WHEN the school teachers of New England wrote all the school history books, if a thing had not happened in or about Boston—it was not fit to print.

In the first history of America which I read, that little riot known as the Boston Massacre got a full page. The whole story of Pennsylvania was dismissed in six lines. The only thing about this Keystone colony worth recording in that book was the fact that a rotund Quaker named William Penn had founded a Commonwealth dedicated to the proposition that everybody might pray as he pleased. A libelous portrait accompanied the text, revealing an aged Penn in a broad-brim hat and shad-belly coat, both as drab as the story of Pennsylvania itself.

Fifty years before I opened that grotesque history book, the celebrated Philadelphia lawyer, Horace Binney, born to the purple and educated at Harvard, wrote that Pennsylvanians ever seemed to delight in honoring men and things outside of Pennsylvania while belittling or completely ignoring those within. Smear Pennsylvania or forget it—that was the idea. A bigoted and grasping New England governor, who treated the Indians as if they were a conquered-pagan race, was more to be glorified in print than Penn, who was the only real statesman among all the colonizers.

Penn was by far the most imposing figure who appeared in the whole era of American colonization. Judged by modern standards he was the only one who knew how to perform the job intelligently. Penn was a Quaker, but never a pacifist. He had worn the steel breastplate of a soldier and his best portrait shows him in that war-like habiliment. A tall, handsome Oxford athlete and only thirty-eight when he met the Indians under the famous elm tree at Shackamaxon—not the fat old man shown in my absurd school book.

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Penn had bought from his king a tract of 46,000 square miles of American real estate. Then what was his job? To make it profitable. How could that be done most surely and speedily? By persuading shiploads of settlers to sail up the Delaware and buy farms and building lots. And how could he persuade them to come here into this wilderness then covered with an unbroken forest rather than go elsewhere? Propaganda! Penn's methods of real estate promotion antedated by two centuries the technique of California and Florida land boomers. His pamphlets broadcast over England, Holland and Germany are excellent reading even today. They pictured his beloved Pennsylvania in colors brighter than the rainbow.

Everything was here—rich soil, gigantic white pines, oak, hickory, chestnut and hemlock, streams choked with fish—big ones, too, although not so big as the countless deer that could be bought from Indians for two shillings apiece.

That was not enough. Penn was the one colonizer who saw that something far better than even a good bargain in real estate was essential. So he heralded his immortal peace treaty with the Indians which guaranteed safety from the tomahawk and scalping knife. That was in the nature of a statesman-like insurance policy which protected every inhabitant of Penn's domain in possession of the property he had purchased. And for the first fifty years nobody in Pennsylvania was murdered by an Indian.

Even that guarantee did not suffice the broad and liberal purposes of William Penn. He went further and also guaranteed religious freedom. The combination thus set up by the Founder was unbeatable. Instantly the sequel was proved. More settlers poured into Penn's colony in fifty years than had gone into older Massachusetts, New York or Virginia in 100 years. Those grim-visaged Pilgrims in New England were not only sour in matters of religion, but they dealt heavily in hardships. They wrote back to their friends in the old country about privation and starvation, misery and want. Their gloomy tales were reddened by the stories of massacre and midnight raids by aborigines. In short, the hardy Puritan father was a bear on his newly acquired country.

Penn, on the contrary, while a convert of George Fox, was never a narrow-minded religious partisan. He welcomed the Catholic and so you see in Philadelphia today old St. Joseph's
Church, which was the first one under the British flag where Catholics might worship without restriction of any kind. He hailed the Jew, the German Pietists and Mennonites, the Schwenkfeldians and the French Huguenots with as much enthusiasm as he did any member of the Society of Friends from England, Wales or Ireland.

As a salesman Penn was better than P. T. Barnum. For sheer luck he beat "Coaloil Johnnie" Steele. His luck led him to buy what has long proved to be in natural resources the richest slice of the American continent. Penn didn't live long enough to learn about that, but we know.

Unpopular old ladies in New England were denounced as witches; they were ducked, whipped and even burned. But when Penn sat as a judge at the trial of a woman accused of witchcraft that astute statesman, like another Solomon, rendered his verdict to the effect that the prisoner was reputed to be a witch, but nobody had been able to prove that she had succeeded in hexing anybody.

We heard in recent times Pierpont Morgan described and praised as a bull on America. He borrowed the idea from Penn, who in all respects was as optimistic about Pennsylvania in the seventeenth century as Charlie Schwab has ever appeared to be in the twentieth.

The glories of his domain so eloquently painted by him, drew to his colony mixed races of the very highest types who ventured to settle anywhere on this continent. And that early blending of the best human stock from Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland and the British Isles was the reason why Pennsylvania 200 years ago began to sit in the sun as the foremost industrial kingdom in the Western Hemisphere. It has retained that place ever since. In volume, in diversity and in the bold romance back of its industrial supremacy, Pennsylvania's local history is by far the most appealing.

Every section, I might almost say every one of the sixty-seven counties of Pennsylvania, has an alluring local history. This should never be ignored in our schools and our more than fifty colleges.

That old school book of mine told me about the Forty-niners of California and the gold rush. But it had in it not one word about
the infinitely greater bonanza discovered in the black diamonds of Schuylkill, Carbon, Luzerne and Lackawanna counties. The anthracite of these four Pennsylvania counties has been converted into twenty times more dollars than have ever been dug from all the gold and silver mines of California. Every year for the past century the output of Pennsylvania coal has exceeded that of any other state in the Union. It is a fact that 12,000 square miles of the old Keystone rests comfortably upon a bed of coal. Out of that black bed was born the solid basis for America’s industrial empire.

Nor were the Forty-niners of the Sierras a bit more picturesque than the Fifty-niners who swept from the four corners of the earth into Venango county. There it was that Col. Drake’s unerring drill unleashed the world’s first petroleum well. Oil is today a major factor in human activities. Twenty-five million automobiles scurry over the roads of the United States and every one of them by virtue of gasoline. Every airplane that wings its way in the skies is there only because its engines are fed upon gasoline. The discovery of petroleum along Oil Creek in Pennsylvania was therefore an epochal world event. How many school boys and girls know it? They are zealously taught the exact day of the month and the year on the calendar that the Middle Ages began or ended. They know when some silly king was enthroned or beheaded, but they never read in their school books that Williamsport was the capital of the American lumber industry. Yet the conversion of primeval forests into the timber required for a million homes was as picturesque and romantic a thing and infinitely more important to mankind than all the diamond mines in Kimberley.

One of the most famous lectures ever heard was Dr. Conwell’s immortal “Acres of Diamonds.” It centered on the legend of a man who wandered all over alien lands in search of diamonds and then, disappointed, came back to his old home and found acres of precious stones at his own front door. And in like fashion it has been the custom to lead Pennsylvania school children all over the earth in their quest for historical facts, and then keep the book of Pennsylvania itself under a padlock. They are being cheated out of the most fascinating kind of history obtainable by anyone and that is the annals of one’s own homeland. I’d
rather that my boy should know how and when and why canal boats were flung over the Allegheny Mountains than to memorize the date when another king of Spain lost his job.

What real romance lay behind that daring plan to carry a canal across the backbone of Pennsylvania 1800 feet high! It was accomplished.

The only woman in history whose name is commonly associated with salt is Lot's wife, and who actually knows her name? Anyhow, the poor lady was turned into a pillar of salt and thus became safely embalmed in Biblical lore for all time. But another woman in Cambria county dealt in salt in a far more profitable way and yet I doubt if any one of a million and a half Pennsylvania school pupils today ever heard of her. Nevertheless when Mrs. Deemer one day in 1812 dipped a cup of water from a little spring along the Conemaugh she was astonished. It tasted like a drink from the Atlantic Ocean, and well it might, since it was most decidedly salty.

Well, that discovery by a Cambria county dame, who is totally ignored by Pennsylvania history books, started what for sixty years was a bustling industry all over the western portion of this state. Salt wells by the scores were drilled and then Pittsburgh cut off its importations of salt from Philadelphia, for which it had paid $5 a bushel.

Wherever you motor today you cross beautiful bridges of concrete. They will stand the stress of weather and time longer than the Coliseum of Rome. How many Pennsylvania school students have been told that the Portland cement business of America was born in the Lehigh Valley and still has there its foremost abiding place? But concrete as you see it fashioned in majestic architecture or lining important subways and vast dams is 100 times more important in the lives of 130,000,000 Americans than is a knowledge of the particular day when the battle of Blenheim was fought.

Pennsylvania produced the slate for all the school slates used in Pennsylvania in my boyhood days. I never knew it then, but I was sent to the foot of the class if I couldn't sing-song the names of all the capes in Asia.

That is a distortion of true history values. It is more interesting to me to know that virtually all commercial mushrooms that smother our beefsteaks emanate from West Chester than to read
that 2313 soldiers were killed or wounded in a battle fought 200 years ago.

The Constitution of the United States was written and the Declaration of Independence was adopted in the same room of our old State House in Philadelphia. There was no picture of that historic relic in my school book, yet there was a glowing piece about Faneuil Hall in Boston, also a picture, and why? Well, because Sam Adams was a god in the eyes of the New England schoolmaster who wrote my school book and Pennsylvania school authorities were too dumb to recognize true historic merits.

Most everybody goes occasionally to a bank to take out or put in. American banking began in Pennsylvania. And so did American fire insurance and marine insurance and life insurance. And America insurance today, measured in dollars, is the greatest single business on earth. The first policy against loss of fire written on this side the Atlantic was issued by a company organized by Franklin and it is still doing business 180 years afterwards. A lowly Philadelphia Negro servant deposited the first dollar in the first American savings bank.

The first American Bible, the first American magazine, the first daily newspaper, the first cartoon, the first penny newspaper, the first trade newspaper and the first magazine for women were all Pennsylvania products, yet they registered less impression upon Pennsylvania school books than did a Connecticut wooden nutmeg.

Zealous was that old New England schoolmaster in writing for my history book the story of the Boston Tea Party. For aught I learned from it to the contrary Massachusetts led the colonies in its protest against taxed tea. It is true that Sam Adams did lead a boisterous mob at Boston harbor and wantonly destroyed property not owned by the Crown of England, but by a trading company. But as for originating a protest on taxed tea, Sam Adams is entitled to a booby prize. Two weeks before his riotous affair at Boston, Philadelphia had turned back the tea-laden ship Polly when it had arrived at Marcus Hook. No tea was dumped in the Delaware, that is true, but not an ounce of it was put on Pennsylvania soil to be consumed by Pennsylvania people.

At least thirty years before that, the Pennsylvania ironmasters in the Schuylkill Valley, where the American iron industry was born, made the first formal protest to a British Parliament against
the evils of an English tax levied upon Pennsylvania iron shipped to London. That was the first thunder which proclaimed the Revolutionary War. Did my history book mention that fact? It did not, nor did it relate the tremendous epoch of Pennsylvania iron and steel. Two-fifths of all American steel is today manufactured in the Keystone and never once in the last 175 years a less proportion than that.

It was a far leap from that tiny pioneer forge of Thomas Rutter, built about 220 years ago in the Schuylkill Valley, to the colossal mills at Bethlehem, Steelton, Johnstown and Pittsburgh, but the blazing fires of Pennsylvania blast furnaces have never once been out since 1717. There is something Plutarchian in this amazing epic of Pennsylvania iron, yet our school children hear less about it than they learn of the reign of Rameses.

I can still repeat almost verbatim the well propagandized yarn about how the Sixth Massachusetts regiment met a mob in Baltimore in April, 1861. All the inference I could get as a boy from that New England version of history was that Massachusetts was Johnny-on-the-job and first to present to Lincoln its good and perfectly blue blood to put down secession. I venture to declare that not a boy or a girl at Lewistown, Pennsylvania, knew the true story that the Logan Guards of Lewistown were the first in Washington in that appalling crisis. An official statement by Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, confirms that fact beyond any argument.

Jefferson and John Adams wrote letters to each other when they were old men in reference to what they deemed the mythical Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence. Neither of them had apparently ever heard that the Fair Play men along lonely Pine Creek in northern Pennsylvania had by strange coincidence met on July 4, 1776, and adopted a declaration of renouncing their allegiance to King George the Third of England. These things in which Pennsylvania has been first or a leader were not born of chance.

Penn's colony was outstanding from the beginning as this nation's melting pot of the best and strongest of European races. Their meeting and intermarriage here produced a new kind of race with aggressiveness and daring. That accounted for the bewildering variety of industries and enterprises.
Not by accident came here the first medical school, the first law school, the first school of pharmacy in the United States. And it was not luck that made John Bartram our country's pioneer botanist who imported as well as exported rare trees and plants.

A few years ago was celebrated here the 100th anniversary of the birth of that illustrious scientist, Dr. Joseph Leidy. I then heard a distinguished professor of New England say that when Leidy was born, Pennsylvania was a century ahead of New York and Massachusetts in the matter of scientific advancement. Do your school histories give even a hint of that astonishing fact?

There are in the United States at least 80,000 physicians, twice that many lawyers and about four times as many preachers. Is it not worth at least one footnote in a Pennsylvania school history that the American education of such professional men started in Pennsylvania? I think those facts are more helpful to general culture than to know that Barbara Frietchie hung a flag out her window at Frederick or that Sheridan galloped twenty miles to reach the spot where he should have been in the first place.

Father of the Democratic Party they style Thomas Jefferson, although he might not qualify as a 100 per cent Democrat today. But United States Senator William Maclay, of Dauphin county, was leading Democracy's battling hosts outside the Federal breastworks when Ambassador Jefferson was hob-nobbing with the Revolutionists in Paris. Maclay did the fighting while Jefferson became President, but one was from Pennsylvania, the other from Virginia.

All fond mothers who hope that their sons will go to the White House had better move quickly out of Pennsylvania and into a state where the fashion is not to belittle or slur home institutions and ignore domestic history.

A state wherein Washington spent ten years on official duty—by far the most important part of his masterful career—can scarcely lack in romance or historic materials. His shots at Fort Necessity sounded the drums for a seven years' war in Europe and made England the master of Canada.

The first armed resistance to Federal power was seen in the insurrection of Monongahela whisky distillers. The second was witnessed when John Fries, a Bucks county auctioneer, fomented his little rebellion against President Adams' house tax. At Chris-
tiana was seen the first pitched battle and human casualty over the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law.

Ours is the only state whose map was unrolled for battles in three major wars of America. It was the scene up in lovely Wyoming Valley of the deadliest Indian encounter ever known in any of the thirteen original colonies. Here was sounded the first formal protest made in the United States against human slavery. Here was ordered, designed and fabricated the Stars and Stripes of our country—now the oldest flag of any important country in the world.

In Pennsylvania at Gettysburg was spoken the most widely quoted oration ever delivered by a man of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here, too, was written and first read the most frequently quoted phrase ever applied to any human being—"First in War, First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen." On Germantown avenue was painted that portrait of Washington and since multiplied billions of times on money and postage stamps.

There were farms in all the colonies, but in Pennsylvania was organized the pioneer American Agricultural Society. Flowers grow everywhere, but in Pennsylvania was seen the first American Horticultural Society. On the yellowed ledgers of our country's first and now oldest commercial seed firm you may read the names of such eminent customers as Washington and Jefferson.

No other American literary product has been so often quoted or reprinted in so many foreign languages as Poor Richard's immortal "Way to Health."

So, whether it be viewed in the light of its enlightened creation by Penn or by its unparalleled variety and titanic proportions in industry, or in its daring originality in starting worth-while things which have survived the centuries, or by its cultural development and pioneering in the fields of education or in the romantic welding of the best peoples of Europe, you will, as Kipling wrote, "find it all in Pennsylvania this morning."