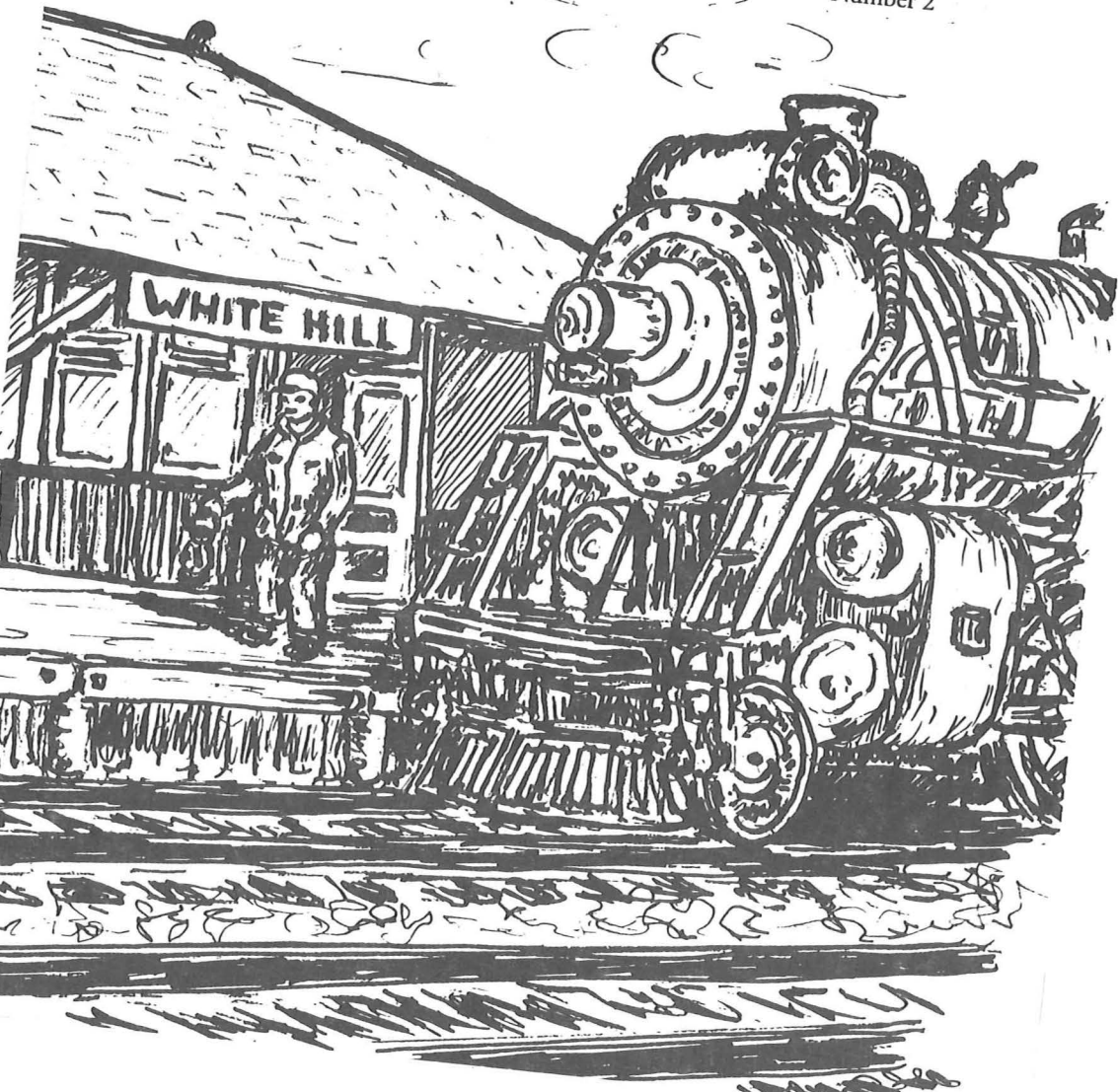


Cumberland County History



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Number 2



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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 shall conform to Kate Turabian's *Manual for Writers*, 5th edition. Running copy, as well as citations, should be typed and double 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

Cumberland County History is published semi-annually. All members of the Cumberland County Historical Society receive a copy of the journal as part of regular membership. The regular membership fee is \$25.00 annually. Members receive other benefits, including a quarterly newsletter, special invitations to programs and exhibits, and the satisfaction of joining with others to preserve county history. Correspondence regarding membership should be addressed to the Executive Director, Cumberland County Historical Society, 21 North Pitt Street, P.O. Box 626, Carlisle, PA 17013.

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Cumberland County History



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COVER: The original sketch of the Reading Railroad Station at White Hill published as a cover for this issue is the work of John Clements, of Camp Hill.

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Richard L. Tritt has been photo curator of the Society since 1990. Previously he taught French at Susquehanna Township High School for twenty-six years. He earned his baccalaureate and master's degrees at Millersville College.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Reproduced below are remarks recalling Mary Wheeler King at the dedication of "Mr. and Mrs. J. McLain King House." She willed the stone structure, known as "Two Mile House," to the Society together with \$75,000, provided that within three years the Society fund a permanent endowment of \$100,000 to maintain the property. Having raised the \$100,000 the Society has taken possession, rents the structure, and uses it for special purposes.

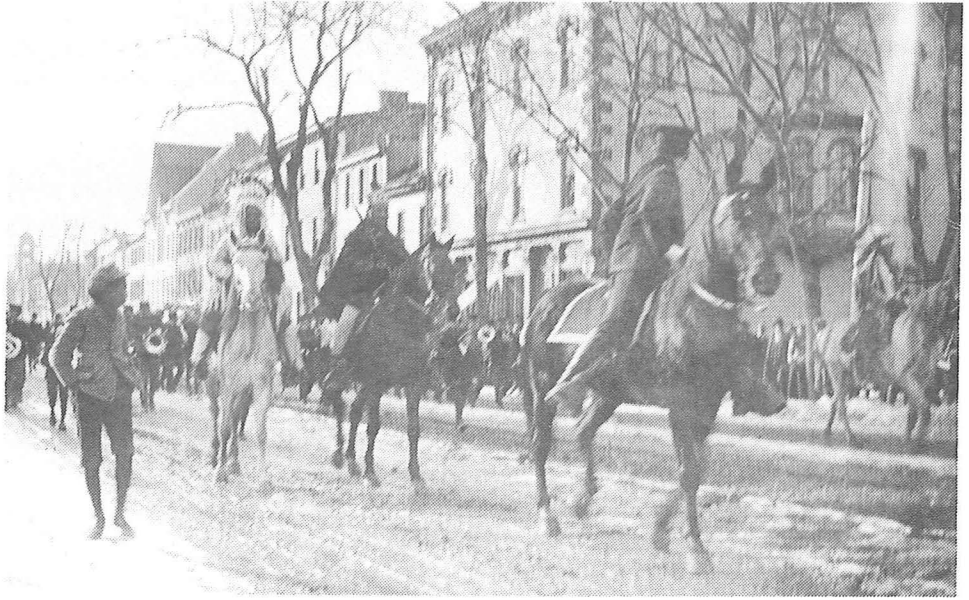


THE EARLIEST KNOWN photo of Geronimo, taken by A. Frank Randall in the spring of 1884. This and all other pictures in the article are from the Society collection.

Geronimo and Carlisle

Richard L. Tritt

Geronimo is one of the most famous figures in the history of the American West. To the Apaches he was a war shaman, or medicine man, respected for the great mystical power he possessed. To his enemies, the Mexicans and the Americans, he was a vicious and fearless warrior. His name became a battle cry that struck terror into the hearts of those who heard it.



GERONIMO (center) and other Indian chiefs parading on West High St. on March 2, 1905.

The famous Apache warrior, Geronimo, visited Carlisle once during his lifetime. He made short visits to the Carlisle Indian School on his way to and from the Inauguration of President Theodore Roosevelt on March 4, 1905. In the inaugural parade six Indian chiefs rode on horseback at the head of the battalion of cadets from the Indian School.

Geronimo had always wanted to go to the Capitol and talk with the "One in Washington," and after years of waiting his wish was gratified when he was invited to leave the reservation at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and travel east to appear in the inaugural parade. ¹ Geronimo and Little Plume, a Black Foot chief, arrived at Carlisle on Tuesday, February 28, 1905. ²



THE SIX INDIAN CHIEFS who rode in the parade in Carlisle, prior to the trip to Washington D.C. for Theodore Roosevelt's Inaugural Parade. Left to right: Little Plume, Black Feet; Buckskin Charlie, Ute; Geronimo, Apache; Quannah Parker, Comanche; Hollow Horn Bear, Sioux; American Horse, Sioux.

On March 2, two days before the inaugural parade, the Indian School contingent paraded in the streets of Carlisle as a preview of their appearance in Washington. The regiment was made up of six troops of unmounted cavalry, fifty men to a troop and a band of forty-six pieces. The boys, dressed in cavalry uniforms and armed with cavalry carbines, also gave an exhibition drill. The part of the procession which attracted the most attention were the six chiefs representing five tribes. The most noted were Geronimo and American Horse, the well-known Sioux chieftain. The others were Hollow Horn Bear, Sioux; Little Plume, Black Foot; Buckskin Charlie, Ute; and Quannah Parker, Comanche. They were decked out in war paints, feathers and blankets.³ Their ponies were painted in similar colors. The ponies, obtained from Bretz's Livery Stable in Carlisle, were cream colored coach horses.⁴

On that Thursday evening the school assembled in the chapel to listen to the noted visitors who had come to Carlisle to attend the inauguration with the students. Each of the visitors made remarks to the assembled group.⁵ Geronimo's speech as interpreted by George Wratten appeared in *The Arrow* March 9, 1905 edition as follows:

My friends: I am going to talk to you a few minutes, listen well to what I say. You are all just the same as my children to me, just the same as if my children are going to school when I look at you all here.

You are here to study, to learn the ways of white men; do it well. You have a father here and a mother also. Your father is here, do as he tells you. Obey him as you would your own father. Although he is not your father, he is a father to you now.

The Lord made my heart good, I feel good wherever I go, I feel very good now

as I stand before you. Obey all orders, do as you are told all the time and you won't get hungry. He who owns you holds you in His hands like that and He carries you around like a baby. That is all I have to say to you.

On March 4 the three hundred or more cadets were awakened between three and four o'clock. At 4:30 breakfast was served. Everything was loaded on the *Indian Special* and the train left the Indian School siding at about 5:30 AM, with nearly 400 passengers, a car-load of provisions, and eight or ten head of horses. ⁶

It was snowing heavily in Carlisle, but the weather gradually cleared as they headed south.



THE INDIAN CHIEFS are riding on West High St. in front of Farmers Trust Bank. The photographer particularly wanted a picture of Geronimo, but the Indians were all looking straight ahead. Dr. Seebold yelled "Boo" very loud, and Geronimo looked his way when the photograph was taken.

The train made excellent time and arrived at Baltimore ahead of schedule. At that point the special was held up for an hour and eventually picked up a second engine for the remainder of the trip. ⁷

The students of the school enjoyed the trip, as well as the chiefs who accompanied them. Geronimo especially was in good humor, and in response to a suggestion from Quanah Parker, the old warrior danced and sang, greatly to the amusement of the other chiefs and passengers. Several of the chiefs painted and dressed up in their native costumes on the train; the painting particularly was an interesting feature. After several hours of riding, Geronimo tired out and fell asleep. ⁸

Lunch was served on the train, and the cadets reached Washington at about twelve o'clock. The group was hurried to their position in the Military Grand Division and the parade started at two. ⁹

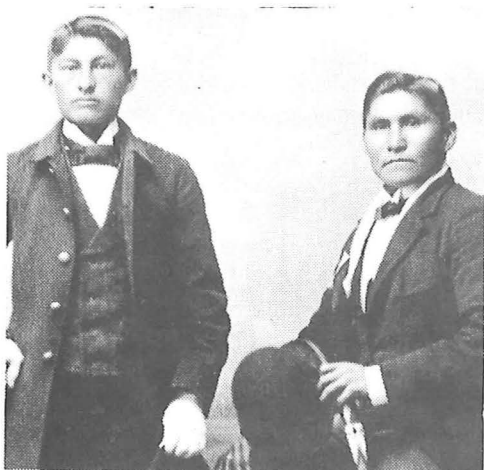
The Indian School contingent was described as impressive by the school

newspaper *The Arrow* in their March 9, 1905 edition. "Suddenly there flashed into view a spectacle. Stretched across the broad boulevard, in war bonnets and feathers, were six of the most famous Indian chiefs, warriors all, who have played no small part in the border battles of the nation's progress toward the setting sun. In the center rode Geronimo, most famous of a long line of famous Apaches, now an old man, bent, yet rugged, sturdy in spite of his age and scars. The noted chieftain was greeted by whoops of delight."

The *Washington Post* reported that "When the famous Indian chief, Geronimo together



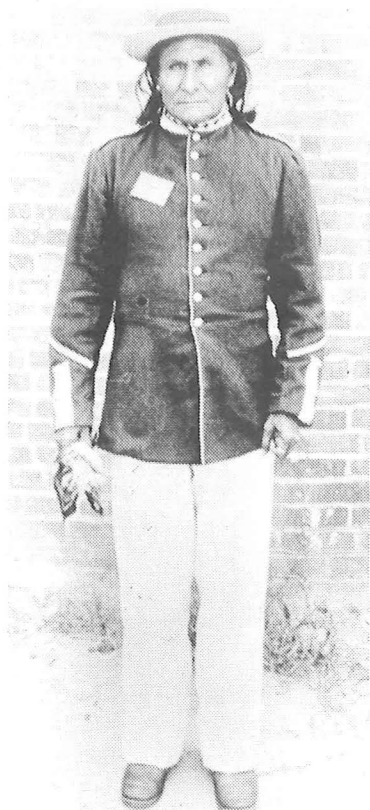
WILLIAM BRETZ on North Pitt Street in front of the Hamilton Library and part of the Carlisle Opera House. He provided the horses that the Indian chiefs rode in Carlisle and in Washington.



TWO APACHE INDIANS at the Carlisle Indian School. Seated on the right is Chappo, a son of Geronimo by his wife Chee-hash-kish.



JASON BETZINEZ, Apache, at the Carlisle Indian School. He lived to be over 100 and wrote his autobiography *I Fought with Geronimo* in 1958.



GERONIMO at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, in 1893.

with other Indian chiefs, passed at the head of the battalion of cadets from the Carlisle Indian School the President's comment was: "This is an admirable contrast—first the chiefs, in their native costumes and then these boys from Carlisle."

Many observers commented on the contrast of the old and new Indians. The great advancement made in the education and uplifting of the Indian was brought to notice in a striking way by having the Indian chiefs from the West ride at the head of the cadets from Carlisle. The contrast between the two types of Indians was one that told its own story. Those in charge of the parade wanted to impress the people with the progress of American civilization, as evidenced by the vast difference in this one race.

After the parade the *Indian Special* left Washington around seven o'clock. It was delayed somewhat because of the stubbornness of some of the horses who were determined not to walk up a steep plank to the car. They were finally loaded, and the special made its way to Carlisle, arriving at about 1:00 AM Sunday morning.¹⁰

Captain Mercer, Superintendent of the school and several others, including Geronimo, did not return to Carlisle on the special. Geronimo and a delegation of his friends visited the president the day after the inauguration.¹¹ Geronimo took this opportunity to appeal to the president to return his people to the Arizona Territory.

He made a long speech with Great Father, my hands are tied as with a rope. My



APACHE CHILDREN as they arrived from Fort Marion, Florida on April 30, 1887. No smiles!

heart is no longer bad. I will tell my people to obey no chief but the Great White Chief. I pray you to cut the ropes and make me free. Let me die in my own country, an old man who had been punished enough.

The President answered that he wished he could let him return, but because the citizens of the Arizona Territory still hated him, it was better to stay where he was.¹²

Geronimo and several other chiefs were back at the Indian School in Carlisle on Tuesday, March 7. That morning they visited the Lindner Shoe Factory and were said to be greatly interested in what they saw.¹³ The next day, March 8, Geronimo and three other chiefs left again for Washington and from there they returned to their respective homes.¹⁴

Geronimo did have several ties to the Carlisle Indian School. In 1886, after his fourth and final surrender, Geronimo and his small band of warriors were sent to Fort Pickens, Florida. Geronimo and his band were not allowed to live with their wives and children. The remainder of the 380 Apache prisoners were sent to Fort Marion where many Indians were already imprisoned. In order to alleviate the crowded conditions and to speed up their assimilation, sixty-two of the older Apache children at Fort Marion were sent to the Carlisle Indian School in 1887. This was devastating for their parents, who grieved and even tried to hide them. Among those sent to Carlisle were Geronimo's son Chappo, Jason Betzinez, and Daklugie. Some of these Apache students later graduated from Carlisle, but many others died there. Apparently, the school's first students were infected with tuberculosis and a large percentage of those who followed also caught the disease.¹⁵

Two of the Apache children who died at Carlisle were the sons of Chato. Chato was one of the Apache scouts who had helped General George Crook find Geronimo after he left the reservation in 1886. Ironically, Chato was imprisoned in Florida, lost his land, his livestock and his two children.¹⁶

Jason Betzinez rode on the warpath with his cousin Geronimo and in his later years wrote his version of the frontier campaign in the Southwest in his book *I Fought with Geronimo*. He spent nine years at Carlisle. After leaving Carlisle in 1897, he went to Steelton where he worked in the steel mill for a year. He played baseball and was a fullback on the Machine Shop football team. He then moved to Oklahoma for health reasons.¹⁷

Daklugie was one of Geronimo's close friends. In 1905, when Geronimo agreed to allow S. M. Barrett to publish his life story, Asa Daklugie acted as his interpreter. Daklugie had returned from Carlisle in 1895, fully fluent in English, but deeply loyal to Geronimo and committed to Apache traditions.¹⁸

In May 1888 the War Department decided to remove all the Apaches from Florida and send them to Mount Vernon Barracks in Alabama. They lived there as prisoners for seven years. In 1894, nine of the young people who had been sent to Carlisle were returned home to die with their families at Mount Vernon Barracks. Among them was Geronimo's son Chappo, who was married and had two children of his own.¹⁹

Finally, in 1893, the War Department repealed the amendment forbidding the Apaches to



A GROUP of Apache students at the Carlisle Indian School in 1891. These were some of the survivors from the group that arrived in 1887.

live in the Southwest, and in 1894, they completed plans to relocate the tribe to Fort Sill, Oklahoma Territory.

Geronimo outlived most of his friends and family. He died on February 17, 1909 at the age of approximately 85. He had only two surviving children, Eva and Robert.²⁰ Robert Geronimo enrolled as a student at the Carlisle Indian School in September of 1911.²¹ He was still at the school in 1914. He is mentioned in the school newspaper as being a printer²² and a member of The Standards, a literary society.²³

ENDNOTES

1 *The Arrow*, 9 March, 1905.

2 *Carlisle Daily Herald*, 28 Feb., 1905.

3 *Ibid.*, 3 March, 1905.

4 *American Volunteer*, 8 March, 1905.

5 *The Evening Sentinel*, 6 March, 1905.

6 *Ibid.*, 6 March, 1905.

7 *Ibid.*

8 *Ibid.*

9 *Ibid.*

10 *Ibid.*

11 *Carlisle Daily Herald*, 15 March, 1905.

12 Melissa Schwarz, *Geronimo, Apache Warrior* (New York, Philadelphia: Chelsea House Publishers, 1992), 119. Hereafter "Schwarz."

13 *Carlisle Daily Herald*, 7 March, 1905.

14 *Carlisle Daily Herald*, 8 March, 1905.

15 Schwarz, 110.

16 Dee Brown, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* (New York: Bantam Books Inc., 1972), 386.

17 Jason Betzinez, *I Fought with Geronimo* (Harrisburg: Stackpole, 1959), 159-161.

18 Schwarz, 116-117.

19 Schwarz, 112.

20 Schwarz, 121.

21 *The Carlisle Arrow*, 22 Sept., 1911.

22 *The Carlisle Arrow*, 20 March, 1914.

23 *The Carlisle Arrow*, 23 Oct., 1914.



My Friend Mary Wheeler King (1901-1992)

Ann Kramer Hoffer

These remarks giving a vignette of a Society benefactor were delivered 26 April 1994 on the opening of the Two Mile House as a Society property.

So many of us go through life without thinking of the bigger picture—what can we do to better our communities after we are gone? I would like today to discuss Mary Wheeler King and to say to you that here is a friend who thought very carefully how she would influence future generations

As the Two Mile House Committee (Nancy George, Maureen Reed, Dick Dutrey, Tom Bietsch, Milton Flower, Pierson Miller and I) struggles to answer many questions from care-taking to parking, I can assure you this is what Mary wanted. She wanted us to create a house for the community to use for many generations. This is the same Mary who challenged me and supported me at the Society. She was among the group who gave me money for the first Antiques Forum and the first publication. (At that time no one knew why I said—"Let's feature the Two Mile House on the front of the book." For years Milton Flower and I were sworn to secrecy. If we told anyone she said she would change her will.) In later years she called me frequently to see what was "new" (that was her word). Until she died, she never missed an exciting event at the Society, most often brought along a friend, and always offering encouragement. I only remember disappointing her once, when I failed to get William Conger to come to Carlisle to discuss the White House renovations.

Certainly we now know that Mary and her husband, J. McLain King, known to all as Mac, were to offer at their deaths the same support and challenges to the young people of Haverford and Wilson Colleges. Isn't this a nice testament to two people who amassed a generous estate? Can't we all learn something from this?

I first remember seeing Mary as I sat at 155 South College Street with my grandmother, Grace Leyburn Wood Kramer, also a Wilson girl (1891). Mary bounded up the steps, lilies of the valley in her hand, to say a brief hello. She never stayed long, but she came frequently and, as I soon learned, would be a friend to four generations of Kramers. Incidentally, I received the last lilies of the valley at my home on Willow Street in the Spring of the year she died. Because Mary had fond memories of seeing my grandfather, William, play tennis in Newville, my niece, Lauren, at a young age received from Mary a children's tea set belonging to one of

his tennis partners. And my father, never one to collect idle acquaintances, was Mary's and Mac's attorney and good friend for years, my brother to follow. Finally, my mother and Mary solved all Carlisle's problems, as some of Mary's many friends lost interest or died, and Mary became in later years more of my mother's contemporary than you can imagine. While my memories are of Kramers, I know there are many families like ours: the Flowers, Hays, Kellers and Briners, that Mary touched for three and four generations. Mary worked at this. She loved all ages and she loved being a part of our lives.

Don't be shocked, but as I have thought about Mary while setting these words to paper, I truly think that today she could have been a minister. She was religious, caring, she loved people, and was so well disciplined. I know she would have excelled at some profession newly opened to women. Betty Thrush told me that Mary often said, "I have my life, Mac has his and we have ours." Doesn't that sound like good contemporary advice?

Many of us today know and love Betty Thrush. Now for the sake of history, let's identify Betty. Betty was Mary King's helper (helper—that word is Mary's). Betty says Mary always called her that. Betty Thrush was born Betty Horn. She was the oldest of six children and grew up on a farm on the Walnut Bottom Road. The farm was where Shoney's is located now, number 936 Walnut Bottom Road. Betty tells me how Mary came to her family's farm to ask for a young woman to help. At this time Betty was fourteen. As a result, many days after school, Betty would get off the school bus at the Two Mile House to help. This pattern began in May of 1946 when the Kings moved into the Two Mile House. Betty never left the Kings and, as we know, it was she who cleaned out the house for the sale (it took nine months, as you might expect).

May I encourage all of you to view the video that Jim Fickel, Maureen Reed and Betty made of the house before it was broken up. It is wonderful. And I want to thank Betty publicly for all the help she has been to me in my project. Now back to Mary Wheeler King.

Mary's father, Reverend Franklin T. Wheeler, was a Presbyterian minister in Newville. And I didn't realize until recently that Mac's father, Harry Bell King, was also a Presbyterian minister, but in Paxtang. Reverend Wheeler served the Big Spring Presbyterian Church of Newville for thirty years (1902-1931). He was born in Fawn Grove, Pennsylvania, on February 15, 1860, the son of Joseph Henry and Rachael Ann Taylor Wheeler. His early education was at the State Dale Academy. His college was Washington and Jefferson, graduating in 1886. In 1889 he completed his theological work at Princeton Theological Seminary.

Reverend Wheeler's first charge was at Irvona, Pennsylvania, in 1889. He accepted his second charge at New Bloomfield in 1894, and remained there until 1902. Here he met Mary's mother.

Mary's Father, Reverend Wheeler, was married twice. His first wife, Gracie Stevenson, died in childbirth in 1890. She had had four children, Gracie Clare, Joseph Cortes, Frank and Charles. It was Mary's mother, Alberta McKee, of New Bloomfield, who became Reverend Wheeler's second wife. (Alberta's mother was Mary Ann Gardner McKee, the lady in the Arnold portrait.) A small, feminine woman, the second Mrs. Wheeler was often fondly

referred to as a little old maid. Alberta was to have one child with Reverend Wheeler, and it was our Mary Wheeler King, or Mary Helen. And knowing Mary, you can see why many thought she was more like her father than her mother. Mary was to grow up with half-sisters and brothers. Of course, it was her half-sister, Gracie Clare, who married Carlisle's well known Dr. Robert McMurren Shepler.

Reverend Wheeler died on March 18, 1933, before Mary married and before she lived at the Two Mile House. After Reverend Wheeler died, of course, her mother lived in New Bloomfield with two maiden sisters in the family home and often visited the Two Mile House.

Mary's early life was in Newville. Born on December 24, 1901, (Christmas Eve), I am told that Mary was one of the bright girls in Newville. (Others who come to mind are Lydia McCulloch Thorpe and Nora Shenk Harman.) Although a small town, Mrs. Thorpe tells me how active the girls were, going to dances in the ballrooms of private homes (remember Mrs. Thorpe's clock and how it stood in the ballroom), playing tennis (she stressed this) and, of course, attending church events.

Because the schools of Newville did not go through the twelfth grade, Mary rode the train to Carlisle to get her high school diploma. In the boxes of Mary's possessions, now belonging to the Society, one sees that she graduated from Newville High School on May 23, 1918, one of eight students, and then graduated from Carlisle in the general course on June 19, 1919. Listed as Mary Helen Wheeler, two of her classmates were Carlisle's Donald Goodyear and Paul Reed Teitrick. The class prophecy was that Mary would marry and live in England while Mr. Goodyear would tour the Alps. (Does Carlisle ever change?) The class also noted Mary's active place in the "tea room."

In the fall of 1919, Mary left home for Wilson College in Chambersburg. I don't think there is any other event in Mary's life that was to remain with her and to become so much a part of her life, except maybe the Presbyterian Church and J. McLain King.

It only figures that many years later Mary would become involved in the group that saved Wilson College from being closed forever. After a court fight against the trustees, the decision of the board and trustees of Wilson to close the college, because of declining enrollment, was overruled. Mary and her alumnae friends had won the battle and she had kept her beloved Wilson open to future generations of students.

Betty says, from the first days of knowing Mary, she always was doing something for Wilson. She remembers early on the tea parties on the area adjacent to the terrace patio doors in the rose garden.



Two-Mile House

Mary was a history major at Wilson with an alliance in English. It was my trip to the Wilson Archives that gave me the most pleasure in doing this paper. I found this poem called

"Pete"

"Her mother calls her Mary,
But we all call her Pete,
And she's the peppiest Junior
You'd ever care to meet.
She cheers with all her energy,
Her lungs, her hands, her feet."

I found this poem in the Wilson yearbook (*Connocheague*, 1923). But what really made me laugh was when Mary's classmates predicted that twenty years hence she would be the Director of the State Police! They said Mary's dominant trait or chief occupation was talking and that she was frequently heard saying, "I never heard of such a thing." A pretty young woman, Mary obviously loved her years at Wilson College.

After graduating, Mary wrote, on December 26, 1923, from Newville to her classmates in a published book of letters about her present position. She said:

Newville, Pa., December 26, 1923

Dear Twenty-three:

Last June when we talked about writing class letters before the Christmas holidays it seemed a long way off to me, but the time has passed so quickly that I'm afraid I will be left out, if I don't do it at once.

I am teaching in Mercersburg this winter. However, it is not in the High School but in the grades—fifth, to be exact. When I thought of teaching I felt that high school work would be the only type that I should like, but much to my surprise and delight I find grade work perfectly fascinating, and I really believe it is quite a bit easier. I have thirty-three youngsters ranging in age from nine to sixteen. Fortunately I have only one that is sixteen. On the whole they are quite bright and very interesting children. I teach them everything from Arithmetic to "Palmer Method of writing" (which I have never had). I find the preparation for the work easy, as they use very simplified text books and then their assignments must be very short—at least they seem very short to me after college work.

This letter shows Mary's sense of fun, good humor, and shows us how she spent the next eighteen years of her life teaching or being a Register in a private school.

In another class letter, dated five years later, February 15, 1928, Mary explains her newest teaching assignment and her clash with the State of New Jersey.

Newville, Pa., February 15, 1928

Hello Everybody:

I was simply paralyzed when Ethel's letter arrived instructing me to write a class letter. The ten points listed were most interesting, but did not help me greatly for the simple reason, that I have not changed my name or address. Neither

have I added any kind of a degree, such as A.M., Ph.D., M.D., or Mrs. to my A.B. degree from Wilson. Neither California nor Europe have seen me in my travels! I know from the above statements that my life sounds most uneventful and uninteresting. However, dull as it may seem, I am enjoying it to the fullest.

For the past three and a half years I have been in the vicinity of New York. For three years I taught in East Orange, New Jersey. The work there was quite interesting, particularly last year when I did some experimental work with a class in seventh and eighth grade.

When it was time to sign my contract for this year I discovered that my certificate expired July, 1927. Alas, no Practice Teaching! A summer at Columbia did not appeal to me last year, due to the fact that I had been ill all of the preceding summer. At length after much discussion they (the State Department of Education, no less) offered to extend the certificate until February, 1928. Merely postponing the evil moment! So I decided not to return.

Indeed, Mary's records show that she did take some classes for elementary education certification at the teachers College at Columbia University in 1928-29 and 1931-32. But as fate would have it, an opportunity to teach at the Woodmere Academy located at Woodmere, Long Island, would open a new chapter in Mary's life.

On June 28, 1941, Mary married a fellow Woodmere Academy teacher, J. McLain King. It always upsets me when we refer to this house as Mary's because here was a marriage that was a successful union and Mr. King, or Mac, certainly contributed a lot to it. That is why I am proud that the Board of the Society has identified the Two Mile House as "the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. McLain King."

The Kings were married at 4:30 in the afternoon at the Big Spring Presbyterian Church in Newville. Reverend Dr. H. B. King officiated. Mary was given in marriage by her half-brother, Joseph, and a reception was held in the garden of Dr. and Mrs. Shepler at 124 Conway Street in Carlisle. Mary was forty years old, and she would not like my telling that.

Mac King was on the faculty of Woodmere Academy from 1932-1945. Before that he was at Chestnut Hill Academy in Philadelphia. He taught math and science. A graduate of Mercersburg Academy and Haverford College, he had also done graduate work at Princeton University. During the war Mac served in the Navy. However, as a young person in Carlisle, it was always a mystery to me what Mr. King did. I know that in the 1946-47 Carlisle City Directory, he and Frank Wheeler are listed as the owners of the Frozen Food Shops at 10 West Louther Street. And a piece of stationery I found describes the store as agents for "Frigid Freeze" home lockers. Many say these men were ahead of their time as frozen food specialists. Some say their canapes were spectacular. And Betty reminds me that Mary made chicken pies for the store. At this same time Mary and Mac had chickens and sheep on the land here at Two Mile House, their home.

But if you think that adventure was ahead of its time—how about the TV Cable? The Carlisle Television Cable Service was located at 10 Irvine Row in 1964 and was one of John Fowler's businesses. People say Mac worked sitting on an orange crate and many thought he was crazy getting involved with something like "cable."

Retirement and being treasurer and on the Board of Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church in Carlisle were this Haverford graduate's best Carlisle years. Today the First Presbyterian Church has a library in its new second floor addition dedicated to J. McLain King.

I remember Mac King in his bow tie and plaid jacket running his trains around the Christmas tree. He was just as happy to see you as Mary was, and what fun we all had in later years when his cousins came to town to visit Mary.

As you can guess, the Two Mile House was always a bee hive of activity. Mary and Mac's many friends were always welcomed. I think Mary's many community activities brought new acquaintances to the house.

What was Mary involved in? What was she not involved in might be a better question. The earliest community achievement I found was a 1931 ribbon won at the Carlisle Garden Club's flower show, along with a \$5.00 prize, I might add. This ribbon was awarded for a bowl of mixed flowers. Flowers were always in the rooms of the Two Mile House, most always coming from the garden.

A Trustee of the Bosler Free Library, a board member of the John Graham Library of Newville, a member of the executive committee and treasurer of the Community Chest (now the United Way), a member-at-large of the YWCA, the Carlisle Travellers Club, the Cumberland County Historical Society (first woman Director), on the board of the Harrisburg Symphony Orchestra, and, of course, her church, were Mary's major community interests. I am sure there were others along the way. Both Betty and the Reverend James Skimmins have said to me that Mary's role was not always to be the President of these organizations. She was the cheerleader, and she was very good at this. Her cheerleading is why I am standing here today, I suppose.

Incidentally, in 1953 Mary was appointed by the Governor to the County's Board of Assistance where she served for two years.

Also, as a descendant of John Smiley, a private in the American Revolutionary War, Mary joined the Daughters of the American Revolution on October 26, 1938, and was active in the local chapter, serving as secretary and regent.

But my research kept bringing me back to Mary's activities at Wilson College. Her many years of service began when she became President of the Wilson College Club of New York. And I'm not sure I can include everything she did for Wilson. Some of the highlights are: Mary was Alumnae Trustee from 1951 to 1955. She was a College Trustee from 1955-65, and again from 1966-1976, twenty-four years in total. She was chairman of the Centennial Committee. She initiated the Sarah Wilson Circle for giving and was a charter subscriber of Silver Key Circle. Because Mary served on all major committees of the Board and almost all special committees, she was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Human Letters on June 2, 1974. Wilson described her as a woman of character, integrity and action.

In 1974, Mary King would have been seventy-three years old. Seven years later, at age



eighty, Mary received the Distinguished Alumnae Award. And seventeen years later, on November 1, 1991, Mary, a Trustee Emeritus, was honored by the Board of Trustees in the college dining room in a ninetieth birthday celebration. The presents her friends gave were new hymnals in her honor for the college chapel. Talented, versatile and loyal was how Wilson College described Mary that night.

With all this activity you would not think there was much time to travel. But the Kings did. Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii and Europe. One of my favorite pictures is of Mary on the *Queen Elizabeth*. And of course we know as a widow she went to Scotland with James Skimmins and the church three times, the last being the summer before she died.

However, as I write about Mary's activities, her love of Wilson and her devotion to her church, my memory is of her life at the Two Mile House.

Four nights before Mary died, and, on a Monday at that, Mary had a party here. Three tables of guests sat in the front dining room. There were placecards on the white linen cloths, pretty dishes, nuts and mints to be served with the coffee, fresh flowers, and much noise, I must say. The meal was typical—chicken, a fresh vegetable, ice cream and cake—all served by Betty. Before dinner, drinks were served in the Terrace Room. That evening was typical of many at the Two Mile House.

I thought it was dear of Betty to say that with little effort Mary would get ready for an event, most often stunning in appearance, many times in a red dress or jacket.

And whether you visited in the afternoon or evening, Mary was quick to say, "Don't go." She loved company. A sense of congeniality is why, I think, she wanted this house to be opened to the public—full of antiques.

Her picnics at summer holidays (Memorial Day, Fourth of July and Labor Day) were famous. Croquet games were serious, often with Captain Richard Briner and Mary Kay Carson winning the summer's trophy. Tables were covered with red, white and blue. The food was supplied by the guests, many times the same dish year after year.

George and I never attended the picnics but, during our married life, we never missed New Year's Eve at the Two Mile House. After nine o'clock, the weather most often terrible, we would trudge through the boxwood at the front door held back by plastic. All this to have a glass of champagne with the Kings. Once again the party was a dinner in the front dining room. And no matter how much younger I was than most guests, I loved it. The Millers, Dr. Flower, the Jacobs', the Beitsches, the Stuarts, Mrs. Hays, Libby Filler, my mother—these were people I loved. We would leave before midnight while everyone else celebrated. People literally went to three parties that night but they always ended up at the Two Mile House.

Holidays were spread at the Two Mile House as Mary gathered friends without families in the area at her dining room table. She had many showers for young people, and I remember the coffee she had for George when he ran for judge. This was early on in the election when people wondered who we were.

Betty reminds me in those days that there were always eight or ten clocks ticking throughout the house. I remember the oriental rugs covering every inch of floor (although I'm told when the Kings first moved here they had hooked rugs). And I remember the fire in the kitchen fireplace, sometimes pretty smokey. My husband loved the kitchen. I think it was because he and Betty always laughed about something. Another thing I remember about the kitchen was the many scratches on the door as the latest dog was locked in.

Mary was very conservative and also very Republican. At the Society, there is a note when she invited Mamie Eisenhower to a church celebration in Carlisle. She always had an opinion on a national event and because of her loyalties, would often dismiss the opposition as silly. I admired her strong beliefs. And I think she showed good sense most of the time. Betty says Mary didn't want so much progress so fast.

Will any of you ever forget the Kings' little red car? I can still see it, stick shift at that, buzzing down the Walnut Bottom Road. A fancy car meant nothing to the Kings.

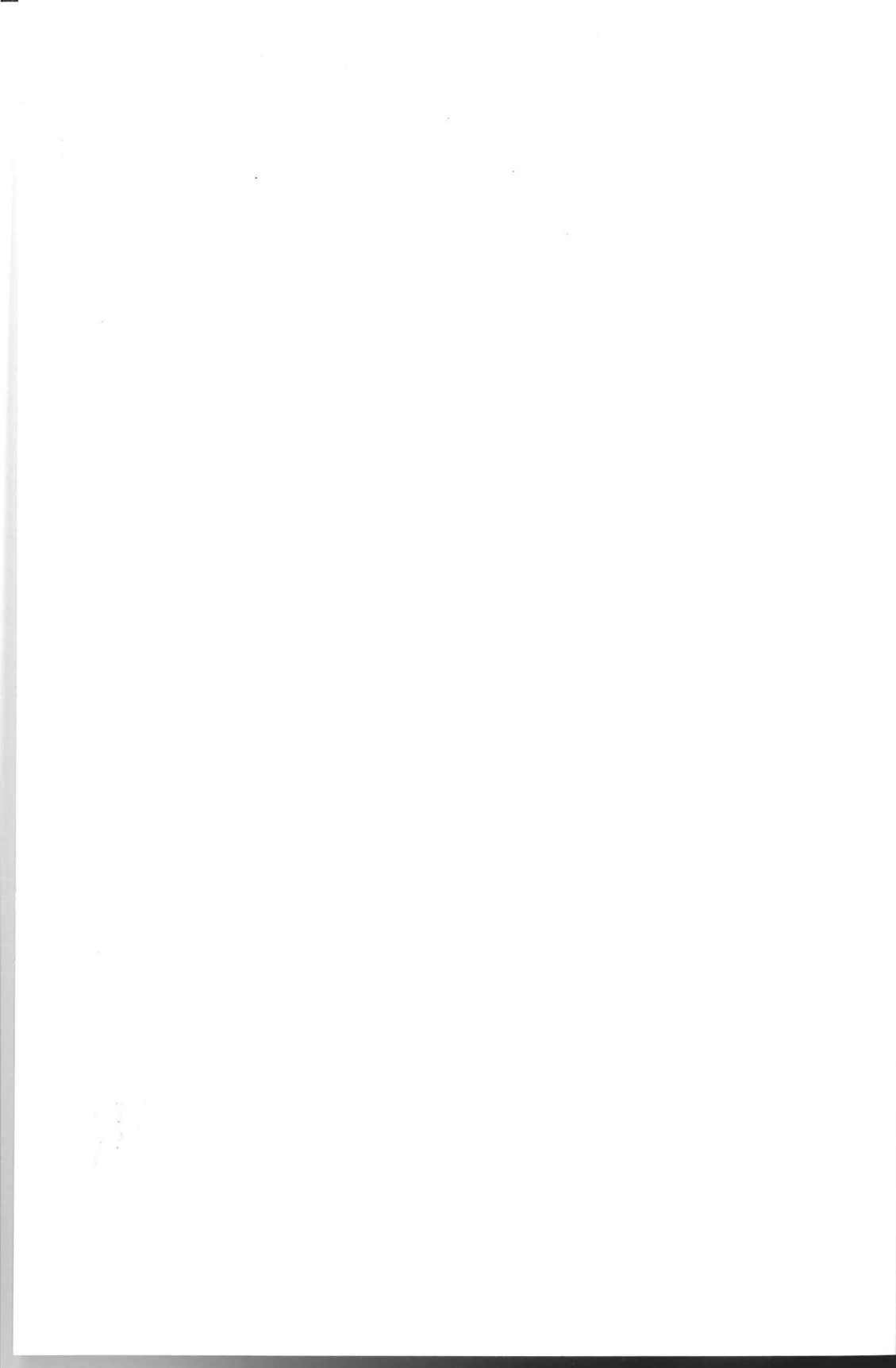
Mary was determined that this house would remain intact. She paid for Nancy Van Dolsen to get it on the National Register. She stated in her will that the Society can make no structural changes. In the last few years she turned many real estate agents away. They hounded her. I love the story about one who told her he could get her a million dollars because someone wanted the house for a restaurant. Mary never thought if this was the truth or not. She just closed the door and said, "I don't need a million dollars." And then there was the time the state took the bump out of the road out front and left her without steps up to her sidewalk. Very nicely Mary informed the state that this was not going to do—and—she got her present steps with a railing.

As the land develops across from this house, there are many changes ahead for Walnut Bottom Road. I hope we can all fight for the front yard—Mary would want this.

Mary Wheeler King's funeral was in the First Presbyterian Church on the square in Carlisle. She was buried in Western Pennsylvania with Mr. King's family. She had left specific instructions for the service. But that is not what I remember about that day. What I remember is someone saying to me, "Can you imagine someone ninety years old having this many friends?" The church was full.

Mary died within twenty-four hours after entering the hospital. She had played bridge that afternoon and had won the money, I might add.

Since her death, her home has been a bee hive of activity. Many items in the house were willed to friends and family, and Betty received those people. A two-day sale on July 9 and 10, 1993, brought many friends and strangers to the property. A preview actually showed the house furnished to anyone who paid a small fee. Since July new electric, an upgraded heating system, new security and fire alarms, and paint have been installed by the Society. There is an apartment for a caretaker and a part-time manager has been hired. There are many challenges ahead as the Two Mile House becomes a community and historical resource. I think you'll agree Mary Wheeler King's dream is a big one—but one typical of her enthusiasm for a good life for all generations. We all loved her.





SUSQUEHANNA Flying Field, Lemoyne in a Samuel Kuhnert photograph looking east. In the foreground are the houses facing west on South 15th Street. The field, located in space now occupied by the West Shore Plaza, the L. B. Smith Ford Agency, the Farmers Market, Hoover Shopping Center etc., stretched east to the rear of houses facing on Eighth Street.

Pilots and Airports of Cumberland County

Charles B. Fager

The sound of the engine swelled and thickened, and soon an open cockpit biplane could be seen. The small boy yelled for his mother to come out and see. A plane descended slightly and made a few passes over a nearby field to check the condition of the surface. The pilot made a speed-killing climbing turn and side-slipped, gliding gently to earth. ¹

Thus was Carlisle's first aeroplane flight recorded. The date was the evening of September 26, 1911. At 6:05 o'clock Walter Johnston, of Rochester, New York, an aviator of the Thomas Morse Biplane Company of Ithaca New York, soared from the Carlisle Gun Club field adjoining the Cumberland County Fair Grounds on the north, circled gracefully and very successfully around several other adjoining fields and the center field of the fair ground, and in about fifteen minutes came down a short distance from where he started. Several thousand saw the birdman.

In the 1920s and 1930s an airplane pilot could take off and land in any field he wanted as long as he could negotiate it. The first airports were usually grass strips or open fields; for most communities, asphalt and concrete runways came later, during the 1930s.

Despite aviation's poor reputation, resulting from numerous barnstorming accidents in the '20s and '30s, many fliers established reputable fixed-base operations, offering flight training, charter flights, aerial photography and other services that helped develop commercial aviation.

J. Earl Steinhaur used to have a biplane tied down in a field west of Bridge Street just off Fifteenth Street in New Cumberland. No facilities; just a plane, a pilot, and a suitable field to sell rides. Fuel was filtered through a chamois cloth to remove water and dirt. He later opened the Beaufort Flying Service on the Linglestown Road, opposite the Herbert Hoover School in Dauphin County.

Following is a potpourri of persons and incidents associated with eleven fields and airstrips that once operated in Cumberland County.

SUSQUEHANNA FLYING FIELD

The Susquehanna Flying Field was developed during the late 1920s and early 1930s between Eighth Street in Lemoyne and Fifteenth Street in Camp Hill; bordered on the north by Market Street and on the south by the State Road to Gettysburg. In those days maple trees bordered both sides of Market Street, and the Valley Traction streetcar tracks were in the center. Across the street from the hangars was one of the first fast food take-outs in the area, the "Blue Pig."

A feature of the fields was a Waco biplane powered with an OX-5 engine, developed during World War I. The other planes at the base were possibly a Lincoln Page and an Alexander Eaglerock; as well as a Travel Aire powered with an OX-5 engine. All were biplanes.

Susquehanna was an all-grass field with a seventy-foot white circle in the center which in those days told pilots overhead that "this is a flying field."

The field was leased from Caroline Ross Haldeman Daub, who lived on the north side of Market Street opposite the flying field. The airport closed in the early 1940s, and it became in succession a pony farm, a goat farm, and finally a home for Gypsies. Daub sold it in 1950 to C. A. Willis, who sold it to L. B. Smith Land Company. Smith combined the Daub tract with other smaller parcels to provide space for the West Shore Plaza.

Among the pilots who flew from Susquehanna were Ben Peters, Sr., Bill Miller, and E. Z. Zeiders, of Zeiders Moving, Fred Nelson and Johnny Bretz, who became TWA captains.

Ben Peters, born in 1897, learned to fly a Curtiss Jenny at the field. His instructor was Fred (Shorty) Nelson. Ben Peters, Jr., used to fly with his father in J-3s, Cub Cruisers, and Taylorcraft with 55 to 65 HP engines.

The elder Peters had a machine shop on the Camp Hill side of Lemoyne, where he made machined parts for the war effort. Also he would drive or take a train to Lock Haven and ferry planes to different parts of the country. He would also ferry planes from the Bellanca Factory in New Castle, Delaware. Mrs. Daub sold a parcel of land to Peters for his machine shop. She wanted Ben's word that he would not sell his land to L. B. Smith, who had a business in York County.

Art Myers, 73, today still an active certified flight instructor, became fascinated with airplanes when he lived with his family in the 1920s and 1930s at the west end of Bosler Avenue in Lemoyne, across the railroad tracks near the Susquehanna Air Field. He was about twelve or thirteen years old when he had his first airplane ride, courtesy of the *Harrisburg Telegraph*, earned by obtaining two new customers on his paper route.

Last year, he relived the experience vicariously when he and his wife, Jean, went to Warwick Airport in Warwick, New York to see the same Stinson SR6 NE1516B, now being

restored to its original condition by Curtiss Refurbishers, in which he had his first airplane ride.

A certified flight instructor with instrument and multi-engine land ratings since 1955, and a former corporation pilot for Flight Systems, Myers was an instructor for Johnny Abiuso's flying school, Abiuso Aviation at Capital City Airport, which adjoins New Cumberland in York County. Today he is still instructing, giving check rides and biennial flight reviews in single and multiengine planes. He has a Sidewinder plane, which he built and flies out of Kampel Airport at Wellsville.

In 1919 the Pennsylvania Power and Light Company absorbed the Harrisburg Power and Light Company, and engineer John Macfarlane was moved to Harrisburg to help with development of the new operation. His son, John (Red or Reds) Macfarlane, would ride his bicycle over the Susquehanna Flying Field to watch the pilots fly.

Every beautiful weekend brought private pilots and non-flyers to the airports. They watched the pilots take off and return from their aerial jaunts. It was like a regatta day at the yacht club with colorful activities going on all over the place: proficiency races, group flights, treasure hunts and fly-ins to neighboring fields. It was commonplace for a private pilot to look down upon a meadow or a friend's lawn and decide it would be fun to drop down and land.

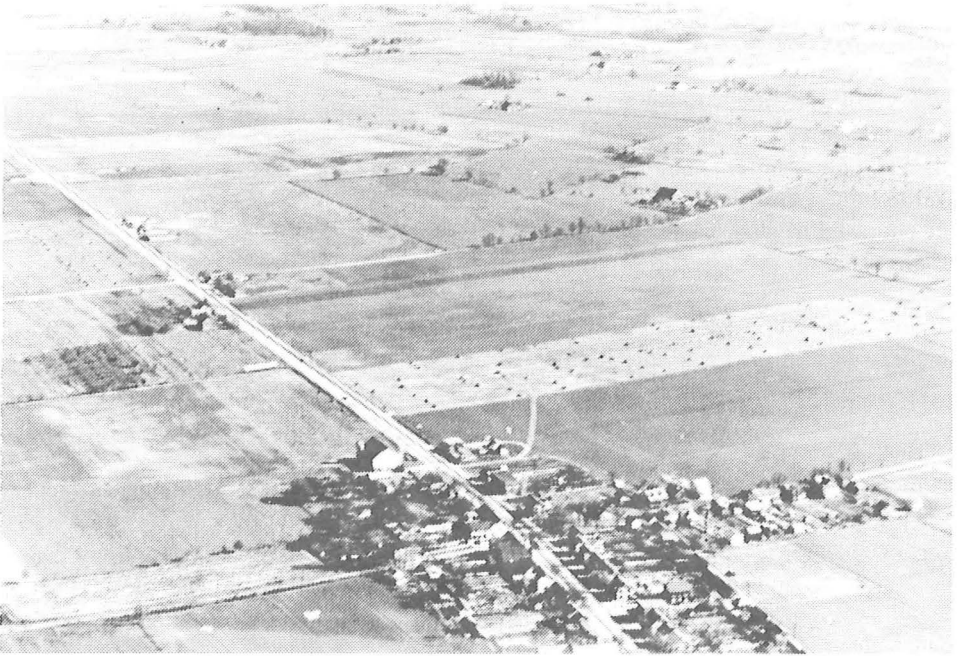
Red's interest in flying was kindled by his visits to the Susquehanna Flying Field. He was graduated from the Parks Air College in St. Louis in 1929 and was hired by J. Earl Steinhaur at the Beaufort Flying Service on the Linglestown Road in Dauphin County. Since that time Red has barnstormed, been the pilot for several governors, and became Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Aeronautical Commission. When PennDOT was formed in 1968, he became the Director of the Bureau of Aviation of the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation.²

WILSON FIELD

This field derived its name in 1933, when an enterprising 26-year-old person named Frank Wilson, self-educated and gifted with much native intelligence, took over a farm airport operated by the Frederick family on the east side of New Kingstown. The Fredericks had been renting the land from a farm family, the Arthur W. Jacobys, who eventually sold the field to Frank Wilson in 1937.

Frank's parents were William and Sara Wilson, who lived just east of Carlisle Springs. He was the youngest of seven children, and though his formal education ended in the third grade, he had plenty of "smarts." He worked on a farm in the Boiling Springs area, where he also did a stint as a railroad crossing guard and was also a locomotive fireman on the Philadelphia Reading Railroad. Red Macfarlane remembers Frank bringing in the farm crops on a Christmas day.

Frank Wilson became acquainted with Emily Mixell, a beautiful girl whose family had



WILSON FIELD lay south of the Carlisle Pike. It appears in the left middle portion of the picture, east of New Kingstown, which appears in the foreground. This and illustrations that follow are from the author's collection.

some money and land around Boiling Springs. After Frank and Emily were married in 1928, she financed Frank to go to mechanics school for two months in Lincoln, Nebraska. Then Emily set him up in a Chrysler dealership and garage in Boiling Springs.

Frank also went up to New York City and bought second hand Pierce-Arrow buses and overhauled them. He then launched a bus service to take workers to mills in Mount Holly Springs from areas like Boiling Springs, Dillsburg and Gardners. He also had acquired some yellow school buses.

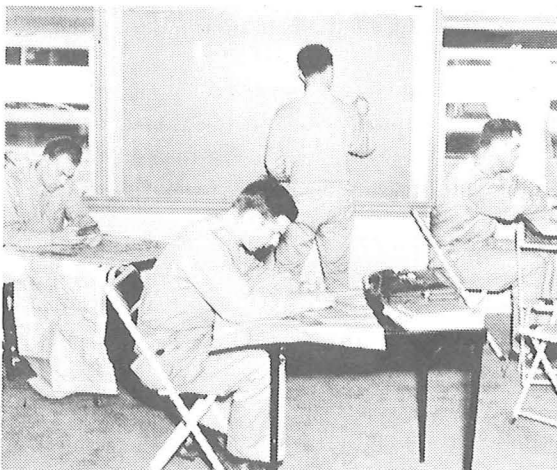
Frank learned to fly at the Susquehanna Flying Field (Lemoyne). Besides being self taught a good bit, he got his instrument rating in Cleveland, Ohio. He bought a low wing Sparton with a Jacobs three cylinder engine from the Penn Harris Airport and kept it at the Baker farm in Boiling Springs before taking over the New Kingstown Airport. Frank got Red and Rupert Leohner to go in as one-third partners for Wilson Field. Red and Rupe would do the flying and mechanical work, and Frank would build the hangar. The field was leveled off somewhat and the runway ran parallel to Route 11. Ruppie and Red stayed with Frank for about five years, and in 1939 Rupe joined TWA and went to school in Kansas City. Red went back to the Penn Harris Airport along the Harrisburg-Hershey Road and instructed for the CPTP (Civilian Pilots Training Program) for cadets from Lebanon Valley College. In subsequent changes of ownership over the years, the airport was named Taylor Field, Westpat Airport, Carlisle Airport and Cumberland Valley Airport.

Emily Wilson also learned to fly, but she found it difficult to compete with other pilots for her husband's attention. With his outgoing personality, Frank spent ever-increasing amounts of time with other pilots and his planes, so much so that eventually Emily and he drifted apart, became separated and finally divorced. They sold the garage in Boiling Springs to one of their mechanics.

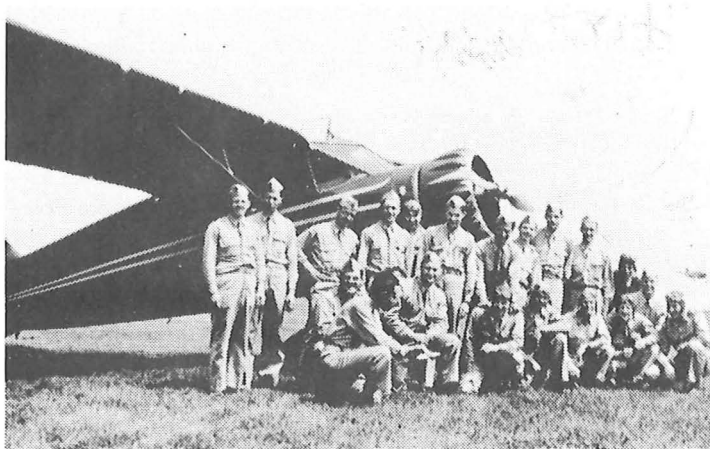
Red Macfarlane used to fly a Curtiss biplane pusher at the Penn Harris Airport. This plane carried the passenger in the front cockpit while the pilot handled the controls in the back cockpit. Rupert Leohner and Red went up to Hackensack (in the vicinity of Teterboro), New Jersey, where one was for sale, on Easter weekend in 1934 and bought the Curtiss.

We stayed in a private home overnight, Red recalls. When we came out on Easter Sunday morning, a cold front had gone by, and we had a northwest wind of maybe thirty miles an hour. The Curtiss biplane pusher had a long wing spread, and it was light. To get the thing going, we had it tied down while we cranked it up. Rupp sat in it to warm it up, while I held on to the wings. When it was time, I let go and ran and jumped into the back cockpit, and away we went.

And you know, we left the Teterboro Airport at 9 o'clock that morning and we arrived at New Kingstown at 6 o'clock that night. In those days automobiles were going fast when they went thirty-thirty-five miles per hour, and those cars were going past us, as we looked down. The Curtiss biplane, Model D and E of 1910, was powered by a thirty HP Curtiss four-cylinder pusher engine. We took it into Boiling Springs, where the little airport that Frank Wilson was using then had a hangar on it. I can remember to this day, as we got out of the airplane at 6 o'clock, the church bells were ringing.



GROUND SCHOOL at Wilson Field. Students also received classroom training at Dickinson College, where they were housed and fed.



CADETS shown here pose with one of their training planes.

It must have been a horrible ride for those two daring young men flying in the open with a cold, thirty MPH wind for company, for nine hours. They almost froze to death, but it was 1934, and they were young.

Frank Wilson switched from automobiles to airplanes. Eventually he came to own about seventeen or eighteen aircraft. He used the Travel Air N658K to sell rides at the Susquehanna Flying Field and the New Standard 25D with large airwheels to barnstorm at Shade Gap (about forty miles west of Carlisle) and the Port Royal Fair.

Early in the history of American show business, itinerant theatrical troupes performed in barns when no theater was available; hence the term "barnstorming." Aerial barnstorming began in the years preceding World War I, with flying exhibition teams thrilling spectators at carnivals, county fairs and flying meets across the United States. With stringent safety precautions, the tradition of aerial barnstorming continues in present-day air shows.

In Frank's barnstorming days, pilots would fly to a town or county fair and stage aerial feats like wing walking, parachute jumping, and other aerobatics to encourage people to pay for a plane ride; it was a way to get money to buy fuel and pay for their airplane. Frank Wilson would stand in front of the crowd, with folded money between his fingers and, barker-like, present his sales pitch:

High Low, fast or slow
 Anyway you want to go,
 Brush your teeth and comb your hair
 And make you feel like a millionaire.

Frank Wilson taught Bob Strayer to fly. Here is Bob's story: I started flying at Frank Wilson's. One morning, at 5:30, when I came out for instruction, Frank came down from his living quarters above the office at Wilson's Flying Service, pulling his pants up over his long underwear, crawled into the airplane with no

shirt on, and we flew around a little bit until he said, "I'm hungry, I'm going down to the House that Jack Built for some breakfast, you go fly." He soloed me that way. Today Bob Strayer is a flight instructor at Carlisle Airport.

Frank Wilson was thirty-nine when he married again in 1942, this time to twenty-four year-year-old Mary Jane Brenneman from Middlesex, a truck farmer's daughter. Frank Wilson gave her flying instructions. When Frank got out of the airplane so Mary Jane could solo, she said the airplane seemed so light and climbed so easy. One day she and Polly Markle had a forced landing on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Help was sent out by car. The oil cap was loose, and oil got on the muffler or exhaust pipe and caused smoke. They thought the engine was on fire, so they landed. Roy Becker, one of Frank Taylor's mechanics flew the plane back, and every one else returned by car. The car was rear-ended on the way home.

Mary Jane Wilson did not quite get her private pilot license because private flying was discouraged by the federal government at the time of World War II. "I had my written [examination] and was pretty close to taking my test," she recalls. "My husband used to be an instructor, and he would give out the OK's for the students for their license, but he wasn't about to do me any favors. He abided by the restrictions on private flying during the war years."

The Civilian Pilot Training Program (CPTP), the brain child of General Harry "Hap" Arnold, started in 1939, two years after Frank Wilson had purchased the field, which he had been leasing since 1933, when he named it after himself. Within a few months the War Department had established flight schools in every collegiate community with an airfield. Wilson hired about twenty instructors for his cadet flying students from Dickinson College. On February 28, 1943, five hundred to seven hundred air cadets arrived at Dickinson College. They would march down the sidewalks of Dickinson College and the other students would have to move aside. They got the best class rooms, best dormitories, and good meals.³

At that time Frank Wilson was in advanced training, offering all phases—primary, secondary, cross country and instructor ratings—at his little field. Among the Wilson Field instructors were Hank Hankinson; Rupert Leohner, Johnny Betz, Herby Erdman, who later started the Hershey Airport, and Frank Sunday, Carl Norton, Carl Lewellen, Matthew Wiland, Bill Taylor, Ethyl and Helen Jones, and Henry Erdman. This was a prosperous time for all airfields with CPTP contracts.

The entry of the United States into the war, after the infamous Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941, resulted in virtually no private flying and domestic air travel except for essential purposes. There was a drastic change at Wilson Field when the federal government took control over the airport by buying all the planes and leasing them back to Wilson Flight Service. The Service was reassigned as a primary field only, and that meant no more advanced courses like cross country flight and instrument training that Frank liked so much. The Cadets were given just eight hours of training in Piper Cub J-3s.

Frank decided to get out of aviation because the government bought up his airplanes and told him what he could teach. He had wanted to do it his own way, with a good deal of

emphasis on safety. In 1943 Wilson entered into a sales-lease agreement with Bill Taylor, and three years later sold the airport to Bill, who naturally named it Taylor Field. On his part, Frank figured he had enough of flying, so he established the Wilson Paving Company, between Carlisle and Mount Holly Springs, which is now operated by his wife and children.

Hank Hankinson learned to fly in southern New Jersey. When he came here he did not have an instructor's rating, but Frank Wilson said he could sit in on the instruction. So he went to Harrisburg and took the test with the others and passed. He stayed there when Bill Taylor bought the airport. Bill was drafted into military service and left Hank to manage the airport while he was gone.

Hank said Taylor Field was becoming run down, and people were starting to steal things off the airplanes. When Bill Taylor returned from the service, he modified airplanes. He bought the dies and plans from a Texas firm to change the single engine Navion airplane to a twin engine Camair airplane. Later he moved the operation to Clearwater, Florida. One of the hangars still exists there.

In 1961 Bill sold Taylor Field to Harry West and Jim Patton, who named it Westpat Airport. They sold the field in 1974 to Valk Manufacturing Company and the Progressive Service Die Company. Thus, no more airport. ⁴

HARRISBURG SEAPLANE BASE

The Harrisburg Seaplane Base was started in 1945 by Russ Crow and his wife. It was at the West Shore side of the Walnut Street Bridge at Wormleysburg.

Russ was a pick-up mail pilot flying a single engine Stinson for All American Aviation. A pick-up pilot was one that had an airplane that could drop a bag of mail and pick up another bag of mail with a long hook. A dentist originated this idea. When they went to multi-engine DC-3's and dropped the pick-up pilots, Russ started the Harrisburg Seaplane Base. All American Aviation, became All American Airways, then Allegheny Airlines, and finally U.S. Air.

The early seaplane base had a Piper Cub and a Cessna 140 with pontoons. Russ Crow also flew a Cessna T-50 (Bamboo Bomber Model DR VC 78) for the AMP corporation. The Bamboo Bomber was built on a wood and welded steel frame covered with fabric. Two Jacobs radial engines with wooden propellers (called Butter Paddles) developed 225 HP; with metal propellers they developed 245 HP. This twin could not climb with one engine. On one flight Russ was coming over Capital City at night when both engines stopped, but he made a perfect dead stick landing..

A pilot by the name of Zimmerman and his wife, a former WASP (Women's Air Force Service Pilots), leased the Seaplane Base for a few years after Russ Crow died in 1964 at age 50. Business wasn't so good because they had to close it down in the winter. Red Macfarlane said having a seaplane base was a good way to starve to death. Mrs. Ruth Crow Dittmar, Russ's widow, sold the base to Robert F. McFarland in 1968.

McFarland built four airplanes. He reportedly had one of the highest test scores in the Armed Forces. Bob, who lived on Dickinson Avenue in Camp Hill, built his airplanes on the second floor of the Seaplane Base hangar which is on the south side of the Walnut Street Bridge on the West Shore in Wormleysburg.

One a Quickie (single place airplane) he made and flew, is in the Museum of Scientific Discovery at Strawberry Square in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He also made two DeBe BD-5 micros, but they never flew. Among McFarland's problems was the need of a suitable engine to be put in the BD-5. The BeDe airplane made by James Dede was very small, only about four feet tall, with a fifteen foot wing span, and ten feet long.

McFarland also made a Q-2 (Quickie-2) two-seater airplane that he flew, wrecked and rebuilt. Then he flew it to Florida, had an accident and was killed. Tim Firestone, from Camp Hill (his father operates Firestone Motors in Lemoyne) was with him at the time. Maybe the epoxy Bob used to repair the plane was not the correct kind, and the plane came apart because of the stress of some turbulent weather. ⁵

The seaplane base lasted a few years after the Harvey Taylor Bridge was built. McFarland's estate sold it to Howard Pflugfelder in 1987 for his boat harbor and sales room. The original hangar is still there, on the south side of the Walnut Street Bridge. ⁶

NORTON AIRPORT

One of Frank Wilson's instructors was Carl Norton, who came from Vermont and, supposedly with the help of a Loysville car dealer, started an airport west of Carlisle on the Governor Ritner Highway. It was called alternately the Carlisle Airport and Norton Field. The airport was built in 1946 and survived for about five years. The GI Bill helped some, but times were rough on the airports. Flight instruction during peace time is not too profitable a business. After Carl sold the airport he became an automobile salesman for Gerald Hoffman's on State Street in Penbrook.

The hangar is still there attached to the Triboro Cement Company building. The building is leased to Triboro by Ritner Steel. ⁷

SKYPORT AIRPORT

Skyport Airport was started by Dick Weibley in 1947 on the north side of the Carlisle Pike and Skyport Road. This became a productive field with as many as fifteen to twenty aircraft based there. Dick also became a dealer/distributor of the new Ercoupe. In 1964 the airport was sold to Bill Keeley for home development.

When Dick was going to high school Red Macfarlane used to pick him up on summer mornings in Harrisburg and take him to the New Kingstown Airport to spend the day. Dick learned to fly when he was eighteen-years-old. He obtained his license in 1934. At the Wilson



SKYPORT Airport north of Carlisle Pike c. 1950.



NORTON AIRPORT Hanger in a contemporary photograph. The Triboro Concrete Company now occupies the former hanger, located on the Governor Ritner Highway, U.S. Route 11.

Airport he flew a Curtiss biplane pusher where the passenger sat in front of the pilot. Katherine Weibley was a passenger. He flew for fifty-two years, until his death at seventy in 1986.

Dick sometimes flew from Wilson Field using his commercial flying license and working at Olmsted Air Base at Middletown on December 7, 1941. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Dick and Katherine were living in a farm house near Carlisle. Soon after that, one night at 11:30 PM, Katherine said, a police officer came to the door and told Dick to take the wings off his airplane. Dick did this and disassembled the carburetor. At that time no one knew what was going to happen in the war. There might have been a few ambitious CAA inspectors who became very uptight and assumed some responsibility that was not theirs, definitely not a normal procedure.

The government started to recruit private pilots and gave courses at Wilson Field. Moses Herwitz came from Lock Haven and gave Dick and other pilots in the area more advanced flight training. Then Dick Weibley and other pilots had to go to Reading Airport, then Maxwell Field, then Kelly Field in Texas for more flight training. The Army Air Force did not know what to do with these flying instructors. Dick received no benefits from the government because he was in the Enlisted Reserves. The Army Reserve told Dick to go home, and they would call him when they needed him.

Dick got on a bus and rode for two days. He stopped at an airfield in Miami, Oklahoma to see his friend Herwitz, who was training pilots there. He asked for a flight instructor job and was hired even without Herwitz's recommendation, because Moe was instructing at the time of the job interview.

There were six instructors there for the No. 3 British Flyers Training School; each had four students to teach. Dick worked as an instructor for four years. The student pilots came with ten hours of instruction. They then got intensive training for two months in a PT-1119 and then 4 months in a AT-6. This was one part of the Sparton School of Aviation. All the pilots they trained in Course #1 were killed in Dunkirk. Twenty-three pilots had fatal accidents while at the training school. Dick and Katherine Weibley were invited to England by the British pilots they trained to attend their 40th reunion.

When the war was over, Dick wanted to have his own airport. He first looked at an area around Lingelstown, but his friend Red Macfarlane said the westerly winds would cause a hazardous crosswind on the landing strip. Finally Dick picked out an eighty-six-acre spot north of the Carlisle Pike in Hampden Township. There were 230 trees on the selected area that had to be cut down to make way for the landing field.

When Dick had the FAA inspectors there to examine the airport for accrediting, a farmer crossed the runway with his horses and wagon. Also Wilson Airport was only three miles away. The Croghan House (the oldest log house in Cumberland County) is located next to the airport. A neighbor, Mr. Shaw, finally gave permission for the airport. Dick eventually got accredited and an airport license in 1947 from the FAA and the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation.

Following is an excerpt from the "Conformity of Law" provision that affect airports:

All rules and regulations promulgated by the department under the authority of this part shall be consistent with and conform to the Federal statutes and regulations governing aeronautics. Examples: No. 1 license for a new airport which is within 5 miles radius of an existing airport. 2. Proof of violations. (At Skyport Airport one turf runway ran east and west 2500 feet parallel to the Carlisle Pike and the other ran north and south 1800 feet.)

A mailman named the dirt road going to the airport, Skyport Road.

Dick Weibley's daughters went to Camp Hill schools. One day the art teacher told one of them to make a drawing. This one daughter drew a tetrahedron (four faces) which shows the wind direction at an airport so the pilot can land into the wind. The teacher thought it was a Christmas tree. One lands toward the blunt end.

Dick got blueprints of the Ercoupe, a small two-place, low-wing plane, from Riverdale, Maryland. He made many improvement modifications of the Ercoupe that were FAA-approved. He used to have Ercoupe fly-ins at Skyport.

Paul Konhaus used to take flying lessons from Dick Weibley. When it came time for his cross country solo, Dick sent him out. Then he waited and waited, and finally Paul called and told Dick to bring the truck because he had landed in a field and the nose wheel had gone into a fence post hole. He said the sun was going down and he thought he was going east.

Dick's one daughter learned to fly in an Aeronca Tri-Traveler, a high wing airplane. She could not fly the Ercoupe, because with the low wing she lost her depth perception. Art Myers was her instructor.

Dick used to send his wife, Katherine, to Thomasville (York Airport) to see Carl Ort for parts. He would come out of the dark warehouse with his long beard and startle people. He had a stack of OX-5 engines there and thousands of other parts that he had got as surplus from World War II. He knew where everything was in the big warehouse. One day a fire occurred and everything was burned. Carl Ort had a UPS 7 Waco.

Dick developed an aneurysm in 1964 and did not fly after that as a pilot. He died the day he was moving from his home at Skyport in 1986.

Howard Bartholomew, who came from Princeton Airport, New Jersey, took an option on Skyport, from September 1963 to September 1968, with the right to buy at the end of the lease. In 1968 a student pilot lost control of a Cessna 150 airplane at Skyport, and it went into the backyard of a neighbor, the propeller decapitating Mrs. John Ninosky as she was putting up her wash. Her husband worked as a guard at the Whitehill Correction Prison, and part-time for Weibley.

Bartholomew did not pick up his option, so Dick Weibley sold the airport to William Keeley, a real estate developer. Then Bart moved to Capital City Airport. He had a wife and a son, Bubber, who was a pilot. Bart died a few years after that.⁸

CARLISLE AIRPORT

The Carlisle Airport was developed from an apple orchard southeast of the town in 1963, when Interstate 81 was constructed. The road builders' big machinery leveled off the land for the airport. It was started by Jerry Davids and his father, Jefferson (Judson) Davids, a Carlisle pharmacist. It was later sold to the Business Airport of Carlisle and acquired its present name.

Carlisle Airport is the only one in Cumberland County with a hard runway. The airport has about fifty airplanes and twenty-one hangars. Some people still call it a business airport. It can accommodate limited instrument approaches, but for precision approaches one must leave Cumberland County to use either Harrisburg International Airport or Capital City Airport in northern York County.

Gene Fisher owned an interest in and operated the Carlisle Airport for a period of time until his death, and now his estate controls his share. Fisher was a military-trained pilot and collector of rare military airplanes. He orchestrated a collection of simulated Japanese aircraft at air shows around the nation. The show was called, "Tara Tara" in reference to the Japanese code name for the 7 December 1941 surprise attack. He bought a "Dukes Mixture" of three or four airplanes that somewhat resembled WWII-type Japanese fighters; they shot blanks and made smoke.

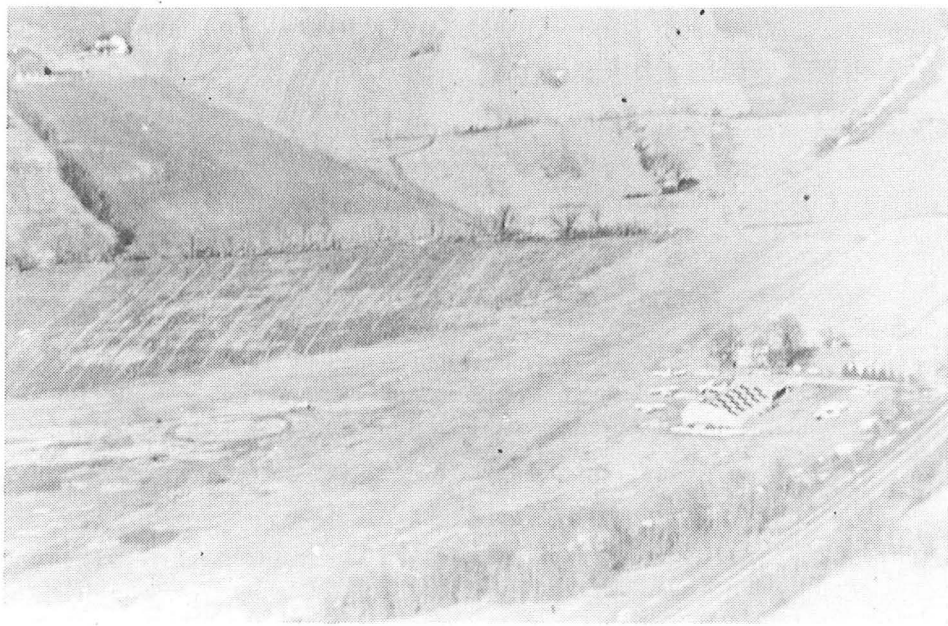
He was one of the top officials of the Carlisle Frog and Switch Corporation and was on the board of directors of Flight Systems. Gene Fisher's estate is owned by his daughter and son-in-law and is administered by George Gardner. Tom Chambers manages the airport's daily activities. About twenty-five airplanes land there daily on the average, making around 9,000 a year.

To summarize, Carlisle Airport is owned by the Business Airport of Carlisle, Inc. There are four principles or stockholders involved. They are the Gene Fisher estate, George Gardner, Robert Strayer, Michael Stoner and the Lutz family.⁹

SHIPPENSBURG AIRPORT

Shippensburg Airport was started in 1946 by Cecil Baer, who bought an abandoned 60.5-acre farm east of town. He had learned to fly at the Sunset Airport in Chambersburg, which is now a home development. The Shippensburg airport was used for general aviation purposes and occasionally by United States Army officials, who would land there and drive the twelve miles to Letterkenny Depot. Mrs. Baer still owns the airport, and her son, James, runs it.

Art Myers recalls that George Plough used this field, with a Taylorcraft and, later, a Globe



SHIPPENSBURG Airport in an undated photograph.

Swift. John Abiuso landed there once due to weather conditions. Cecil recovered airplanes like the Piper Tri-paper and Aeronca. Cecil Baer was in the army for three or four years before WWII started. A motorcycle accident that affected his leg kept him out of service when the war began.¹⁰

MOUNTAIN VIEW AIRPORT

John and Mary Adams and Don and Sandy Lau established a landing strip in 1960 to the south of Mountain View Road, off Orr's Bridge Road in Hampden Township. This private airport lasted several years. The hangar is no longer there; the strip was 2,200 feet long. John and Mary Adams moved to Heidlersburg, Pennsylvania, where they operated a VW garage. John has since passed away. Don Lau moved to Florida and Sandy has passed away as of this date.¹¹

EMERGENCY STRIP

An emergency strip was started by the Pennsylvania Aeronautics Commission on the Walnut Bottom Road in 1946 about three quarters of a mile east of Centerville. There was no hangar, just a grass strip and a telephone that could be used by airmail pilots if the weather got bad or something was wrong with their airplane. Emergency strips were placed every ten miles from Carlisle to Pittsburgh. On a clear night a pilot might see four beacons and each beacon had its own code which it blinked in Morse Code. There was a beacon near Taylor

Field, east of New Kingstown, located on the hill in back of Cumberland Valley High School. One was on the York Hill just opposite the Capital City Airport. There is also a beacon for display in the lobby of the Harrisburg International Airport.

M. Pat Brooke used the strip to give flying lessons, sightseeing flights and aerial photography, but this operation did not last very long, as he moved to Capital City in 1946 to operate an FBO (Fixed Base Operation) and bought a Quonset Hut to install there at the Hangar 3 Area at Capital City Airport. This Quonset Hut is said to be the largest one in the northern hemisphere. M. Pat Brooke, along with sons M. Pat Brooke, Jr. and Jim, operated a flying school.¹²

KINGSBOROUGH AIRPORT

Two miles north of Carlisle on Route 34, Edgar Kingsborough built an airport. Airport Drive is on the right side of Route 34. There is a hangar there and it has been turned into a



FORMER Kingsborough Airport Hanger on Route 34 (Road to Sterrett's Gaps), north of Carlisle.

garage or gas station. Adjoining Airport Drive the streets were named Cessna Street, Auronca Street, and Piper Place. Edgar had a brother named Charlie and both have since passed away. Charlie's son, Jim, flies a pressurized Cessna 210 which he keeps at the Carlisle Airport.¹²

BITTNER STRIP

Alan Bittner built a private strip off Lamb's Gap Road and flew a Navion airplane. The hangar is still there. He had a UPF 7 Waco and used to stunt fly it. Art Myers remembers that one of Alan's brothers had a Volkswagen dealership on Rt. 11 near Carlisle and a transmission

repair shop in Lemoyne. He believes Carson Bittner, another brother, was connected with the "Chain Works" at the rear of 6th Street and Bosler Avenue, Lemoyne. The property was sold to a non-flying owner. Irving Deitch of Irving Shoes.¹³

DEITCH STRIP

Guy Deitch had a limited private strip on Rich Valley Road next to the Conodoguinet Creek. A hangar is still there. Guy Deitch and Gene Breiner built a runway to the west of Rich Valley Road just north of the Conodoguinet Creek on Guy Deitch's land.



FORMER HANGER of the Alan Bittner Airstrip. It is located on the Lamb's Gap Road.



PIONEER PILOTS with a Travel Air 4000 Series airplane: John "Red" Macfarlane, Frank Wilson and Rupert Leohner.

Eugene Briner has a Fleet airplane. But the neighbors objected to it so they moved the airplane to Bermudian Valley Airport. Also there were the hazards of the Conodoguinet Creek, the cliffs of Valley View Road, the soggy soil when wet, and the power lines. They also went through a cleared strip between the Troutman's fir trees. At one time some trees were knocked down by a plane and they were never replaced.

About ten years ago, an airplane fatality occurred at the Deitch Strip. A pilot had an annual inspection done on his Ercoupe there and he left it tied down for three months during a rainy spell. He never drained the water from the fuel tanks, and when he took off the plane climbed fifty feet, and the engine stopped, causing it to crash and burn.

Because of economics, population explosion, commercial development, and residential development, airport land is worth more for other purposes. Many small airports closed because land was worth more for residential and commercial developments. Carlisle Airport and Shippensburg Airport are the only two airports remaining out of twelve in Cumberland County.¹⁴

ENDNOTES

1 *Carlisle Evening Sentinel*, 28 September 1911.

2 Conversations with Art Myers, John Macfarlane and Ben Peters, Jr.

3 See Christine Myers Crist, *Cumberland County History* 8:78-86.

4 Conversations with Mary Jane Wilson, Art Myers and John Macfarlane.

5 In 1943 McFarland, serving as a glider pilot in the C-B-I Theatre, requested Robert G. Crist to survey an open field, of what later became the Camp Hill Shopping Center, with the idea of buying the farm as an airport site.

6 Conversations with Art Myers, John Macfarlane and Richard Machamer.

7 Conversations with Art Myers, Elwood Taylor and Robert Strayer.

8 Conversations with Katherine Weibley, Art Myers, John Macfarlane, Howard Bartholomew, Jr., and Robert Hoover.

9 Conversations with Robert Strayer, Jay Shettel, Jr., Art Myers and Elwood Taylor.

10 Conversations with Mrs. Cecil Baer, John Macfarlane and John Abiuso.

11 Conversations with Art Myers, James Billow and Arthur Feister.

12 Conversations with Art Myers, James Kingsborough and Elwood Taylor.

14 Conversations with Art Myers and Mike Shoun.

CALLING MORE PILOTS

This mimeographed sheet by Colonel (Ret.) Henry E. Smith of the Dickinson faculty was used to recruit Air Cadets to be trained at the Wilson Field. Courtesy of Mary Jane Wilson.

U.S. at war needs more pilots. Air superiority is going to win this present struggle and there is no denying it. Superiority only can be built on manpower—men to fly the airplanes which are being hatched in the nations vast production lines.

The Army is utilizing the facilities of the Civilian Pilot Training Programs to train large numbers of airmen under their accelerated program which started in July, all of whom will be for non-combat duty. While the Navy is furnishing enlisted reservists of classes V-1 and V-5 for this same training—the major portion of whom will be combat flyers.

In the Army phase of the program the trainees will not be required to meet the stringent physical requirements for combat cadets. The age limit extend from 18 - 36 years. Novices and men with some flying experience are wanted. Those with previous training will enter the training at appropriately advanced stages.

The Civilian Pilot Training (a misnomer—as all trainees are enlisted) is available to men who can pass the Civil Aeronautics Administration mental and physical tests: However, men in the age group of 18-26-years, inclusive, can be accepted only if they have been unable to pass the requirements of the Army for flying cadets.

Accepted applicants in the program will be enlisted in the Reserve Corps of the Army Air Forces and will be called at the completion of certain courses for prescribed duty in the Army. After eight weeks to eight months of CPT instruction, trainees may be assigned to Army flying schools and have the opportunity of qualifying for a commission or the rank of Staff Sergeant with flight pay.

There are seven courses offered by CPT—Elementary; Secondary; Cross Country; Liaison; Link Instrument; Link Instrument Instructor; and Flight Officer. They are listed in the order of their sequence of flying skill. The Elementary, Cross Country and Instructor courses are being given at the Wilson Flying Service, New Kingstown, Penna. All courses on a full time basis and cover a period of approximately eight weeks.

Trainees are provided with flight and ground training; insurance; physical examinations; food; lodging; uniforms; and transportation.

The Pilots trained at the Wilson Flying Service live at Dickinson College, Carlisle, during their training. One group under this new accelerated program has been graduated and another is now in training. A third class will start late in November. The last group from the Instructor Course—which completed September 23rd all received assignments within 48 hours—as an example of the demand for those trainees.

Persons interested in additional information are urged to contact Colonel Henry E. Smith, Coordinator for Dickinson College, Carlisle, at Telephone Harrisburg 38307 in the evenings or call the Wilson Flying Service, New Kingstown at any time—telephone Mechanicsburg, 59.

The Greek Community In Carlisle, Pennsylvania

John Peslis

The author wants to give credit to Thalia J. Pappas, of Carlisle, who assisted him in the interview of members of the Greek community whose responses constituted the research basis for this American Studies paper.

In the heart of the very green and idyllic Cumberland Valley of Central Pennsylvania sits the town of Carlisle. Just like any other town, it has its old and historic buildings and people with their own backgrounds. Among these people of different ethnic backgrounds is the very prominent Greek community. There are forty-five families that reside in Carlisle that are of Greek descent. Fortunate for the writer who would examine the Greeks is that the patriarch, the original Greek to settle in the area is alive and very active in the Greek community.

He is Gus Kokolis, who was born in Sparta, Greece in 1898, and moved to the United States in 1912. His father was then in Pittsburgh, and they came to Harrisburg together. Typical of the era, many of the men who emigrated to the United States worked for many years and sent money back to the old country, where the wives would raise their children until the men returned. This is the pursuit of that happiness and the realization of that dream many looked at new horizons and explored them for a better economic opportunity. Thus, Gus and his brother Angelo, along with their father, moved to Carlisle six months after they had come to Harrisburg from Pittsburgh. There they opened up a shoe shine parlor and sold peanuts.

However, be it human greed, or Greek ingenuity, Gus and Angelo saw and seized an opportunity in the billiard business. They opened up on the main street, High, the Kokolis brothers billiard hall.

As human nature seems to have it with their better economic prosperity, more Greeks were attracted and settled into the area. Many of them went into the restaurant business, many of which are still operated by the original owners or their immediate family members. These early pioneers had more than their ethnic background in common. They were mostly men, all of the Eastern Orthodox faith, that yearned for the old country and their families. As they progressed economically, they started to build on the next block of what would complete the circle of a ideal Greek family's background. They started working together as partners rather

then on their own. Thus, the famous Texas restaurant originally started by John Karagiannis, father-in-law to Gus Costopoulos, was taken over by his son-in-law and Charles Kollas in their early forties. This restaurant became the training ground for future Greek settlers of the area. It is now called the Lone Star Restaurant.

More of these young men started moving to the area and settling in it. As prosperity took hold ensuring the group, they started sending home for their women. As they came and settled, families with children had another need that is said to be innate in the Greek soul: the need of a church. In the early 'twenties the heads of the established families in Harrisburg had decided to sponsor a visiting priest at various sites of the city. They drew into the scheme the Carlisle Greeks. That seems to have been the original block of fervor for the establishment of a Greek church. During the 'thirties, a letter issued by the Archdiocese made Nick Panagopoulos (Pappas) the first constitutional president, and sanctioned was the formation of a church. Even though they had no building of their own, they practiced Orthodoxy, celebrated special occasions, had picnics, and reminisced about the "old country" as a group. In 1937 the Reverend Theodoros Tsekouras became the first of many priests to serve the community on a permanent basis. Church services were held in many paint shops, dance halls and homes and also at the chapel on Seventeenth and State Streets Harrisburg, where the Liturgy was complemented with altar boys and a choir. Then they moved the services to the Episcopal Cathedral Church of Saint Stephen on Front Street and they stayed until they built the church on Walnut Street. At that time progress was halted temporarily by World War II. Many of the Greek young men answered the call to duty for their country.

The Greek community also aided in the War Bond drives through the businesses. This involvement gained them recognition and respect. At the end of the war the Greek school, which had been started in the 'thirties, now became more organized and active. When the tenure of Mrs. John Pavlidis was finished, the era and unsurpassable effect on Greek education locally of Mrs. Asimina Tsilimigras started. She insisted that every child of Greek extraction be educated in Greek religion, grammar and history. The Turks during four hundred years of rule tried to erase all links Greeks had with their past and to convert them. The church however, ran secret sessions of schools in Greek history and religion that kept the ethnic heritage alive under the Turk's nose. It was no wonder that the Greek Declaration of Independence and the start of the revolt against them came in a church and was led by a priest. Christianity and Hellenism are one and inseparable.

As the Greek community of the Greater Harrisburg area now had grown to 150 families, they had a meeting and, attempting to satisfy all the Greek faithful of the area, bought a lot on the West Shore in order to build a new church that would be centrally located and would serve all of them. The involvement of the community was all but unanimous.

Throughout the struggle for this location for a religious reason, some people, very few, upset at some of the bickering and lack of a church closer to them, converted to other faiths. Some even married outside the Greek ethnic group. One phenomenon, however, is the greater majority of them had their new significant other convert to Orthodoxy. The psyche of the Hellenes and their religion along with some peer pressure, are one and the same.

The Greek community of Carlisle prior to World War II was somewhat shunned because of their accents, different religious practices, their phenomenal closeness, their different family values in the same way that the Jewish people were at the time. After their contribution of military service and support of the government in the war effort, the prejudices and discrimination all but came to a halt. One of the pleasantly surprising facts that surfaced in the research was this love for their new country and their determination to become citizens. Ninety-seven percent of those that made the Carlisle area their home became naturalized citizens and are very active in their voting. Even though, they were used to a multi-party system in a Greece that was ruled by a King, they adopted the new two party system. Even though the majority of them are Democrats, there is a very strong Republican representation in this group. They came to be very supportive of their fellow Greeks running for office and they crossed party lines to support them.

The Kostopoulos family, who are among the original Greeks in Carlisle and the parents of a prominent lawyer, are an example of this. The father, Konstantinos is a Republican and the mother Katherine, a staunch Democrat. She jokingly related that after all this time they still argue at home about politics. Greece, the cradle of Democracy, is known amongst political circles as the first "land of lawyers." This particular family keeps that tradition alive after 2200 years of democracy.

Gus Kokolis tells of visiting a Carlisle bank circa 1930, where he withdrew \$6,000 out of his savings. He then gave the money to his father to take to Greece because they were going to marry off one of his sisters. The banker asked Kokolis if he secured some kind of a promissory note from his father. Young Gus was shocked but then replied with a smile "What are you talking about: he's my father." The banker was astounded with that reply and told Gus that he would have an unlimited credit line at his bank.

Through time, and as Greeks in Carlisle became a financially strong group, they had the chance to serve on several local bank boards, but they do however, seem to use Farmers Trust the most. They do not seem to be so focused or unanimous in their choice of insurance agents however.

As generations came and went, progress was not being measured in financial and professional success. Most of the first generation, although involved in the restaurant business, pushed their children into education and the professions. Products of that push for excellence can be considered, William Kostopoulos, criminal defense attorney; William Kollas, attorney; John Broujos, attorney and former member of the Pennsylvania legislative; Tom Kanganis, CPA, and many others.

In Carlisle the Greek community can be divided into two groups. Those that came from the little village of Neohorion, Nafpaktias, and those that are from the Peloponese. The first group comprises eighty-five percent of the total number. The importance of this fact is, that these Neohorites when they first came to the Harrisburg area and before they settled in the Carlisle and surrounding areas were shunned by other Greeks that were in the majority Peloponesians. That they stuck together and did things their own way was not well taken. The Neohoriton Society of the Greater Harrisburg area, today continues to exist and to thrive and is probably the most active society member of the Orthodox church and its affiliate groups.

Greeks as a whole are freedom loving, happy, easy going people. From the times that the Persians attacked and conquered Greece, Greek warriors would dance and sing right in front of the advancing enemy while facing certain death. These practices have been heralded and transplanted into the Greek psyche for thousands of years.

Thus, after the four hundred plus years of Turkish occupation, lasting into the nineteenth century they have continued to keep some of these traditions alive. As soon as a Greek school was formed and introduced on the anniversary of Greek Independence Day, which is on the twenty-fifth of March, they would put on plays, celebrating the heroic uprising. Further more they used and still do wear the traditional costumes. Then a Greek dance group was introduced through efforts of the Neohoriton Society. It took hold in 1991. The Greek church and its people are now represented in ethnic folk dance festivals by the Olympic Flames dance group, strongly supported by the Greeks.

As for criminal, or other out-of-the ordinary behavior, there is no proof or evidence of any. Several problems within households of families have been settled privately.

It seems as if the first Greeks to settle in the area are the ones that have visited the old country the least. To the contrary, their offspring born here and with children of their own acted like persons with solid roots in the country of opportunities. The ones that came over at a later period when living conditions were better in Greece, seemed to be the ones visiting more and planning to return to Greece permanently. Only a minority of them however, have successfully executed the repatriation plan.

In the research another fact supporting this issue has surfaced. Out of the forty-five Greek families in Carlisle, only fifteen subscribe and receive at home the Greek American daily newspaper *National Herald*, which is printed in New York. That suggests that only one-third are really interested in what goes on in Greece on a daily basis.

All the information gathered for this research has been gathered and still evolves around the church. The church is a "gathering of people" not a building. As the community has developed in the Greater Harrisburg area, and Greeks executed "Go West young man," they have always gone to the church.

The biggest question is whether or not the Greek will keep his identity. It seems that the old folks have been set in their ways act and will die Greeks. As to the second and later generation, the values and identity features become less evident. Only on special occasions does the community show homogeneity, when they all come together. Dancing, singing, helping, caring and sharing the Greek heritage.

What's in a Name: White Hill

Robert D. Rowland

White Hill is a village designation along the northern edge of Lower Allen Township, centered at the intersection of Hummel Avenue and 18th Street. Villages lack municipal boundaries, but the general area of White Hill would be considered as west of the end of the residential development in the Borough of Lemoyne on Hummel Avenue and extending westerly along the railroad track approximately one mile to the intersection of Carlisle Road and State Road. White Hill has also been used to designate the first stone house to be erected in Camp Hill, then known as Lowther Manor (Whitehill's); a railroad village started in the late 1830s; two railroad stations on two separate rail lines; and the end of the line on the streetcar run.

The name comes from Robert Whitehill (1735-1813), who was born and raised in Pequea, Lancaster County, when he purchased two of the original twenty-eight tracts of Lowther Manor which has been laid out four years earlier. On this property he built the first stone house to be erected in the Manor located at 1903 Market Street, Camp Hill. Whitehill represented Cumberland County in many capacities for over thirty years. He was a member of the Convention in which the Constitution was approved for Pennsylvania. He was a member of the first State Assembly and later served in the Senate. His dwelling was reportedly known far and wide as "Whitehill's" long before the development of the railroads which would split his name into two words.

In 1835 the Cumberland Valley Railroad development was started. Presumably in support of the railroad construction, dwellings began to concentrate in the White Hill area. In 1846, it was reported that there were seven dwellers. White Hill was considered as the top of the hill in the long upgrade for the railroads heading west out of Harrisburg. Early schedules for the Cumberland Valley Railroad all indicate a station at White Hill.

State Street in Lemoyne used to extend in a westerly direction and cross the railroad track at level grade in the vicinity of 17th Street and continued behind the present homes within White Hill known as Gorgason Village. These initial dwellings were squeezed on a thin strip of land on the north side of State Street and south of the railroad tracks.

An 1858 county map by H. F. Bridgens indicates eight dwellings on the south side of the track and the Free warehouse on the north side of the track. The 1872 Cumberland County Atlas indicates only one additional dwelling. With the continual expansion and growth of the

Cumberland Valley Railroad, White Hill played a key role in the 1880s when a new brick roundhouse was constructed along the south side of the tracks. This replaced the smaller unit located in Bridgeport (Lemoyne). A new passenger station was also constructed in 1877, and the warehouses were expanded.

The area was highly impacted in the early 1900s when the railroad tracks were lowered and a bridge crossing was installed at present-day 17th Street. This bridge was installed at the key junction where three key roads used to meet: the New Cumberland Road (Columbus Avenue and Brandt Avenue), the road to the mill (18th Street), and State Street (which becomes Gettysburg Road).

The railroad prominence of White Hill was increased by the construction of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad in the early 1870s which also provided a White Hill station about five hundred feet south of the White Hill stations on the Cumberland Valley Railroad.

White Hill was also noted for being the "end of the line" for the Hummel Avenue trolley service which was initiated in May of 1896. This short, but apparently very busy, line was originally intended to be an extension of the trolley service coming from Harrisburg, but the owners, Harrisburg and Mechanicsburg Electric Railway Company, were never able to secure approval to construct a bridge across the Northern Central Railroad at the river end of Hummel Avenue. Thus, it was necessary for trolley users coming from Harrisburg to cross the bridge and come down along the river and then disembark, cross the railroad track, and climb the buff to the end of Hummel Avenue and board the White Hill car. This line extended less than two miles to the Village of White Hill where further progress had been blocked by the interconnect railroad between the Cumberland Valley Railroad and the Reading Railroad. It was reported that in the 1920s these streetcars were frequently full with people standing. From the last stop at White Hill, people would walk south to Milltown or north on 17th Street to Camp Hill.

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