CUMBERLAND County History

Summer 2002

Volume Nineteen
Number One

In This Issue

Contributions Solicited

The editor invites articles, notes, or documents on the history of Cumberland County and its people. Such articles may deal with new areas of research or may review what has been written and published in the past.

Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced. Citations should also be double-spaced; they should be placed at the end of the text.

Authors should follow the rules set out in the Chicago *Manual of Style.*

Queries concerning the content and form of contributions may be sent to the Editor at the Society.

Membership and Subscription

The basic annual membership fee of the Cumberland County Historical Society is $30. All members receive Cumberland County History as part of their membership. Individual issues may be purchased for $5 each.

Correspondence concerning membership and subscriptions should be addressed to the Executive Director at the Society.

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CUMBERLAND COUNTY HISTORY

Cumberland County Historical Society and Hamilton Library Association: Carlisle

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Contributors

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Karl H. Pass of Mechanicsburg, is a graduate of Warren Wilson College, Asheville, N.C. and studied natural resources management at Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, Vt. He has also been an intern at Colonial Williamsburg Foundation and the Landis Valley Museum in Lancaster County, Pa. He is currently curatorial assistant at the Cumberland County Historical Society and is enrolled in the graduate program in American Studies of Pennsylvania State University.

Merri Lou Schaumann, an independent historian, is a frequent contributor to this journal, author of *Taverns of Cumberland County, (1994),* one of the volumes in the Society's County Heritage series, and was chairman of the Cumberland County Bicentennial program in 2000.

In the last issue of this journal (Winter 2001) the following errors were made:

James L. Otstot's name was incorrectly printed as John F. Otstot. The name was correctly given at the head of his article.

Robert D. Rowland was incorrectly named Richard in the list of Contributors. His name appears correctly elsewhere in the journal.

On page 76 the aerial photograph of the Yellow Breeches Creek is misdated, by a transposition of numbers, 1973 instead of 1937.

The editor regrets these embarrassing mistakes and oversights.

James W. Sullivan, Carlisle Man of Letters

Jan Hays

The front page of the Wednesday, September 28, 1938, *Evening Sentinel* displayed two large headlines with accompanying pictures. One portrait was of President Franklin D. Roosevelt with the stated hope he could act as a peacemaker in the Hitler initiated German-Czechoslovakian dispute. The other, an image of an elderly, bearded gentleman, bore the legend: "Distinguished Citizen Passes"

The man was James William Sullivan. J.W., as he will often be referred to in this paper, was born 90 years earlier on March 9, 1848, in a fine, old house which still stands at 17–19 North East Street between High and Louther. His

James W. Sulllivan's boyhood home at 17–19 North East Street, Carlisle. The house was a single house when Sullivan lived here. Photo by Raphael S. Hays II, 2001

Dwen House, North East Street, Carlisle. Photo by Raphael S. Hays II, 2001

parents were Timothy and Elizabeth Hagan Sullivan. They would have two children, James and Mary Frances. Born in 1845, Mary Frances would grow up in Carlisle and later marry State Senator Marion Weakley. J.W.'s mother was the widow of John Dwen before her marriage to Timothy Sullivan. They had one son, Tom Dwen, who was beloved by his younger half-brother James. According to Martha C. Slotten's excellent publication on "Carlisle's Old Northeast Side", Tom Dwen "was remembered for his athletic prowess, his Irish good looks, his skills as a contractor, his soldierly abilities, and for building Dwen Cottage at 22 North East Street."

After completing his Gothic Victorian cottage for his bride, Mary, in 1857, Tom Dwen sailed to South America for a construction project. He would then return to Carlisle at the start of the Civil War and join his old company, the Carlisle Light Infantry. He was later killed in the battle of South Mountain, September 14, 1862.

The death of his brother would affect James W. Sullivan all his life. He would frequently refer to Tom in his writing or recall the incidents surrounding his death. In 1864 when Tom's Company H, as it was then known, returned to Carlisle, J.W. wrote:

> I was sadly disappointed in then seeing what little was left of its original membership. Tom, its captain for fourteen months, had been dead for two years — my hero, friend, brother, was not among those who had returned. I went home and sorrowed.[1]

Elizabeth Sullivan was widowed for the second time but continued to live in the North East Street house with her two children, James and Mary Frances. J.W., apparently a good student, finished all but his last year in Carlisle High School. At, or around, the time of his leaving school J.W. became a printer's apprentice with *The American Volunteer*, one of a few newspapers published in town. He was a quick study and soon became skilled at his trade. Much of what is known about J.W. Sullivan's early life in Carlisle is sketchy, but that which can be learned is gleaned through a famous letter sent by him many years later to Jane Van Ness Smead, daughter of his boyhood friend and life-long correspondent, A.D.B. Smead. The 44-page letter written in 1932, when J.W. and his wife were living in Hereford, England, was presented later to the Hamilton Library in 1933 by another friend of J.W.'s, John M. Rhey. The letter, which recalls events of 70 to 80 years earlier in the writer's life, clearly demonstrates his keen ability to observe and retain details even as a young lad. His pre-war memories date back to 1856. At eight years of age, J.W. became quite excited about the national political campaign. He and his friends enjoyed the parades of all the parties. His candidates were "Buck and Breck," Buchanan for president and Breckenridge for vice president. In his words, he enjoyed "the banner raising, badge wearing, and boys' electioneering by fisticuffs." Four years later, the historical contest between Lincoln and Douglas found him more attentive to the speeches and less interested in the pageantry. When he was fifteen years old the Confederates invaded Carlisle. This is how he saw it in his own words:

> All idea of defending the town was soon abandoned. There ensued some days of anxious waiting. Carlisle traced the occupation successively of Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Shippensburg, and Newville as the telegraph ceased to work. . . . When at last columns of the Confederates actually marched into the west end of our town, there were panic stricken persons who knowing in indubitable report that the dreaded fact must be so yet could not realize it was so until they saw it for themselves.

He continues:

> Restless, I had gone 'up-street' bent on seeing how the victorious soldiers in gray were behaving. I ran home. 'Mother, they're here, coming right down Main Street!' She had been behind a window shutter peeping. By impulse to see for herself, she hastened out on our front porch and despite my protests fairly ran the fifty yards to Irvine's corner and looked up town. Neighbors from behind their window curtains called to her to go back home. But she had to linger and satisfy her temerarious curiosity. I stood by her side as in a tremble she gazed up the street. There they came, only a few hundred yards away!
>
> Just about the jail corner, one block from us, an array of cavalry, ranged in close formation the width of the road from curb to curb, was moving

> toward us slowly, the sharp clatter of their horses' hooves the only sound to be heard. Behind a little distance came in a dense body of other troops, also mounted. For a brief fraction of a minute we beheld the picture spellbound. When opposite Gardner's foundry, on the brow of the Main Street slope, the composite silhouette of the front rank horsemen, as seen from our lower level, was outlined against the sky. Of a sudden my mother shrieked, turned and ran homeward; I kept by her side. She locked the front door after us and bolted the ground shutters, her one thought now the safety of her daughter, whom she hid away. . . .

I took a watching place on our upper floor and looked through a rent in the window shade. . . . The clatter of the horses' hooves was the louder because there was no other sound. The foremost riders appeared ready to make a charge at any instant necessary. Big men, wearing broad brim hats, and mounted on good horses, they had a picturesque air of confidence and readiness for action. Their carbines they carried butt resting at the knee and barrel pointed upright. Merely a mounted advance guard, this first section to pass was of itself a strong force. Between it and the column of infantry, which followed down Main Street and continued on by the Harrisburg 'dirt' road, there was a long gap—perhaps of half an hour. The other main column of cavalry and infantry was passing north on Hanover Street, and out the Harrisburg pike; in much lesser numbers a detachment went down Louther Street and out to the barracks to take possession. . . .

Sullivan goes on in his narrative to comment on the appearance of the Confederate troops.

> I may now mention some of the points as to which I think the legend has not its facts right. It describes, for instance, the invading army as 'half starved' and 'in rags', and its equipment as 'worn out'. My eyes saw differently. . . . 'Where were those 'ragged uniforms?' those 'half-starved stragglers?' 'that army in a plight?'

As to the shelling of the town, J.W. gives a riveting account:

> On July 1, 1863, I was awakened soon after dawn by the sound of several voices cheering. . . . The occupation of the town by Confederates was at an end, forever. Few other Union troops arrived until much later in the day. It may have been an hour before sunset when the main body of the infantry marched in. They made a brave showing in coming up Hanover Street from the Harrisburg Pike to the central square. . . . The entire population, it would seem from the crowds in waiting, had been making ready to receive their rescuers. When the soldiers had stacked arms in the broad streets about the big four-quartered Square they found in the benches of the old L-shaped market house refreshments for the entire body of several thousand men. The women of Carlisle had brought out from their scantily

> stocked larders the essentials of a welcoming reception. Soon the scene was that of a merry picnic on a large scale. . . . The spirit of jubilation had been in possession of soldiers and people perhaps half an hour when suddenly amid the laughter and chatter there was set up a note of alarm. . . . The men in uniform began running one way and another, making for their respective commands. . . . As the blue uniformed men were hurriedly flocking to the west end of this quarter where their guns were stacked, I ran beside one. 'What's the matter?' The reply was: 'The rebels are right on us down by the railroad bridge coming into town!'. . . The opening of the bombardment came like a series of rock blast explosions attended by aerial screams loud and more piercing than big siren rippers from industrial works.

Sullivan goes on to tell how he and two of his friends were asked to gather the soldiers' knapsacks and throw them in basements for safekeeping.

Sullivan continues:

> Our knapsack job done. . . . I hastened down through the town by the alley which I had gone up. . . . Arrived at the southwest corner of East and Main, just below the Smead home, I found there two Louther Street neighbors, their attention directed down the road. One of them gave me this piece of news: 'There comes a flag of truce!' A hundred yards down Main Street, slowly advancing toward us in the gathering darkness, were three horsemen. They were, as I saw afterward, [a] cavalry officer and two troopers. The officer bore on a staff. . . plainly visible to us, a white flag of quite a large size. . . . When these three were midway between the spring and East Street two men armed issued from behind one of the partly destroyed railroad piers, halted the truce bearers, exchanged a word with them, and conducting them past where I was standing moved on up Main Street.

Upon his return home, Sullivan found his mother convinced there would be a renewal of the bombardment and gathered her two reluctant children and headed up Main Street. Their journey was a slow and terrifying one. Few persons were to be seen and it was very quiet. Sullivan continues: "We had reached but a short distance west of the square when a lively firing by the Confederate batteries began again. No truce had been agreed upon." Suddenly a shell exploded by the First Presbyterian Church and another frighteningly close to Mrs. Sullivan and her children. A man hiding in an alley roared at James' mother; "For God's sake, woman, take them children off the street. Do you want all to be killed?"

Finally the trio found shelter in a house near the old Methodist Church. Around ten o'clock they cautiously returned home to find that their house had taken a shell. After being assured that their damaged chimney could be repaired and that their home remained sound, they entered their safe and dry cellar with several neighbors. Towards midnight J.W. slipped out of the basement. Eager to know

how the battle was proceeding, he moved along East Street to Louther. Spotted by a Union soldier, he was warned to go home. In J.W.'s words upon returning:

> From a rear second story window I looked northeast and east over open plots and fields, in those days our house being at the last limit of the town in that quarter. I saw striking evidence that the Confederates knew their job. Long rows of the brick barracks buildings, in a direct line half a mile away, were in flames. The big lumber yard, much nearer, was also brilliantly burning. This spectacular destructiveness was going on without the slightest noise. Not a shot was to be heard. In fact, but little firing of small arms had taken place during the entire engagement. The dead silence enhanced the impressiveness of the scene. The 'Rebs' were gone.

Indeed they had already left for Gettysburg.

It was not long afterwards that J.W. Sullivan left Carlisle. He worked on several city newspapers, including Philadelphia and New York. For a while, he served as editor of the Cheyenne, Wyoming, *Leader*. In 1872, J.W. was 24 years old and in New York City. He wrote a lonely letter to Elizabeth (Lizzie) Smead, sister of his friend, A.D.B. Smead, telling her of his spare life. Sullivan says:

> On returning to New York, I resumed a manner of living in which there is little adventure and little change—that of a morning newspaper compositor. Breakfast at noon; in the afternoon, two hours work and three at leisure; dinner at six o'clock, commence labor at seven; end at three in the morning, retire and sleep until noon. This I may follow the next forty years; some of my acquaintance have lived thus for twenty—except they get drunk every Saturday night.[2]

It is during the 1870's as J.W. worked on various city newspapers, that he observed and internalized the hardships of the urban poor. His awakened sensitivity coupled with a self-educated but brilliant mind, would lead him on a path to national prominence. In 1877 he married Lillian Stewart of Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. Elizabeth Flower James remembers the couple, when she was a very little girl, as tiny in stature. Lillian Sullivan was sickly throughout most of their 61 years of marriage. Her illnesses were never named; indeed Sullivan, who reported regularly on Lillian's health in his letters to the Smead family, indicated that the myriad of doctors who treated her could not diagnosis her dizzy spells, weakness, and other symptoms. She spent months in various sanitariums in Europe and the United States.

Lillian traveled with J.W. as frequently as her health permitted. He crossed the Atlantic 26 times and Lillian was with him on all but four of the crossings. They were a devoted couple, both apparently enjoying the nomadic life they seemed to lead. Often they lived in boarding houses for extended periods here and abroad. Their letters were filled with discussions of the tenants and critics

of the boarding "table". The Sullivans did not have children but remained very interested in their nephews, nieces, and their good friends' daughter, Jane Smead. James W. Sullivan continued to grow professionally, conducting the first interview with then Captain Pratt, whom he probably got to know when he was a newspaper man in the West. The interview appeared March 16, 1880, in the *New York Times*. The piece headlined "Civilizing Indian Youth, A Solution of the Frontier Problem Through Education," outlines Captain Pratt's work with Indians at the Hampton School and the first students at the Carlisle Barracks. It concludes in Captain Pratt's hopes for the Indian School:

> We have room here for 300 or 350, and I hope soon to see that number here. It is my wish that there were fifty such schools at this moment in the United States. Five thousand children could be got at once to fill them. Before long, teachers, interpreters, farmers, tinsmiths, carpenters, harness makers, and shoemakers would be sent out among their tribes, and I believe hundreds would remove East. The country would soon get hold of the idea, the Indians would be civilized in one generation, their tribes disintegrated, the whole 250,000 soon absorbed by the whites and the standing disgrace of the country a story of the past.

In 1882 J.W. and his wife, settled for a time in New York. He became foreman of the proof room of the *New York Times* and joined the International Typographical Union. This was the true beginning of his public life. He began actively working for social industrial improvements. Desiring to enlarge his field of work by a more intimate knowledge of social, industrial, and political conditions in Europe, the Sullivans went abroad in 1888. They spent a great deal of time in Switzerland, J.W. studying the Swiss system of government. He investigated the initiative and referendum method of legislation as practiced there. He believed it could be adopted in this country. Upon returning to New York in 1889, he began a movement for the introduction of this purely democratic system in the United States.

Between 1892 and 1895 Sullivan toured the country widely as a general lecturer on the Initiative and Referendum. Additionally, he wrote many articles and an important book on the issue. Steven L. Piott, in an 1992 article for the Hayes Historical Journal titled *The Origins of the Initiative and Referendum in America*, says of James W. Sullivan's impact:

> In the 1880's a number of books and articles appeared in the United States advocating direct legislation along the Swiss model. By far the most influential and widely circulated of these works was J.W. Sullivan's *Direct Legislation by the Citizenship Through the Initiative and Referendum*. First published in 1892, the book went through several editions and became associated with the national reform movements.

J.W. soon became a close friend and advisor of Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor. He would accompany him on a European tour in 1909. Together they compiled a pamphlet, "Socialism as an Incubus on the American Labor Movement," presenting the A.F.L. case against the Socialists. Sullivan continued to press for the acceptance of the initiative and referendum. According to the *Pennsylvania Referendum Manual* of 1999;

> Between 1898 and 1918, twenty-two states concentrated in the western half of the country, adopted statewide initiative and referendum. Since then four additional states have adopted it. After the end of the Progressive era, referenda activity dropped off, with frequent use being limited to a few western states, notably California, Oregon, and Washington. The political ferment of the 1960's and 1970's brought about a rebirth of interest in initiative and referendum. The Watergate period led to a widespread public distrust of the governmental institutions. The referendum was seen as a tool to return decision making to the hands of the voters from distant and suspect seats of power.

In 1916 Samuel Gompers sent Sullivan to Europe on behalf of the A.F.L. to arrange for representation of the labor movements of allied and neutral countries at the post-war peace conference. Shortly before the United States entered the First World War in 1917, Sullivan was called home to accept a position as assistant chairman of the Committee on Labor. On August 2, 1917, he was appointed by Herbert Hoover to another wartime commission which set the price of wheat. By all accounts, J.W. Sullivan's hard work saved the United States over $30,000,000. During the war Sullivan worked tirelessly to raise money for the relief of war orphans and other people suffering in his beloved France. So successful was he that the French ambassador in Washington wrote him a letter of thanks and he was presented the Silk French Flag. Besides his *Direct Legislation* and several published reports for the National Civic Federation, Sullivan's writings include *Markets for the People*, published in 1913, a study of problems of economical food distribution in large cities, and two books of fiction, *Tenement Tales of New York* published in 1895, and *So the World Goes* in 1898. *Tenement Tales of New York* is a beautifully written book of eight fictional sketches: "Slob Murphy", "Minnie Kelsey's Wedding." "Cohen Figures", "Threw Himself Away", "Luigi Barbieri", "Leather's Banishment", "Not Yet" and "A Young Desperado." The stories are reminiscent of works of Charles Dickens. Sullivan's voice is that of the tale teller, the witness, often the narrator. He views life's drama through his window, sometimes metaphorical, on to the street or an adjoining building. One of the reviews of the work appeared in the *New York Times*, June 12, 1895. In part it states:

> The life that Mr. Sullivan pictures is not alone the life of tenements, but the life of streets, sweat shops and small trades. Each picture has the accuracy of a photograph but something else which cold photography cannot give—color, poetical charm, and the beauty that comes from things that are suggested rather than described. Mr. Sullivan's success in reproducing the way of thought, the points of view, the pronunciation, the slang, and the humor of persons in this town far outside his own sphere of life, strikes us as quite the most successful work of the kind that we have seen.

Of all the vignettes in *Tenement Tales*, "Not Yet, The Day Dreams of Ivan Grigorovitch" is arguably the most shattering. It is the dark tale of a Russian immigrant, Ivan Grigorovitch, who lives in New York city in the late 1800's. Sullivan had observed the effects of the economic depression in the United States during that period on all factions of labor, but most especially the Russian and Irish immigrants. We first encounter Ivan Grigorovitch as he leaves his tenement on the West Side, waiting for the train that will take him to his job.

> Among those taking a place in the line trailing out of the block was Ivan Grigorovitch, a short, barrelbodied, heavily bearded man, whose faded brown woolly overcoat was so big that it contrasted ridiculously with his little black slouched hat, while the tails nearly hid his wrinkled gray trousers, too short as they were even for his short legs—legs which were but bunty pegs that worked fast while bearing his bulky body slowly along. He was nervously making his best walking speed, with occasional awkward skips and short runs at convenient places, driven on perhaps by the factory whistles.
>
> Ivan boards the crowded train. He stands crushed together with other day workers. On leaving the train down town he put vim into his little pegs. Soon he turned onto a narrow street, a moment later entered a dark stairway to the top floor, there to pass into a workroom whose ceiling was a raftered roof. He had arrived at the shop some minutes before time. He was a tailor. His boss took any kind of contract in men's clothes. Sometimes the whole force of twenty odd men worked day and night on new goods; again, it was dull times, with only odd jobs at cleaning and repairing. Ivan was paid by the piece, but for all that he had to begin and quit work by the clock. When Ivan reported that morning for work, he felt in rather good trim. It was pay day, and during the week he had earned eight dollars. That was more than his average, as he was slow, and he never got the best work going. His wife, Marie, had told him to eat his lunch for once at a restaurant, and he knew one place where they gave a full meal and a glass of beer for a quarter. As he looked forward to his treat at noon, instead of his usual bread and bologna, he was cheery.

Ivan takes his position at the sewing table. The foreman passes out the work but runs out of garments before he reaches Ivan. Perhaps there will be more work later in the day. As he sits at his machine, Ivan draws pictures on his

pattern paper. He is a daydreamer. He imagines a better life for his wife Marie, and their two children, Peter and Adella. Suddenly he is awakened from his daydream. The foreman is bringing the weekly wages to the men. Ivan hears his name.

> Grigorovitch, six dollars! 'You're fined two dollars for spoiling that coat-collar last Saturday.' Ivan started up. The foreman was standing at the head of the stairs, paying off. Ivan, pale, went over and got his six dollars. Two other hands were fined. None protested. Grigorovitch had been wronged. As he went back to his place, head hot and blood tingling, he saw every circumstance of the case. The collar had left his hands in perfect order. Perhaps someone else had spoiled it, but he dared neither to insist that the foreman should find out who had done it nor to deny doing it himself. The collar was not worth two dollars. And it could not have been entirely ruined. He was being plucked.

Depressed, Ivan tries to figure out how he can make up the lost two dollars in his meager wage. Of course, there would be no lunch today. He would walk home. He had promised to take Peter and Adella to the dime museum. How could he deny them? He would make the decision later. The hours drag on. There is no piece work for the little tailor today. He begins the long journey home. It is dark and Ivan soon grows tired and quite ill. His deformed body that has known so many years of starvation and abuse in his native Russia cannot sustain this assault. Ivan collapses and dies. People passing by think that he is drunk and a derelict. Finally, an ambulance arrives and carries Ivan's body to the city morgue.

> For two days the stark body lay on a marble slab, exposed to public view, unrecognized. Then two dead-house attendants thrust it into a rough pine coffin and piled it with fifty other bodies—a week's find for the city, —on the deck of the pauper steamboat, to be take to Barren Island. There, rough laborers in Potter's Field, smoking clay pipes and gossiping Tammany politics, dumped it among the countless little-cared-for and soon-forgotten. Its place is third in the forty-ninth rank of sevens, one on top of another, in the two hundred and seventy-second row.

As with many people of insight and character, James W. Sullivan possessed great humor. It is apparent in some of his writing and many of his letters. One tongue-in-cheek, very funny, letter tells of a wild Atlantic ship crossing in 1889. Sullivan relates:

> There were nine passengers, a Mr. and Mrs. Nash of London and their boy of 9-years, a Mrs. St. Louis, a young Canadian architect intensely loyal to the Queen, a Tory Irishman, a young prig of an ex-officer of the British Navy and ourselves.

He continues:

> Mrs. St. Louis, a large blonde, ordered a bottle of whiskey on coming aboard, disappeared in her cabin and turned up the next day on deck drunk. She went down (to her cabin) after supper and drank herself dead drunk.

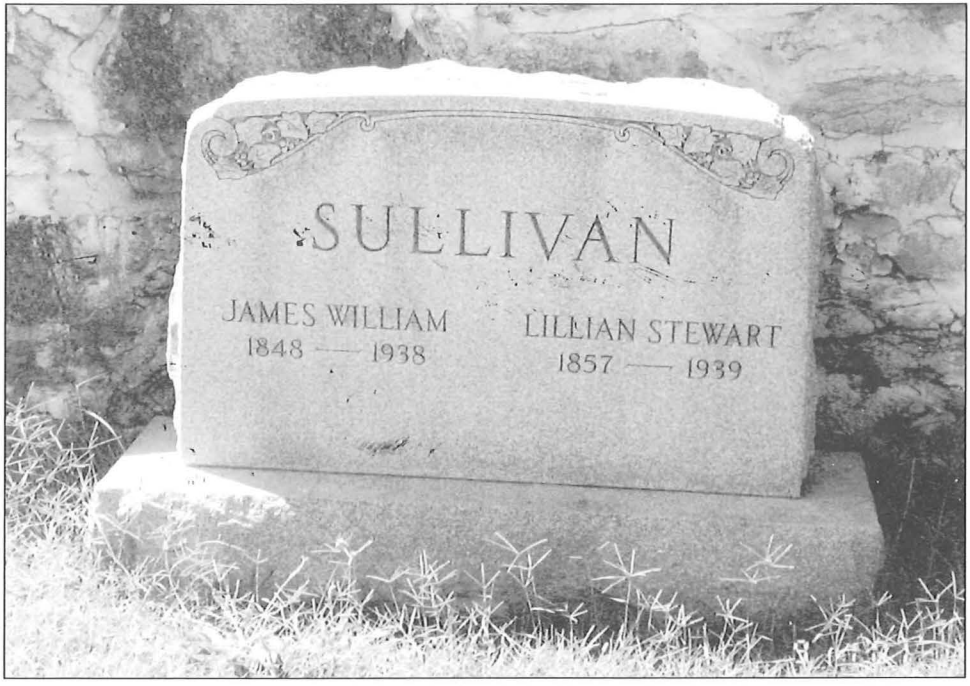
Hilarious conversations took place between the passengers as to how to handle Mrs. St. Louis. A few days later the Sullivans are playing whist in the saloon with Mr. and Mrs. Nash when Mrs. St. Louis appears at the door in her night-dress but goes off muttering after glaring at the two couples.

J.W. continues:

> In a few moments however, she was going about the passageway and when the steward tried to conduct her to her room, she howled and fought in a drunk frenzy. I ought to have said that before that time she would yell out from her cabin threats and defiance against the Nashes and Sullivans, with epithets not choice.[3]

In an August 1926 letter, he tells of a Somers Point, New Jersey, vacation:

> Somers Point will remain in our memory as the nursery of the biggest, vilest, most venomous mosquitoes we ever encountered. Weeks after leav-



Grave of James and Lillian Sullivan in Old Graveyard. Photo by Raphael S. Hays II, 2001

ing I was still scratching their bites. There was no effective protection against them. They bit me through my golf socks in a hundred places, raised tombstones all along instep to knee, and burned for hours.

Concerning his boarding house:

> The table is, well, one meal in six is good. The service is a farce, next to none. The meals are actually carried to the table, but beware giving voice to request or preferences. Few persons of any interest are to be met. All are car mad, golf mad, tennis mad, sports mad, short skirt mad, or are too dull to be mad about anything.[4]

James W. Sullivan returned to Carlisle in 1934 and lived the next four years at 237 West South Street, the current home of David and Jane Stewart. He and Lillian would live there until his death in 1938. In small part, his long obituary in the *Sentinel* states:

> Four years ago Mr. Sullivan returned to spend his last days in the town of his birth and was beloved by all who knew him well. His love for the streets of this old town was very real and devoted.[5]

Lillian Sullivan survived her husband by one year. They rest together in the Old Graveyard close to a stone wall, not far from James. W. Sullivan's boyhood home.

Footnotes

1. Sullivan, James W., Boyhood Memories of the Civil War, 1861-1865, Invasion of Carlisle. (Hamilton Library Association, 1933).
2. Sullivan, James W., Letter to Elizabeth C. (Lizzie) Smead, August 30, 1872.
3. Sullivan, James W., Letter to Alexander Dallas Bache Smead, February 2, 1889.
4. Sullivan, James W., Letter to Jane Smead and parents, August 31, 1926.
5. The Evening Sentinel, Obituary of James W. Sullivan, September 28, 1938.

James W. Sullivan: An Autobiographical Letter

Raphael S. Hays II

This letter was written by James W. Sullivan to his good friends Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Daller Bache Smead and their daugher Jane Van Ness Smead of Carlisle. It is printed here by the kind permission of Raphael S. Hays, II of Carlisle, who has also provided the illustrations. The Editor.

New York, May 25, 1924

Dear Father and Mother and Jane

I am writing at the table made by General Edward Armour about one hundred years ago, which I remember standing in our parlor seventy-odd years ago, and at which I wrote books twenty years ago. I am seated on one of the kitchen chairs which were in service in Mary Dwen's house fifty years ago. In the attic of the Stillwell house [Brooklyn] which I built twenty-two years ago, where I am writing, I'm surrounded by furniture on storage some of which I bought forty years and more ago. I am writing, in part, to a gentleman whose acquaintance I made nearly a century ago, with ink, judging from its pallor, which was frozen a long time ago!

Jane went wrong in her dates. Our sailing in the [ship's name undecipherable] is for next Saturday. I assure you it did not start yesterday. Jane counted for the 24th instead of the 31st. Her letter gave me good cheer. I esteem ourselves fortunate in having the friendship of a young person who will take the trouble to write us so good, so welcome, a letter. There ought to be some word in English to touch just the shade of the French "precieuse." But the French can say things and do things which can hardly be attempted by English speaking people without assuming a pose.

I am yet to do some finishing work for the Civic Federation the coming week, my term in the sixth month, steady going. It has paid, better than idleness or free lancing, possibly, but not so well as my work for "them" hitherto. The receipt column in my books may cover the deficit caused by the disastrous

James W. Sullivan. Courtesy of the author.

tumble—the most recent one—in francs. But when I compare my moderate returns from my real estate holdings and the thousand to twelve hundred dollars I made through the rise of U.S. bonds and the English bonds through sterling's going from 3.98 to 4.71, when I sold, with the losses overtaking. I believe, every one of my acquaintances who have gone into Wall street, I congratulate myself. One old friend threw away almost his entire fortune, his losses amounting to $40,000. A literary woman who had $12,000 gave it in charge of her sister, an adept in Wall street stock gambling, and lost every cent. She could have bought herself an annuity of about $15 a week, enough to maintain her at modest pensions in France, her ideal of refuge and amusement, but now she is toiling-slaving, she says—at $80 a month as reader in a publishing house. I suppose I've been a "piker," not venturing much and not losing anything of account. I went over my papers a week or so ago, taking stock. Nearly all my—our, since little in most cases is to Lillian [Sullivan's wife] – investments, except the 87,000 francs in Paris (66,000 deposit, Royal Bank of Canada, and 21,000 in rentes 5%), are in government bonds, first mortgages (one second) and savings banks. Allowing leeway for fluctuations, plus and minus, I (we) am (are) worth just about $30,000, not including furniture, prospective value of my unsold manuscripts, or Lillian's jewels ($2,000). I am leaving a key to our safety vault box in the National City Bank, Uptown (on Fifth Avenue) Branch, Twenty-eighth street and Fifth Avenue, with P. Tecumseh Sherman (Taft & Sherman) 15 William street. The number of the box is 2991. We have no debts or outstanding unsettled accounts. Lillian's suggestion as to our surplus of francs is "to go over and live off them." But if (when) they reach 6.50 again I'll transform about $2,000 worth into Uncle Sam's sound money.

I'm not worrying about money. We adjust our expenditures with an eye to our income or probable income. "Something always turns up" to bring in more or to make the outgo less. I worry neither over my savings or my soul. On the latter point, more than fifty years ago I became a "modernist"—so known now; then by a label more opprobious—and as such have lived my life. If the people with whom I've come in contact judge fairly well of me, I'll trust the judgment of the Absolute and Eternal. I've paid my way, studied how to be fair in everyday matters and linked my name with those seeking social justice. I've been the instrument in financially helping the unfortunate, and since my delegated powers in that respect have ceased, have continued giving according to my ability. Besides the four years' assistance to the French boy, for his education, and the four or more years to the other French boy and girl for half their maintenance, I've given in another direction, literally, thousands. Since 1916, after giving her mother during ten years an amount never computed—but far more than I received at home in all my boyhood, I've given regularly to the daughter $25 a

month and expect to do so for years to come. It would astonish you, the extent to which I helped J.M. Weakley and his family. In all the sixty years, lacking one, since I left my mother's roof, I've never had but one financial disagreement with any one. In that case I told the man I had been treated unfairly, and quit.

James and Lillian Sullivan in Paris, about 1925. Courtesy of the author.

As chairman of a committee, I was once obliged to defend an organization treasury against a dishonest attack, three committees, after three auditors agreeing with me, and the judge in the case throwing the complainant out of court. I've had occasion to bring suits, but have suffered loss instead, without litigation. More than forty years ago I settled on the principle that I would never write a line I did not believe was the truth, as I saw it. That interfered with obtaining positions open to me otherwise. After my first investigation in Europe for the Civic Federation, in 1906–7, I was several times offered places in corporations, merely to follow up the work of propaganda of the results of the inquiry, but my reply was that I was willing to report on facts but not to be hired as counsel for the interests benefited by the facts. Another "labor" man of the commission soon after took a position as special pleader for an interest at $3,000 a year, kept it a long time, may have it yet.—But, (I hope you'll remember I've never written in this strain before), I am "running on." Regard it, please, as the summing up of a life-time. I hope it will not have anything of an effect like my serious talk in Rome with the young Swedish aristocratic "intellectual," who, when I had given her a review of the principal statistical facts regarding the United States, and said I would conclude by explaining away the charge that Americans are boasters, burst out with: "God knows they are!" I have stopped a moment to consider tearing up this second sheet—but I'll let it go. Perhaps it will make you better acquainted with me.

Lillian returns from Atlantic City tomorrow afternoon, after two weeks with relatives in Newtown, Philadelphia and at the sea-side. She says she improved, the first week. She is weaker than I have ever known her to be. I have had more than a year's anxiety over her health. The voyage being in June, when the ocean usually is comparatively calm, she may not suffer much from it.

A curious incident in social life. Friday afternoon, when in my office tower, buried in an article of importance—to me and my associates—the reception-room young man ushered in two ladies. I dimly recalled their features, but could not place them. They greeted me heartily, as old friends might. Cleared up, the facts were they were fellow "visitors" at the Lincoln Hall Hotel in London in 1914! They "just dropped in" on me, to chat over old times—and took up a golden half hour when I was driving my pen in the throes of creative work.

In writing to me it would perhaps be just as well not to mention the particular contents of this letter. They are confidential to you who are addressed.

Au revoir! Happiness to you all, in all the measure it may be expected in this world.

Sincerely, J.W. Sullivan

As usual – c/o American Express Company, 11 Rue Scribe, Paris, France

The Near-Death Experience of John Wilkins

Merri-Lou Schaumann

Most of us are familiar with contemporary descriptions of the near-death experience: the bright light, the tunnel, and the feeling of being "out of the body." Those who have had the near death experience also describe being taken to the other side, only to be told that they had died before their time and that they must go back. Because the phenomenon has always interested me I was stunned when I found a 250-year old description of a near death experience; it sounded eerily familiar.

In the fall of 1994 I went to Pittsburgh to do research on John Wilkins. I sat at a library table in the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania reading John Wilkins' handwritten account of his life, and as I turned the neatly written pages I realized that what I was reading was not in the published version of Wilkins' autobiography[1] that I had seen many years before. I discovered that Wilkins had had a near-death experience almost 250 years ago. Not only did he describe this experience in detail but also the many other amazing dreams and visitations that occurred to him throughout his life.

John Wilkins had a fascinating life. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1733. He was a tavern keeper and merchant in Carlisle, an ardent Presbyterian and a captain in the Revolutionary War. He had two wives and 22 children, who intermarried with the Stevenson, Denny, Boyd, Murray, and O'Hara families of Carlisle and Pittsburgh. Wilkins left Carlisle in 1783 and became a leading figure in the development of Pittsburgh.[2]

Two years before his death (and being in full possession of his all his mental capacities according to his obituary[2]) Wilkins wrote an account of his life. It began, "A short history of my life and the first arrival of my parents in America, wrote in the month of March 1807. I am, by the best information, seventy four

*This same four appeared afterwards in all my remarkable dreams or visions of the night appeared to me; I knew them to be the same, as also, that they were angels or spirits of the other world; yet I met them as if old acquaintance, without any fear or surprise, and put full confidence and belief in all they told me."

years of age the first day of June next." After writing several pages about his forefathers and his early life in Lancaster County, he wrote the following description of his near-death experience.

"In my young days, and before my marriage, then living on the farm in Donegal Township, Lancaster County, I went to bed as usual with farmers, and soon fell asleep. I then dreamed that I was struck dead in my bed by a loud clap a thunder. I knew I was dead, and believing in the existence of the soul after death, I lay waiting the event. A total darkness surrounded me for some time. At length, a ray of light appeared which increased to an uncommon brightness. I then saw four persons covered with white robes standing by my bed. They stood some time there, then said, "he is punished enough." They then took me up and carried me with great swiftness. I knew not how or where until they set me on my feet. I discovered that I was standing before a beautiful man sitting on a throne, the brightness is past description, surrounded by thousands like those who took me there.

"I cannot remember by what means, but I understood I was then standing before the Lord Jesus Christ. Though he looked on me with pleasant countenance, yet I stood in great terror awaiting my sentence. A total silence took place for some time. The person on the throne said that he had sent for me to explain to me the sins of the earth—that by guarding against them I might walk uprightly in the sight of God. Then in a long discourse delivered much in the language of the Proverbs he mentioned every sin—and in particular charged me to avoid the sin of whoredom or unlawful connections with women, as this was the principle [*sic*] promoter of all other sins. Then he told me I must go back, as I had much to do on earth; that after many years I would be called on or brought here again. Then, pointing to the four* who had all the time stood by me; they took me up and with the same swiftness, laid me in my bed—from the time I was thunder struck until I was laid back in my bed I had no power to move or speak but could hear and see everything except when they were carrying me. The swiftness appeared to be too rapped [rapid] for me to see anything, neither did those who carried me (which I took to be angels) speak one word, but what they said before they first took me away.

"In appearance I awoke as soon as laid in my bed—day then appeared. I seemed much shocked and so weak that it was with great difficulty that I arose, put on my clothes, and went out of the room. I first met my mother, who immediately inquired what was the matter. I

answered nothing. She said something was the matter for I looked like a person just arising out of a severe spell of sickness. I told her I felt no sickness, but felt as weak and fatigued as if I had just come home from a long journey. She said there must be more. I told her it was owing to a dreadful dream I had. She asked me what the dream was but I declined telling her. For five or six days I wandered around the plantation quite stupefied and weak—scarcely eating anything. At length, by degrees, I recovered my strength and appetite.

"Many times since, my mother requested me to tell the dream. I never did, and it appeared to me that it was not in my power to let her or any other person [know it]. I now leave it in writing to appear after my death. In all my employment's, religious and worldly exercises, recreations, frolics and sinful actions—this dream was present and [as] fresh in my memory as a cheek. It is now as fresh in my memory as in the morning next after the dream, and I believe ever will be as long as my senses remain.

"I am now, and ever since the dream, of the opinion that from the time I was carried out of the bed, to my return therein, I was out of the body. I am of the opinion that if any person during that night had came into the room they would have found me in appearance dead."

"I have already told one of my dreams. I will relate more dreams and warnings given me, which I declare to be the truth. I truly believe in the living soul of man and a future state of rewards and punishments agreeable to the Presbyterian profession. Also, the many strange dreams and warnings I have had truly convinces me of a communication of spirits with the inhabitants of this world. The same four angels or spirits of the other world appeared to me in all my remarkable visions of the night and yet I met them as if old acquaintances without any fear or surprise and put full confidence in all they told me."

John Wilkins moved to Carlisle with his wife and three small children in the spring of 1763. Once established there, he entered into tavern and store keeping. He kept a tavern named the Sign of the King of Prussia[3] for five years before giving up the tavern to concentrate solely on store keeping.

Wilkins kept his store in the stone house on the corner of Irvine Row and East High Street.[4] Much of Wilkins' business correspondence with his Philadelphia merchants John and Randal Mitchell survives. His orders to them included everything from sugar, raisins, tea and spices to window glass, frying pans, teaspoons, schoolbooks and fabrics "in the color" the Philadelphia merchants "thought was in the best fashion."[5] In 1775 he informed Mitchell that

he had sold his goods to William Holmes and his father John Holmes and rented them the shop end of the house along with the cellar and storehouse. Wilkins said that because he was going to keep the billiard table he would still be wanting porter, claret, and Lisbon wine from them.[6]

Wilkins life proceeded normally except that every few years he would have another dream or revelation of an impending death in the family. He wrote the following account of an incident that happened while he lived in Carlisle.

> "I received a letter from my sister, the wife of Matthew Laird who lived in Lancaster County about thirty miles from Carlisle directed to my mother who was then on a visit to another of my sisters 32 miles west of Carlisle. In the letter my sister informed my mother that she was unwell and was desirous she would come and spend some time with her.
>
> "We concluded to send a man with the letter to my mother; the man was just ready to start when a great uneasiness took possession of my mind, and in a resolute tone said that I would go. My wife said why should I go as there was no necessity as there was nothing alarming in the letter—I with great eagerness and resolution said, "I will and must go"—no argument could prevail. I was determined, and in a few minutes started on the horse prepared for the man.
>
> "It was between one and two o'clock, in a short winter day. I reached Rippy's tavern in Shippensburg[7] before dark. I immediately enquired at Mr. Rippy if I could get a boy to go to Kirkpatrick's for my mother. He said he could get me one in the morning. No, she must be here before day; if you can send your boy I will pay anything. Rippy observing me very uneasy of the mind and the absolute manner in which I spoke, without further enquiry said he would send his boy. I had a few lines wrote to my mother by the time the boy was ready to go. I gave him the letter and the boy started.
>
> "I would not go to bed and Rippy remained with me. I spoke very little but almost constantly traversed the room. Before day my mother arrived and being surprised at the state I was in, enquired what was the matter. I then read her the letter and told her I could not account for the reason, but I must take her to Matthew Laird's in Lancaster County that very day. Rippy and her both said it was impossible being near 60-miles and that the old woman could not stand the journey and further observed there was nothing alarming in the letter except I had other news. I told I had none but what was in the letter. But it bears strong in my mind that I must and will take you to Matthew (and this day or die

by the way. I could give no reason why it was so strongly impressed on my mind.

"We started and were in Carlisle by early breakfast. (in that 21 miles ride I scarce opened my lips to my mother), the moment I lit I ordered two of my best horses to be put in the sledge immediately. I then had five good horses, a good strong sledge with a complete set of harnish [harness]. Samuel Laird, Esq.[8] the brother of Matthew Laird, on hearing by my family, the uneasy state I was in mind when I had set out for my mother keep [kept] a lookout for my arrival. He immediately came to me and endeavored to persuade me off the journey. I would not hear him, but told him I was determined to be with my mother that day at Matthew Laird's. On seeing that I was determined he requested I would let him go along lest some misfortune might take place. I assented to his going with us.

"As soon as the sledge came to the door we started. Mr. Laird asked permission to drive but I would not let him drive. I told him in a surly tone no man should drive but myself. My reason for not letting him drive, I was afraid he would not drive fast enough—his reason for wishing to drive was that he secretly believed I was almost totally deprived of my senses. However I had little trouble in driving, the horses appeared to want as much as me to reach Laird's that day, they went all day with great spirit without a hitch. We traveled all day in silence, my uneasiness of mind and their astonishment deprived us of speech.

"We reached Swatara Creek before sundown—we were then about a mile and a half from Matthew Laird's. The creek being full of ice, we had some difficulty in crossing, which detained us until after sundown. Mr. Laird, seeing the aggetation [*sic*]of my mind requested me to let him drive to the house. Feeling myself much exhausted, by trouble in mind, the want of sleep and victuals—agreed. Just as we came to Matthew Laird's field a ball of fire, or warm reddish coloured light about the size of a hat flashed in my face, as day light had begun to disappear it caused a light like a flash of lightening. I immediately burst out with a loud cry. Mr. Laird immediately stopped the horses, turned with my mother, and seeing me enquired eagerly what was the matter. I wept aloud for some time—as soon as I could speak I said, 'it is all over, she is dead, drive on Mr. Laird.' They still hung over me, until I told them in a calm and composed voice, that she was dead—that my trouble was over. That my mind was at ease, and requested him to drive on to the house and he would find it was the case. Mr. Laird, seeing me calm and speaking in a different tone from what I had heretofore—drove on. At

this time we had received no other information than what the letter contained. Immediately after Mr. Laird drove on I enquired if they saw the light. They both said they saw no appearance of that sort. I then informed them and said that accationed [sic] my outcry and weeping and that my trouble was now over, for that I was fully convinced, she at that moment departed this life. That if we have not been detained at the creek we would have seen her die. They put no confidence in what I said, being fully of the opinion I was deranged in mind.

"But when we came into sight of the house and see a number of lights, an uncommon stir of people, and many horses hitched to the fences, they began to suspect that there was some truth in what I said. As soon as the sledge came near the door Mr. Laird sprang out, and on hearing by the people that met him, she had just died. He told them to take me in charge, lead me to another room and not let me see her; as also giving them some other hints respecting me, the people gathered around the sledge. My mother was so overcome that they had to carry her into the house. I remained in the sledge until I saw my mother safe out. I then sprang out of the sledge and was immediately surrounded by a number of men. I inquired if she was dead; they made no answer. I told them they need not keep it a secret from me for that I knew she was dead before I came to the house; that I knew the moment of her death. My expressions and what Laird had whispered to the people, alarmed them much, fully believing I was deranged in mind. They conducted me to a room. I requested they would let me see her, for that my mind was at ease [that] the sight would not shock me or make me uneasy.

"On consulting Mr. Laird and my mother, I was conducted to her. I viewed her without feeling the least uneasiness. All the people about the house being then, by Mr. Laird and my mother, informed of my conduct and distress from the time I receive the letter, gathered into the room expecting, I suppose, to see some dreadful scene take place. After viewing her for some time without shedding a tear, showing the least uneasiness, I turned round to the people, and with the greatest calmness, inquired the time of her departure. She had not yet been moved but lay in the same position she died. On comparing the time of her death and the ball of fire or light, they appeared to me and all present that they both took place at the same moment. It appeared to me that the people was surprised at my coolness in viewing her; they expecting a quite contrary scene would take place. I told them my trouble was over, my mind at ease. That I had suffered much before her death, but

now she was gone, we would go to her but she could not return to her friends.

"We remained there until the burial was over, then came home safe. The time I was there, some of the people viewed me as a miracle, others as a crazy man, but all the time I remained there, I conducted myself with the greatest calmness and sobriety, but had little or no conversation with any person. At our return home, Mr. Laird told me he had kept strict watch over me from the time he joined us, and from the time the ball of light struck me and the weeping subsided; he could not discern the least sign of trouble or uneasiness of mind, but that I appeared as calm and easy in mind as if no such death had taken place. True from that moment, all my trouble and anxiety vanished and I felt myself perfectly at ease. The sight of her and all the crying of the friends around me had not the least effect in drawing a tear from me, or otherwise showing any signs of sorrow."

In the winter of 1776/77 Wilkins received a captain's commission from General Washington. He recruited 64 men into the Army and served until April 1778, when General Washington granted him a discharge. Wilkins returned to Carlisle. Colonel Ephraim Blaine asked him to join him in erecting a store in Pittsburgh, and so in October 1783 Wilkins left his family in Carlisle and set out on foot with the wagons for Pittsburgh.

While he was establishing himself in Pittsburgh his wife was delivered of a daughter in Carlisle. Both mother and daughter died. Wilkins knew that they had died even though he was more than 180 miles away. How did he know? Because he had another dream.

"My wife died in Carlisle the 9th of March 1784. On that night I dreamed a dream. In the morning when I arose I told John Crawford, who was there assisting me in the store, that my wife was dead and [I] burst into tears, and told him not to open the store. I boarded at John Ferry's; they called on me for breakfast—I refused telling them the same—then shut myself up in the store and mourned for her that day and night letting no one in but John Crawford: being fully convinced of her death. The next morning I opened the store and told Ferry and Crawford my grief was abated. We marked down the date of the dream and in time—agreeable to the distance—I received a letter informing me of her death on the night of my dream.

"The same circumstances took place with respect to the child. I dreamed and in the morning when I arose told Crawford and Ferry that my wife was brought to bed of a daughter but that I would never see the

child. We took the date of the dream...I again dreamed and in the morning told Crawford & Ferry my child was dead. When we got the account of the death of the child it had died the very night of my dream. This relation may seem strange to the hearers—but strange as it is—it is the truth."

Wilkins was influential in the development of Pittsburgh. He wrote that when he "first arrived in Pittsburgh in 1783 he found the place filled with old officers, soldiers, and followers of the army, mixed with a few families of credit. There was no appearance of religion, morality, regular order or any sign of a market to encourage the farmers to bring in their produce." He set about to change this. He established the first farmers' market and by 1793 succeeded in building the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh. When Allegheny County was formed, he became the first Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He served as a County commissioner for three years, as Chief Burgess of Pittsburgh for one year, and was the Treasurer of Allegheny County from 1794-1803.

During his years in Pittsburgh Wilkins continued to be visited by the same four spirits who had appeared to him in his near-death experience. In 1801 he had another dream. He wrote:

"In the Month of May 1801 my youngest child but one, then sixteen months old—took sick. On the first night of her sickness, I dreamed an extraordinary dream respecting her and two more of my family. In the morning I told my wife to fortify herself for the stroke, for that child would die of her present sickness. She asked my why I said so. I told her it was discovered to me last night in a dream. She wished to know the dream. I told her as discoveries had been made to me in the same dream respecting more of the family, I could not with propriety tell it to her. If I did, the relation would create an uneasiness in her mind.

The child, at this time, did not appear to be in any danger; yet she got uneasy and sent for the doctor. He came, and on examination said the child would be well in a few days. I told my wife that the doctor might give something to ease the child, but could not save her life; that the child would certainly die—and did die on the fifth day of her sickness.

The other parts of the dream hath not yet taken place. Neither have a yet told the dream to any person. Neither do I know as I ever will. But I am fully convinced that the whole dream as presented in my sleep will come to pass, and patiently await the event. The same four attended me in this dream."

The last dream that Wilkins recorded occurred in 1804. He wrote:

"The time my daughter Nancy Denny[9] was in labour with her last child except the one she died of. She was exceeding bad, three doctors attended her. My wife was sick and could not go to see her, but she being very uneasy I went often to Mr. Denny's to bring her intelligence. I had just come home with bad news, and was sitting in the office alone when Mrs. Addison opened the door and told me all was over—that the doctors had gave up, then [she] shut the door and went away, appearingly in great distress. It was then between ten and eleven o'clock, as near as I can recollect, on a starlight night.

"I rose in great distress, the tears flowing almost in a stream from my eye. [I] did not go to inform my wife but immediately set out for Denny's. Praying with great fervency as I went out the door to our Lord Jesus Christ, for the delivery of my poor daughter out of her present distress, if it was his blessed will; as I went out the door I lost all recollection, how long I cannot tell, but when my senses returned I found myself in one of the streets but could not tell the part of town. I then remembered the leaving my house as above described. I began to travel about looking up at the houses, at length discovered Mr. Scull's house. Then knowing where I was, immediately went to Mr. Denny's and found Doctor Bedford, alone, sitting by the fier [*sic*] in a serious amusing poister [posture]. Immediately Mrs. Addison came in and told the doctor they had found a foot—he immediately sprung up saying, "there is hopes." She said they had lost it again—the doctor answered if they had found it once they would find it again.

"That moment my monitor, or something appeared to whisper [to] me that my prayer was heard. I immediately left the house without saying a word and went home shedding tears of joy all the way, fully convinced in mind that she would be safe delivered and recover. I immediately informed my wife all that had happened to me from the time I had left my house and with tears of joy I told her not to be uneasy, for that she would be safely delivered and recover. We both wept. I then went into my office and had just sat down when Mrs. Addison opened the door and with a joyful countenance told me she was safely delivered. That after the doctors had quit her, she with one or two severe pains was immediately delivered, without or before any assistance could reach her."

At the end of Wilkins' account of his life story he gave his executors written instructions as to where all his records, account books and dockets were kept—

even down to the precise pigeonholes in his desk. Then he wrote one last paragraph.

> "In my lifetime I told the Revd. Mr. [&] Mrs. Miffin, Revd. Mrs. Porter & Rev. Mr. Steel that I had put my dreams & visions in writing and that I would allow my Executors to let them have coppies if they chuse—not mentioning my name." Whether any of them ever read his dreams and visions is unknown. To my knowledge this is the first time that Wilkins' descriptions of his near death experience and dreams have been published. I hope that the information will be helpful to those researching the near death experience and comforting to those who have had their own brush with death.

Notes

1. The portion of his autobiography dealing with his life in Carlisle was published in *Two Hundred Years in Cumberland County*, (Hamilton Library and Historical Association of Cumberland County, 1951), 54-58.
2. "Died, at Pittsburgh, on the evening of the 11th inst, John Wilkins, Esq., in the 77th years of his age.

   Through a long life of activity, enterprise and various fortune, his manly mind encountered calamity without suffering depression, faced danger without dismay, and enjoyed prosperity without ostentation in hospitable kindness and liberality. Ardent in his attachments, zealous in the service of his friends, he never waited for solicitation where he knew his good offices would be useful to those he esteemed.

   In public spirit and honourable exertion during the revolutionary war, he was excelled by none. At the origin of the contest, he was among the first captains who associated and organized a company of militia in Pennsylvania. In 1776 he was elected a member of the convention which formed the first constitution of the state, and immediately after performing this decisive act of resistance against Britain, he accepted the commission of captain in the army of the United States. In this disastrous period of our affairs, he enlisted a company at his own expense, and from his own funds furnished it with rations, forage and every requisite on its march to joining the army. He reached the camp before the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and was in both those actions.

   After the conclusion of the war in 1783, he removed with his family to Pittsburgh, where he has ever since resided, and throughout the whole period held the office of justice of the peace, and frequently was invested with the offices of commissioner or treasurer of the county, all which he discharged with ability, attention, and unblemished integrity; highly valued by his friends and respected by all the surrounding society.

   His noble constitution of body was at last overcome by the hand of time, but the faculties of his mind remained unhurt to the close of his life. With perfect composure he saw the approach of his dissolution and surrounded by his numerous family and sympathizing friends, he yielded without a sigh his spirit unto the hands of him who gave it." Pittsburgh Gazette, *December 15, 1809.*
3. F.F. (Sheriff's Inquisition) Office of Prothonotary, Cumberland County

4. Although the façade of the 60' stone building is now covered with brick, one can still see the shape of the stone building in the gable end facing Irvine Row.
5. Sequestered John Mitchell Papers. PHMC, Ms Group 92. Microfilm Roll 3992.
6. Ibid
7. Travel journals reveal that the name of William Rippy's tavern was the Sign of George Washington.
8. Cabinetmaker of Carlisle.
9. Nancy Wilkins (1775–May 1, 1806) married Major Ebenezer Denny of Pittsburgh July 1, 1793.

Albert Abelt: All-Around Artist-Athlete (1913-1964)

Karl H. Pass

ALBERT ABELT, U.S. NAVY PASSPORT. *Courtesy of Richard and Francesca Abelt.*

The story of Albert Abelt is one of both a talented artist and a natural-born athlete. His uniquely coupled talents, varying pursuits, and adventurous life make him a fascinating subject.

Born in Portland, Oregon, on November 25, 1913, Albert Abelt was the son of Alexander Sokalovitch and Blanche Lang, both of Polish and Russian decent. Alexander served in the Czar's army and emigrated to this country around the time of the Russian Revolution. He took the last name Kunda, which Albert later changed to Abelt. When Albert was a small child both parents died within a short period of one another, and he was placed in a Catholic orphanage in Oregon at age seven.

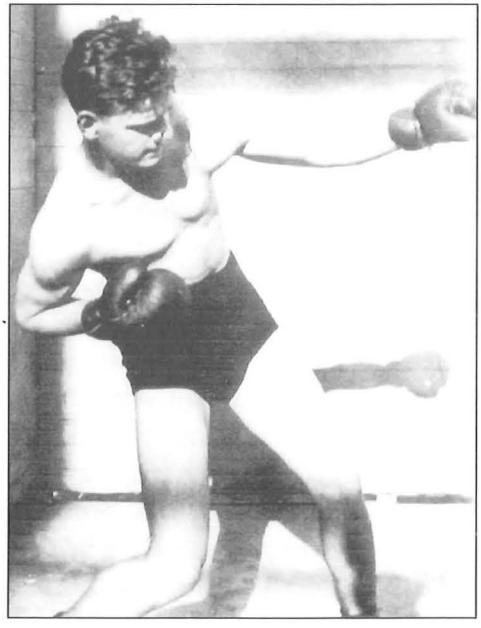
Unhappy at the orphanage, Abelt ran away at the age of ten and began his life of adventure. He worked for two years as a busboy in a Kansas City restaurant, then got a taste of life at sea as a pantry boy on the freighter "San Tulsie" on its route between New York City and Puerto Rico. After his seafaring stint he lived for a short time in New York, staying at the Boys' Club and earning his keep by selling newspapers on the street. Still eager to roam, he started working his way back across the country, traveling in a carnival until he reached Seattle. There he boarded another freighter, this time fishing for salmon off the Alaskan coast. In an interview years later, Abelt recalled this year of long days of hard labor as "no vacation."[1] He next took a two-

year cruise to Japan and the Asiatic waters as a seaman aboard a Dollar Line steamer. When he returned to Seattle the fifteen-year-old continued to travel throughout the Northwest, supporting himself with work on forest fire crews and as a cook in lumber camps.

In Trail, Oregon, Abelt met Max Seimes, a wealthy sportsman, artist, and amateur boxer from Philadelphia. Seimes owned and operated a lodge in Trail named "Dripping Rock." He not only hired Abelt as a cook at the lodge, but, more importantly, he took a paternal interest in him. Seimes unofficially adopted the road-savvy youth and gave Abelt some stability in his life. Abelt stated that "without his influence, I would probably have never shaken off my wandering habit. Mr. Seimes was a wonderful fellow."[2]

This relationship was immensely influential in Abelt's life and created the foundation for many of his later pursuits and accomplishments. Max Seimes is credited with providing Abelt much of the support to explore his talents. It was from Seimes that Abelt learned boxing and football as well as painting. He lived at the lodge with Seimes until his enlistment in the Navy on April 25, 1933, at the age of 19.

Abelt's enlistment lasted eight years just prior to World War II and took him to many parts of the world including Europe, Africa, and Central America, where he served primarily shore patrol duties. During his two tours with the Navy, Abelt was able to hone both his boxing and painting skills. He became the middleweight champion of the Pacific Fleet in the summer of 1933, achieving the feat shortly after enlistment. That same year he played on the All-Navy football team.



ALBERT ABELT TRAINING AS A BOXER.
CCHS Photo Archives

Also, while stationed in San Diego, Abelt produced several California landscapes, painting them on the canvas of discarded Navy hammocks. Two of the landscapes were hung in the Naval Training Station library. He also painted a portrait of the base's commanding officer. The high quality of his work led to his transfer to a New York City recruiting unit to paint recruiting posters. While in the city Abelt took up sculpting and studied under the noted sculptor William Zorach.

ALBERT ABELT SCULPTING.
CCHS Photo Archives

Not long after his time in New York, Abelt left for offshore naval duty in the Mediterranean. Acting as a goodwill ambassador to Europe in the years just before the war, he was given generous leaves whereby he was able to travel and pursue his various artistic and athletic interests. He made many advantageous social contacts in art and drama circles.

Abelt had an art studio in France during his initial European tour. His painting was exhibited in Nice and at the Museum of Modern Art in Paris; his sculpture was shown at London's Tate Gallery. His considerable output of paintings was left behind in France when he eventually returned to the States.[3]

At this same time Abelt again became a prizefighting boxer. He held the title of light heavyweight champion of France in 1938. He also dabbled in acting and appeared in French films with Jean Gabin and Simone Simon. Through one of his social contacts, Abelt auditioned for and won the leading male role in a London play opposite Ann Trevor, a noted British actress. The production entitled *Rounder Roundabout* could have appeared autobiographical as Abelt played the part of a prizefighting boxer who fits into high society. In 1941, back in the United States at his final duty station in Norfolk, Virginia, Abelt again appeared on the stage in Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset* at the Little Theatre of Norfolk.

Abelt received an honorable discharge from the Navy as Seaman First Class on May 9, 1941. He moved to Old Lyme, Connecticut and stayed with the Steven Howards, wealthy art enthusiasts whom he had met while in Portugal. Abelt had made contacts with many interesting and influential people throughout his travels, friends that supported his artistic work. Margaret Naumburg, a noted educator and art therapist, was one such acquaintance. She encouraged Abelt to be serious in his artistic pursuits and wrote him, "I was glad to hear . . . you've made up your mind to draw into yourself and not be too social. It's the only possible way to get work done."[4] She also encouraged him in seeking an

important New York dealer to represent his artwork, writing, "I want to help you get across when the time is ripe in the best way."[5]

His main income during this time was from his job as a rigger at the Electric Boat Company in nearby Groton which made submarines for the war effort. As in the past, he made time for his disparate interests. He taught art classes at the New London Y.W.C.A. and starred in that organization's Civic Drama League presentation of *Night Must Fall.* He also kept up his interest in boxing by training fighters. Abelt made his own successful boxing comeback in New London on September 3, 1943, by knocking out opponent Sam Kaplan. Abelt was a fairly big man, boxing at 178 pounds and standing five feet and eleven inches tall. He was cheered by his shipbuilding co-workers and was referred to as "Electric Boat's all-around athlete and actor-artist."[6]

On October 17, 1943, in Westbrook, Connecticut, Abelt married Mary Elizabeth Brooks of Saybrook. Mary was a radio tester and Albert was by now a safety inspector at the boatyard in Groton. Both were just shy of turning 30. The Abelts' son Richard was born January 27, 1949, in New Haven. Not long after their child was born, the Abelts moved from Connecticut to Pennsylvania.

Upon relocating to Pennsylvania, the family lived in Harrisburg on the corner of Second and Maclay Streets while Abelt was a chef at the Hill Café. Cooking had been a long-time interest Abelt had nurtured since his time with Max Seimes. Abelt held many positions as a chef, and letters of recommendation attested to his talents in the kitchen.[7]

While living in Connecticut Abelt had cooked for several small inns, and in the central Pennsylvania area he was chef at the York Country Club and the Mercersburg Inn.

Wanting to raise their son in the country, the Abelts moved from Harrisburg across the Susquehanna River to Dillsburg and soon after that to Boiling Springs in Cumberland County. There they rented half of the Breckbill House that stood on a corner of the town square. They later lived in the Rachel Myers' brick house on the corner of First and Front Streets, then in the Boiling Springs Hotel. In October of 1956, son Richard remembers, Abelt helped to erect the Boiling Springs clock tower on the square across from the tavern and the then-standing Breckbill House.[8]

While living in Boiling Springs, Abelt frequently went to nearby Allenberry Playhouse where he attended performances and spent time with the actors backstage and after shows. He was characterized by one of the actors at the time as having a "strong personality." There is no record of his performing there.[9]

In November 1957 the Abelts paid $3,000 for the old stone gristmill known as "Gish's Mill" on Petersburg Road about one mile from Boiling Springs.[10]

They intended to use it as their home. Unfortunately, soon after moving there a tornado destroyed part of the roof, which the Abelts never fully repaired.[11]

Abelt was apparently never able to support his family through the sale of his artwork. He frequently "loaned" pieces to people in exchange for food and drink, telling Mary that she could get them back whenever she wanted. During this time he took jobs as a journeyman with the Harrisburg Iron Workers Local Union. As an ironworker he helped erect the framework for buildings and bridges. Abelt sustained numerous injuries while on such physically demanding projects.

Perhaps to cope with work stresses and injuries suffered throughout his lifetime, it is thought that Abelt developed alcoholism. He had chronic bronchitis and his ill health and alcohol abuse are believed to be directly responsible for his early death on October 27, 1964. Having taken a job despite being sick with a bad cold, Abelt came home from the mill one evening complaining of not feeling well. He went to bed and died in his sleep at the age of 50. He was cremated and buried in Churchtown's Mount Zion Cemetery in Monroe Township, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. His obituary notice in the Carlisle paper, "*The Sentinel,*" states that in addition to his wife and son, he was survived by his father Alex Kunda and sister Mrs. Felix Roman, both of Cleveland, Ohio.[12] After Albert's passing Mary and Richard moved to a trailer on the mill property and later relocated to Carlisle. Mary Abelt died in November of 1994 and also rests in Mount Zion Cemetery with her husband.

Now in his 40's, Richard remembers his parents as eccentric individuals. He talks of his father as a paradoxical figure who possessed a "sensitive side" with a passionate love of nature while also having a macho, fighter's persona.[13] After going through what he considered a dysfunctional upbringing and a rebellious childhood, Richard joined the Navy and served four years. Now married, he and his wife Francesca currently reside on the West Coast.

It is difficult to evaluate the full scope of Abelt's artwork since relatively few pieces have survived or have been identified. In an interview granted in 1943, Abelt estimated that he had "created about 1,000 portraits and other paintings and . . . some 150 pieces of sculpture."[14] The majority of his artwork, especially paintings, was apparently done while he was in Europe. It is likely that Abelt took up woodcarving later in life and this stemmed from his interest in sculpture. The early 1940's seems to have been the period of his greatest productivity. The carvings and paintings that have been studied by the author are all from the time Abelt lived in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, the years from around 1951 up until his death in 1964.

Abelt's art was clearly influenced by his travels, his experiences, and the people he met, rather than by any formal academic training. He was said to have painted

in an impressionistic style while in Europe.[15] However, the paintings that are presently known are definitely representational with the naïve quality of folk art. Likewise, many of his carvings are realistic yet possess primitive characteristics.

Abelt preferred oil painting and carving in wood although he did some stone carving. His woodcarving was done mainly with a jack knife, but he also had the traditional carver's collection of chisels, gouges, and knives. When he purchased wood from a local lumber company, he would have them rough cut the blocks to his outlines. He did not use a gesso base for his painted pieces but painted directly on the wood. Carvings were usually signed on the base, but he did not always sign his work.[16]

Five of his woodcarvings appear in Richard Machmer's 1992 book about Southeastern Pennsylvania carving entitled *Just For Nice.* These came from the Garonzik family in Mount Holly Springs, who received them directly from Abelt. The five pieces are now in other private collections as noted in the book.[17]

In an interview shortly after the publication of *Just For Nice,* Abelt's widow was eager to correct several inaccuracies in the artist's biography as it appeared in the book. According to Mary, the rooster signed "To Betty love '56 Al Abelt" was carved for her. "Betty" refers to Abelt's wife, whose full name was Mary Elizabeth and who was called Betty by her husband. The carving known as "My Favorite Teacher" showing a woman wearing a flowered hat is of questionable attribution. Mary insisted it was not Abelt's work and was never owned or seen by the Abelts. However, the Garonziks were sure that it was Abelt's hand that had created the amusing piece and reportedly acquired the piece directly from Albert. Mary also offered other corrections, which have been incorporated elsewhere into this article.[18]

PAINTED EAGLE, 1960. SIGNED "A. ABELT '60" *Courtesy of the private owner.*

Richard Abelt remembers his father carving and painting the box for him as a present when he was a small boy.[19] It is 18 inches in height and 29 inches in length, and contains a relief-carved hunting scene with various animals against a mountainous backdrop. It is currently in a private collection.

The painted eagle has a wingspan of 40 inches and is 22 inches in height. Previously mounted on a higher base, it was made for his wife and is signed "A. Abelt '60." The unpainted eagle is not signed. Truly a majestic piece, the wingspan is 52 inches and the overall height is 18

UNPAINTED EAGLE, C. 1960. *Courtesy of the private owner*

inches. His wife recalled the circumstances of its creation. Abelt had sustained some serious injuries in a fall from construction scaffolding and required a lengthy hospital stay. During his long recuperation the injured Abelt carved the large spread-wing eagle to strengthen his arms. This carving was originally mounted on a beveled base of weathered wood that the artist had salvaged from a bridge he had helped to dismantle.[20] Possessing a realistic quality, one would think that the bird's talons could kill if it were to get hold of its prey. In the eyes of the author of this article, Abelt's success with these two eagles earns him a place in the line of noted Cumberland County eagle carvers which includes Wilhelm Schimmel, Aaron Mountz, and Bruce Barrett.

A large wooden carved and gilded rooster is thought to be one of Abelt's last works. Finely done, the bird is 20 inches tall and 20 inches wide and stands on a black wooden base. The rooster's "human" eyes add a unique quality to the folk piece. The eyes are similar to those of the previously-mentioned rooster illustrated in *Just For Nice.*

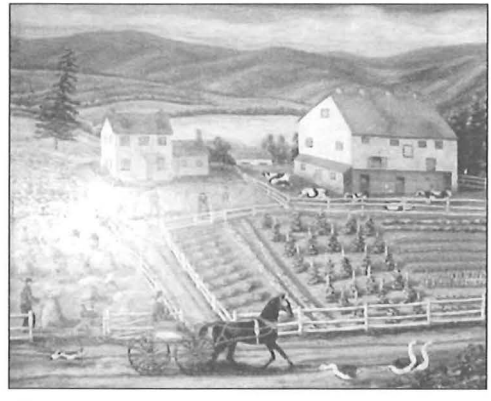
GILDED ROOSTER C. 1963. *Courtesy of the private owner.*

An impressive Abelt painting hung behind the bar at the Countryside Inn near Grantham, Pennsylvania. The large framed oil painting was done for "Chirp" Hale, owner of the Inn, in exchange for drinks.[21] The elaborate country landscape includes an assemblage of running horses and numerous men and women in the foreground with several farmhouses and pastures in the middle ground set against a mountainous backdrop. Measuring 98 inches in length and 51 inches in height, it is signed "Albert Abelt 1955" in the lower left corner. Mary remembers her husband working on the painting in their kitchen while they lived in the Boiling Springs Breckbill House.[22] The piece was sold when the inn went out of business in 1991 and is now in a private collection. Some interesting additions

LANDSCAPE, 1953. *Courtesy of the private owner.*

to the eye-catching painting at the Countryside were the handcrafted pierced tin lampshades that Abelt made for each booth in the bar.[23]

Another folk painting examined here depicts the Daniel Musser farm and residence in Lower Allen Township, Cumberland County, illustrated in the Reverend Mr. Conway Wing's 1879 county history.[24] The 19th-century farm scene includes well laid out orchards, fields, and gardens, a three-bay farmhouse with adjoining summer kitchen, large barn with stables and a horse and buggy trotting along in front. Abelt added several elements to his version including a dog chasing the buggy and large geese walking along the road.



CUMBERTLAND COUNTY FARM SCENE. *Courtesy of the private owner.*

Other known Abelt works include a carved tribal woman's head in unpainted lignum vitae, a granite carving of two grappling wrestlers, a painted wood carving of two ironworkers, and an impressionistic painting of flowers displayed in a hand-carved frame also done by the artist. Not all of the afore-mentioned pieces were signed by the artist, but all can be attributed to the artist through family record.

The full scope of Albert Abelt's talents is impressive. He was a feared man in the ring during his exceptional fighting career, yet also a gentle man who loved art and nature and found inspiration in both. The physical and artistic accomplishments Abelt achieved put him in the categories of both a natural athlete and a true folk artist.

Notes

The author is indebted to Richard and Francesca Abelt for their support and assistance.

A series of interviews with Mary Abelt conducted by Richard Tritt, Barbara Landis, and Janet Hocker provided additional insight. The author also wishes to thank the private collectors who graciously allowed him into their homes.

1 James Watterson, "Ex-Sailor, Artist and Boxer, Settles Here After Exciting Career; Exhibited Art Abroad," *The New London Evening Day*, 19 June 1943.

2 Ibid.

3 Mary Abelt, interview by Richard Tritt, Barbara Landis, and Janet Hocker, 27, 29 June and 6 July 1993.

4 Margaret Naumburg, letter to Albert Abelt, 11 July 1941.

5 Ibid.

6 "Velez Defeats Lacey; Abelt Kayoes Kaplan," *New London Evening Day*, 3 September 1943.

7 Gloria Bronning and A.N.S. Strode-Jackson, letters of reference, 23 September 1949.

8 Richard Abelt, telephone interview by author, 10 October 2001.

9 Dave Brubaker, telephone interview by author, 7 February 2002.

10 Cumberland County (PA), Recorder of Deeds, Book D 18, page 422.

11 Mary Abelt, interview by Richard Tritt, Barbara Landis, and Janet Hocker, 27, 29 June and 6 July 1993.

12 Obituary notice, *Carlisle (*Pennsylvania*) Sentinel,* 28 October 1964.

13 Richard Abelt, telephone interview by author, 12 December 2001.

14 James Watterson, "Ex-Sailor, Artist and Boxer, Settles Here After Exciting Career; Exhibited Art Abroad," *The New London Evening Day*, 19 June 1943.

15 Mary Abelt, interview by Richard Tritt, Barbara Landis, and Janet Hocker, 27, 29 June and 6 July 1993.

16 Richard Abelt, telephone interview by author, 10 October 2001.

17 Richard S. Machmer and Rosemarie B. Machmer, *Just For Nice* (Reading, PA: The Historical Society of Berks County, 1991), 26-27.

18 Mary Abelt, interview by Richard Tritt, Barbara Landis, and Janet Hocker, 27, 29 June and 6 July 1993.

19 Richard Abelt, telephone interview by author, 10 October 2001.

20 Mary Abelt, interview by Richard Tritt, Barbara Landis, and Janet Hocker, 27, 29 June and 6 July 1993.

21 Ibid.

22 Ibid.

23 Richard Abelt, telephone interview by author, 12 December 2001.

24 Rev. Conway P. Wing, *History of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, with illustrations* (Carlisle, PA: Herald Printing Company, 1982), 202-03.

Book Review

Ann Kramer Hoffer, ***Twentieth Century Thoughts. Carlisle: The Past Hundred Years.*** Carlisle: Cumberland County Historical Society, 2001.

This book is not a monograph but a reflective essay that the author describes as "an introduction to the century" (p. viii). *Twentieth Century Thoughts* consists of eleven topical chapters devoted to such subjects as the community's photographers, its place makers, its lost landmarks and neighborhoods, business and industry, and institutions. A series of "insights"—poems, descriptions of important events such as Jim Thorpe's wedding, a trip to Alaska, and sports—separate the chapters and provide opportunities to address a wider range of activities that defined life in Carlisle at important moments. Hundreds of images capture important buildings, events, everyday occupations and recreations, and the individuals who gave shape to the community in the twentieth century.

Twentieth Century Thoughts is largely a recounting of important people and institutions. The three longest chapters address residential development, small businesses, and industry. Most of the houses depicted, and the neighborhoods that receive the greatest amount of attention are those of the wealthy and upper middle class; the chapters devoted to family-owned businesses and industries similarly describe the owners in detail but not the workers. Indeed, there is no attention to the jobs and concerns of working women and men, no evidence of labor unrest, and no sense of class conflict. A statement such as "domestic help . . . would become part of the family" (p. 79), for example, suggests the perspective of the employer rather than the employee. The lives and livelihoods of black Carlislers also merit greater attention: the only mention of the Civil Rights movement or the emergence of an African American community within Carlisle is an all allusive reference to "the time or racial unrest in the late 1960s" (p. 182.)

But if *Twentieth Century Thoughts* portrays only the experiences of some of Carlisle's citizens, it suggests a number of important topics that are worth fuller investigation. During the twentieth century Carlisle lost much of its historic identify as a market town for nearby farms: the market house has closed, and the largest event in the old agricultural fairgrounds today is a car show. Downtown also lost its historic function as the retail hub of the county, and the suburbanization of homes, shopping centers, and industries has left the borough with a shrinking population, a declining tax base, and fewer jobs to support its residents. The hospital, once a powerful emblem of community pride, is now owned by a for-profit corporation headquartered in Naples, Florida. Each of these developments reflects the consequences of public policies adopted in Washington or Harrisburg. How Carlisle, and hundreds of small communities throughout the United States, has been affected by these national and state policies, as well as the emergence of a postindustrial economy, is an important but largely unstudied aspect of our recent history.

The author begins the final chapter, "Changes Comes to the Town," with the observation that "the small village has become a thriving crossroads community" (p. 167). Yet the crossroads she describes is not the intersection of old colonial roads or nineteenth-century turnpikes, which brought travelers downtown and supported inns, taverns, and other local businesses; it is the linking of modern east-west and north-south roads, the Pennsylvania Turnpike and Interstate 81, major highways that have brought warehouses and the roar of traffic to the center of Cumberland County. Those trucks whizzing by are an allegory for Carlisle at the dawn of a new century, for they represent perhaps the greatest of the changes, and the most difficult challenge, the community faces, which can best be described as a loss of mastery. Mrs. Hoffer captures this poignantly when she observes, "decisions made by controlling centers throughout the country determine policies to be followed here" (p. 186)—in government, banking, retailing, medicine, almost every important arena of life and death. It is both a telling irony and an important contribution of the book that a narrative which begins by celebrating the individuals who shaped a community ends as an elegiac evocation of a time when Carlisle's citizens largely controlled their own destiny.

The author hopes that *Twentieth Century Thoughts* will encourage readers to preserve records, undertake oral history interviews, and ultimately research and write about many of the themes that are only sketched in this book. Ann Kramer Hoffer has accomplished much in this book. Surely her greatest contribution will be in the efforts this book will inspire, in the years to come, as Carlisle' history comes alive for future generations.

David Schuyler
Franklin and Marshall College

Recent Acquisitions

American Radiance: The Ralph Esmerian Gift to the American Folk Art Museum, Stacy C. Hoolander, 1991. 571pp; hard cover. $75.00. American Folk Art Museum, 45 West 53rd Street, New York, NY. 10023. Phone (212) 977-7170. Donated by Mr. and Mrs. Pierson Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Miller.

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Can She Bake a Cherry Pie? American Women in the Kitchen, Mary Drake McFeely, 2000. 194pp; hard cover. $24.95. University of Massachusetts Press. Available from Whistlestop Bookshop, 129 West High Street, Carlisle, PA. 17013. Phone (717) 243-4744. Donated by Carl and Marie Schleicher in memory of Great Aunt Helen Hackman Martin.

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Twentieth Century Thoughts. Carlisle the Past Hundred Years, Ann Kramer Hoffer, 202pp; softcover. $29.95. Cumberland County Historical Society. Available from the Cumberland County Historical Society Museum Shop. Phone (717) 249-7610. Society Purchase.

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