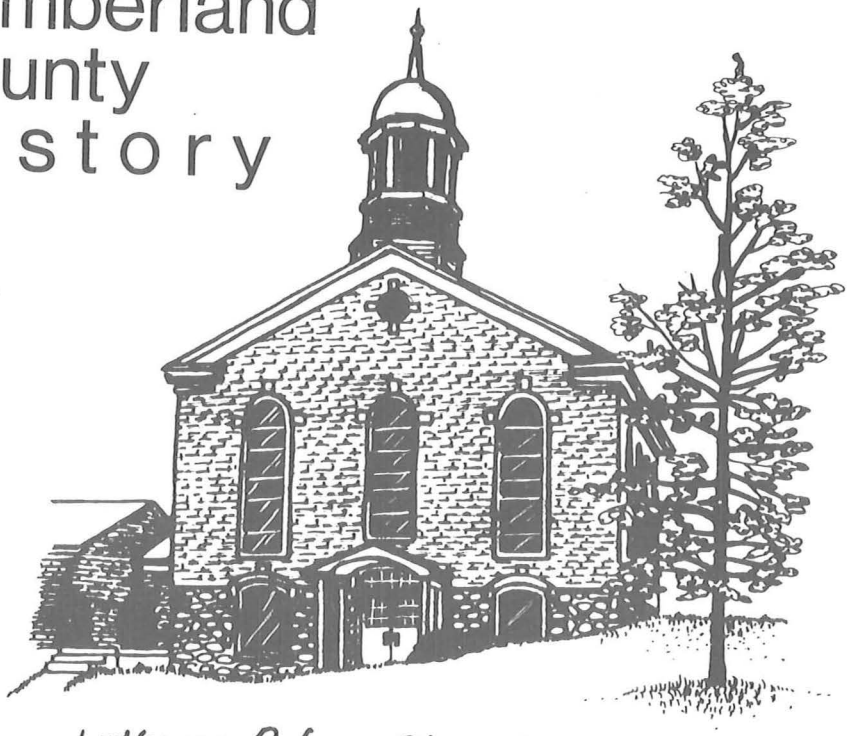
Cumberland County History



Lutheran-Reform Church 1849

Levi Eneck House 1879

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Contributions Solicited
The editor invites the submission of articles or notes on the history of Cumberland County and on its people. Such writing can investigate new areas of research or may reflect past scholarship. Manuscripts should conform to Kate Turabian's *Manual for Writers,* 5th edition. Running copy, as well as citations, should be typed and doubled spaced. Notes may be gathered together and will be placed at the end of the article. Press times are 15 April and 15 November. Please send manuscripts to 1915 Walnut Street. Camp Hill 17011.

Membership and Subscription
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COVER: Original Sketches for this journal by Eber Jacob Gordon of Churchtown. He is a free lance artist, illustrator and designer. He is an alumnus of Carnegie-Mellon University and a graduate of the Ivy School of Professional Art, Pittsburgh. The sketches show four Churchtown buildings.

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The Family of John Armstrong, Sr. (1717-1795) of Carlisle, Pennsylvania

Raymond Martin Bell

Although the record of John Armstrong, Senior, is fairly complete,[1] and biographies of his sons James and John are available because, like their father, they both served as Congressman,[2] that of his wife and her family, his father, brothers and sisters are sketchy. This paper undertakes an examination of the family with emphasis on those members.

According to his tombstone in the Old Carlisle Cemetery, John was born in 1717 at Brookeborough, County Fermanagh, in the Ulster portion of Ireland. His father was James Armstrong; his mother's name is not known. In 1895 one James Lewis Armstrong copied a gravestone inscription in Aghavea Parish Cemetery, one mile from Brookeborough:

> Here lies the body of James Armstrong, son to Edward, also son to Margaret, who died Sunday, May 1745, aged 50 years.[3]

It may well represent the grave of the father of Colonel John Armstrong of Carlisle, who seems to have had five brothers and five sisters:

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

1. Edward, the oldest, named for his grandfather, died in Ireland before his father, James. Some descendants came to America.[4]

2. James, who died in Juniata County, Pennsylvania c. 1774, was a private in the militia company captained by James Patterson in 1758. Indians captured his wife and two children on 27 January 1756, but she was released a year later at Fort Augusta.[5] After his death by drowning, letters of administration were issued 23 April 1774. The younger of the ten surviving children went under the guardianship of their uncle, John Lyon.

3. George lived in Bedford in 1769. Colonel John mentioned "my brother George" as a militia captain in 1758 and "my late brother George" in 1785. He rose to the rank of colonel in the militia.[6] In 1758 he was commissioned to lay out a road to Fort Duquesne. On 2 April 1766 he received a Pennsylvania license to marry Martha Turner, probably a sister of his sister Rebecca's husband. George's last years seem to have been spent in Bedford.

4. William was a surveyor in Mifflin County, where his home near the site of Fort Granville by 1773 was a Presbyterian preaching point. He died late in 1784. Colonel John in 1755 referred to "my brother William." He later became a lieutenant in the militia.[7] His wife was named Rebecca.

5. Andrew, living in Ireland in 1795, was named in Colonel John's will.[8]

6. Margaret married John Lyon in Ireland and came to Pennsylvania in 1763. They were the great-great-grandparents of James G. Blaine of Maine, an unsuccessful presidential candidate in 1884.[9]

7. Ann married William Graham and lived in Juniata County.[10]

8. Rebecca married James Turner 1 November 1759 and lived in Chester County.[11]

9. _____ married a Lieutenant Graydon and died in Ireland.[12]

10. _____ married Thomas McCord, of Mifflin County.[13]

A surveyor in Ulster, John came to America between May 1745, when his father died, and November 1746, when he married. He settled in the Marsh Creek region of Adams (then York) County. He became well enough regarded there to be elected the assemblyman when York County was formed 19 August 1749. His brothers George and James also had York-Adams connections.

After the erection of Cumberland County 27 June 1750 John moved to Carlisle at the request of the Penn family. In October he was appointed deputy surveyor for Cumberland, and in 1752 was elected an assemblyman. His home remained Carlisle until his death there 9 March 1795.

WIFE: REBECCA ARMSTRONG ARMSTRONG

In 1746 John got a Pennsylvania license to marry Rebecca, who identifies her birth name as Armstrong.[14] Becoming "Rebecca Armstrong Armstrong" has understandably caused confusion to genealogists, who surmised that the wording of the tombstone, which lies next to her husband, represented her birth name; it reads "Rebecca Lyon Armstrong, b. May 2, 1719, Enniskillen [which is only thirteen miles from Brookeborough, Ireland]." In fact, it indicates that she had first married a Lyon and retained the name during her second marriage at the age of twenty-seven to John Armstrong.

Proof of her birth name is to be found in the will of Archibald Armstrong, of Christiana Hundred, New Castle County, Delaware, written 21 August 1767, where he names as a beneficiary his daughter Rebecca, "wife of Colonel John Armstrong of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania."[15] Further substantiation of her birth name comes in a deed written 23 May 1775 which names "Rebecca, wife of Colonel John Armstrong," as one of the heirs of her brother Edward Armstrong.[16]

Archibald Armstrong, the Colonel's father-in-law, came to America in 1740. His will mentions a wife, Ann; sons John and William; and daughters Rebecca and Margaret, who on 5 March 1759 married the Reverend George Duffield, Presbyterian Minister in Carlisle, as his second wife. Edward, a son of Archibald and Ann, died in battle at Fort Granville, in modern Mifflin County, 31 July 1756. Rebecca, Colonel John's wife died 16 November 1797 at Carlisle.

SONS

John and Rebecca had two sons. The elder was Dr. James, who was born on 29 August 1748 in Adams County before his parents moved to Cumberland County. He enrolled in 1756 in the Philadelphia Academy and later in the College of Philadelphia which granted him a Bachelor of Medicine degree in 1769.[17] After serving as an army surgeon during the War of the Revolution, he continued his studies in London. In 1787 he moved to the 1,015 acre tract in Mifflin County which his father had received as pay for his services as a surveyor. On 18 June 1789 he married Mary Stevenson, daughter of the patriot George Stevenson.[18] He was elected to Congress and served for one term, 1793-1795. After his father's death James moved to Carlisle, where he continued to practice medicine and served as President of the Board of Trustees of Dickinson College from 1808 until 1824. He died 6 May 1828.

The younger son, John, Jr., was born 28 November 1758, the day his father raised the flag over Fort Duquesne which had just been captured from the French.[19] He served on George Washington's staff during the War of the Revolution, where he gained notoriety as author of the Newburgh letter which threat-

ened retaliation should Congress not grant demands of the officer corps. He served in Congress 1787-1788. On 19 January 1789 he married Alida Livingston of New York, sister of the Chancellor of New York who administered the oath of office as president to General Washington.

Margaret (1799-1872), the daughter of John, Jr., and Alida, Margaret, (1799-1872) married William B. Astor, reputedly the richest man in America in 1848. She had five brothers: Horatio Robert Gates (1790-1859), Henry Beekman (1791-1884), Robert Livingston (1797-1834), John (1794-1852), and James Kosciuszko (1801-1868). A sixth son, Edward, died eight days after his birth in 1802.

GENERAL JOHN Armstrong, Jr., as he looked in approximately 1808. This is thought to be a copy of an oil portrait by John Vanderlyn hung in the American Embassy in Paris. It is the property of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania but is on permanent loan to the Cumberland County Historical Society.

John Armstrong, Jr., served 1800-1804 in the United States Senate, became minister to France and to Spain, and was a Major-General in the War of 1812. As Secretary of War for James Madison he suffered the ignominy of being unsuccessful in repelling the British when they burned the national capital. Never returning to Carlisle after his marriage, Armstrong made his home at Rhinebeck on the Hudson River in a mansion still owned by the family. He died 1 April 1843.

ENDNOTES

[1] See Robert G. Crist, "John Armstrong: Proprietor's Man," (Ph.D. diss., The Pennsylvania State University, 1981) and Milton E. Flower, *John Armstrong, First Citizen of Carlisle* (Carlisle: 1971).

[2] *Biographical Directory of the U.S. Congress,* 1774-1789 (Washington: 1989), 545.

[3] James Lewis Armstrong, *Chronicles of the Armstrong (New York: 1902), 319.*

[4] Correspondence of Robert J. Armstrong, Ashland, Virginia.

[5] Cumberland County Deed Book 1G397. See also *Pennsylvania Gazette* 6 February 1756, and "Letter to James Burd written from Ft. Augusta 20 January 1758 in *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* 36:454.

[6] Samuel Hazard, ed., Pennsylvania Archives, First Series 12 vols (Philadelphia: 1852-1856), I 3: 453 and York County Deed Book 2C223.

[7] *Ibid.* I 2:458. Also Samuel Hazard, *Colonial Records of Pennsylvania* 16 vols. (Philadelphia: 1838-1853) 6:403 and Cumberland County Deed Book 16-397.

[8] Will of John Armstrong, Sr., Cumberland County Court House, Officer of the Recorder of Wills.

[9] N.A., *History of the Susquehanna and Juniata Valleys (Philadelphia: 1886), 760.*

[10] Crist, "John Armstrong," 233.

[11] Will of John Armstrong.

[12] Crist, "John Armstrong," 233.

[13] Will of William Armstrong, Carlisle; Land Grant to James Armstrong and Thomas McCord. Cumberland County Deed Book 16-397.

[14] W. H. Egle, John B. Linn and George E. Reed, *Pennsylvania Archives, Second Series* 19 vols. (Harrisburg: 1879-1890), 2:18.

[15] New Castle County Will Book K228.

[16] William Hunter, "Edward Armstrong: Hero of Fort Granville" an address given at the Mifflin County Historical Society in 1978.

[17] Information supplied by Mark Frazier Lloyd, Archivist, University of Pennsylvania.

[18] Roland M. Baumann, *George Stevenson (1718-1783), Conservative as Revolutionary* (Carlisle: 1978), 2.

[19] Carl Edward Skeen, *John Armstrong, Jr., 1758-1843: A Biography (Syracuse: 1981).*

Down Memory Lane

Robert Lee Jacobs

My father was District Attorney from 1904 to 1907 and built a house on South College Street in Carlisle, at the corner of Graham Street, in 1910. The way it happened was this. Wilbur F. Sadler was judge of Cumberland County at the time. He had been elected, for the second time, in 1904 in a bloody battle with John Wetzel in which each side was reputed to have spent $100,000, a huge sum in those days. Sadler was a Republican, and it was about then that the Republican dominance of Cumberland County began.

Judge Sadler had four sons: Lewis, Sylvester, Wilbur, and Horace. Lewis became Commissioner of Highways in Pennsylvania, Sylvester was a lawyer who succeeded his father as Judge of Cumberland County in 1914 and in 1921 became a Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Wilbur was Adjutant General of New Jersey, and Horace became a dentist. Sylvester told my father that Lewis was going to build a big house at the south end of College Street and would make College Street a highway. He suggested Dad buy a lot on South College Street and build his house, which Dad did.

Lewis did build the big house in the acreage known as "Thornwald." The entire 11 or 12 acres surrounded by a high brick wall.

When Dad built his house at 230 South College Street there were only three houses south of it—two houses built by Merkel Landis were on each side of the street between Graham and Walnut Streets, and the Butcher property on the west side of College Street just north of Walnut Bottom Road. The Butchers were substantial black people and operated a small farm on their land. Later one of the Butchers, Miss Alice Butcher, became a highly respected teacher in the Carlisle public schools and a neighbor of mine on Walnut Street. South College Street became the place to live and rapidly filled with new houses.

I well remember that at one time there was a blacksmith shop on the northeast corner of South College Street and Walnut Bottom Road. There, as 10 or 12 year old boys, we lighted our experimental pipes made of hollowed out buckeyes filled with cornsilk.

Some of what I talk about will be based on my own eye-witness, and some will be hearsay and might best be classed as apocryphal. Most of what I'm about to say concerning the Sadlers is hearsay.

The Sadlers were one of Carlisle's most prominent families. Lewis and Horace married women from the Bosler family, another of the area's prominent and financially successful families. A great deal of the Sadler wealth is reputed to have come from those marriages. In any event, everybody died before Horace, and he was the sole survivor to whom everything passed. When Horace died he was a wealthy man, by standards at the time of his death, worth $4 to $5 million dollars. Horace had never practiced dentistry and to the best of my knowledge had never worked.

In 1937 I married into the Hays family, another of Carlisle's prominent families. My father-in-law, Raphael S. Hays, was the majority owner and president of the Frog, Switch & Manufacturing Company. He was a very intelligent and able man, but he loved to socialize and gossip. In the course of one of his socializing sessions, after Horace had become the sole surviving Sadler, Mr. Hays remarked that "All the Sadler brains are in Ashland Cemetery." Of course the remark got back to Dr. Sadler, and he and Mr. Hays never spoke to each other again. Mrs. Hays had been a bridesmaid at the wedding of Dr. Sadler and Miss Bosler, and Dr. Sadler continued to send flowers to Mrs. Hays on anniversaries in spite of his displeasure with Mr. Hays.

My earliest recollection is of Mrs. Ellsworth, who lived across the street from us on South College Street, running down her front walk and yelling excitedly "The war is over, the war is over." That was World War I, which ended with the armistice on November 11, 1918. However, Mrs. Ellsworth was about a month early, and she had reacted to what was later known as "the false armistice."

My memories of childhood tell me that there was a lot more snow then than now. I remember the snow along our pavements being several feet high. All of us boys had sleds and used them extensively. There was a large grain warehouse on North West Street at the railroad where the farmers brought their grain and bought tools and supplies. At the time it was Bill Barnitz's Warehouse, later

bought by P. O. Sunday. (Bill Barnitz was Barbara Lillich's father.) In the winter in those days most of the farmers came to the warehouse in horse-drawn bobsleds (4-runner sleds). We would wait at the warehouse for the farmers to leave and then get on our sleds and grab the back of the farmers' wagons. We would get a great ride—sometimes many miles into the country. Getting home was another story, and sometimes we did more walking than riding. There were a few automobiles on the road in those days, but they were not used much in the snow, particularly on the back roads where our sled rides took us.

By 1920 South College Street was substantially built up as far as Walnut Street. Our fathers decided a group of us should go to a summer camp. We were too young to go to Boy Scout Camp because you had to be 12 at that time, so our fathers created their own camp along the Conodoguinet Creek. They got Dr. Forrest E. Craver, a professor at Dickinson and track coach, to head the camp. We had a big black man as cook who had the fascinating name of Lavender. The camp was about five miles west of Carlisle near a cottage owned by Dr. Teitrick, who had been Deputy Secretary of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania. I believe the camp lasted two seasons and was called "Camp Willows."

In those days, prior to 1920, the automobile and traffic control was primitive compared to today. As boys we argued endlessly over the excellence of our fathers' automobiles. The power test was whether an automobile could go over Sterrets Gap in high gear. Mr. Merkel Landis, president of Carlisle Trust Company, now Dauphin Deposit Bank, won that contest with his speedy Hupmobile. There were no sedans as we know them today. All automobiles were open touring cars. If it was cold or about to rain, you put on the isinglass curtains. The curtains were often difficult to get on in time to ward off an approaching storm. The tires were high pressure tires compared to today's low pressure tires. Flat tires were frequent, and it seems to me I helped to change at least one tire every time we took a Sunday afternoon drive. Sunday afternoon drives seemed to be the greatest use made of the automobile. People didn't jump in the car and drive downtown or to work as they do today. Some cars didn't have self starters and had to be cranked to start. Even if it had a self starter, it would occasionally fail to work, and every car had a crank to use in emergencies. Cranking was difficult and dangerous. If you didn't keep a firm hold on the crank and you failed to turn the engine over, the crank could fly back and sprain or break your wrist.

Traffic control was very labor intensive in those days. In town traffic was directed by a policeman operating a stop and go sign. The words were written on the sign, and the officer stood in the middle of the intersection and controlled traffic by turning his sign. At that time the State Police were the State Constabulary and had little to do with traffic control.

I can't leave South College Street without mentioning the deer park. The part of the block bounded by South College Street, West High Street, Mooreland Avenue and West South Street, now owned and occupied by Dickinson College and the Methodist Church, with the exception of two little houses on the southwest corner of West High and South College Streets, was owned by Johnston Moore and his heirs. The whole area owned by the Moores was surrounded by a high picket type fence and occupied by the Moore's dwelling house and a herd of deer. The last of the Moores, two maiden ladies, lived on the estate. I rmember the deer as being small. I also remember walking home at night along that lonely stretch of South College Street when I was a teenager. I don't know when the deer were removed and the fence torn down, but I do remember that the deer and the fence were still there in 1931.

The next thing I remember happening was our participation in the Boy Scouts of America. A troop was organized and met at St. John's Episcopal Church. The original scoutmaster was Jim Prescott, the father of Dr. James Prescott, one of Carlisle's most prominent dentists. The fun of scouting lay in going to Camp Rothrock at Laurel Lake in the summer. The camp was named for Joseph Rothrock, the father of Pennsylvania forestry. The camp was run by the Chester County Boy Scout Organization. It was available to the boys of Cumberland and Franklin Counties, as well as the boys from Chester County. Where it was located is now bisected by the paved road to Pine Grove and Caledonia. At that time, circa 1925, all roads were unpaved and did not interfere with the camp.

The Hunters' Run and Slate Belt Railroad ran from Carlisle to Pine Grove Furnace and stopped at Laurel Lake. Carlisle boys attended Camp Rothrock in droves (including Milton Flower) and found it a valuable experience. They were exposed to boys from the Philadelphia bedroom counties and Franklin County and the camp was run by an excellent professional staff headed by Charles Milton Heistand who later became Scout Executive of New York City. His brother, Tom, some years later, became Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Harrisburg. We were exposed to the lore of the South Mountain by no less a person than Major Clifton Lisle, the author of *Saddle Bags, Lenape Trail, Hobnails and Heather,* and several other novels and Clyde Sanderson, a raconteur who became a prominent radio personality in West Chester. All in all, it was the greatest experience of my young life to that date. The camp closed in 1927 and moved to Rising Sun, Maryland.

A personal flashback I have is in regard to the Indians at the Carlisle Indian School. I was a child in Sunday School at St. John's Episcopal Church. We met for Sunday School in the parish house on the first floor. At that time the parish house had a balcony, and I distinctly remember the Indians coming to Sunday School and marching in order to the balcony where they sat. The way I remember them

is that they all wore blue uniforms. Since the Indian School was changed into a hospital for World War I wounded soldiers in 1918, my recollection must be before that time, when I was six or seven years old.

Another childhood recollection I have is of going to the farmers' market on Saturday morning with my maternal grandmother. Grandma lived with us, and she and I got up at 5 a.m. and walked to market. I was about ten years old and pulled my express wagon so I could haul the purchases home. The market house was on the southeast corner of the public square where the newer court house now stands. I distinctly remember the enclosed spring wagons backed into the curb all around that section of the square. The inside of the market was brightly lighted with stalls for the vendors. The floor was brick and cold early in the morning.

Most of the wagons were still horse drawn at the time. The horses were stabled either at the Pennsylvania Hotel Stables or the Deitch Livery Stable. The Pennsylvania Hotel was on the northwest corner of North Hanover Street and West Louther Street, and the Deitch Stables were in the alley back of the Cumberland County Jail. Since the railroad train went through the square at that time, it would cause considerable trouble with horses if they were left attached to the wagons at the market house.

The public schools of Carlisle in the 1920s consisted of twelve grades through high school, just as they do today. However, seventh grade was called "B Grammar" and held in the Penn Building on North Bedford Street and the eighth grade was "A Grammar" and held in the Franklin Building on South West Street, now the YMCA. In those days certain teachers became legendary. I will never forget Miss Rebecca Armstrong, who was principal of "B Grammar." She was a good teacher and a very stern disciplinarian. Corporal punishment in the form of a spanking or getting your fingers rapped was freely administered by Miss Armstrong. She ruled with an iron hand, and the children were most respectful. Unlike today's parents, our parents supported our teachers fully. If you were spanked in school and your parents heard about it, you got another spanking at home. We and our parents accepted corporal punishment in grade school as the norm, and I never heard of any child who was injured. In fact, Miss Armstrong, who was famous for her stern punishments, was among the most beloved teachers we had. Another teacher who left an indelible impression on many generations of children was Miss Mary Wert, our first grade teacher.

In the 1920s, there were no shopping malls on the fringes of Carlisle. All the shopping activity was centered around the public square in Carlisle. The leading business area was the two blocks on Hanover Street between Pomfret and Louther Streets. The busiest area was the first block on North Hanover Street, and that's where I got a job during my high school days. Roy Swigert had a men's clothing store on the west side of North Hanover at the alley adjoining the First Presbyterian Church. He employed me to work there on Saturdays. I don't know how much value I was to the store, because it seemed to me that every customer who came in wanted Mr. Swigert or one of the older clerks to wait on him, and not me.

Anyway, Roy Swigert was a Christian while all the other merchants on the first block of North Hanover Street were Jewish: Moses Blumenthal, Bertram Berg, and Bill Marks. However, they adopted Mr. Swigert, and he was invited to all the circumcisions and Bar Mitzvahs, just as if he were Jewish.

The merchants used to play tricks on each other. When business was poor each would keep an eye on the other to see how he was doing. One day Mr. Blumenthal saw Herman Marks, Bill Marks's son, coming across Hanover Street toward his store. He turned to his clerk and said "Ring up a thousand dollars on the cash register," which he did. Herman came in, snooped around and then returned to his dad's store across the street. A little while later Mr. Blumenthal called the store and asked for Mr. Marks. Herman said, "Dad's gone home sick."

The preceding story may be apocryphal, but I was an eye witness to the next event. Mr. Swigert closed his store promptly at nine o'clock on Saturday evening, but Mr. Blumenthal did not. In the 1920s, Saturday night was the busiest shopping time of the week, and Mr. Blumenthal took advantage of it. He would stand in front of his store as long as there were people on the sidewalk and invite them to come in, and he often succeeded.

Ed Blumenthal, Mr. Blumenthal's older son, was a close friend of mine and worked for his father on Saturdays. As soon as Mr. Swigert closed his store at 9 p.m., I would go to Mr. Blumenthal's store and wait for Ed. A number of business men from the community would sit around the store and visit with Mr. Blumenthal on Saturday night. Ed and I were just kids and listened in awe to the stories.

One Saturday night I went to the Blumenthal store after 9 o'clock to wait for Ed. On that night there were two distinguished visitors sitting on the counter—Mr. Lyman Hertzler, an oil distributor, and Mr. Bill Fetter, the Buick dealer. Suddenly Andy Lynch, the Salvation Army Sergeant, burst in the front door. He

walked toward the men at the counter waving his tambourine, holding it out for donations and shouting "Christ is coming, Christ is coming." Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Blumenthal replied, "Let him come. We'll sell him a suit of clothes."

During those years just before and through high school, from which I graduated in 1928, I had a variety of summer jobs. I labored at George's Greehouses before Nancy and Jimmy were born. Those were the days when Georges raised all the flowers they sold. I helped build one of the greenhouses and disbudded carnations at over 100 degree temperatures. One of the bonuses was the many interesting facts of life I learned while sitting around at lunch with the older men.

I was a junior counselor at Boy Scout Camp until it left the area, a playground instructor, a counselor at the YMCA camp, and an employee of Earley's Furniture Store. Harrison Earley was the founder and owner of Earley's Furniture Store, and I worked for him in the summer of 1928. He paid me $15 a week to help with deliveries to customers and occasionally drive the truck. My most vivid recollection of working for Mr. Earley is the automobiles of that period. There were no automatic transmissions in those days, and every car and truck had a stick shift. To make it more complicated, there were at least three different shifts. I got a chance to try them all because Earley's truck was a Dodge. Mr. Earley's car was a Studebaker, and my father had a Buick. The stick shift was located on the floor. Low gear on the Dodge was forward to the left, low gear on the Studebaker was back on the driver's side, and low gear on the Buick was back on the passenger's side. I was very proud of the fact that I had learned to drive all three.

Unfortunately, I didn't drive all three too well. The Dodge truck gave me serious trouble. One day I was directed to deliver a garden table with an umbrella in the middle to the house of a European Countess who lived on South College Street. The truck was a box type truck and the box behind the cab was high. I drove under the maple trees in front of the house and the tree limbs hit the box behind the cab. The box part separated from the cab and pulled the front wheels up in the air. Mr. Earley was a very nice man and didn't fire me, but I'm sure I caused him considerable unnecessary expense.

Now we go to the movies at the multiple movie houses located in the shopping malls with their large parking areas for automobiles. In the 1920s, we had two movie houses, both downtown. One was the Orpheum Theatre on the north side of West High Street, where there is now a vacant lot used for parking, and the Opera House on North Pitt Street, to the rear of what is now the Hamilton Restaurant. As a child I attended both movie houses, but my fondest recollections are of the Orpheum. On Saturday afternoon we could go to the movies at the Orpheum for six cents. The usher was Mr. George Yeager, patriarch of the well-

known Yeager family and president of town council. We all sat down front at the Saturday matinees and were removed several times by Mr. Yeager for making too much noise.

The movies were silent prior to 1929, and Mr. Karl Kramer played the organ for all the shows. My parents thought I should take piano lessons and I became a pupil of Mr. Kramer's. The music at the movie shows was always fascinating. It was geared to the screen play—very triumphant in the heroic scenes and very lugubrious in the sad scenes. I assume the movie makers suggested a music score, but I don't know if that was true or if the organist used his imagination.

The Opera House was larger and more pretentious. It had a real stage and I remember going there with my father to hear United States Senator David A. Reed. I don't know when that was, but it was probably during my high school days. Senator Reed served in the U.S. Senate from 1922-1935. It was even more important that his name was first in Reed, Smith, Shaw, and McClay, the prestigious Pittsburgh law firm which until a few years ago was the largest in Pennsylvania. Movies like *The Birth of a Nation* and later *All Quiet on the Western Front* came to the Opera House.

Before I leave the movies, I must tell about Dave Cooper and the garage. Dave Cooper was the owner of the Orpheum Theatre, and his daughter, Vivian, went to the same grade school that I did. The Coopers lived on Graham Street, just east of South College Street. They had a garage in back of their house which was clearly visible from the back porch of Mr. Blumenthal's house, where Ed and I happened to be sitting late one summer afternoon. We saw Mr. Cooper come out of his house and go into the garage by a side door. He didn't open the rear doors, but we heard Mr. Cooper start the engine of his car. Then we saw the rear doors bulge outward, followed by the car backing out and bringing the doors with it. To us kids this was hilarious, like a Mack Sennett comedy, but I'm sure it was not so hilarious to Mr. Cooper.

In the 1920s and 1930s the fun center of Carlisle was the first block on West High Street. There were The Palace, Shearers Drug Store, The Sugar Bowl, The Chocolate Shop, Lute Halbert's Pool Room, and the Kokolis Pool Room. That is where we all gathered to have a coke or a milk shake or to play pool or billiards. In those days a girl who valued her reputation never frequented a pool room, but the soda fountains were coeducational, particularly The Chocolate Shop, which was on the north side of West High Street next to what is now P. K. Miller's real estate office.

In 1924 the Carlisle Country Club was started. The builder of the first nine holes of the golf course was Dr. W. R. Shearer who owned Shearer's Drug Store on West High Street. Among those who learned to play golf about then was Joseph L. Kramer, Ann Hoffer's father. Joe became a pretty good golfer, and he and I teamed together several times in inter-club matches which we won. However, Joe had a bit of a temper and one time when we were playing along the Conodoguinet Creek Joe missed a short putt and was so furious he threw his set of clubs, bag included, into the creek. They stayed there until he got home when his father made him come back and get them out of the creek.

I thought this was a fun story to tell because Mrs. Hoffer is now playing golf and is the one who cajoled me into giving this talk. However, I have worried that you might get the wrong impression of her father if you didn't know him. He and I were born the same year and graduated from law school in the same class. He was an outstanding student, and his marks were far better than mine. As a lawyer he was extremely able and successful.

Public transportation in the Carlisle area in the 1920s consisted of The Cumberland Valley Railroad, part of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, whose passenger trains passed through Carlisle on High Street and a network of trolleys. Trolleys ran from Carlisle to Harrisburg via Mechanicsburg, from Carlisle to Boiling Springs, Mt. Holly Springs, Newville, and Cave Hill on the Conodoguinet Creek. In summer the trolleys going to Mt. Holly and Boiling Springs were open air. Both towns had amusement parks. In the summer, before the days of air conditioning, it was a pleasure to go to the park on the south end of Mt. Holly Springs because it was five to ten degrees cooler than Carlisle. I do remember the trolley tracks on so many of Carlisle's streets because they upset many of us young boys riding bicycles who tried to cross the tracks at less than a 45 degree angle.

My impression of the Great Depression years is tempered very much by the fact that 1928 to 1935 were my college and law school years. I remember in 1928 when I wanted to go away to college my father saying that if I went to Dickinson College which was in Carlisle he would send me away to law school. However, when law school time arrived in 1932 the depression was in full swing, and there was no way I was going to Harvard or Yale, particularly when tuition at Dicksinson School of Law was less than $400 at the time. In retrospect, I'm very happy that I went to Dickinson School of Law.

During the 1920s my father was a prominent lawyer, yet at the height of the depression his annual income was only three or four thousand dollars. The same was true of the leading physicians in the community. Carlisle was fortunate during those years because of its diversified industries. Carlisle Tire and Rubber, Masland, Frog, Switch and the shoe companies kept running and employing peo-

ple although at a reduced rate. The established stores stayed open, and people shopped, but much more carefully than they do today. A few years later I had the opportunity to closely observe Lewistown in Mifflin County. There I saw the devastating effect of lack of diversification. Lewistown's industry was concentrated in two big plants—American Viscose and Standard Steel. Both were closed during the depression, and the rate of unemployment in Lewistown was very high. I do remember in 1939 while studying in Philadelphia for the legal bars that a shot of whiskey and a small glass of beer could be purchased at 69th Street and the elevated for 15 cents.

I'm sure many of you remember the Works Progress Administration and the Civilian Conservation Corps created by President Franklin Roosevelt to provide jobs. There was also the Public Works Administration which erected public buildings. The one that made the greatest impression on me was the Civilian Conservation Corps which built all the soil roads through the North and South Mountains. They made parts of those mountains accessible to hunters and nature lovers which had heretofore been known only to a few mountaineers. My wife's brother-in-law was an artist, and he painted several post office murals subsidized by W.P.A.

The last train traveled through Carlisle on High Street on October 16, 1936. Sometime after that the track was removed. The passenger station was on the northwest corner of West High and North Pitt Streets. The station was torn down and sold. The stones constituting the station were used by Mrs. Millicent Kitzmiller to build her apartment house at West South and Parker Streets.

While the train was still traveling on High Street an interesting event occurred. Before it can be understood, a short dissertation on the Law School is necessary. Despite its name, the Law School has no connection with the college and had no connection at the time of this event. As they are today, most of the students were graduates of a college. In the 1920s and 1930s, unlike today, intercollegiate athletic regulations did not prevent law students from playing on Dickinson College athletic teams, even if they had played four years at a college. I specifically remember law students playing on the baseball and basketball teams and in some instances dominating those teams.

Sometime before the train was removed from High Street, a group of law students headed by a young man from Scranton, whose name I believe was Mundy, thought up a real farce. Mundy would pose as the Italian Ambassador.

This occurred before I was in Law School, so it must have been 1929 or 1930. At that time the Argonne Hotel was directly across the street from the railroad station. The Argonne later became the James Wilson Hotel. At the entrance to the

Argonne was a balcony at second story height with a railing around it extending toward the street over the pavement. It was supported by two pillars at the curb. Access to the balcony was from the second floor of the hotel. The law students who organized the farce got considerable publicity in the newspapers by saying that the Italian Ambassador would arrive in Carlisle on a certain day on a scheduled train. He would proceed to the balcony in front of the Argonne Hotel and address the assembled citizens. Mundy duly arrived with his retinue (more law students) dressed in formal outfit with a large red ribbon diagonally across his chest. They proceeded to the balcony, and Mundy began his address. Quite a crowd had assembled, and Mundy was well into his address before the crowd realized it was all a fake. Everyone took the spoof good naturedly.

1936 was a pivotal year in my life. I had graduated from law school in 1935 and successfully taken the Bar Exams. In the fall of 1935 I had started to practice law with my father. Franklin Roosevelt had been elected president in 1932 and was about to run for his second term. My father's family had been Democrats since before the Civil War, and I registered as a Democrat. About January 1936, Mr. Clarence Weary, the Democratic County Chairman, came to my father and said he would like to run me for State Senator. The incumbent State Senator was Dr. Leon Prince who had been my history professor at Dickinson College and was a famous orator. In addition, he was crippled and used a wheelchair.

My father thought I didn't have a chance of being elected but gave me permission to run, thinking the experience would be good for me. I then embarked on my first political campaign. I was running in the 31st Senatorial District, which at that time consisted of Cumberland, Perry, Juniata, and Mifflin counties. The Republican County Chairman at that time was Searight Stuart, father of Richard D. Stuart. In my opinion, Mr. Weary and Mr. Stuart were the ablest county chairmen either party had in this century.

Unless you lived in that era, it is almost impossible to realize the place Franklin Roosevelt occupied in the hearts of the American people. Based on his popularity, Pennsylvania had a Democratic governor for the first time since the 19th Century. In 1935 Cumberland County elected Democrats as County Treasurer, Register of Wills, and District Attorney. George Barnitz was a Democratic County Commissioner who had campaigned many times with me. He used to talk about the increasing number of automobiles and the need for better lodging for motorists. When he left out of office he built the first motel on the Harrisburg Pike—Georgian Hall—near Camp Hill. His vision was very perceptive.

In the Cumberland County campaign of 1935, I had helped the Democrats under the instructions of Mr. Weary, attending local political meetings and making speeches. Such campaigning included such things as teaching Sunday

School, if asked, and showing up at church suppers and rallies. One of those rallies occurred on a Sunday evening in 1935 at the West Street AME Zion Church. All of the candidates were present and seated in the front row. The presiding officer and Chairman of the Board of Trustees was a highly respected black man by the name of Peter Hodge. Peter was employed at the Carlisle Country Club and knew most of the candidates personally. After the collection plate was passed among the congregation, it was given to Mr. Hodge at the front of the church and he counted it. He then turned to the congregation and announced that the collection was insufficient. He then said, "We will pass the collection plate again. This time pass it to the candidates first."

People either loved or hated Franklin Roosevelt. I found that out as I campaigned for the State Senate. Early in my campaign, much of which I did door to door, I came upon four or five men working in a ditch in Shiremanstown. They were being watched by an older man who had a hook for one hand. I handed out my card to everyone there and asked for their consideration at the election. Without a word, the man with the hook hand took my card, held it on a post with his hook and tore it in two. Immediately every man in the ditch tore up my card. That was the low point in my political career. On the other hand, people of all political persuasions would support me because I was running on the same ticket as Franklin Roosevelt. That was the year Roosevelt carried every state in the United States except Maine and Vermont. People considered Roosevelt their great hope with his fireside chats and attacks on the depression. No president since his time has even approached his oratorical ability. My father-in-law, who hated him, often said in relation to the radio—we had no TV then, "Shut off the blankety, blank so and so before he convinces me."

As I said before, I was running against Leon Prince who had been my history professor at Dickinson College. Dr. Prince was the incumbent state senator. He was an invalid and like Mr. Roosevelt an outstanding orator. The year before he had attacked Senator John J. McClure from Delaware County on the floor of the Senate for political corruption and was instrumental in having McClure thrown out of the State Senate. In fact he was such an excellent speaker that during the campaign I would stand on the outside fringe of Republican rallies just to hear him speak.

Dr. Prince enjoyed an excellent reputation and was a formidable foe. Many of the prominent Republican leaders resented my candidacy. I could understand that with Dr. Prince's prominence and the fact that I was twenty-five years old and just out of law school. It was obvious that my chances depended heavily on Mr. Roosevelt's popularity as he ran for his second term.

Local Republican leaders were further upset by an invitation I received. The President came to Harrisburg that October to make a campaign speech from the Capitol steps. I was invited to ride in his motorcade from the Pennsylvania Railroad Station to the Capitol. My name appeared in all the papers among those who were accompanying the President.

It is impossible to appreciate the charisma and magnetism of Mr. Roosevelt unless you were there. That evening in October 1936 is emblazoned in my memory like nothing else in my life's career. A special speaker's platform had been built on the Capitol steps looking over State Street. One hundred and fifty thousand people were gathered below to hear the President. He came on the stand where we who had accompanied him were sitting by a special ramp with the use of his two canes. He wore a naval cape, and his head was bare. As he delivered his address in his melodious voice, the wind blew his hair and his cape. He was a most heroic figure. You can imagine the effect this event had on a young political neophyte and the enthusiasm it gave me to resume my door to door campaigning the next day.

1936 was fifty-five years ago. It was in the midst of the Great Depression which the people blamed on the Republican administration of the 1920s. Roosevelt had defeated Hoover in 1932 and in 1933 had given hope to the American people with his fireside chats. His PWA, WPA and CCC had created jobs. He was viewed by many as a savior.

Today many voters change from Democrat to Republican to show their support for a conservative Republican administration. In 1936 it was the other way 'round and many voters switched from Republican to Democart. I was a direct beneficiary of Mr. Roosevelt's popularity and rolled into the State Senate by about 4,000 votes.

A few words about the Senate of Pennsylvania at that time might be of interest. Each Senator received $3,000 pay for each biennial session and $500 for each special session, making our annual pay approximately $1,500. Only the President of the Senate and important committee chairmen had offices. Four stenographers were provided for the whole Senate of fifty members. Our stamp allowance was $150 for a regular session. Back of the Senate was a barber shop for the exclusive use of the Senate. Sometime prior to my arrival, every Senator had a shaving mug in the barber shop with his name on it. I didn't have a mug because the practice was discontinued, but I got one as a souvenir with the name of Senator Quigley, one of my predecessors in the 31st District, on it. The Lieutenant Governor presided over the Senate, and back of his desk was a lounging area for the Senators when they left the floor. After a year of campaigning and rubbing elbows with local politicians on both sides, I expected the enmity which exists

between the committee people on both sides to be present in the Senate. If you listened to the debates on the floor of the Senate you would hear this enmity and dislike of the other side loud and clear. Step behind the Lieutenant Governor's desk and it was all gone. The recent contestants on the floor would be sitting there laughing about what they had said about each other a few minutes earlier. I found this to be true at the highest level of state politics. In public they were fighting each other to impress voters with their stand. Privately they respected each other just as you respect an able adversary in your own business.

I brought with me a photograph of a poster of that era advertising a picnic in Speers Grove, Juniata County, to be held August 17, 1938. You will note that I, as a State Senator, would speak, but as far as being an attraction was concerned, I was much less important than the Orbesonia High School Band and the Hack Sisters whose names appear in much larger letters than mine. Things like that sure helped to keep one's ego in check.

During my first full year in the Senate (1937), we created the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission with authority to construct, finance, and maintain a toll highway from Middelesex in Cumberland County to Irwin, Westmoreland County, a distance of 160 miles. This was the beginning of the Pennsylvania Turnpike which served as a model for the great network of four lane highways all over the United States.

John D. Faller, a prominent lawyer in Carlisle, was appointed Secretary-Treasurer and General Counsel of the Turnpike Commission and remained so even after Pennsylvania elected a Republican Governor in 1938. The Pennsylvania Turnpike was laid out to some extent along the route of the South Penn Railroad which had been planned in previous years to compete with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Tunnels had been bored through the mountains, and it was planned to use parts of them for the turnpike.

Mr. Faller's son, John, Jr., graduated from Georgetown in 1936 and in 1937 studied engineering at M.I.T. He wrote a paper on the old South Penn Railroad Project which was available to his father and the Turnpike Commission and may have been some help in laying out the route. John, Jr. gave up engineering and went to law school. He was admitted to the Bar in 1940.

In 1955 I ran for judge of Cumberland County. The Legislature had created a second judgeship for Cumberland County in 1953, and the governor had appointed Mark E. Garber, Esq., to the second judgeship. In 1954 Pennsylvania had elected a Democratic governor, George Leader. Judge Garber was not the choice of the regular Republican organization, and a Republican primary fight seemed likely. It seemed an auspicious time for a Democrat to run. I got the

Democratic nomination and proceeded with an active door-to-door campaign. I was on the road every day seeing voters because I knew that I had to overcome a substantial Republican advantage in registration in Cumberland County.

On August 2, 1955, one of the most dramatic and tragic events in the history of Carlisle and Cumberland County occurred. Judge Garber was trying a non-support case in what we now call the old courthouse on the southwest corner of the square, the only one we had in those days. The defendant was one Percy Haines whose wife was prosecuting him for support. She lived in Franklin County and had a Franklin County attorney, George Black. Today we have an integrated bar and an attorney admitted to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania can practice in any county in the state. In 1955, however, if an attorney from another county wanted to try a case in Cumberland County he had to associate a Cumberland County attorney with him. In his case, Mr. Black associated with him the same John D. Faller, Jr. who in 1937 had been interested in the Turnpike planning. John D. Faller, Jr. had now become a prominent member of the Cumberland County Bar.

Shortly after noon Judge Garber handed down his decision which placed a support order on Haines. At that moment Haines pulled out a 22 calibre revolver and proceeded to shoot his wife, the judge, Mr. Black and Mr. Faller. Mr. Faller's wounds were fatal, and he died that day. The bone in the upper part of Judge Garber's left arm was destroyed and he was never again able to do the athletic things he had previously enjoyed, such as playing golf or hunting ducks. Mrs. Haines's and Mr. Black's injuries were not fatal, and they had complete recovery. Haines was subdued and turned over to the police by court reporter, George Geiger, who received a Carnegie Medal for his heroism. In a jury trial Haines was sentenced to life imprisonment and died in prison.

In the case of Mr. Faller, this was an ironic tragedy—as associate counsel making it possible for an out-of-county attorney to appear, he was almost in the position of an innocent bystander.

In my mind this terrible turn of events effectively ended my campaign. My opponent had been seriously wounded and hospitalized in the performance of his duty. I felt that day that the election was lost. I was at home that evening when the telephone rang, It was Walter Roos, who handled my publicity. He was a retired reporter from the old *Harrisburg Telegraph*. He said, "What are you doing about this turn of events?" I said, "What can I do! I think the election is over." He said, "Here's what you do. Make a statement to the effect that because of your opponent's injuries you will cease campaigning and not resume until your opponent is able to campaign again." We prepared the statement and inserted it in the newspapers. The response was far beyond my expectations. I received numerous phone calls and letters praising my action. In addition, two newspapers wrote editorials saying what a fine person I was to stop campaigning.

Judge Garber decided to get back into the political arena in September by making a speech at the Granger's Picnic at Williams Grove, and I was free to campaign again. That's the way my judicial career began. I often think of how important the knowledgeable thinking of one man was to my success in 1955.

ROBERT LEE JACOBS got heavy help in the 1936 election because he could be associated with Franklin D. Roosevelt. He rode in the company of the President when he visited Harrisburg during his run for a second term. Shown here in front of the State Capitol are FDR, Senator Joseph Guffey and Governor George Earle. Photo courtesy of Bill Zeidler, Halifax Township.

GEORGE WADE (left) shakes hands with Nelson Rockefeller. Observing are Republican National Committeewoman Gaynelle Dixon of Butler, U.S. Senator Hugh Scott, and State Senator M. Harvey Taylor, of Harrisburg. This and subsequent shots of her husband are the property of Pat Wade, Camp Hill.

GEORGE N. WADE: Consummate Politician

Mark J. LaFaver

There are two different types of success in the world of politics. Some men succeed as statesmen, and others as politicians. Statesmen usually adopt innovative and sometimes unpopular methods in order to promote what they see as the public good. Politicians, on the other hand, feel that their duty is to further the interests of those whom they represent, and to work to satisfy their constituents.

Based upon these definitions, and according to Judge Dale F. Shugart, who has been one of the leading figures in Cumberland County politics for decades, Senator George N. Wade was a "consummate politician."[1] During his long career, the art of politics became ingrained in his personality and made up part of his nature.

George N. Wade was born in Washington, Butler County, Pennsylvania, on 13 August 1893. One of nine children, he finished high school, starting work in the oil and later in the coal industry at age sixteen, and attended a small, two year school called Washington Institute. Later, he got a chance to attend a business school owned by his uncles in Lancaster. He married Anna Ruth Platt, known to most as "Pat" in 1916, and soon had an only son, George Jr. In 1917, he volunteered for the army engineers, went to France in the summer of 1918, and served through the end of the war, working under the adjutant general into 1919.[2]

After he returned home, Wade moved to Palmyra in Lebanon County. From there he commuted to his office in Harrisburg, where he had begun a thriving insurance business, becoming one of Ohio National Life's top agents in the nation. As his business flourished, he began to branch out into other areas. He took up permanent residence in Camp Hill, Cumberland County, in 1924, where he eventually became principal stockholder and chairman of the Camp Hill National Bank. Through connections in the American Legion he became involved in politics, serving on both the Camp Hill School Board and Borough Council before becoming a state legislator in 1930. His political position made him a much more influential business figure, and the combination of political and economic influence he had made him one of the most powerful and well

known figures on the West Shore, part of Cumberland County, across the Susquehanna from Harrisburg. In fact, when three West Shore banks were planning to merge in 1954, in order to keep from being muscled out by one of the larger Harrisburg banks, board members of the banks felt that the only chance they had for success was to make Wade Chairman of the board.[3] The merger was successful, and the bank, now CCNB, was chaired by Wade for eighteen years.

Wade also took an interest in farming. He and George Jr. bought and ran, two farms in Hogestown, also in Cumberland County parts of which are still in his family today. Of course, the Senator had little time between his business and political careers to spend there, but it was not unusual to see him out at dawn on weekends doing farm work. For him, farming was not so much a business as it was something he simply enjoyed doing.[4]

George Wade was best known, however, for his political career. He entered the Pennsylvania House in 1930 and served one term. A seat in the State Senate was vacated in 1940 by future Pennsylvania Superior Court Chief Judge Robert Lee Jacobs. Wade won the seat in a hard fought election against Hermas L. Weary, and became one of the most powerful and longest serving members ever in the State Senate, where he remained until his death in 1973.

Two of Wade's best known political causes dealt with transportation. He was one of the major forces involved in the elimination of toll bridges in Pennsylvania. This sponsorship made it all the more appropriate that near the end of his career, the new Interstate 81 bridge across the Susquehanna River was named for him.

Another of his stances was his opposition to police adoption of radar to enforce speed limits. At the time, some people remarked that he may have been personally motivated in his position, as he had once been involved in an overpublicized incident in which he had been arrested for speeding in Perry county. Fortunately for the Senator, he escaped conviction on a technicality, but that did not reduce suspicion, however unfounded, when the arresting officer happened on an exceptional deal shortly afterwards and soon bought a new Cadillac.[5] Later on in his career, Wade often had others drive for him.

His support for better highway systems earned him the support of two key groups. First were the farmers, whose trust he may have already enjoyed, as better travel better enabled them to transport their goods. Secondly, the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association sought improved highways because they lessened costs for trucking and a more flexible road system allowed them to be less dependent on the railroads.

The PMA's gain was the railroads' loss however, and at the time, the railroads still had political pull to rival that of the PMA. The struggle between the two lobbies, which the manufacturers eventually won, was somewhat concurrent with the rivalry between Wade and Harrisburg's M. Harvey Taylor. Taylor was Dauphin County's boss, and President Pro-tempore of the State Senate through most of his career, and also served as State Republican Chairman. Taylor was a railroad man, and though both were Republicans, he and Wade often found themselves on opposite sides of an issue.[6] Ironically, inaugurated at the same time, the two drew seats next to each other and sat together for the next twenty-four years. Though rivals, Wade and Taylor had respect and a sense of friendship for each other. In fact, when Wade was defeated for President "Protem" by one vote in 1967, Taylor used his influence to help get Wade appointed to the chair of the Appropriations Committee, arguably the next most powerful position in the Senate. Wade had also served as chairman of the Highways Committee for twelve years. In 1950 he ran for Lieutenant Governor, but lost in the primary, and made a bid for the governorship, but could not match William W. Scranton in 1962.

Unlike his rival Taylor, Wade was not a political insider. He relied instead on a grass roots type of campaigning rather than depending on the large party machine. In fact, Wade never did get to be chairman of the Republican party in Cumberland County, despite his popularity, so he never was the boss of a machine as Taylor was on the East Shore.

SENATOR WADE, chairman of the Senate Highway Committee, and Mayor Joseph Clark of Philadelphia observe Governor George Leader in 1955 sign a bill authorizing a Delaware River Bridge.

Wade drew support with almost populist political tactics. Although he did have the backing of such large groups as the PMA, the truckers, and the veterans, Wade never ceased to appeal to the individual. He traveled extensively into rural areas, stopping at farms to meet the occupants and admire the livestock.[7] He made it a point to patronize all local businesses in order to meet the people and gain recognition. In fact, one of his drivers tells the story of how the Senator had stopped him at a drugstore, gone in, and returned with a bag of candy, which he handed to the driver. When the driver remarked that he wanted none, the Senator smiled and replied that he had not wanted it either, but that he had simply needed a reason to go in and to buy something.[8] He was always campaigning, even in non-election years, but when an election was coming, Wade redoubled his efforts. At such times he would often attend as many as fifteen events in one day. He felt it was his job to use his political influence to get things accomplished for his constituents. When asked why he opposed radar, he replied that he felt that most of his people were against it, which was probably true at the time.[9] It was this method of giving the people what they wanted that gained him his support. He became so popular that in his last campaign in 1972, at age seventy-nine, although ill and hospitalized after a series of strokes and kidney problems, he still won re-election.

Most notable of all of his political skills was his understanding of public image as an influence on voters. More than most other politicians of his time, Wade was conscious that men in his position were constantly under scrutiny from the media and always in the public eye. Appearance was everything to some, and Wade used this to his advantage.

The Senator will probably be remembered most, not for his accomplishments in office, but for his impeccable dress and warm smile. He never was seen in public without a classy suit, and never even ate dinner at home without a jacket and tie. He was a very handsome man, and stayed in top shape in his 'seventies, working out at the local YMCA before such a practice was fashionable.[10] He had a presence that many popular figures have, and though soft spoken, one could tell when he entered a room without seeing him do so.

His key to success in politics was not only looking good, however. He made sure that if he did have any points which might detract from his image, no one found out. He chewed tobacco, as did many legislators at the time, but made sure that he never did so in public. He did not curse, nor did he drink in public, though he occasionally might have a cocktail among friends.[11] In fact he won the prohibition vote in the 'thirties, though he probably won among those on both sides of the issue. When questioned by reporters about a controversial

topic, he would not lie, nor skirt the issue, but would flatly refuse to answer.[12] He seldom sponsored bold new legislation and was not likely to back bills which were likely to be controversial. In fact, he was not very outspoken on measures even if he did support them, preferring to stay in the background, but he let other members of the Senate know of his feelings, and his influence was felt.

His awareness of the power of the media can be well illustrated by an incident which reportedly happened in one of his many battles with Governor James Duff in the Governor's private room. During one such meeting, the argument became so heated that Duff was prepared to come to blows. Wade is said to have told the Governor to hit him, as reports of such an incident would win the Senator votes and hurt the Governor.[13]

Wade did all that he could to maintain his popularity and keep from making enemies. Though he was a very powerful man, he tried not to show it. When people wanted a favor from George Wade, they did not have to grovel like they would to Harvey Taylor. Even his former opponents have nothing but praise for his conduct. After he won an election, he would always visit his opponent the next day to congratulate him on a worthy campaign and to make sure they harbored no grudge against him.[14]

GOVERNOR SCRANTON in 1963 here signs legislation, as Lt. Governor Raymond Shafer observes. Standing behind are a deputy attorney-general, William Scott, and Senator Wade.

A notable exception was Governor Duff, with whom Wade had many differences, and who was one of the few people the Senator openly criticized. Duff had gained the Governorship via the backing of Taylor and the all-powerful (at the time) GOP state machine, but decided to disregard the party leaders once in office. The party had thus decided to get Duff out of the way, and out of the state, as it were, by getting him elected to the Senate in Washington, letting him serve one term, and then toppling him from office.[15] Thus, Wade knew he had little to lose by alienating the Governor.

Senator Wade died in January of 1974 after being ill for some time, with a series of strokes, among other problems. Before his death, Wade was able to witness the state's largest tribute to him, the dedication of the George N. Wade bridge. Somewhat ironically, the bridge is just a few miles from the span of the river named for M. Harvey Taylor. The Senator was quite proud at the ceremony, as improving highways had always been one of his main aims in his career. The Senator, however, remained in his car throughout. He had lost a good deal of weight because of his illness, and his clothes hung rather loosely on him. Characteristically, he was reluctant to be seen without a well-fitting suit, so his wife cut the ribbon to open the bridge.[16]

George Wade was aware to the end of the importance of the public in politics. He had gained and held office through model campaigning, and service to his constituency. Keys to his success were his ideal image and his deliberate avoidance of mistakes. The sum of these traits amounted to making Wade a consumate politician, and the result was that he remained in office to his death, never once losing an election in his district. His duration in office is the third longest in Pennsylvania history.

His policies were not usually ground breaking, and his leadership not always noticed, yet throughout his career, Senator Wade was a true force in the Pennsylvania Senate. Involved in several different types of business, Wade's private interests all helped his political career, as through them he made valuable allies, gained a valuable reputation, and was able to identify with the business needs of his district. His family life also was involved in his political career, as his wife was a great asset in his campaigning. Thus, all facets of the Senator's life and personality were ideally suited for a man in public office, and this translated into great political success. Current politicians may know more about the political game than George Wade, but none live the game or play it with more skill than he did.

SENATOR WADE and former Governor of Minnesota Harold Stassen.

ENDNOTES

[1] Interview, Honorable Dale F. Shugart, former President Judge Cumberland County Court of Common Pleas, interview, October 1990, his office, Carlisle.

[2] Anna Platt "Pat" Wade, interview, November 1990, her home, Camp Hill, PA (hereafter noted as "Pat Wade").

[3] John L. Witmer, Chairman of the Board of Cumberland County National Bank, interview, September 1990, author's home, New Cumberland.

[4] George N. Wade, Jr., interview, August 1990, his home, Hogestown, PA (hereafter noted as "George Wade, Jr.").

[5] George Wade, Jr.

[6] Paul B. Beers, journalist and plitical chronicler, interview, August 1990, office, PA Capitol.

[7] George Wade, Jr.

[8] Jon F. LaFaver, attorney, interview, August 1990, his home, New Cumberland.

[9] George Wade, Jr.

[10] Pat Wade.

[11] Pat Wade.

[12] Saul Kohler, political journalist, phone interview, November 1990, home, Camp Hill.

[13] George Wade, Jr.

[14] Pat Wade.

[15] Robert Trace, one of Wade's attorneys and personal friends, interview, September 1990, home Camp Hill.

[16] Pat Wade.

Dickinson December 7, 1945

Christine Myers Crist

It was Pearl Harbor Day plus four. In that four years Dickinson College had lost most of its students to war service. It had lost one president, and its current one had been ailing since a March heart attack. It had lost much faculty and engaged the rest along with its facilities and energy in a training program for the air corps. Its senior students had entered in the fall of 1942 when the campus was still awash with freshman dinks and armbands, football games and pep rallies, compulsory chapel, pranks, and songs about the old stone steps.

The small band of students who had stayed on campus, watching as college life, friends, traditions, and student activities drained away, had become accustomed to a pervasive air of gloom. News came too frequently of yet another classmate killed in action. Those who were left stood aside with no complaints as the air cadets filled the sidewalks with the "hup, two, three, four" march from class to class. What faculty still available to teach college students scheduled classes at the edges of the day—eight o'clock in the morning, war time, that is, or daylight time in the winter, double daylight in summer, or five o'clock in the evening. The thirty-minute walk from Metzger Hall to Baird Biology Building on the Mooreland campus was long and dark at either end of the day. One of the few activities to remain vital was the Social Service Club. The crisp uniforms of nurses aides seemed to multiply as more and more women filled a need at the Carlisle Hospital—a war bred need.

What social life there was centered in the Chocolate Shop, that narrow oasis on High Street, or in the rooms which the women's fraternities were permitted to rent for their activities. "Permit" was a big word. For women, everything that could be done had to be "permitted." Most things were not permitted. Things like a Wheel and Chain (senior women's honorary society) card party at fraternity rooms. No, according to *The Dickinsonian* of February 17, 1944, the card party had to be held in the Metzger Gym. That meant, among other things, no smoking. Smoking in 1944 was not thought to be harmful; it was recreational and one of the few pleasures available—but only in certain places, of course, and only when war scarce cigarettes could be found.

As air cadets arrived at Conway Hall for their training on campus, the strict curfews for women were moved up even earlier. Saturday night closing hour for dormitory doors was moved up from 12:15 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. During the week it was 10:15 p.m., and that only for upperclassmwomen with decent averages. Others had to be in and quiet by 7 p.m. Stories have been repeated by generations of Dickinson women about the Victorian age rules and advice Dean Josephine B. Meredith dispensed at regular and sometimes spur-of-the-moment Metzger lectures, attendance mandatory, of course. The perils of wearing red, or patent leather shoes. If one could find a man still on campus and one who had a car, one was to be sure not to sit on his lap without the protection of a telephone directory or *The New York Times.* Young people never welcome advice that is "for their own good," but there was something incongruous about the war news, the deaths of classmates, and the patent leather shoe lecture.

As the fraternity houses emptied of men, the college rented some of them as women's dormitories. Junior women lived in the Beta Theta Pi House, West High and Mooreland. Seniors lived in the Phi Delta Theta House behind Denny Hall on North West street. Those women had thought the food at Metzer was bad. What they did with the ration books we turned in! But a new low was reached in what was called the "College Commons," really a barely converted Old Gym behind West College. A typical lunch might be fried noodles and fried potatoes. I once invited Gilbert Malcolm, of the college administration, to eat lunch in the commons cafeteria. He took a stab at the meal, but soon left in what I took to be disgust. Returned veterans often said, Why do you eat there? Come downtown with us. But women were not PERMITTED to eat downtown, only in the commons.

As long as the war lasted it would have seemed swinish to complain. We put up with whatever was necessary, realizing that millions were putting their lives on the line and we were fortunate to be in college. But for a couple of years before Pearl Harbor plus four, the college had seemed to drift leaderless. President Fred Pierce Corson had left in 1944 to become a Bishop of the Methodist Church. Dr. William Prettyman, longtime German professor, was called upon to play a caretaker role. Beloved but frail, Dr. Prettyman died shortly after the college named a permanent president. During his incapacity, history now tells us [Charles Seller's official history, *Dickinson College: A History]* that the college was being administered by a committee of three: Boyd Lee Spahr, president of the board of trustees; Gilbert Malcolm, longtime administrator, and Dean Ernest Albert Vuilleumier. On campus at the time, however, the word was that the college was being administered by a triumvirate of Dean Vuilleumier, History Professor Herbert Wing, and Dean of Women Meredith.

ng Sentinel

DAY, DECEMBER 8, 1945. THREE CENTS

d To Be Hung

listens as he is sentenced to be Japanese forces under your com- y Clark, chief defense attorney; D. Pratt, court interpreter. Read- Gen Ruell B. Reynolds at lower

Painstakingly
Against Jap
P. Head Says

BIG 3 TO PLAN FOR FUTURE OF ATOMIC ENERGY

To Talk in Moscow About "Matters of Common Concern"

MEET ON DEC. 15

By United Press

Washington, Dec. 8.—The United States, assuming bold leadership in the move to erase the threat of future atomic warfare, rushed preparations today for atomic energy discussions with Russia and Britain beginning next week-end.

Announced Simultaneously

Extension of international atom discussions to include Russia was announced simultaneously in Moscow, London and Washington last night. The announcement said the foreign ministers of the three countries would meet in Moscow December 15 to discuss "matters of common concern to the three countries and also for an exchange of views on the subject of the control of atomic energy."

His action is a logical step in President Truman's atomic program as presented in a message to Congress October 3. The President said then that in an effort to eliminate the threat of atomic warfare he would discuss the question first with Canada and Britain, partners in the atom bomb's development, and then with "other na-

Students at Dickinson Demand a President

They Demonstrate Against Campus Conditions; Make 10-Point Demand

Dissatisfaction on the part of Dickinson College alumni and undergraduates at trustee delay in selecting a new president for the institution reached a climax last night when students staged a protest demonstration and then laid down 10 demands for campus improvement, including the appointment of a "recognized educator" as president.

Co-Eds Want New Dean

The demands, which also asked for a new dean of women, were given to Dean E. A. Vuilleumier and to Mrs. Josephine Brunyate Meredith, dean of women for 25 years.

Other demands were: "a college commons worthy of Dickinson, less faculty politics, student government, a well defined social policy, more and varied courses,

"E" Bond Sales

Victory Loan "E" Bond sales through Dec. 7:

Cumberland County	Sales	% of Quota
Enola, W. F. and Wormleysburg	14,433	48.1
Lemoyne		
New Cumberland	54,400	83.7
Lemoyne	54,730	78.
Camp Hill	39,687	78.6
Shiremanstown	10,450	47.5
Mechanicsburg	62,500	41.
Mt. Holly Springs	26,323	114.5
Carlisle	164,137	52.9
Newville	26,581	66.4
Shippensburg	71,186	72.1
County Total	525,428	54.7

County Passes War Bond Goal

Sales of $2,794,000 Are 105 Per Cent Of Quota

Cumberland County has exceeded its $2,650,000 Victory Loan quota by $144,000, it was announced today as the drive officially closed.

CARLISLE SENTINEL of 8 December 1945 featured on its front page an account of the Dickinson Student Revolution.

The Dickinsonian in November 1943 called on students to mail their copies to servicemen they knew:

> ". . . No one needs to tell us continually that the world has gone mad, that things are not normal, that this is a period calling for the best that is ours. We think it in our thoughts, we see it in the sailors, soldiers, marines and airmen who are the persons we danced with and drank cokes with last year and who sat beside us in chapel . . . The shortage of paper forced us to limit our mailing to members of the classes of 1944, 1945 and 1946, beginning with the 'Famous 44' of February 17, 1943."

That "Famous 44" represented the heart of the college leaving Carlisle on a train at 5 o'clock in the morning. These were the reserves who had been assured they could finish college before they were called. But reality struck like lightning when the call came; all promises were off. That February morning the band and

the whole campus turned up at the railroad station on Penn Street to send off to an unknown future the leadership of the campus. That morning became a symbol of the change to wartime. There was one kind of college before February 17, and another after.

The Dickinsonian kept bravely going, although somewhat sporadically, and on December 7, 1943, it appeared as a mimeographed sheet. It explained that because of financial conditions it "had had to limit its publications to one printed and two mimeographed issues a month." The February 3, 1944, issue announced that the clock in Denny Tower was lighted again, "as in pre-blackout days" and commented how much easier it was to walk on the campus with that beacon of light. The same issue referred without further explanation to the "disappearance of a Student Senate."

Just eleven days after the "famous 44" left for the war, the first five hundred to seven hundred air cadets arrived, according to the college paper. They were expected to be gone by May 1944. At the same time, on the civilian campus, the newspaper reported May 18, 1944, that because "Mac [Richard H. McAndrews] had an earache . . . Chick [Charles H. B. Kennedy] was the only male present at the Athletic Banquet." The Carlisle *Evening Sentinel* of October 5 reported the return of Whitfield Bell to teach history. This raised the hopes of seniors who had been in his classes in 1942 and triggered joyful outbursts of a chant to the tune from a current Broadway musical, "Wintergreen for President." It was easy to chant "Whitfield Bell for President!" On December 7, 1945, The *Sentinel* reported the college enrollment was "up to 345," including 27 just admitted that week, of whom all but two were war veterans. Pre-war enrollment had been five hundred.

The war worry, the slights, the petty restrictions, the sense that things kept getting worse instead of better and that the college was adrift bore down on the morale of students. We knew of no move to get a president. War ended at last in August 1945 and veterans began to return to the campus. They had no stomach for the petty restrictions. One complained in the March 14, 1946, *Dickinsonian* about a policy "of requiring a note from mother for a day's absence from class." With the war over and a fresh attitude from veterans, the discouragement began to give way to hope . When will the college get itself some leadership and straighten out? Or will the Board of Trustees just let it drift, drain and die?

Women began to mobilize. Ridiculous indignities were listed. People were tired of being ignored. It was time to get someone's attention. Many brave women had talked and talked to Dean Meredith, and her responses ranged from ridiculing the idea of student government to "You have outgrown college; you think too much," a statement still clear in the memory of this writer.

Any kind of activity was risky. If freshmen women were to walk out of Metzger after 7 o'clock they could be expelled from college. But, some women began to think, how many can the college expel at one time?

It was just after 7 p.m. on that Friday night, December 7, 1945, that the doors of Metzger Hall burst open and its population rushed out onto Hanover street and started a march to the campus. Other students joined in along the way, junior women from the Beta House, seniors from the Phi Delta House, everyone who was in the library and the gym.

Others may remember who was in the lead, whether there were band instruments playing. I just remember that I wanted to be sure this effort would not be lost. I wanted the picture to stick. And so as we passed Denny Hall I slipped out of the parade and into a Denny phone booth, checking the area furtively like a spy or a burglar, and finding no one around, closed the door and dropped in my coins. I reached the managing editor of the *Harrisburg Patriot,* for which I had worked the previous summer as a reporter, and told him what was going on in Carlisle. Carl Sprout sounded sad to hear of the demonstration because Editor Dean Hoffman was a member of the Board of Trustees and loved Dickinson. But Mr. Sprout gave my call to a reporter and assured me that he would pay the Carlisle string correspondent for the story in order to protect me from being identified as the source, "because I don't want you to be thrown out of school," he said. I missed the rest of the march, which went on to the home of the college dean, Ernest Albert Vuilleumier. I did not believe that part was planned, and it bothered me a bit. But it would not be stopped, and the petition of grievances was presented to him on his front porch. Several bonfires lighted up off campus, but no damage or injuries resulted. I felt sorry for Mrs. Meredith, because she had brought a friend from the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C., to the campus for a lecture that night. On his way across campus to the library the puzzled figure of Dr. Edwin E. Willoughby faltered. He was an innocent casualty. His talk never took place.

Saturday morning I bought a *Patriot* and was excited to see the story on the front page. It also found its way immediately via the Associated Press wires to papers all over the country. I do not know how many picked it up. The *Carlisle Sentinel* reported the board of trustees' lack of progress in obtaining a president. Its November 30 issue, unnoticed by most students, commented: "Unfortunately for Dickinson it is still searching for a new president and the delay in electing one, attributed to the board of trustees, is working against expansion at a time when most other institutions are finding a golden opportunity."

I believe it was on the day after the demonstration that a meeting of students in the chapel elected leaders to present the petition to the faculty. Walt Benner, a

STUDENTS AT DICKINSON STAGE PROTEST PARADE

Demonstration on Campus Aimed at What Petition Criticizes as Conditions at College in Need of Correction—Several Bonfires Light up Carlisle Scene

About 800 Dickinson College students took part in a mass demonstration on the college campus last night to protest against what they described as "administrative shortcomings of the school which demand correction."

As part of the two-hour long meeting, the students, comprising a majority of the men and women enrolled at the Carlisle school, signed an 11-point petition which, they said, will be submitted to college authorities.

The students, carrying banners which criticized "dictatorial" practices by officials, stamped across the college grounds before parading to the residences of two college officials to voice their protests.

Several bonfires were started by the petitioners in areas adjoining the campus, although there was no violence or property damage.

Enumerated for correction or introduction by the students in their petition were: "the appointment of a recognized educator as president of the college; appointment of a new dean of women; student government; the honor system; a worthy college commons; less faculty politics; a well-defined social policy; more and varied courses; chapel announcements; seminars and permission for fraternity rooms to be open evenings."

INJURED IN FALL

Injured yesterday when he fell while working at the Mechanicsburg Naval Supply Depot, Loyle Moody, 28, of Dillsburg R. D. 2, was taken to the Harrisburg Hospital and treated for a fracture of the left arm.

"Very successful"

"The Ad brought buyers for the Heatrola and the train on the second day, and we had many calls after they were sold," said the sponsor of this Patriot-News Ad—

LARGE [illegible] HEATROLA—Large [illegible] [illegible] Phone [illegible]

[illegible] times a day Patriot-News Adtakers hear stories of result-getting Ads. These little "salesmen" will do as much for you as they do for others. Just phone [illegible], and ask for an Adtaker.

Harrisburg Patriot of 8 December 1945 carried the Dickinson protest story on its front page.

war veteran, was one of those elected. The only mention of what many considered a "revolution" that I can find in the files of *The Dickinsonian* was in the issue of December 13, 1945, six days after the event. On page two, near the bottom, was this account:

> As a result of a student demonstration on campus Friday, December 7, a student committee of nine was elected by the student body to present a list of grievances to the faculty at their meeting this evening.
>
> The list of grievances drawn up are as follows: 1. A recognized educator for the new president; 2. A new dean of women; 3. Abolishment of 'faculty politics;' 4. student government; 5. A well defined social policy; 6. More and varied courses; 7. Chapel announcements; 8. Seminars; 9. A 'worthy commons'; 10. A vocational guidance and placement bureau; 11. Permission for fraternity rooms to be open evenings."

With so much effort already invested, some of us decided that in addition to petitioning the faculty, any members of the board of trustees who could be visited ought to be. Since I had worked under Dean Hoffman, I was to see him. Judge Edward M. Biddle, Jr., shared a law library with my father, who was an attorney in Lemoyne with a second office in Carlisle, and so I gathered my courage and went to see him too. Dean Hoffman was sad that his college had become so grim. He was receptive. He listened. And Judge Biddle listened too. He asked me a number of questions about the dean of women, and I answered as factually as I could. I can remember my surprise when he said the board had been looking for solid reasons to replace her for twenty-five years, and he said that now he had them. So accustomed had I become to being ignored that his response startled me and caused me to wonder if we had gone too far.

There is no record of another issue of the *Dickinsonian* until January 30, 1946. Its most prominent headlines were: "TRUSTEES PLAN NEW WOMEN'S DORMITORY," "SATURDAY NITE SOCIALS PLANNED BY STUDENTS," and "COMMITTEE SETS DATE FOR MID-WINTER BALL."

Although the wartime campus was predominately female, Dickinson was not a woman's college. It was a man's college with very few men. From the February 25, 1946, *Dickinsonian,* this column: STRICTLY G. I., by an anonymous veteran:

> Since Dickinson is primarily a man's college, we can cross off the female population (except for the Wac and Wave) [sic] and say that the 200 odd veterans make the college predominantly G. I. Thus this column.

June 8, 1946, the board of trustees announced the election of Dr. William W. Edel as president.

June 9, 1946, the class of 1946, mostly female, which had lost men to war and regained some returnees from earlier classes, was graduated.

Dean Josephine Brunyate Meredith departed Dickinson with the Class of 1946.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Printed below are excerpts from a story in the *Carlisle Evening Sentinel* of 8 December 1945. See also on page 78 part of the top page and headline of that issue.

Dissatisfaction on the part of Dickinson College alumni and undergraduates at trustee delay in selecting a new president for the institution reached a climax last night when students staged a protest demonstration and then laid down 10 demands for campus improvement . . .

Students, many war veterans among them, kindled big bon fires last night as part of their demonstration against what one of their leaders described as "administrative shortcoming chiefly due to the lack of a president." They paraded about the campus and then to the Mooreland Street home of Dean Vuilleumier where he was called to the door and presented with a slip of paper listing the 10 demands.

The paraders then went to Metzger Hall, co-ed dormitory and residence of Mrs. Meredith, and also called her to the door. She was presented with a list of the demands.

Students carried banners. Legends on some of these were: "We want a dean of women, not a dictator," "We're for Dickinson, not for tryanny," "Let's have democracy." . . .

Student spokesmen said their protest was not directed at Dr. William C. Prettyman, president of the college since July, 1944, when the 74-year-old faculty veteran consented to take over administration of the college until the appointment of a successor to Fred P. Corson, president for nine years, who had resigned in May, 1944, to become a Methodist bishop. Dr. Prettyman had been seriously ill since last Spring . . .

Students charge that college officials refuse to assume responsibility in campus matters and give the students "the run-around" when they go to them with requests . . .

"With no one at the head, everybody is working for his own ends," said a student leader. "There is all kinds of politics in the faculty. One wants one thing and one wants another and each schemes to get what he wants. They admit it."

A faculty member who asked that his name be withheld said that the students' charge of politics was overdrawn. He inferred that the demands of the student body for trustee action on the selection of a president were welcomed by the faculty.

Students complain against the quality of food and the service in the college commons, where some co-eds and about 90 per cent of the men took meals at the beginning of the term.

"I'll bet there are less than 20 per cent of the men taking their meals there now," said a student. "We're tired of eating off tin trays. We can eat much better down town without paying much more."

Co-eds are disgruntled over what they call "silly" restraint and blame Mrs. Meredith, dean of women, for them.

"Imagine not permitting the co-eds to go to Harrisburg on Saturday afternoon to shop unless they first have the written permission of their mothers," exclaimed a senior girl.

Said another: "We can't do this and we can't do that and when we ask Mrs. Meredith why, she says the college does not have to give reasons."

All members of a sorority were upset recently when their request to hold a pledge dance in the Phi Kappa Sigma House was refused.

"They tell us co-eds that we are adults but they treat us like children," said one of them. "It's like pulling teeth to get approval for a social function. Why, we are not allowed to do a lot of things that are considered perfectly all right in the best of homes."

Some of the students admit that the campus troubles are the result of the disruption of the normal life of the college by the war and probably will correct themselves as the campus returns to peacetime normalcy.

"The lack of a president just makes everything worse," was the way a student put it.

Dean Vuilleumier announced this morning that the student demands are "being studied."

"...MORE TOURISTS, ANGIE. HURRY UP AND SWITCH TH' PENANTS!"

What's in a Name: Churchtown

Kevin Vanderlodge

In the early half of the 1700s Monroe Township was still Indian land. The Shawnee held tenuous claim to it with a group of sixty families who had come up from Florida about 1689. They settled just to the north of the township with seasonal encampments along the Yellow Breeches.

A vacuum was created by the departure of the Shawnee to Ohio in 1727. A few braves had raided a neighboring tribe who were under the protection of the powerful Six Nations, and so most of the Shawnees fled. Three years later the Scotch-Irish began their invasion into Cumberland County. A survey was made through Monroe Township in 1732 with a north-south line established just to the east of the future village of Churchtown. East of that line was the Penn family's Manor of Paxton or "Lowther."

One of the first warrants taken out by Adam Steel for 233 acres in 1746. It extended from a point south of the Yellow Breeches to an area just north of present Rte. 174. Adam Steel died intestate, and the warrant passed to his two sons William and Richard. They sold this land to William and Robert Hamersley in 1763. Robert sold his half share to William in 1765. The early warrantees of Monroe Township were Scotch-Irish names, but in the 1770s came an influx of Germans from the eastern counties.

Jacob Wise (also spelled Weiss, Wire) came in 1771. A twenty-one year-old tailor from Cumru Township, Berks County, he was the son of George Michael Wise, (who later migrated here) and the brother to John and Felix, both of whom took out warrants for land in Monroe Township. Jacob bought the Steel tract from William Hamersley, this land being contiguous to the warrant taken out by his brother John Weis for 58 acres in 1776.

In 1772 the road from York to Sterrett's Gap, formerly Croghan's, was laid out through the northeast corner of the 58 acre patent. Along this road a Union church had been built in 1790 by the Lutheran and Reformed congregations in the neighborhood. In 1795 Jacob deeded half an acre from the Steel tract for a burying ground.

In 1804 according to local tradition Jacob built the first house within the boundary of today's village. The original structure is log with a much later brick addition, and one of the outbuildings was a blacksmith shop because Jacob, Jr., was a smith.

In 1805 Jacob was one of four farmers who each donated half an acre for the school lot. The others were Hartman Morrett, Jacob Kenaur and Jost Strock. A new school was built that year to replace an earlier one built on the same site in 1779. This lot lies along Rte. 174; a much later school house now occupies the same site.

The area around Jacob's new house was sparsely settled, with much of the land still in timber. Between 1804 and 1812 a second log house was built on the other side of Sterrett's Gap road. Because Jacob had ten children, this may have been for one of them. In 1812 his daughter, Rebecca, married William Line, the village teacher, and began construction on the third house, also made of logs.

LOUIS DILLEN'S home at Churchtown (Allen P.O.) c. 1900. Property of Wilma Henry, Boiling Springs.

Churchtown developed very slowly. When Jacob, Sr., died in 1817 most of his land was sold off. In 1814 the six acre tract around the house was sold to Jacob, Jr., who immediately sold it to his brother-in-law William Line. In 1815 William sold this tract off in lots. Four acres, including the house, went to Rudolph and David Krysher, who deeded it the next year to Abraham Paul. One acre and thirty-six perches went to Ferdinand Edelbutes, and a half acre each to Peter Livinger and Rudolph Krysher. In the 1817 tax assessment there were only four houses listed.

Churchtown apparently got its name as a village c. 1795 when Casper Diller and some of his neighbors in Churchtown, Lancaster County, moved to the area. In the 1790s and for many years afterwards, the only prominent feature on Sterrett's Gap road in this area was the church and school. In 1812 it was known as a village with no name. The first document found to date which lists Churchtown by name is an 1822 tavern license. As early as 1850 the name "Allen" was applied to it. Sometime prior to 1886 the name was changed by the Postal Department to Allen because of the confusion with Churchtown in Lancaster County.

There was considerable movement of people from the eastern counties through this area. By 1828 three stores had opened, all on Sterrett's Gap road. Sam Hyer had a two story brick house, a frame warehouse and a large summer kitchen on his lot south of Old Stonehouse road. Adam Stonesberger, across the Gap road, had a two story log house, a blacksmith shop and a tanyard. To the east of Hyer he also had a two story brick store that he rented out to brothers Robert and David Sturgeon. The other merchant in the village was David Krysher. He was renting a store at the south-east intersection of the Gap road and Old Stonehouse. This corner had been a store until it ceased about twenty-five years ago.

In 1822 Abraham Paul received his tavern license, though he may have run it as a tavern or tippling house even earlier. Two economic factors influenced his desire for a license, as well as the development of lots in Churchtown. One was the incredible number of "movers" passing through; literally thousands of people were heading west, and it was not infrequent for a farmer or gentleman to double as a landlord or tavern keeper.

Secondly, the American economy had plummetted after the War of 1812, and it was not until the mid-twenties that the levels of prosperity reached pre-war levels. It is not a coincidence that the growth of Churchtown mirrored the economic growth spurts of Cumberland County. When, in 1830, Peter Livinger put some of his land into lots, he found ready buyers. All fourteen lots offered were sold, and new houses were built immediately.

Within the present boundaries of Monroe Township there have not been many prominent persons who could claim some sort of connection with the village, but just south-west of the Steel warrant lived the Crockett family in the last decades of the 1700s. Here lived George, James, William and John. It was John who would move to Tennessee, where his son Davy was reared.

Jacob, the son of a future Governor, Joseph Ritner, bought one of the Livinger lots in 1830 and built a home here. Lastly, there was Jacob Plank and his family. Jacob was the inventor of the Plank Plow, and his son, Sam, invented the Plank Shifting Beam Plow. Except for these three, Churchtown claims few famous sons or daughters.

In 1833 Churchtown became the center of quite a religious stir. A Dr. John Zollinger, from Carlisle, started a denomination with its roots in the village. Here he preached his first sermon, and soon he was travelling throughout the township and adjacent territory, spreading his message. That same year a church was built along the road from Carlisle to York. His teachings resembled Quakerism. He preached that the Holy Spirit was directly approachable and could intervene in human affairs upon request. There was no church hierarchy, no ministers and no creed except the Bible. The sect got quite a lot of opposition from the more traditional denominations, but it flourished for quite a while until it finally became obscure.

Throughout the 1830s Churchtown continued to attract new settlers. By 1838 there were about twenty-five houses within the village, and this stayed about the same until the mid-1840s, when Churchtown experienced another spurt in growth when more lots were platted. By 1850 the gradual growth and importance of the village as an economic center seemed assured. There were over sixty-five families and a population of about 240. This was to double in the next twenty years.

Life in Churchtown has always been mundane. Perhaps the most fun and excitement that the villagers ever had was in June 1863 when a few scouts from the Confederate army passed through the streets on their way to Gettysburg from Mechanicsburg.

Post Civil War years produced another economic spurt in Cumberland County and the opening of additional lots to the north of town, but the death knell had already been sounded for Churchtown, though no-one had heard it. The only railroad in the township, the Dillsburg and Mechanicsburg Railroad, ran well to the south of the village, ending any chance that new life would be infused into Churchtown as a railroad depot. The village slowly became a backwash, and between 1875 and 1900 most businesses either closed or moved to a more lucrative area. Churchtown was also affected by the explosion of the "Machine Age" in the waning years of the nineteenth century. Many of the small craftsmen became obsolete, and as their trades became extinct, these men were turned into day laborers, forced to work for another man for their livelihood. As better roads and transport came to Churchtown, the men, and women, sought better paying jobs in bigger towns. The village soon became a bedroom community for the metropolitan area and West Shore, which it has remained to this day.

One business did find its way to Churchtown. In 1902 the "Allen Knitting Co." built a factory along High Street, and in the early decades of the 1900s it employed up to thirty women and girls. A trolley line had been built through Churchtown about 1900, which gave access for girls on outlying farms to come to the village to work. It went bankrupt in 1911; the boom was short-lived, and nothing remains on the site but a row of homes.

Churchtown, about 1900, was quite a picturesque little village, based on the memories of the old residents. Main Street, (Old Stonehouse Road), running north-south through the village, rises to a slight hill. The whole way along the

HOBART SOUDER'S house, formerly a hotel, on Stone House Road South. Later a butcher house stood approximately where Wilma Souder Henry (left) and Dorothy Gross stand.

street the homes were a mixture of frame and brick, all two stories high. The brick sidewalks ran to High Street. Each was stepped to accommodate the slope, and at each step was a gaslight. Horse troughs lined both sides, trees gracefully arched their branches over the road. All that is gone, and what remains is a caricature of a former sereneness. Now, cars and trucks noisily speed their way along Rte. 174 through the village, and the only strangers who once stopped awhile to chat with the locals were the hikers along the Appalachian Trail, which followed Old Stonehouse through the village. The Machine Age has been hard on Churchtown. Even the trail has been moved, but starting in 1992 extended walking tours are available via the Hamilton Library.

Annual Report Section

1990

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Executive Director's Report
1990

Founded in 1874, our organization is one of Pennsylvania's oldest historical societies. Dedicated to preserving and interpreting county history, the Society plays many roles. As a multi-faceted organization we are engaged in a variety of activities.

Perhaps the highlight of the year was the completion of our new publication *Cumberland County: An Architectural Survey.* The project, chaired by Ann Kramer Hoffer and Mary B. Caverly was volunteer intensive. Sales and sponsorships generated almost $30,000 which was placed in the Society's endowment where it will contribute to the long-term development of the institution. The book won an Award of Merit for its exemplary contribution in publishing from the Pennsylvania Federation of Historical Organizations and Museum.

The Society also continued to offer its quality journal, *Cumberland County History,* semi-annually to its membership. Gratitude is extended to Dr. Robert Crist, Editor and the Publications Committee for this scholarly contribution.

In addition to our permanent galleries we also feature changing, temporary exhibits. For the past two years we have received awards from the State of Pennsylvania for the quality and contributions of such exhibits. In 1990 new exhibits on county sports, toy trains and the major show "Folk Art Treasures of Central Pennsylvania" attracted new audiences.

Gallery talks, evening lectures, educational forums, outreach lectures and slide shows plus inservice and volunteer workshops all demand much planning and coordination. The annual Antiques Forum, chaired by Merri Lou Schaumann was another huge success. The Forum once again resulted in profits for the Society.

The School District Partnership Program funded by all the county school districts completed its sixth year. A summary of this program as well as library and museum accomplishments are offered elsewhere in this report.

Internal accomplishments include further development of a long-range plan, the review and adoption of new policies and a survey of conservation needs done by the national Institute for the Conservation of Cultural Property.

Increased and continued funding from Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, local foundations, organizations and local municipalities have continued to help us operate in the black. It is always a pleasure to thank those listed in this report for making it possible to carry out our broadening work. As our activities and goals increase, so do our needs. This year because of bequests and book sponsorships, we have been able to add $40,000 to our endowment. In today's economic environment we are proud we have been able to add to and not borrow from this important financial foundation.

We need your continuing support to keep the Historical Society moving forward to a bright future. The community's fiscal participation in the Society plays a crucial role in determining its success. While we deal with the past, we are confident that history and the Society have important roles to play in the future of Cumberland County. Once again, I thank a loyal, dedicated and hard working staff, a supportive Board of Directors, talented volunteers and you, the membership, for another successful year.

Linda Franklin Smith
Executive Director

1990 Annual Library Report

The Hamilton Library was visited by 2,150 genealogists, historians and researchers from across the country during 1990. The contribution of 1,373 volunteer hours made it possible to serve the public and accomplish a number of projects. Volunteers answered 150 genealogical queries by mail, generating $2,552.72.

Many thanks are extended to our talented volunteers who worked on researching, typing, and indexing. Also, thank-you to our donors; over two hundred generously gave materials for our collection.

Work was completed for the grant from PH&MC to research and conserve the collection of early nineteenth century manuscripts which once belonged to the Rupp Family. Richard Tritt was hired in September as photo curator to manage the photo collection and to help fill requests. Terri Kostka resigned at the end of the year to prepare for a move to Florida, and Janet Hocker was hired as librarian.

Janet Hocker
Librarian

Museum Annual Report
1990

The year of 1990 was one of transition. Maureen Reed began the year as curator; then the position was vacant from April to September, until Richard Tritt was hired as curator.

The first exhibit of the year "Root for the Home Team" featured Cumberland County sports memorabilia. The speaker for the opening was Mickey Shuler, an Enola native who plays for the New York Jets. The show was organized by Maureen Reed and a special Sports Exhibit Committee.

The second major exhibit of the year "Fork Art Treasures of Central Pennsylvania" featured significant works on loan from other institutions and private collections. The show was planned and staged by the Museum Committee and guest curator, Ann Kramer Hoffer.

A mutually rewarding needlework exhibit was staged at the society by the Molly Pitcher Stitchers. This exhibit was attractively presented in the Warrell Room and Transition Gallery and was graciously hosted by members of the Embroiderers Guild.

A very popular and fun holiday exhibit was organized by guest curator, Dr. William Jenkins, which featured toy trains and railroad memorabilia. The educational display was highlighted by a model train and village under the Christmas tree.

We are very grateful for the many items that were donated to the Museum during 1991. They were cataloged, stored, or exhibited in the main museum or the Recent Gifts display area. Storage possibilities have increased because of the rental of an off-site area. A major effort has been made to organize storage areas, update shelf lists, and standardize record keeping.

The museum could not continue to offer so much to the public without the continuous help and support of many volunteers who contribute time and talent in so many ways. The Museum Committee, volunteers, and docents are all sincerely appreciated.

Richard L. Tritt
Museum Registrar

Photo Collection Annual Report 1990

For the first time in the history of the society a photo curator was hired in September of 1990. As a result of the IMS Photo Conservation Project of 1986-1987 the photo collection was made more visible and accessible, and consequently the demand for photos greatly increased. The collection has become a significant source of revenue for the society.

Richard Tritt was hired to work ten hours per week as curator of the collection. He is assisted on a weekly basis by a very dedicated and qualified group of volunteers, Lois Landis, Cornelia Neitz, Mary Hertzler, Ann Winton and Chris Armadure. Richard Tritt and volunteers are working towards the completion of the following major goals for the collection:

1. To place the entire collection in an acid free and protective environment.

2. To have every photographic image labeled and its storage location noted.

3. To have a collection of study prints available so that original negatives and photos do not need to be handled.

4. To build a file of modern negatives of all images that are copied.

5. To have the entire collection indexed and readily available to researchers.

6. To promote the collection by encouraging usage in publications, such as the society's *Newsletter* and Journal and *The Sentinel's* "Tour Through Time" feature.

Richard Tritt
Photo Curator

Educational Partnership Program
1990

With the continuing assistance and support of the society's volunteers and staff, the Educational Partnership Program had a successful sixth year.

Existing outreach programs using artifacts, reproductions and slides from the society's collections, walking tours and visits to the museum and library have continued to be popular with all school groups.

Suggestions and ideas from teachers, administrators, students, volunteers and staff have been developed to add to the services the educational program offers. Two new Teaching with Objects units—"Toys and Games of the Past" and "The Old and the New"—have been especially appealing to the youngest of the county's students. Some of Jim Bradley's contemporary views of Cumberland County present the viewer with an historic orientation to our area. A Saturday morning quilting program for children reminded many of an old-fashioned quilting bee. Eighteenth century life in France and here in Cumberland County was another Saturday morning children's program jointly sponsored by the Historical Society and Dickinson College. Part of a week long in-service training for teachers was held here in June. Our photograph collection and genealogical resources were highlighted.

The Educational Partnership Program has continued to help in the classroom and here at the society with National History Day, local archaeological studies, badge requirements for scouts, after school child care programs, curriculum development, arts and crafts with ties to history studies. The Sports Exhibit and

the Train Exhibit in the museum were especially interesting to visiting students. Plainfield Elementary in the Big Spring School District celebrated National Education Week by inviting the partnership to present a week long series of presentations to all the school's grades.

With the total of over four thousand five hundred students and teachers using the educational program and the ongoing development of new programs being added to the existing, 1990 was a time of growth for the Educational Partnership.

Lorraine Luciano
Educational Co-ordinator

1990 Monetary Gifts

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1990

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Joan Barnes
Megan Barnes
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** Director Emeritus
*** Committee Member

Contributors to *Cumberland County: An Architectural Survey*

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Special Gifts

A note of thanks to the following for their support:	
A. Cumberland County Commissioners	$ 3,000.00
B. Borough of Carlisle	2,750.00
C. Dickinson Township Supervisors	1,000.00
D. South Middleton Township	400.00
E. Monroe Township	600.00
Contributions received for the Historic Resources Survey Publication	50,638.00

Status of Funds

Endowment Fund at Farmers Trust Company	
Year end carrying balance	508,672.00
Market value year end	637,118.00
Warrell Family Historical Foundation	
Year end carrying balance	95,372.00
Market value year end	95,668.00
Grants Received During the Calendar Year:	
School District Partnership	10,335.00

Historian of the Year

Nancy Van Dolsen was honored as "Historian of the Year" at the close of a six-year project of surveying, researching, and publishing the results of a county-wide architectural survey.

Nancy, a graduate of Dickinson College, received her M.A. from the Hagley Program at the University of Delaware. She came to the Historical Society in 1984 to direct the architectural survey of every building, site and structure in the county that pre-dates 1940. That entailed each year of the project the training and directing of our 200 volunteers who donated 1,000 hours each year. The four year survey recorded over 14,000 properties and Nancy lectured to approximately 3,600 people throughout the county on the project and Cumberland County architectural history. She did this with such professionalism that in 1987 the survey was given first priority for funding of the history projects in the state of Pennsylvania by the Bureau of Historic Preservation. Her success in this project has had far reaching recognition as she has lectured on Cumberland County architecture for the Vernacular Architectural Forum, the Pennsylvania Bureau for Historic Preservation and the Pennsylvania Federation of Historical Societies. She

has been published in *Perceptives in Vernacular Architecture III* (University of Missouri Press, 1989), and articles in *Cumberland County History.* She has also written the most ambitious publication the Society has ever undertaken, a 350 page book titled *Cumberland County: An Architectural Survey,* a hardbound book of 33 chapters with approximately 200 black and white photographs, 25 floor plans, and 64 graphs. The book describes the survey project and covers the county's architectural history from 1750 to 1940. A chapter is devoted to each municipality with a thematic approach. For instance, frame bank barns are discussed in Dickinson Township, covered bridges in Hopewell, the Victorian influence in Mechanicsburg and 20th century commerical buildings in New Cumberland.

Nancy is presently working on her doctorate at the University of Delaware.

Mary Caverly

Todd Award

After graduating from Dickinson College, Mary Snyder Hertzler was trained as a librarian at Drexel University. The Society was lucky to find her many years ago when they actually paid her "pennies" to be the librarian. Ever since that experience, Mary has been a volunteer in the library.

Every organization has its quiet, dedicated worker. Mary is ours. She volunteers every Tuesday morning. In the library she catalogues and no one knows she is there. On other days she is a receptionist. Whether it is manuscripts or photographs, her job is essential and very helpful to the library staff.

As a board member and library chairman, Mary serves on the Society's executive committee. She also can be counted on to help in any activity and often to do the unwanted job. She always has been generous, helping to make many projects possible.

When Mary Snyder Hertzler speaks at a board meeting everyone listens. Quiet but mighty is this volunteer. It is appropriate that she receive the Todd Award because her manner and her dedication to the Society are in certain ways like Helen and Roger Todd themselves.

Ann Kramer Hoffer

Ninth Annual Antiques Forum

The ninth annual Antiques Forum entitled "Putting It All Together: Interiors" was held on October 19 and 20. As in other years, the program offered nationally known speakers, special dining plus other activities such as the exhibit "Folk Art Treasures of Central Pennsylvania."

The Society is grateful to Merri Lou Schaumann who served for the second year in a row as chairman. Special thanks are also extended to all the volunteers who made this year's program another successful forum.

Antiques Forum—Non-monetary Contributors

Melissa Chang
Patty Chang
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Maureen Reed
Merri Lou Schaumann
Linda F. Smith
Mary Pat Wentzel

1990 Statistics
Visitation

Library	2,560
Museum/Outreach	7,823
Total	10,383
Volunteer Hours	9,200

Antiques Forum—Monetary Contributors

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Partial List of Cumberland County Publications in Print

Order your copy by sending a check (adding 6% sales tax and 85¢ postage and handling) to the Society at 21 North Pitt Street, P.O. Box 626, Carlisle 17013).

Biographies

Jim Thorpe: Carlisle Indian. Wilbur Gobrecht. $3.00

Peter Chartier: Knave of the Wild Frontier. William Hunter. $2.50

William Thompson: A Shooting Star. Allan Crist. $2.50

George Stevenson: Conservative as Revolutionary. Roland Baumann. $3.00

Community History

Planning of Carlisle and its Center Square. James Flower. $5

James Silver and his Community. Norman Keefer. $2

History of Cumberland County. Conway Wing. Reprint $36

18th and 19th Century Courthouses. Murray and Flower. $2.25

Camp Hill, A History. Robert G. Crist. $23 including tax and mailing.

Other

Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, R. H. Pratt. Reprint $3

The Lyceum in Carlisle and Cumberland County. Warren Gates. $2.25

Index to the Biographical Annals of Cumberland County. Cordelia Neitz. $5

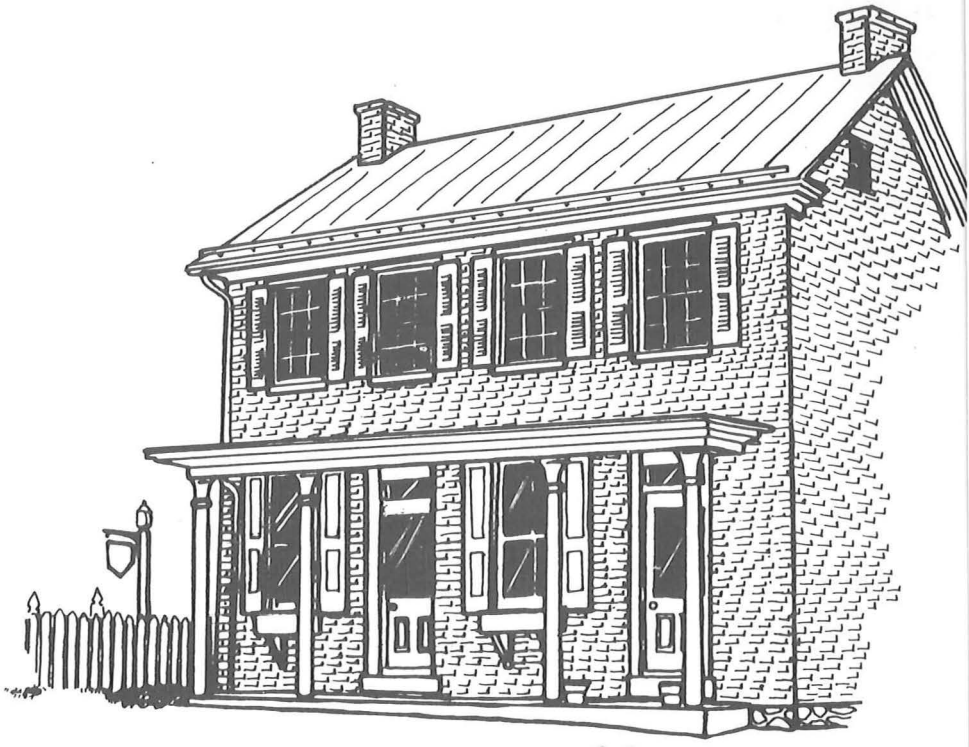
Three Cumberland County Woodcarvers: Schimmel, Mountz, and Barret. Milton E. Flower, $10.

Guide to the Historical Markers of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. $1.00

Cumberland County History. Previous Issues, $5.00

Atlas of Cumberland County Pennsylvania 1858. $30

Cumberland County: An Architectural Survey, Nancy Van Dolsen. $39.95



Adam Stoneberger House 1823

Jacob Wise House 1804