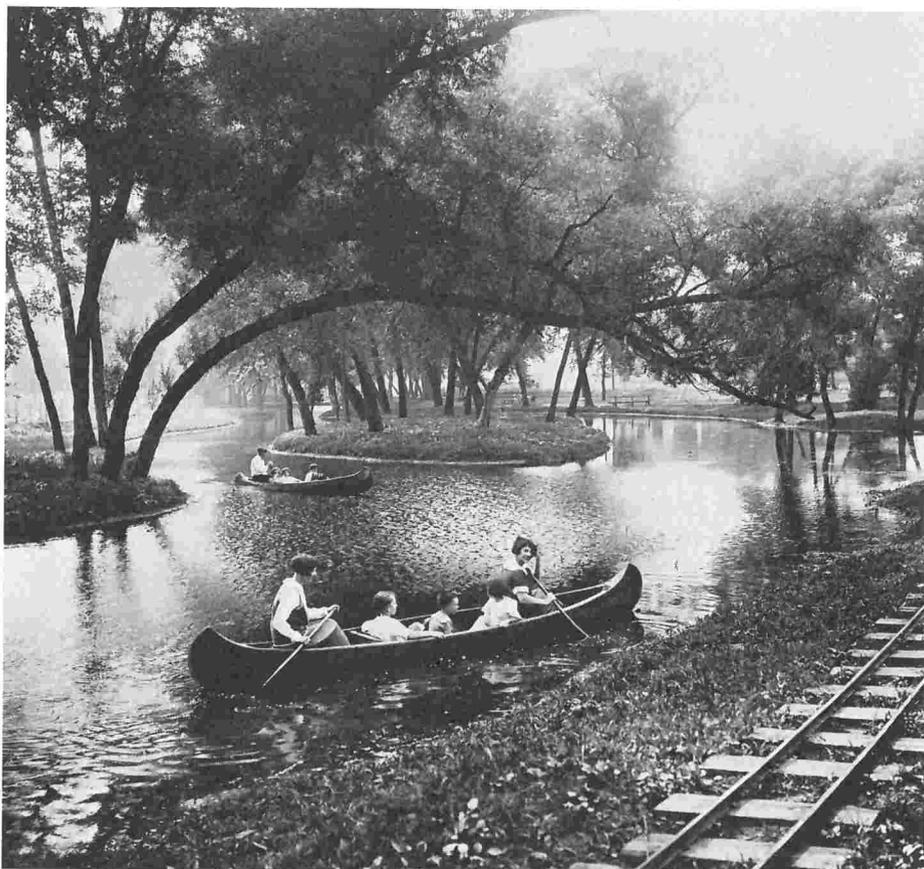


THE
JOURNAL

OF THE
Lycoming County Historical Society

VOLUME XXV
NUMBER ONE

SUMMER
1987



Memorial park Boating Pond located along the north of West Fourth Street, Williamsport, and is now the site of a playground. Photograph by Vincent P. Smith.

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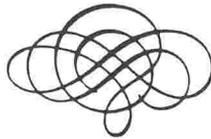
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GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

A review of previous "Greetings From the President's Desk" shows a brief history of each year's accomplishments and also a few suggestions for future consideration by the Museum management. This format is commendable and should be continued.

Probably our proudest achievement during 1986-87 has been the effort to increase the membership and, secondly, to enrich the modest endowment fund. Both campaigns fell below their respective targets, but we believe that failure is not a miss, but a low aim is inexcusable. We aimed for the stars in both instances. The endowment fund reached a level above the \$200,000 mark, which assures an income in excess of \$13,000 per year. This figure is approximately 11% of the cost of operation, and it will keep increasing gradually if we all fulfill our original intentions. It is understood that only the income from the principle will be used for operating expenses. While we cannot anticipate our emergencies, from past experience they have plagued the organization at times.

Our greatest concern at this moment is the possibility that we may lose our accreditation with the American Association of Museums. The reasons given are our failure to implement the recommendations of previous evaluations of 1972 as to sufficient staff, inadequate financial backing, no retirement policy and inadequate benefits package for staff members, inadequate fire and intrusion protection, lack of proper security, and inadequate storage facilities and climate control. A concluding comment in the inspection report mentioned that much had been done, but much remains to be done.

It should be noted that, although the June 25, 1986 examiner's report and checklist ended with the comment that, "I am glad to recommend the continued accreditation of the Lycoming County Historical Museum," the American Association of Museums Accreditation Review Board voted to table the Museum's accreditation for one year. That year soon ends and a report of corrected deficiencies and a scheduled plan of implementation must be made to the Accreditation Review Board by December 1, 1987.

Respectfully submitted,

Horace H. Lowell
President



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

I am happy to report that our last issue of the JOURNAL, Winter 1986, was met with success and appreciation. More of the same efforts have been made to produce this issue. Our efforts have been to inform, entertain and to educate.

This issue begins the first part of what will be an ongoing series "Understanding Our Historical Museum." Our Museum is currently under review for re-accreditation by the American Association of Museums to determine if it does indeed meet minimum standards for museum operation. With re-accreditation looming before us, I feel that you, as members, want to know what the necessary day-to-day procedures and requirements are for a historical museum. After all, a museum can only call itself a museum if it functions like one. That takes professional standards. These to some may seem high, even too high, but consider the quality of the collection and what that says about the Society and its members and those standards are right in line and attainable.

I have drawn upon the archives for a Shoemaker story, as only Henry Shoemaker can tell them. Articles to further illuminate the history of our region and its people will always find a place here. And, for those fishing enthusiasts, myself included, an 1832 article, "Trolling for Salmon."

You will find something new added to the JOURNAL in this issue, "Letters to the Editor," which I hope some of you will use to express your points of view regarding the JOURNAL and the Museum. I have also devoted space to inform you of "What's New" at the Museum, as there are many changes taking place as exhibits are upgraded and artifacts travel to and fro to conservators for restoration. All who actively participate in these changes invite you to see for yourselves, to learn, to understand, and to enjoy.

Another important change has been made in JOURNAL format in this issue with the addition of advertising. It has meant some delays, but we are on the road and moving again. This underscores the problem of raising adequate funds for Museum support.

Last spring, while my husband, Director Joe Zebrowski, attended a by-invitation-only seminar at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C., I had the pleasure to tour some of the finest museums the United States has to offer. I left the four kids home with Grandma and reveled in peace and solace. Upon returning to Williamsport I found that this same pleasure is found right here by the many who tour our Museum each year. I invite you to try it, too.

Stephanie Zebrowski
Editor



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Stephanie,

My copy of the Hist. Bulletin arrived today. You did an excellent job of editing. The "still" came out very good and the pictures you "scrounged up" on the birch trees, etc., contributed to the attention-getting.

I expect to make a short visit to the farm this weekend. If I get into Williamsport before Museum-closing time Fri. P.M., I will purchase some additional copies, if available. I would like all the country folks who contributed information to have one—plus a few others. I will be interested to learn if any interest is generated re the proposed "demonstration." When anything specific develops, I will inform you.

With regard to the "panthers" I will cite a couple of references from our Cogan House Twp. History book. You may not have seen these anecdotes and encounters . . .

My co-author, Mr. Milton W. Landis, accumulated and contributed all of the above references to the panthers . . .

Best Wishes,
Carl Taylor

Dear Mrs. Zebrowski:

Mr. John Bruch II, of Muncy, gave me a copy of your JOURNAL, winter of 1986, to read and I enjoyed it very much. In it I note that you state to write you of anything thought to be of interest.

Your article, "A Tiger, A Panther," interested me very much. From anything I have been able to learn, I have understood that the last panther supposedly killed in Pennsylvania was shot in the 1880's on Dutch Mt., Sullivan County.

Now a lot of people would like to believe there are still some running free here—and kinda wish there were too. But of all the panther stories I have heard, have never known of anyone that saw any tracks. A panther, cougar, mt. lion, or whatever you want to call it, in its wild state DOES cover a lot of ground hunting. Having worked for the Field Force of the Pennsylvania Game Comm. from 1925 to 1962, have probably been in the woods about as much as most people. Have known and talked with many people who work in the woods lumbering, I have never found a track, not talked with any of them that did either. Also, with the army of bear and deer hunters covering almost every square mile of this state every year, with snow on part of the time, with no tracks evident.

As to their screaming, have spent quite a bit of time in the Rocky Mt. sections of Montana and Idaho. Have talked with many cowboys, loggers, etc., there, and none of them have ever heard one scream. These people are in cougar country most of the time. Most of them smile when asked and I have heard them say, "What would they be screaming about?" Was lucky enough to see one myself, on a float trip down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho a few years ago. Porcupines are given credit with making noises that seem to be entirely too loud for the size of the animal—have heard woodsmen claim that it would raise the hair on the back of their necks . . . !

Sincerely,

R. E. Latimer
7 South Washington St.
Muncy, Pa. 17756

EDITOR'S COMMENT

The panther controversy seems to be just that. There were, indeed, panthers in Pennsylvania, an indisputable fact. Whether or not they have survived to the present remains in question. Whether or not panthers attacked human beings also seems to remain in debate.

In 1981, *The Early History of Cogan House Township* was published and contained the following: "It was rumored in the newspapers back in the 1800's that the last panther in Pennsylvania had been killed, but that was just wishful thinking. Every decade has brought forth reports of sightings of panthers in our forests. They are in our forests today. They are few in number, but they are present. There are still panthers in the National Forests of West Virginia and from there, across Pennsylvania, is an almost unbroken swath of National and State Forests to the state of New York and to New England and Canada. There is plenty of forest land in the East for panthers to roam, and they are, without a doubt, a creature with instincts to roam for hundreds of miles from their native habitat. Panthers are sighted regularly to this day, but when an unwary person reports it, he is met with derisive laughs and ridicule and classed with people who see "flying saucers;" so, nowadays most people who see a panther keep their mouths shut."

Philip Tome in *Pioneer Life: or Thirty Years a Hunter* published in 1854, says, "Notwithstanding its ferocity and strength, it is little feared by hunters, and many of the marvelous tales of its attacks upon men are undoubtedly without foundation. It may be that in some instances they have been driven by hunger to attack the human species, but with that instinctive consciousness of man's superiority which every animal exhibits, they will generally avoid him if possible."



UNDERSTANDING OUR HISTORICAL MUSEUM

PART I: CONSERVATION

by Stephanie Zebrowski

The clinical definition of conservation in the museum context is clear and to the point. It is the "attempt" to prolong the life of objects of historical and artistic value, to save them by providing the proper safeguards.

While researching the material to write this article, I read descriptions of conservation that likened it to the surgeon's dramatic rescue of a critically injured patient. That does sound extreme until you examine the circumstances regarding the restoration of the Woodward Guards flag, for instance.

The Woodward Guards flag was made of painted silk. Silk, and especially painted silk, will break down, deteriorate more quickly than all other organic textiles. The flag was found in 200 fragments in a brown grocery bag on a shelf in the storage area of the museum. Due to its poor condition, there was not enough fabric remaining to stitch to a background. Instead, the conservator bonded or fused each piece to a non-acidic, stable, man-made backing material. The pieces were assembled rather like a jigsaw puzzle. Unfortunately, there was only enough of one side of the flag left to stabilize. There was just not enough left of the reverse side to save, to put together. Now enclosed in a sealed frame to prevent atmospheric contamination, the flag is now in a stable condition and on exhibit. According to Museum Director Joseph J. Zebrowski, the flag will remain in a stable condition for about 50 years when it will again need attention.

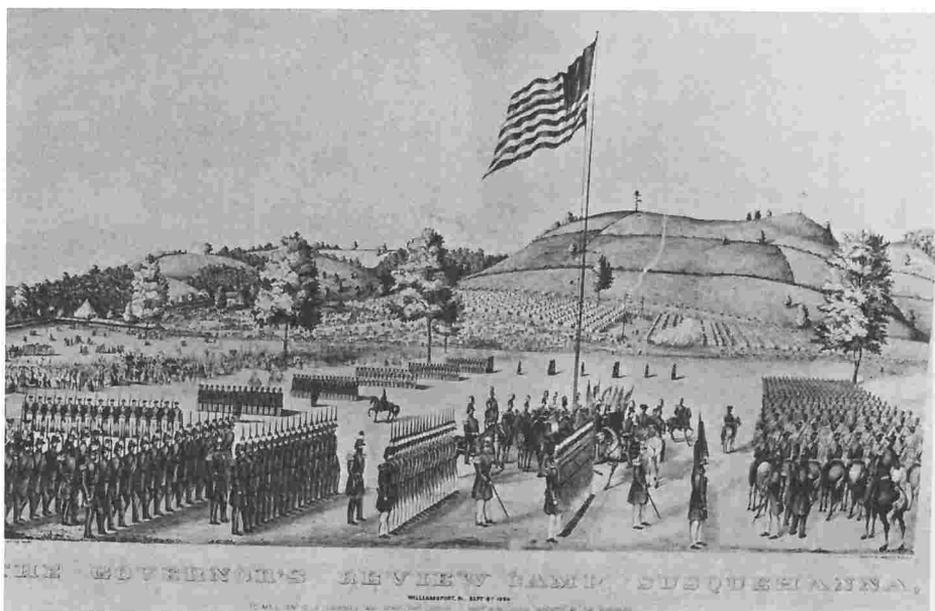
Once again, I return to the analogy of medicine. The most important aspect of conservation, as in medicine, is the prevention rather than the cure. So where does prevention begin? It begins by following good basic museum techniques — clean, uncluttered, well organized storage areas with proper lighting, humidity control, and proper storage containers. An ordinary cardboard box used for paper or document storage can cause stains, acid migration to the print, and embrittlement of the paper. Clothing can also fall to that same fate. Garments made of natural textiles break down easily due to soil, stress from improper storage such as being hung on ordinary wire hangers or from being folded. Storage in cardboard boxes or ordinary tissue paper will stain and discolor fabrics. Silk garments are particularly susceptible. Sharp folds or friction will break fibers. It is also very important to limit exposure to sunlight to prevent fading, speeded-up oxidation, and embrittlement of fabrics; while on the other hand darkness, still air, and high humidity are equally as dangerous to fabrics. We are talking about proper storage which means humidity control, non-acidic storage container materials, proper cleaning techniques, and good sense. Extremes in heat and dryness cause brittleness in paper, leather, and textiles, and shrinking and checking of wood. Frames and joints open up while wood-panel painting, for example, cup and may crack. Conservators in Philadelphia are currently working on a wood-panel painting from our museum's collection. The oil on wood painting of Ann Carson Ross was cracked and peeling. This deterioration had made the panel very delicate. Hopefully it will be back within the museum and on exhibit in 1988.

What this means is that the control of the environment is one of the most important ways in which deterioration of artifacts can be slowed down. Under ordinary circumstances, temperature and humidity are adjusted for the comfort and convenience of those human beings inhabiting a building. In a museum, those factors are not to be considered. Environmental control in a museum is for the protection of the objects rather than for the comfort of personnel and visitors.

Sunlight and ultraviolet rays cause bleaching, and hardening and deformation result. This means embrittlement of paper and textiles; discolorations and ever increas-



Director Joseph Zebrowski is shown with the lithograph depicting the Woodward Guards on July 15, 1858 at Camp Susquebanna, the Guards 1856 charter, and the Woodward Guards flag. All these artifacts are back on exhibit following conservation work.



ing insolubility of oils and varnishes can result. Watercolors and oils can fade, woods may darken or bleach out. Ultraviolet rays from sunlight or fluorescent lighting combined with heat and/or humidity speed up oxidation and degradation of most materials.

Even atmospheric pollution from automobile exhaust and industrial pollution can generate problems. For instance, hydrogen sulfide, a pollutant found in industrialized areas, will blacken white lead once used in paint, and when combined with moisture and ozone forms a destructive acid that attacks both organic and inorganic materials.

Bacterial action such as molds, mildew, fungus, and dry rot will occur when nutrient material combines with warmth, high humidity, and weak or non-existing light. What does this mean for the museum collection? It means that paper is eaten up, foxing or mold growth occurs, starch paste weakens resulting in loss of adhesion, leather weakens. Combine this with high humidity and lack of ventilation, and the end result is destruction!

Lack of humidity is equally as important a problem. When the relative humidity levels are low, the air will pick up moisture from furniture, prints, and other moisture-containing materials.

The ideal relative humidity level is 55% for the maximum protection of woodenware, leather, and parchment. This level should be maintained regardless of the season. To maintain these levels, humidity can be controlled with humidifiers and dehumidifiers specifically for museum use. Silica and other chemicals can be used in closed cases to help control levels also. The elimination of sweating windows would be a major step in the right direction.

Protecting the collection from ultraviolet light, whether from fluorescent lights or sunlight, can be achieved with the use of filters. The heat generated from fluorescent fixture ballasts, which reach temperatures of 190°F, and incandescent bulbs can be controlled with proper ventilation. Preventative medicine.

It sounds so simple, but all of these measures, control of humidity, light levels, maintenance of temperatures, must go hand in hand with good housekeeping. A museum needs to be dust and dirt free as much as possible. This means sealed exhibit cases with air filtering systems, proper storage containers, and regular cleaning of the building and exhibits. This is conservation.

Knowledge of proper first aid in order to repair damage or forestall deterioration and knowing when to call in a specialist are essential to the well-being of historical relics. However, before efforts in this direction are made, it must be determined that the object in question is worth the investment.

With a specific story to tell, a historical museum must be discriminating due to limited storage area and the obligation to preserve the valid artifacts it owns. Authenticity, physical condition, and historical value must all be conditions set down and adhered to to insure a cohesive collection, a collection germane to the story a historical institution is telling.

A modern museum is an educational institution distinguished from other educational institutions by its collection. It follows then that every museum has an imperative duty, a "moral responsibility" to care for those objects.



WHAT'S NEW



Roadside advertising recently was moved indoors with the refurbishing by Joan Nicolas Moore of a sign painted on the side of the former Ralston General Store, now a museum exhibit. This type of advertising found on many rural barns and buildings was popularized in the 1920's when newly paved roads made it possible for automobiles to cruise rural areas for pleasure. The business was popularized by the tobacco industry and other companies, including Burma Shave, which was noted for its entertaining jingles on series of small billboards. The larger signs, such as this, relied on very large graphics to catch attention. A barter system was often used by companies wishing to advertise. They would paint the entire building in exchange for advertising space.

THE BIRTH AND FOUNDATIONS OF AN AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL GIANT

by Stephanie Zebrowski

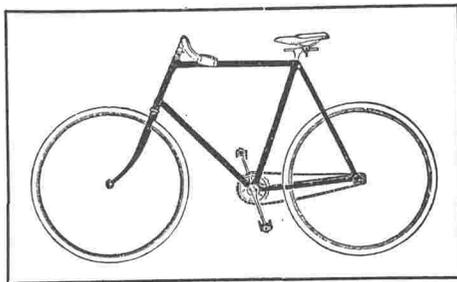
The Lycoming Foundry & Machine Company established in July 1908, following the purchase of the Demorest Manufacturing Company plant, evolved into a multi-faceted aviation giant much the way a television mini-series script might depict the birth and maturation of an idealized mega-company.

The original Demorest Manufacturing Company, a metal fabricating industry, was founded by a Mademoiselle Demorest in 1845, who then sold the company upon her retirement in 1883, to G. S. and F. M. Scofield of New York City. The Scofields transferred their interests to the Demorest Fashion and Sewing Machine Company with offices located in New York City. The factory was maintained in Williamsport and turned out sewing machines which ranged in price from \$19.50 to \$55.00, at a rate of 60 per day.

In 1861, a Company employee, S. H. Ellis, invented a bicycle which became known as the New York Bicycle as it was sold by the Demorest Cycling Company. It retailed at \$85.00, \$100.00 and \$125.00. The original bicycle weighed in at 63 pounds, but was eventually reduced to 28 pounds. Shortly thereafter, Demorest began producing a 19½-pound racing bicycle.



'99



Four Different Models, \$35, \$45, \$50
Besides Tandems and Juveniles.

... DEMORESTS

AS USUAL, UP-TO-DATE.

The Demorest Company plant moved into the first factory unit built on the site located at Oliver and High Streets in 1889 and manufactured bicycles, sewing machines, and opera chairs. By 1908, Demorest began reassessing themselves and in July, the Lycoming Foundry and Machine Company was established. Demorest had been manufacturing sewing machines for nearly 20 years. Now the new firm faced the decision to continue or discontinue its production. It was costing the Company approximately \$2.00 more per machine for manufacture than they were being sold at. Sewing machine production ceased.

Lycoming Foundry began taking on nearly anything offered in order to hold their firm together. They built duplicating machines, cup vending machines, duplicating



The Demorest "New York" bicycle is back on exhibit after having undergone restoration. Semi-pneumatic tires were replaced on the previously empty rims. A leather seat was also added. The skirt guard was replaced in the rear fender area. The wooden rims and fenders were cleaned and revarnished. The conservator used materials that were compatible with the original materials used during manufacture.

typewriters, gas irons, platen printing presses, button sewing attachments, and a variety of other products.

In the spring of 1909, R. L. Ohles, Lycoming Foundry president, and Seth T. McCormick were vacationing at French Lick Springs, Indiana. While there they met Hugh Chalmers, president of Chalmers Motor Car Co., who advised them to consider building automobile motors as the demand was much greater than the supply. The fates, as it were, intervened.

This advice was discussed before the Board of Directors and decisions were made to find the necessary capital, provided the active management agreed to produce the best motor possible from the design submitted. Circular letters soliciting business were sent out.

By 1910, four-cylinder automobile engines were being produced and delivered to the Velie Motor Vehicle Company of East Moline, Illinois. Velie had been using engines made by the American and British Manufacturing Corp. in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Velie Motors was backed by the John Deere Plow Co., and up to 1915, Velie cars were distributed through John Deere dealers.

In 1911, Lycoming Foundry began building four-cylinder engines for Herreshoff Motor Car Co. of Detroit. The Herreshoff Company failed a short time later. This failure was "directly responsible" for influencing Lycoming to build and market their own engines. With the Herreshoff failure they had been left with a considerable quantity of parts entirely special to this peculiar design.

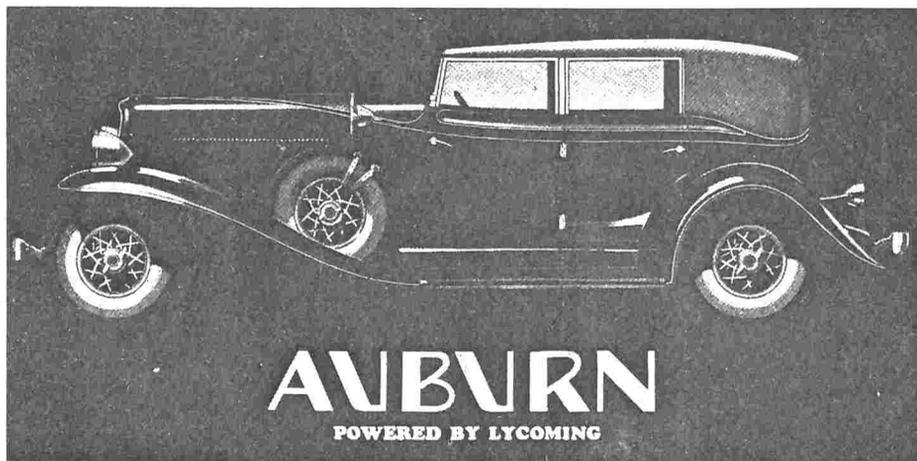
The model L engine went into production in 1915. Dort Motor Car Co. placed an order for 3,000 of them. The Lycoming work force began to expand. Dort soon was producing 25,000 autos a year.

Gardner Motor Car Co. of St. Louis rose from a place of insignificance to one of the top 10 auto makers of the day using a Lycoming four-cylinder engine. Martin-

Parry Corp. of York, Pennsylvania used a Lycoming motor, the model K, in their Atlas delivery wagons and H.J. Koehler Motors used Lycoming engines for their one-ton and one-and-a-half-ton trucks. With the advent of World War I, Lycoming Foundry began building engines for the United States government, producing 15,000 in 1917. Peacetime brought new contracts for Lycoming and in 1919, Commonwealth Motor Co. of Chicago placed an order for 1,000 units for export to England. In 1920, Lycoming sold truck engines to International Harvester Co. and tractor engines to Massey-Harris, among many others. Lycoming Foundry had a work force of 2,000 and orders for 60,000 engines during this period. A contract to build engine blocks for a car designed by Walter Chrysler resulted in the building of a new, larger foundry in Williamsport.

1920 brought the reorganization and refinancing of the Lycoming Foundry and Machine Co. It was renamed the Lycoming Motor Corp. Frank Bender designed a new four-cylinder engine, the C-series, which placed Lycoming Motor Co. into a prominent place in the automotive industry.

The new C-series engines went into production in 1922. The CE was used in the Gardner S5 from 1923-1925, and the CF in 1924 Auburn 4-44 and the Elcar 4-40. Lycoming was producing engines for Checker Cab and Henney Cab, and for Yellow Cab Co. in Chicago.



By 1925, Lycoming Motor was producing an eight-cylinder engine which was used by Auburn for their 1925 model 8-63. The 2H was also used by Elcar in its 8-80 model and Apperson in the 8-62. Frank Bender designed a number of variations of the H-series engine. The 4H was used in 1926 Auburn 8-88, Elcar 8-81, Gardner 8B and Roamer 880 and in the rare McFarlan from 1926 to 1929.

Lycoming Motor Co. became Lycoming Manufacturing Co. in 1924, and in 1925, Frank Bender was made general manager. E. D. Herrick, a native of Williamsport, became chief engineer. In a cooperative effort, Bender and Herrick developed the Lycoming six-cylinder which, in 2S form, became the standard engine in the 1926 Auburn 6-66, Elcar 6-65 and the Gardner.

Lycoming was now employing about 2,000 with an average daily pay roll in excess of \$10,000. Under the direction of E. L. Cord, president of Auburn, Lycoming Manufacturing Co. was purchased by Auburn in 1927. Though the assets of Lycoming were estimated at \$5 million, Cord purchased the company for somewhere around \$2 million. Profits of \$7 million made Lycoming the largest industry in central Pennsylvania. In 1926, Cord took control of the legendary Duesenberg Co. Fred Duesenberg designed the straight-8 engine known as the J-type built by Lycoming. Only 481 Duesenbergs

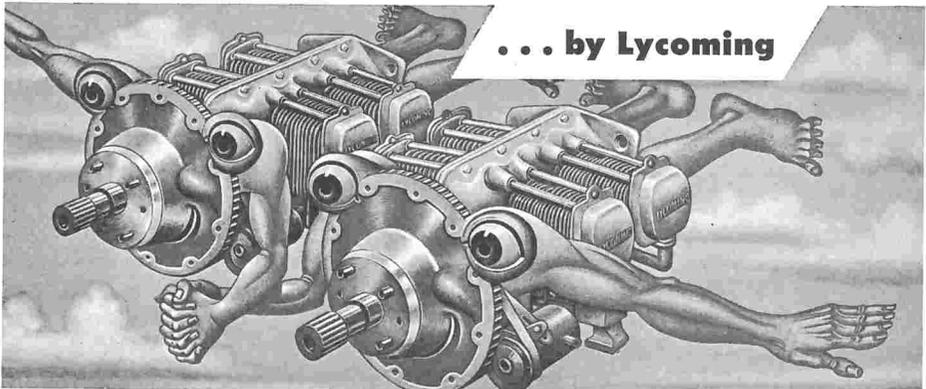
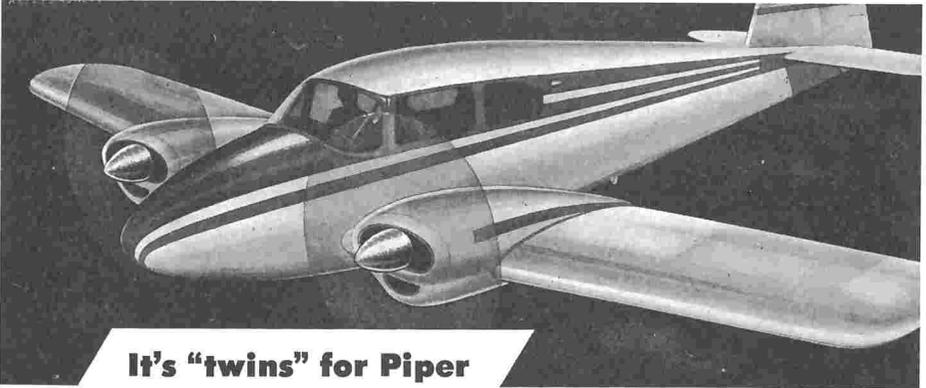
were ever built with the J-type engine, which were capable of speeds of 116 miles per hour. It sold for \$8,500, the ultimate luxury car.

By this time, Lycoming had established itself in the marine engine field, supplying engines for Elco, Penn Yan, Wheeler and Horace Dodge. They had also entered the heating industry with the absorption of Williamsport Radiator Co. E. L. Cord took Lycoming now into the aviation field. Cord hired Val Cronstedt, an engineer with experience with Rolls-Royce, Continental and Curtiss-Wright to develop an aircraft engine. Cord started a holding company, Aviation Corp., whose projects involved Stinson Airplane Co. and American Airlines. Lycoming engines eventually powered the nation's earliest scheduled airlines, the Ludington, National, Boston and Maine Airways.

Val Cronstedt and the engineers at Lycoming designed what was to be a low cost radial aircraft engine known as the "iron horse." The design was not successful and engineers developed a more conventional design, a nine-cylinder 680-cubic-inch radial engine known as the R-680, which put Lycoming into the aircraft industry and aviation history.

On April 3, 1929, with more than a thousand watching, the first airplane powered by a Lycoming motor performed successful trial flights. It was appropriately christened "The Lycoming." Incidentally, T.J. Kincade, a member of Richard C. Byrd's party in his flight over the North Pole, was a member of "The Lycoming" team.

Lycoming had continued to build auto engines and developed the L-29 Cord in August 1929. This was a straight-8 engine and was designed to accommodate a front wheel drive vehicle. Though it won a series of awards in Europe, with the stock market crash, its success was doomed in the United States. The Cord automobile continued to be manufactured into the 1930's. Bonnie and Clyde drove a 1934 Cord. It was the famous "Death Car."



Expecting a good growth in the aviation market, plant expansion began in January 1929, first at the Oliver Street location and then at Williamsport Airport with a hangar capable of housing the largest tri-motor planes then being developed throughout the United States.

Lycoming next entered the aircraft propeller field producing the Lycoming-Smith propeller. It had hollow steel blades and was the first mechanical, controllable pitch propeller. This led to the formation of the American Propeller Company.

Lycoming engines continued to power automobiles manufactured in the 1930's until Auburn collapsed in 1936 and Cord left the company in 1937. By 1939, most major auto makers were producing their own engines. Lycoming would now devote itself to aviation engines.

In 1932, the first United States Army contract for a Lycoming-powered airplane had been placed. By 1937, Lycoming had produced 25,000 Cronstedt-designed nine-cylinder aviation engines. In 1938, Lycoming developed another engine, the flat-4 air-cooled engine, then the flat-6 and the horizontally opposed 8, which became a vital part of the growing aviation industry and were used by Piper, Taylorcraft, Ryan and Beech.

Lycoming continued to make aviation inroads with a 12-cylinder flat motor designed for wing installation that took the company into the high horsepower engine field. The world's first successful helicopter was powered by a 75-horsepower Lycoming O-145 engine.

In 1939, all Lycoming assets were taken over by Aviation Manufacturing Corp. for \$1,493,000 worth of its stock. It was set up as the Lycoming Division. In April 1959, Aviation Manufacturing Corp. became Avco Corp. The name Lycoming remains a company trademark. Demorest began with 47 employees. Today, Avco employs thousands.



THE WRONG CLUB

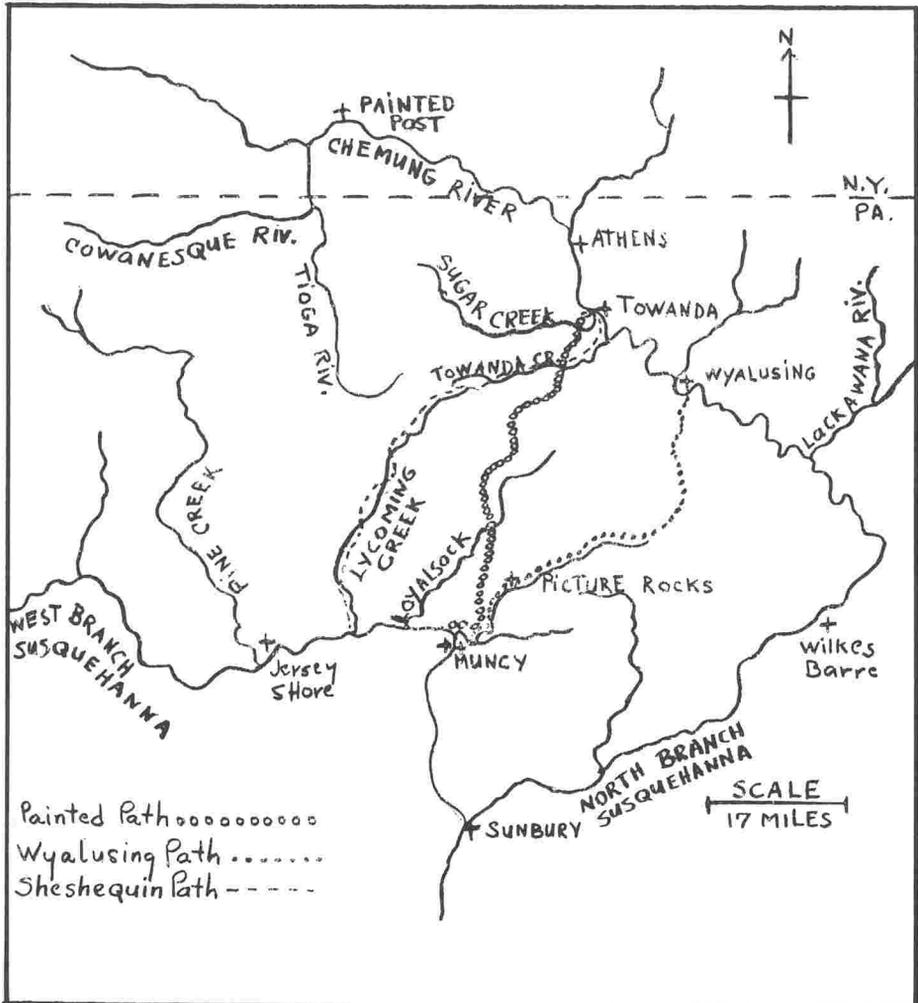
There is a woman in the western part of Pennsylvania who has named her home the "Club," in hopes of occasionally being able to see her husband who has not been home for more than a dozen evenings in the past three years. That is all very well, perhaps, and I hope the woman will succeed, but if she has that sort of a husband she is going at him with the wrong kind of "club," that's all.

The Grit, 1858

THE PAINTED PATH

by Clark B. Kahler

Reprinted from Volume 6, Number 2, Summer 1962, *Quarterly Newsletter of the North Central Chapter No. 8, Society for Pennsylvania Archaeology.*



Although our local histories mention many of the major Indian paths, such as the Shamokin, Sheshequin, Pine Creek and Wyalusing, we seldom find mention of the Towanda Path. Why this should be has always been rather puzzling to the author, for this path is indeed one of interest and was much used by the Indians.

This unique path has been known under various names, such as the Towanda Path, Genesee Trail, the Painted Path and the Painted Line. Perhaps you are wondering just where this path was located, where did it start from, and to where did it go?

The Towanda Path, as it was known to the Indians, was a connecting link between the Shamokin Path on the west branch, and the Warriors Path on the north branch of the Susquehanna. It also happened to be the shortest and the most direct route between the rivers and ran between the Sheshequin and the Wyalusing Paths.

Branching off from the Shamokin Path at Muncy, the Towanda Path followed along the north side of Muncy Creek for a short distance. Then, leaving the creek, it ran over to Pennsdale, thence over the hill to White Church, Huntersville, Barbours, Hillsgrove, Lincoln Falls, Eldredsville, Burnts Hill, Powell, then down Millstone Creek, crossing Sugar Run, then into Towanda, where it joined the Great Warriors Path, which led into New York state.

Conrad Weiser traveled over a part of this trail on one of his trips, in the early spring, but found it very hard and difficult traveling. He also mentioned the danger due to the ice encountered and the great depths of snow found there at that season of the year. He stated that they met no others on the way, nor were there any village sites, since the Indians withdrew from this area in the winter, due to the severe conditions present and the lack of game at that time of the year. Weiser was most emphatic about these conditions, and usually went over the Shehequin Trail thereafter.



The Picture Rocks on Muncy Creek as it appeared c. 1926-1928. From the Vincent Smith Collection.

One of the peculiar features of the Painted Path, or Towanda Path, was noticed and recorded by Weiser, and later by other early travelers. This was a line of trees that had been painted, and was referred to as "The Painted Line," and the reason for calling it the Painted Path.

Along this trail the Indians had peeled the bark off of the trees and had painted pictures upon them, forming picture writings on the stripped areas. The paintings were done mostly in red and black colors, and depicted stories of hunts, battles, and other tales of interest to them. In short, it was a kind of news highway for the Indians, for regardless of their tongues, all of them were able to read and understand the picture writing, just as they were able to understand the petroglyphs.

Many of the pictures appeared to be quite old, but still of good visibility, when they were noted by Weiser, about 1737. The most notable of them appeared along the trail from Burnts Hill, down the Millstone Creek and on into Towanda. However, there were many others scattered along the way, on this side of that area.

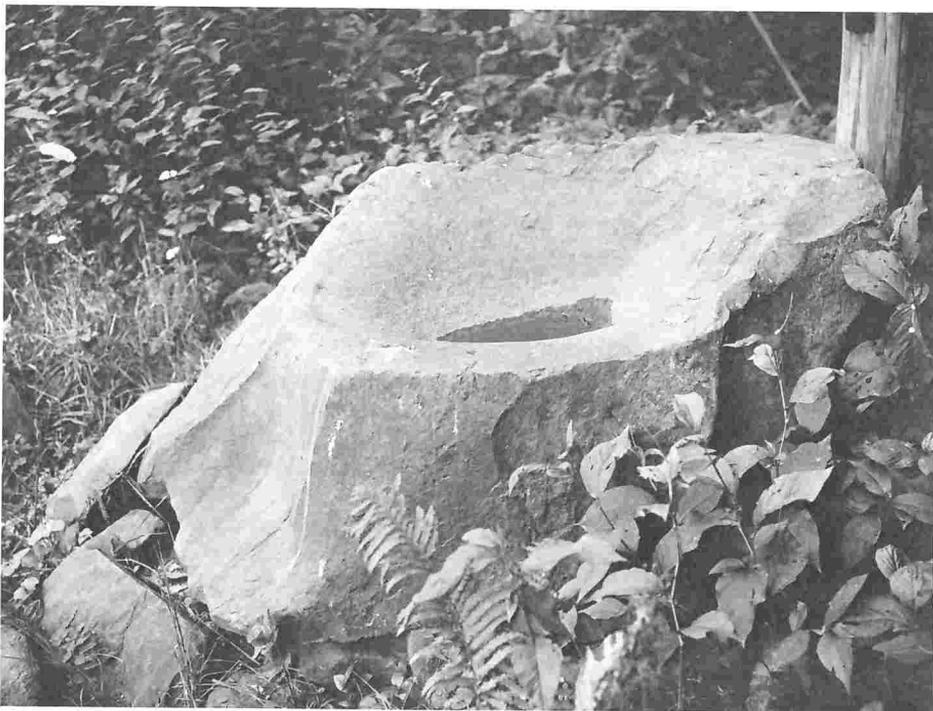
It is rather unfortunate that these pictures on the trees were not copied off for records

or study information. Yet, if we had to struggle along over conditions as existed at that time, no doubt we too would have passed them by. It has been told that some of the last remaining one were copied; of this we have no definite proof, but we hope such is the case.

There is some mention of picture writing upon the trees along the Forbidden Path, sometimes referred to as the South Path of the Senecas, in New York state. A historical account mentions this interesting item, and states that the town of Painted Post, New York, got its name for the town by reason of the picture writing that was painted upon a tree or post at that site when early settlers appeared there.

In our own area of Pennsylvania, we have a somewhat similar account, where a town acquired its name from the Indian picture writing. This happens to be the town of Picture Rocks. This, too, has a definite association with the Painted Path or Towanda Path, for just above the town, which is located on the Wyalusing Path, now the present highway, was another short path leaving the same, but connecting with the Towanda.

Above the town of Picture Rocks are cliffs of rocks, of a red shale formation; and upon these rocks were many groups of Indian picture writings, which gave the town its name. These pictures were visible for many years, until they were destroyed by blasting, in order to build and widen the road. They, too, have vanished before anyone thought of copying them.



Permanent stone mortars were used for grinding grain along the "path." From the Vincent Smith Collection.

However, we must mention that a short distance above the rocks, where Laurel Run joins Muncy Creek, was where the short trail left off from the Wyalusing Path. It ran up along the Laurel Run to the top of the ridge, where it then joined onto the Towanda, near the town of Huntersville. So we can easily see the connection we have with the Painted Path.

Now let us consider the colors used for painting the trees with picture writing, along the Painted Path, which were done mostly in red and black. At Muncy was an Indian

paint quarry along the river which contains a fine pigment of black. We have accounts of Indians from New York State, coming down to this area and trading for this material. At Picture Rocks, the red shale cliffs produce a beautiful shade of red; when powdered or ground it will produce a very lasting color. It would seem to be possible that the material for the picture paintings could have come from this very area.

Regarding the colors of red and black, both of them were highly prized by the Indians. Those colors held an important place and meaning in the life of the Indian, and were of a sacred meaning to them in ceremonial purposes. Red was used to denote life, and also for representing the female or the giver of birth and life. Black signified death, sorrow and evil, but it was also used to denote the male being.

Accounts and evidence lead us to believe that the Painted Path was extensively used, but mostly in the dry months of the year. During that period, it was easy to travel; there was lots of fish, game, berries and nuts along the way. In proof of this, along this trail on the hilltops, we find stone mortars, too large to move or carry. These were permanent along the route and were made for both the stone and wooden pestles, since we find a difference in their forms. Also, here and there along the trail Indian burials can be found, generally covered by mounds of small stones; and sometimes we can detect a small camping site.

So, from a bit of study, relating to the Towanda or Painted Path, we find that it had some very interesting features indeed.

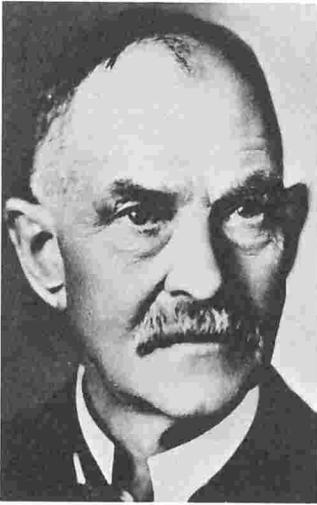
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I suggest the reading of "Conrad Weiser" and also "Indian Trails of Pennsylvania," both of which were written by Dr. Paul A. W. Wallace, who is a well-known author, and very honest and careful in his works.



DR. WALTER VAN FLEET AMERICA'S FOREMOST ROSE BREEDER OF HIS GENERATION

by Everett Rubendall



Dr. Walter Van Fleet, noted horticulturist, successful physician, taxidermist, ornithologist, and authority on "drug plants."

His Early Years in Williamsport and Watsontown

Dr. Walter Van Fleet, noted horticulturist and flower grower, learned about flowers as a child on a farm and went on to achieve his ambition of giving to every home in America a perfect rose variety.

The Van Fleet rose, one of the finest hardy climbing roses, has always been a favorite in Williamsport and Lycoming County since it was introduced in 1910. There were thousands of them in Williamsport in 1926, and today there are still hundreds of them along trellises and fences. Their June blooms produce a long-stemmed flower that has all the richness a greenhouse can produce.

"Walter wanted to create a rose that could be in everybody's dooryard," said Charles H. Eldon, time-honored friend. "He enjoyed his work, not for the love of gold, the gain, the hoarding, the having, but for the joy that success brings. He loved the beautiful in every sense of the word."

Van Fleet's sister Florence, his closest companion on the farm near Watsontown, says it all began as she and her brother read and played in the entrance of a lattice arched doorway leading to the garden. It was all clean and white, she recalled, and as children they enjoyed the fragrance and beauty of the crinkly pink Baltimore-Belle rose, blooming in profusion. She recalled an incident when as a child, she and a neighbor girl set up their play millinery shop, cutting roses to decorate their new creations. Her brother, very distraught, complained to their mother, "All those lovely roses sacrificed for such a display. No woman or girl has ever lived fair enough to wear a rose."

The Van Fleets of Williamsport and Watsontown

Walter Van Fleet was born June 18, 1857 at Piermond, Rockland County, New York. His ancestors came from Utrecht, Holland, in 1662. His parents, Elvira and Solomon Van Rensselaer Van Fleet, moved to Williamsport in 1860 when Solomon was employed as a clerk with the lumber firm of DuBois & Lowe. He also served as Justice of the Peace in Armstrong Township for one term. The family moved to Watsontown

where Walter spent most of his boyhood on a small farm while his father served as principal of the Watsonstown Academy.

Before 1891, when Walter made up his mind to devote the remainder of his life to plant breeding, he spent several weeks learning the art of taxidermy from Charles J. Maynard of Ipswich, Massachusetts, a well-known taxidermist and author of nature articles. During the summer of 1875, Maynard spent six weeks at the Van Fleet residence in Duboistown, opened a shop at 121 W. Fourth Street in Williamsport, a venture that lasted only a few months. In the fall of 1879, Walter became the teacher and Charles H. Eldon the pupil. Eldon attributed his success to his teacher, but gracious Van Fleet reminded him that it was the pupil and not the teacher who achieved fame. One of Eldon's masterpieces was "Interlocking Horns," a mounting of two deer-heads, their antlers interlocked in battle as they were found in a Michigan forest, one dead, the other near death.

Adventures Abroad

At 18, without his parents' permission, Walter signed on with a construction company building a railway through the Brazilian jungles in the valley of the Amazon River. The work involved chopping wood which allowed very little time for his real interest, hunting birds and specimens. Pushing deeper into the jungles, Walter fell ill with tropical fever and was at death's door. With the aid of a friendly Indian, he traveled by canoe down the swollen Amazon during a heavy rainstorm, the first step to returning home. Another new friend, Count Calenzania of Italy, traveled with him through Brazil and in July 1878, they reached the United States.

After additional adventures to Africa and Nicaragua failed, Van Fleet arrived in Panama at about the time the French were failing in efforts to cut a canal. Here he collected specimens and photographs of birds for the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C.

Perhaps influenced by his father who once read medicine, Walter entered the field in 1878. After graduation from Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia, he returned to Watsonstown to establish his practice.

On August 7, 1883, he married his childhood sweetheart, Sarah C. Heilman, and they lived in the family home at 506 Main Street, Watsonstown.

At one point, Walter returned to Jefferson Medical College and later was appointed a physician to the Pennsylvania Railroad at Renovo, Pennsylvania.

However, while still a practicing physician, he began systematic work with growing and crossing of plants, first with gladioli and cannas. Then suddenly in 1892, at age 35, Dr. Van Fleet entered wholeheartedly into the profession that would be his life's work. "I think his love of the rose was one of the reasons he gave up the practice of medicine and became interested in horticulture in real earnest," his sister Florence said.

The Van Fleet Rose is Introduced

Walter wanted to call his pale pink climber rose "Daybreak" when it was introduced in 1899. As year after year went by without it being put on the market, he inquired and learned that the stock had all been lost. Luckily he was able to supply additional material for propagation from the original plant so that finally in was introduced in 1910 by the Peter Henderson Company, as the "Dr. W. Van Fleet" rose.

Another rose, the "Sarah Heilman Van Fleet" was presented to his widow three years after his death. It displayed the double blossoms on what was said to be the only truly ever-blooming tall bush that was seven feet tall with a ten-foot spread.

The climber roses, or "dooryard" roses were his specialty. They were sturdy and required little attention. Of these, his "Mary Wallace" was winner of three medals. Others were the "Alida Lovett," "Besse Lovett," "Birdie Blye," "Breeze Hill," "Dr. E. M. Mills,"



The Van Fleet rose, one of the finest hardy climbing roses, was introduced in 1910.

“Glen Dale,” “Mary Lovett,” “Silver Moon,” and “American Pillar,” the latter so named because it climbed upright on posts rather than on fences or wires.

His first contribution of importance to garden lovers was his gladioli hybrids. His raspberry, named “Van Fleet,” was especially popular in the Southeast. His work with chestnuts pointed the way to re-establishment of the chestnut forests in this country with the development of a blight-resistant form.

At one time in his career, Van Fleet became Associate Editor of the influential farm paper, the *Rural New Yorker*, while developing experimental proving fields at Little Silver, New Jersey.

His successes attracted the attention of the United States Department of Agriculture. He was assigned to the Bureau of Plant Industry's new “introduction” garden at Chico, California. His next venture concerned investigations of drug plants across the Potomac from Washington. Finally, he settled down in a rose-covered cottage in Bell, Maryland, where he and his wife spent their remaining days.

Honor and Awards

In 1916, he was awarded the George Robert White Medal of Honor for eminent services in horticulture by the Massachusetts Horticulture Society, the greatest token and honor that could come to an American horticulturist. In 1921, he was awarded three medals for his rose, “Mary Wallace,” a gold medal by the American Rose Society, another gold medal by the city of Portland, Oregon, and a silver medal by the Portland (Oregon) Rose Society. A medal from the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society honoring Dr. Van Fleet for his work with roses is a part of the Lycoming County Historical Museum's collection.

It was said that Van Fleet was a plant breeder, a successful physician, a skilled taxidermist, a well-known ornithologist, an accomplished musician (he played the violin), a widely-known writer, an authority on drug plants, an able photographer, and a skilled horticulturist.

Those who knew him best said he had that quality of temperament that made people love him. "He was not egotistical, and he was self-sacrificing, so that others came first, and in that way, he earned their abiding faith in him," his sister Florence said.

Dr. Walter Van Fleet died in 1922 in Washington, D.C. His wife Sarah died late in 1943. Together they are buried atop a beautiful hill overlooking Watsonstown. For years their graves have been decorated each spring with Van Fleet roses.



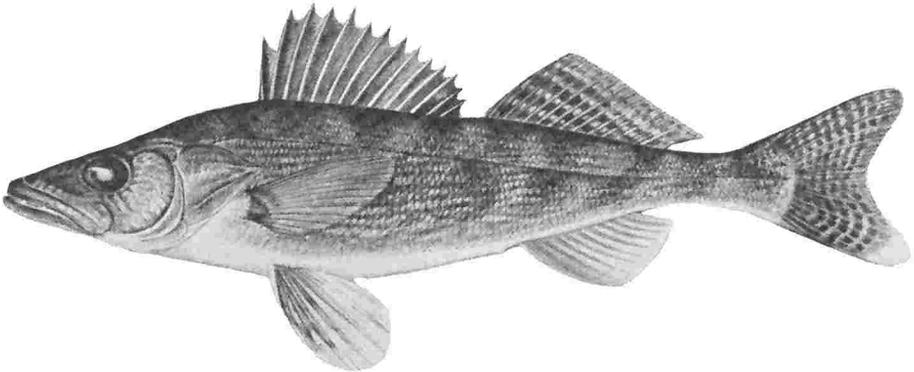
A medal from the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society honoring Dr. Van Fleet for his work with roses is a part of the Lycoming County Historical Museum's collection.



TROLLING FOR SALMON

Reprinted from: *The New York Mirror*, Volume X, Number 6, Saturday, August 11, 1832.

While on a visit of business to the town of Williamsport, on the west branch of the river Susquehanna, last October twelve months, I was invited to accompany a friend or two on the river, to troll for salmon; and being ever ready to join a fishing party, I accepted the invitation with alacrity, prepared to expect much amusement from the description I had of this mode of fishing — besides being anxious both to see and taste the far-famed delicacy of that noble river. Having procured a twine line of about four hundred feet long, and attached two hooks of a proper size to one of its extremities, and then two others about an inch and a half above those that were first fastened on, with the points of all four set in opposite directions, and obtained a few small eels of a peculiar species, about three inches in length, which are found in the mud along the margin of the river, we pushed from the shore in a small row boat, and directed our course to a point a mile or two below the town, where the bright and transparent waters of the river, seemingly as pure as when they issued from their fountains, expanding and deepening, denoted a favorite haunt of the fish we were in pursuit of.



Eager as we were to engage in the amusement before us, we could not but pause to gaze on the beautiful landscape which opened upon us, as we glided towards the spot just alluded to. On the left of the river, a long extent of level and fertile land, in high cultivation, was visible; while from the opposite bank ascended a range of lofty mountains, densely covered with forest trees, exhibiting the rich and gorgeous tints which so pre-eminently distinguish our autumnal foliage, and which were reflected in all their brightness from the glassy surface of the river, as it stretched far before us with its numerous islets. Arriving at the place where we proposed to fish, the courtesy of my friends awarded to me the opportunity of trying my fortune first; and instructing me in the use of the line, I took my station in the stern of the boat. After attaching two of the little eels to the hooks, I began to unwind and throw off my line, one of the party being at the oars, and gently and with as little noise as possible, propelling the boat, so as merely to keep the line upon the stretch, without allowing the bait to drag on the bottom.

The whole extent of the line being at length unwound, and the regular propulsion of the boat continued, the bait was played by alternately, drawing the line towards me with a quick motion, and then leaving it stationary for a few moments, until the progress of the boat brought it again on the stretch, when the same movement was



repeated. But a few minutes elapsed before I felt the shock of a bite; when instantly jerking, and arresting the progress of the boat, I paused a moment to satisfy myself that the fish was hooked. The successive stretching and relaxation of the line confirmed my hopes, and I immediately began, with due circumspection, to draw in — and now arose the high excitement which I found so particularly to characterize this sport, as expectations of a prize worth taking, and of success in securing it — mingled with apprehensions of losing it through mismanagement, occupied my thoughts; and which the reiterated cheers or admonitions of my companions, as I exhibited skill or awkwardness, only tended to heighten.

The struggle for liberty and life on the one hand, and for victory and its consequence — the bouquet, on the other, now commenced in earnest; and like a wary politician, who often concedes a trifling advantage to secure a greater, it became necessary occasionally to allow him a few yards of line, and to watch favorable opportunities to recover it, with more. The resistance made by my captive was not, however, very vehement at first, for after making an unsuccessful effort to disengage himself in one direction, he would permit himself to be drawn passively for a few feet towards the boat, before he would repeat his attempt, and then, as though he had paused to collect his strength, he would shoot off laterally with the utmost velocity, until his career

would again be arrested. At one moment he might be seen struggling on the surface, and then in an instant darting towards the bottom, where he would remain quiet for a little time, as if anxious to secrete himself, until the stretching of the line would re-awaken all his fears, and rouse him to renewed exertions. On nearing the boat, and as soon as we became visible, his efforts were redoubled and unceasing; darting about in every direction, and sometimes with such impetus, as to make the line whistle as it cut the water. Having brought him within a few yards of the boat, the utmost caution in playing him was now indispensable, lest his violent and unceasing efforts should tear out the hold of the hooks, and enable him to escape. Exhausted at last in some degree, by his exertions, I seized a favorable moment when near the surface, and as he was dashing by, to vary a little his course, and aided by his own impulse, to hoist him into the boat; having the gratification to find my prize to be a fine salmon, of a large size.

American Turf Register

Editor's note: The Susquehanna Salmon referred to in the above article are, in fact, Walleye.

...a spot in Lycoming County



LONG REACH/WILLIAMSPORT

This building on Reach Road was at one time a well known canal hotel known as the Long Reach! Since there was no canal travel at night during the canal days of the 1830's, the hotel was busiest during the day, at the times of changing the animals and transferring freight. At one time Daniel Updegraff had uncovered a bottle of chloroform and a complete outfit of woman's clothing; the mystery on his farmland was never solved.

*sketch & information by Mike Majetta
Cogan Station*

Editor's note: This is now known as the Thomas Lightfoot Inn, Bed and Breakfast, located on Reach Road, Williamsport.

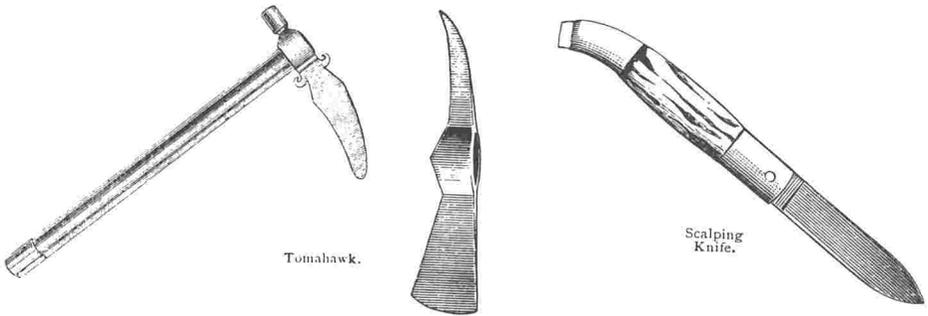
TOM FAUSETT

(THE RECORD OF A TRIFLE LONE TRAGEDY)

by *Henry W. Shoemaker*

As slayer of General Braddock, Tom Fausett has found a place in history, even though he killed his commanding officer from the rear and in a fit of anger. So a man who lived to the age of 110 years, his grave is still pointed out along the State Road near Ohiopyle Falls, in Fayette County, he will always be of interest to scientists and statisticians. As the husband of three women who were murdered by Indians, two of them killed "before his very eyes," he strikes a sympathetic note with the chivalrous and the brave.

Though he was born in the Cumberland Valley, Tom Fausett after leaving the parental roof, made his first essay in pioneering and domesticity in Woodcock Valley, which is adjacent to the Valley of the matchless Juniata. Building a small cabin near Coffey Run, he soon secured a good-looking Irish girl to share it with him as his wife. He was married less than six months, when returning home one evening from a hunt, he found the lovely bride lying inside the cabin door, scalped and her throat cut. As the body was still warm, he put his dog on the trail, and all that night tracked the



wily murderers over the mountains. When he got back to the shack in the morning, the body had been removed. He never found it again, although he was sure that Indians and not wild beasts had done it. Heartbroken, he left the valley concluding that it had been a foolhardy act to bring a woman into such a remote savage region. But as he loved the Juniata country, nothing could induce him to return to the banks of the Conodoginet.

He therefore made himself a small clearing in Liberty Valley, near the headwaters of Buffalo Creek. A few bison still summered there, as well as much other game. It was a more smiling vale than he had lived in previously, everything seemed to augur well for happiness there. He found another Irish girl from the Juniata to be his helpmate, and who, like her unfortunate predecessor, was willing to live in a wilderness away from all other human habitation. He frankly told her of his former trouble, assuring her that he would never leave her out of his sight. But the bride had been brought up in Indian country and was as fearless as her husband. Still, as the bridegroom did not care to risk a second tragedy, he managed to keep close to her day and night.

On the anniversary of their six months of happy marriage, they were returning from a huckleberry picking expedition. It was a clear, crisp evening in September, with only a few crickets daring to chirp in the face of the frost promised for the night. The young couple were walking hand in hand, smiling upon each other as lovers should, when suddenly an arrow sped out of the forest piercing the bride's jugular vein. There was great rush of blood, and the girl fell to the ground and expired. The dog which had been with them had been caught napping, but he soon took the scent, bounding

into the thickets in pursuit of the hidden murderer.

For once in his life, Tom Fausett was panic stricken. Robbed of his second bride under such cruel circumstances, he was dazed at the terrible extent of the disaster. Much as he would have longed to avenge her death by sending a bullet into the miscreant's brain, he feared to leave the body lest it be carried away in some mysterious manner. Picking up the limp remains as tenderly as he could, he carried it a distance of three miles to his cabin. There he laid the fair body in the bunk, which so lately had been the bridal bower. Then he knelt beside the couch, weeping as if his great manly heart would break.

About midnight the hound returned, weak and covered with foam. It hung its head, and with its tail between its legs, slunk into the building, crouching before the fire with an expression which seemed to say that it had been "foiled." All night long the stricken man sat by the corpse, in darkness save the glow of a few coals in the hearth. When the morning dawned, he went outside and dug a deep grave at one corner of the tiny garden. Then he carried the body out and lowered it into its tomb.

After that devolved upon him the unpleasant duty to go over to the Juniata and break the news to the girl's family. It would be hard to explain this mysterious loss of a second wife. There might be many evil-minded enough to intimate that he had killed the woman. So he walked along with hanging head, the thought which had tortured him during the weary watches of the night came over him again. Why was he singled out to be so persecuted. He who had never harmed an Indian by word or deed was worse treated by the redskins than their most relentless foes. Perhaps, he reasoned, it was a case of mistaken identity; he was being pilloried for some other backwoodsman's sins.

When he reached the cabin of his wife's parents, it took a world of courage to break the news. His worst fears were realized. The excitable north-of-Ireland couple berated the youth for taking such poor care of his wife, and a half-witted son rose up from a couch declaring that Fausett had killed her himself. "You murdered your first wife, you devil," he shrieked, "and now you are tired of your second and have fixed her the same way." The stricken husband kept his temper admirably, but he longed to fly at the throat of the evil-minded idiot. He had turned his back to speak further to the old folks when the crazy man picked up a heavy wooden bench, and swinging it with superhuman strength, brought it down on Fausett's head. The wretched man fell to the deal floor and lay unconscious. He was in that condition for a week, and when he woke up, he was lying in the straw in the old couple's barn. Evidently he had been put out there to die. Bracing himself together with a mighty effort, he climbed out of the mow and into the sunlight. Seeing no one in the barnyard or about the cabin except a mangy hound, he climbed the worm fence, and struck out aimlessly into the forest.

The further he walked, the clearer his mentality asserted itself. He learned his course of direction from the sun, altering his route so as to travel west. He wanted to get out of the cursed region where so much misfortune had beset him. Towards evening he came to an Indian trail, which he decided to follow. It would lead him to a trapper's cabin, or even an Indian's camp, where he might get some food, or directions how to get out of the valley's tributary to Juniata. Night set in, but he saw no sign of life except nighthawks flitting above his head. In the darkness, the wolves began to howl. Some of them came dangerously close to him, but he was not afraid. When he stopped to rest, his head ached, so he decided to keep moving until he reached some human habitation.

It was nearly midday on the day following when he came in sight of a small log cabin. It was in a glade, with a clear stream purling close to it. The giant pines and hemlocks about it had all been girdled, and stood gaunt and barkless, like horrid skele-



tons along the creekside. There was a nice patch of corn and buckwheat among the slashings, evidently the settlers were industrious folks, and aspired to a more permanent existence than hunting or trapping. As he neared the cabin, a pair of hounds, chained to a shed, commenced barking. The door opened, and a short, thickset man, bearded, and wearing a backwoodsman's suit of buckskin, emerged and gazed up the path. Fausett quickened his steps and was soon within speaking distance of the frontiersman. The men exchanged friendly greetings, and Fausett noted that the settler spoke in broken English, much like the Low Dutchmen whom he occasionally met within the Eastern part of the Province.

The Dutchman asked him his name, and where he was going, and he replied by saying that he was on a prospecting tour to the Allegheny River. In return, the Dutchman said that his name was Jacob Reningher, that he had been born in New Jersey of Holland parentage, but had moved into the wilderness three years before with his wife and five children. He invited Fausett to remain with him overnight, as he liked to meet strangers with whom he could discuss the outside world. He explained that his clearing was located near the heading of Shaver's Creek, which was probably twenty-five miles in a straight line from where Fausett had been attacked by his crazy brother-in-law. Fausett liked the spot, and resolved to tarry there a while.

First of all, he made a clean breast of his recent adventures to the pioneer; he could deal openly after that with nothing concealed. Dinner was over when he arrived, but Reningher brought his guest into the house, introducing him to his wife and daughters. They were an open-faced, healthy looking family, but Fausett's eyes lingered longest on the eldest girl, Annie, a very buxom young miss of fifteen, who was destined to live in history as his "Little Dutch Wife."

She was an uncommonly pretty and refined looking girl to be met with in such an out-of-the-way spot. Her features were clear cut, which the poutiness to the lips

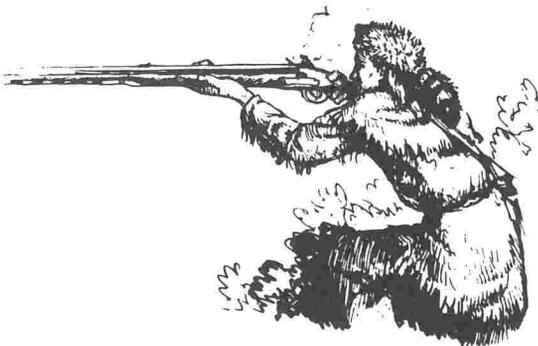
indicating a strongly developed love nature could not destroy. Her eyes were full and dark blue, more like Irish eyes, her hair chestnut brown, her complexion clear, her figure, though inclining to plumpness, was well turned, the ankles being particularly small. She returned the newcomer's gaze with those wide-open blue eyes in such a way that he lost his heart completely.

Tom Fausett, in the language of the frontier was a "pretty man." About thirty-five years of age, of medium height, slender and well made, he had a fine long nose, deepset blue eyes, a clean cut mouth, a crop of light brown hair, and a flowing blonde beard. Arrayed even in his tattered deerskin suit, he was a picturesque and winning figure, the handsomest man she had ever seen, thought Annie Reningher.

The relations between guest and host early becoming so genial, Fausett offered his services to help clear ground, only asking his board in return. If his host would loan him a rifle, he would help with the larder, as he was a dead shot, he said. The offer was accepted, so the young man settled down to an idyllic existence in the little cabin at the head of Shaver's Creek.

His romance with the buxom Annie progressed apace. They were not long in declaring their mutual admiration, or setting a date to be married. They would travel to Carlisle in the spring, meet some of the bridegroom's relatives, who were people of standing, and have the ceremony performed there by a Presbyterian pastor. They often discussed the mysterious fate of his earlier wives, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. Fausett suggested that they abandon the frontier after the wedding, and live in the Cumberland Valley so as to absolutely avoid a repetition of the past tragedies. But the fair Annie said vehemently that she was not afraid, she would live anywhere with him, but preferred the outposts of civilization. But they decided to move out of the watershed of the Juniata to the Allegheny, where in the vicinity of Shanopin's Town, now Pittsburgh, there were some nice stretches of bottom lands that as yet had not been touched by the white settlers.

But before the romance proceeded further, a holocaust engulfed the happy family. Jake Reningher, his two boys, and Fausett went on a bear hunt to the Seven Mountains; it was in the month of March, when the red bears sometimes emerged from their caves. They deemed it safe to leave the good wife and her three daughters, including Annie, to "mind the house." Nothing could possibly happen, there had not been an Indian in the neighborhood in months.



The hunt was a great success, six monster bears were secured with pelts as bright and shiny as red foxes, pelts which would sell for "big money" at Carlisle. The hunters were gone a week. When they returned, they found the cabin door open, and half off its hinges. The fire was out, the house in darkness. The anxious men hastened inside. As their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, they saw a pitiful sight. On a bunk, side by side, lay the pioneer's wife and two daughters, bound and gagged.

Fausett looked about for Annie, his Annie, but she was nowhere to be found. Quickly the frenzied borderers loosened the gags and thongs, releasing the unhappy women. But they were unconscious from cold and starvation, and were revived with difficulty. The mother, after many unsuccessful efforts, managed to tell the dreadful story.

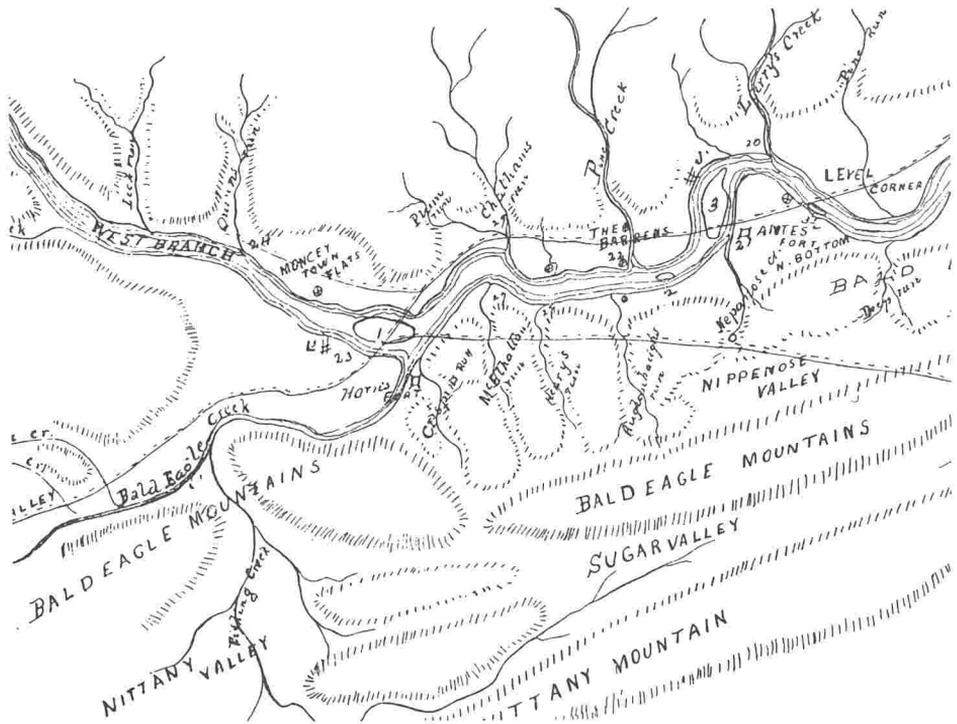
Four days before, a band of five masked Indians had come to the cabin while the family were at dinner. Their leader, the biggest, blackest, and most hideous looking savage that they had ever seen, ordered the women to get up from the table, and turn the meal over to them. This they were glad to do, and they waited on the redskins while they ate. Then at a signal from the big chief, the Indians quickly arose, and each seized one of the women. They held them tightly while the chief bound them. They had been too frightened to cry out, but after the binding, they were all gagged. The mother and the two younger daughters were rolled on the bunk, while the chief picked up Annie as if she were a bag of corn, and threw her over his shoulder. Then, followed by his band, he left the cabin, and was not seen again.

No violence was attempted, but the women would have died of starvation if the rescuers had not arrived when they did. As it was, the presence of a small jug of rum in Jake Reninger's coat pocket was a real lifesaver. By a hot fire, the overwrought nerves and aching bodies were restored to normal, while a good dinner of bear steaks was the finishing touch in the cure.

But all were sorrowing over the kidnapping of Annie, especially Fausett, who was this time bereaved before his wedding day. With a great outburst of grief, he swore that he would find the missing girl and restore her to her family, even if it took him until the rest of his life. He believed that clues were about the cabin. Going outside, he carefully examined the soft earth for footprints. If he found only one he would know in which direction the savages had carried their victim. It did not take him long to find a footprint — the Indians had been very careful to step on solid turf or on stones, but there was one impression, of a very large moccasined foot, in a spot of thawed earth — it was headed for the North. Tom Fausett, knowing the Indian paths like a schoolboy does the map of Europe, at once figured out that the victim would be taken over the Onondaga Trail into Canada. The day was well-nigh spent, but the dauntless frontiersman insisted on starting on his long journey. He secured the best rifle, a stock of ammunition, as well as a bag of provisions. "I promise to bring her back if she still lives," were his words of parting, uttered as he shook each member of the stricken family by the hand. "God bless you. God bless you," were the echoes he heard as he hurried up the lonely glade.

He found a path which he imagined the miscreants must have taken, and despite the darkness, he was able to follow it until daylight. He followed it into Nittany Valley, and through Nittany to the west branch of the Susquehanna, where he passed the flourishing Indian village on Monsey Town Flats near where Lock Haven now stands. He did not care to risk entering the settlement and asking questions boldly, but followed the south bank of the river hoping to meet a stray Indian who might converse with him. But he saw only warlike braves at a distance, and he concluded that it was just as well — his mind was made up that he would overtake the runaways on the Onondaga Trail, if at all.

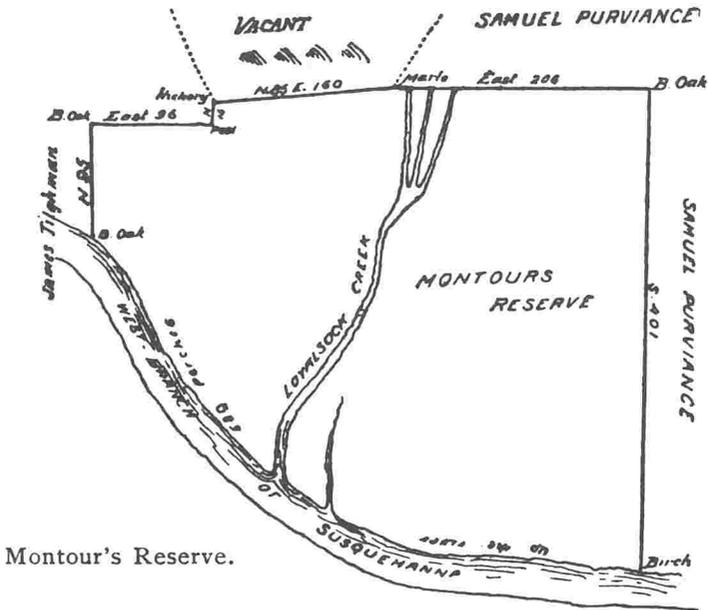
The Valley of the Otzinachson was very beautiful, even in its leafless garb of March, and Fausett wished that he was passing down it on a happier errand. At the lower end of what is now Wayne Township, Clinton County, where the river coils close to the Bald Eagle Mountains, he ascended the ridge, following a path along the summit until he came to a point opposite the mouth of Loyalsock Creek. He had "kept himself going" by eating sparingly of dried apples and jerked venison from his pack, but that being well-nigh exhausted, he resolved to beg a dinner from the inmates of the thriving Indian village of Ostonwackin, which crowned the river banks at the confluence



of Loyalsock and the West Branch. Descending the mountain and reaching the shore, he was about to call "over" to the Indians when he espied a neat canoe moored nearby. In an impulsive moment he jumped in it, and soon worked himself across the swift current. A number of Indians were on the beach to receive him. An old man among them, bent almost double with age and rheumatism, who seemed to be some kind of a soothsayer called out, "We know what you are here for before you come, your lady was stolen from you, you are seeking her." Fausett, not knowing the best policy to deny or affirm, stood abashed before such a display of intuition. "Don't you stay here," continued the sage. "Follow the path, you can overtake your lady."

The young man was ravenously hungry, yet the prospect of rescuing Annie conquered his physical appetites. He was about to inquire the way to the northern trail when a bright-looking young half-breed stepped up to him, saying in a decided French accent, "I would advise against your following the Onondaga Trail just now as a terrible snowstorm is raging up there. You cannot possibly make through." Fausett, who did not know if this was a kindly meant hint or a subterfuge, thanked the young fellow and for a moment stood on the beach undecided. The young half-breed was none other than Henry Montour, son of the celebrated Madame Montour, who had recently left Ostonwackin to reside on a snug island near Shamokin. He invited Fausett into his lodge-house, to partake of some refreshment. Montour plied his guest with rum, which loosened his tongue, and he started to tell of the loss of his affianced wife. The half-breed's face darkened, an inward struggle was going on. He hated to be a tale-bearer, yet it seemed unjust to allow the stolen girl to be carried away without a protest. Finally he spoke. He said that he had seen the girl and her captors go through the outskirts of the village that very morning. Her captor was Tocanontie, that terrible Indian known to the settlers as the Black Prince. The impression was that she was a woman of quality and she was handled as carefully. He was probably going to send her to Canada, where so many beautiful girls stolen from the white people were sent to be held as hostages.

A blizzard was raging along the Loyalsock; it would be a foolish act to attack the Black Prince and his band single-handed, but if he wished to rescue the girl, now was the chance. Henry Montour offered to act as guide for the first day's journey, when he could decide whether or not he wished to continue in the face of the terrific storm. The Loyalsock Valley through which the path led was heavily timbered, the Indians called the creek the "lost" or "bewildered stream." Yet the stream had to be crossed



frequently, which kept them wet up to the waist, and shivering with cold. The blizzard was still raging in the spot where they made their bed of spruce boughs for the night. Though they built their campfire under some branching hemlocks, it had sunk three feet into the snow by morning. This valley, so Montour said, was ruled over by an evil spirit called Oktone, the god of disaster. After a meager breakfast of cold cornmeal and cold beans, Fausett was ready to start off alone, but the generous half-breed offered to accompany him one day further.

Less well-known than Madame Montour was her niece, French Margaret, who lived in a town at the mouth of Lycoming Creek, on the west side. She was a Canadian half-breed and Lycoming County's first prohibitionist! Her husband (known as Peter Quebec) had no whiskey for six years and dissuaded two men from drinking. French Margaret was held in high esteem by the Indians. Her husband was a Mohawk Indian who understood French well (as did her children, although they did not speak it). French Margaret came to the West Branch Valley from the Allegheny River area in 1745.

Meginnes says her village was noted on Scull's map of 1759 as "French Margaret's Town." It was within the present limits of the 7th Ward in Williamsport. The Historians feel she must have been an unusual woman, for Indians were not accustomed to pay much heed to the women. However, Peter Quebec seemed to yield to the enforcement of French Margaret's prohibition law. She frequently attended treaty meetings at Albany, Easton and Philadelphia and was known as the "lesser Indian queen" — second to her aunt, Madame Montour.

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That evening they came to the head of the valley, where they found two skulls securely fastened on poles. These, Montour said, were all that was left of two Iroquois warriors who, while returning from a war excursion to the South encamped here one snowy night with two Southern Indians as captives. These prisoners loosened their bonds during the night through the help of the terrible demon Oktone, and after killing their captors while they slept, took possession of their arms and returned to their home in Carolina. But despite the dismal memories of the place, Fausett and his guide camped there for the night.

The next morning the storm had abated, but the snow was tracked with the footprints of panthers and wolves, showing who their neighbors during the night had been. Montour now was able to show his friend the correct route to Onondaga. But he advised him to stop at Tioga, and inquire of the route taken by the renegades. It was the last day of March, and the warm sun melted the snow very fast. Fausett made excellent progress, as the path was well blazed.

On the evening of the second day after leaving the guide, he came in sight of the Indian village of Tioga Point at the confluence of the Chemung and Susquehanna Rivers. There he was pleasantly received by the Indians, but he was not able to procure any definite information concerning the lost girl. He was told that the Black Prince was at Onondaga, he could discuss the matter with him direct. Meeting an Onondaga Indian named Ta-wa-ga-ret, who had once been a guide to Conrad Weiser, he invited him to act as companion for the rest of the journey. The redman acquiesced, so they started early the next morning. On the way the Indian told Fausett some of the characteristics of the Black Prince, of his austerity, his haughtiness, his hatred of the white race in general. He would be a hard man to face on such an errand, thought the pioneer, but he was determined to leave no stone unturned.

After three days of tedious travel, they reached the castle of the Onondagas. A guard at the outskirts said that the Black Prince was at home, and offered to escort Fausett into his presence. Ta-wa-ga-ret, suspecting that there was something unpleasant in the white man's mission, became frightened and without saying goodbye, disappeared in the forest. Accompanied only by the strange Indian, Fausett was ushered into the presence of the great Tocanontie.

The Black Prince looked his name. He was a very tall, powerful man; he had a full chest and brawny limbs. His complexion was very dark, almost as black as a West Indian Negro. He greeted the white man pleasantly, asking him to state his errand. Fausett replied that he had lost his affianced bride, that he had heard she had been taken by mistake for someone else by the Black Prince and his followers. The Indian asked him where the girl had been stolen from, to which he replied that it was from Shaver's Creek, in central Pennsylvania, where her parents' home was located. At this, the Black Prince scowled. In concise language he stated that he had not been in Pennsylvania in two years, that if the girl had been stolen it was by some other party, that he was tired of being made the target of white men's false accusations. Fausett saw that it would be time wasted to discuss the subject further, so he thanked the Chief for listening to him and withdrew.

As he was re-entering the forest, trying to work out some plan of action, he met Ta-wa-ga-ret, to whom he told the entire story. The Indian, who was not overly fond of the Black Prince, advised him to go at once to Oswego, the populous lake port of the Iroquois where most of the captives bound for Canada were transported in boats across Lake Frontenac, now called Ontario. He offered to guide Fausett to the lake front, and they again journeyed on together.

At Oswego where they found a prosperous Indian trading settlement, they learned that four Indians with three white prisoners, two men and a girl, had lately embarked for Canada. Ta-wa-ga-ret, not caring to go any further, turned Fausett over to several



members of the powerful Canadian tribe of Zistagechroaner, who were returning from a trading expedition. With them he crossed the lake in their bateau.

On the Canadian shore his real hardships began. For months he camped, and alternately lost and found his way, starved, and struggled, he climbed, he swam, he searched, he questioned, until at length he got track of the missing Annie Reningher. She was far in the North, with a number of other captives, on the banks of a remote lake. To there the intrepid young man forced his way. He hung about the outskirts of the camp for weeks, like a timber wolf, until he caught sight of her. She seemed happy, but had to work very hard. He waited another month before the chance came to rescue her.

For once she was left alone except for the children and old squaws. Like a wolf he rushed into the campground, with the butt end of his rifle he knocked the old squaws senseless, he seized his beloved Annie by the hand, and ran back into the gloom. At "top speed" they hurried over hill and dale to a swift river, where the young lover had a canoe in waiting. Once safely in it, and on the homeward journey, the overjoyed girl told the story of her captivity. It was the Black Prince who had led the band which carried her away, evidently she was supposed to be someone of note. At Tioga Point he had presented her to a band of Chiefs who were in council there, but they shook their heads; she was not the person they wanted. But rather than turn her loose, Tocanontie gave her over to some of his followers, who were going to Oswego, where they traded her to some Canadian Indians. Her beauty, and the garbled story that she was someone of importance, perhaps the daughter of one of the Proprietors of Pennsylvania, caused her to be well treated, and she was presumably held for ransom by her new owners.

From the extreme north of the Canadian wilds, the couple made their way back to Lake Ontario, crossing over to LaFamine at the mouth of Salmon River. Fearing to return over the Onondaga Trail, they reappeared in civilization at Albany, New York, wending their way from there, down the Hundon and back to the Juniata.

It was in March 1746 when Annie Reningher was carried away; it was just four years later when Tom Fausett restored her to her happy parents at their home on Shaver's Creek. The young couple had been married in New York, and now the next step was to secure a home. Fausett, who was very proud of his Little Dutch Wife as he called her, first took her on a wedding jaunt to the Cumberland Valley, where they spent a month at a cabin of his brother Joe, in sight of Parvall's Knob, the brother Joe whose ill-treatment by General Braddock was the cause of Tom Fausett's slaying the august Britisher five years later. It was a happy visit, and at its conclusion, Joe Fausett accompanied the young couple across the mountains to the Beaver Dams in Canoe Valley, in what is now Blair County, where an uncle of the Fausetts the year previously had abandoned an ample clearing which would make Tom and the Little Dutch Wife an ideal home. They would be the only residents in the Valley, they were trifling with

destiny again, but the soil was rich, the water good, the game superlatively abundant, especially beavers, which were profitable to trap. Some well-to-do relatives in the Cumberland Valley had presented the young people with a cow and some pigs and sheep, so they were well equipped to begin life on the frontier. Joe Fausett accompanied them to help put things to rights, remaining with them for nearly two months.

It was the evening after he had departed, again a crisp, cool evening in late September, when the breezes swayed the reddened garlands of the Virginia creeper, and the corners of the clearing were banked with the rich maroons of the sumacs, that the joyous young couple were driving their sheep out of the field into the log stockade. It was necessary to keep the animals in such a place, as the wolves killed them in open barnyards before the eyes of their owners.

Tom Fausett was in the act of taking down the heavy gate, it was sixteen feet high, to allow the sheep to enter, when the crack of a rifle rang out in the afternoon stillness. The Little Dutch Wife uttered a cry of pain and fell to the ground. The sheep bells tinkled convulsively, then all was silence. Tom Fausett dropped the heavy gate, and seized his rifle, running in the direction from which he imagined the shot had come. How far he ran, in what directions he ran he was unable to tell. He soon became unable to know what he was doing or where he was going, all was automatic, so terrible was his grief. A party of trappers found him wandering aimlessly at the mouth of Fox Run. He could not tell his name, or the location of his home. All he would say, and he repeated it over and over again, "They have killed my little Dutch wife, they have killed my little Dutch wife, they have killed my little Dutch wife." It was not until he had been led across the mountains to Fort Campbell, at the mouth of Licking Creek, where a small settlement existed, that he was recognized by a boyhood friend Michael Castner, and gradually his story was drawn from him. A party was sent back to Canoe Valley, and the body of the Little Dutch Wife found and given a decent burial. The Reningher family were notified, and came over the mountains, and brought the stricken husband back to their comfortable home on Shaver's Creek.

But his extraordinary run of misfortune left an indelible impression on Tom Fausett. He could not understand why he should have lost three beloved wives, why all his plans to found a home and be a respected citizen should be thwarted. When he was able, he went back to Cumberland County where he supported himself as a farm hand, and was looked upon as a man whose heart was broken, whose soul was dead. It was to escape these torturing memories of the past that led to his enlistment under Braddock, hoping to find a new life in the stir of a campaign.

Editor's note: Readers beware! The events mentioned in this article are pure fiction.



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