

# SPIRIT

# OF PLACE

**place** (plas), *n.* [ME.; OFr.; L. *platea*; Gr. *plateia*, a street—*platys*, broad],  
 1. a square or court in a city. 2. a short, usually narrow, street. 3. space; room. 4. a particular area or locality; region. 5. a) the part of space occupied by a person or thing. b) situation. 6. a city, town, or village. 7. a residence; dwelling; house and grounds. 8. a building or space devoted to a special purpose: as, a *place* of amusement. 9. a particular spot on or part of the body or a surface: as, a sore *place* in the back. 10. a particular passage or page in a book, magazine, etc. 11. position or standing as determined by others: as, his *place* in history is assured. 12. a step or point in a sequence: as, in the first *place*. 13. the customary, proper, or natural position, time, or character.

**spir-it** (spir'it), *n.* [ME.; OFr. *esprit*; L. *spiritus*, breath, courage, vigor, the soul, life—*spirare*, to blow, breathe],  
 1. a) the life principle, especially in man, originally regarded as an animating vapor infused by the breath, or as bestowed by a deity; hence, b) the soul. 2. the thinking, motivating, feeling part of man, often as distinguished from the body; mind; intelligence. 3. [also S-], life, will, consciousness, thought, etc., regarded as separate from matter. 4. a supernatural being, especially one thought of as haunting or possessing a person, house, etc., as a ghost, or as inhabiting a certain region, being of a certain (good or evil) character, etc., as an angel, demon, fairy, or elf. 5. an individual person or personality thought of as showing or having some specific quality: as, she was a brave *spirit*. 6. *often pl.* frame of mind; disposition; mood; temper: as, in high *spirits*.

REFLECTOR/WINTER

And: to all those ministers, housewives, store-keepers — people of this place—who kindly gave their time and helpful advice to near strangers (whose only distinction was an unformed curiosity), thanks . . . and our sincere apologies for not having sufficient space to mention all of you directly by name.

— *The "Staff"*

*Different places on the face of the earth have  
different vital effluence, different vibration,  
different chemical exhalation, different polar-  
ity with different stars: call it what you like.  
But the spirit of place is a great reality.*

— *D. H. Lawrence*

The spirit of place, this valley, this particular region of this valley, is a great reality. The attempt of this *Reflector* is to define that reality. Accordingly, the issue's contents represent neither sociological surveys nor ektachrome post card "beautiful" impressions. Such surveys are never, properly, complete; such impressions are only that, disguised apologies for the close attention that can tell you what is actually here/there. Trying to avoid these extremes of classification and supra-acceptable "nice" views, these poems, short stories, and interviews can still only suggest the reality of this place. Call it what you like. But let the purpose be clear: if you know where you are, you may have some sense of what you are. The hope is that in looking here you might want to look out there.

— *John Taggart, faculty advisor*

# REFLECTOR/WINTER

## Contents

Spirit of Place: John Taggart .....	1
History of Franklin County (1887) .....	3
Photo (Orrstown): Craig Zumbrun .....	6
Orrstown Cemetery: Craig Zumbrun .....	7
Up From Shippensburg: Dave Diamond .....	8
From the Town's Edge Looking Outward: Steve DiJulio .....	11
The Electrical Relay Station: Steve DiJulio .....	11
Valley Montage: Jeff Wiles .....	12
Road Passing: Harry Kissig .....	17
Photo: Tom Kelchner .....	18
The Auction: Tom Kelchner .....	19
#1: Patti Bussard .....	23
Photo: Guy Batchelor .....	24
Echo/Seven Mountains: John Wilson .....	25
Photo: Craig Zumbrun .....	26
Drawings: Katherine Koob, Connie Nowell .....	27
Wash: Ed Dodson .....	28
Interviews: Staff .....	30
Outside Newville: Harry Benion .....	49
Souvenirs: This Valley: Don Bowie .....	49
North Mountain Haiku: Patti Bussard .....	50
Pen and Ink Drawings: Katherine Koob .....	50
Max: Carol Chanco .....	51
#3: Patti Bussard .....	56
Pen and Ink Drawing: Katherine Koob .....	Inside Back Cover

# HISTORY OF FRANKLIN COUNTY.

## CHAPTER I.

### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION.

THE GREAT EASTERN VALLEY—THE PATH OF A PROBABLE GULF STREAM—THE MOUNTAIN RANGES AND THEIR APPENDAGES—SYSTEMS OF DRAINAGE—GEOLOGICAL AND MINERALOGICAL ASPECTS—CHARACTER OF SOIL—VEGETATION—CLIMATE.

THE beautiful valley, of which Franklin County forms but a small part, sweeps along the entire eastern coast of the United States, extending, under different names, from the southern extremity of Vermont across the Hudson at Newburgh, the Delaware at Easton, the Susquehanna at Harrisburg, the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, the James at Lynchburg, the Tennessee at Chattanooga, and losing itself in Alabama and the southwest. By some it is claimed to have been the path along which an ocean current, possibly the beneficent Gulf Stream, whose influence changes the natural and social conditions of both American and European civilization, flowed long prior to the present order of things, in either the old or the new world. It is bounded on either side by a chain of the great Appalachian Mountain system, running from the northeast to the southwest, and is of nearly uniform width, from twelve to twenty miles—the whole distance. It is broken into fertile agricultural sections by the beautiful streams already mentioned, apparently to meet the diversified wants of its future occupants.

The section lying between the Susquehanna and the Potomac is usually designated as the Cumberland Valley. The valley west of "Harris Ferry," as Harrisburg was originally known, was called by some "Kittochtinny," by others "North" Valley. The northwestern boundary is known in Pennsylvania as North Mountain, or the Kittatinny Mountain, the latter name, signifying endless, being an euphonic change from *Kekachtannin*, by which the Delaware Indians called it. The southwestern boundary is South Mountain, a beautiful range, parallel with the Kittatinny. From the Susquehanna to the Potomac, the Kittatinny maintains an almost uniform summit line, ranging from 700 to 1,200 feet above the valley beneath. Several picturesque points or projections, known as Clark's, Parnell's, Jordan's and Casey's Knobs, and Two-Top Mountains, give fine relief to the range. Of these, Parnell's and Casey's were used, during the civil war, as union signal stations. Between Kittatinny and Tuscarora, lying still farther to the west, are several beautiful and productive valleys: Path Valley, terminating at the extreme north end in Horse Valley, and sending off to the right of Knob Mountain another known as Amberson's Valley; Bear and Horse Valleys, elevated and of smaller extent, having a trend northeastward; Cove Gap, a picturesque opening, through which packers in the olden, and vehicles in the modern time, pass across the moun-

## HISTORY OF FRANKLIN COUNTY.

tain westward, and Little Cove, a long narrow valley, that slopes southwestward toward the Potomac. In the southwestern part of what is now Franklin County, formed by Kittatinny on the west, Cross Mountain on the south, and Two-Top Mountain on the east, lies a relic of the mythical days, when the giants piled Ossa on Pelion, and known as the Devil's Punch Bowl. From its spacious receptacle the gods, in their Bacchanalian revelry, quaffed their intoxicating drinks.

South Mountain, less picturesque in its scenery, is covered with a good supply of valuable timber. Like Kittatinny range, its table-lands are valuable for the fuel supplies they furnish to the inhabitants of the valley, as well as for the diversified scenery they afford to the passers-by. The richness of view afforded by these two mountain ranges is calculated to inspire a remarkable love for the beautiful in nature, and to develop the poetic sentiment in man.

The drainage of Franklin County is most perfect, and consists of two systems. The first, flowing northeastward in a tortuous course, and emptying into the Susquehanna River at West Fairview, two miles above Harrisburg, embraces the Conodoguinet and its tributaries, viz.: Spring Creek and its branches, Furnace and Main's, Muddy, Keasey's, Lehman's; Paxton's, Clipping'er's and Trout Runs. The northern portion of the county, particularly Southampton, Letterkenny, Lurgan, and portions of St. Thomas, Peters, Metal and Fannett, is thus provided with good drainage and the means of preserving animals and plants against drouth.

The second system, embracing all those water-courses which flow southward, and finally discharge their contents into the Potomac River, includes the following streams:

1. The Conococheague with two distinct branches, East Conococheague and West Conococheague, which unite near the southern part of the county on the farm of Mr. Lazarus Kennedy, empties into the Potomac at Williamsport. East Conococheague receives from the central portion of the county the contributions of Rocky Creek, Falling Spring, Back Creek, Campbell's Run and Muddy Run. Several of these streams are supplied with abundant mill power, which is utilized to the best advantage. West Conococheague, traversing the whole extent of Path Valley, leaps into the broad open valley from between Cape Horn and Jordan's Knob, and, gathering in the waters of Broad and Trout Runs, Licking Creek, Welsh Run and other small streams, hastens to join its twin sister at their junction on the Kennedy place.

2. Marsh Run, which divides, a part of the way, the present townships of Antrim and Washington.

3. Little Antietam, which with its two branches, East Antietam and West Antietam, thoroughly drains the southeastern part of the county, carrying its sparkling waters finally into the Potomac River near Sharpsburg, Md.

All these streams are fed by beautiful springs, whose sparkling waters come gushing forth from mountain and hillside, and many of them, in addition to supplying pure cold water for man and beast, are richly provided with an excellent quality of fish. They supply a water-power, which has long been utilized for milling and manufacturing purposes. Chambersburg and Waynesboro supply their own citizens with the clear refreshing water found in these mountain streams.

An observing traveler will notice that the ledges or beds of rocks trend from northeast to southwest, corresponding with the course of the mountain ranges; likewise that the various layers have positions one above another at different angles to the horizon. They have been broken up by some disturbing

## HISTORY OF FRANKLIN COUNTY.

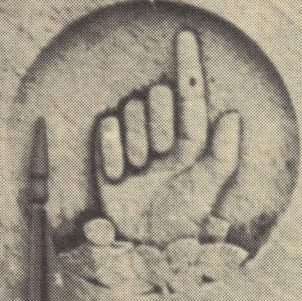
element beneath, and have left their edges outcropping at various angles from a level to a perpendicular. Along the range of South Mountain he will find the rocks of a different character from those in the valley, being a hard, compact, white sandstone, which rings when it is struck, and when broken has a splintery and sometimes discolored appearance. At the northern base of South Mountain he encounters the great limestone formation, which obtains throughout the whole length of Cumberland Valley. "It is usually of a bluish but occasionally of a grey and nearly black color, generally pure enough to yield excellent lime, but not unfrequently mixed with sand, clay, and oxide of iron. Flint stones and fossils are also occasionally met with in some parts of this formation. In the soil above it, iron ore is sometimes abundant enough to be profitably worked; and indeed some of the most productive ore banks in the State are found in it and its vicinity. Pipe ore and kindred varieties of that material have been obtained of good quality in several localities in this limestone region. About the middle of the valley, though with a very irregular line of demarcation, we meet with a dark slate formation extending to the foot of North Mountain; though its usual color is brown or bluish, it is sometimes reddish and even yellow. Lying between the great limestone and the coarse grey sandstone, it is sometimes intermingled with sandstone which contains rounded pebbles forming conglomerate, but this is too silicious to receive a good polish. The rocks of Kittatinny or North Mountain consist almost exclusively of this massive grey limestone of various degrees of coarseness. They are not valuable for either building or mineral purposes."\*

Iron ore in extensive, and copper in limited quantities have been found; "beneath the surface ore, inexhaustible deposits of magnetic iron conveniently near to valuable beds of hematite, which lie either in fissures between the rocky strata or over them in a highly ferruginous loam. This hematite is of every possible variety and of immense quantities. When it has a columnar stalactite structure it is known under the name of pipe ore. It usually yields a superior iron, and at the same time is easily and profitably smelted. It generally produces at least fifty per cent of metallic iron."

The nature and fertility of soil are determined by the character of the underlying rocks by whose disintegration it is produced. The limestone lands are very productive. The slate lands, well improved by lime and other fertilizers, and properly cultivated by skilled labor, yield abundant crops. These two kinds of soil, the limestone and the slate, are both rendered productive. In fact, the entire belt of land in the valley is susceptible of the highest cultivation, the only unproductive land lying along the sides of the mountain. And even this is prized highly for its timber; or, when cleared, for its grazing and fruit-growing qualities.

Says Dr. Wing: "The natural productions of the soil, when it was first discovered by white men, awakened admiration quite as much as the meadows and the fields of grain have done at a later period. A rich luxuriance of grass is said to have covered the whole valley, wild fruits abounded, and in some parts the trees were of singular variety. Of the trees there were many species of oak, white and black walnut, hickory, white, red and sugar maple, cherry, locust, sassafras, chestnut, ash, elm, linden, beech, white and scrub pine, dogwood and iron-wood. The laurel, plum, juniper, persimmon, hazel, wild currant, gooseberry, blackberry, raspberry, spice bush, sumac and the more humble strawberry and dewberry and wintergreen almost covered the open country; and their berries, in some instances, constituted no small portion of the food of the Indians and the early settlers."

\*State Geological Survey.



MY HUSBAND

JOHN I. WAYNE.

DIED FEB. 2, 1856.

71 YEARS

7 MONTHS 18 DAYS.





## ORRSTOWN CEMETERY

The church has been made  
a penninsula by the road.  
. . . war on the grass

The sun it not  
jealous  
of any Scotch-Irish grave.

The weathering is natural,  
the flag has faded  
to an ugly white.

Rusted stars  
stuck  
on bent rods,  
sentries.

The flag fades  
in the wind parade  
of January.

The glory of the centered star . . .  
left to waving fir branches.

— Craig Zumbrun

## UP FROM SHIPPENSBURG

I stood on a corner in the middle of Roxbury one Thursday winter morning. The weather was fine, one of those surprising sunnier-than-cold days, and I filled myself with the hopes of discovering some link with the rolling green hills and those big old mountains. Green Chevy wagon. Two white-haired women; no chance. (Not even a smile.)—Being alone, and using the right thumb as a convenient sign, can make strange road shoulders a temporary home. It's an exercise in freedom.—Wrong way. Two of them.—And it brings me in contact with unusual people. In the passenger's seat of someone else's car, I discover all kinds of people I wouldn't ordinarily meet. For the thirty-mile run or the short distance hop, the car's occupant is my best and only friend, that last person on Earth, my buddy for the moment.—Shit, that guy was going the right way, and he sure has room—All right, sometimes a car speeds by with a couple of obscene remarks, sometimes I see 'the finger' flashed in my direction by an intolerant motorist, but for every jerk, there's a nice guy that'll drive you anywhere via the scenic route. I've got lots of friends from thumbing, people who I'll probably never see again, yet they invite me to visit them next time I'm in town.—Here we go. What's goin' on? Is he stopping for me or is he mailing a letter from his car. Oh, both. He must be at least sixty. '70 or '71 Buick.—

"That one over there . . . can you see it? It's empty now. Man and woman who used to live there were killed last summer. That's right, in a car accident over by the Sunset drive-in. He died first. I think welfare owns the house because they were on welfare before they got killed.

We go up over the mountains now. Yeah, this is beautiful country. Over this mountain is Path Valley; that's the Amberson Valley over that other mountain, and look over there. I was born and raised here but I left for thirty years to join the service: I spent time in India and Tibet, then I taught at Girard in Philadelphia."

Spring Run, Pennsylvania. Cows and trailers are all around, but where the hell am I? It's a quiet place, but the temperature must have dropped. I'll have to walk the half-mile or so to that intersection. The fact that there are no cars on this road makes me feel like a loose cow.—Miracle! The first car is stopping; I must be doing something right. Another Buick. This fellow looks rather typical of something. Father of three. Suburban master. Middle-aged inhabitant of the white jungle. What's he doing here? What about me?

"I sure like it up here. The wife and I live in our farm up in Juniata County during the summer, then, before Christmas each year we move back to our home in Bethesda, Maryland. I'd like to stay up here all year, but she . . . See that yellow house? Like that? The man who lives there ordered that color special. He's at least sixty, lived with his mother all his life. Both of them went into the hospital last year; she died, of course, but he came out and married his nurse. Some people! We've got four acres up here. Right along this valley, the mountains form an isolated area where they used to store equipment during the Civil War. Nice valley, huh?"

Now I've done it. I'm in the middle of nowhere, and it must be at least one o'clock. And hungry. I knew I should have eaten before starting out. But this is a swell place, I'm all alone on route 75 as it winds through the hog-farm hills of 'God's Country, U.S.A.' A sign says: SQUARE DANCING/ROLLER SKATING AHEAD ON LEFT. I've reached my destiny in one way or another. Now I can go home, but I hear a car coming. Out here, you can hear cars or trucks or tractors about four minutes before they arrive. —Here it is. An old grey pick-up, damn thing must be older than me. Slowing down. First one, again! Hey, there's a dog in it. And a goofy-looking skinny man. He'd really look funny with a pair of glasses; and that's a French poodle.—

"Hop in if you want to go up the road just a bit. Down Ginger. She won't bite you, she goes with me everywhere I go. Now I'm just gone to fix that house. Well, here 'tiz."

That was quick. It was my first ride in a pick-up truck that was not equipped with a gun rack. But now it's a long walk to anywhere. It can be chilly on the open road. A dirty dead chicken on the asphalt is almost bisected by passing vehicles. I don't see any cars; I don't think I'm as cold as I am hungry.— A pair of tractor trailers travel like two identical motorized barrels up and down the winding hills of route 75. Whoosh. Whoosh. Some wild wind.—Still, no more cars. And I've always wanted to visit some isolated country like Mongolia. Camp out in the Gobi Desert, or live with the nomads in the sheep fields beyond Ulan Bator. Scale the mountains in Nepal without a Sherpa guide.—Something coming. Pretty fast, I think. Ewooooowhr. Didn't think Ramblers could travel that fast.— Yeah, I enjoy being out here. Nothing pressing. Maybe I'll be back in time for work. Why did I come today anyway. To meet people, that's right. So far I've met two men who were happier here than if they had been speeding below U-name-it City in a sub-way car. And I met some fix-it man whose most cherished companion was a greasy French poodle. If I stayed in his car about three minutes longer, and if I got past the 'We've been pretty lucky with the weather' routine, I might have had the rare opportunity to speak

with some cheap imitation drawl, for confidence sake, and it's possible I could have been given verbal instruction, once again, on "How to Butcher a Hog."— Another nice automobile. Is it a Pontiac this time? Good guess. Two occupants. Well dressed, large elderly gentlemen.—

"Get in; Barney, you'll have to move up so's he can get in. Barney . . ."

"Huh? Oh. There, how's that?"

"Not doin' too bad for a couple of old men. How about it? My partner here's seventy-one years old."

"Am not."

"Well you're seventy, and in another two months you'll be seventy-one."

"Seventy's not one."

"Hey, there's that barn that had the fire. Man who lives there's pretty old. Not doing much any more. We're on our way up to Lewistown. Haven't passed through here for a while."

"Gettin' cold out. Could you turn up the heat in this thing?"

"When we hit the highway after Port Royal, you'll want to get out on the corner there and head south. Won't be a problem getting a ride. Just remember to go straight when the road becomes four lanes around Milltown, otherwise you're gonna find yourself in Harrisburg in a couple of hours."

Crossing the Juniata River at Port Royal, Pa. This town looks as if it has been closed due to retirement. Yep. That's where they have them races. My tourguide was right. They always are, because they are proud of their home, and they can discuss it with an unquestionable knowledge. God this corner's cold. It's a mildly busy intersection, although the majority of the cars and trucks travel by at speeds above sixty miles an hour. No one is stopping. Lewistown-14. It'll take at least two hours to get back, if I'm lucky. Students: PENN STATE, JUNIATA. Bumper stickers have really become the country's latest plaything. Budweiser cans are the second most popular items on the roads. Cars. Trucks. Friendly waves. Looks of disgust. No rides, anyhow, I should have brought those gloves, but it's too late. The lady in that gas-station/snack bar, the first one I have ever encountered, seemed like she was afraid of me. She didn't have anything to eat, except some peanuts and crackers and I'm still sick of potato chips. Look cold. Look freezing. Hands in pocket. Stand huddled. Brrrr. See me, mister, I'm freezing. Bad act. At last . . . AMERICA—LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT. It only took approximately thirteen minutes to see one. That Mustang full of kids could have given me a lift. I'm not gonna rape you, lady.—Hey, this car is stopping for me. Very good. Maybe I looked very cold. Plymouth. Company car. Thin, intelligent-looking man in his early thirties, no doubt. An accountant from Harrisburg. This is where my story ends. He drove me all the way (he had intended to go to Harrisburg, but since it would help me out, and since he had some business to take care of there anyway,) to a shopping center in Camp Hill. After some cold macaroni and some tea which was almost as cold, a giggling Dickinson law student carried me in his Chevy Nova to the Hanover Street exit of route 81. Almost instantly, a monster of a car filled with important-acting women (girls) consumed me without question, then, after a short trip home through familiar territory, excreted me in front of Old Main.

— Dave Diamond

## **FROM THE TOWN'S EDGE LOOKING OUTWARD**

The silent air is pleasantly cool.  
I stand on the brown-furrowed field which  
waits, motionless.  
Even the grey clouds seem to be resignedly  
resting. Tiny houses on the distant hills  
clutter defensively together.

— *Steve DiJulio*

## **THE ELECTRICAL RELAY STATION**

(ROXBURY)

Blue-black upturned claw,  
Spiny steel near festered barn:  
Patiently droning in the cold—  
E-minor below the brown dog's coughs.

— *Steve DiJulio*

## VALLEY MONTAGE

Mostly sunny skies were on the Shippensburg area scene on Monday morning, but according to the weather forecast increasing cloudiness was to come later in the day with a chance of rain or drizzle Monday night, which is expected to carry over into Tuesday.

### *Walnut Bottom*

The writer had company on Saturday afternoon from Adams County. And it was so foggy as the writer went to Chambersburg on Saturday morning and had to use dim lights.

### 44 YEARS AGO

The Young Woman's Missionary Society of the St. Paul Lutheran Church held a food and bake sale.

Bloserville Grange held its annual banquet in the Grange Hall. Officers for the year were installed.

Mifflin Athletic Association held its annual meeting at Heberlig. Officers were installed for the new year.

Middle Spring Grange held its annual banquet and installation of officers. The Grange orchestra provided opening and closing numbers.

I haven't seen anyone sporting Chinese clothes except professional models in pictures up to now but many of us have to confess in shame that we do not circulate among the Beautiful People and have never even been photographed at a party by LIFE magazine. We're not only not the avant-garde but we're not even in step in the last rank of the peasant troops.

### *Willow Hill*

Jay Jones received his God and Country Award in Scouting Sunday morning.

This spring the church groups would like to plant some shrubs and trees around the church. These can be bought individually, by groups or as memorial gifts. Brinton Commerer is in charge of this project and he can tell you what has been planned or what should be bought.

## ***Police Seek Butchers, Hit-Run Car***

State Police of the Carlisle substation investigated two accidents in the area over the weekend and are looking for persons who butchered a cow in an area barn and hauled away the meat and also a live calf from an area barn and another calf from a second barn.

State Police of the Chambersburg substation are seeking a hit-run driver involved in an accident in which two persons were injured and their car completely destroyed.

Police at Carlisle reported the butchering incident was reported at 11 a.m. Sunday at the farm of Bruce Edward Martin, Shippensburg, R. D. 2, eight miles east of Shippensburg near Walnut Bottom in Penn Township. The criminals entered the Martin barn, killed and butchered a nine-month old Holstein cow inside the barn, removed the front and rear legs, leaving the remaining parts in the barn. They also removed a five-week old Holstein calf from the barn. The cow and calf were valued at \$250.

In a similar incident a four-month old calf valued at \$100, was stolen from the barn of Paul Brooks Dunkelberger, Mechanicsburg R. D. 2.

## ***Cumminstown***

Attendance at St. Mary's United Methodist Sunday School was 110 with \$66.95 offering.

Attendance at St. James Lutheran Sunday School was 111 with \$62.25 offering.

Attendance at McClure's Gap Sunday School was 94 with \$145.96 offering.

The writer saw Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Willhide on Monday. So glad he is able to drive and get around. Hope Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Willhide got their pet cat back by now. Just too bad to lose something they liked so. But best of friends must part these days. People and pets also. Somehow it is very hard sometimes for people but they must understand.

## **No overcrowding in this borough**

Big Spring Bulldog Girls' Tank Team finally had a meet and the final score was 48 to 28 in favor of Penn Hall, a School in Chambersburg.

We had a lot of winners from this area at the Farm Show again this year, too, in the livestock field, the exhibits and getting parking spaces.

Really, though, the Universal Gym is designed to build up your muscles. If you get strong enough, you can help the Boosters' club pay for it.

## Personals

Mr. R. Barrick and Miss K. Barrick visited Miss L. Snyder, Mrs. E. Creager and Miss Gibson.

The Rev. H. Rockey and Mrs. Rockey, Camp Hill, called on Mrs. H. Snyder and Miss Gibson. The latter also had a guest, Mrs. J. Pinchot, from West Virginia.

There has been a great deal of sickness. We have very mild weather.

The Shippensburg Borough Police Department made a total of 428 arrests in 1971, assessing a total of \$6,936.65 in connection with the charges.

They held tryouts for parts in "Oklahoma!", the Big Spring High School musical to be presented in March, and it was like the first turn of the shower faucet.

## 10 YEARS AGO

The Harlem Ambassadors, professional basketball team with some alumni of the Harlem Globetrotters, took on the Newville Legion quintet at Memorial Hall.

Dr. Charles L. Wilbar Jr., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania secretary of health, was guest speaker at the Newville Lions Club in the Dot and John Restaurant.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd J. Markle of Carlisle R. D. 5, announced the engagement of their daughter, Betty Lou, to Donald Kay Wheeler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clair B. Wheeler, Newburg R. D. 1.

Susquehanna University Symphony Band appeared at Big Spring High School.

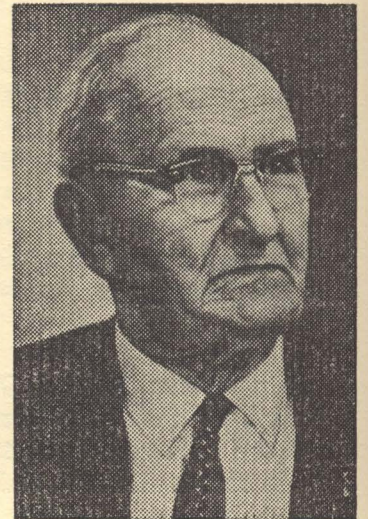
Miss Dorothy A. Williams of Newville R. D. 1 was guest of honor at a surprise bridal shower held at her home. Miss Elaine Dove and Miss Velva Stevens were hostesses.

## *Sadie Hawkins Dance Jan. 29*

## *Z. S. Brenize's Services Held Sunday At Orrstown*

Funeral services were held Sunday at 2:30 p.m. from St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Orrstown for Zook S. Brenize of Orrstown. Mr. Brenize, who was president of the Orrstown Bank, died Friday at 7:10 a.m., at Guilford Convalesarium at the age of 84.

He had been ill since Dec. 19 when he had suffered a stroke, but had apparently been recuperating satisfactorily and had been transferred Jan. 14 from the Chambersburg Hospital to Guilford Convalesarium.



Z. S. BRENIZE



Charles Floyd Goodhart, better known as "Goody" to his friends, is back in business on South High St. in Newville after all. It's not his long - k n o w n "Goodharts Clothing and Shoes," however. That's where Russell's Restaurant now operates and Goody is next door helping out at Bowman's Hardware. Why? "I like to keep busy," Floyd says. Of course, it's not every store that can have a bank president waiting on customers. But, this is Newville.

Dot Varner came by recently with a grapefruit which she claimed was a lemon. It was as big as a grapefruit, about five inches high, five inches across and weighing a pound and a half, yellow, squiggly inside and obviously a member in good standing of the citrus fruit family.

But a lemon? Everyone knows a good lemon should be no more ambitious in growing than an egg.

### *Stringtown*

Oh yes, the fellow that took the pictures for the anniversary said the writer would get a picture in three weeks. Would like to have one with glasses on. He took three.

### **R. R. Hill**

#### **LUMBER SALES**

We saw special orders and do custom sawing. Also, we have for sale fence boards, 1x6—16; locust posts, 3x5—7; wagon bed beams, 3x6 — 16; boards and 2x4's. Sawmill one mile north of Bloserville. OPERATING TUESDAY and THURSDAY.

**PHONE 532-6188**

**Charles E. Hawkins**

### ***Complete Dispersal***

**Holstein Dairy Herd  
Dairy Equipment  
Farm Machinery**

**Thursday, January 27  
Starting at 10:30 a.m.**

Located in Cumberland Co.,  
1 mile south of Newburg, 6  
miles north of Shippensburg,  
Pa., along Route 696.

Sunday was a very quiet day. No one around. That made the day very long.

See there is a state policeman on our road a lot. He goes by nearly every day. That is good.

We often sit and think of  
you  
And talk of how you died.  
And think we could not say  
goodbye  
Before you closed your eyes.

### **Season to end**

Trappers are reminded that the muskrat and mink season will end in Pennsylvania at noon on Saturday, January 29.

Ideal trapping conditions—fairly constant water levels, except for a high-water surge in mid-December, and little ice on streams, ponds and rivers—prevailed this year following the opening of the season on November 20.

Prices paid for muskrat, raccoon and fox pelts have been fairly good this year, but mink values have been somewhat depressed. All indications point toward a good catch on muskrats, while few mink lines were set.

## **Flu Bugs Area**

Took it every three hours day and night for one day then one day start again. Wouldn't be without it in the house as it is really good. You can give it to the children too. You give it by their age.

It is no nice thing to have, folks. Believe me it isn't. You can't sleep with it as you close your eyes for a nap it will soon wake you up. A tickle in the throat, no sleep. Best thing for it now is Silence is Golden cough formula, pure honey and lemon. It is very good. Take two teaspoons every three hours. It helps you to sleep too. It is really great stuff.

Doctors used to come out at all hours at night years ago. But not one now unless you are dead and they must come. All the old doctors are about gone now.

### **Dance Saturday at Legion hall**

"Chuck McGarvey and the Country Drifters" will play for a dance scheduled Saturday evening at Failor-Wagner Post 421 of the American Legion in Newville.

It would be more healthy weather if we had a good snow on the ground and colder.

### **Fannettsburg**

It sure is windy out today. There sure are a lot of sick people around. It sure takes a long time to get better.

### **Star Route 3**

The writer and husband and Irvin Brown all send their deepest sympathy to the McClure family of Fayetteville. We all knew George McClure Sr. He was a nice man, well known. He was the last of his family.

We had a mailman on our route he would come in all kinds of weather with a horse and buggy. Eddie Angle of town. That was years ago too. But everything has changed these days. Everything is up to date. Car to ride in.



We used to say at home it would be an awful night for the doctor to come out. But now they don't come out anymore.

—assembled by Jeff Wiles

## ROAD-PASSING

passing, but not seeing  
or seeing, but not noticing  
    what is       there

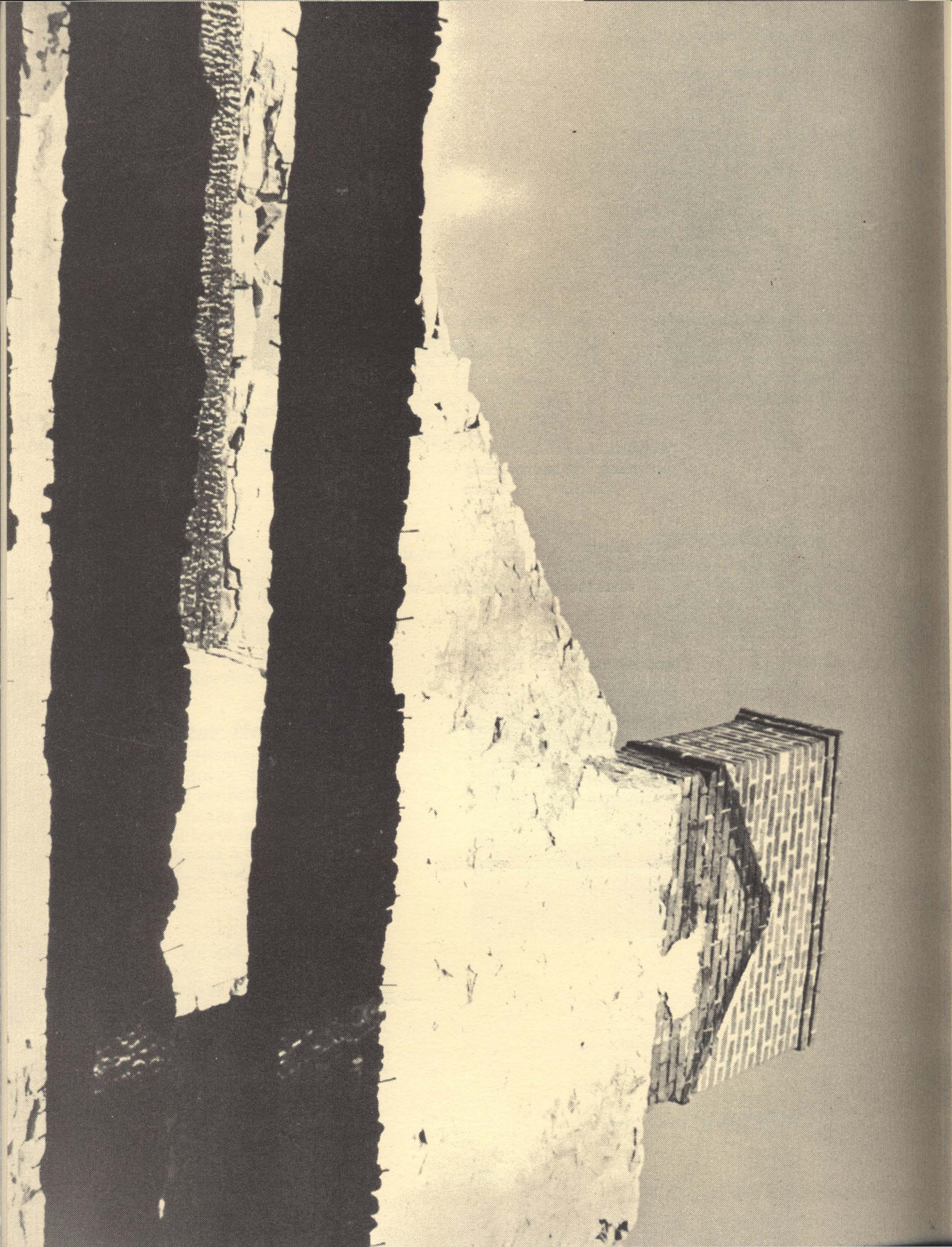
little things  
that make things  
    what they are, these barbed-wire fences

you are what your name is  
you are what your place is

they are       the questions  
that we must ask  
that they must answer  
they are what  
    they are

I am still on the road, passing

— *Harry Kissig*



## THE AUCTION

Elizabeth was smiling. She rolled down the window and filled the little blue Volkswagen bug with a rush of crisp air scented with the smells of the country. It was a bright crystal of an October day and every change of scene along the macadam country road brought a new delight to her nose. Cows sunning themselves on a low hillside emanated an unmistakable perfume, a trail of wood smoke surrounded the brick Civil-War era farmhouses, and the red and yellow deciduous forests scented the air with their own particular kind of freshness.

Coming out of her reverie, Elizabeth turned to her fiancée: "Hasn't it been three miles yet, Jerry?"

He took his eyes from the road for a second and glanced at her.

"Just about."

She took a hair brush from the pocket of her yellow nylon jacket and began brushing her curling sandy hair. Jerry again glanced at her, studied her face, and caught her eye. They both smiled. She reached over and playfully pulled his mustache.

He clucked his tongue in mock anger and straightened the mustache and his shaggy brown hair.

"We're here Elizabeth."

She turned and looked forward. The little car had just cleared the rise of a hill; visible atop the next hill was an auction.

From the distance it looked like a tremendous scramble of parked cars, people, buildings, furniture and farm implements, as they approached the details of the scene began to sort themselves out. The narrow road was parked full on both sides: cars, pick-up trucks, stake body trucks, even a large green tractor. In the shade of two huge maple trees in the front lawn was the entire contents of the house, a huge assemblance of forlorn looking furniture that seemed to anticipate the indignity of being auctioned to an unloving mob. The white, two story, wood-frame house swallowed an endless line of milling people through the mouth of its front door, children dashed back and forth on the wide lip of its front porch, and its bleak, vacant window-eyes were occasionally filled with faces, curiously looking out. On the near side of the house, the carnival crowd was most dense. It was there one could stand and watch the fast-talking auctioneer and his drone-like helpers offer the assembled property for sale. Behind the house was a small squat barn, its foundation-to-roof plank siding painted white and well preserved. Embracing one end was a concrete silo with a green dome-like roof that matched the color of the barn top. Three lightning rods with blue ceramic insulators protected the structure from the evil spirits of celestial electric discharge. Poorly dressed women, wrinkled and gray, stood in groups talking in hushed tones while their overall-clad farmer husbands milled around the tractor and implements that were yet to be sold. A large neatly lettered white sign was nailed to one of the maple trees, it read:

"Auction today."

"Jerry, this place bothers me." Elizabeth had a serious look on her face. "It looks just like the place up-state where we lived when I was small."

He had found a parking place and was negotiating the VW backward into a slot between two battered looking pick-up trucks.

"I thought you lived with your grandmother in town?" He spoke while craning his neck over the back of the seat.

"My parents lived on a farm just like this until I was six. They were killed on that farm." She frowned as she spoke.

He had parked the car but left the engine running.

"Oh, I didn't know. If you don't want to be reminded of the place we can go back.

She looked at the house and thought for a moment. "No, we can stay, it's just that there's something about the place . . ." She left the statement unfinished.

They left the car and walked the patched black-top road back to the auction. The sun was still shining in an endless blue sky and the air smelled faintly of a distant, manured field. Elizabeth eyed the place curiously.

"Our farm had two big maples like these two, but we had more of them back along the house."

They crossed the front lawn to the base of one tree. Moss grew around the roots and there was an elongated oval of bare dirt on one side. Elizabeth looked above the bare spot and pointed to two scars that circled a limb.

"Somebody had a swing here once, Jerry. My father had a tire tied up on one of our trees for me to swing in."

The auctioneer around the corner of the house was selling a set of dishes, his sing-song chant sounded like that of a side show barker.

Elizabeth put her hands in her jacket pockets and studied the branch that had held the swing.

"I can just remember my father, every night he used to sit and listen to his big radio. My bedroom was right over the parlor and his programs would keep me awake."

Jerry was looking over the furniture on the lawn.

"There's an old radio." He pointed to a squat varnished wooden cabinet.

Elizabeth looked from the tree to where he was pointing.

"That's the same kind of radio my father had!" Her tone was one of surprise.

A boy of five or six, with a running nose and filthy hands, ran to the radio and began excitedly turning the knobs. Out of the crowd his mother followed him, she was wearing scuffed and spotted brown loafers, pink pedal pushers, and a plaid wool shirt. She was very plain and, although young, had creases marking her high forehead and crows feet at the corner of each eye. She wore no make-up and her hair, a non-descript dark color, was pulled back and held in a short pony tail with an orange rubber band. Grabbing the child firmly by the arm, she bent over and scolded him inaudibly. The child wiped his nose on his sleeve and looked at the ground. Jerry stood on his toes and looked over the crowd.

"Let's go look at the back of the house."

Elizabeth quickly agreed, they left the woman and her sniveling child and threaded their way between the people surrounding the auctioneer. Hand in hand they followed a dirt drive that went from the main road, past the house to the barn. Not being in work clothes they stood out conspicuously, people took special note of them and occasionally someone would coldly stare.

Elizabeth was again chattering about her childhood. "I had a friend that lived on the next farm. She was a year younger than I was, but we didn't have anyone else to play with. We'd play dolls in the barn on Saturday afternoons when her parents went to town and left her with us."

The rear of the house had the same monotonous white clapboard siding as the front. A church group had put the kitchen into operation and were selling soup, cake, coffee and hot-dogs out the back porch window. People lined up on the porch steps to buy, others, food in hand, mingled with the steady stream of curious going in to look at the house. A large, smiling, ruddy-faced woman served the orders at the window and put the collected money in a cigar box.

During one opening of the screen door a yellow tabby cat ran out and jumped from the porch. It ran for the barn, apparently to escape the mob in the house. Jerry turned to watch it. He turned back to Elizabeth and found her clasping her frightened face in both hands.

"Elizabeth, what's the matter?" He took her hands and held them.

She was watching the cat as it vanished under the barn-door.

"That cat, Jerry—it was just like the cat we played with in the barn when I was little! Suzy and I use to play dolls with our cat!"

"First I told you about my father listening to his radio and then Suzy and I playing in the barn, and both times we saw exactly the things I was thinking about!" She was upset.

In the background the auctioneer was making a sale and having difficulty calling the rapidly rising price.

"Hun'ert and ten - ten - ten, do I hear twen'y - twen'y - twen'y. Yes, the lady there in front, twen'y - twen'y - twen'y, do I hear thirty - thirty - thirty . . ."

Jerry spoke.

"Liz, if this place bugs you, we can go."

She inhaled deeply "No, it's OK, it just startled me, that's all." She shrugged and smiled at him; he smiled back.

"Come on, let's go check out the house." He pulled her by the hand, walked around the food line, up the creaking wooden steps, and into the dimly lighted kitchen.

The church ladies in their faded cotton dresses and long white aprons were scurrying about preparing coffee and food. They had the ancient white gas stove covered with large dull pots and pans, the chipped enameled sink was a heap of dirty containers, and one end of their folding aluminum table was piled with empty roll boxes and cellophane. The room had a smell of warm home-made bean soup that contradicted the melancholy emptiness of the place.

A steady stream of people came through the door from the hall. They looked like zombies, some glared at the woodwork and hurried through, others lingered and stared mindlessly at the yellowing wallpaper. It seemed a theater of the wierd, everyone spoke in a hushed tone, sniffed the smell of dust and old air, and shuffled through the barren, vacant rooms.

Jerry and Elizabeth joined the stream of shufflers and rode the current toward the squared, plain, varnished stairway. They waited on the platform at the bottom until several puffy old women, wearing babushkas and stockings rolled at the knees descended and cleared the way.

The stairs were naked of carpet, noisy and alive with dirt. The late afternoon sun made a dusty slanted shaft through a window at the top of the flight. Elizabeth balked as Jerry began to ascend.

"J-Jerry, don't go up there."

She was terrified.

"Let's leave, Jerry. I want to get out of here."

She turned to go but several people were trying to pass them and go up. A very thin old man with a wrinkled brown face, grey whisker stubble, and one tooth smiled at Elizabeth.

"'Scuse me girlie." His voice croaked.

Elizabeth bolted for the back door; she knocked people out of her way the length of the hallway and through the crowded kitchen. Jerry followed, excusing himself through the path of overcurious people, and caught up with her in the back yard.

"Liz, what is the matter?"

She was visibly upset, refused to answer with a shake of her head, and began walking through the crowd. Jerry had trouble keeping abreast of her and kept running into big men in red plaid hunting jackets.

"I just want to get out of here Jerry, I want to go."

He had her hand, and was now walking evenly with her; the hand was cold and sweating.

Elizabeth stopped and suddenly gasped; Jerry followed her gaze. The auctioneer was holding aloft an old double barreled shotgun, its stock was stained and scratched and its metal a sinister, dull black. Elizabeth's eyes welled with tears and her face crmped into a cry.

"God, no!" She cried, her eyes fixed on the gun.

People nearby gaped and wispered: a rippling sea of expectant faces. Elizabeth ran to the car, Jerry pursued; she got in and sat sobbing, he started the engine.

Without speaking he eased the car out of the parking spot, maneuvered through the two columns of parked vehicles, and turned the VW around at a cross roads. Redriving the road past the auction they began the trip home.

When the farm dropped from sight in the rear-view mirror Jerry spoke.

"Can you tell me what's the matter, Elizabeth?"

Holding her face in her hands and sniffing she replied: "No."

They drove on in silence. Elizabeth was crying.

— Tom Kelchner



# 1

Around here.  
Always within a circular boundary,  
the people, the town  
all in circles.

Circles stagnant as old duck ponds.

Slowly they turn in their circles  
to be buried along the banks of the pond,  
the circle completed for that generation,  
the worrying passed on.

"We don't worry about that around here."

— *P. Bussard*



## *ECHO/SEVEN MOUNTAINS*

Two points, a diameter . . .

two arcs  
rising toward each other  
from the points.

They pass, don't touch;  
the diameter disappears.  
These are not  
circles, they wind  
inward, out, forming  
their own worlds.

Whose lives are these, I shout.

It comes back,  
whose life.

— *John Wilson*





CN



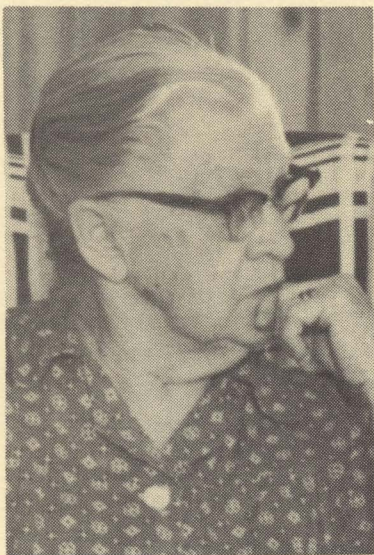
KK



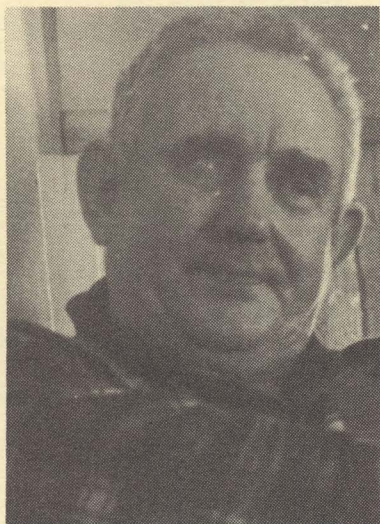


## THE ROXBURY INTERVIEWS

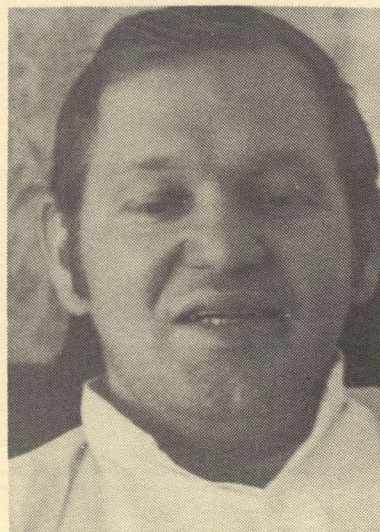
1:



2:



3:



On the morning of January 8th, the "staff" descended *en mass* upon the community of Orrstown. Hoping to find many interesting persons to interview and to talk with in general, we ran into a few immediate problems. Let's say semantics got in our way . . . and theirs. Later, in Roxbury, Mr. George Shope, proprietor of a general store there, introduced us to Mrs. Shirley Holtry, a long time area resident. We entered the 200 year old house to find Mrs. Holtry (H in the interview to follow), talking with her daughter, Mrs. Emma Daihl (D). Mr. Shope (S) facilitated the interview, which was relaxed and friendly. (R represents *Reflector* staff members, throughout all of the interviews.) Leaving Mrs. Holtry an hour later, we then went to the near-by home of Mr. Paul Daihl, a former logger and railroad man, who has become acquainted with many aspects of the valley through his work. A few weeks later, on a Sunday afternoon, we interviewed Reverend R. McElwee, a young minister, in his Roxbury parish house-home. We wish to thank Mrs. Holtry, Mr. Daihl, and Reverend McElwee (and Mr. Shope) for their kind openness in talking with us.



**I:**

R: What happened when the Shippensburg dam burst?

H: Well, the logs weren't too good, you know, and there was too much power behind it, the water, you know. That was just a little too much for it.

R: Did anything happen to Roxbury itself?

H: No.

R: There wasn't any flood or anything?

H: No. See, that was all below Roxbury. But we have one up here. Didn't tell them about that one.

S: They haven't been up there. They didn't even know about the Shippensburg dam. In the sawmill they hauled the logs out of the gutters on the "dinky" cars they called them, wasn't it?

H: A lot of men worked them before.

S: Yeah, they say all the men, all the boys around Roxbury, they worked there always in the sawmill up there.

H: That's a fact sure enough.

S: They hauled the logs into Shippensburg, I mean.

H: Well Mr. Leidig, what was old father Leidig's first name?

D: Jasper.

H: No, it wasn't Jasper.

S: You mean the one that had the blacksmith shop?

H: Well, there was only the one blacksmith shop . . .

S: Two of them. One of them used to stand in there where Andy's car was at, then the other one was going down the alley there.

H: Oh, that was a grist mill, though. That was a mill. Charley Farrow run that there mill. He made flour. They made flour and everything here.

R: Do you remember anything about Louie the Robber?

- H: No indeedy. No that's back further yet. Oh, my goodness, if I could just remember, I haven't been here that long, you know. They had a band in Roxbury, and Oh my goodness, they had the wonderfulest band, and they had two lodges here, the Patriotic Order Sons of America, and what was the other one?
- R: The Masons, I saw a couple of tombstones with Masons on them.
- H: Well, the P.O.S. of A. was down where Wingerd lives and the other one was down there, down where the restaurant is. There was two lodges here.
- R: What kind of social life did they have when you were young? What did they have for young people? What did you do on weekends, were there dances or church socials?
- H: There were church socials, yes there was Christmas and Easter . . .
- D: Where the plain had their church; the plain people started to dance.
- S: That was about forty years ago since they had them. They used to hold a square dance out here in the small building. That was back when the C.C. camp was back in Bear Valley. I remember when one time there were a bunch of C.C. boys there. I wasn't very old. I mean, I'm forty-five. I don't even remember that.
- D: They had a Doctor Stoy was in town. And Doctor Brubecker was to come in after Doctor Stoy. And we don't have a doctor anymore.
- R: When was that?
- D: That was back in my grandmother's time. That was about sixty years ago.
- R: How about the schools around here? Was there one school in town?
- H: Well, there were two. Yep, same what's down there now. That was the first grades, up to four, and then up to eight. It was the one I went to.
- R: The second building there, then?
- D: Gary went down there his whole eight years.
- H: I didn't come here till after I was married, and then we lived on a farm.
- R: How did you meet your husband?
- H: How did I meet my husband? Well, the first time I met my husband, I lived back in Horse Valley, and him and a cousin of mine came back in there. They were hunting up through the valley, and they generally travelled, you know, they walked, and

they couldn't make their way home the same night, so my mother kept hunters, and she kept these two guys. I was but fourteen then. But he told me he never forgot me from the time they were there for supper. My mother had to go to the barn to milk and I did the supper. And he said I got the supper on. But then, it went on a good many years after that. Then after, well, my aunt died, you know, Uncle John, and then I came down and stayed with Lizzie, Lizzie Birch, you know, well, Jenny Freak had her first baby, Lizzie had to take care of them, my mother was her first, and then that winter Lizzie didn't want to stay by herself and Jenny moved to Chambersburg, she was married to this here Freak, what's his name? Bill. Yeah, Bill Freak. So my husband went with Lizzie for awhile, I don't know if "Shopey" knows anything about that, or not . . .

S: No, I don't believe.

H: And he was always watching me when I came to see Lizzie, he was always watching me. So Lizzie, you know, she worked in Philadelphia a good bit and so she had to go down to Philadelphia for six weeks through the Christmas season, you know, and we had Saints meetings out here where Burts lived, you know, out here at the white church. Well, the white church wasn't there then, we went in there to a building where we had Saints meetings . . .

R: What's a Saints meeting?

D: Revival service.

R: Oh, I see. I didn't hear that term before.

D: Honor of the saints.

H: Well, I went to school, and one evening when I was pretty near home Sam, he hollered, he called me Cook, he said "Come on, Cook, we're going to meetin' tonight." And you see, he went with Ruth Holtery, you know, the girls that grandad raised. So that was the first, he wanted to get me in with Marshall, my husband. Well, then, when Lizzie come home she was just good and mad, and I said, "Lizzie, it wasn't my fault," I said, "I didn't do anything." And I said, "I'm going home now to mother and dad and help them," and I said, "You have your boyfriend." But he wouldn't have it. He wouldn't do it.

D: You worked on the farm, here, though, you worked on the farm down at . . .

H: Oh that was below Leesburg. That winter. Yes. I went down there that winter, sort of to get away from him . . .

D: So you worked in a hotel in Chambersburg one year.

H: Yeah, worked in Chambersburg, and he drove his horse and buggy and come up to see me. And that was it.

R: How long did you see him before you were married, then? Well, you first saw him when you were fourteen.

D: She didn't see him very often before she got married.

H: No, because I was around. See that winter, you know, I went down to Leesburg. That's five miles on the other side of Shippensburg. And I worked down there all winter. But I wrote to him, and he said, "I want a letter every week." So once he got Charlie Patterson, you know the Pattersons lived out there, and there was a girlfriend of mine down there. And if I could get ahold of her they would meet us. One night, and I'll never forget, we had to go out in the country. Well, Leesburg's a little town, and they were in a sleigh. It was snow, you know, and they were in the sleigh, and he had his little horse and sleigh, and oh, my, they could just fly. So, we went to this girl's place and we spent the evening. Then going home this here Charlie Patterson, he started to yell and holler, you know, like boys would do going through a town or something. And Marshall said, "Cut her out." He said, "I have respect for this girl, and I don't want none of that 'til after we're rid of her. And he took me home, and I said, "Now you can holler all you want." Well, I don't know if girls have quite as much trouble to meet their boyfriends now.

R: I guess not now; we just hop in our cars and go.

H: We used to have two churches in there. First there was the Episcopal and Protestants. And then they tore the one down, and all that was left was the Methodists.

D: It was down there where the cemetery is.

H: And now they're all what, United Methodists?

D: Well, that hasn't been too awful many years ago that they had the power plant here.

H: Well, that's when they had the flume, you know . . . And after that Penelec took it and there was no work for no man.

S: Yeah, it's all gone now.

H: So's the old grist mill. A grist mill's where you make flour, you make corn meal, you know, stuff like that . . .

D: Well, yeah, it's a flour mill. Yeah, but you'uns called it a grist mill.

H: No, the grist mill was bein' the name of it. We brought wheat in and had it ground into flour and Mr. Farrow run that. I can remember that.

D: Mr. West, was he the caretaker of that at one time?

H: I don't know what West did do there. I don't know too much about West. I don't think he did anything there. He worked on the electric someplace. He was electrocuted, you know. I wonder if he didn't, I don't know if he worked down there at the ah . . . I don't know where he was burnt at! But he was burnt someplace. And Frank Swan was burnt too.

S: Yea, he was burnt down there where they built that substation. He was electrocuted

down there in October that there fall.

R: Do you remember your parents talking about any crops or anything that would be a bit different from now? Did they grow any buckwheat around here?

H: Oh, my, yes. Yes, they growed buckwheat and this here grist mill's where we got our buckwheat flour, you know. Yea, you'd get your buckwheat there just the same as wheat flour. Yes, they growed buckwheat.

R: Did you have a garden the size of the regular fields that would provide you with most of your vegetables?

H: No, we just had a regular garden. But on the farm we raised corn, you know, and rye, wheat and oats and such as that . . . and some buckwheat. We didn't raise too much buckwheat but we raised some.

R: What kind of animals did you have?

H: You mean in horses and cows? Well, we had horses and cattle and sheep and hogs on the farm.

R: How many in proportion to each other? Just to get an idea of what the farms were like. Nowadays, you know, they're sort of specialized; where somebody will only raise cows and then plant corn.

H: Well, we had our cows and we raised our calves and if we had a good calf we'd wanta raise up for a cow why we'd raise it or we sold to the butchers, you know, then he'd kill it for venison. We didn't have no big farm. We had three farms and where we lived on and raised the family on and then we had the Reed farm that belonged to us and then that great big one Letterkenny took. The government took that big farm.

H: Naw.

S: You raised most everything to eat, I mean . . . You had your hogs killed, you butchered and you had your garden . . . .

H: Holy Pete! That was our livin.' We never bought anything from the store outside coffee, sugar . . . that's about all we ever bought at the store. We raised all our food. Everything—sweetcorn . . . and in them days you dried your food, you dried your green beans, you dried your sweet corn. You couldn't can like you could today. And it was more healthier and it was pure and good.

S: Yeah, apples. You dried your apples.

H: Right!

S: The average was about five horses. Each farmer had about five to six horses. About ten to eleven to twelve cows, I mean . . . Then the hogs. We always killed about four hogs, four or five hogs for a family of, ah . . .

H: We had eleven. Nine children and him and I. It was eleven of us, and we was a really happy family.

S: You could easy kill a beef and four, five hogs.

H: Yes, we had four hogs, Charlie.

S: And then you cured the meat then, you see, and hung it in the smokehouse outside and then smoked it with hickory and ah . . . what was the other wood they used?

H: Oh, they put oak to it some times.

S: And smoked the meat and left it hang.

R: Yeah. I can remember my great-grandfather, when I was real little, still did that.

H: We never bothered the store a whole lot. We raised chickens and turkeys . . . I still have a big flock of turkeys still.

S: Chicken was the meal of the weekend every once in a while. It was a feast. Turkey we'd only have once a year and that was really somethin.' Eggs! You'd only eat them once when Easter was.

S: Yea, you sold the eggs, you see. You could take a dozen eggs to the store, then you could buy five dollars worth of groceries.

H: Eggs is money.

S: Yeah. I heard that from my Grandmother. I mean, they'd farm down there I used to bring a couple a dozen eggs to the store and take home a whole bag of groceries.

R: Was your farm different at all from your parents'? Were there any changes?

H: No, I didn't believe there was any changes much.

R: It's pretty much . . .

H: Pretty much the same.

R: Do you remember your grandparents at all?

H: I can't remember my grandparents too much.

R: Were they farmers also?

H: Yeah, they were farmers. They had big farms back in Horse Valley. You know, Roymond Morris says that people in New York City still think there's horses and Indians back here in these mountains . . . They don't know anything. People in the city really believe this. They don't come to the country to live here 'cause this mountain here, you know, 'cause they still think that there's Indians back there and they'll kill you. Well, people'll kill you anywhere.

2:

R: You can start by telling us a little bit about your job.

L: The job?

R: Yeah, when it first started.

L: When it first started. That was back in 1923. I worked for his granddaddy down there.

R: George Shope?

L: Yeah, cross cuts and log yards. They didn't have power saws then.

R: Were these the two man cross cuts, you mean, or?

L: Yeah, two man cross cuts.

R: How old were you, then, when you started?

L: Seventeen.

R: How many people were working where you were?

L: Oh, I imagine there was, oh about 15.

R: Had you lived here in the town then or were you from a farm?

L: I was from a farm. Down the mountain there. I went to South Mountain to get away from farming.

R: Were you tired of it? I guess . . .

S: His daddy run a farm. When did you start sawing? What year did you start to saw?

L: '33. Ten years after.

S: Cut timber, and sawed, I mean, and then later on when he went to the saw he was a sawyer. When did you go up into Gunther's then?

L: Moved into Gunther's the spring of '26.

S: I was telling, you know, how they had to haul the logs down out of the mountain. He worked on that there, he worked on that.

R: Oh, with the trains and the . . .

L: Yeah!

L: Were they called Dinkys, the small trains . . .

L: No, they called it the locomotive. Big job, you know, weighed eight tons, you know. We thought it was big. Guess it wasn't so big. (laughter) I'll show you a picture of it after we get done with this here thing.

R: All right, good.

L: Oh, and then his daddy got his back broked down there and they finished that job up and they went for Minehart and Etter, and for Book.

R: When you worked at the sawmill, did you have to travel around very much? I guess you just stayed there and . . .

L: We stayed in the shanty most of the places.

R: How long have you been living here in Roxbury?

L: I bought this in '28.

R: This house here? Is this a pretty old house here?

L: Oh, I imagine it's seen two hundred.

R: Two hundred years? Have you done any changing around?

L: The kitchen used to come over to here; I put the end on. I put the bathroom up above, and put a mess of shingles outside. Haven't done too much changin' since that. Ain't gonna do too much. Gonna build a shed back there, do a little feedin' bees.

S: He . . . he butchered. This lady over here now was saying about they used . . . He butchers his own hogs yet. He grazes steer, he raises them . . . he buys the young hogs, he raises them up, he butchers 'em and kills the steer, a couple steers a year. What, about two . . . four hogs a year.

L: Two.

S: Two.

L: And then stays sick all winter. (laughter)

R: You raise your own, is that it? You raise your own to butcher or you butcher sometimes for others?

L: Raise me own. I don't butcher for anyone else.

S: He just butchers, himself. He's his own butcher . . . I mean, he butchers his own hogs, won't butcher for anyone else.

L: Oh, go up and butcher for Lloyd.



R: Can you tell me anything about the butchering?

L: Anything about it?

R: Yeah.

L: All you do is kill the hogs and take the hair off and cut the meat up. And if you ever go to the butcher and want different kinds of meat around here, you don't get all those kinds. When you're eating sausage you get part of the hams in the sausage.

R: Do you make your own scrapple and puddin', paun haus? What's the difference between paun haus and scrapple? I've never . . .

L: All the same.

R: It is the same?

L: Yeah, you make, you see . . . you suit yourself. What you buy at the butcher shop, at the store, wouldn't even make good mush. Don't have much seasoning in it. It don't have . . . pretty much, prit near all water and cornmeal. If you'd eat good scrapple, you wouldn't figure it was too good.

R: The main reason you still butcher is . . .

L: Naw, I didn't butcher there for . . . I went over to Huntingdon County, there, all together for about 15 years. I didn't do too much butchering over there. I stayed in a shanty over there. Oh, I cut, oh, I imagine while I was over there I might 'a cut 35 million feet. The last, the next to the last sawin' done over there was the Rosenburg brothers. They cut, ah, they cut around a little better than a hundred thousand a week. Last sawin' done over there . . .

W: Is this picture too small?

R: Yeah, I'm afraid it's . . . I'll try and take a picture of it and then if anything comes out it'll come out. It usually has to be a little bit bigger to get the details.

W: I have a larger picture, but I can't find it.

L: Is that the one Mom took?

W: No. It's the one Keith took.

L: Don't you have any other ones you can give him?

W: No, somebody must have the other big one.

L: Fuzzy Taile sawed for me a while 'fore he went to the Navy.

S: Yeah, I worked with him in the sawmill.

- R: How many people work in the sawmill now?
- L: There isn't as many work in the sawmill now as used to.
- R: When you remodeled this house, was it logs under here?
- L: Yeah, them in there's logs. And out front there, they got a brick case. I don't want to take you down in the cellar 'cause I went in mines that looked a lot safer than that.
- R: Un-huh. (laughter)
- L: Boy, what a hole they used to dig.
- R: Where do you work now?
- L: I don't work. Right there in one of them chairs is where I been workin' the last two weeks.
- S: He's retired.
- R: Oh, I see.
- L: Had a gout in my hoof and couldn't get around. Too much, many a morning when the wind blows and there's snow. In the shanty you'd shake two or three inches of snow off your covers before you'd get out on the floor.
- S: Worked in the sawmill and lived in the shanty all week. You see, I only come home on week-ends. I mean, they stayed there at the shanty.
- R: How far was that from here?
- S: That was in Huntington.
- L: That was about 15 miles. I stayed in the shanty and worked up in Gunther here a while up in Horse Valley. First started, why I went back and forth in my . . . I'd leave here Monday with about six or eight head 'a horses and a wagon. Walk a while in zero weather and you'd crawl in and ride a while. We get up in Valley there about eight mile when I worked up there. Didn't have no transportation till I got a mobile.
- R: When was this, then?
- L: That was in '24. Fall of '24, spring of '25 I was over in Amberson. Had an old Model T Ford truck rig. We had a cook on that job over there, we had a lot of men there; we had a sawmill and shingle mill. And you asked how many men worked in a mill today, over there at Rosenberry they don't run, let's see, there's two, four, five, six running the mill. And they put, they put a lot more stuff out than we did. They got an automatic mill.
- S: It's all electric. Back then, that was just steam. We fired with the slabs; we used the

slabs off the log to, I mean, to fire the boiler, I mean, to run the mill.

R: Yeah, I see.

S: In his day, I mean, like the sawmill.

R: Did you, along with this sawmill, did you get to work with wood anymore? Like this cabinet here; did you do any of that kind of work?

L: That's too slow for me, and too tedious. I will nail a board in the window if the wind's blowing in. (laughter)

W: Here's the picture they used to have up here in Gunther's sawmill.

R: That's fine. Is this you in the picture?

L: I'm looking out the hole there in the Dinky.

W: A man over in Lancaster County here has some books printed, this is in his book, he took a picture of me here.

S: I told him about that up in there, when they burnt the sawdust, you know.

R: I think these should come out. If they don't come out, can I come back and take some more?

W: Sure, you can come back anytime you want. You're welcome back.

R: Thank you. Because I really think that's a good picture. I really think that's fine.

S: We could tell you something about the ice house over here, you know. You probably helped put some ice in there, didn't you?

L: Yeah, I was puttin' ice in there. I put ice in . . . well, I helpin' Dan Morgan cut ice when the dam burst.

S: We used to saw it out and bring it down here in the wagon, didn't you?

L: Wagons . . .

S: Sawdust.

R: What kind of a saw did you use to get it off the . . .

L: I had a big two, ah, cross-cut. Pretty heavy saw.

R: When did you do that? From what time to what time? What years?

L: Oh, that's been . . . oh, I'd say that was put in about '37.

R: And then you did it for a while or did you keep doing it? Even while you were logging?

- L: No, over here we'd fill the ice house, for ice to keep the beer cold. That's what they used the ice for. There was a hotel there.
- R: Oh, there was a tap room there at the hotel?
- L: Yeah, they used to sell booze there till all the drunks would sit. One morning . . . signed up to vote it out.
- R: When was that . . . during the second world war?
- L: No, that was during, no, that was before the world war. Voted out in '38 I believe, '38 or '39. That's the reason Shippensburg did so much, ah, business.
- R: Yeah, I guess.
- L: They got everything dry. There was only, what, four townships in the county wet.
- R: What year did the sawmill burn up here?
- L: '30.
- W: '30.
- R: When they voted this township dry . . . who was heading that, the women's temperance union or whatever it was?
- L: A bunch 'a drunks were sick.
- R: Oh, they were sick.
- L: They come around . . . have 'em sign a petition. Then the women went to work on the vote. They (word unclear) better than three to one. They didn't want anybody drink-in' around here. That's the reason I had to quit.
- R: Oh. (laughter)
- L: Yeah, I looked for (word unclear) township to go out to. Since they got the (word unclear) over there on Sunday.
- R: How far is Fennettsburg from here?
- L: Oh, about fifteen mile.
- R: I guess you know a lot about the roads . . . when they became hard roads and things like that.
- L: Yeah, I remember when this here wasn't hard. There wasn't no hard roads. First hard road we had around here was a concrete road from Benton Hall to Chambersburg and went up through Letterkenny. That was the first hard road put in. That was cement.
- R: When was that?

L: They put that in . . . they may have put that in, I believe middle twenties, I believe they put it in the middle twenties. Governor Pinchot then . . . I believe it was his second , no, first term they made this one hard out here. These other ones was second term . . . that he put a lot of 'em in. Yeah, these was all dirt roads. They, they'd haul their lumber into Shippensburg in wagons. There was that one piece out there on the other side 'a Salvage. You know out there where the big oak tree stood . . . along there four and six head 'a horses were, horses, and mules, and a wagon. They'd swamp . . . and the fellow behind . . . they'd scam out, maybe they'd have 15 head onto him and drag him right through there, through the mud in the spring. They hauled the wagon right near Granddaddy's mill down there.

R: Where did the lumber go from there? Did it pretty much stay in this area?

L: Oh, they shipped. Most of the stuff he cut was railroad. He . . . the Reading Railroad Company, they had the, ah, coal and iron down there. They put a lot of lumber in the mines. We cut a awful lot of lumber for mines. We used to cut some stuff for them 16 to 16 to 39 feet. That was prit near virgin timber where that came off of . . . that was over in Dry Run.

S: They hauled it to Shippensburg on railroad cars; you see that's when they had to from here . . .

L: They'd ship practically all your, ah, your boards to the furniture factory. There wasn't many furniture factories around then. Ship it away to furniture factories. Your good boards and, ah, the low grade boards went into fire wood. Sometimes you'd cut a slab and maybe at the butt it'd be a foot thick where it'd go into fire wood. Now that'd scimp out for steel blockin'. You get a load a' slab wood now for fire wood, you just get kindlin'. The mill over at Fannettsburg, they got a debarker and a chipper. All their sidin' goes in to pulp.

S: Grind it all up now. Isn't such a thing as gettin' slabs off that mill is there?

L: Naw. They, ah, on over a' the next valley, I worked in, over in Tuscarora Valley, they burn their slabs.

R: For power or . . .

L: No, they just burn 'em. Haul 'em out and burn 'em and get rid of 'em. Don't even pay 'em to haul 'em out for wood. The mines used to take 'em, but the little mines up around Coalfields and all around Broadtop they're about all gone. They got in there and shipped 'm all out. And where it's deep enough to mine, the mine they closed down because they're full 'a water. If you happen to tap one of them, you're a drowned rat. Robertsdale sits up atop the mountain and, ah, there's mining down in around Dudley and Middletown and them places. There's a lot fall . . . if they'd tap one 'a them it'd just drown them. They know about where they are, but then there's some, ah, bootleg miners get in and dug out some that isn't on the maps. They ain't too sure where the water is and there's billions and billions 'a water in there. All those old diggings is filled up.

### 3:

R: Maybe you could start out by telling us something about your first reactions when you came here or where you came from.

M: Well, my home is Camp Hill which is near Harrisburg. And the parish I was serving before I came here was in a similar type of setting. I mean, the town was just a little bit bigger. I'm not too sure what you want as far as impressions go. A small town is a small town. Everyone, for the most part, knows everyone else—especially in a town this size. Sometimes where I was before it was a little bit difficult to get to know people. Here they seem to be a little bit more out-going. I suppose because of the nature of the community. Most people here work away from the community. It isn't quite the closed community it used to be. There are some people who have moved in who have been here for I don't know how long, longer than I have, that still really don't feel, you know, that they're part of the community. They live here, but that's it. I've only been here since August. I feel we very definitely are accepted as a community members. I know of other cases where this isn't so. Maybe because the people haven't tried to be a part of the community. Maybe because I'm a minister I'm accepted this way, you know.

R: That's possible. What do you think the requirements are for community acceptance? Why are some people accepted and others not?

M: I think most of it is due to the fact that the ones who are really accepted have been people who are basically born and raised here. The ones that . . . I've talked to one particular family . . . be careful if you quote me on this . . . They're a part of the church, or they have been and yet they feel that they're not really a part of the community yet, and they've been here over five years. But here again I think you're dealing with people. And some people just don't go out and make themselves, you know, part of the community. They sort of sit back and expect the community to come to them. Where in this type of work I'm involved in, I can't do that. I try that sometimes, but . . . I just don't feel that I have enough energy to get up and get out and do things. A lot of it, I think, depends on the type of people.

R: How large is your parish?

M: There's three churches. One in Roxbury, here, down the street. And there's one in Upper Strasburg. You know where that is? Which is about the same type of community. Now there I know the people in the church are ganged together. I feel accepted there, but as far as being in a community, I don't live in that community. About the relationship as far as this community, I think, as far as the ministry goes anyway and being a member of it I seem to be able to get along with the young people pretty well. You know, high school age kids and we have a pretty good time. Sometimes it's questionable. Maybe I shouldn't give in so much to their whims but we have a good time anyway. And I think this has helped 'cause there's not a whole lot for the young people to do. I can't be involved in sports too much in their school. The kids here go into Chambersburg.

R: Oh Really.

M: Yes. The line is somewhere just down around the Otterbein church. The East kids go to Shippensburg. But to be involved in sports they have to have some arrangements to get home from school at night 'cause they always go by bus. Most of them leave around 7 o'clock in the morning and then they get home around 4 o'clock. Of course, for sports and stuff it's five o'clock at least 'til the practice is over. So there's a hardship that way and once they're out here, I mean there's no . . . there's a skating rink up the road here and that's about it as far as social life. The youth fellowship we have here is pretty active in that the kids do things, plan activities, so many each month and this type of thing. And there's real fellowship there. That's because there's nothing else for them, you know, to take their time away from.

R: Do you think then that in a way the area helps the church as far as the social . . .

M: In this respect yes, with the adults it's a little bit different. There's no real problem as far as during the week ministry type of thing right now. Except for the youth work. I have a couple of young people, you know, a young married couple. They're willing to work with the high school kids, which helps. So, even when I'm gone during the week, which is six months out of the year, there is something going on for them. And, of course, there's choir practice and things for the adults. And their regular Sunday school classes which meet occasionally outside of Sunday morning. But now, that's a different thing. I mean, they . . . some of them work nights which prohibits it. But there are things to do. I mean, they have their cars. They can get up and go, you know.

R: How large are your congregations?

M: You mean in membership or attendance?

R: Well, both.

M: Upper Strasburg is about seventy something in membership. We get around 35, 40 on Sunday, on an average Sunday. Down here the membership of the church is a hundred and sixty somethin'. And we average around fifty, which is on a national average about average, but I don't think it's very good, for the type of community anyway. But this is as near as I can tell, I mean, it's never been any different. It's not any more, nor traditionally has it been a nobly religious community. I have one other church, Amberson which is the next valley over. Now there we have about sixty members and have roughly thirty out on a Sunday. That's more typically a farming community, at least in my estimation of it. They do work, some of them, at Letterkenny, but there are quite a number that are actively farming either as their livelihood or on the side. And, of course, those kids are all, I mean, everything is socially oriented the other side of the mountain, towards McConnellsburg. It's rarely that they come over to this side for anything, except the ones that work at Letterkenny or some place like that. Socially it's all over there. It's a natural barrier. The only relationship they have with the people on this side is me as a pastor.

R: So you feel more of an outsider there.

M: Not really, I mean as far as, there's no real community such as you have here. Your farms are just set all over the place. Amberson itself has a store and a Presbyterian church there too. We have services only every other week over there. And there's

another house, and a that's about it. So, I mean, this is really a rural community I have visited most of the homes and in that sense I feel not rejected anyway. And they're fairly open, be willing to work along with anything that I happen to come up with, which hasn't been too much 'cause I haven't been here too long.

R: When we talked to some members of the community recently . . . it's difficult to phrase this because I'm not exactly sure what it was, but there seemed to be a pretty deep-rooted religious feeling and respect for the church, and yet for all the ministers, and this is in Orrstown also, we told them what we were trying to do with the magazine and we'd ask if the ministers had been there a while, if they could help us, because at first we weren't sure what we were going to do with it, and we'd be sort of reluctant . . . and they'd say "well, the minister really doesn't know anything because he's just a minister." Do you feel ever that you're sort of treated like that?

M: Occasionally. I'm not a super-pious person, though some people may try to paint that picture of me, but I don't like to be catagorized like that. There are some people that obviously, you know, "you're the minister, and I won't use my off-color language around you." As far as being really up on the history around here, I'm at a loss, because they're not really historically minded in the sense that they'd remember that far back to any significant events; it's taken me a while to really get the feel of the community, because there's been no written history. Where I was before they were very historically-minded, and anything, anything at all that happened somebody made a report of, and eventually they made it up into printed form. And this was waiting for me when I got there, so I read it. But there are those who, you know, you walk down the street they greet you because they know you're the minister and they should say something, you know, and they're very polite about it. Yet the ones that, the people that I really feel accepted by are those who . . . I don't have to be afraid to be myself, I'm usually not afraid to be myself anyway, but this is a strange community that way. Some people, they seem to be their natural selves around me, yet there's that small handful who have it another way. That's what I have to live with.

R: That's probably true in any community.

M: The ministers around here . . . and I think it reflects the attitudes of some of the people. I'm not so sure about Roxbury itself but I think in the general area, is not much of a desire for cooperation between denominations, which I'm not used to. There's a keen competition in even the Newburg church, with three churches in the charge, the United Methodist church, and all three of them, they don't even cooperate among their own charge. Where at least here, in Upper Strasburg and generally Amberson, there's a parish program, they all support it pretty good, which is, as I understand, unusual for this area. I find the people generally, if you take an interest in them, try to work with them, show them ways in which they can improve their community or the church life or what have you, and not just try to have them respect you as a minister, it makes a difference.

R: Several times when we'd ask, well not we, but individual members of our group would go to a town we'd ask for a minister, the people would really look blank and then they'd say, "Oh, you mean the preacher." Do you see any difference in the role played by a minister and a preacher?



- M: Yeah, but this is sort of historical, too. Many of these churches, especially the Methodist church have always been served by students, you know, seminary students, who are college students, and this means that much of the ministry has been a preaching ministry, Sunday morning services and sermons, and in a lot of cases that is really it. Whereas I try as much as I can to get in the home, just sit down and talk with them, shoot the breeze, you know, half the time we don't even mention the church, unless you get into a home where you know they haven't been to church and you're sitting there and they feel guilty. "We'll be coming back one of these days" . . . they don't come back, and that's where the role of minister comes in. They expect you to say something and you don't have to because they do. But there's the difference between preacher and ministry. 'Cause this is the problem alot of our churches face . . . they don't sense they have a ministry. Their church life is just Sunday morning services.
- R: I wonder if historically, particularly in this area, say going back an hundred years or so, if it wasn't more commonplace for a minister or a head of a church to be a preacher and was there as much ministry then? Sometimes in small communities the older members in the community just sort of, you have to prove yourself to them or something just because you're young.
- M: I had this problem where I was before, but as this is my second pastorhood, I had the advantage of 3 years experience when I came here, where many ministers, this was their first pastorhood, so they couldn't enjoy that luxury. There's always going to be some that are going to be a little skeptical, and of course I'm not from a rural parish to begin with. My home church has a membership on the outside of 1,700. And the only problem I've ever had is maybe some people think here's some guy coming from a large suburban church with all kinds of ideas, and it's not going to work here. I've just been very very careful, and I don't push anything. When I try something I try to plant the idea and let the suggestion come from them, which is psychological. But that's the only problem I've had.
- R: You said earlier that most of the people of the community aren't really that religiously minded and that most of them don't work here, what would you say is their main interest, The average citizen of Roxbury . . . what do they really live for?
- M: Alot of them don't want to live in the larger areas and have to fight the problems of the city. I don't enjoy the city, that is one reason I enjoy being out here. I couldn't live in New York City if you paid me, although I went to school there. It is a good place for the most part. To bring up their kinds. This is the thinking, I detect.
- R: I think alot of them enjoy being outdoors, they enjoy hunting and fishing . . .
- M: I never saw so many snowmobiles in my life as I have out here. They do enjoy being out and I do too. I am not a hunter but I like to hike and stuff. They just don't want any part of city living. Some people will frankly tell you that. And of course some of them, this is true of people who have moved in here from other places. Some of them—this is their home, they were born and raised here and they wouldn't think of leaving.

- R: About two weeks ago another fellow and I were talking to a minister from Walnut Bottom and he said a lot of people would be hostile to outsiders. I guess it would depend on the outsider.
- M: Yeah, now when they were building the turnpike, the tunnels up here, this building next door used to be a hotel. A lot of the workers lived there—it was a wild place I understand. Even within the last three or four years there used to be some pretty wild parties next door, or so I understand. And they're a little touchy about things like this. Outsiders are, they're a little leary of them, because they've had bad experiences with them, the turnpike workers. They had been a little wild.
- R: I think that's normal. I know, St. Thomas is the same way. People aren't too receptive, to put it mildly.
- M: Yeah. In some ways, there would be a lot of people, if they knew you were from Shippensburg it would be phwsht, right away. Up goes their guard. Not a word, I'm not going to talk to them. There are kids in the community here, you know, with the long hair, the beards . . . but as long as it's one of the community kids, it's all right.
- R: Oh, they don't frown upon that?
- M: Well, they think it's a little nuts, but he'll outgrow it.
- R: For some reason we've found Roxbury much more receptive, or at least I did, and so did others, I think. Much more open and friendly than almost all the other towns in the area. And I've wondered why that is, and I haven't come up with any conclusions other than that the geographical location — closest to the mountain, the people seem much more aware of the mountain, much more aware of the hiking and hunting and all that . . . much more of the outdoors life, and old loggers and things.
- M: That of course would tell here, would speak to this a bit historically, I mean why in the world would this place have a hotel, in normal circumstances? But back in the early history, this was the natural stopping place for people before they crossed the mountains. People have been here for a time, and then left, so they've had to be a little more open, to certain things, or . . . well, I don't think the town is really going to grow that much but some of the people, their kids grew up and they went away to college and they came back here to live. They've brought some outside influence in. There's a very strange phenomena in this church; there's three people that regularly attend that're approaching 60; everyone else is under that, which is phenomenal. Over half of the people who attend regularly are young couples which for a rural church is amazing. Usually you walk in and see a lot of old fogies who'll die off and leave the church the same, but I don't think that'll happen here. These people want to see their kids get a Christian education.

## **OUTSIDE NEWVILLE**

The faded Fifties' hamburger stand—  
Attican pavillion in a conquered land.

— *H. Benion*

## **SOUVENIRS: THIS VALLEY**

Then in late October  
we gathered leaves

crimson and yellow  
soft maple and paper birch

and put them in a book—  
as mementos—

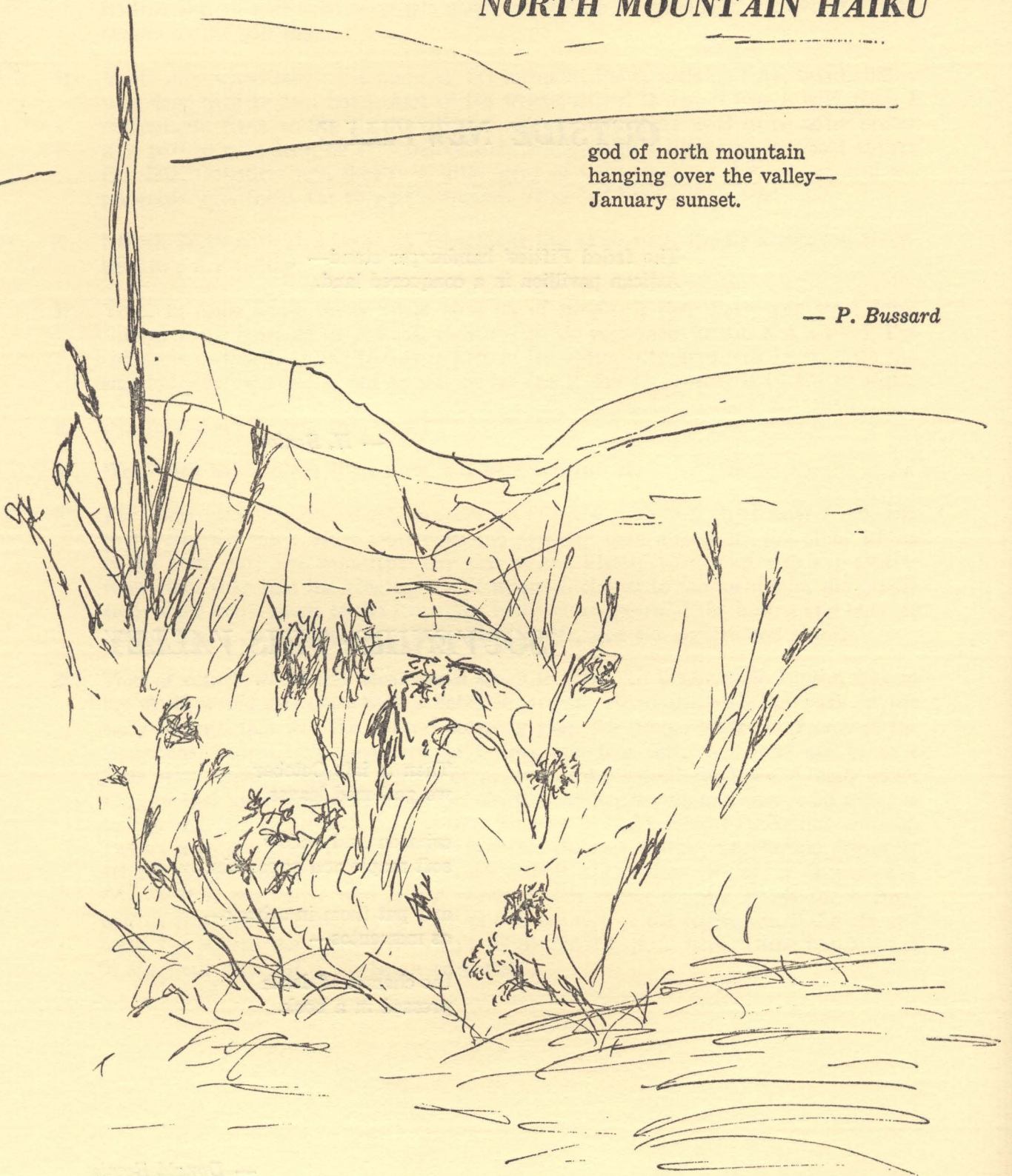
the charms of death  
pressed in a book.

— *Donald Bowie*

## NORTH MOUNTAIN HAIKU

god of north mountain  
hanging over the valley—  
January sunset.

— P. Bussard



*Katherine Kool*

## “MAX”

I first met Max Dewey bent over a barrel of apples in front of the Newville Grocery store. He peered at me inquisitively, taking in my shoulder length hair, army jacket, and patched up jeans.

“Whattaya want girlie?”

I ignored the remark. “About that job, the one advertised in the paper?”

“Yep.”

“Well, I want to apply.”

“Can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Sign says ‘Boy wanted.’ ”

I looked him squarely in the eye, folded my arms and said “I know it says ‘boy,’ but I’m hoping they want men.”

The old man’s thin lines on the map-like face curved upward in a half-smile. He grunted, and pointed to a middle aged man inside.

The first few days on the job were uncomfortable. Max was to teach me the routine, a chore which he did grudgingly. Occasionally the stony silence was punctuated by comments: “Wear your nylons today?” “I think your problem is you’re afraid of girls—you can’t beat ‘em, so ya’ join ‘em.” I tried laughing his comments off at first, for on the surface, they seemed to be made in good humor; but accompanied by the ex-

pressionless tone, the comments seemed both cutting and defensive.

Max harped on me almost constantly: the bags were packed wrong, the register was seven cents short, the shelves were incorrectly stocked. One day I rearranged the cigarettes, in what I thought was a less time consuming, more efficient manner. The next day, they were put back into Max's haphazard order.

This silent war continued into the second week. Since neither of us talked, and since I was given little work, I had a chance to watch Max in action.

"Mary, ef ya buy the three pound bag, it'll last ya twice as long."

"But the three pound bag is 3.99 Max."

"It'll last ya' three times as lon."

"Thought you said twice as long Max."

"With inflation bein' what it is and you bein' as tight as you are it'll last you three times as long."

"OK, give me the three pound bag Max."

"Max, dya know what time Bamer comes for the trash." ,

"Well Mary, Bamer's always on time, expect him anywhere from seven ta two."

"Is at all ya want Mary."

"At's it Max."

"At's what I was afraid of."

The second week on the job, the fued broke. Max had not been allowing me to do anything and out of utter boredom, I began drawing on the bags. Drawing nude women on the bags. Drawing nude women with fat bottoms (since all the customers seemed to have fat bottoms.)

I must have accidently packed one of the bags with a nude woman who had a fat bottom. The manager approached me with the evidence. Beside him stood a fully clothed townswoman with a fat bottom. Manager stares at me. "Did you do this?"

"Yes sir," (and looking at the other two bags the woman held, mentally added "Yes sir, three bags full.")

"Can you imagine this filthy ruffian doing this," fat bottom shrieked.

My god, the way she carried on, you would have thought it was her bottom. I guess if I had a bottom like that, I'd be pretty defensive, too. The manager glared at me, and soothed fat bottom's ruffled feathers.

"What do you call this," the manager intoned. I couldn't resist "A rather poor copy of a Botticelli," I stated knowingly. "This is an outrage," the manager screeched.

"It's not that bad," Max said. He took the pencil from behind his ear. "Skinny breasts," he said, "what kind of a woman is that, with skinny breasts?" He took his pencil and skillfully augmented my drawing. "Don't chop these here lines like that." He smoothed and shaded the crudities of my drawing.

The manager glared at Max savagely, directing his anger at Max, rather than me. "You let this boy do this? How are you training him you old . . ."

"I'm sorry, Max had nothing to do with it, it was my fault, it won't happen again." I glared at the manager. I was puzzled at this orgre's attitude towards Max, and all the hostility I had felt for Max, was transferred twofold to the manager.

I looked over at Max. "What's his problem Max?"

"Probably a wife with skinny breasts." We both laughed uproariously.

I found out a lot about Max that day. He told me all about his logging days: "Were no power saws then, we used two man cross-cuts." He started sawing when he was 17, to get away from the farm. "After the back went, and I lost me a few fingers I took up buildin' the town flume; went drinkin' most every night, got up in the mornin with a

head on me bigger than a pumpkin . . . But that was before my reform."

Max met his wife, "a born reformer," while drivin a milk truck. She worked in a town store at the time and Max had a bet with a few of the town boys that he could take her out. "Been stuck with 'er ever since," he confided.

From what I gathered, he couldn't support himself with this job alone, so he took to vegetable inspecting in the winter. Max talked about the old proprietor who had recently died, and showed me a picture of the two of them at deer camp.

Right now, the store was undergoing inventory. "Clean Sweep" sales signs went in all of the local papers and printer printed signs appeared in the windows. On the day of the Big Sale, two incidents occurred which increased my admiration for Max, and my intense disgust for the manager. Max and I caught two out-of-town boys shoplifting. Max just took the "two younguns" up by the collar and dragged them unobtrusively to the back of the store and cuffed them soundly, "kicked the shit out of them," as Max put it. He took their home telephone numbers and promised to call their parents. (I knew that he never would though.)

Within moments, the manager came running down the aisle enraged. He had somehow gotten wind of the story. He looked so ridiculous standing there fuming, his hair-piece shining in the light from the window, and his skinny little tie barely reached around the bulging neck. He started screaming at them, in a manner reminiscent of a marine drill sergeant. Then, losing any shred of dignity, he beat them violently and called to the cop down the street to press charges. After the ungodly scene, the manager turned on Max, and announced that "I will determine the policy concerning shoplifters." He turned on his heels and stomped down the deodorant aisle.

A little later that day, a woman came in with a little girl, and bought a toy gun with cork bullets. "Hey Missy, this toy isn't good for a little one like that, she could put those bullets in her mouth and die, or get awful sick." The manager, peering from behind the detergents motioned to Max, as though Max had been a naughty child. "You are not Ralph Nader, and should not attempt it, as long as you work here." After the manager left I added that this place was run like a concentration camp. Max thought it was "more like a big city supermarket."

From then on, Max and I were determined to find ways around the management. Max would ask for a smoke a couple times a day, and later on he would ask for extra privy breaks muttering all the while about bad kidneys. I didn't smoke, so I would ask to have a break to get a drink. No luck, the manager would hand me a soda, and tell me to stay on the register. Soon, I took up smoking tobacco. After a few days of tobacco breaks I discovered that the manager would never come back to find out what you were doing, as long as it didn't take too long to do it. So once in a while, I would sit back there, with a joint, over by the Jergens soap displays which smelt so god-damned reeking sweet, no one really knew if it was the soap or me. One day Max came back and asked why I was hunched beside the soap display. "It don't work that way son, ya' gotta take the wrapper off, and put it in water." I told him exactly what I was doing. After a moment of shock, his natural curiosity got the best of him. Max wouldn't smoke any, but he sure asked a lot of questions. I explained how to roll it and cut it. About a week later some college kids came in to buy cigarette papers. A knowing smile came over Max's wrinkled face "Got a sale on tobacco this week boys, how about a . . . a kilo?" He laughed at their expression, and at his own cleverness.

Politically, Max and I were unified on one point: our mutual distrust of politicians and dislike of Richard Nixon. I began to bring in all the rhetoric I could find about Trick E. Dixon, and Max and I would read it when there was a lull, and when the manager wasn't

looking. Soon, I began to bring in more radical articles and authors, and work on more than just Nixon dislike. I was soon to find out that you couldn't pull much over on Max.

"I don't understand you kids, you're gettin' the best education money can buy, and you wantta tear down the system."

"Remember when you talked about the logging camp riot Max, and how all the men only got paid \$5 for six days of work? So you guys all got mad and started tearin up mailboxes and breakin windows. Well, it's the same thing here, only on a larger scale, we're all gettin screwed over, so we're tearin a few things down too."

He set his jaw stubbornly. "Well, you kids is expectin' too much. I know things is wrong with the system, but I'm willin to fight for it."

"Talking about fighting Max, just look at the war, it's just like the feuding in the hills, that went on between your family. The family got to the point where either side too proud to pull out, and yet you yourself admitted you can't even remember what the feud was about."

"Now you must think I'm dumb son. Life ain't all the simple that you can go comparin it to this, that and the other thing. Life ain't simple boy, once you knows that, ya can't go lookin at it like a simpleton."

I threw up my hands in frustration. Max pressed for the advantage. "Take that music on the radio; sounds like niggers cattin it up on a street corner." I cringed inwardly, for as luck would have it the Osmond brothers were singing "Just like a yo-yo." I countered with "Yea, what about Arthur Godfrey singin Zhata, Zhata, that's piss poor."

"Least he wasn't singin about yo-yo's."

I decided to work on his racial prejudice. "Max, Max, I wish you wouldn't talk like that about the blacks. My father is black."

"Well," he said, "that explains it."

"Explains what?"

"Why you smoke dope, and have fuzzy hair." I began to lose my cool.

Max looked at me, and winked. "I was only funnin' ya." I felt somewhat relieved.

"As a matter of fact, I know some real nice niggers, and their music is a lot better than yours."

There was no winning with Max.

The next day I intended to bring in my guitar and play a few James Taylor songs, before work, when the manager was unloading the truck. I got up early, waited until the apple truck came, and snuck my guitar in. Max was late, and the cigarettes were arranged in correct order. The picture of the deer camp was gone, and its only remnant was a piece of scotch tape with a torn corner underneath it.

I walked up the deodorant aisle and down through the soap powders. No Max. I walked out the door to the manager. He looked at me, scowled, and handed me my check from the past two weeks.

"Where's Max?" I demanded.

"Fired."

"Why?"

"We gave him a new schedule, he wouldn't work a split shift so we fired him."

I stare at the pompous ass' shiny brown hairpiece. "But you knew he couldn't work a split shift. You knew he had vegetable inspecting. There was no reason to put him on split shift."

"Max was given a schedule. He didn't like it, it didn't suit him. In a sense, he quit. We had no alternative. Now get to work if you want your job."



My mind raced. No wonder Max mistrusted me at first. He must have suspected all along. I was trained to replace Max. I would start at cheaper wages. I turned to the manager.

"I hope Ralph Nader gets you, I hope the Internal Revenue or the Better Business Bureau get on your ass. You're nothing but a whore to household products, maybe king of the deodorants, you faggoty son of a bitch capitalist." "And," I screamed, trouncing out the front door, "I bet your wife has skinny breasts!"

I didn't know what to do now. I felt like shit. I walked down the street and into the bank to cash the check. No job. How could I pay for books next term? Cashed my check and asked the teller where Max Dewey lived.

After driving about a mile to Max's house, I pulled over to a rugged old house, nuzzled beside a chicken farm. An old lady opened the screen door as though she expected me. She was small, stoop shouldered and stared at me like a frightened animal. Max's husky frame perched on an old wooden chair, and his three fingered hand rested on a wood stove beside the table.

"Like the house boy? nary 220 years old. When the wind blows, I put up another board. Scrapple son, homemade?"

"No thanks, Max. I just wanted to say that I'm really sorry, the way the store screwed you, I just wanted to tell you that I quit, I can't believe they fired you."

Max looked at me strangely, starring at the wooden rafters. "I quit," he stated. I kept silent. Max refused to believe he had been screwed; for in Max's mind, and now in my mind, Max had quit.

"I quit to work on my dream, boy." He got up, motioned for me to follow and led me outside to a small, dusty, ramshackle shed, evidently not used for years.

Max opened the door and the smell of many years suffocated me. Mold, moisture, cobwebs, old papers, vases, and oil assaulted every sense. I tasted dust, and the darkness blinded me for a moment.

When my eyes became accustomed to the light, the first thing they focused on was a grotesque, wall sized painting. In the center, the crucified Christ was portrayed realistically, every rib, painstakingly obvious. Blood and gore in bright scarlet, flowed from every wound. The face was almost obliterated by a sea of sweat, thorns, and blood. In the left hand corner of the picture, the word "sin" in bold, black letters was printed underneath a town with neon lights which flashed the words "sin" and Las Vegas. The houses, ironically enough looked like those from a New England town. From the top of the neon sign, a large snake, with purple and green scales, with the word "evil" stamped across his breast ran parallel to the crucified Christ. The snake had two glaring eyes, and between the two fangs of the open mouth, ran a slitherly tongue.

On the lower right hand side of the painting, a large forest was pictured on a cloud, with buxom, full breasted, half clothed angels singing "Alleluia."

Under Christ's feet, Adam and Eve hovered about an apple tree. The picture was a life size patchwork of incongruous colors and pictures. I looked over at Max. Beside him stood his wife, stoic. "We both painted it, we want to get this reproduced all over the world . . . thousands and thousands of copies like this, with the Our Father underneath it. All we need is a little capital."

I wandered about the room and my hand stopped suddenly on an old, broken down phonograph. "My God Max, I've been looking for one of these for such a long time, will you take (I felt around my pocket for money) how about 65 dollars for it, I know it's not enough, but I really like this thing."

Max shook his head. "I don't want any money for it. Take it."

"But this is an antique," I muttered, "I would be cheating you, this is probably worth hundreds of dollars." I put the money in his wife's apron pocket and muttered a goodbye.

I hopped in the car, and drove back to the dorm mentally kicking myself. First I quit my job, and then I go blowin all the money in the world on an old junky phonograph. Shit.

I got back to the dorm and set the phonograph next to the outlet. I pulled out the plug in my stereo, and went to plug in the phonograph. But the think had no plug, I looked all over the damn thing; for some unknown reason, there was no plug . . . .

— Carol Chanco

### # 3

The levelling off of the mountains  
becoming a valley . . .  
in a stricter sense, only a small fold of earth  
on which the farmers plant  
the houses grow and the trailers move in and out.

The constant movement—  
as the erosion of the mountain—  
constant yet so gradual, almost nonexistent.

And finally the people  
levelling off to singular deaths  
become the valley, their children's home.

So gradual, the movement.

— P. Bussard

Those who did the work:

Brenda Huntsberger

Katherine Koob

Gail Olsen

Bob Rissel

Larry Gilbert

Ed McDaniels

Patti Bussard

Harry Kissig

Connie Nowell

Guy Batchelor

Carol Chanco

Jeff Wiles

Steve DiJulio

Tom Kelchner

Craig Zumbrun

Wilbur Kaufman

Harry Benion

Dave Diamond

Ed Dodson

George Gettel

W. J. Harter



