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## Junk or Antiquities

Last year your editors reminded you that you, your families, or your friends may be repositories, either in existing documents, diaries, papers, books, letters or personal reminiscences, of information which, although you might consider it trivial, might be of incaluable value to future researchers and scholars. We encouraged you to make available such papers to your editors or to the Society's museum or, if oral, to record them for possible publication in the *Journal* or to be preserved for future archives.

In the last few months on the campus of Lycoming College a sister museum to ours has begun based on such materials as well as other physical artifacts—a museum which it is hoped may become not a rival but an adjunct holding of specific documents and antiquities of the Civil War period—perhaps eventually to be expanded into a general memorial collection of America's past wars.

In its present state as a Civil War Museum it was formally dedicated in Eveland Hall on April twentieth as a fine example of what can be done and a warning of what might be lost if proper actions are not promptly forthcoming on subsequent occasions.

The Reno Post No. 64 G.A.R. collection had been slowly deteriorating; its pictures blackened with the accumulated dirt of decades; its rifles, swords, and counterment slowly disappearing or rusting away; its furnishings, papers and records neglected. This collection, long neglected, could con-

ceivably in the not-too-distant future have been discarded or disappeared little mourned and soon forgotten.

Due to the efforts of the members of Zeta Zeta Chapter of Phi Alpha Theta National Honorary History Fraternity at Lycoming College with the consent of the remaining Sons of Union Veterans and in space provided by the College, this collection was saved. Slowly, laboriously but carefully, the collection was transferred, renovated, cleaned, and prepared to become a permanent display and memorial at Lycoming College.

The ramifications of this activity have been far reaching: the Reno Post is assured that its past will be preserved (one room of the museum is a re-creation of the former chapter room); the present generation is kept aware of a significant part of our nation's past (and attendance of over one hundred persons each of the subsequent Sundays since the opening show local interest exists); a collection long "hidden" is available for inspection and study; and the chapter members have acquired experience (as well as blisters and calluses from rubbing and scrubbing) in handling the collection; finally, two of the following articles in the *Journal* were inspired by and are a direct result of this activity.

If you, our members, had seen the "collection" before rejuvenation, your first impression would inevitably have been

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Vol. I No. 7

April, 1958

## On Entering The Old G. A. R. Hall

by Robert S. Ulrich

(Editor's note)

The following article records the indelible impression made by one of the members of Phi Alpha Theta, honorary history fraternity, on his first sight of the Reno Post prior to the removal and restoration of their collection.

The door now swings open freely, and there are no passwords needed or used to gain entrance. The peephole in the door is still there, but the flap which once covered it is now gone. A few dim lights are the only modern touches in this room of ghosts. The place is filled with that smell which one encounters upon entering an old musty attic.

High up on the balcony, at the rear of the building, hangs a portrait of a Yankee sharpshooter. The picture is almost obliterated by the dust and grime which has slowly worked its way into the paint. It is almost as if time itself had tried to bury this last, mute survivor of "The Boys in Blue!"

The plush rug, which once covered the entire floor, is gone; now there remains but a filthy throw rug<sup>2</sup> upon which rests a table built to the likeness of the turret of the "Monitor." On top of this table is a Bible wrapped in "Old Glory." In this way the old G.A.R. left us a motto; "God and Country!"

Immediately at the front and center of the stage, and at the central point of each of the other sides of the room, stand identical podiums whose four legs are wooden cannons. What business was transacted across these tables? Only the ghosts that once peopled this room know. Back of the stage is a panoramic painting of camp life.<sup>3</sup> Technically the picture has many faults, but historically it stands witness to the camp life which our great-uncles, great-grandfathers, or grandfathers knew. As we view this painting everything present fades away and the figures become animated through imagination. Looking past the tent, which is supported by rifles with fixed bayonets, we can see some soldiers playing

cards and can hear them hashing over the latest rumor:

"They say we're movin' out tomorra!"

"How d'ya know?"

"All I know is that some of the men say we're goin' to be movin' out come mornin'."

"I better pen a letter t'night. If we was to move out I mightn't get one off fer a spell."

The voices dwindle away to a drone as we wander over to the Sutler's tent. As we pass by we notice a "coffee-cooler," who has just bought a bottle of hooch with which to drown out the memories of the last campaign. Meanwhile, off to our right a soldier is galloping into camp at break-neck speed. (No doubt he carries the order to move out the company "come mornin'.") All around us is the smell of leather, canvas, and horses, the natural aromas of the old camp life. There's a soldier giving his horse one last rubdown before he turns in. Not far from where he is standing, there are five young soldiers making sport by bouncing a comrade high in the air with a blanket.

As we return to the present, our eyes turn to the cases of war souvenirs which now take on new life and meaning. Did water from those two canteens slake the thirst of some soldier just before death called him to the last muster-call? This piece of wood came from a part of Hell called Andersonville. Who knows what horrors it has hovered over—the man shot at the dead-line, someone dying from slow starvation, a man gone mad, someone reduced to the point where he scoured the sinks in search of undigested food. That grape-shot came from the confines of Fort Sumpter. Who knows, it may well be that it was part of the first shot which threw the nation into the bloody conflict. The drum resting in that cabinet on our right came from a wheatfield at Gettysburg. It is possible that it belonged to some young lad who left home to go off to the glory of war only to have his soul set eternally free by a Rebel bullet, his young dreams washed away by the blood and carnage of

war. This bayonet, unmarked and unknown, might very well have slaked its thirst with human blood. These many shells, cartridges, and grapeshot at one time passed through the air whistling their song of death while boys in blue and gray hit dirt and prayed, "Please, God, don't let it land here!"

Standing at the edge of the balcony are two full-length statues of George Washington. With there never closing eyes they have looked down on this hall for many years. They saw this hall when it was clean and beautiful, their dead ears have heard Yankee war stories, and, if they could think, they would recall for us the things they have seen and heard as they

stood there, timeless and untiring sentinels.

As we prepare to leave the hall with these thoughts clinging to our minds, we seem to hear the ghostly strains of the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic" playing in the background as a slow, hollow voice is saying,—"that we here highly resolve that these dead shall have not died in vain—"

<sup>1</sup> This painting, reaching almost to the ceiling, has been restored—having been cleaned inch by inch by use of toothpicks!

<sup>2</sup> Also cleaned and in the new museum.

<sup>3</sup> An enormous canvas which yet remains to be cleaned and adequate space made to display it.

## Reno Post 64, G. A. R., Williamsport, Pa.

by John L. Hunsinger

Editorial note:

The following article resulted from research which depended largely on the personal recollections of living relatives of the friends of the local G.A.R. substantiated when possible by checking local sourcebooks. Your editors would appreciate corrections or additions or deletions to make the following as accurate as possible a record to be preserved at the Civil War Museum.

The Reno Post Hall on Third Street in Williamsport is best known, I'm afraid, to the citizens of this city as the "Rummage sale place." Few citizens know that at one time that building housed one of the most active organizations in this area. Some of our older citizens can remember the old vets, and later their sons marching in local parades and Memorial Services conducted by that post when police had to help control the crowds. Today memorial services are still conducted by the Sons of the Union Veterans, but few people bother to attend them. We today are too "busy" to remember the "boys in blue."

In 1866, however, the "boys in blue" were very much remembered. These boys, like all ex-soldiers, tended to gather together to swap stories and tell jokes of army life. An attempt to set up a formal unit of Union veterans was made in 1886. They adopted the title "Post 64, G.A.R.,"

but for reasons unknown, they dissolved the post after two years. Another attempt was made in 1870, and this time it was called "Reno Post 64, G.A.R." The "Reno" is in honor of General Jesse L. Reno, who lost his life in the engagement of South Mountain, Md. The muster date of this third organization is October 13, 1876, and A. H. Stead was its first commander.

In addition to Reno two other G.A.R. posts existed at one time. Col. S. D. Barrows Post G.A.R. met over the present Endicott Johnson Shoe Store on Market Street. It was a much smaller post than Reno and merged with it around 1900.

An organization of Negro veterans, the Fribley Post, met on Jefferson Street between Hepburn and West Streets at the site of the present Hartman Coal Company office. This post was named after Col. Charles W. Fribley, commander of the Eighth Regiment U. S. colored troops from Williamsport. It too, merged with Reno Post around 1900, its members being accepted with "full status."

The Reno Post grew in membership until 1910, the muster rolls showed a total of 730 members. The interior of the Reno Post Hall was majestic and well kept. Veterans donated souvenirs after the war, and soon the Post had quite a collection of relics, which were duly mounted and preserved in glass cases. A collection of the Rogers' Group of the Civil War period was

obtained, and these statues lent quiet beauty to the hall. The hall was also adorned with many paintings and lithographs depicting Civil War scenes.

Memorial Day was the big day of the year for Reno Post. The veterans would assemble around nine in the morning and march to their lot in Wildwood Cemetery and conduct memorial services. They returned to the Reno Post Hall at noon for a hearty meal prepared by the Women's Auxiliary. After dinner they would march in the parade, which ended at the cemetery on Washington Boulevard. In later years the parade ended at Brandon Park. Here another memorial service was conducted. After supper the Women's Relief Corps, an auxiliary, held memorial services at the Market Street Bridge in honor of the sailors of the Civil War. The cannon used in this service was invented by W. H. Melhuish, a member of the Post. It was a 3 in. breechloading cannon which was manufactured by the Darling Valve Company in Williamsport. Mr. Melhuish spent several thousand dollars perfecting it, but it was turned down by the U. S. Army. This cannon is still used today by the Sons

of the Union Veterans on Memorial Day.

The W. S. Hancock Camp No. 44 Sons of Union Veterans was organized in 1888. This consisted of a military company of thirty-five men and three officers, a hospital corps of twelve men which acted as a hospital unit at encampment, and a battery of men to man the cannon. They marched in Memorial Day parades and assisted in memorial services, and after Reno Post broke up they took over that post's part in these affairs. They still take care of the G.A.R. graves and hold memorial services every Memorial Day. They have kept the hall in order and preserved and maintained the relics.<sup>1</sup>

During the summer of 1957 Commander George Zimmer, acting on behalf of surviving Sons of Union Veterans, transferred the care of these relics to Lycoming College. These relics were moved to Lycoming College and are being cleaned and catalogued. Most of this collection is now on display for the public at Eveland Hall at Lycoming College.

<sup>1</sup> Editor's note: The author is being kind; they kept the doors locked so that the collection stayed intact!

## FORT AUGUSTA

What It Meant to the Pioneers of the Susquehanna Valley

by Dr. Lewis E. Theiss

Read before Lycoming Historical Society April 10, 1958

In our look at the distant past, we have to go beyond the history of the white man in America. And the important fact is that for a long, long period England and France had been bitter enemies, at war with each other every few years. That enmity carried over, of course, into the struggle for possession of the New World.

By chance, France began her conquest far to the north. Working up the St. Lawrence River, French expeditions first established a post at Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. That was in the 1500's, before the British had arrived. Slowly the French worked their way up the St. Lawrence, founding Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. As tidewater extends the entire distance, this was easy of accomplishment.

Although the French were few in num-

bers, they covered an amazing spread of territory; for they were a restless, inquisitive lot, always wanting to see what was around the next bend. Further, they lived on terms of closest intimacy with the Canadian Indians, many Frenchmen marrying Indian women and living the lives of savages. When the French wanted to penetrate farther into the interior, the Indians were more than willing to go with them and show them the way.

And so, through the years, the French pushed on through the Great Lakes to the farthest extremities. Indeed, there were Frenchmen at Duluth before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. In one of their explorations they went along the southern side of Lake Erie, to the neighborhood of Erie, Pa., here they turned south overland,



guided, of course, by their Indians, to the stream we now know as French Creek, thence down it to the Allegheny River, and so on to the site of Pittsburgh, and then down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and so on to New Orleans, which was also French territory.

All this required many years. Meantime, the British had swarmed into North America and the French had done everything they could to drive them out. Constantly they instigated savage Indian forays against the outlying British settlers in the northeast, burning, killing, scalping, and perpetrating two of the most awful massacres ever committed in North America—at Schenectady, N. Y. and at Deerfield, Mass. This latter outrage occurred in 1704. But despite these unrelenting and continuing terror tactics, the French found that they couldn't drive the British out of the land.

If you will look for a moment at the map behind me, you will note the red line that I have drawn on it. This line runs along the St. Lawrence River, from Quebec, westward through the Great Lakes to Presque Isle, which we now call Erie, Penna., and then goes south across a short stretch of land to French Creek and the Allegheny, the Ohio, and the Mississippi. Please note the relatively small portion of America that lies east of the red line and the huge part west of it. And please bear in mind that this long red line was the line of communications for the French between their two main settlements—Quebec in the north, and New Orleans in the south.

When the French finally opened communications between Quebec and New Orleans, by the waterways mentioned, they came to the decision that although they couldn't drive the British into the Atlantic, they might be able to contain them in the lands east of the Allegheny Mountains. They built a chain of little forts all the way from Montreal to the Pittsburgh site, to protect their troops in their journeys and to help hold the land. At the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela, as we shall see, they erected Fort Duquesne. It commanded the gateway to the west. If they could hold that, the British could not get beyond the Allegheny Mountains.

I call your attention to the importance of waterways in those days. Travel was necessarily by water, for it was next to

impossible to march any distance through the almost impenetrable forests. Those who wished to go to the west, had either to continue on up the Great Lakes chain or go down the Ohio River. The French stronghold at what is now Detroit sealed the northern route. Fort Duquesne, it was hoped, would seal the lower route. With the British confined to the lands east of the Alleghenies, the French could then easily make conquest of all the remainder of North America. Assuredly they were playing for big stakes and success seemed possible.

But there were British leaders who understood the situation thoroughly. They did not intend to be shut out of occupancy of western lands. Although there were then no English settlers anywhere near the Pittsburgh site, the Virginians set afoot a movement to acquire lands along the Ohio, west of the Pittsburgh site. They sent Christopher Gist out there to explore and report about desirable lands. Then they sent out Captain William Trent with colonial militia to erect a defensible post, in January, 1754, and so safeguarded the passageway to the west. But they did not give him enough men. Trent started to build a small fort at the forks of the Ohio, the site of Pittsburgh—but left the job to go back to Wills Creek. A young ensign was left in charge. But long before the new stronghold was in defensible shape the French appeared in force, drove the British out, tore down the new stronghold, and erected Fort Duquesne for their own defense. Thus the British were fairly checkmated. The French must have been very jubilant when they accomplished this. Now they were sure they could hold off the British.

But they felt quite different when the British King sent General Braddock with a powerful force to capture Fort Duquesne. Nobody—including the French—doubted that he would do it. His defeat was utterly unexpected and incredible thing.

What is more, it put a new face on the situation. Now, instead of merely holding the British east of the mountains, would it not be possible to drive them far back toward the Atlantic, and hold them there, thus adding tremendously to French territory

But here French lack of numbers seemed

to be fatal. The French population was tiny. All the Frenchmen in Upper North America numbered hardly more than 20,000 souls. The British had more than 2,000,000 population and by the time of the Revolution, twenty years later, there were 3,000,000 of them. The French just did not have the soldiers to accomplish their end.

But they had the Indians, and they used them promptly. Arming them, bribing them, deceiving them, and doing everything possible to arouse hatred of the British, the French now sent their Indians on frightful forays all along the border. In Virginia, in Maryland, in Pennsylvania, the Indians committed the most frightful atrocities, murdering, scalping, torturing, burning.

Braddock's defeat occurred in July of 1755. Only a year earlier, in 1754, the Penns had persuaded the Six Nation Indians to sell them another tract of land along the Susquehanna. The line marking the boundry of that purchase was approximately one mile above Penn's Creek. Twenty-five settlers had moved into this territory. They were settled along Penn's Creek near present New Berlin. They were utterly unaware of what lay ahead. The war at the forks of the Ohio meant nothing to them. But suddenly French Indians fell on these settlers and murdered or captured all of them but one. Penn's Creek, as you know, flows through Selinsgrove and empties into the Susquehanna just below that town.

This terrifying massacre, coming after many decades of peace with the Indians, brought the war close home. British settlers along the entire Pennsylvania frontier were terrified. Forty-six settlers fled for protection to Shamokin (now Sunbury) where friendly Indians lived. But the attitude of the Indians there caused them to leave the following day. As they traveled south, they were fired upon from ambush near Mahanoy Creek and four settlers were killed. The Moravians broke up their mission at Shamokin, and soon the Indians also retired from the place. This evidently indicated hostility on their part.

The news spread like wildfire. Like frightened deer the westernmost pioneers came rushing out of the woods. Their flight never ceased until they reached Chambersburg, Shippensburg, Carlisle, and other tiny frontier villages. Here was then seen in

America the counterpart of much that has happened in Europe in recent years, with hordes of refugees fairly submerging entire neighborhoods.

But that is no part of our story. The significant thing is that the French, through their savage allies, had carried out perfectly the first part of their program. They had driven the British back far back. The westernmost point of settlement in Pennsylvania was now at Chambersburg. As the crow flies, it is more than 125 miles from Chambersburg to the Pittsburgh site—an enormous slice of territory that the French had cleared of British settlers. And they had brought the war so close home to the British as to scare them half out of their wits.

The problem for the French now was to hold this vast territory. Obviously they must have a stronghold far to the eastward that they could defend, and whence they could sally out on endless terrifying raids and so push the English still farther east. There was just *one* place for such a fortification—at the forks of the Susquehanna. Here was a gateway like that at present Pittsburgh. As all travel had to be by water, a fort at the forks of the Susquehanna would absolutely command the passage up and down the main stream and both branches of the river.

This the French understood well enough. But consider their difficulties. It would require a large force of men to capture and hold the desired site close to the English and construct an adequate stronghold. Where were they to get the men? And where could they obtain necessary food? The soldiers would have to come from Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Detroit, Michilimacnac, Fort LeBouef, Fort Venango, and even from New Orleans, and other scattered strongpoints. But the journey from Quebec to the Pittsburgh site, on foot and in canoes and Batteaux, was an exhausting journey of weeks and months. For all the forces available must assemble at present Pittsburgh and thence march east, on foot and by water, to the site of present Sunbury. I do not need to tell you that there was a staggering problem.

You may well wonder why the French had to travel in such a roundabout way. There was a very real reason for it, and a most interesting one. The Iroquois or Six



Nations originally occupied the entire territory between Buffalo and the Berkshires. The Mohawks, who were the keepers of the eastern gate, lived along the lower Mohawk River. They had long carried on a devastating feud with the Canadian Indians. When Champlain first came to Canada, the Canadian Indians besought him to join them in an expedition against the Mohawks. Knowing nothing of Indian politics, and thinking to ingratiate himself with the Canadian Indians, Champlain consented. The Mohawks had never heard a gun fired. When Champlain's men shot off their blunderbusses and killed some of the Mohawks instantly, the latter fled in terror. But they never forgave Champlain and the Frenchmen. As the Mohawks felt, so, in a general way, felt the entire Iroquois confederacy, and from the day of that battle onward, the Six Nations were mainly hostile to the French. Thus, when the French wanted to reach the forks of the Susquehanna, they did not dare march south through what is now New York State. That was the land of the Iroquois or Six Nations. The resulting delay, caused by this roundabout journey to the Pittsburgh site and then across Penna. caused the French the probable loss of the Fort Augusta site. And just as surely, Champlain's shots on the bank of the lake named for him, did much to cause France the loss of her American empire. Assuredly, the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine.

Indeed, it was almost a year after Braddock's defeat before the French were at last able to take advantage of the situation. Then they sent a force to the east, by way of Kittanning, thence overland to Clearfield, and from there down the Susquehanna on rafts that they had constructed.

Meantime, the sluggish Pennsylvanians, scared half out of their wits when the war came to their very doors, at last were moved to do something. Again and again the friendly Indians, through the years, had pointed out the strategic value of the Sunbury site and urged the British to erect a strong house there. But the timorous legislature, though prodded by one governor after another, refused to vote a penny for defense. Now it was a different story. The war was no longer out at Pittsburgh. So the legislature voted ample funds for a stronghold. And it was to be the most

powerful colonial fortification in America. The question now was, could they get it done in time? For friendly Indians had told them that the French were straining every nerve and muscle to collect, feed, arm, and equip an army to capture the site at the forks of the Susquehanna.

Terrified inhabitants gathered at Harris Ferry, sent in a petition for a fort at Shamokin. On the very same day, a similar gathering at Conrad Weiser's home near Womelsdorf, sent in a similar petition. The entire frontier was crying for protection, for the Indian outrages grew worse.

Governor Morris, who had tried in vain to put the colony on a good defensive footing, was now determined that this fortification should be built. In mid-April, 1756, he informed the Board of Commissioners that on the twenty-ninth of the preceding month he had commissioned Lieut. Col. William Clapham to recruit a battalion to accomplish this end. This force was known as the Augusta regiment. Major James Burd was second in command.

Slowly supplies and equipment were collected at Fort Hunter, near present Dauphin, and the regiment rendezvoused at Harris Ferry. Governor Morris drove out from Philadelphia to attend the recruiting and training of the soldiers. On June 12 orders were issued for the march to begin. The force proceeded as far as present Halifax, where a stronghold was erected for the protection of men and supplies enroute to Shamokin. Boat building began, for all supplies had to be taken up the river—a task almost superhuman, so low was the water.

On July one the regiment marched for Shamokin, reaching there safely on July sixth. Immediately the erection of the fort was started. This new stronghold was to be built after plans drawn by one E. Meyer, an engineer for the British government. The structure was to be called Fort Augusta in honor, as the late Fred Godcharles points out, of a daughter of King George II. Col. Clapham drove his men hard, and by September 23 wrote the governor that "The fort is almost finished, and a fine one it is."

Meantime, what about the French? They had labored diligently to get together a force that could capture the forks of the Susquehanna and there erect the stronghold

they so greatly needed. When they had finally gotten together a force that could possibly accomplish their purpose, they marched; but it was more than a year after Braddock's defeat. The expedition went up the Allegheny River to Kittanning, then overland to present Clearfield, where trees were cut and rafts made. Then the party sailed down the Susquehanna.

But the commander was too wise to march his entire force directly to the Shamokin area. Indians had reported to him the activities of the British. But Indians reports had little meaning. They were too vague and uncertain. Nevertheless, the French commander was taking no chances of marching his entire force direct to Shamokin, perhaps to be met by a British army, with death or capture of his entire force as a possibility. So he sent forward a little group, to spy out the land. It is of interest to us to know that the French tied their rafts to the shore somewhere opposite or above present Montoursville, and that this exploratory band crossed over Bald Eagle Mountain through the very same gap that brings Route 15 from Lewisburg to Williamsport.

Many persons have regarded the story of this spy group as apocryphal. However, we have absolute proof that the expedition took place. The last French governor of Canada told about it in a report to the French King.

When this party arrived at Blue Hill, the frowning 300-foot precipice across the river from Sunbury, the French spies knew in a minute that their cause was hopeless. Although the new fort was not wholly completed, it was so far forward that no Indians or riflemen could ever take it. Only troops with big guns to batter down the sturdy oak walls could ever capture it. And the French had no such guns, although it is said that they had two tiny cannons that they had lugged from Fort Duquesne. Back to the main force awaiting them approximately opposite Montoursville went the disappointed spy party. The two tiny cannons are said to have been thrown in a deep hole in the river, which gave rise to the name Cannon Hole.

At any rate, this succession of events illustrates perfectly the effect of topography upon human destiny. Had the French had ample troops that they could set in motion promptly after Braddock's defeat, it is

almost certain that they would have captured the desired fort site at the forks of the Susquehanna. With a sturdy fort erected there, they would have assuredly ravaged the Cumberland Valley, have swarmed down the Susquehanna Valley and taken the Harris Ferry fort, and continued eastward perhaps to Lancaster, perhaps to Reading, perhaps even closer to Philadelphia. To regain the settled farmlands east of Harris Ferry, the British might have been willing to make a compromise agreement that would give France a good part of Pennsylvania.

Such speculation is not altogether idle. But to try to tell exactly what the outcome would have been is of course useless. Had the English chosen to resist and fight with their backs against the wall, they would undoubtedly have beaten the French in the longrun. The British had the men and supplies right at hand. In the long run, they must have won the fight.

But whatever might have happened, one thing is certain: when the French got to Blue Hill and found the chosen fort site already fortified, that put an end, once and for all, to the hope of pushing the British back to the Atlantic. Because of the incredible incompetence of the British commanders, who made one serious blunder after another, the war dragged on for nearly eight years. In the end, France lost all of Canada, and a few years later Jefferson moved her out of America entirely through the purchase of Louisiana. But one thing is sure. When the French were stopped at Fort Augusta, it was the beginning of the end.

For those of you who were unable to go on last summer's pilgrimage and see the replica of Fort Augusta, it might be well to say a word about that notable stronghold. First of all, let us try to picture to ourselves the actual situation at the site. Two hundred years ago, when Augusta was erected, the region was solid forest. Among the forest trees were many huge oaks. Their hard wood made the best defensive walls. First throwing a protective embankment to which they could retreat if attacked, the workers began to fell the huge forest trees. In doing so they accomplished two important purposes. Not only did they thus secure materials for the fort, but they made it impossible for Indians or any other foes to slip up close



to the fort unseen, although a stealthy savage might worm himself forward for some distance behind a tree stump. But the forest cover, on which Indians always relied, was gone forever.

Horses had been driven to the site and they were used to drag the huge oak logs into position. These were laid horizontally, in rows on top of one another, to form a portion of the walls. Upright palisades were set up in other parts of the walls. Great earthen embankments were built against the logs, with an outer ditch and still other palisades. In short, here was no mere frontier stockade, but a fortification built according to advanced military science. (The plans for this fortification were drawn by a British military engineer, one E. Meyer. The late Frederick Godcharles, our local historian, says that the fort was named in honor of the daughter of King George II.)

One more thing we might notice. During the two centuries that have elapsed since Fort Augusta was built, the shore has receded many rods. We are told that Fort Augusta stood 140 feet from the shore of the river. Now, hardly more than the width of the street separates the Susquehanna from the line of the old fort.

This was a squarish structure, with out-jutting bastions at each corner, so that any enemy who might manage to get up close to the palisades could be picked off by shots fired parallel with the walls and close to them. The survival of the old well and the magazine help us greatly to picture the fort, for they give us a sharp idea of its extent. It was approximately 200 feet square. The old well, which is close to the highway, was located in the shoreward bastion on the south side of the fort. The magazine was at the other end of the same wall. Roughly, these two points represent two corners of the square fort. It is easy enough to locate, mentally, the two other corners. The inside of the stronghold was filled with buildings. There was the house of the commandant, barracks for soldiers, storehouses, shops, etc.

Inasmuch as the food supplies of the garrison depended upon river traffic, it was of the utmost importance that the boats attached to the fort be protected. To accomplish that end, wing walls were erected from each of the bastions fronting on the river side of the fort. These ran out from

the fort, like the curving open arms of a man, and reached from the fort to the shore. Little picket boxes in these walls helped to protect the guards from weather and arrows. With pickets constantly on guard, where they could look down on the actual shore, it was next to impossible for an Indian or any other enemy to slip up unseen behind the high river bank and cut the boats loose.

Although the erection of the fort ended direct possibility of French attack, it by no means put an end to danger. Hostile Indians were ever lurking, unseen, about the neighborhood. The soldiers very naturally grew tired of salt pork, and were always looking for fresh food. On the plain back of the fort grew wild plum trees. When the fruit was ripe, soldiers would slip off to hunt for plums. Indians lying in wait would try to get between the fort and the soldiers, so as to cut them off. Some of the soldiers paid for the plums with their lives. Well back from the fort, not far from the hills behind present Sunbury, was a sparkling spring. Hot and thirsty soldiers wanted to drink of its waters. Some of these soldiers lost their lives in consequence.

Indeed, the meaningful part of the story of Fort Augusta lies not in its oaken walls and its threatening cannon, but in the life of the place. Co. James Burd who succeeded to the command of the fort after Col. Clapham left, kept a diary. This tells us strikingly of the hard life lived by the defenders of the fort. At times, they feared starvation, when expected provisions failed to arrive. Life was cold, harsh, and depressing. Scores of men fell ill. Many died. Others were scalped by near-by Indians.

One great problem for the commandant was that of handling the Indians. Scores of them descended upon the fort with their families. It was next to impossible to distinguish a friendly Indian from an enemy. And indeed, an Indian might be friendly one day and hostile the next. So the savages had to be kept out of the fort. They expected that their friends would feed them. Not to feed them was to incur their enmity. Stores that the garrison needed sadly often had to be handed over to the visiting Indians. And of course, more than one act of treachery was perpetrated by the Indians.

Finally a building was erected just outside the fort for use as a trading post. For

Indians constantly brought beaver skins and other furs to sell to the whites. Further, considerable groups of Indians were always paddling up or down the river, and they always stopped at the fort, pretending to be friendly and expecting a handout.

So poor Col. Burd had his hands full. We owe him a lot, for he not only commanded at Fort Augusta when things were tough, but when Forbes marched west to capture Fort Duquesne, three years after Braddock's disaster, Forbes chose a new route westward, and had to have a twelve foot wide road opened through the forest for scores of miles. Col. Burd had much to do with the building of that road. At any rate, those of you who desire to get a sharp idea of what life was like at Fort Augusta should read Col. Burd's diary. No doubt you can secure a copy in the Brown Library.

And of course, we should remember the part that Fort Augusta played in later years. For it was the great pillar of strength to patriots of the region during the Revolution. Had there been a fort like Augusta at Wilkes-Barre, the Wyoming massacre would have been impossible. What the savages did there could have been repeated farther down stream, had it not been for Fort Augusta. It would simply have meant a little longer canoe trip for the Indians. But Fort Augusta barred the way of the savages, as it had barred the way of the French two

decades earlier.

When Sullivan marched, a year after the Wyoming massacre, to avenge that outrage and destroy the Iroquois empire, some of his troops came from Fort Augusta, and Augusta was an advanced point in the forwarding of supplies to Sullivan—for again practically all supplies had to be brought up the Susquehanna.

With regard to Fort Augusta, the folks of this area should never forget it. When news of the Wyoming massacre swept through this valley, and the population fled as one man, with Indians close behind them, it was Fort Augusta that provided refuge and safety. And again it checked the savages. After the massacre at Fort Freeland, near present McEwensville, in 1779, the savages pushed as far as Milton. But they dared not go any closer to Augusta.

So this old stronghold of freedom does indeed have meaning for us. It played a big part in the history of our region. Strangely enough, although it was never besieged, never fought a battle, never was faced by a hostile force, it played a big part in the struggle for freedom. It was poet John Milton who wrote that "They also serve who only stand and wait." His words apply 100 per cent to Fort Augusta. Although fate decided that it should only stand and wait, it truly did serve exceedingly well. We should all be grateful for its services.

## What Do We Want?

You have probably heard the remarks, "They don't do enough to make the city attractive."

"Why don't they have a community hall?"

"If they would only do something to make life interesting around here."

If you listen, you can hear the word "they" used in this way many times each day to refer to some mysterious group of persons whose responsibility it is to handle any task that takes effort. It's the old story of wanting something done but wanting it only enough that someone else can do the work.

Now in Williamsport and Lycoming County we have a heritage that deserves being kept and honored. Many local residents

can trace their family trees back to the Revolution and before. Many of us had great grandparents in the Civil War and in the Spanish American War. Many of us can name ancestors who played important parts in politics, business, industry, religion, or one of the professions. Most of us feel that those men and women and their works should be remembered.

Unlike some societies we do not believe in ancestor worship; nevertheless, if we can hold up for our youth examples of past greatness, we shall be serving our community in a way that can be of much benefit. Regardless of the abundance of opinion on the callousness and cynicism of today's boys and girls, our sons and daughters and their children will still be largely guided by our

actions and by those of our fathers. It is no actions and by those of our fathers. It is no idle surmise that specific history here at home carries more impact for children than the deeds of remote heroes in books. Your son will fume over studying Muzzey's account of the French and Indian Wars, but he will listen awed when told of the massacres of the "Great Runaway" when local settlers left their homes and lands and fled from the valleys of the Lycoming and the Loyalsock to the refuge of the forts.

What can we, either as citizens of the county or as active members of our Historical Society, do to make effective use of the wealth of historical material we have? To simply give it over to the responsibility of a few people who have limited time and energy is not enough. To be sure these people deserve the gratitude of the community, but too much valuable and interesting material must go too long uncataloged and unseen. If the small community of Towanda can pay for the services of a full-time curator, why can't Williamsport?

The obvious answer, if we stop to think, is, "We can." First, we members of the Historical Society must plan a long-range program involving not only entertainment for ourselves, but also some objectives involving a continuity in policy. One long range objective, for example, should be the eventual procurement of more suitable quarters. There is no use sticking our heads in the sand; our present building is too small and certainly was not designed for displaying historical exhibits.

Once our objectives have been set, we must start a campaign to interest the public and the municipal and county officials in furnishing enough financial support to enable the Historical Society to reach its objectives. This will not be a difficult task but will take too much time and effort to justifiably expect anyone to do it without compensation. The best way to get it done would be to employ someone on a percentage basis. Mist clear-thinking citizens of the city and county will agree enthusiastically that the Society and museum are valuable assets to the community and will readily support them. However, the support we need must be actively and personally solicited, and this takes time and work.

Once we have acquired enough financial

backing, we should establish a permanent program for maintaining an adequate income. This is a very necessary part of our successful operation and cannot be handled in an aimless manner. Even if all our members paid their dues, we could still not function effectively without substantial income from other sources. One method of insuring continued income lies in paying an individual or agency a nominal contracted sum to be responsible for getting publicity for the society. A paid public relations man would gather material from a curator and from the Society officers and keep the public informed about our activities, thereby insuring good will and support.

These above points may seem radical, but they are radical only in that they have not been considered by our society, they are being used by thousands of organizations whose purposes are less worthy than ours. The board of directors surely must recognize that there are a few crying needs. We must first recognize them, analyze them, and then take care of them. Let a committee, a vigorous, forward looking committee, be appointed to make a study and report within a reasonable length of time. Then let's act on the proposals of the committee. In conclusion, there is no reason why the committee making the study cannot use people who have had valuable experience in this work even though they are not members of the society.

#### WILLIAMSPORT SATURDAY EVENING REVIEW, JUNE 30, 1894

Chester Ayers is home again. Don't say, tell us something new. We merely announce the fact because we have not before done so. Chester is in for a good time and means to have it if possible. He has been very busy trying to get up a picnic to go to Mountain Grove, and when this is accomplished he says he won't rest until a German is well under way. If these numerous thunder showers don't dampen the ardor of his spirits he will doubtless accomplish all that he hopes to.

James Bosbyshell, of Philadelphia is spending his vacation here as the guest of George Mills.

It is rumored that the engagement of a young couple out on Washington Street is about to be announced.

## Annie Oakley's Last Shot

by Col. Henry W. Shoemaker

At the tiny village of Roudenbush which was a flag-stop on the old Huntingdon and Broad-Top narrow gauge railway, the "yellow house" is well remembered standing on the left side of a shady lane which ran west from the tracks. On the side porch stood a magnificent mounted specimen of the Pennsylvania Northern type of deer. It was a buck and he showed two wounds in the flank and at the heart. He carried six even points on each antler. It belonged to old Rudy Schuler, long a conductor on the Broad-Top. How did he secure it? No, he did not shoot it but it was preserved in honor of Annie Oakley's bringing it down with her last shot shortly before her death at the fairly early age of sixty-six.

It might be interesting to identify this same "Annie Oakley"—who she really was. Oakley was just a stage or adopted name, and her name was not Mozee or Brumbaugh but she was the wife of Frank Butler, a world renowned rifle shot, who as a child in Darke County, Ohio, she defeated by one point in a shooting match. Nor was her name Bonnie Coakley, who was the girl with a similar sound to her name, trained to become Annie's successor when she retired from public exhibition. She was a dark, Irish girl trained to shooting by her father, the heavily mustached former Sergeant at the Iniskilling Dragons. Bonnie Coakley really passed as "Annie Oakley" in the summer of 1904; she won great acclaim at the Winter Garden in Berlin.

The more celebrated Annie Oakley was born in Hollidaysburg, Blair County in 1860, the daughter of Jacob Moses and Susanah Weis. Both were Jewish-sounding names and Annie had a Jewish look, except when she went to Europe with Buffalo Bill and dyed her hair golden—to the delight of patrons of the Paris Riding Academy. According to the best authority on her life, Dr. Harold B. Drumbaugh, Assistant to the President of Juniata College at Huntingdon, she came of the Plain People, and as these antique sectarians had much Jewish blood, she probably had some of the blood of the Chosen People flowing in her vigorous veins. Her father, Jacob Moses, kept a hotel for farmers and his Father-in-law, Isaac Weis, also kept a well run eating house and stop-over place. Some said, "She

came of sturdy stock"; yet Jacob Moses died young and her widowed Mother, an attractive brunette married Frank Brumbaugh, Governor M. G.'s Cousin, and, I believe, the uncle of the eminent Harold.

Taken to the colony of the Brethren in Darke County, Ohio, she resided in a tiny roadside cabin near the county town of Kingsville where she was living when the Jay Cooke's, or Panic of '73, hit that locality and the family income decreased to nothing much. She became expert at bringing down quails with a sling shot—so many that she sold them in Kingsville and attracted the attention of old Mrs. Bergstresser who had also been a noted shooter in her youth. She induced Annie to purchase her old shot gun, on the installment plan, and though the family religion forbid the child to carry or shoot firearms she became the greatest shot in the known world. She sold her game at the hotels and night clubs at Kingsville and vicinity, and confessed to her Mother how she brought them down. With an eleven year panic and depression hanging over the country she was forgiven and became a well-known figure in the town square where her bronze life-size monument in a granite base now stands.

According to reports widely circulated, Frank Butler, with a handsome brown mustache curled at the ends, had come to town and beaten all the local shots. He was told he had yet to meet the greatest of them all, a mere child, less than five feet tall, who weighed 80 pounds or less. He accepted, more as a joke, but she beat him three points out of one hundred shots fired by each one. Her bull's-eyes were prodigious; he had never seen such marksmanship before. An acquaintance was struck up and the "ladies' man", whose mustache had touched a thousand hearts, fell to his dismay, deeply in love with the white-capped, black gownned child and a marriage was speedily arranged. They would tour the country together, giving matches; there would be money in it. There is an Annie Oakley Television Program that has given her as much publicity as to the earlier Huguenot Hero, Davy Crockett, but its scenes are laid in the West, whereas Annie Moses, alias "Oakley", never crossed the Mississippi River. Then how did the young, side-whiskered, Theo-



dore Roosevelt come to give her a long silver mounted English rifle?

It happened at St. Paul, Minnesota, where the future founder of the Boone and Crockett Club was spending a few days with a Harvard Classmate. At least there is good authority for this statement. Later Colonel Cody, noting Annie's growing fame added her to his European Expedition where the tiny girl literally "stole the show". The Prince of Wales gave her the gold medal she always wore, the King of Portugal, a diamond ring, as she excelled his hero, Captain Carver, as a trick shot. The Kaiser gave her a plaque and the President of France, a gold colarette. On her return to the 'States' she continued to travel with Buffalo Bill. I have seen them riding into the ring at the head of the Colonel's performers and the Indians, but the tiny girl got as much, or more, applause than the tall, handsome frontiersman.

Off-stage under his tall silk hat, Colonel Cody wore his long hair pinned up with a huge horse blanket safety-pin, a long and black Prince Albert Coat. He was always a dignified gentleman. Annie, as she got older, started to teach marksmanship at Pinehurst, North Carolina, a place for which she always had a particular fondness. Among her pupils were: Miss Dorothy Armstrong, of Lock Haven, wife of former Senator R. S. Quigley; Miss Mary V. Fownes, and Miss Mary Elkins, two charming Pittsburgh girls who became golfing-champions; and other leading figures in the American Social World. Then came the great railroad wreck where Annie had nearly every bone in her tiny body broken at least once, but she recovered and spent several years calmly surveying her past life of glory. She had heard that Granny Weiss at Hesston was very frail. She must visit the dear, old lady while she was still here. Parson H. Crawford of the "Altoona Times Tribune", the Grandfather of the famous Janet Blair who, with Hedda Hopper is the greatest Central Pennsylvania thespian, has affirmed Annie's visit. She had not been seen much in her home territory since her terrific smash-up. He boarded the train at Altoona and chatted with her all the way to Huntingdon. He drew from her a very delightful story which was to grow greater in the last chapter.

At the Huntingdon station platform where she changed to the tiny Broad-Top Coach, not another person could stand. All wished to honor the greatest woman shot in the world and a charming, dainty personality. A great shifty engineman took Parson Crawford's cuff and begged an introduction to the great girl. "Why must you meet her"? said Mr. Crawford. "There has been on this night train a giant buck running ahead of my engine, 'Miss Elizabeth', 'Lizzie', I call her. I can't slow down and I will run him down and he will be ground to mince-meat. I want Miss Oakley to shoot him dead, it will add to her fame and to Broad-Top's notoriety." "Agreed", said the genial Crawford, and they climbed into the passenger coach. "Have you a rifle, Mr. Schuler?" she said to the engineman. "Yes", I have carried a loaded Henninger ever since I first saw him ahead but haven't tried shooting him", he replied. "When we get to Roudenbush, I will stop, contrary to orders, and put you in my cab; then you can climb out along the skeleton of 'Miss Lizzie' and at the headlight, prepare for the greatest shot of your life." (It proved her last shot too, for after her visit with Grandma Weiss, she returned to Pinehurst and died, not long after Roudenbush.) With the conductor's approval, as the deer must be killed, the little rambling train stopped and "Annie Oakley" climbed out of the coach into the cabin and worked herself along the skeleton of the cab. She braced herself in the clear moonlight on the headlight's frame, to make what she doubtless felt, might be her last shot. Soon the "mighty buck" was on the tracks with tail aloft, with the engine gaining on him, Annie raised her Henninger; she had used that frontier type of rifle previously. They were like old friends. She aimed and fired, the gallant antlered giant dropped dead in the little puddle of water which ran below the tracks. Old Schuler stopped his jerky engine and everybody cheering, several with lanterns, descended and lifted the dead buck out of the pool. There were the fatal marks, the bullet went in at the flank and came out in front of the heart, a trick-shot, but "deadly as sin". One old farmer remarked, "Annie fired her last shot, had won the fatal aim, and old people gazing at the mounted animal with its' two wounds, always marvel at her matchless skill."

## From the Williamsport Saturday Evening Review, June 30, 1894

Miss Jessie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Mann, of Sunbury, and Horace Y. Otto, a prominent merchant of Williamsport, were married at 6 o'clock last Thursday evening in the First Presbyterian Church at that place by the Rev. O. G. Morton, assisted by the Reverend Brydie, late pastor of the church. The edifice was beautifully decorated and the ceremony was witnessed by a large number of invited guests. Everything was in prevailing colors, green and white. Miss Grace Mann, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, while beautiful little Miss Clarissa Peacock, of Bloomsburg, was flower girl. The bridesmaids were Misses Sarah Moody and Annie Cadwalader, of Sunbury; Miss McHenry, Stillwater; Miss Sarah Jefferie, Chester, and Miss Grace Meyers, Syracuse, while Newton Chatham, of Williamsport, acted as best man. The ushers were Messrs. Charles Kremer, Sunbury; William Mann, Philadelphia; Haister Otto, Charles Otto, Boyd Wilkinson, Williamsport; James Sharon, Newport, and Sam H. Harman, Bloomsburg. A very large reception at the Central Hotel followed the ceremony from 6:30 until 8:30 o'clock, after which Mr. and Mrs. Otto left on an extended tour, after which they will reside at their beautiful country house between Halls and Eagles Mere.

Miss Florence Brown will give a house party over the Fourth. Among the guests will be Misses Lou Deemer, Nell Allen, Grace MacVickar, Jean Parsons, and Messrs. James Gibson, Chester Ayers, Leslie Lyon and Ireland Swenk. We understand that Miss Brown expects to give quite a number of these delightful parties during the summer.

Max Mitchell, Esq., gave a very delightful cabin party for his sister, Mrs. Josiah Horner, last Saturday. Among those present were Mrs. G. D. Tinsman and daughter, Miss Hagenbuch, Miss Charlotte Hoag, Miss Minnie Hooper and Miss Maud Mitchell.

Col. and Mrs. D. C. Robinson entertained Miss Langdon and her guest, Miss Meyer, of York, Pa., the Misses Waters and their guests, Miss McWilliams, of Brooklyn, and

Miss Lundy, of Williamsport, Monday evening at a small musicale, and Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. G. W. Walters and the Misses Waters gave a small informal musicale, Miss Lundy being among the guests present.

ELMIRA ECHO — Saturday.

P. B. Shaw, Mrs. Jane Shaw, Mrs. Leggett and Miss Leggett and Mr. Fred Backus are at Perley's cottage at North Bend.

Street car parties are quite the proper caper nowadays, and a large number of young people are in the habit of going out to Vallamont several times a week. Now that the band is there in the evening this makes a very pleasant pastime for warm evenings, especially when one has no particular engagement.

Last evening at 8 o'clock, after we had gone to press, the very amusing farce entitled "The Unexpected Guests," which had been rehearsed for several weeks, was given in the new auditorium of the Y.M.C.A. Following was the program rendered: Piano Solo; Miss May Lundy; Vocal Solo, Newton Chatham; Recitation, James Hawley; Vocal Duet, Miss Derr and Mr. Chatham; Flute Solo, Harry Silverman; Vocal Solo, Miss Josephine Coleman; Farce, "The Unexpected Guests," the cast of which was made up by Messrs. Ham Foresman, Frank Hinckley, James Hawley, Irving P. Sanford, Clarence V. Mills, Will Lawson, James Gibson Misses Man Snyder, Nell Allen, Mame Youngman, Margaret Updegraff, Nain Hobart, Blanche Derr and Grace MacVicker. The whole affair was under the management of J. P. Sanford and C. V. Mills, who deserve great praise for the successful manner in which the entertainment was given.

## PERSONAL

Mrs. T. J. Crocker and Miss Elizabeth Crocker returned from Canadaigua on Monday last. Miss Jean Hoyt, one of the most charming girls from that place, accompanied them and will make quite an extensive visit here.

Miss Estella Leggett has returned from Brooklyn where she has been during the



past winter, and is the guest of P. B. Shaw.

The attractions in the city for Miss Bartles are not to be compared with those of the cabin. She has been spending the week with the Harrison family in Nippono Valley.

Misses Florence and Anna Slate left on Thursday for an extended visit to Miss Grace Caroll in Baltimore.

Theodore McDowell left to spend the summer with his sister in Scranton, Pa.

Miss Carrie Dove and Henry Purdy left on Thursday to attend the Otto-Mann wedding in Sunbury, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Thomas Page are the guests of Mrs. Page's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Perley. Mr. and Mrs. Perley will go to their cabin at the North Bend next week and Miss Perly will accompany her sister home.

Mr. and Mrs. William McGuire are the guests of Mrs. M. E. Simon on Washington Street.

Mr. William Baker spent the greater part of the week in the city.

Speaking of busy men, John Beck is pressed for time. He has been engaged all the week collecting for the church picnic.

Miss Margaret Geddes has returned from Mt. Holyoke College. She feels quite lost without her three particular friends, Misses McCormick, Slate and Parsons.

Miss M. Louise Gibson and Miss Clara Gibson leave on Monday for Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.

Miss Louisa Larzelere gave a delightful supper party on Thursday.

Mrs. R. W. Gibson returned on Thursday from an extended visit to St. Mary's.

Mrs. William Baird, nee Miss Derr, is the guest of her parents on Market Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clapp have returned from Atlantic City, N. J.

Mrs. Frank Foresman is visiting her parents in Harrisburg.

Mrs. John K. Hays and children are the guests of Mr. Hood at Spring Lake, N. J.

J. Fred Coder's family are rusticated at their cabin near Fields.

John G. Reading, Esq., and family will go to Eagles Mere next week to spend several months.

The most popular place in town is Duble's soda fountain. There from 10 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon may be found all of the prettiest and well known

girls in town., and we won't exclude the boys either, for their weakness for soda is almost as great as that of the girls. When the girls are shopping and separate they always wind up at Dubles, and "Miss Maggie" is a great favorite with young and old.

Harry F. Fotte, Jr., who is quite well known among the boys and girls here, came up from Philadelphia on Wednesday morning and spent the day looking around town. He returned home the same evening.

## JUNK OR ANTIQUITIES

(Continued from Page 1)

"Junk". Your editors cannot help but to speculate as to what other such "junk" might still be lying around in dark corners of your cellars or nooks and crannies of Williamsport attics—guns, swords, pictures, photographs, collecting dust, dirt, grime (and if clothing or uniforms moths)! How often in the past has such "junk" been discarded? What Spanish American War, World War I uniforms and artifacts are now lying discarded and forgotten soon to be thrown out—what precious Civil War mementos or yet earlier relics?

Your editors hope in subsequent editions of the *Journal* on occasion from excerpts of the Reno Post's papers and books to reconstruct and recall events that too often have been "forgiven and forgotten"; holidays that are "celebrated" but no longer "hallowed"; little remembered, and less commemorated.

Might we ask you again to search your memories, your attics, and your cellars for forgotten or neglected antiquities of earlier days; your minds before they become too musty attics, vague and unsure; your attics and cellars before they are abandoned as the new split-level houses, unable to hold their castoffs from the past generations, reject them?

Only restoration, reminiscences, and reverence for the past prevents relics from becoming junk before becoming antique, antiquities from turning into trash, our past a rubble and trash heap rather than a hallowed memory.

The nation which neglects its past loses pride in its present foredoom, its fame for posterity.