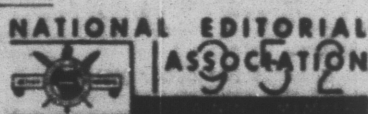


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THOS. A. OWENS, JR., Editor Business Manager FRANK P. CAMMARATA Managing Editor

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The endeavor of the Union Press-Courier is to sincerely represent Organized Labor in all efforts to obtain economic freedom. Material for publication must be signed by the writer as an evidence of good faith.

Sidelight On a Local Pioneer

One of the pioneer names of Northern Cambria County is that of "Bender." Descendants of the early Bender pioneers are all about us. Not only are they the folks who have carried on the name through male lineage—but they also number hundreds of Northern Cambria folks descended down the family tree by daughters of grand-daughters of the original pioneer.

Legend handed down from generation to generation refers to him as "Squire" Bender. He died in 1859 and was perhaps the only man in Cambria County who had the distinction of being at the funeral of George Washington.

Mr. Emmericus Bender died at his residence in Carroll Township, this county, on Tuesday, January 26, 1859, from a stroke of the palsy, aged 84 years, 2 months and 13 days, having been born Nov. 13, 1754.

"I came to this country with my parents from Germany, in the year 1793. We took passage at Hamburg and arrived at Philadelphia in November. I was bound out to Col. Caleb Davis, No. 4, South Third Street, who sent me to school.

After my term of service I came to Loretto, Cambria County, on the 4th day of April, 1805. My father had gone there three years before. In 1807, Rev. Demetrius A. Gallatin got authority from Henry Drinker and Jacob Downing, who owned eight tracts of land near Carrolltown, for three settlers to make a choice of 100 acres each of that land at \$1 per acre.

"My two neighbors have been dead from forty to fifty years, so I am the only living one who settled here when the country was a wilderness. I am 83 years old. I was a jurymen at the first court held in this county. I have been county auditor, and in 1837 was elected County Commissioner.

Glamour At All Ages

It must be rather amusing to the younger folks of today to get hold of some old family album and gaze upon the profiles and direct photo shots of some of their ancestors—probably grandparents, or even more so, their great-grandparents.

When your uncle was a boy, living right here in this section of Northern Cambria County, he was not only the fashion, but really was an accomplishment for men of all ages to sprout mustaches. Back a bit further, and still evident among the older men of this area, there were a hair, also were long, or maybe short, bangs to accompany the mustache, and even young men in their twenties and thirties had all the appearance of Father Time himself.

Our recollections, too, are that some of these beards were a bit stained here and there with tobacco juice—or something—while others were neat and well groomed. But it seemed that some kind of leakage on the face was the real indication of manhood. But then, perhaps shaving wasn't so easy in those days, and even a lot of so-called well-groomed men went about during the week days with a stubbled growth, and Saturday night was the grand time for the removing of it.

There were few curls in those days, and a hair cut was a wonder. The prominent barber made most of his remuneration in shampooing in hair into as new in the case. The safety-razor hadn't yet been invented, and such a thing as an electric shaver could not even have been dreamed of. Really, we sometimes wonder what grand-uncle ever saw in grand-paw to make her tangle with scissors at all.

But what about grand-ma today? Isn't she glamorous? Our glamorous ladies of fifty and over of today are busy, beautiful and bright. They may have careers, they may be civic club adherents, or maybe they just dress up to come down street, or go to parties. They are taking no back-seats to the younger feminine generation when it comes to glamour. They really merit the wolf whistle some of them get. Our youngsters of today will remember grand-ma with pleasure.

These earlier notions, of the North of the County, of course, were practical, and called dresses were the standard of the week-day work for the housewife. But on Sundays, or when other out-of-home occasions called about, grand-ma usually doled up with a white christening, with her dark skirt. And that to some extent was a sort of uniform standard of dress.

Our recollection, too, is that when a girl married she wasn't long in getting into the same kind of red taffeta as dressing was considered. Perhaps in her husband's case was an individual, as the taffeta in those days was quite a bit drabbed. But then, a girl had to set up a kind of conservative manner to meet the fussy-faces of her life mate. Skirts all were down below the ankle when worn by matrons. The grand-days of yesterday would view the present-day grand-ma as something improved—in her head—but we mean of total like their femininity.

The recollections of us children of today picture grand-ma as something really simply who always was a new with a new over her dark dress. It was her one concession to the feminine decorative instinct, she always represented wisdom, she was the voice of experience. Having lived longer, she usually knew what was what. Her head is gone forever. While we try to picture her in memory, we are glad of the progress of feminine freedom accomplished in grand-ma of today. They were all of the brain and admiration they get.

PLACES OF INTEREST In CAMBRIA COUNTY

By MAHLON BAUMGARDNER

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

It is not our purpose to revive horrid memories of those who are survivors or relatives of those who were lost in the devastating flood of May 31, 1889.

The fact remains that during the night of the 31st of May one of the most horrid and destructive floods ever witnessed by the world took place. Johnstown is peculiarly situated in a circuitous valley with two gaps leading into it. The one gap has flowing through it the Stonycreek River which rises in Somerset County. It flows through the Moxham section of Johnstown and has for its western bank the steep Westmont hill and on its eastern side the city. The Little Conemaugh enters through the gap on the right. It drains the southern part of the county. High hills keep it confined in the narrow valley.

The Pennsylvania Railroad tracks follow the river level of the Little Conemaugh. Much of the then Cambria Iron Works were located along its borders. Johnstown fills a triangular space up to both rivers with houses built far onto the hill sides. In traveling into the city one does not see it because of the deep valley in which it is located until you are right in the town.

The entire region in which the waters enter Johnstown today are in rather a deep valley. On the Conemaugh side we find the South Fork branch coming in from the south merging with the Little Conemaugh at South Fork. The South Fork dam is located on this branch about three miles south of the Borough of South Fork. The Little Conemaugh flows southwestward through the deep valley with hills on either side varying from 1,000 feet to 1,400 feet above the river bed. The South Fork was about 400 feet higher than the City of Johnstown. The Little Conemaugh follows the valley through the village of Mineral Point, Franklin, Conemaugh and through Woodvale into the city proper.

The Stonycreek and the Little Conemaugh merge at what is known as the Point and form the Conemaugh River. The river takes its course through the famous Conemaugh Gap with high hills on either side for a distance of a number of miles. It flows through Sandpatch, Nineveh, Lock Port and on to Blairsville. The entire Conemaugh the Allegheny river and the Ohio rivers were involved in the devastating results of the flood.

The entire region or water shed of Johnstown experienced a most severe downfall of rain for several days prior to the breaking of the dam. The ground was completely saturated by the heavy rains. The Stonycreek river was overflowing its banks in Johnstown while at the same time the Conemaugh, too, was on a rampage. The area making up the water shed of the South Fork branch extends to what is known as Kicker's Ridge or sometimes called Chestnut Ridge. It is a vast area of unimproved land and at that time heavily forested. The mountain streamlets became surging rivers pouring all their waters into the South Fork Dam.

It was eminent that a flood might occur. The breast of the now overflowing dam was carefully watched and reports given earlier in the day preceding the flood to authorities in Johnstown. A report was given at the PRR station of the grave situation. Word did slowly spread around that the dam was in grave danger of breaking its breast. Many people knew of the great danger that confronted them. Many of them fled to the hills for safety. The town was already under water in its lower sections but the suddenness of the breaking of the dam caught most of the inhabitants of Johnstown totally unprepared for the catastrophe which was now upon them. Few of them got to the hills.

Many books, newspapers and the old silent movies depicted a young woman on bare horse back riding down the Conemaugh Valley in its lower sections but the suddenness of the breaking of the dam caught most of the inhabitants of Johnstown totally unprepared for the catastrophe which was now upon them. Few of them got to the hills.

The breast gave way on its right embankment looking from St. Michael towards the breast. Evidence today shows that about one half of the breast gave way. As the waters pushed on its top the weight of the impounded waters were deeper and deeper into the breastwork until the final break was made in which the confined waters were now released. The waters were probably 25 or 40 feet in depth as it rushed down the rugged and crooked South Fork Branch at the rate of about 3 miles per hour. It moved large rocks in its path and gained momentum as it plunged down the deep valley. The valley does not widen very much with many projections protruding into the course of the flood. The Staple Bend hill is one of the most prominent prominences in its path.

At Conemaugh the destruction really started. The Pennsylvania Railroad yards are here located. A train just ahead of the flood was stopped here and the engineer rushed to his home with the tragic news that the dam had broken. Many of the inhabitants fled to the hills about the water line.

The quiet and unimpressive Little Conemaugh was usually quiet low with rocks protruding through its waters as it moved lazily on

"As I See It" By SENATOR JOHN J. HALUSKA

Although it has been several weeks since we wrote our "Barber Story" it is quite apparent that a sinister movement is under way, by a few men who would stoop to anything and who hope to gain political prestige, regarding our remarks toward the barbers.

The five barbers of Patton, mentioned in our column, are our personal friends; we have the deepest respect for their integrity and we know that the few remarks we made about their profession were taken in the spirit in which they were made and that none of them have any personal offense.

But others who are not engaged in this profession are really trying to make this an issue, which, of course, in the final analysis is none of their affair.

However, we realize that a drowning man will grasp at a straw, hoping that clinging onto some may be beneficial to him. If our criticism in Patton have nothing of more value to discuss the merchants. Especially in this true with the various clubs in our county since the income has been limited to a great extent because of the elimination of slot machines.

Now, we mentioned several weeks ago that we would say a word about the bartenders of our community. The men engaged in this profession are also men of high caliber and above all must be possessed with certain qualifications so as to be able to keep their trade and still not offend the clientele. Usually, the men in Clubs in this profession are referred to as

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Clubs as a rule have been very liberal in making donations to various civic and county affairs; they are expected to give freely of their earnings and the mere profit over the bar, after wages and expenses are taken out, cannot be too great. Unless the steward of these establishments gives the club good business administration, at the end of the year, they could easily find themselves in the "red."

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