

JOHN L. ROY

MEMORY LANE: LANCASTER

1892-1902

A look backward in Time to my early years in the area recognized by many as the "Garden Spot of America."

There are undoubtedly a number of those, still living, who I hope will be interested in recalling the years of which I write, with a nostalgic feeling common to those of us who have reached the so-called "Golden Years."

Many of those childhood "pals" and acquaintances have passed on to their celestial rest, leaving cherished memories to us who still remain; others, still living, may be scattered over other areas, from which I am sure they often look back to those days with fond memory.

I was ushered into the world in Lancaster in the year 1886. This event, which certainly caused no particular sensation, other than in the immediate family, preceded the family's move to Philadelphia, from where we moved back to Lancaster when I was six years old. My recollection of Lancaster thus goes back to the year of 1892, the period so often referred to as "The Gay Nineties." I still feel that this nomenclature was mis-applied when considered in the light of more recent years.

I have never lacked a feeling of thankfulness for the fact that I was born, and have lived a major portion of my life in the Keystone State of Pennsylvania, and I have the same sentiment that a very special privilege was accorded me by the Omnipotent Power when I was destined to be born in Lancaster.

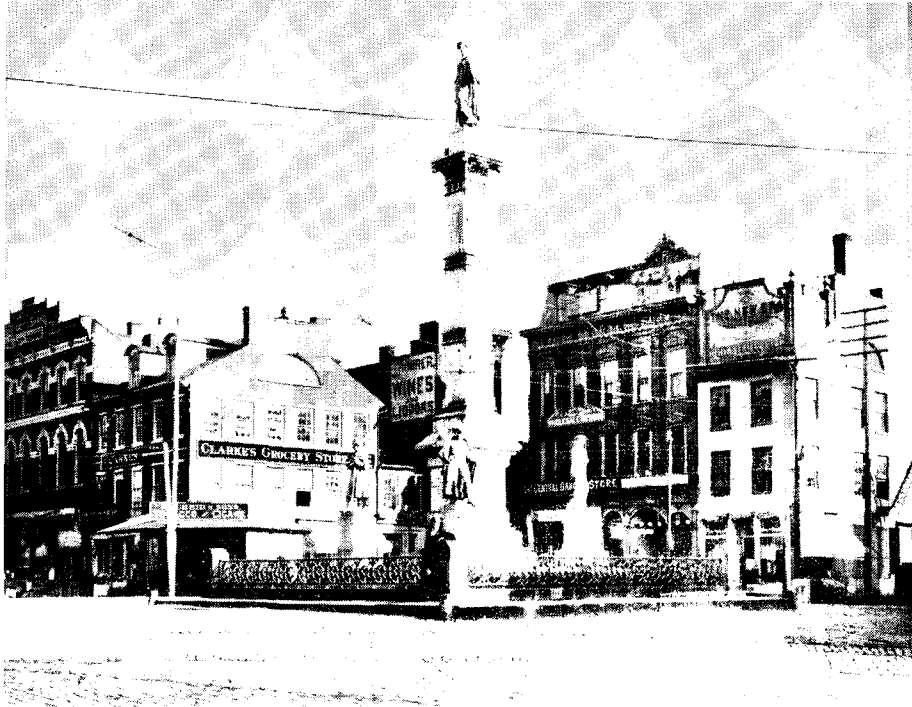
Our home in those days was in the shadow of old Trinity Church and the Court House and naturally my schooling began at the old Duke St. school, still standing, but now occupied by the Salvation Army. I recall, as if yesterday, my years of tenure there. Grades were then designated as Primary, Intermediate, Secondary and Grammar. Our teachers, in the same order, were Miss Shaub, Miss Marshall, Miss Falck, and Mr. Frank Shibley, who was also the Principal. Our teachers in those days, at least in that school, and undoubtedly generally, were older and more mature than those in the same category today. The youngsters referred to the ladies as "old maids" and not unjustly so either, as all were in their early "forties," and to my knowledge never married. Mr. Shibley was married and I believe had a large family. Strange, that across all the years I can still recall distinctly his facial and general features more than some individuals I have known no longer than a third or half the time. A "Gentleman of the Old School," quiet, scholarly, kindly and understanding, but a strict disciplinarian when necessary. In my memory he still remains one of the outstanding characters, not only of my childhood, but all my life. Their memories recall those care-free days when their guidance, and patience with our many foibles, instilled something in most of us that I am sure we have carried through life. I remember, while in Mr. Shibley's room in 1900, I suggested to him the organization of a group of boys in the class to go on "hikes" and have sports of a limited nature. He readily agreed to be our "mentor" in this activity, and in the remaining time in his room, it tempered our lack of extra-curricular advantages. This, I might add, was some years previous to the Boy Scout movement, which was not organized until 1908 by Sir Baden-Powell in England. In those years in grade school we didn't have sports and the recreational facilities that schools have today. It was **all school**. Even in High School, a few years later, this was true.

In 1900 the Boer War with England was in progress, and I remember it wasn't going too well for England at the time. I asked Mr. Shibley one day "if he thought the Boers would win the war." In answer he stroked his beard (he wore a goatee), and in his benign way replied: "Son, the British Lion has just begun to wag his tail."

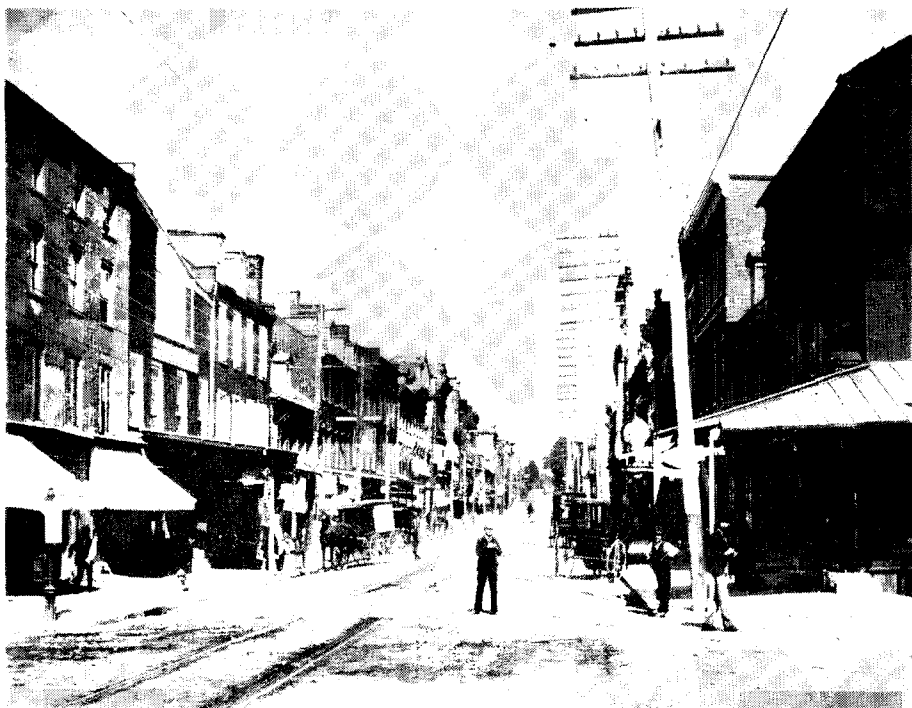
Speaking of these years, there was an old gentleman, known to the pupils as "Paddy" who lived two doors from the school. He was not Irish, and I never learned, or since have forgotten, his last name [John B. Dornmeyer, 124 S. Duke St.], but the appellation was derived from the fact that he sold the youngsters, for a penny, molasses and nut "paddies," poured and moulded in little tin pans. His store was in the basement of his home, reached by several steps from the side walk. To my knowledge he did a very good business.

Another merchant at the other end of the block, across the street, whose store was in the building then occupied by the Boas fish market, was "Deafy Dunmire." He was deaf and in his store carried candy, cheap toys, etc. He also was patronized by the youngsters, especially penny candy.

Those were happy, childhood days in the Long Ago. Life was simple, gracious living then with few diversions outside the home. But looking



(above) The southeast corner of Centre (Penn) Square as it appeared in 1892. Watt & Shand Store later acquired this entire corner and rebuilt all the structures. (below) The second block of North Queen Street, with Orange Street in the foreground and Chestnut Street in the background. The Y.M.C.A. replaced the Shober Hotel (far left). A number of the buildings survive, but urban renewal will remove everything in the picture.





The High School on West Orange Street, erected 1874. In 1905 the girls were transferred to Stevens Girls' High School, and in 1916 the old High School was razed to be replaced by the present Fulton School.

back over the limited highlights of our lives then, I am certain that we were better off, in many respects, than youngsters today, with all the advantages of radio, television, movies, and additional interests that home and school provide today. Certainly from a standpoint of calm nerves and tranquility of mind; and not knowing of the "wonders" ahead, we were happy and contented.

Those were the days of the "old fashioned" winters as many of the old timers claim today. I am inclined to agree; but then, when in some years, the first snow would arrive before Thanksgiving, and with subsequent "falls" be in evidence well into March, there was no heavy traffic to beat it down, no plowing, cindering or snow removal, as we have had in later years, to dissipate the accumulated snow and ice.

One thing was certain — to us kids those winters, in our younger years, were long. The early evenings, right after "supper", might be given

over to sledding or skating, but at a given hour we had to be home. Then an hour or so was spent around the dining or "sitting" room table or even the kitchen table if company were present, playing simple games, reading or studying, until a reasonably early bed-time. The parlor of the home, as known then, at least in our home, was only opened in the winter time for very special occasions, or "company." The wit who, sometime back there "quipped" that "The old man (referring to the head of the house) had to die to get into the parlor" wasn't too far wrong.

In the winter our favorite sport was sledding on Duke St. "hill," practically at our front doors. We would start at the head of the hill, just short of the school, turn the corner at Vine St. and "coast" down as far as Christian St. There was no danger, because there were no automobiles or trolleys, and little, if any, vehicular traffic at night. I remember the "hill" was then considered too steep for trolleys. They did in later years "make the grade," until replaced by buses. In after years on my many periodic trips through Lancaster, it always amused me that it was considered a hill, after my living in a mountainous area of the state. We were always envious of older youngsters who were allowed by parents (or at least did) to use "Dinah's" hill on W. Vine St. Most of us youngsters were forbidden to use it because of its steep grade, the crossings at Water St. and Prince St. and the prevalent use of "toboggans."

As we grew older we were permitted to go skating at Engleside, when accompanied by an older brother, or adult. One of those nights tragedy struck when Ray Warfel, a schoolmate went through the ice at Engleside; although his body was quickly recovered, efforts to revive him failed. I remember standing outside the Warfel home on E. Vine street, with a group of neighbors on that cold winter night, and the feeling of awe and helplessness I experienced while those within were trying to resuscitate him without success. That was the end of my skating activity for many years.

Another tragic occurrence in the neighborhood around that time was the death of another school-mate, Guy Wingert, a couple of years my junior, from meningitis at his home on S. Duke St., for which, in those days there was little medical knowledge and no cure.

Naturally, in those early years, Christmas was the "high-point" or the year, and was looked forward to for months. What a far cry it was from that in later years. For one thing, toys were unknown in stores and shops, until about two or three weeks before the holiday, and usually, besides clothing or more practical gifts, the "piece-de-resistance" for the average youngster was a toy of some kind. Those were the days before plastics and alloyed metals; most toys were made of cast iron, and were durable. The first Christmas, in memory, registers in my mind when I was five years old, and going to Christmas displays in the stores, my eyes focused on one particular toy, a fire-patrol. It was about fifteen inches long with a driver and four firemen seated in the body. Drawn by two realistic horses, their legs outstretched in the act of "galloping," with small wheels underneath which ingeniously activated their motion. My heart was set on this beautifully executed and colored toy, and of course, my feeling was transmitted to my parents. So, lo and behold, it was under

the tree Christmas morning. I have seen many Christmases come and go over the years, and have been the recipient of many gifts of variable intrinsic value from family and friends, but I am sure I have never since experienced the joy I felt back there in that long ago Christmas.

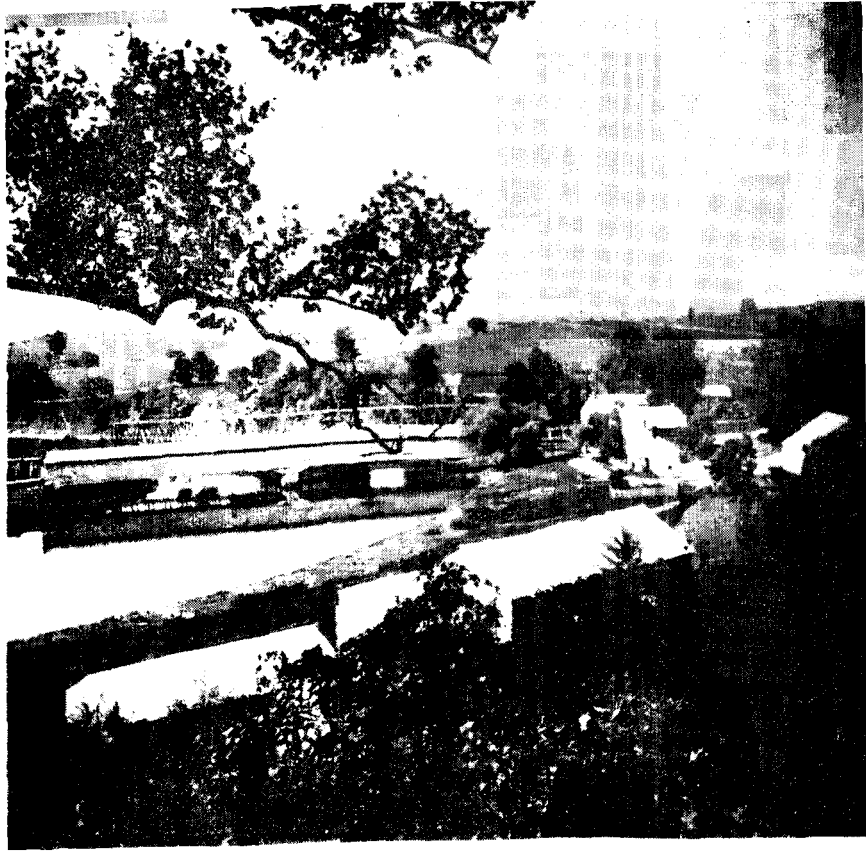
In those days a youngster would be content to play with one or two toys the year 'round until, as in my case, subsequent Christmases brought, one at a time, a fire-engine, hansom cab, farm wagon, Conestoga wagon and others, which I zealously kept intact for a number of years, and then turned them over to my children.

In those later grade school years I became an avid reader. Skipping over the period, which I suppose a majority of boys then went through, was out addiction to the Dime Novel, so called, such as "Nick Carter," "Deadwood Dick," "The Rover Boys" and others that were frowned upon by parents, and read furtively in some secret or hidden place. Later my interest turned to worthwhile reading, such as Captain King's stories on the Indian Wars in the West, the Henty Stories and others. One story "The Hound of the Baskervilles" by A. Conan Doyle, was a favorite, as well as later detective stories of his. Still later I graduated, so to speak, to some of the outstanding novels of that time, some of which I still have in my library, as "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" by the American, Winston Churchill; "Audrey," "The Have and To Hold," "Prisoners of Hope" by Mary Johnston; "Eben Holden" and "D'ri & I" by Irving Batchelor, and many others which I obtained from my Father, who was a prolific reader in his spare time. I recall the price of books in this class, by leading authors of the day, was \$1.08. Why the odd amount I don't know, as there was no sales tax then. The same type of books, by present day writers sell for \$3.50 to \$5.00, which of course is understandable, being in line with other commodities over the inflationary years. However, in my opinion, the quality of writing in 75 per cent of the productions today has gone down in the same ratio as the price differential has gone up.

Then, as now, we had the "Comics" published in the Philadelphia Sunday papers. Among them were: "The Yellow Kid"; "Foxy Grandpa"; "Happy Hooligan"; "Maude the Mule", and others. As to music, some of the songs, I recall, were "On the Banks of The Wabash"; "Down By the Old Mill Stream"; "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines Nelly," and many others that in the past couple of years have been so well popularized by Mitch Miller on radio and television—an enjoying sales and listeners' interest that indicate thousands of Oldsters and young alike, no doubt satiated by the type of popular music turned out in recent years, prefer.

After the Christmas holidays we youngsters began looking forward to spring. I have always thought that Lancaster County, as well as other areas in the southeastern corner of the state were especially blest with an early spring. Weather permitting we went bass fishing at various points in the Conestoga, accompanied by my Father or an uncle who was an inveterate fisherman. Many a sizeable black bass fell to our lures.

At this period we were only thirty years away from the Civil War, and many veterans were still in their prime. Many of us had the good fortune to know and come in contact with some of the "Boys in Blue," who of course were our heroes, and who were never loath to detail some of their



View of Engleside, formerly Graeff's Landing, about 1885, looking downstream. The tavern is at right center and the Quarryville Branch of the Reading and Columbia RR crosses the Conestoga River on the iron bridge.

experiences, sometimes no doubt embellishing them somewhat, but being too young to be critical, we enjoyed these tales. This period undoubtedly engendered the interest I have had over all the years since, which converted me to being a Civil War "buff," as evidenced by my library. One of my most cherished possessions, among my numerous books on the conflict, is a volume entitled "My Experiences 'Mid Shot and Shell and In Rebel Den," the author being John W. Urban, a Lancastrian and member of the First Regiment, Penna. Reserve Infantry, who participated in a number of the famous battles, and was a prisoner at Andersonville for a period until the end of the war. He was a close friend of my maternal grandfather in Millersville, and I recall being in the shop when Mr. Urban called there in the interest of selling copies of his book. Grandfather purchased two copies, one of which he gave me.

Memorial Days then were looked forward to with only slightly less

interest than Christmas. Due to an early spring we always looked for our peony bushes in the yard to be in bloom, and how proudly I, along with other of my playmates, carried our bouquets to Woodward Hill or Greenwood cemeteries to be placed on the graves of veterans and listen to the impressive ceremonies. In these years I was fortunate in being able to see performed, in the Fulton Opera House, some of the outstanding plays on Civil War then enjoying popularity. Among these were: "The Heart of Maryland" with Mrs. Leslie Carter, "Held by the Enemy" and "Secret Service" with Wm. E. Gillette; "Shenandoah" with Margaret Anglin; "Fo' Fair Virginia" with Russ Wytal, and others. Then for several years the Fulton was visited by an allegorical production, "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," produced by A. F. Nail, in which local talent was largely used. While speaking of the Fulton Opera House, it was also during this period that the Theatre, so far as Lancaster was concerned, was at its "Zenith." On alternate weeks during the Winter season a "Stock" company would move in for a week's repertoire of plays. Outstanding, to us boys was the Thomas E. Shea Company, among whose plays were "Man O'Wars Man"; "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde"; "The Bells" and other well known plays of the era. To me, at that precocious age, Thos. E. Shea was the outstanding "Hero" of the dramatic stage, and his associate, Henry Testa, thrilled us with his villiany. Other stock companies I remember were Corse Payton and Cecil Spooner. In alternate weeks the best productions out of New York and Philadelphia would appear for one-night "stands". One of the outstanding productions which was then, and I believe even today, would be considered a stupendous production, from standpoint of scenery and size of cast, was a romantic drama "A Gentleman of France" with Kyrle Bellew and Eleanor Robson. Incidentally, Miss Robson left the stage a few years later to marry August Belmont, the New York financier, and one of the few fine actresses of that day still living at an advanced age. Other plays I recall seeing were: "Sherlock Holmes" with Wm. Gillette; "The Prisoner of Zenda" with Jas. K. Hackett; "The Old Homestead" with Denman Thompson; "Shore Acres" with Jas. A. Hearne; "Nathan Hale" with Nat Goodwin, and many others. Those were the "Halcyon" days of the American Theatre, and the Fulton got all the leading plays and performers, before costs of production and transportation forced them to stay in New York and other large cities for extended periods of time, and never again visit "the Hinterlands." For the stock company visits we youngsters could sit in the "gallery" for ten cents, while for the better one night stand plays the price was twenty-five cents in the same location.

Speaking of entertainment then, we had Rocky Springs Park, still operating where picnicking, and an occasional visit of a famous band were the attractions. Captain Peoples Bathing Resort was across the stream either reached by the steamer "Lady-Gay" or the miniature railway from Conestoga Park. Then we had for several seasons the Summer Theatre at Conestoga Park, close by the Witmer bridge, where was presented a repertoire of Gilbert & Sullivan operas, among them "The Chimes of Normandy"; "Pinafore"; "Pirates of Penzance"; "The Mikado" and others. Soon following, in 1900, the Woolworth Building was completed and opened to the intense interest and acclaim of the citizens, Lancaster's first "Sky Scraper" with a roof garden and theatre in which Vaudeville

was presented. This was also a Captain Peoples Enterprise. Refreshments could be purchased on the roof, and it enjoyed great popularity. Surely an era which Lancaster, as well as other smaller cities, will never see again, due to radical changes, economic-wise principally. I am sure that other "Old Timers" will join me in the opinion that Lancaster in those days was a far better community, entertainment-wise, the year 'round than it is today.

In the summertime, for some years we had the visits of The Fore Paughs" and Sells Bros. circuses, and, not to be forgotten, Buffalo Bill's Wild West, the latter being, in my opinion, then and now, in entertainment value, never equalled for appeal to young and old alike.

My maternal grandparents' home was in Millersville. and during spring and summer, over my boyhood years, I spent many happy days there. Even the half-hour-trolley ride from Centre Square to the terminus at the far end of the village was looked forward to with greater anticipation than a five hundred mile trip, or longer by train or car in later years. Grandfather's home and Shop were located at the upper end of town, approximately opposite the old car barn. In retrospect I can still scent the odor of pine, oak and cypress which pervaded the carriage shop where I sat and watched a workman fashioning a wheel or some part of a carriage or wagon, all this artistry being then done by hand. Also the various, and to me then, appetizing scents in Levenite's General Store, close by, which modern packaging of foods and condiments, in food stores and markets of today, has eliminated.

One of our group's favorite pastimes was waiting for the "trolley" to arrive from Lancaster, which was every hour. In those days the cars were operated from either end, their being no turn-table or circle to reverse them. So we boys would take turns in catching the rope at the rear, pulling the trolley pole down and "swinging it to the other end." This ritual was always allowed by the motorman, whom we knew, since there was no hazard involved.

One of our favorite haunts was the creek and dam at Slackwater, where we fished and swam, camped over night, played "Indians" etc. It was with a feeling of loss when I read some years ago that the old covered bridge, like many others, had given way to progress and was torn down and replaced with one of steel and concrete, which can never engender the memories that the old one instilled in many of us over the years.

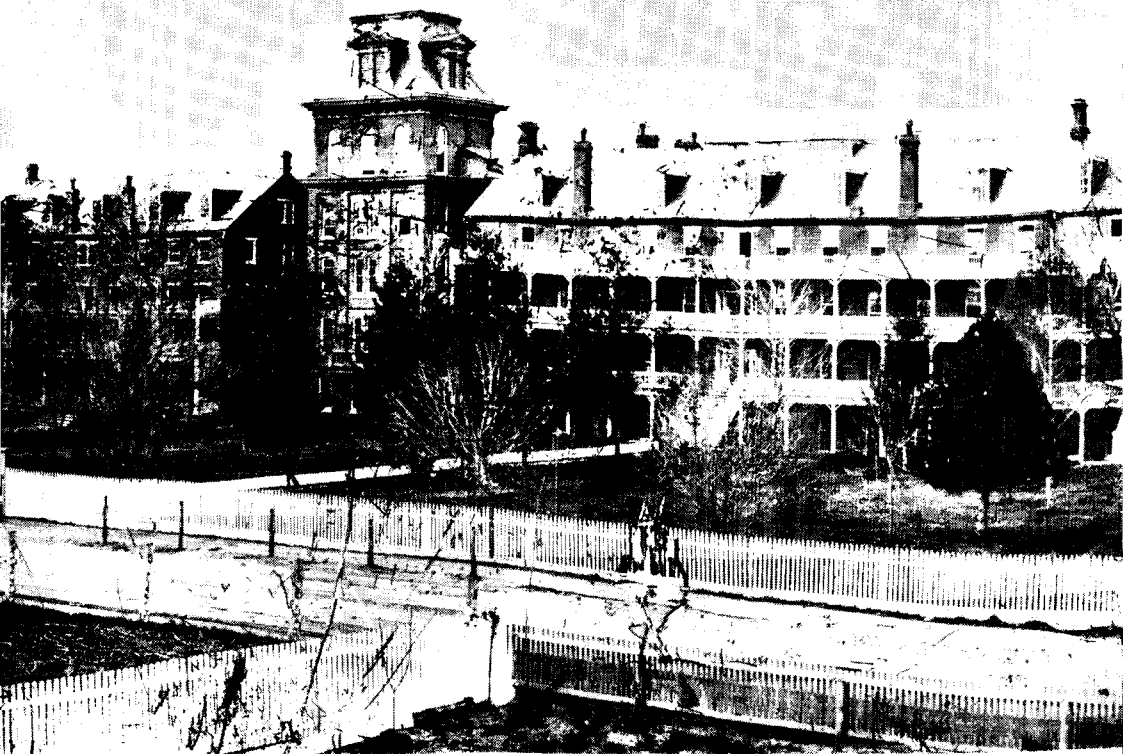
As I recall, Lancaster, in those days had fewer colored inhabitants, at least to my knowledge, as there were none in grade school or High School. There was one colored man in Millersville, an ex-slave, probably eighty years old or over, and black as ink. Known to all villages as "Black Sammy," and beloved by all the inhabitants, young and old alike, he did odd jobs around the village for a living, and when he died he was buried in the little graveyard of the Bethany Church, and mourned by many.

My grandparents were members of the Evangelical Church at the upper end of the village, and when out there, I attended some of the old time "Revivals." Even at that early age I enjoyed the old hymns: "The Old Rugged Cross"; "Shall We Meet Beyond The River"; "Buehlah

Land"; "Nearer My God To Thee"; "Throw Out The Life Line", and many others. I still feel that many of the churches of today lack something in religious appeal by no longer using them. Millersville has not changed much over a period of sixty odd years. The Normal School, now known as a State College shows little material change, except for some new buildings; the "Trolley" cars have been replaced by buses; the dusty street paved; and new home developments built on the outer edges. It is still a nostalgic spot in my memory, aside from early associations, for my Mother and Father are buried in the Evangelical Churchyard there.

In the summertime, for several years, we neighborhood boys were fortunate in having play facilities close to home. One was the old Odd Fellows Hall, now and for many years past, the site of the present Haldy Monument Works. This was in the middle of the block on S. Queen St. Previous to the time of which I write it had been condemned as unsafe and vacated by the lodge. Its history, as to when it was built, I have never learned, but probably around 1800. In its prime it must have been an imposing edifice, being about one hundred feet wide, fifty feet deep and three stories high. Built of masonry and stuccoed, with windows running from ground to roof, with small leaded panes of glass. It had the appearance of an antiquated French chateau. It was set back from the street on a terrace, with a large lot running back about two hundred feet to Christian St. The property had been purchased by St. Mary's Church reportedly to build a school. To one side of the hall was a small frame house, formerly used no doubt as a caretaker's home. Here the church installed, on charitable grounds, a family with, I think, seven or eight children. The father was a cripple and unable to work, and two older boys around our age were employed, and no doubt the family existed on their earnings. In their spare time the two boys mentioned were in our group in various activities and by reason of this fact we were allowed play privileges in the Hall and on the grounds at any and all times. The apron of grass in front and the lot in back were ideal for baseball and football and the lower floor for indoor activities, mainly for amateur theatricals, something that most of our group were addicted to, by reason of our attending, when we had the money, the attractions at the Fulton Opera House. Then, in the same block we also had the Engle Bottling Works stable and yard on Beaver Street as an auxiliary playground when we chose.

Back there in the fall of the years 1896 to 1900 our interest was largely centered on seeing an occasional football game at F and M or following their out of town college football news. Those are the days of Indians play at F and M, I believe the only year they appeared here. This Penna.; Poe at Princeton; Heffelfinger at Yale, and others who were our "heroes" of the grid-iron. I was fortunate in being able to see the Carlisle Indians play at F and M, I believe the only year they appeared here. This was when Thorpe and Johnston were their stars, and they had introduced their "hidden ball" play where the ball carrier hides it under his jersey at his back. The play was only successful for a few plays in the game, but it was a "baffling" maneuver at those times. Later it was ruled out by officials. It was only one of the "tricky" plays that the Indians had introduced. At this period, for a few years, two local Athletic Clubs, the



Millersville Normal School Old Main and Dormitories, about 1893. George Street is in the foreground. The structure survives although much altered. It is to be razed by 1966. The left end is more than a century old.

“Alerts” and the “Crescents” played a Thanksgiving Day game; I believe it was in the morning.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1899, I had the good fortune to attend the Penn-Cornell game at Franklin Field in Philadelphia. I mention it here to quote an ad in the program, which I still have:

SEIDEL'S RESTAURANT

is the place to get a full meal for 15c

Dinner: Soup, Meat, three vegetables, tea or coffee,
bread & butter, and dessert

3343 Woodland Ave.

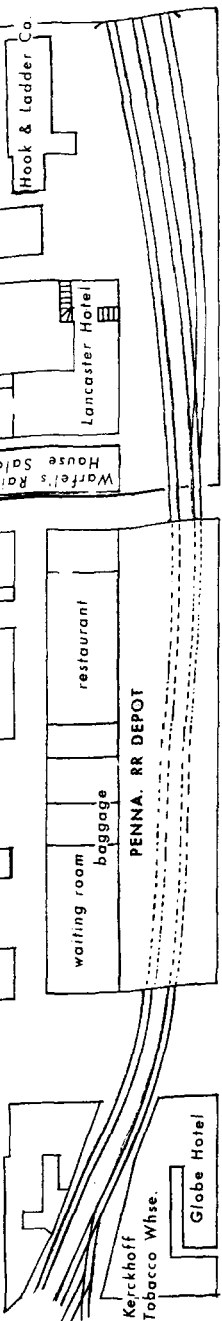
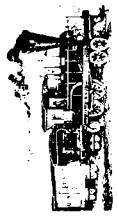
Rooms to rent

Table board \$3.00 per week Open from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M.

U. of P. custom solicited.

This brings to mind a small oyster saloon located in the basement of City Hall, entered down a few steps on W. King St. Here for 5 cents one could buy an oyster sandwich, (two large fried oysters on a “bun” or a dozen “fries with crackers” in a cardboard box for 25 cents. How times have changed

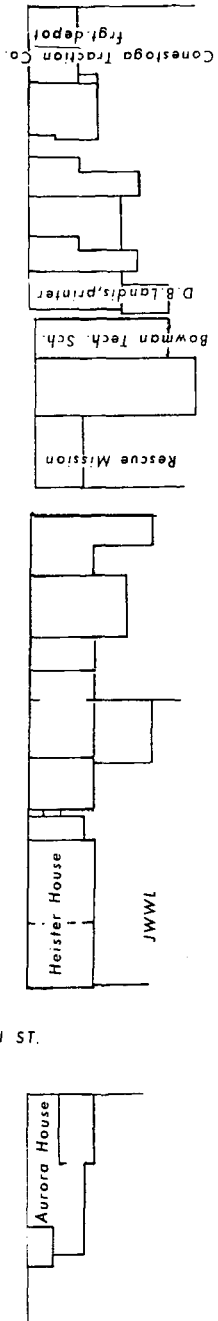
The Pennsylvania Railroad Depot Neighbourhood: 1896



N. DUKE ST.

N. QUEEN ST.

E. CHESTNUT ST.



(top, right) Front view of Pennsylvania RR Depot, about 1892, from corner of Queen and Chestnut Streets. (lower, right) Rear view from Duke Street, showing depot and Hotel Lancaster.



Around 1909 another interest some of us boys had was the Boy's Bible Brigade, which also had a military appeal, and at that time was quite active in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Col. H. P. Bope, a Vice President of Carnegie Steel Co., I believe was one of the founders. The local head was a Col. Cudlipp, from Philadelphia. The unit met and had quarters in the building directly across from the old Y.M.C.A. building, next to the now Watt & Shand store. Its activity here was short and passed out of existence, as far as Lancaster was concerned, years ago.

My first introduction to politics came in 1895, when President McKinley was running for re-election. Lancaster was strongly Republican and I look back on this exciting era, when torch-light parades preceded the speech making, and whatever other excitement was provided. What a thrill it was for some of us youngsters to march in those parades with our Dads, rigged out in oil-cloth caps and capes, and carrying a kerosene "torch", as we marched to demonstrate, our perhaps little understood, allegiance to the "Grand Old Party."

Following, on February 15th, 1898 came the sinking of the Battleship Maine in Havana Harbor. Then the subsequent War with Spain, leading to the thrilling events of Admiral Dewey's naval victory at Manila Bay; Lt. Richard Hobson's heroic attempt to bottle up the Spanish fleet in Santiago Harbor, by sinking the Merrimac at the entrance; Admiral Schley's destruction of the Spanish fleet; and the "Rough Riders" under Colonel Leonard Wood and "Teddy" Roosevelt's assault on San Juan Hill. This was certainly a time to stir the emotions, particularly of boys our age.

Our local interest in the contest was enhanced when Company "L" Lancaster National Guard in command of Captain Thomas Whitson, was ordered into active service. How the excitement and glamour of those days have paled, in the recollections of those who subsequently lived through the years of World Wars I and II.

Later, on September 6th, 1901, the whole country was shocked by the news of President McKinley being shot at Buffalo. I recall the days of anxious waiting and hoping for his recovery by the citizens. Then came his death on September 13th. I recall standing at the alarm box in front of City Hall, with a group of other boys and adults, with a policeman, awaiting the then expected news of his death. I was then a carrier for the New Era, and when the news came through at about 2 A.M., I, along with other carrier boys made a dash for the New Era offices on N. Queen St. for the extra edition following.

In my high school days life moved placidly along as in grade school. Again there was nothing to break the monotony of "just schooling." We had no recreation facilities or social functions as we know them in our high schools today. In the old High School on West Orange Street of two main floors and an "attic" formed by what was then known as a "mansard roof," the boys and girls were segregated, the girls on the first floor and the boys on the second. This idea strikes me as being one that should be followed in our high schools today, and I understand is being followed in some cities, and advocated in others. The boys' freshman class was housed in a small building around the corner on North Mulberry Street, while the freshman class of girls was housed in a building at W.

Chestnut and Prince Sts. The freshman boys' teacher was Mr. B. F. Fisher. The principal was Mr. (later Doctor) John McCaskey, affectionately known by the students as "Jack"; also Mr. Gable and Miss Mary Martin. Dr. Buehrle was head of the Lancaster School system then. As in "Grade" school, they were well beyond the age of teachers in our high schools today but they were all dedicated to education, and undoubtedly those who sat in their class rooms would today freely acknowledge the influence for good that they had on their future lives. Unlike today there were no organized sports sponsored by the school. Those of us, who were interested, organized a team, supplied our own uniforms and equipment, such as they were, and endeavored to get games with several local schools. So far as I recall there were no other local high schools with teams so that we were mainly limited to the old F and M Academy, Millersville Normal (second team) and Yeates Institute. The High School had no gymnasium, other than the "attic," which had a rough board floor, and was equipped with a couple of items such as "horizontal bars," a "horse," etc. To my knowledge it had never been used as a "gym" and the dust of years was everywhere apparent. In the back of the building was a lot, not to be confused as a "playground," where we would practice before school in the mornings, and then before the first bell rang we would go up to the "attic" and change clothes without benefit of showers or cleanup, there being no water available, then sit in class the balance of the day. Contrasting this to today's high and grade schools with their elaborate auditoriums, gymnasiums, cafeterias, and planned and sponsored social and athletic programs, it makes one wonder if the present day advantages, and all they cost, add up, as a whole, to better citizens. If one considers the fairly high percentage of juvenile delinquency in recent years, it is questionable.

Those were the days when football was "rough." For one thing our uniforms were not protective. Our jerseys were padded at shoulder and elbow, pants had light quilting in front, and "shin guards" and nose guards had just come in vogue, when they could be afforded by the individual. We, as well as most college players, let our hair grow long for head protection. The first head-guard I remember seeing was worn by Miller, nicknamed "Soapy" who played full-back for Yeates. It was solid saddle leather and he sure used it to advantage when, head down, he "bucked the line" on offensive plays. Other members of the Yeates team I recall were Jack and Hale Steinman, and a chap by the name of Seaton. Then the various plays were "guards back"; "tackles back"; "hurdlings", and the "flying wedge," all since "tabooed" by football authorities in general as being too hazardous.

I still have my "Herbal" made up of plant specimens collected during my botany studies in high school. Represented, as a source of material are the names of places that must be familiar to some "Oldsters" still living: Dillerville Swamp; Indian Hill; Meadia Hill; Watt Glen; Buttercup Hill; Slackwater; Stauffer's Hill; Eden Dam; Gable's Woods; David Pond; Mill Creek; Locust Grove. Probably some of these places over the years have made way to progress but were then interesting places to visit on our bicycles. Our world was young, the summer days were long, with no rum-

bles of war clouds, and life went along in seeming simplicity and gracious living.

I recall some of the old landmarks in and around the old neighborhood: Odd Fellows Hall (previously mentioned); the Hershey Caramel Factory; the Hershey home on S. Queen St.; the Old Fountain Inn on S. Queen St.; The Hubley Toy Factory at S. Duke and Vine Sts.; the Jacob Rieker Butcher Shop (where our family purchased meat seventy years ago); "Chris" Burger's Music Store, (his orchestra played for years at the Fulton Opera House); the old railroad station, (with the one horse cabs lined up at the curb); the farmers' open air market around the Court House Square on Duke and E. King Sts.; the old Lancaster Hotel, alongside the Depot; the old Imperial Hotel across from the Depot, and many others.

And so the "Good Old Days" have vanished, never to return.

As one who spent over fifty years away from Lancaster, my feelings can best be expressed in the words of the well known author, the late John P. Marquand:

"My thoughts continually returned to the place where my ancestors came from and where I spent most of my childhood. For me, and I am willing to wager for everyone else, the road one takes, no matter how far it goes, leads to a contradictory sort of frustration, because it always leads to accidental beginnings. But in the end it always leads toward Home."

J. L. Roy.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mr. Roy attended Lehigh University and was graduated from Carnegie Institute of Technology, following which he became an engineer with the Socony Vacuum Oil Co. After a long and eventful career he retired to his native city where he takes an active interest in many affairs.