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CONTENTS

This Is Our Valley -- Farm Saga — by M. Elizabeth Ramsey	3
Out of the Past — by Carol Ann Walker	4
1865	6
Early Montoursville History — compiled by Everett Rubendall	7
History of the Charles Smith Farm — by Rosemary Ulmer	8
Murder — by Spencer Hill III	8
The Moravians in Pennsylvania — by Dr. C. L. Youngman	9
Life in a Small Town — by Mrs. J. Westley Little	11
Groups taken on tours of the Museum	14
Accessions to the Museum	15
New Members	16
President's Message	16

THIS IS OUR VALLEY - FARM SAGA

by M. Elizabeth Ramsey

A spring night with a south wind blowing, a train whistle echoing and re-echoing among the hills, follows the flow of the creek then the muted tone fades and finally dissolves and mingles with the music of the water on the riffles.

To me the whistle isn't just the signal for a crossing or the recall of a brakeman on some lonely stretch of track. It is something that creates a mood or is an echo that brings back to mind old tales told by old narrators of another half-forgotten era. It takes one back to the beginning of things in our valley long before the coming of the railroad or a paved road or airplanes winging high above were a part of valley life, but just as I like to think it was as the early settlers found it and then remained to become a part of it.

Bits of history, old legends, the part that timber played, which once was the wealth of the valley, tall tales of horse trades and of hunting stories of a dead and gone generation are memories that are fading and almost forgotten unless one can beguile some old-timer who still cherishes the memory of the early and exciting days into telling again the stories of another generation who wrested their fields from the forest and helped to make the history of a small sector of country in the Pennsylvania hills known as the Pine Creek Valley.

With these first settlers in this region came the Jacob Tomb family from the Palatine District along the Rhine River in Germany, landing at the port of Philadelphia September 16, 1736.

For a number of years, the family lived in sections of the southern part of Pennsylvania. Jacob fought in the Revolutionary War, and at the end of the war, one of the last Purchase Warrants was granted him. This grant was on Pine Creek.

Philip Tomb, son of Jacob Tomb, was the author of *Thirty Years a Hunter*, a collection of tall tales of the Pine Creek Valley and is regarded as a collector's item in certain areas of Pennsylvania today.

So was introduced into this region the pioneer Tomb family, possessed of sufficient strength, courage and resourcefulness to cope with the many hardships and sac-

rifices that were a part of pioneer life in a rugged new country.

A descendant of this family living today is Charles Lewellyn Tomb, better known to his friends as Lew; he is one who revels in the stories of the past and recounts them with such spirit that today's generation sits up and takes note.

On the one side, his German ancestry supplied the industry and the energy; on the other, his Irish forbears provided the Irish wit, and sometimes a flaring Irish temper, to extricate himself from many a tight squeeze in a busy and exciting life that has covered a span of 91 years.

The Tomb residence has always been a haven for the preachers in this region, and his good wife was always generous in preparing and sharing her excellent cooking for her guests.

It is said that an over-zealous young divinity student after resting and partaking of the warm hospitality of the Tomb home was so mellowed that he completely changed his point of view for his evening church service. He had carefully prepared a sizzling sermon, composed chiefly of brimstone and damnation—with no nonsense about it either—for some of the more serious back-sliders farther up the valley. Instead he made his text: *God is love*.

Ninety-one years is a long time to live, to laugh, to work and to witness all the changes that the passing years have brought to his valley and to adjust to them. But he has done it.

Here on these acres he has lived as did his forefathers. Five generations have called this spot home and the last still feels as deep affection for the land as did the first. In the back hill fields each generation has seen the deer come in to feed on the winter wheat, watched sunrises and sunsets on the high ridges, felt the bite of winter cold and planned for the spring planting.

Last spring Farmer Tomb still rode his tractor, turning a straight brown furrow. He still held out a helping hand to a neighbor in need of a lift. Throughout his life he has been no stranger to hardship, but he is quick to remind you that he has had

a lot of fun in his life as some of his stories prove.

Each generation with the passing of the years has witnessed change, but this member of the Tomb clan across the span of ninety-one years has had the great privilege of seeing many changes in his valley. He serves as a link that connects the present with the past.

No longer does Pine Creek serve as a highway to transport his lumber to market. A railroad supplanted the stream as a means of transportation and now trucks are competing with the railroad.

Gone, too, are the fine forests which provided a most important industry in his time and along with that has disappeared the colorful figure of the independent and hardy woodsman.

A paved road pushed its way miles up the valley.

A telephone took the place of the grapevine.

Electric lines brought him light for his household and eased the burden of farm labor for him.

Tractors and other mechanized machinery operated on his farm.

But the most far-reaching change to him was the trend of farm labor to switch to factory work with its higher rate of pay. The love of the dollar far exceeded the love of the land and this brought to him the end of the farm chapter.

Came November with this advertisement in the local paper:

PUBLIC SALE
of 26 High Grade Holstein Cows
Saturday, November 29 at 1 p. m.
C. L. Tomb Farm

5 miles from White Bridge
Route 44, West of Jersey Shore
March followed with another advertisement for the Tomb farm; this one a sale of farm machinery. And so it was ended.

This man's life, in a way, is a symbol of other men who have played their part as pioneers in the valley. As they met with disaster or triumph in their struggles, so has he. Sometimes nature and the seasons were kindly and the reward was adequate. Sometimes it took a discerning eye to find a reward, but whatever the outcome he kept as his own this bit of philosophy to sustain him: "What I could not help, I never worried about." This has served him well.

Here on the spot where the first Tombs wrested from the forest their acres for farming, and where the roots of succeeding generations have grown deep, this man has lived a stirring and active life; he has marketed his timber from his hills; he has increased production and promoted the growth of the soil; he has reared a good family and contributed to the mosaic of community life.

With this, Farmer Tomb can say with pride, "Mission completed."

May the sunsets that are left for him be tinged with a deeper gold as he relives again in retrospect the stirring days of a busy life in the long drifting shadows of his hills.

OUT OF THE PAST

by Carol Ann Walker

One of the many stations for the underground railroad was located in the northern end of Williamsport at the residence of Daniel Hughes. He is my great grandfather.

The homestead is still standing on Freedom Road, and his son Robert Hughes raised a family of (8) eight children, one of which is still living in the grand old house.

Made of log and mixed, held together with wooden pins, it is still very sturdy and strong. We love this old house for the memory it holds for helping our people to freedom.

they would take the slaves to a cave on the hill and feed the well ones, rest them and escort them on to the next station in New York State.

The sick ones he would doctor up and if any died grandfather buried them in the cemetery, which he donated to the colored Civil War Veterans.

He spent a lot of his time helping the slaves in many ways, such as growing his own crops for food, raising hogs and chickens, and raising cows for milk. Great Grandmother did all their cooking besides all her own housework.

This is a pathetic story of how our people were treated, and we try to keep the sad parts to ourselves about how they looked and the conditions of their bodies.

We had a mother and her two babies here when her master came for her, she knelt and prayed that he would not hear her children cough (because they both had whooping cough. So by the help of God neither one coughed while he was there.)

Maybe you don't understand, but the white man believed an Indian would not lie, so they believed my great grandfather when he said he had not seen a slave all day, although he would have 12 or 16 slaves hidden in the attic of our home at the time.

Great grandmother would hold out her apron to catch any blood that dripped through the wooden floor where they lay so the master would not hear it splatter on the floor.

There were slaves who had been caught by blood hounds but fought hard to get loose, these were pretty badly chewed up. Others were beaten with black snake whips and the gashes across their backs and face were horrible.

Great grandfather made his own medicines out of roots, barks, and berries and used it on the slaves to heal them. He did not lose too many of them. Wouldn't it be wonderful today if there was a little God-given charity for mankind—instead of so much hatred. It would be a better world to live in.

The cave, an old ore mine on our hill, worked by Dan Hughes, is where he hid the slaves. He hewed the rock to a flat surface to make a bed for them and put tables and chairs up there for them to use. This is a crude cave made from mother

earth.

It has been sealed by my grandfather (Robert Hughes), never to be opened to any man, as the mineprops are getting rotten and might cave in on someone. Now that Robert is dead, we don't often speak of the history of this place but I, his granddaughter, wanted an interview with my mother, Laura Walker, and so this much came out to help me.

There also is a lovely plot of ground donated to the veterans of Civil War days. The plot is full and on the North West corner is a plot set aside for Dan Hughes and his wife.

The Bible says you earn your living by the sweat of your brow, great grandfather surely did. He tilled his own soil with horses and planted his grain, made his own corn meal hominy, by grinding it by hand. But he never tired of helping someone.

Now today as much progress as man has made, there is still no place for an Indian or Negro. Maybe someday when this wicked world has passed away, the almighty will place these two races ahead of all the rest.

This is the last I will ever speak of it to anyone. We will just let the dead keep their secret in the mother earth with them.

It is interesting to know that Muncy had an Indian encampment. The slaves were brought from one Indian station to another and Dan Hughes would work on moon-light nights to get the slaves up the river on a raft, while there were Indians watching along the route to protect the slaves to get up here.

You had to be careful what places they walked as the white man had barbed wire placed in the fields around Dan Hughes estate so they could not travel the field or their feet would be cut up. They had a gas pipe line over the hill so if the slaves got that far, they could blow them up. But Dan Hughes watched the tricky work being done as he lead the slaves away from the danger.

As this story was told to me, it gave me a funny feeling and I could see everything as it happened. In a way you would like to have been there to give all the help you could, and in another way the sights would have made you sick.

It is wonderful to know that some of your relations helped in the slavery days.

1865

The News In Williamsport—Great Excitement—The People Shout for Joy—Illumination—Monday, April 10, was a great day for Williamsport, as well as the whole country. Early in the morning, it was rumored that news was in town, that Lee had surrendered his army to General Grant. An official dispatch was soon received and posted on the bulletin board in front of Ayers & Lundy's Book Store. In an exceedingly short space of time, as if they sprang from the ground, the streets were filled with an excited crowd, eager for the whole story. The confirmation soon came, and was received with rounds of applause. All places of business were closed as if by one common impulse, and men gave themselves up to the general joy. Flags were thrown to the breeze, and as they went up cheer after cheer rent the air. In the absence of cannon, anvils were brought out and fired. The bell of the First Presbyterian Church set the example of a joyous ring, and was speedily followed by the Court House and all other bells of the town—even to dinner bells, cow bells and sleigh bells. Scores of tin horns added their sonorous music, while shoemakers rattled their clamps, boys thumped on barrels and boxes, and everybody made a noise.

A procession was formed, or sprang up from spontaneous combustion. First we knew of it, it was in the street, and we joined in. The hose carriages were out and the ropes well manned. The old Lincoln and Johnson banner, bearing the portraits of these representatives of the Government and of Freedom, and the banner with the five "Peace Commissioners"—Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Meade and Farragut, were out. Some gentlemen, who were very sensitive on all such occasions, refused to walk in the procession where these representative men were displayed. We think they had no business in such a procession and on such an occasion. They could not well rejoice at that which they had prophesied and hoped against for four long years. Let them pass; they have their reward. After marching through several streets, the procession marched to that school of loyalty and patriotism—the Dickinson Seminary—

where they came to a halt. The windows were ornamented with the rose and lilly on scores of animated faces, while white handkerchiefs waived a truce and a welcome to the enthusiastic column. Dr. Mitchell, President of the Seminary, was loudly called for, and responded in a few appropriate remarks. Prof. Dill also made a brief and patriotic speech. After listening to the Star Spangled Banner, sung by the ladies of the Seminary, the procession took up the line of march, singing the "John Brown" song, "Rally round the Flag", and other patriotic songs, until they reached the Court House, where short and appropriate speeches were made by A. Updegraff, Esq., Judge Armstrong, Rev. Mr. Foster, Wm. Sterling and E. W. Capron, and the crowd separated, with cheer after cheer for the Union, for Gen. Grant, for Lincoln, for the speeches and for nearly every loyal man that could be mentioned.

The Illumination

In the evening there was one universal illumination of the houses. War men and anti-war men alike felt that peace was nigh, and that it was "A consummation devoutly to be wished."

But an occasional dark spot remained, and we will do those who dwelt in darkness the justice to say that we know some of them had good excuses. Among the novel features presented, was the arranging of windows in transparent red, white and blue. We observed this at the house of Mr. Vanderbilt, corner of 3rd and Mulberry, and Mrs. Kurst, opposite. *Samuel Caldwell, Esq.*, had the same with the addition of mottoes and devices, stars, &c. It was a very beautiful display. Other parties were happy in presenting attractive features; but they were "too numerous to mention." At the Provost Marshal's office the fatal wheel from which so many good soldiers' names have been drawn, was made into a transparency, with the following inscriptions:

"Played our"

"Stock and Fixtures for Sale"

The appearance of the Dickinson Seminary was brilliant beyond comparison. Its large front, its numerous windows, and its

brilliant lights gave it the appearance of some starry castle.

To mention one tenth of the good things would fill our space. We give up the task, and only say it was spontaneous, grand,

glorious, the outward expression of thousands of happy hearts, rejoicing in the prospect of UNION, FREEDOM and PEACE.

EARLY MONTOURSVILLE HISTORY

Prepared from past issues of "Williamsport Sun"

by Everett Rubendall

The QUESTION? When was the "Montour House" built in Montoursville. The ANSWER: 1855. This date—often the subject of heated discussions—was verified through the finding of an old and rare newspaper, a quarter century ago.

The rare newspaper was "The Montoursville Republic", dated August 28, 1907. Believed to be one of the few remaining copies, the paper was the proud possession of Miss Cora M. Paulhamus, who lived with her brother, "Hap" Paulhamus in a building located near where the H. Washow and Son Plant is today, in the 300 block of Broad Street in that borough.

The article which pinpointed the time of the building of the town hall, the MONTOUR HOUSE, had been of five special papers read at a Centennial meeting held in 1869 in the Old White Church that stood on East Broad Street. The article was written by James S. Dewars, and covered a period of Montoursville's early history from 1769 to 1869.

One can visualize Mr. Dewars, as he arose in the old White Church to read his paper. He began. . ."Today it is 100 years since the land on which we reside was surveyed and given to one of the Montours by the Colonial government. The original town was situated on both sides of the Loyalsock Creek, near its mouth. It was surrounded by dense forests. It was an Indian town bearing the name of "Otstuagay". The village was noted for its hunting and fishing and for its knowledge of agriculture. For Conrad Weiser, the Indian Interpreter and agent, had talked of his journeys to "Otstuagay" to assist the Indians in fencing a cornfield.

From 1769 to 1808, little was known of the village. But in 1808, John Else made his home there. In 1812, General Burrows bought from Perot and Lathrop, the land

of the town. Until that time, a woodsman's axe had cut a channel through the forest about where Fuller's Lane was to an old log house which the General and his family adopted as a home.

In 1812, a grain house was built; it was the first shingle roofed building erected within the limits of the town.

In 1814, General Burrows sold some land to James Moore, who in turn built the first bridge across Loyalsock Creek.

As soon as the land was sufficiently cleared, General Burrows and Thomas Lloyd began to lay out lots, selling them for \$50.00. The house which Thomas Wallis lived in was built by John Else and was credited with being the first house. It stood near Paulhamus' store, where the east side of the First National Bank was later located.

John Rockafellow gave the land for the town's graveyard; the first interment was made in 1811. In 1815, an eight-cornered stone school house was built. In 1825, General Burrows built the State Mill. By that time, John Else put up a house, on the southwest corner of Broad and Montour Streets. Two or three homes were located on the South side, and four or five more on the north side of the house.

Ex-Governor Shults also built in 1825. In 1833, Mr. Burrows built the first brick home. A postoffice was established with Solomon Bruner as first Postmaster.

The town then received its name of Montoursville, so named after Andrew Montour, the Indian to whom the land was given. A paper Mill followed in 1847.

Montoursville became a borough, officially, on February 18, 1850. And it was five years later, in 1855, the Town Hall was built—later known as the MONTOUR HOUSE.

HISTORY OF CHARLES SMITH FARM

by Rosemary Ulmer

William M. Smith was born in 1830, near Washingtonville, Columbia County. He was my great great grandfather; a miller by trade, at Warrensville from 1856 to 1863.

He earned his first money by cutting rafts of square timber, which he floated down the river to Maryland. These he sold at four cents a running foot, to be used for the masts of ships.

In the 1850's he milled at Warrensville in the vicinity of Wallis Run, where most of his trade was situated. The inhabitants of the area came to the mill twice a year, Spring and Fall. They made a picnic of the trip, camping around the mill. The whole family, children and all, came by means of ox-drawn wagons. The trip took three days: one day for the trip to the mill, a day waiting for the flour to be milled, and one day to return home.

As a sideline Smith also ground rye for the people of Wallis Run, which they distilled into whiskey. They gave the miller a share of this whiskey, which he sold at fifty cents a gallon, there being no revenue on liquor at that time.

In September of 1863, at the time of the flood, he crossed the river at Larry's Creek and came down on a flat boat to Level

Corner. Here, just south of Jersey Shore, he operated what is commonly known as the "River Mill." The bridge on the Stage Coach Road that crossed Pine Run at Watch Maker Hill was the only way into the mill.

While milling flour he set a record, the like of which had never been known before. He worked forty-two days and nights without once leaving the mill. His wife Rebecca carried his food to the mill, and he got what sleep he could in one and one-half to two hour "cat naps." His naps were never any longer because the changes in the sound of the burrs in the mill always awakened him after these intervals. The flour that he labored long and hard to mill at this time was part of a government order for the Union Army. He would take his flour to Lock Haven or Northumberland where it would be sold and shipped on flat boats down the Susquehanna.

He operated the mill from 1863 until 1865 when, in April of that year, he bought a farm at Pine Run in Woodward Township. Smith lived on this farm until he died in 1901. Now the farm is operated by my grandfather, Charles J. Smith. Charles Smith and his family make the sixth generation to occupy the farm, which has been used by my family since 1865.

MURDER

by Spencer Hill III

Samuel Kreigbaum, a former Sunbury resident, relates the following incident which took place when he was about eighteen. He says:

"It was, I believe, during the summer of 1898 that the residents of Sunbury were witnesses to the first cold-blooded murder to take place in our small town. On that particular day, I was standing with three other boys my age and one older man, Fred Byrod who was a reporter on the "Sunbury Daily Item." All at once we heard

a man riding like mad over the unpaved streets coming toward us from the direction of the river. He stopped and called to us and ask where the sheriff's office was. It so happened that Dr. Shingle the local physician was also the sheriff and we directed him across the street to the Doctor's office. After the two had talked for a few minutes, Dr. Shingle called us across the street and told us that there had been a murder down back of Selinsgrove Junction. He deputized us and instructed

us to go to the country with him to apprehend the suspect. Fred Byrod, the oldest of the party, rode with the sheriff, while we three boys took the rig which we had hired at the local livery stable. We left immediately without informing our parents of our whereabouts and proceeded to the home of the murdered girl. The sheriff talked to the girl's parents and learned that the murderer was a boy named Cressinger. It was quite dark when we started for the Cressinger home which was two or three miles back in the woods. As we approached the farm the sheriff told us to pull our horses and carriages crossways in the road, and we started for the house on foot. Everything was pitch dark when we arrived. The only weapon in the group was a revolver belonging to the sheriff, so we foraged around and found four heavy sticks to be used as clubs. The sheriff stationed us, one at the back door and one at either side of the house by the windows, while he and Byrod went to the front of the house. The sheriff rapped on the door with the butt of his revolver. After a pause of about five minutes a window was opened above the door and the father of Cressinger appeared and demanded to know what was going on. The sheriff asked to speak to the boy whom the father said was asleep. The boy was summoned and when he came downstairs the sheriff called us from our posts and the five of us entered the house. When I

first saw the accused standing there in his bare feet, I really felt sorry for him. He was a large, well-formed country boy, and his replies to the sheriff's questions were prompt and intelligent. He admitted meeting the girl in the woods, but claimed that he did not harm her. Sheriff Shingle then said that he must come to Sunbury for further questioning and he sent us back to our posts while the prisoner prepared to leave. We took Cressinger back to the carriages unhandcuffed and started for town. Since I had relatives in the area, the sheriff assumed that I knew the way back to town and asked me to lead the way. It was the dead of night and somehow we ended up in the middle of a field. From there young Cressinger guided us in the right direction and we arrived back in Sunbury about midnight. We were then discharged from our duties and we returned to our homes.

At the next term of criminal court the Cressinger case was heard. During the trial it was brought out that he had cut the girl's throat with a barlock pocket knife and had washed the knife and his bloody clothes in the cold water of a near-by creek. He was hanged in the Sunbury jail several months later. On the day of his execution the jail was surrounded by people, and many of the stores closed for this event. It was practically a holiday for the residents of Sunbury."

THE MORAVIANS IN PENNSYLVANIA

by C. L. Youngman, M. D.

The story actually begins with John Huss, the Bohemian martyr whose death occurred at the stake July 6, 1415. His death after a guarantee of safe conduct by Emperor Sigismund led to civil war and anarchy which finally ended in a Catholic victory in 1434.—By 1457 the Bohemia and Moravian Brethren were merged near Kernwald in Bohemia. It was soon proscribed by church authorities but in 1467 under the Waldensian Bishops an Episcopate was established. By 1517, at the time

of the German Reformation there were 400 churches with 200,000 members.

The Counter Reformation was started by Ferdinand II in 1621 and ended the organized existence of this group with martyrdom and exile for many. It was excluded from the terms of peace given to other Evangelical parties in the peace of Westphalia in 1648.—What followed was indeed a time of troubles for the people of the Palatinate. In 1688 Louis XIV undertook to usurp the Electorate for his sister-in-law, the

Duchess of Orleans. He invaded the Palatinate and killed about 100,000 people. William of England got into the fight and Louis invaded Ireland. He also sacked Heidelberg in 1693. This war was ended by the peace of Ryswick in 1697.—It was in this area that the story of the Moravians and the New World begin to take form. (William Penn visited the Palatinate in 1671, 1677 and 1683. It was during this time that the humanitarian instincts of Admiral Penn saw the needs of these war ravaged people.—We will return to this phase again.)

In 1701 the Spanish Succession set off another area of European disaster which lasted until the peace of Utrecht in 1730.

During this thirty years of disaster many Germans decided that they had enough and decided to leave their native country, and in 1702 Queen Anne of England out of Dutch or German extraction came to the Throne of England succeeding King William. By the spring of 1709 thousands of people left the Palatine and the province Wurttemberg going down the Rhine and settling in Holland and the Netherlands as displaced people. Their plight touched the heart of Queen Anne of England and she arranged for the transportation of thousands to England.—About 30,000 descended on London and being unemployed and not speaking English soon began to have trouble with the English. The Queen provided 1600 tents, a shilling a day and permission to beg. But the friction persisted between English and these D. P.'s until the Queen consulted her Whig Minister for an answer to the problem. A Colonel Hunter who had the ear of the Queen suggested that the English Government could transport the peoples to the new world where they could provide the naval stores, pitch and turpentine. Mainly the English Government was buying from Scandanavia. The cost of shipping these Germans to America could be repaid by indenturing them into the New World until the costs of transportation were repaid to the English Government. The idea seemed excellent and Colonel Hunter was appointed Governor of New York. Although the idea seemed excellent the Colonel went broke.—Most naval stores were ultimately procured in the Southern Colonies. Another factor was the tendency

of these displaced people to strike out for themselves without working out the terms of their indenture.—But they were in a New World and were free to live and worship as they pleased.

The first step in the re-establishment of the Church of the Brethren or as it was commonly called the Moravian Church, came in 1722 when a little company of refugees from Moravia were given asylum by Nicholas Lewis, Count of Zinzendorf in lower Saxony. This settlement on his estate was called Herrnhut. These people were joined by many others in the next few years. The doctrinal articles of the Augsburg Confession were adopted and the Saxon and Prussian Government permitted the establishment of the Moravian Church.

The first Moravian Evangelist came to Pennsylvania in 1734 and a Moravian Missionary visited the Indians in Georgia in 1735.—This Mission was abandoned in 1740 and these people moved to Pennsylvania. These people settled on lands at the forks of the Delaware. This area was owned by George Whitefield and was called Nazareth. In December, 1741, the town of Bethlehem was named by Count Zinzendorf. The Count had been exiled from Saxony in 1736. He was considered to be a good man but of dangerous political ideas. He wanted to establish a corporate christian state in America. He wished to have a proprietorship from the English crown governed along English principles but without any military manifestations—no forts—no military. All would live together in peace with the christianized Indian savages and each other. He failed to get the support of the English crown but he persisted in his ideas of christian harmony.

It is at this point that the name of Antos or Antes enters the history of Pennsylvania and the Moravians. Henry Antes, on behalf of Count Zizendorf, issued a call to members of all denominations to attend a conference at Germantown "in order to treat peaceably concerning the most important articles of faith and to ascertain how far all might agree in the most essential points, for the purpose of promoting mutual love and forbearance." On New Years Day, 1742, the Lutherans, Reformed, Moravians, Dunkers, Hermits, etc. assembled at Theobald

Endt's in Germantown to explore grounds of a common faith. Henry Antes opened the meeting but the Count was soon in charge. The conference was attended by Conrad Weiser who was much impressed by the sincerity of Count Zinzendorf but, one delegate said that the Count had a big sack into which he intended to stick all sects and separatists so that he could reign unchallenged.

No definite agreement came of this meeting nor of several held later at Oley and other places. Zinzendorf had hoped for a federation of German Christians but his affirmation of uniting was not adopted till the second world conference on Faith and Order held in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1937—he was 200 years ahead of his time.

In 1762 a co-operative union was founded at Bethlehem and Nazareth called General Economy. These people had two ideas which were misunderstood by the non-

Germans of the colony. (1) They believed in a denominational federation with religious education of their children in church institutions. (2) They fervently believed in evangelization of the Indians.

They had no peculiar Protestant doctrines but in 1727 adopted the love feast in imitation of the Agape of the Apostolic Church. Perhaps our "church suppers" are a diluted version of those gatherings—at any rate I'm sure the food is just as good but I'm not qualified to judge the quality of the theology.

Their exclusive education school system persisted till between 1849 and 1856 when the educational idea was abandoned and active home mission work was revived. In 1926 the communicants in America numbered 26,000 with a world membership of about 236,000.

(Continued in Next Issue)

Life in a Small Town

by Mrs. J. Wesley Little

Much has been written about "now and then" in a small town, but I choose to write about "then". I know I can not keep up with the many things going on now, and I know nothing of the future, so it is best that I confine my efforts to recalling the past, as much as I can. I feel sure there are many of my friends who are also past the "three score years and ten" who can go back with me in memory to the days of life in a small town.

You may ask, "What did you do?" since there was no television, no radio, no movies and few telephones. However, we were rather self-supporting, in work as well as in play. Many of us lived near fine streams, where we had fishing and swimming in summer, skating in winter. Every family had a garden, where we raised most of our vegetables for the year; what was not used in summer was canned, dried, preserved, or pickled for winter. Some families kept cows, and furnished milk for themselves and their neighbors. Those were the pre-homogenizing days; milk was delivered in a blue granite pail; separation

of the cream was no problem—all we had to do was to take a big spoon and "peel off" the top layer of thick golden cream. One phase of the dairy problem was solved by the boys of the town whose job it was to drive cows to pasture in the morning and back to the barn in the evening; the boys were glad for these jobs which furnished spending money—a dollar a month per cow.

In the early part of the century our town could boast that it was "on a railroad"—the W & N B, which followed the Muncy Creek valley. There were two passenger trains daily in each direction. Young people liked to go to the station to see the "city folks" en route to Eagles Mere. The last train down stopped at 9:45 P. M.; when that whistle blew, we all understood that it was time to go home—the whistle was the signal for bed-time.

Whistles and bells governed us in other activities. For instance, there were whistle systems in each of the three industries. The one at 6:00 A. M. told the townsfolk it was time to get up. The next at 7:00 A.M.

meant that men were at work in the shops. Then, of course, there was the welcome 5:30 P. M. whistle which meant to the men that it was time to quit, and to their families "supper soon". A small minority of us did not work by the whistles, but we had a handy way of checking the accuracy of our clocks.

School bells had their special messages. At 8:50 and 12:50 they said "Get started". The last bells at 9:00 and 1:00 were scarcely needed—for a sudden quiet descended upon the streets, lately filled with running, chattering children.

Bells from the two churches on Sunday were also special, but, unlike those of school, they were invitations, rather than commands. These invitations were generally accepted, for practically everybody attended Sunday School and Church. It was simply the thing to do. As children, at least, it never occurred to us to ask for a choice in the matter.

Speaking of time—there was one particular family by whom we could set our clocks, for the three daughters of the family (all primped and curled) left their front door *exactly* fifteen minutes before the hour of school or Sunday School; they would have felt disgraced to wait for the "first bell".

Time meant something else for another family, for it was rumored, the pious head of the household always insisted that his brood arise early on Sunday, so they could have a long day's rest.

I do not recall the exact year, but it was probably in the 1910's that we began to feel the need of a community library. (That was long before the days when a Bookmobile visited the towns and villages.) A committee composed of a member of the School Board, a teacher in the High School, and several others, decided to take some action. They immediately encountered the problem of where to get the money. (Those were also before the days when the first reaction would be to ask a government agency for help.) The committee decided to raise funds by having a course of entertainments and lectures, for which admission would be charged.

These "Lyceum Courses" did more than raise money; they brought a type of culture that was not available before. One

lecture that comes to my mind was that given by the Honorable Emerson Collins, who spoke on "Grant, the Soldier" to a large and appreciative audience.

Yes, the library did get started, and eventually there was a good selection of volumes. For all I know, some of these may still be in the school library, which later absorbed the community one.

One of the Lyceum entertainers was Miss Meddie O. Hamilton, of Philadelphia, who presented several readings, including "Peg O' My Heart". To her we owe a special debt of gratitude, for it was she who suggested that we have a Swarthmore Chautauqua in our town. A few interested persons gathered around while she explained what Chautauqua was, and how we could bring it to the community. We decided to try. At our invitation a representative from Swarthmore came and talked over the details with the people who had expressed interest in the project. We found that our part would be easy; we would furnish the location (that was easy, as we had our own park) and would sell tickets for the week of programs.

Enthusiasm ran high, and there was little trouble in getting a long list of signatures from people who were willing to be guarantors—that is they guaranteed to make up the deficit between the total ticket sales (at \$3.00 per adult and \$1.00 per child) and \$1500. As I recall, there was always a deficit, and the amount varied from year to year from \$1.95 to as much as \$10.00 per guarantor.

The Chautauqua Association furnished their own equipment, including the big brown canvas tent, platform with canvas dressing rooms at the sides, their own piano, hundreds of folding chairs, and an outside canvas wall to keep non-payers from wandering in. This equipment was brought in by railroad. The arrival of the "car" was a big event. All the children in town were on hand to volunteer their services. They were thrilled to be allowed to unfold and set up the chairs, or hold ropes, or just to bring a pail of water to the hard-working boys of the tent crew.

Chautauqua stayed for a week before moving to the next town. The staff during that time was composed of a Superintendent (who might be a minister, or a college

professor on his vacation), two or three boys as a tent crew (usually college students), and two Junior Leaders—usually college girls—who had a dual role of conducting a Junior Chautauqua each morning for the children, and, at the afternoon and evening sessions, selling tickets and helping to keep order among the small fry. As part of the Junior program the children rehearsed and presented a play for the last afternoon's entertainment—no small feat, considering the time limitations.

Afternoon and evening programs were varied and included a lecture or two by the Superintendent; music by bands, soloists or choruses; a play, and possibly a magician.

One group of singers was the Dunbar White Hussars; included among its members was Walter H. Judd, then a medical student on his summer vacation, now an M. D. and Congressional Representative from Minnesota.

Other outstanding programs were lectures by Judge Ben B. Lindsey of national fame; Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, widow of the well-known orator and presidential candidate; Edmund Vance Cook, poet; and Dr. Paul M. Pearson, head of the Chautauqua system.

In one of the plays, "Nothing But the Truth", the cast included Leon Pearson, son of the Dr. Pearson mentioned above, now a news commentator.

An opera singer from New York favored us with her presence at one time, but we were impressed most with the car in which she traveled.

Crawford Adams, violinist, presented a program and then responded to requests from the audience for particular numbers. Afterward he expressed surprise at the high type of music requested. Perhaps he expected us to ask for hill-billy songs.

On rare occasions speakers had a tendency to "look down upon" the small-towners whom they were addressing. I remember that one said: "Of course, you people here have probably never seen the Rocky Mountains, or visited many of the large cities". Well, we could not take remarks like that. One person went to the speaker and informed him that three of the young men of the town had just returned from a trip to San Francisco, and

another of our young men was at that very time working as a reporter on the Philadelphia North American—a paper the speaker represented.

Such was Picture Rocks in the 'teens, for Chautauqua had begun in 1913.

As often happens, some remarks made so long ago have never been forgotten. For instance, I recall, just after the outbreak of World War I in 1914, that Superintendent Van Ormer said "What happened in Europe yesterday may cause some fear and anxiety here." It was hard for us to visualize Europe as anything but a far-away place, and certainly we had no idea that within a few years our boys would be fighting "over there".

Well, each year at the close of Chautauqua week we would look back on seven busy and happy days. We felt as though we had had enough culture to last for some time. Throughout the year we could occasionally hear snatches of classical music being sung or whistled by townsfolk, and children had a better understanding of local government through the Junior Town (complete with Mayor, Town Clerk, etc.) which was conducted as part of the Junior Chautauqua program. In fact, the children took the whole thing seriously, and would spend hours "playing Chautauqua" in a tent in the front yard. It was always a privilege to "act Miss Melrose"—their favorite soprano soloist—singing "By the Waters of Minnetonka". Or a quartette might sing "Whispering Hope"—a favorite number of those days.

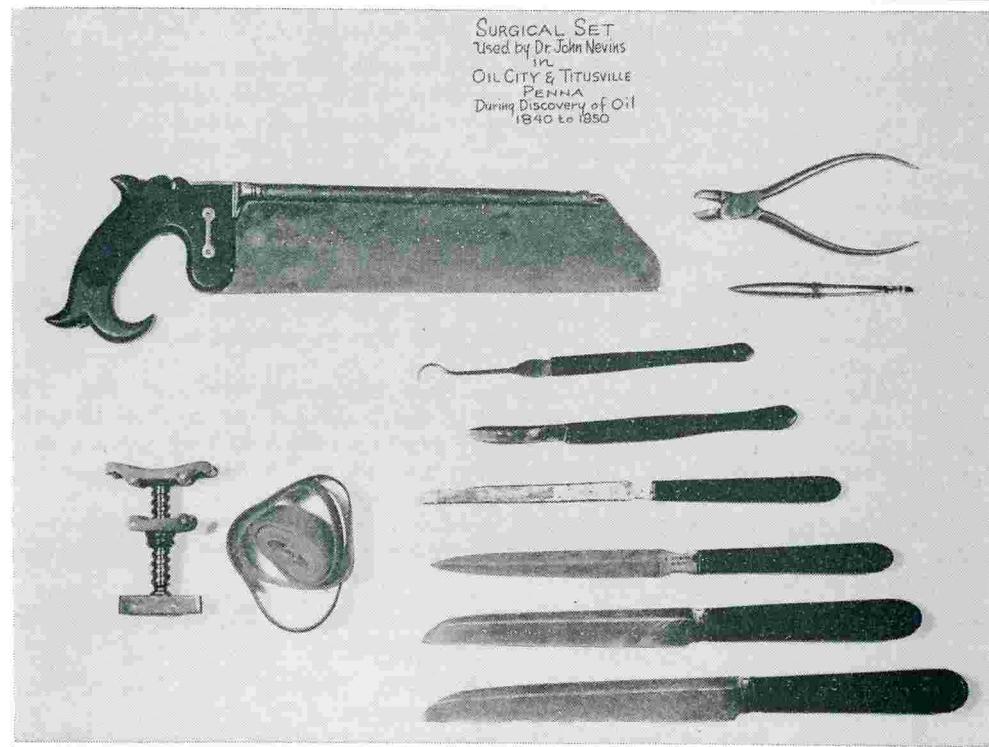
We felt that the undertaking was worth while. Never did the people work so well together.

So much for "then". . . . "now" nearly everyone has a car and can drive to sources of entertainment or have it at home through radio and television. A program like Chautauqua filled a real need in its day, but not now. Call it "small town stuff", if you will, yet I still remember the Junior boys and girls of those times. They have gone out from the small town, and are filling useful places in the world. I believe they were inspired by the program of music, lectures, and Junior Town.

And I believe that you of the older generation will agree that we had good times in those days.

**GROUPS TAKEN ON TOURS THROUGH THE LYCOMING
COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM**

Date	Name	1956	Adults	Children	Total
Oct. 9	Newcomers Club		30		30
Oct. 13	Dauphin County Historical Society		42		42
Nov. 6	Girl Scouts — Troop No. 10		1	18	19
Nov. 9	Society		30		30
		1957	103	18	121
Mar. 9	St. John's Adult Group		21		21
Apr. 22	Brownie Troop		2	33	35
May 3	Cub Scouts		4	13	17
May 6	3rd Grade — Becht School		7	37	44
May 7	Brownie Troop No. 112		5	18	23
May 20	Curtin Jr. High School — Retarded Pupils		1	10	11
May 21	Curtin Jr. High School — Retarded Pupils		1	11	12
May 24	5th Grade, Hughesville		4	29	33
May 29	Den 4 — Pack 28		2	15	17
June 6	4th Grade — Lose School		1	34	35
June 10	4th Grade — Lose School		1	35	36
June 26	Day Camp — Rabbi Kramer		1	26	27
Oct. 7	Curtin Jr. High School — History Class		4	18	22
Oct. 14	Scout Troop		1	8	9
Oct. 28	4th Grade — Lose School		1	26	27
Nov. 4	3rd Grade — Becht School		3	27	30
Nov. 4	4th Grade — Lose School		1	32	33
Nov. 25	3rd Grade — Webster School		1	29	30
Nov. 25	3rd Grade — Webster School		1	30	31
Nov. 25	Scout Den — St. Luke's Church		3	9	12
Nov. 25	Lycoming College — Phi Alpha Theta-History Group	20			20
		1958	85	440	525
Jan. 13	Troop 9 — Pine Street Methodist Church		3	14	17
Jan. 27	Troop 148 — Calvary Methodist		5	25	30
Feb. 17	8th Grade — Roosevelt Jr. High		3	36	39
Feb. 24	5th Grade — Jackson School		2	66	68
Mar. 17	5th Grade — Lock Haven		5	34	39
Mar. 26	5th Grade — Hughesville		6	31	37
Apr. 16	Scout Den		2	15	17
May 7	Brownie — 1st E.U.B. Church		3	14	17
May 26	Borough School — Avis		7	31	38
		Guides			
Oct. 7	Activities Club — Lycoming Co. Assoc. for the Blind	20		4	24
Oct. 20	Jr. High School — Special Education — Mifflinburg	1	29	3	33
Oct. 27	Cochran School — 4th Grade	2	30	2	34
Nov. 2	Cub Scouts	1	8	1	10
Nov. 6	Franklin School	3	30	3	36
Nov. 17	Brownie Troop 60 — Messiah Lutheran Church	8	37	3	48
		71	400	16	487
		1959			
Jan. 19	Jackson School — 5th Grade	1	32	3	36
Jan. 22	Curtin Jr. High	2	32	3	37
Jan. 26	Jackson School — 5th Grade	1	31	2	34
Mar. 7	Cub Scout — Pack 53 — Salladasburg, Pa.	4	13	1	18
Mar. 17	5th Grade — Duboistown	2	35	6	43
Aur. 6	4th Grade — Lose School	4	28	4	36
Apr. 7	Brownie Troop — Becht School	4	20	2	26
Apr. 13	4th Grade — Lose School	1	28	3	32
Apr. 13	4th Grade — Lose School	1	28	3	32
May 18	Brownie Troop	3	15	2	20
June 1	Ogdensburg School — Star Route Canton	6	48	3	57
		29	310	32	371
			Total		1504



ACCESSIONS TO THE MUSEUM

1. Canal Captain's Log Book containing cargo receipts
Gift of Dr. L. E. Wurster, Proctor Star Route
2. Unframed picture of open street car (No. 103)
Donor unknown
3. Unframed (15) pictures of Williamsport 1889 flood
4. Unframed picture of Noble Grist Mill
Gift of Mrs. Fred Durrwachter, Williamsport, Pa.
5. Lantern which lighted the front of last Canal Boat which came to Williamsport
Gift of George R. Walters
6. Lycoming County map
Gift of Greater Williamsport Chamber of Commerce
7. West Branch Bell Telephone Company Directory, 1954
Gift of Mrs. John Hayes
8. Baby's garment, made entirely by hand (1849)
Gift of Elizabeth M. Metzger, Williamsport, Pa.
9. Child's book pub.: by American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia
Gift of Elizabeth M. Metzger, Williamsport, Pa.
10. Obituary of Augustus Aradt, date 1878. This article is unusual as it is printed on silk.
Gift of Clarence A. Cowson, Farmington, Mich.
11. Gas Lighter used in the old Centennial Building, Pine and Fifth Street
Gift of Mr. E. B. Allen, Williamsport, Pa.
12. Log Broom
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. John Lindemuth (1959), Williamsport, Pa.
13. Indenture dated 6th day of September, 1797 to land in Lycoming Township, signed by Administrators of the will of William Wallace deceased, witnessed by Charles Stewart, W. Bell, Sam'l Stewart, Robert Hurst, Rebecca Hurst
Gift of Mrs. Ralph B. Riddell, Buffalo, N. Y.
14. Lycoming Co. Mutual Ins. Co. to John Swengel, Centre Township, Union Co., September 22, 1850
Gift of W. W. Swengel, York Co., Pa.
15. First Lady's Open Face Watch (Swiss) in Williamsport, belonged to Jane Burrows Coryell Gibson
Presented by Florence Coryell Parsons, Williamsport, Pa., granddaughter of James B. C. Gibson
16. Clock: used on West Branch Canal
Presented by the family of late Mr. and Mrs. John Levegood, Jersey Shore, Pa.
17. Trunk
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Jackson, Williamsport, Pa.
18. Ladies Case
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Jackson, Williamsport, Pa.
19. Pamphlet: 50th Anniversary of Maple Springs Evangelical United Brethren Church

President's Message

It's a very definite pleasure and a distinct honor to be able to address the members of the Lycoming Historical Society in this manner and through this excellent Journal.

In examining the list of those who have preceded me in this position I naturally have a feeling of inadequacy, especially in view of the relatively short time I have been associated with this particular organization, but I would like to say, without equivocation, that I shall do everything I can to provide in sincerity that which I may lack in experience.

It is my desire that during the 1960-61 year we concentrate on increasing the membership of the Society. Such an increase will necessarily be accompanied by an increase in interest and therefore in increased participation, not to mention some easing of the strain of our financial problems. Each member is urged to do whatever he can to assist in this connection.

I would be entirely remiss if I did not acknowledge the wonderful spirit of cooperation which exists among the members of the Board and the members of the various committees. The past officers and older members have been most gracious in providing assistance and advice. That advice has been accepted and used and is most appreciated.

Realizing how difficult it is to attempt to enumerate all those whose contribution, either in time, advice or in gifts is so gratefully received, I will use this means of saying to all of them—Thank You.

Sincerely,

FRANK W. BRUNNER

NEW MEMBERS

- Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Anspach, 1200 Campbell St., Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. Guy Baldwin, Laporte, Pa.
- Misses Margaret and Carol Barker, 1205 Locust Street, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Brunner, Jersey Shore, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. William Devaney, Jr., 320 Vallamont Drive, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mrs. David Busey, 131 Bennett St., Williamsport, Pa.
- Mrs. Bern Coleman, 229 Grampian Blvd., Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. Thomas P. Gerber, 1721 Williams Rd., Williamsport, Pa.
- Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Gingrich, 500 Highland Terrace, Williamsport, Pa.
- Miss Jessie Middaugh, 94 Union Avenue, Williamsport, Pa.
- Miss Olive Moyer, 347 Academy Street, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. W. Clyde Mussina, 1022 W. Fourth Street, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mrs. Frank S. Gates, 900 Louisa Street, Williamsport, Pa.
- Miss Aileen B. Hendly, 416 Pine Street, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mrs. William Spangle, 1000 Woodmont Avenue, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mrs. Helen Gann Snyder, 7 Holmhurst Avenue, Catonsville, Md.
- Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Thomas c/o W. B. Bank and Trust Co.
- Mr. George Walters, 1601 Warren Ave., Williamsport, Pa.
- Hon. Z. H. Confair, 1327 Race Street, Williamsport, Pa.
- Dr. Barbara E. DeRemer, 1006 W. Fourth Street, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Donachy, 700 Rural Avenue, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. Luther Heim, Trout Run, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Heim, Montoursville, R.D.
- Mr. Richard Wilkins Krimm, 820 Vallamont Drive, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. Von E. Mertz, 1947 Fourth Avenue, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. Carl W. Maulen, 304 Almond Street, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. James W. Morin, Cogan Station, Pa.
- Mr. Charles W. Noll, 1 Central Avenue, South Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. Willard Snyder, 1026 Rural Avenue, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. Charles Spuler, 1212 Cherry Street, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wagner, R. D. 2, Williamsport, Pa.
- Dr. and Mrs. John C. Winter, 505 Hawthorne Avenue, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mr. John C. Decker, 99 Parkwood Street, Williamsport, Pa.
- Mrs. James B. Huffman, 1913 Blair Street, Williamsport, Pa.