

HISTORY OF SCOTIA

By Harry M. Williams

Jacob Baker was forced to sell the land about a year later, and this time part of the tract was sold to John Kline and another part to Samuel Miles and Col. John Patton, to furnish ore for Centre Furnace. The finding of iron ore around this part of the county attracted the attention of many of the older iron masters and every mile or so there could be seen mounds of earth where someone had been prospecting for ore. Some of these old mounds of earth show that the mounds were very lucky in their find as some nice ore can be seen today where some of these people had prospected.

Scotia was in three sections, but it was recognized as being one. There was Scotia, River Hill and Marysville. The two former places were company-owned, there being eleven double houses, and a single house tenanted by the superintendent at the works. At River Hill there were seven double houses and the old boarding house which in later years was remodeled and made into apartments which accommodated eleven families. In former years this was used as a boarding house and was operated by Henry Brindle and later on by Alfred Johnsonbaugh.

Marysville consisted entirely of private homes, there being fourteen houses and at one time three stores. The stores in later years were owned and operated as follows: John Haugh, general store; John Bortoff, grocery store; and Mrs. Mary Love, grocery store. There was also the little mine of Red Bank which could be counted as part of Scotia.

The general foremen at the ore washer as we remember them were John Johnsonbaugh, James Crust, John McMullen and Calvin Lykens, better known to his many fellow employees as "Jeff." Mr. Lykens held the position the longest time approximately 15 or 18 years. He formerly had been an engineer before being made foreman. Other engineers were John McKivison and J. Malvin Lykens. For a number of years there hadn't been a general foreman at the mines until Edwin Harris was appointed, but this didn't last very long since there was trouble and a strike and the men at the mines walked off the job until another foreman replaced Mr. Harris. The works moved along slowly with a few accidents because of some men trying to take other men's places and didn't have the experience in that kind of work. Finally the strike was settled and all men went back to work. Reuben E. Cronemiller, now living in Bellefonte, replaced Mr. Harris. He was taken from the machine shop and made general mine foreman, after which things went along very smoothly.

Now we will give you a little description of many of these jobs and who held them. The steam shovel engineers as can be remembered were John Roland, George Daywalt, John Hassinger (who had the greatest amount of service as a shovel engineer), Stewart Heberling and Isaac Lykens, better known to his many friends as Spiker. The crane men on these shovels were James Miller, Charles Jackson, William Lykens, Daniel Daywalt, Clayton Hicks and Pete Field. The fitters were Wallace Lytle, Chester Hassinger, John Curry, Clem Williams, William Harris, James Hillard and John Long. The only track foremen that can be remembered were William Heberling, Thomas Dewey and James Hillard.

The only two men that can be remembered by the writer who worked at the foot of the incline plane were Solomon Barlett and James L. Williams. This job was a very dangerous one because many times the cable would break with a loaded train going up the incline. At other times the cable on the "monkey" (as it was called) would break and let twelve empty cars free and they would lose no time in getting to the bottom. Many times the man at the foot of the plane took to the brush in order to save his life. On one occasion when my father was working there he heard someone shout from up on the tippie and he looked up and there were twelve empty cars coming down the plane. One of the small children was there with him and he grabbed the child and ran for the brush and got there just as the cars hit some other cars that were at the bottom. They all piled up on the overhead track and cars were scattered everywhere.

William Hartsock, better known to his fellow employees as "Bill," had the job of caring for all the water wells and pumps. Bill had much experience in "fishing," that is when one of the wells broke down, and it was found that the sucker rods had pulled apart. Bill had to "fish" for the pieces. Sometimes it would take a lot of patience and a lot of fishing around to get the rods out but the work was always accomplished.

John "Jack" Stylis of Stormstown, did quite a lot of well work for the company, such as sand pumping some of the wells.

The car repair shop and blacksmith shop which was known as the lower shop was where the bank cars were repaired, and all the mules were shod. The blacksmiths there were John "Starry" Bortoff, John Daugherty, Charles Marx, and Arthur Thomas. The car repairmen were William "Colonel" Hastings and Arthur Thomas. There were some others whose names we don't recall.

The writer recalls the boiler firemen as John Haugh, James Carter, Jonathan "Bum" Parsons, Thomas Fitzsimmons, A. C. Markley and William Bortoff. There was also a fireman-helper at this job at all times on the day trick as it required quite a lot of steam in wintry weather.

The machine shop and blacksmith shop was a combined shop, when all repairs were made and new material was put in shape. The machinists were Dempster Glenn, Abraham Bennett, Reuben Cronemiller and Wallace "Rip" Lytle. Helpers were Jesse Pennington, Frank Fields and John McKivison. The blacksmiths at this shop were Joshua Gossage and

Andrew Daugherty. Helpers were Charles Daugherty and George Stine.

The large steam hoist that was used for hoisting the cars up the incline was operated by a number of different men, including Frank Rudy, Reuben Cronemiller, Harry "Monks" Harris, Frank Fields, Edward Markley, James L. Williams and Walter Parsons.

The tippie men were Howard Parsons, Charles and John Ghaan, Harry Lykens, Clayton Hicks, Andrew Tomco, Jr., Charles "Peck" Daywalt, William Stine, Albert Matern, Harry Murtorf, Roy Farber and John Leitzell. We may state here that Johnny Leitzell had a little accident when he worked on No. 1 tippie. He was caught in the tippie and had an ear nearly torn off.

Four men took care of the grate bars, two men at each set. This was considered a tough job especially in wet weather when the stock was hard to work through the grates. Sometimes when damped the stock would come out in one lump which would make it very difficult to work through the grates. Some of the men who worked on the grates and platform were William Sellers, Andrew Tomco, Sr., James Sellers, Simeon Gunshot, Joseph Reaick, John Royer, John Bausch, Charles Alkey, Harry Boopy, John Lauffer, Jacob McClellan, George Reaick, William Zeek, Ross Grove and a few that can not be remembered.

There were quite a number of boys and older men who picked flint off the conveyors but the three oldest men remembered are Joseph Cox, Ephraim Lytle and John Selke. "Grandpa" Selke was the one who had picked flint the greatest number of years, it being the job that he began when he came to Scotia from Pennsylvania Furnace in 1883. He continued until the ore washer burned down in 1908. At that time he retired.

Another interesting part of the ore works were the ore jigs. The jigs separated the flint from the ore. This was done by ore being run in a hopper and then fed out on a screen. The jigs worked with a plunger which forced the water up and down, in the jig tank and this caused the flint and ore to be lifted up and the flint being the lighter would go out over into a trough and into an elevator and then into a bin where it was hauled with a car and mule to a pile. This job the writer worked at for a few years and handled out quite a few hundred thousand tons of flint.

Some of the men who worked in the jig room were Wilson H. Ghaan, Joseph Johnson, John Johnsonbaugh, James L. Williams, John Lauffer, John Lystead, Burch Parsons, Charles Douglas, Frank Fields, Andrew Tomco, Jr., Charles Alkey, Daniel M. Clemson, Harry M. Williams, Merrill Williams, and Roy Farber.

The superintendents at the Scotia mines were James Pierpoint, John Bulon, George Lauder, Coleman Wynn, Roland Gossage, Daniel Clemson, Frank H. Clemson, David P. Kapp and Harry C. Valentine. Daniel M. Clemson had worked at Pennsylvania Furnace for the Carnegie as a blacksmith's helper for some time, when Andrew Carnegie took a great interest in him and after Scotia started he took him there and he was made time-keeper. He was later made superintendent and he continued there until he was called to Pittsburgh where he held a responsible position. Frank Clemson was made superintendent then and he held that position for a number of years until he bought an interest. I think, in the Nitany Iron Co. at Bellefonte. Frank was a great lover of band music and often invited the band down to his home when they had visitors. Time-keepers at the mines included Clark (Jakey) Mattern, David P. Kapp, William G. Murtorf and William Burnside.

When the mines were first opened up four small locomotive boilers were installed but as time went on they were replaced by larger ones, six in all, which took care of all the needs around the mines. None of these last six were ever replaced and were used continuously until the end. Taking into consideration all the hard usage and hardships they went through they had more than outlived their time.

(To be continued)

HOLTS HOLLOW

Our Bible Study was held at the Orvis Watson home on Tuesday evening and was very interesting and helpful to all.

Mr. and Mrs. John Possinger of Coleville, and Milford Ford of Pleasant Gap, attended church services at this place on Sunday.

Anna Johnson spent the weekend with relatives at Pleasant Gap and Milesburg.

Mrs. Emma Watson, son and grandson of Milesburg, were callers at the Fred Watson home on Sunday.

Mrs. Edith Burd spent several days with Mrs. Anna Kelly at Dry Top.

Mrs. Roy Leathers and Mrs. Orvis Watson and children called on relatives in Milesburg on Saturday.

Mrs. Hayes Johnson was a pleasant caller at the Clyde Watson home in Milesburg on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Watson and children were recent visitors at the Roy Sheesley home at Howard.

Mrs. Al Franco, R. N. and daughter Carolyn, left on Monday morning for New York City, where they expect to spend several days with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Orvis Watson and three children and Mrs. Emma Watson called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Postman at Central City on Thursday.

Mrs. Lee Johnson spent Tuesday of last week with relatives in Milesburg.

Aaron McKinley was a Sunday visitor at the Ida Johnson home. May Johnson was laid to rest in the Advent cemetery on Friday. The relatives have our deep sympathy.

PINE GROVE MILLS

Harold Henry and bride were Sunday dinner guests at his parental home, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Henry, in Graysville.

Farmer-lumberman and school director Robert M. Harpster, was an important business visitor in Lewis-ton last Monday.

Mrs. George Elder of Cumberland, Md., spent some time recently with her mother, Mrs. Annie Rossman.

Miss Myra Miller is enjoying a 3-weeks' vacation with relatives in Pittsburgh. In her absence, brothers Art and Newt are preparing their own first class meals.

An 8-pound boy was born last Sunday, Feb. 13, in the Centre County Hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Strouse. The young fellow is a grandson of the well known farmer and horse dealer, Luther K. Strouse of Pine Hall.

Retired farmer and thresherman Mr. Roy Buck of Warriors Mark, was a pleasant short caller in town last Wednesday en route to the Roy Strouse sale. He was accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Dora.

Mr. and Mrs. "Dick" Irvin of Harrisburg spent some time over the past weekend with Centre county "friends." The Irvins are arranging to move to White Hall, near Harrisburg, where Dick is employed.

Mr. and Mrs. George Royer announced the birth of a son, Robert Ellsworth, born last Thursday, Mrs. Royer is the former Theresa Barto, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Barto of Tadpoles.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Corl, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Johnson of Buffalo Run, were among the bidders at the Strouse sale last Wednesday.

Fred Gearhart, who was the past several months employed in Pittsburg, has returned to his home and is now on our state highway force.

Rev. Ed. C. Martz of Durham, N. C., spent a short time last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Martz.

Mrs. Violet DeArmit entertained the members of the Ladies Bible class of Gettsburg Lutheran church at their regular meeting last Friday evening at her home. Choice refreshments were served by the hostess.

The annual State College Kiwanis Club and our local farmers' banquet will be held in the Bellefonte Community hall Monday, March 20, at 6:30 p. m. The hall trustees are in charge of arrangements.

The Norman Walters family will occupy the Judge Ivan Walker farm after April 1st. Mr. Walters is now employed by Eastern States agent, Eugene Ellenberger.

Mrs. Charles Schilling of Petersburg, spent the past week at the home of her son, Willis Schilling, on East Main street.

Teddy Horner was off duty on the McCracken farm several days last week, suffering an attack of asthma mixed with grippe. Farmer Horner was also a gripe victim. Both are improved at this writing.

Truck farmer Paul Harner was a visitor last Tuesday evening with friends in Boalsburg.

Cpl. Robert Gates of Camp Shenandoah, Greenville, spent some time the past week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gates.

Gordon E. Harper was assisting his son, Earl Harper, on the farm a few days recently.

The men's Bible class of the Bellefonte Presbyterian Sunday school enjoyed their regular winter class meeting last Thursday evening at the S. A. Homan farm home. The Rev. G. R. Greeninger was guest speaker. His subject, "A Considerate People," was most interesting. Merchant George Bohn of Lemont, was welcome guest and gave his views on county Sunday school classes.

George is treasurer of the county Sunday School Association. The men's quartette, E. C. Martz, Bill Henry, J. F. Musser and Wilbur Sunday rendered several fine selections during the meeting. In the social hour, The Great Men contest, Rev. L. J. Beebe was the prize winner. The wife-calling contest, first prize went to Rev. Greeninger and second prize to Ed Frank. At the close of the meeting choice refreshments were served by Mrs. Homan, assisted by Miss Mary Weiland.

Mrs. Thille Gonsalus left last Friday for Camp Carson, Colo., where she will visit with her son, Sgt. Alton Gonsalus, training with the Ski Troops.

Russell Bittner has been quite ill the past week from a relapse of a previous attack of flu.

BLANCHARD

Raymond Maxon was called to Buffalo, N. Y., last week due to the death of his mother whose funeral services were held last Thursday.

Miss Blanche Williams spent the weekend with her sister, Mrs. Eugene Little of Lock Haven.

Leonard VanGorder, well known in our vicinity, returned on Friday after receiving a medical discharge from the army. Leonard had been in the hospital at Camp Meade for seven months after returning from a year's foreign service.

Mrs. James Gardner accompanied Mrs. Dean Confer of Orviston, to Camp Lee, Va., where the two women were visiting their husbands in training there.

Mrs. McClellan Miller visited last Thursday with relatives in Howard.

Mrs. Othello Strunk and Mrs. Howard Rupert made a business trip to Bellefonte on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Spangler were to Williamsport, Sunday, because of the death of Mrs. Spangler's aunt, Mrs. Virginia Stever.

"Spend, Sucker, Spend!"

The Last War... remember? Silk shirts! Pink ones, green ones, blue ones with stripes—millions of them. And silk stockings for the women—on legs that had never felt anything but cotton before.

Wrist watches... rings... bracelets... hand-tailored suits... ten-dollar hats... better, larger, sneller apartments.

THEN IT HAPPENED! 1918 and the Armistice. The war boom petered out. In factory after factory the wheels turned slower—slower—then stopped.

The cuffs on the silk shirts frayed, and the colors faded, and the silk stockings were gone, and the rings and the watches were in pawnshops... and people moved back where they'd come from.

"Don't let it get you down, Bud! You can't hold this country back. God's country! Don't sell America short—why, with our natural resources—what way we work."

So we started on the second lap, on the same circular track. 1923-1929. Prosperity. Nothing ever like it before in the world.

Stocks—up 50 points in a week—thousands, millions—billions of dollars of profits—on paper.

Bootleggers... more silk shirts... more radios, refrigerators, real estate, furniture, diamond rings, boats, shoes, hats...

THEN—1929 AND CRASH AGAIN! "Sorry, Mr. Jones... more margin, or we'll have to sell you out. Dear Mr. Jones... unless you send us a check to cover two unpaid installments on your furniture—Dear Sir... in the hands of our attorney unless—Mortgages unpaid..."

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Corl, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Johnson of Buffalo Run, were among the bidders at the Strouse sale last Wednesday.

Bread lines... the Bonus Army... ex-soldiers selling apples on street corners... "brother, can you spare a dime? ... stocks going down—down—business failures... suicides... Relief... NRA... WPA... CCC... and no jobs yet and shoe... run down at the heels. And the kids—undernourished—crying a lot—and "the lost generation."

HOW COME? How did we get that way—again? Why did it happen here, when it couldn't happen back—let's see how it did happen.

Bonds weren't good enough for us. Savings banks weren't as exciting as broker's offices.

We were trying to compress our lives—to squeeze the juice of three score years and ten into a decade. We wanted, for next to nothing, the things our fathers had worked and sweated and saved for.

My wife's clothing had to be better, smarter—more expensive than your wife's—and her jewelry, too. You spent a thousand dollars for your car? So what? I'm spending thirteen hundred for mine. (OK, time).

And say—looka my new radio! Twenty-two tubes, three loud speakers, record changer, home recorder and three short-wave bands!

The old car? Oh, I traded it in when I bought the new one—and the new refrigerator, and the dining-room furniture—sleek, eh?—"modern," they call it.

How much? What's the difference? —Twenty-four payments of eighty dollars instead of sixty-five! I'll never miss it...

HOLD ON A MINUTE, BROTHER! Did we "miss it" in the early "thirties"? Did we "miss it" when some fifteen million men walked the streets—camped out—lived in huts and shacks and lean-tos? Did we "miss it" while brave women scrubbed and scoured and patched and mended until their finger tips were raw, their hands rough—and their hearts dull with the pain of abandoned hopes?

HOLD ON ONCE MORE... This time chances are we won't bounce back again! Many people now realize what a close shave it was the last time... how desperately near we were to chaos and national ruin.

Must we come down with another crash? Must we ignore, not one, nor two, nor three—but the dozens of lessons taught us by history? Must we head straight along the road-to-ruin we took last time?

It's what's beginning to happen, right here—now—in our country. People are making more money than they ever did before—and spending it. Spending it faster than they ever did before.

BUT LISTEN, MISTER... Don't fool yourself! The times gone to come when you'll need those dollars you're throwing around now. If hard times catch up with you, it isn't that nightclub proprietor who's going to return the money you spent in his place—no, not any part of it!

And all the unnecessary gimmicks and gadgets you think you need now won't be worth a dime on the dollar then.

And when your pockets are empty it won't be because you'll be taking money out of them—but because no money will be going into them.

How about those bright kids of yours? Will they have to work instead of going to high school or college?

And those beautiful rings you bought your wife? Supposing you lose your job—the how long can you last before paying those baubles for a fraction of what they cost you?

SO LOOK... When you want to spend money or buy something new, just imagine you were spending your next-to-last dollar.

Don't ask how happy you'd be with what you get for your money—but whether you'd be miserable without it.

This is the only test. Otherwise you're just kidding yourself. Lightning matches to ten-dollar bills you're going to need—sure—some day.

What? Oh, you're making more money? Then save more—don't spend more!

Because the money we all save now will play a tremendous part in the after-war economy of our country. The money we save now will be a cushion of buying power—those sorely-needed dollars to "start things up again" in our civilian economy—to keep us from national bankruptcy until the wheels start moving again.

The dollars you waste now may be the dollars you'll need then—yes, perhaps even for such matter-of-fact things as bread and milk and meat.

Why do you suppose your government urges you to save? It's perfectly simple—to ward off disaster. To make sure that the crash that "couldn't happen here" doesn't happen again. So that possible if not probable after-the-war depression doesn't find you at the tail end of a bread line fifteen-million-people-long. So that a war we win by fighting won't be lost by waste.

Remember, we're at war! Dollars are needed just as much as men—to back up those men... to give your boy, your brother, or your pal the stuff he needs to beat the Axis, and come back alive.

Money wasted on foolish luxuries doesn't do this. Once spent, it's gone, and neither you nor the boys fighting for you are better off for the spending.

But the dollars you save in War Bonds or your savings account, will help Uncle Sam buy the guns, the tanks, the ships and the planes we must have, to survive and win.

And those savings will guarantee your future—the financial future of you, your family, and the boys who are fighting for us all.

Nobody can tell you what will happen to you. You can. Make a plan and stick to it. Guarantee your own future. So many dollars every payday into War Bonds and into your savings account.

Then, come hell or high water, follow your plan. Protect your family. Build up reserves. Create a stock of money and make it grow. Your money. Your Bonds. Your protection.

And the bigger the stock of savings you create, the better off you'll be—buy the good things you want when the war is over... that new car, that refrigerator and radio you can't get now... things that make American life the best in the world.

Meanwhile, helping yourself, your savings money will go to work helping your country, to provide fighting equipment for your boys to lick the roads, railroad equipment and ships to transport war materials from the factory to the front. Your dollars—working for Victory and Peace!

So, when you save wisely, you're helping your country and yourself at the same time.

Honest, now... Could you ask for anything better?

if she must do all the serving alone? 8. If one is calling on a person who is too ill to receive him, what should be written on one's card? 9. What is the first thing one should do after being seated at the table? 10. When making an introduction, is it good manners to say, "Miss Brown, this is my friend, Miss Gray?" 11. What form of invitation should be used when giving a small dinner for several intimate friends? 12. After an engagement is announced, how soon should a man's parents call on his fiancée?

ANSWERS— 1. It is necessary only that she send a note of thanks to the hostess, but she should, however, entertain the guests at a luncheon or tea, either before or after the wedding. 2. No, the monogram should be engraved only on the name paper. 3. Break off a small piece at a time, butter it, and convey it to the mouth with the fingers. 4. It would be better for the woman to introduce herself first. 5. Twenty-five to fifty cents, according to the number and weight of the luggage.

Answer to "A Lonely Girl in Alabama": It is very difficult to advise you what to do as you do not say why your parents would not let you marry this boy or even write to him. If he is a bad character, if you know nothing about him or if you are extremely young, your parents are probably doing the best they can for you by trying to keep you from ruining your life.

On the other hand, if you are old enough to get married and the boy is a good, honest chap, who can support you, they have no right to treat you in such a way. Good luck. LOUISA

Modern Etiquette 1. Should a bride-to-be send notes of thanks to all the guests who have attended a shower given in her honor? 2. Is it correct to have a monogram engraved on the envelope of social stationery? 3. What is the proper way to eat bread? 4. When at an affair where the hostess has overlooked introductions, should a man introduce himself first, or should the woman? 5. What amount as a tip should be given to a porter who has carried luggage to or from a train? 6. How long before the wedding should a gift be sent to the bride? 7. Is it all right for a hostess to serve two or three dishes at a time.

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Starts Advanced Training Scheduled to receive his silver pilot's wings and officer's bars soon at the advanced flying school at Pampa Air Field, Texas, is Aviation Cadet Richard W. Hartwick, 22 son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Millard Hartwick, Reynolds avenue, Bellefonte. Cadet Hartwick is an alumnus of Bellefonte High School and Penn State College.

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