has endured for well over a hundred years. Eventually, with the help of his brothers and other neighbors, there was a "barn raising." My aunt Margaret could remember when this happened and how busy the women and even the children were, providing the food for such an important event.



*Charles built the McLaughlin homestead using the lumber cleared from the heavily forested land of Cascade Township.*

Although the terrain in general was hilly, the land around the house was level with room at the back for a large vegetable garden and orchards on both sides. Small sheds beyond the garden sheltered a variety of livestock, sheep, pigs and poultry. The barn, with its large hayloft also had stables for the work horses and stanchions for the cows. Sturdy ropes hung from the rafters so that children could swing on them, landing in

the hay. Those ropes were still there for my sister and me when we were small.

Cascade received its name from the swift streams that rise at the base of Burnett's Ridge and tumble through the township, cascading and eddying between picturesque mossy banks. The main ones were called Wallis Run, Salt Run and Slack's Run. In those early days they provided sites for the all-important grist and sawmills that a pioneer community needed. Michael Kelly, an Irishman from Philadelphia, was the first settler arriving in the township after cutting a road through the forest from Bodines in 1843. In the next few years he was followed by many more Irish families, creating an almost totally Irish community.

By 1900, Cascade reached its most prosperous era. The population at the time was estimated to be 650, and there were four schools in the township, all filled with the children of the large Catholic families. Margaret soon began to bear her children: Mary Anne in 1875, Robert in 1876, John in 1878, Margaret Rose in 1880, Catherine Frances in 1882, and Charles Gabriel in 1885. Margaret was forty-one by then. Six healthy children in twelve years was quite an accomplishment in those days when so many were lost to childhood diseases. All six grew up and lived productive lives.



*McLAUGHLIN FAMILY PORTRAIT, Circa 1897*

*Front row: Margaret and Charles McLaughlin and their son, Charles. Standing left to right: Robert, Mary Anne, John, Margaret Rose and Catherine. Posed for an itinerant photographer under one of the apple trees in the orchard that surrounded their Cascade home.*

The "old homestead," as the grandchildren called it years later, is still standing, although extensively remodeled by later owners. It remained in the family until it was sold for a few hundred dollars during the depression of the 1930's.

But, as children, my sister Margaret and I often visited the "old homestead" from our home in Canton, twenty-seven miles away. Aunt Margaret Rose and Uncle Pat lived on a farm five miles distant and one wonderful summer we four camped at grandfather's place and reshingled the roof. Our uncle split the shingles from logs and nailed them in place. My sister and I were responsible for keeping him supplied from the pile on the ground, passing them up through a hole in the attic roof.

That summer I could have learned so much about my grandparents if I had been old enough and curious enough to ask the right questions of my aunt. The information that I did acquire, I have not forgotten. The apple trees in the orchard, still bearing fruit (albeit wormy), were the result of the scions that made the journey from Canada to be grafted on to the wild Pennsylvania apple trees transplanted from the forest to orchards on both sides of the house. A few years ago the majestic blue spruce, probably sixty feet tall, which grew in the front yard, had to be cut down as it threatened the house below it. Someone managed to save a few knotty segments and I have one that I treasure, a small piece of a giant tree that grew from a seedling that my grandfather carried in his pocket when he journeyed from Canada to Pennsylvania. That summer in Cascade, Uncle Pat's teenage son visited us and several times climbed to the top of the tree, showing off to the two young girls breathlessly watching below.

Even though at that time some twenty-five to thirty years had passed since my grandmother's death and the farm had long been deserted, there remained about the place traces of her years there. Along the road in front of the house was a low stone wall and in the center of it a once white picket gate. Rose bushes gone wild tumbled over the wall and there were more of them on ancient trellises in the front yard. Strawberries were still there for the picking in the bed that she had planted long ago. Her "summer kitchen" was there, attached to the house, and the oak floor in the spacious main kitchen was almost as white as it had been in her lifetime when, according to my aunt, her mother had finished every day by getting down on her knees to scrub it after the rest of the family had retired.

Margaret needed the help of her daughters and delegated special tasks to them. My mother, the youngest of the three, when she was old enough, became the pie maker.

Education was important to Charles and Margaret. A unified, orderly school system with professional teachers was inaugurated in Ontario in 1841. Realizing the importance of education, Charles and Margaret gave a roadside corner of their land, along a stream, for construction of a one-room "little red schoolhouse." Mary Anne, the oldest of the six children, eventually went to "normal school" and became the teacher. Since all six of the McLaughlin farms adjoined each other my mother remembered that at one time the McLaughlin School had a McLaughlin for a teacher and all of the pupils.

There were some staple foods that Charles could not produce; clothing that Margaret could not make and farm and household supplies that neither could fabricate; so every week, all year 'round, Charles rose in the small hours of Saturday mornings, hitched his team of horses to a wagon and drove the twenty-five miles to the Farmer's Market in Williamsport. There he sold not only his apples, but his honey produced by the several hives of bees located under the trees in his apple orchards. Before his death in 1917, he was still keeping us supplied with honey from a hive or two in the backyard of my parents' home. I was not yet five, but I have a vivid picture in my mind of him as he worked without fear among the bees on a hill above our house.

After Margaret's death, the six sons and daughters gradually left the homestead, the farm was abandoned and by 1900 Charles was living with my parents in Canton.

I haven't many memories of Charles McLaughlin, but they are good ones of a big, jolly man with long dark sideburns. Forty years ago, when I was the County Librarian of Lycoming County, I happened to meet an old man in Warrensville who remembered

my grandfather from the days when he had brought wheat to the gristmill along Loyalsock Creek. He remembered by grandfather as a large, hearty Irishman whom everybody liked.

Grandfather Charles taught my sister and me to play checkers and spent many hours on the game with us. Though I don't remember it, I was told that when he walked the mile or so to town, his back slightly stooped and his hands clasped behind him, I would usually be following him imitating his posture. When he was seventy-four he suffered a stroke and died, fourteen years after Margaret's death.

A cousin who is my age believes that her father, John, and his father, Charles, made a trip to Canada a few years before the latter's death. But what really intrigues me is whether or not Margaret ever went back to her home in Albion in the thirty years of her marriage.

A few generations ago even a few hundred miles were too often an obstacle, keeping families apart. I would like to think that in spite of her busy life as a farmer's wife and mother of six that Margaret had perhaps once or twice been able to return to Canada for a reunion with her relatives. We will never know. They are gone now, all those of her generation and of the next.

So what was she like, this woman who made life possible for my sister and for me and for our family? In the two family portraits we have, she and all the others are unsmiling, no doubt an indication of the serious business of posing for a photographer. I would have liked to have seen the warm Irish smile that must have been my grandmother's, just as it was my mother's and aunts'.

I haven't really learned much about the kind of person she was. There can be no doubt of the courage that she had in leaving Canada to journey to Pennsylvania. Thirty years of hard work awaited her there. The six children that she bore grew strong and independent, the result of a stable home environment. I regret that they almost never talked to me about my grandmother. Then I think of the rose bushes around the "old homestead," the strawberry bed, the rocking chair, the hospitality that welcomed orphans to her home and passersby to her table, my grandfather's reputation as a jovial, great-hearted man are clues of a fulfilling and happy life in spite of the hardships of a pioneer farm.

On her last trip to Williamsport, the city twenty-five miles away from home, she had a dish of ice cream, the only one in her family to do so. Later diphtheria set in and the ice cream was blamed. That was in 1903. She was only fifty-nine years old, and none of her eight grandchildren had been born.

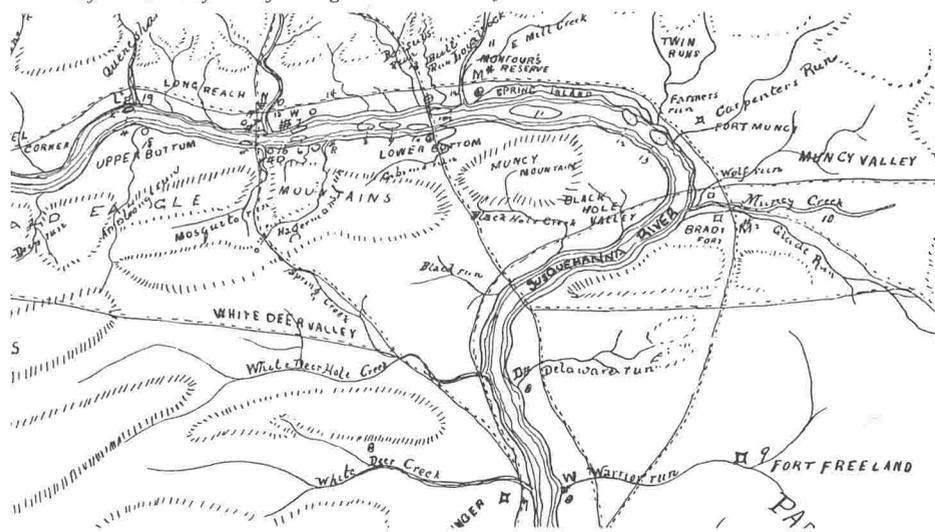
*(Copies of MARGARET, The Life of Margaret Longworth McLaughlin, may be obtained by writing to Mrs. Frances Reed, 84 Pukihae Street, Apt. 1103, Hilo, Hawaii 96720.)*



# CHRISTMAS IN WHITE DEER VALLEY

by Harvia Shaffer-Faust  
Eason Farm, Montgomery, PA c. 1940

Editor's Note: This recollection is part of a collection of personal memoirs of Christmases past and were written by members of the Lycoming Historical Society.



Along the hall of memory are the dusty mementos of the Christmases of long ago. Let me take you back to the Christmases in our valley in days of the 1800's, to hear the tales told me by my father, who was called the White Deer Valley Historian.

The very first settlers of our valley came here in the early 1800's. Among them were my great-grandparents. These people came from England, and of course were a very religious sect. To them Christmas was a sacred day and was always kept that way. No unnecessary work was done on that day. The Christmas feast was one of venison, potatoes baked in the coals of the fireplace, and johnny cakes baked on a griddle in the same way (there were no stoves in those days). At night the family gathered around the fireplace lit by fagots on the hearthstone. The story of the Christ Child born in a manger was told to the children and parents remembered Christmas Day in their far away homelands.

My great-grandparents lived in a small log structure situated in the center of the valley, among a dense forest of pine trees, with only a little of the ground surrounding it under cultivation or cleared.

Then, too, at this fireside talk there was always the burning of the Yule log. (I wonder if Franklin D. Roosevelt originated the idea of his "Fireside chat" from these early settlers.)

As the years passed the country became more cleared and settled. There were sometimes neighbors or relatives to come in on this eve, but there was always the same reverence and the same stories told by the parents. Not until the year 1800 was there much change in this sacred Christmas observance.

My father was born in 1834 and passed away in 1937. By the time my father was born conditions had improved and advanced so that there really was a "Kris Kingle."\* The Dutch families who had come to the valley by this time had "Belz Nichol," a name they always clung to.

\*Kris Kingle is as the author used the name and was probably colloquial.

Later came the giving of gifts. There were mufflers, mittens and stockings knit by mothers and sisters; home-made dolls for little girls, and perhaps a sled or top whittled from a spool; sox for men and boys. Machine made hosiery for men and ladies, if you please, were unheard of at that time.

Kris Kingle was the one who, properly disguised, went from house to house more often frightening the children than pleasing them.

Later years brought the gaily decorated trees and the gifts about which you all know.

Practically all children were taught to believe in "Kris Kingle." Just where he died and "Santa Claus" (which is not nearly so pretty a name) was born and came to the valley I do not know. Even the poorer families were not forgotten. They were always given some gifts to brighten the day, and, not by a Community Chest, but by kind-hearted neighbors, I might add!

An old-time custom in those days, when there was always deep snow, and kept by many families for many years, was to get out the big sled and pile in the entire family and drive to grandfather's house, or some other relative's house with voices ringing out:

"Over the hills and through the woods  
To grandfather's house we go  
The horse knows the way  
As well as we do."

"Jingle bells, jingle bells through the snow."

Contrast that one with the one we hear now over the radio:

Over the river—across the bridge  
Turn to the right if you will  
Have a good time, meet your friends,  
At the Riverside Grill

Every home had at least one fireplace in it, and some had one in each room. After Kris Kingle arrived in the valley the children were taught to hang their stockings and go early to bed so they could be up early the next morning to see what might be found in their stockings.

Only yesterday I was in one of those early homes. There are three fireplaces in that home, one in each room. There were eleven children in that home, so three fireplaces were none too many!

With the home parties came the Christmas celebrations at the Sabbath Schools when the churches would be crowded to their capacity. A huge tree stood in front of the pulpit, branches laden down with oranges, popcorn balls, candy canes, strings of popcorn, and a box of candy for each scholar of the school. The exercises consisted of songs by the school and an address by the pastor.

The first occasion of this kind that I remember was when my father took me to a near-by church where there was a decorated tree. After the pastor's address, each scholar's name was announced to receive a box of candy, a popcorn ball, and an orange. A huge candy cane hung on the tree was presented to the pastor, who resembled a Santa Claus himself. It was said that the cane cost three dollars and was bought at Harrington's Sugar Bowl. On the top of the tree was a large white candy heart. A man had to climb to the top of a step ladder to remove it from the tree to present to his sweetheart. The man stuttered very much, and he said, "If I - I - I would have known wh - who - whose it was I'd - I'd - I'd left it fa - fa - fall to the floor."

In my own home there was always the hanging of stockings for each one, a custom kept for many years. There was also a maiden aunt in our home who gathered me on her lap and told me of her Christmas as a little girl and the Christ child story in St. Luke, the babe in a manger.

The Kris Kingle of years ago came down the chimney carrying gifts for the entire family in his pack, not like the Santa Claus who stands in the street in front of dime stores.

Now, let us paint two pictures. One is of the Christmas days of the 1870's, with the family gathered around the fagot-lighted fireside watching the burning of the Yule log, listening to the stories of the Christ child born in a manger and the howling winds surrounding the house, with the distant howl of the hungry wolves near-by. The other one is of the present day, with the warm cozy home and its gaily decorated tree, brilliant with electricity; its many gifts and toys for each child, the music and laughter everywhere.

*Note: On October 4, 1970, Mrs. Harvia Shaffer-Faust was 100 years old. She was born in White Deer Valley, the daughter of Samuel P. Shaffer, a Civil War veteran, and the great-granddaughter of George Shaffer, who was a veteran of the Revolutionary War and one of the first settlers of White Deer Valley.*



*White Deer from the Collomsville Road. Note D. Vincent Smith's bicycle.*



## GIFFORD PINCHOT PIONEER CONSERVATIONIST — PART II

*by Stephanie Zebrowski*

*Continued from the Summer 1988 issue of the JOURNAL.*

\*"I give my pledge as an American to save and faithfully to defend from waste the natural resources of my country—its soil and minerals, its forests, waters, and wildlife." Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters and U.S. Department of Agriculture, Forest Service.

With Pinchot as its chief administrator, The Forestry Service was administered efficiently and the "esprit de corps" within the Service was well known. Indeed, Pinchot ran the Service with one goal, scientific forestry practiced with total efficiency and capacity, with care and deep regard for the land, the water, the American people. He fought against the congressional patronage system to rid the Service of incompetents and to recruit the kind of person who understood the job and what the Service expected from him. In Pinchot's own words, "it was organized on the principle of individual recognition and responsibility." It was simple, either you did the job up to full capacity and expectation or you were transferred to a position to which you were better suited. If none could be found you were out, regardless of who you knew.

Though there were some employee complaints, the Chief Forester was getting the job done. However, in the zeal to get things done, discretion sometimes got lost along the way. Governor F.R. Gooding of Idaho complained that federal foresters were campaigning against him during his bid for reelection in 1906. The Forestry Service wanted to create additional national forests in his state.

The Service was moving too quickly. The philosophy of conservationism necessary to practice forestry didn't exist in the land of the "Unlimited." The concept that it had been this way before and would continue, still prevailed for the cattlemen and sheepherders. Damaging practices in the timber industry were still "all right" when considering how vital the industry was for national growth and development. Even with T.R.'s support, the critics arose with rancor, crying "Pinchotism," at all they considered arbitrary, undesirable, unreasonable, and even went so far as un-American in the management of the national forests. Pinchot was seen by some as the Eastern aristocrat, a dreamer with utopian ideas. He was nicknamed "Gifford the First," the man who single-handedly restricted mining and agriculture, and obstructed the development of natural resources by imposing fees for their use by private business. Grazing permits were too expensive, took too long to obtain, and the fines for damage to the land were too expensive, too! Too much land was being withheld from taxation on the state level.

At one point in the fray, legislation in the form of an amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill of 1907, which provided that there could be no additional reserves created or lands added to existing reserves in the western lumbering states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Colorado or Wyoming except by act of Congress was introduced. This amendment repealed the Forestry Act of 1891, which had given the President the power to create forest reserves. However, acting upon Pinchot's advice, Teddy Roosevelt proclaimed twenty-one new national forests in the six states before he signed the appropriation bill, thus circumventing the critics of forestry.

*\*The above pledge is the Conservation Pledge. Aimed at children, but applicable to all, the pledge is part of the "Smokey the Bear" program and was written as part of the program for fire prevention forty-five years ago.*

In answer to charges Pinchot admitted that mistakes were made, but steps had been taken to correct those brought to his attention. He stated that these instances were small in number and significance compared to the good accomplished. Injustice should be avoided by both the government and private users of the national forests and that regulations would not be needed if dishonest men did not attempt to make illegal use of the public forest resources. He defended the Service regulations issued without statutory authority, i.e., grazing and waterpower fees. Pinchot pointed out the fact that Congress had empowered the Secretary of Agriculture, through the Forestry Service to make the rules and regulations necessary to administer the national forests to ensure the purposes of the forests, namely to preserve them from destruction, to regulate occupancy and use.

Pinchot won yet another battle. After seven years in the Service, 900,000 acres of private lands were under the practice of forestry with applications for another 2,000,000 acres. Under the Service, studies had been conducted in every state and territory, including the Philippines. Working plans had been formulated in twenty-eight states and millions of the thirty-two most important tree species had been studied and measured. In effect, American Forestry had been born. There had been 300 separate plans made for private owners covering 50,000 acres in thirty-six states and territories. The Service made regional planting studies throughout the U.S. and contributed to desert reclamation through water conservation and the irrigation movement. Secretary of Agriculture "Tama" Jim Wilson compared the Service to a good business investment stating that: "In the saving of waste it had enriched the country by many millions of dollars, and in this way alone has added vastly more to the national wealth than its total expenditures for all purposes during its entire history."

Indeed, the Service had proved its value with studies of seasoning and timber preservation that reduced the need to continually replace railroad ties, the Herty method of gathering naval stores which produced a much larger quantity of turpentine without destruction of southern pine forests. With the exploration of forested areas and the creation of the reserves in the West came wider timber use than ever before. But the bottom line was this, the net cost to the government in 1904-05, for all of the work performed by the Service was less than one-third of one percent of its value (250,000,000 dollars) while the value increased by not less than 10 percent per annum. Within two years of its transfer from the Department of the Interior, the forest reserves were paying for themselves from current revenues.

Pinchot proved to be not only an extraordinary administrator, but a brilliant publicist as well. He was so good at it that he invoked charges that he was maintaining his own press bureau to influence public opinion in his own favor. In particular, Pinchot aroused the ire of Senator Heyburn of Idaho when he published a correspondence between himself and the Senator "which by no means brightened his reputation," according to Pinchot (*Breaking New Ground*). Pinchot and most of his subordinates and his technical experts did the writing for the official bulletins, newspaper and magazine articles. But, the Service also employed professionals experienced in journalism for the purpose of editing manuscripts for official publication and distribution of publications and new releases. Pinchot defended himself and the Service for their press policy contending that was the policy possible for any government agency whose purpose is to collect and disseminate the facts. The people were paying for the information and they should have it. The easiest and most financially expedient method was through the newspapers. Publicity releases and informative articles were being published without cost to the government because they were newsworthy and valuable. Pinchot worked under the theory that publicity was essential and an indispensable tool of clean and effective public service.

In efforts to curb Pinchot, legislation was passed in 1908, in the form of an amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill which provided that funds could not be used for the purpose of paying for publication of articles in newspapers or magazines. It stated that this did not mean that information could not be given to the media when it was of public value. This suited Pinchot and the Service just fine since it sanctioned the work already being done.

In addition to the printed media, Pinchot and members of his staff made as many public speeches as possible. The Service encouraged and authorized officials from both Washington and the field offices to attend and address public meetings. Once again some members of Congress believed that the Service was overstepping its bounds and attached an amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation Act of 1908 stating that traveling expenses incurred for the purpose of speechmaking could not be paid for with the funds appropriated by Congress.

Pinchot also foresaw the need for education on a formal level and attempted to have a forestry curriculum introduced in schools and colleges. In 1900 he had persuaded his parents to aid him in the establishment and endowment of a forestry school at Yale with a summer school on the Pinchot estate in Milford, PA. In 1903, Pinchot was elected to the position of Professor of Forestry at Yale. While Chief Forester Pinchot maintained his professorship with short course lectures he assisted in the management of the school. The school set the standard for American forestry education, and from 1905 to 1940, the Chief of the Forestry Service was either the founder himself or a graduate of the Yale School.

Pinchot also organized the Society of American Foresters in 1900, to further the cause of forestry, to promote comradeship among foresters and to exchange ideas, and to disseminate knowledge to the public. This work is still being carried on today. Working in conjunction with the National Education Association the Forestry Service was able to introduce forestry into elementary and secondary schools. Schools teaching conservation and forestry used the Service publications and Pinchot's *Primer of Forestry* as textbooks.

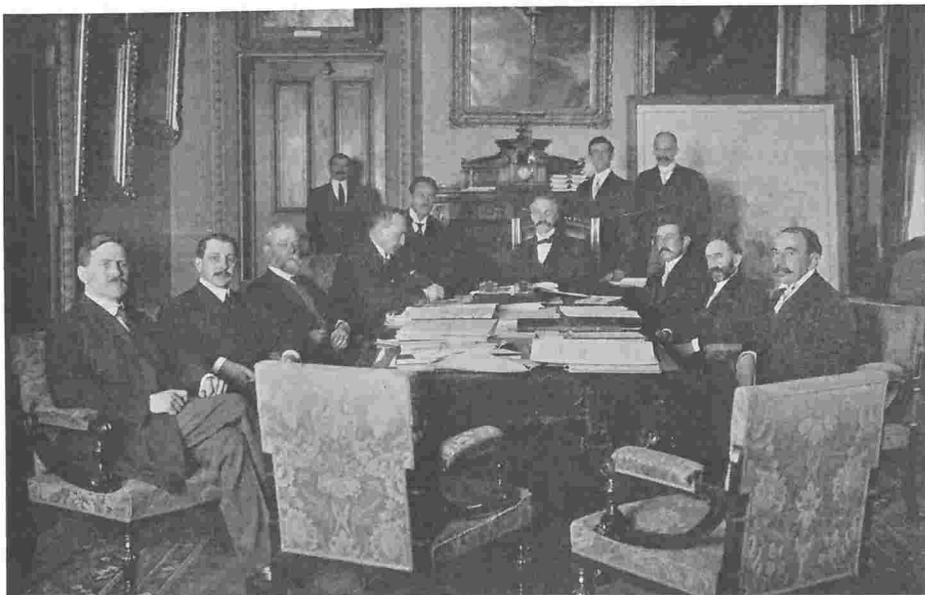
Under Pinchot's administration scientific research received the boost it needed. Realizing the lack of scientific data available on growth and reproduction of principal timber trees, studies were made to determine the effects of lumbering on reproduction. Tree planting experiments were conducted and studies on insect damage were conducted in conjunction with the Bureau of Entomology. Pinchot also continued to concentrate on fire protection. Studies were made to assess fire damage, the effect of fires on present and future forest growth, and the best methods to prevent fires. Having long been an admirer of European forest experiment stations, Pinchot brought about the establishment of U.S. Forest Service Experiment Stations which continue to play an important role in research today. Pinchot also led the way in research development dealing with such problems as wood preservation, distillation and waste in pulp manufacture. Under his direction the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin was set up. Dealing with all phases of research, new sources of raw materials and new processes for pulp and paper manufacture were developed; the promotion of wood preservatives and design and development of drying kilns and glued plywood all were accomplishments of the laboratory which became the leading institution of its kind worldwide.

Pinchot was an innovator on many fronts, blazing trails in forestry and science for others to use and follow. He was also a conservationist in the best pragmatic sense. He realized from the beginning that the need to preserve, to conserve, could only be accomplished if it could work hand-in-hand with business interests. So far, he had been in the forefront of the battle to promote forestry. Now that progress was being made and many acres of forested lands were protected, he set forth to make the issues

of conservation and reclamation public causes.

Pinchot was acutely aware that the administration of land laws by the General Land Office was not only inadequate, but detrimental to the public forestlands. President Roosevelt, heeding Pinchot's suggestion, formed the Public Lands Commission in 1903. In two separate reports the Commission recommended repeal of the Timber and Stone Act under which public timberlands could be purchased at \$2.50 per acre by a private individual and immediately transferred to a lumber company or land speculator. The Commission recommended that the Secretary of the Interior sell timber to the highest bidder at public auction. Sale of the land would then be subject to approval by the Secretary of the Interior. It also recommended that agricultural lands be opened for homesteading with a three-year clause while it could not be subject to the Land-Lieu Laws which would permit exchange.

Though nothing became of the Public Lands Commission report, the experience did pave the way for the Inland Waterways Commission formed in 1907, T.R. handing credit once again to Pinchot. In February 1908, the Commission reported that the improvement of inland waterways would increase the purity and supply of water, lead to the construction of projects for the prevention of floods and low waters, and help prevent soil erosion. It was further recommended that the continued collection of data would lead to the adjustment of irrigation and power development with navigation so as to bring about the most value of the water for the greatest number of people. It is interesting to note that the Commission found that the demands of the American public for immediate results was leading to a policy of "extravagant consumption and the encouragement of monopolies," allowing for the enrichment of a few rather than the preservation for the equal benefit of the majority.



THE GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE

*A group of state governors at the conference of May, 1908, on the White House portico.*

It was during the initial meeting of the Inland Waterways Commission that a proposal was introduced to convene an eastern governor's conference to develop a forest conservation policy. The conference, convened in Washington, D.C., on May 13, 1908,

urged the adoption of conservation practices to halt the exhaustive practices in the nation's forests and mineral resources, and to more effectively use waterways. This led to the preparation of a comprehensive inventory of natural resources by the National Conservation Commission (created June 1908 by T.R.), headed by Pinchot. The Commission found that national forests contained one-fifth of the total standing timber with privately held forests containing the balance with generally more valuable timber. Scientific forestry was being practiced on less than one percent of privately owned land; that since 1870 forest fires were destroying an average of \$50,000,000 worth of timber yearly; three and a half times more timber was cut each year than was being reproduced; that lands were still taxed under a general property tax which perpetuated destructive cutting practices on private lands and inhibited reforestation.

The National Commission led to the creation of a North American Conservation Conference, again with Pinchot as Chairman. Convened in February 1909, the conference adopted a statement declaring that no nation acting alone could adequately conserve resources not confined by national borders and recommended adoption of concurrent measures for conservation. The Conference also suggested that the President should initiate a worldwide conference on the subject. The idea was approved and Roosevelt sent invitations to fifty-eight nations to meet at the Hague in September 1909. Though more than half accepted the invitation, President Taft withdrew the invitations and Pinchot found himself involved in controversy with the new Secretary of the Interior.

As is so often the case with a public crusader of the stature of Pinchot, enemies are made along the way and controversy is a fact of life. Without Roosevelt in the White House opposition grew in the Congress. Rejecting outgoing President Roosevelt's request that funding be continued for the National Conservation Commission, the Congress attached a clause to the Sundry Civil Bill of February 1909, prohibiting federal bureaus from doing work for any commission, board, or like body appointed by the President unless sanctioned by Congress. This set-back was soon followed by the controversy over Alaskan coal fields.

While Commissioner of the General Land Office in 1907, Richard A. Ballinger argued that coal lands in Alaska should be sold rather than leased as recommended by Pinchot. Ballinger, a corporate lawyer, had been appointed by President Taft to succeed James K. Garfield as Secretary of the Interior. Taking a legalistic approach, Taft and Ballinger took the stance that an administrative official confine himself specifically to what the law permitted or directed. Taft believing that some of Garfield's policies were of doubtful legality, ordered Ballinger to begin restoring withdrawn waterpower sites to entry. When Congress had failed to act according to his views, President Roosevelt had used what laws existed supplemented by Executive action to achieve his goals. Garfield, followed Roosevelt's lead and instituted his own version of stewardship of the Executive over public domain. Ballinger argued that Garfield had gone beyond the intent of the law and he began restoring withdrawn sites to entry over Pinchot's objections. Pinchot conferred with Taft who ordered Ballinger to withdraw the sites. Though Ballinger withdrew considerably less acreage, more sites actually useful for waterpower were covered. Still the controversy raged on over ranger stations, over detailing employees from department to department as in the administration of timberlands on Indian land. But the final controversy arose over those coal lands in Alaska.

From December 11, 1905 to June 21, 1907, the General Land Office was investigating claims in Alaskan coal fields. Of 900 claims, only thirty-three claims had received certificates of entry. The Cunningham claims, as they became known, were suspect and claims of fraudulent practices alleged an arrangement whereby the thirty-three claims would become a part of the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate. L. R. Glavis, Chief of the

Field Division of the General Land Office discovered evidence that Clarence Cunningham, the agent who had located the claims, had signed an option agreement with the Syndicate. Glavis objected to the clear listing of the claims by Ballinger, then General Land Office Commissioner. Glavis, convinced that attempts had been made to prevent an objective investigation of fraud, turned to the Forest Service.

In June 1909, Glavis made a formal appeal to the Forest Service at Portland, Oregon. If the claims were refused, the land in question would become part of the Chugau National Forest. He knew that the Forest Service would make news of the investigation thus prompting support against Ballinger's policies on the public lands. Glavis, with the assistance of a Forest Service officer, made his report and personally presented it to Taft. Though Glavis made no formal charges, he did allude to bad faith. Ballinger presented his case, with the aid of an Assistant Attorney General assigned to the Department of the Interior, to the President. After examining Ballinger's evidence Taft concluded that there was insufficient evidence to support Glavis' claims, even though Ballinger had served as attorney for the Cunningham claimants. Glavis, now dismissed and working with the aid of two Forest Service officials, went public with the story for "Colliers' Weekly." Pinchot, concerned over the propriety of the Forest Service agents, wrote a letter which was read before the Senate while Taft was issuing his statement. Pinchot wrote that he approved of what Glavis had done while at the same time he acknowledged the impropriety of the Forest Service personnel and had reprimanded the officials. He also recommended that no further action be taken against the officials for their breach of conduct because they had acted justly in a noble cause.

For Taft that was the final straw. He had tried to placate Pinchot asking him for help to solve the issue. Instead, Pinchot chose his own course. He was dismissed from the Forest Service on January 7, 1910. Ballinger, due to public pressure, resigned less than a year later and Taft lost his bid for reelection.

Pinchot, driven by his concern for the public welfare and the welfare of our national resources, continued with as much fervor as before. He remained the driving force within the National Conservation Association. Started by Pinchot in the summer of 1909, and supported financially by him, the Association reflected his belief that a strong pressure group was needed if the battle for conservation was to be won. The Association worked to prevent the transfer of control of national forests to the states and for legislation to control development of waterpower on federal land so that sites could not be sold or leased in perpetuity and to protect public interest and prevent excessive profit in the private sector. Pinchot remained politically active running for the U.S. Senate from Pennsylvania. He also wrote numerous articles for various publications, researched the history of American forestry, and helped Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York, to formulate legislation to protect New York State forestlands and parks.

However, Pinchot's interest and concern for the forest conditions in Pennsylvania began to take precedence. Under J. T. Rothrock, Pennsylvania's first Commissioner of Forestry, progress had been made to protect the state's forestland. Mainly by purchasing forestland Pennsylvania became second only to New York State owning 1,000,681



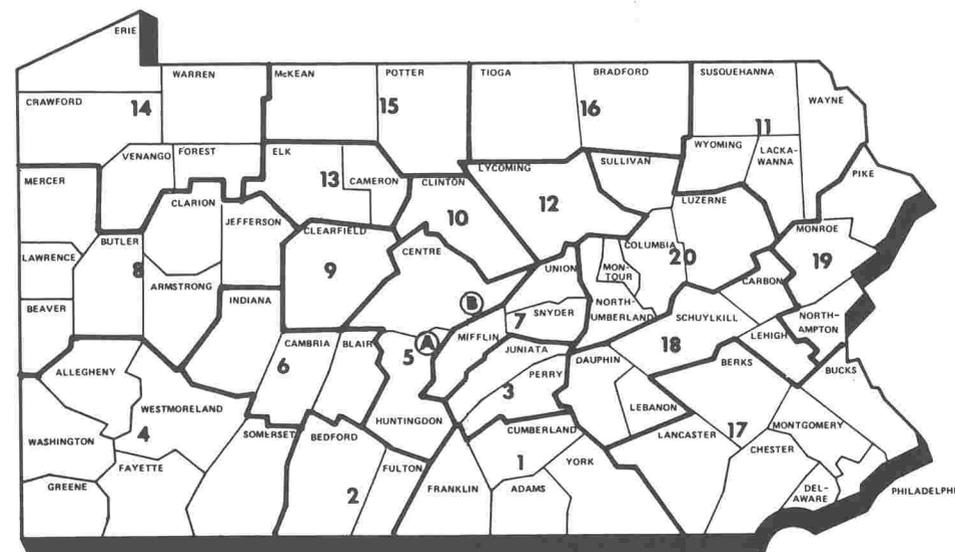
acres by 1913. The object was management by forestry. Pinchot was convinced that the program was not doing enough.

Joining the Pennsylvania State Grange and becoming the chairman of its conservation committee in 1918, Pinchot began to criticize then Forest Commissioner Robert S. Conklin. He inspected state held lands throughout the state, including the Bald Eagle, Pine Creek, Jersey Shore and Bellefonte areas. Complaining of the lack of a technically trained forester to head the state commission, Pinchot noted that the lack of an inspection system, uniform accounting system, fire protection, forest personnel and funds to purchase land made the State Forestry Commissioner inadequate and incapable of doing the job.

Though Conklin strove to defend his department and efforts, Governor William C. Sproul felt he could not ignore criticism by the nation's leading forester and so appointed Pinchot to serve on the State Forest Commission. Pinchot then proceeded to present motions to bring the state program up to the standards he thought best, especially in the area of fire protection. Pinchot's motions, which expressed dissatisfaction and lack of confidence in Conklin's administration, were approved by the Commission.

Henry W. Shoemaker joined Pinchot in criticizing the Forestry Department by signing a sixteen-page statement which denounced the management of the state forestlands. Rothrock contributed his assessment of Potter County lands which further criticized Conklin. By November 1919, Pinchot had convinced the Commission to direct Conklin to submit a budget for each forest and for the Chief Forest Fire Warden to determine if conditions on forestlands owned by lumber companies constituted a public nuisance as prescribed by a 1915 act relating to forest fire hazards.

Pinchot, again effectively employing his understanding of publicity, continued to hammer away at Conklin attacking him in a state Grange report in December 1919. Governor Sproul, wishing to end the controversy, suggested that objective experts be brought to Pennsylvania to review the situation. Pinchot wrote to Shoemaker in a letter dated December 23, 1919, that no one in America had a right to question his opinion on forestry. Governor Sproul, not wishing further contention over this point, dismissed Conklin and asked Pinchot to accept the post. In March 1920, Pinchot formally accepted to the enthusiastic approval of most Pennsylvanians.



Current map of Pennsylvania's fire districts. Established by Pinchot in 1920, they have been condensed to 20 districts from the original 24.

As the new Commissioner, Pinchot proceeded to reorganize the department. He established a budget and accounting system for the department and for each forest. The state was divided into twenty-four districts, each supervised by a trained forester, again with the emphasis on forest fire protection, with each district provided with comprehensive fire plans. A system of inspections was established and close contact with the Commissioner's office and foresters in the field were established. And, of course, Pinchot instituted his publicity program to keep the public informed and to shape public opinion.

Within two years, Pinchot could report that 1,560 miles of safety strips had been created by the railroad companies at a cost to them of \$73,526.32. State allocations for fire protection had amounted to less than \$30,000 during a six-year period prior to 1920. Pinchot began a program of public education using traveling exhibits. Numerous conferences and public speeches by department officials and by Pinchot were made, and hundreds of newspaper articles were published. Organized and sponsored by Pinchot, the Committee on the Restoration of Pennsylvania's Timber Production began to lobby in the summer of 1920, to secure state appropriations for fire protection, larger appropriations for the Department of Forestry, and for funds to purchase more lands for state forests. They also supported a \$25,000,000 bond issue to purchase more land. The Committee also helped to establish November 21, 1920, as Forest Protection Sunday and a Forest Protection Day as a means to advise Pennsylvanians of the real facts and to promote fire prevention.

Pinchot established a fire control organization the U.S. Forest Service described as the best state organization of its kind. Employing almost twice as many workers as ever before, the program instituted a training program with improved equipment for both detection and forest fighting, erected fifty steel observation towers with effective telephone service, and increased the cooperation by the railroads. With the construction of nearly 500 miles of forest roads and trails, and the repair of nearly 2,500 miles of existent roads and trails, the average area of the average forest fire was successfully decreased even though the actual number of fires caused by the railroads increased.



*After the ax, Cross Forks, c. 1910. Photo by Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission.*

Pinchot's administration instituted an accelerated program of land acquisition; 77,544 acres of forestland were purchased at an average of \$2.00 per acre compared to 30,919 at an average of \$2.26 per acre over a two-year period under Conklin. Pinchot asked Governor Sproul for an additional \$500,000 for further acquisitions. Sproul's disapproval of further funds spurred Pinchot to seek that \$25,000,000 bond issue. Despite all of his efforts as Commissioner and as Governor, the bond issue never materialized.

In the face of these set-backs, Pinchot continued. He provided forestry personnel for free examination of private lands of 200 acres or less and at cost to owners of larger tracts. He pushed ahead with reforestation projects distributing 3,000,000 seedlings in 1921 alone. He cooperated with the highway department and saw 5,000 trees planted along Pennsylvania highways in 1921 and established twelve cooperative tree nurseries. Even the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts were involved in fire protection activities.

Pinchot also pressed on in the area of scientific research and education authorizing a number of special research projects from forest reproduction to wood-using industries. He established fifty-seven sample plots on both public and private lands and helped revise the forestry curriculum of the state Forest Academy at Mount Alto.

Resigning on April 13, 1922, Pinchot began campaigning for the Governorship of Pennsylvania. Though his work as Governor took Pinchot away from forestry as his primary occupation after thirty years, his concern was not dampened. During his first term as Governor (1923-27), laws were enacted to prohibit smoking and building campfires in or near state forests during times of drought and to purchase land for seedling growth. He proposed his bond issue and a provision for lease of forestlands for water-power development.

During his second term as Governor (1931-35), Pinchot was able to gain the cooperation of the U.S. Forest Service for increased fire control, the construction of essential forest roads, and the appointment of local forest advisory councils. He led the fight as Governor for federal regulation of private forestry. He continued to publicly oppose the transfer of control of the federal Forest Service from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of the Interior, maintaining that the functions of the Forest Service should be considered with those of other renewable soil resources. He believed that the management of both forests and the ranges were essential for stable economic and social development in rural areas.

Pinchot received many awards and accolades throughout his long career including an award from the National Academy of Sciences. But it was his greatest desire to bring about an effective worldwide conservation movement. He believed that only the international cooperation for the conservation of resources could bring about lasting world peace. Shortly before the outbreak of World War II he proposed a world conference on conservation. Though he did not live to see his dream come true (he died on October 4, 1946) he did pass on a legacy of monumental proportions, the legacy of conservation. In August 1949, the first conference for world conservation was held at Lake Success under the auspices of the United Nations.

Much of what Pinchot strove to accomplish has been undone. The Interior Department has regained control of our national forests and their mineral deposits, the policy of fire control has taken a back seat to the "let it burn" policy we saw in the summer of 1988, and many of the principles of forestry so avidly pursued have been forgotten.

But, those of us who reside in the West Branch Valley of Pennsylvania have only to step out our front doors to realize what he left behind. Gifford Pinchot awakened the senses of many Americans and of people all over the world and helped to make the issue of conservation one of the most crucial issues of the twentieth, and probably

of the twenty-first centuries. With the evidence upon us of atmospheric pollution, we all face an uncertain future. Perhaps there will be some, there must be some, who have learned from the past, from the unselfish striving of Gifford Pinchot. After all, we do live surrounded by Penns Woods once again.

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## GAS WILL CURE COLDS

### Chlorine Vapor that Killed Many Soldiers During War Used as Medicine with Great Success

*Reprinted for the GRIT February 3, 1924.*

Chlorine gas, which killed many soldiers during the World War, can be used to cure colds, whooping cough and influenza. The gas has been tried by the United States Chemical Warfare Service and pronounced a great success.

Nine hundred cases were treated, and of this total, about 75% were cured immediately. Of the remaining 25%, four-fifths showed improvement, while the rest were not affected one way or the other.

Secretary of War Weeks, who had been suffering from a cold, tried the gas treatment with great success, he said. He kept on working while the gas was released in minute quantity in his office. "Now the cold has disappeared," he declared.



## THE LITTLE BLONDE'S WEDDING GOWN

*by Henry W. Shoemaker*

*Editor's Note: This piece of fiction, according to the author's original manuscript notes, was published in the Perry County Democrat, New Bloomfield, 1938.*

The members of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the old Presbyterian church in New Bloomfield held a meeting to decide how they could raise enough money to buy a carpet for the reception room recently added to the church. (They) were deep in the study as to how it could be done, when one young matron suggested, "A Pageant of Brides." Her idea was greeted with enthusiasm and work was started at once on the entertainment. Everyone seemed to know someone who had a bridal dress among their possessions and Mrs. Middleton volunteered to have the precious dresses brought to her home until the young women could be selected to model the gowns and until the time came when the pageant was ready to dazzle the eyes of the community.

Mrs. Middleton, who was the wife of a prominent local attorney, stretched a clothes line the length of her living room and as the dresses arrived they were carefully taken from their wrappings and hung on hangers on the line. The candidates, as "wearers," when selected, were to have fittings in charge of New Bloomfield's leading dressmaker.

Such quaint and beautiful, even gorgeous gowns from out of the dim past; gowns with bustles of the eighties vintage, other gowns from events of the sixties, gowns with trains, some yards long; gowns of the gay nineties, to gowns of the Gibson girl era. Mrs. Middleton's living room was a fitting gallery for such an array of loveliness. She realized her great responsibility for the safekeeping of each and every gown. The bridal veils and hats were left in their original boxes, except when being fitted. At each end of the great high-ceilinged room was a long gilt framed mirror reaching from floor to ceiling, which reflected the gowns in all their former and current glory.

Mrs. Middleton cautioned her children and her husband about going into the room. "Under no circumstances," she said, should any of them go, or permit anyone else to go, into the living room while the gowns were in her possession. (But), even so, she



locked the door of the living room and carried the key with her when she retired for the night.

After breakfast, the next morning, Mrs. Middleton received another dress to add to the already large collection. Taking the dress, she unlocked the door to the living room, when to her surprise, she found one of the bridal dresses standing before one of the long mirrors, as though the owner were inside the dress admiring herself. Mrs. Middleton was terrified. Who could have played this trick on her? Surely not the children after all their promises—besides she had locked the door herself and carried the key with her to her own room after the last fittings were over.

She decided to say nothing about the incident until the children came from school, then she would question them. But the children declared they had not been near the room and were surprised when their mother questioned them. However, she made no mention of the queer happening to them nor their father, nor anyone else who came to her to be fitted with the historic treasures.

She made doubly sure of their security by keeping the door to the gowns closed and locked. (W)hen other dresses were delivered she saw to it that no one but herself entered the room.

Mrs. Middleton had a restless night and was up with the sun the next day to examine the room where the wedding gowns were hanging. Imagine her consternation when she found the same little gown standing before the long mirror just as she had found it the morning before. Not a bow, not a pleat or ornament were out of place. (As) Mrs. Middleton stood there in horrified silence she expected that any minute the dress would walk toward her and begin to speak.

However, she did not wait. With trembling fingers she found the hanger and put the gown back in its place. All day she worried about it. What a fantastic thing to happen, or did it happen? No, she was sure she hadn't imagined it, of course not, and yet, there must be some explanation. "Thank goodness," she said, "the pageant is tomorrow night." She felt she could not mention it to any one of the twenty or more fair models.

She brought her work and sat in the hall most of the day, guarding the door to the living room. No more gowns arrived and she was relieved. Before she retired, she had one last look to see that everything was safe. It was, so, locking the door, she put the key in her pocket and went to her room, where she transferred the key from her pocket to a place under her pillow.

All through her dreams she saw the little bridal gown standing before the mirror. Once it actually started toward her. She awoke to find the sun shining into the room and she realized that, "This was the day." She dressed hurriedly, took the key from its hiding place and hurried down stairs, unlocked the door and all but cried aloud as she beheld the self-same bridal gown standing before the mirror as she had found it two previous mornings. Gently and carefully she took the gown in her fingers, looked inside to be sure, then smiling faintly she restored the gown to its place and left the room. At ten the young women came to try on the gowns and make every remaining preparation for the evening's entertainment, for the last time.

The pageant was a great success, enough money was raised to buy the carpet and a few extras. The group of tired women sat around in a group to talk about their success. Then it was that Mrs. Middleton asked about the little restless wedding gown. She asked every member present if she knew its history and then told the story of the last few mornings. One little old lady, Mrs. Saylor, broke the silence that followed: "Why I know that dress and I knew the little girl, the most exquisite little blonde I ever saw, who was supposed to wear it. She died on the eve of her wedding and never got to wear it, so I suppose she came back to try it on to see what a lovely bride she would have made." Mrs. Middleton was satisfied with this explanation and it formed one of her most odd and chilling memories.



## STORIES OF THE WEST BRANCH VALLEY

by Katharine Bennet

### DESERTED VALLEY

*After the Moravians established a smithy and mission-house at the forest-metropolis of Pennsylvania, the church entered a new era.*

The enlargement of the field of labor demanded increased activities. John Christoph Frederic Cammarhoff, a young man of twenty-six withal a bishop, arrived at Bethlehem to assist Bishop Spangenburg. David Zeisberger was sent to Shamokin to help John Hagen, the resident missionary. By this time Zeisberger could speak Mohawk fluently and with the help of Shikellamy began preparation of an Iroquois dictionary to further the work among the Indians.

Anton Schmidt became the first blacksmith and his shop was popular with both hunters and Indians. Here their firearms and hatchets were repaired and many of their bursted gun barrels were made into axes—the wide blade axes which were later used with such deadly effect in border warfare.

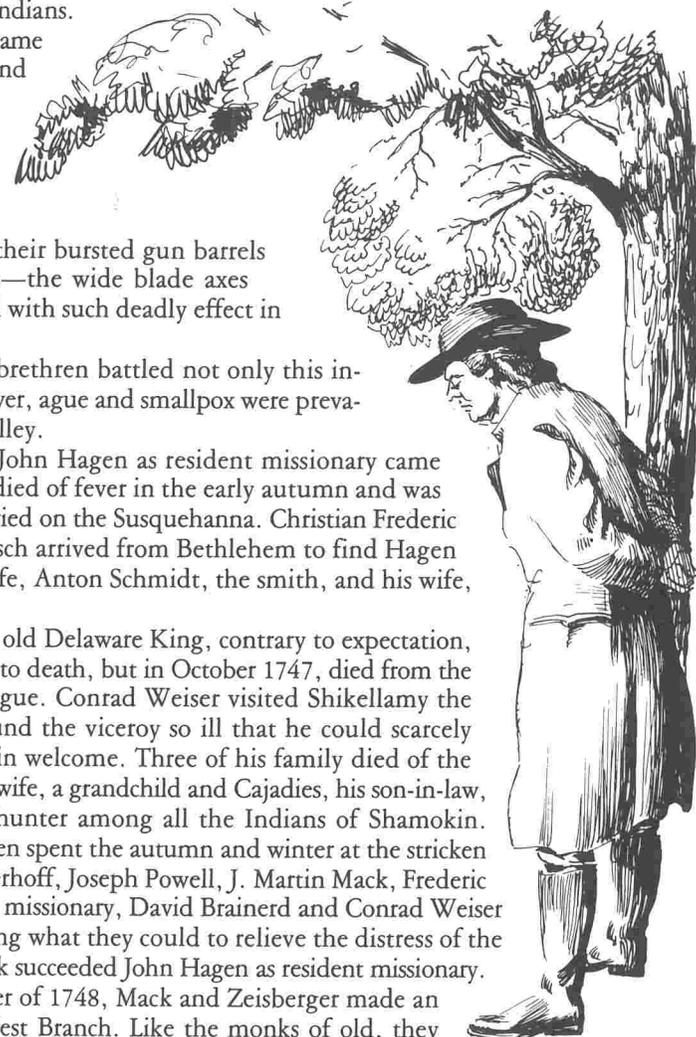
At Shamokin the brethren battled not only this iniquity but disease. Fever, ague and smallpox were prevalent in the entire valley.

The usefulness of John Hagen as resident missionary came to a speedy end. He died of fever in the early autumn and was the first Moravian buried on the Susquehanna. Christian Frederic Post and George Loesch arrived from Bethlehem to find Hagen dead and Hagen's wife, Anton Schmidt, the smith, and his wife, all ill of fever.

Allumapees, the old Delaware King, contrary to expectation, did not drink himself to death, but in October 1747, died from the effects of fever and ague. Conrad Weiser visited Shikellamy the same month and found the viceroy so ill that he could scarcely stretch out his hand in welcome. Three of his family died of the fever: his eldest son's wife, a grandchild and Cajadies, his son-in-law, considered the best hunter among all the Indians of Shamokin.

Many of the brethren spent the autumn and winter at the stricken town. Bishop Cammerhoff, Joseph Powell, J. Martin Mack, Frederic Post, the Presbyterian missionary, David Brainerd and Conrad Weiser visited the place, doing what they could to relieve the distress of the natives. J. Martin Mack succeeded John Hagen as resident missionary.

Early in the summer of 1748, Mack and Zeisberger made an exploration of the West Branch. Like the monks of old, they journeyed afoot. Dire famine and disease prevailed everywhere. They found the Indians in the depths of misery. Otstonwakin lay deserted and in ruins. Other villages and isolated wigwams along the river were abandoned. After traveling for days, they came to an island covered with rank grass, where they found a few deserted huts. (This was



Long Island, opposite Jersey Shore, known in later years as Bailey's Island.) Brother Mack climbed a tree to look for some human being. In the distance he spied an Indian, who proved to be a Delaware, when they arrived at his hut. "Where are all our brothers who used to hunt along this river?" asked Zeisberger. The Indian lifted the blanket which covered the door of his hut and pointed by way of answer to several sufferers, hideous with smallpox. The scourge was depopulating the valley. The Indians who had escaped, had gone to the white settlements to beg for food. The missionaries had similar experiences everywhere.

They spent two days at the Great Island. In the huts on the island and villages on the mainland were natives ill of the disease. Others were starving. A kettle of boiled grass was a luxury. Gaunt figures, huddled around fires, ate greedily of such food, as well as boiled tree bark, unripe grapes and roots.

The missionaries sorrowfully retraced their way along the Shamokin path. They mourned over the distress of the natives. Never had they witnessed such misery of body and soul in such a frightful combination. To relieve the desolation they raised their voices in sacred melodies. They were the only human beings astir in the entire valley. When they reached their destination, they reported a deserted West Branch.



Reprinted from:  
**VALLEY OF DREAMS AND MEMORIES,  
A SOUVENIR OF HILLSGROVE**

by Harry H. Greene & Frankford Lewis

Editor's Note: This is an unedited account.

"ROD AND GUN"

The Red Men with crude implements matched their skill and craft against the natural instinct of denizens of forest and stream and ever since then, sportsmen have found recreation by following the example of their savage brothers. The crude instruments of the savage have been transformed to high power repeating guns, automobiles that conquer time and distance, arts and inventions which add enchantment to fishing and hunting, these with invisible lures and the club house have supplanted the teepees which reigned supreme in the days of the Red Men.

We wonder that game has not been exterminated ere this when we face the facts that scream across the front pages of dailies in distant cities: "Twenty-two black bear killed along the 'Sock on the opening day of 1933 hunting season.'" "Two hundred deer shot in Sullivan County."

The miracle is apparent that nature still preserves her balance. Real sportsmen still find a thrill in matching wits with gamey trout and the swift and graceful buck, so beautiful in flight and so savage when at bay.

Supposedly, intelligent individuals have asked, why this useless slaughter of God's innocent creatures, the answer cannot be given in words. To really understand, one must experience the thrill of uncertainty in those exciting moments when a speckled beauty, seemingly several times his actual size and weight strikes at a fly and perchance luck or science, or a combination of both, enables the mere man on the end of the rod to hook the fish, then the purr of the reel and the thrust of the net give all the appearances of a successful catch but a possible misstep on a slippery stone and the line breaks or the big one gets off the hook disappearing before the fisherman has time to realize what happened.

"We ask, can the remaining years of the sportsman's life be of any real value after an experience like this?" "Who will believe this tale of woe?" "Who but the initiated can measure the joy when success crowns his efforts and the creel holds the legal number and perhaps his boots hold a few over the limit?"

There is said to be "kick" in the liquid concoction called White Mule, but brother did you ever experience an attack of Buck Fever? Have you stood upon a ledge of rocks, above and against the wind and seen two buck deer settle the question in their own way, which of the twain will claim the favor of the docile doe that meekly stands awaiting the outcome of the battle royal.

Have you stood terse and alert when the dogs were in full cry on the trail of four hundred pounds of black bear, and suddenly seen the quarry break and head in your direction? You need not trouble to explain why you did not shoot. There are those among us who know and while we roast you unmercifully, in reality we sympathize with you.

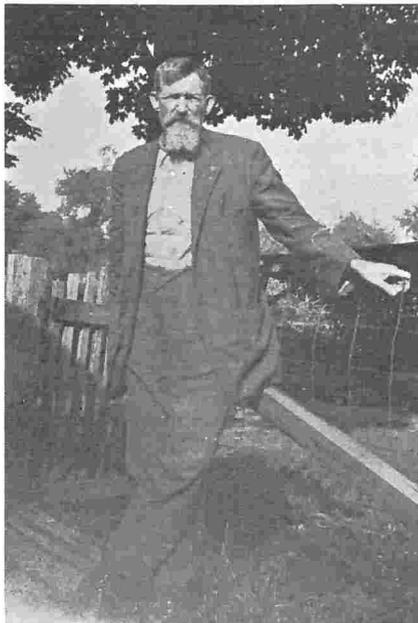
Have you shot rabbits ahead of a short-legged hound or followed the pointer or setter of uncanny intelligence? Perhaps the unexpected has happened and you flushed a flock of pheasants\* and winged a pair of them, if so, swell up brother, for you are

\*Spelled *preasants* in the original printed edition.

entitled to all the elation that you feel. Have you sat on the sandy banks above or below the big bridge in the gentle warmth of an April sun and with birch pole and red worms just fished for suckers? Perhaps, you have carried a torch and oil can as you waded the 'Sock far into the wee small hours of an August night gigging for eels or have dry hooked perch through the ice on a zero day, inviting pneumonia that seldom came to men and boys as reckless as all this. Then again brother or sister, maybe you have or have not experienced all of the adventures. The unanswered questions are, if not why not? Where have you been living? What kind of a guy are you anyway?

This may or may not give you proper respect for men whose names appear below but if red blood flows in your veins, you cannot keep from envying them, though their fame is purely local.

Almost everyone could catch trout where there were plenty, but Dan Graffius and his nephew, Geo. Chapman, artists with fly and rod, could catch them where other fishermen said they a'int.



*Steve Vroman,  
one of Hillsgrove's proficient hunters.*

John and Reno Green, Al Cubberly, John M. Darby, Homer Peck, Steve Vroman, Mark Quick, Billy Gumble, the Starr brothers, Joe Morgan, with scores of disciples of Issac Walton, stars of lesser brilliancy but, equally proficient with the gun.

All of the folks reared along the 'Sock did not hunt and fish successfully. There are stories of human beings hunted unexpectedly and quite humorously by black bears, those clowns of the forest which seem to possess a sense of humor and get a whale of a lot of fun out of frightening a human being out of seven years' growth.

We relate a few of the unexpected appearances of black bears in the days of long ago, when bears were somewhat numerous in the valley. Many men and women living in the land watered by the 'Sock, have been picking blackberries on one side of a bush and were suddenly startled to discover a huge bear picking berries off the opposite side. Perhaps when they read this reference of their experience they will notice

their hair will be standing on end, or at least, the few hairs that are left have risen just as it did on that August afternoon so many years ago.

A slap stick experience with one of these four legged black faced comic artists, tragic at the time, but grown into a comedy with the passing years was participated in by a boy of eighteen years, a cookee at Henry Holtzhower camp in the very warm September of 1896.

The youth with a barrel stave basket strapped to his back, containing the tinware used by the lumberjacks at their noon meal was returning to the camp along a very rough and steep mountainside dug-road. He was startled by the apparent landslide and glanced up the roof like side of the hill to see a bear, which seemed to be several times as large as an elephant. The bear had evidently lost its footing, for it was sliding down the hill and at its present rate would meet the youth in the road just a few feet farther down. Did the boy turn and flee up the mountain? Not on your life, he was

down the hill and he did not stop or look to see whether he passed the bear or the bear passed him.



*Hillsgrove from hill west of town. Photo from the D. Vincent Smith Collection.*

A teamster returning to camp with a crippled horse witnessed the incident and while he made a rag off the kid, he admitted that the bear appeared to be as frightened as the young man and jumped over the road running through the brush as though the devil was after him.

A genial young man, without whom the patrons of a popular theater in a city far away, just could not be happy, tells of a similar experience in which he and his father came suddenly upon a mother bear up an apple tree throwing apples to her three cubs. He has seen a million miles of film yet never experienced the thrill that his race from that bear gave to his boyish mind which his imagination led him to believe was only one jump behind him.

Then there was the aged citizen who came to town the latter part of April each year for a hair cut whether he needed it or not. He told the same bear story that every generation since the "Minor Prophets" has told to the succeeding generation.

Cold type gives his words but, it takes real imagination to witness the look of sincerity and truth that illuminated the old boy's face. He had told the story so often improving upon it each time until he had convinced himself of its veracity.

Tracking snow fell late in October and a bear had carried off one of our sheep. Dad said, "Take the gun and git em." I loaded the old side pan flintlock with all the black powder she could carry and two extra bullets just for luck. Tracked the bear up the High Knob and lost the track at a fallen hemlock, struck and peeled by lightening, was pulling myself up along the tree when Whoof! a six hundred pound bear

jumped up on the other side of the log. I raised the gun and without aiming, pulled the trigger, the kick knocked me to the end of the log and six hundred pounds of roaring, kicking, scratching, bleeding black bear landed on top of me. After what seemed a long time, he kicked his last kick and I crawled out from under, more dead than alive.

I tied a stout rawhide behind the bear's teeth and dragged him to the bottom of the hill on the snow and wet leaves. Hollered for Dad, he came with team and stone boat and dragged the bear home. The neighbor helped us hang him up and before skinning him Dad looked him over carefully from nose to tail and then when we opened him we found his back was broken by my bullets; we never did find a break in the skin where the bullets had gone in — "Now laugh that off!"



THE LOYALSOCK CREEK  
Above Hillsgrove. Photo from the D. Vincent Smith Collection.

Two brothers, Frank and Charley, had made a trade securing an old army musket, they were only boys but in those days of old, boys were brave and they toted their burden to the woods and came unexpectedly upon a coon which showed fight and Frank said, "Here, Charley, hold the gun and I will get a stone and kill the darn thing."

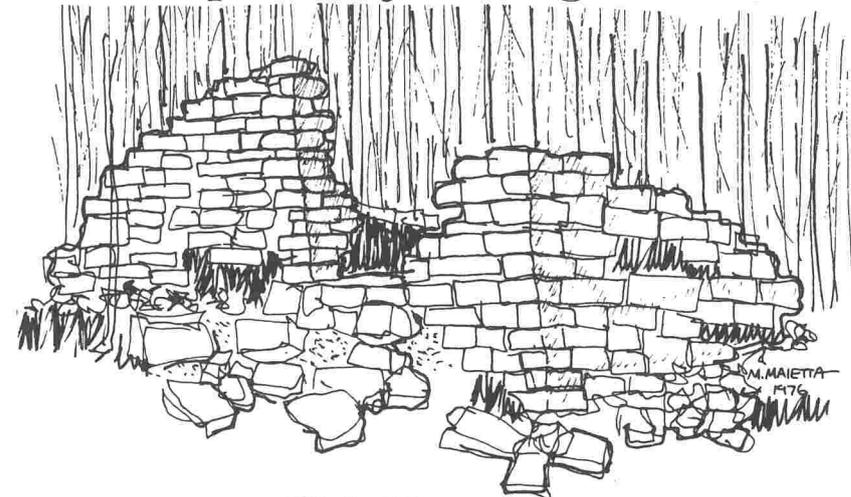
Last, but not least, the nonchalant exploits of Clifton Rheinbolt and Dan Gilbert in their skunk trapping experiences which is vouched for by Weldy Sadler and best told by that friend of our boyhood days.

"A very strange looking track showed up near the hen coop one morning, Clifton said it was a panther and set up all kinds and sizes of sling ups and dead falls, also a few bear traps for the rare monster. Early one morning I woke to hear Clift shouting my name excitedly on Round Hill very near the house. I ran to the window and asked

what was the matter, Clift shouted, "Come up here I have the darndest looking animal you ever saw in a trap." I called the dogs and ran up the hill to find that Clift had been caught in his own trap and hung by his legs about six feet from the ground. I helped him out and was sure that Clift had at least told me the honest truth about something he caught in a trap."



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Sketch & Information by Mike Maietta  
Cogan Station

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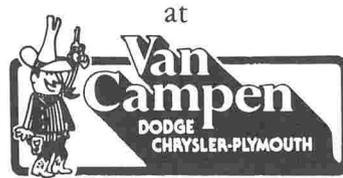
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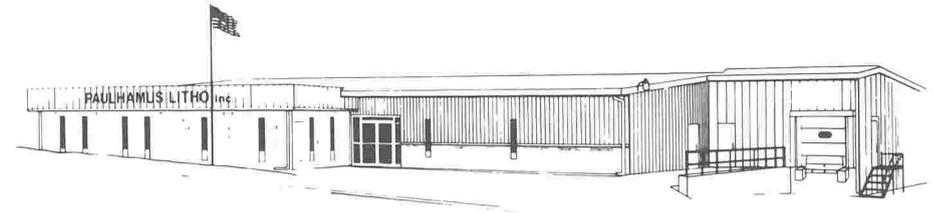
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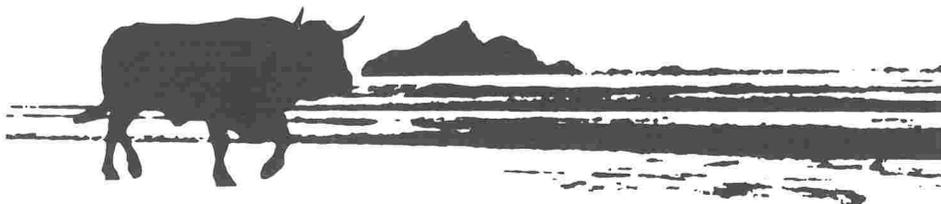


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