HISTORICAL SOCIETY NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

IT HAPPENED THIS WAY
Edited by Anne Harriet Bowes

Where is the heart that doth not keep
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance hidden deep
Of days that are no more.

—ELLEN C. HOWARTH

A group activity referred to as "Operation Memories" was carried on by some of the residents of the Methodist Hospital and Home for the Aged, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. A suggestion made by Mrs. Rena Sherman Douglass to Miss Irma Friday, Director of Fellowship, sparked the project. Much careful preparation and thoughtful planning ensued. In October 1959, Miss Friday arranged for a special evening program designed to stimulate the enthusiasm and the cooperation necessary to launch the project successfully. Carefully selected musical numbers created the appropriate atmosphere. "Pictures of the Past" were flashed on a screen by means of an opaque projector and members of the audience were permitted to identify the persons. This created merriment and fun. Mrs. Douglass spoke on the theme "Write Your Story." She requested each member of the audience to recall what life was like in earlier days and to write down what she remembered. During the winter months the participants in the project were busily occupied. Each consulted her Personal Diary of Memory, chose incidents, places, and happenings, pondered their significance and wrote her reminiscences.

"Operation Memories" was a rewarding adventure. Those who wrote renewed past joys and experienced the satisfactions of creative work. Then too these accounts make available to descendants and relatives useful data and interesting information.

These reminiscences\(^1\) were presented to the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania and are now available in the manuscript

\(^1\) Due to limitations of space, extracts from these documents rather than entire manuscripts are printed. In these extracts the authors' exact words are printed except for the interpolations and the omissions indicated. An attempt has been made to give varied and typical samplings of the ways of life that prevailed from the period after the Civil War to the early decades of the twentieth century.
files of the society. Here they provide, for persons interested in local history, a storehouse of information concerning ways of life that are rapidly disappearing.

At the "Gateway to the West," persons interested in local history watch the Searchlight of Memory as it moves about the horizon piercing the darkness of the past. There in the west, Tipton, Iowa, comes into view. In this small town, "It Was This Way with Rena Sherman Douglass." Rena describes her home, her father's grocery store, her mother's arduous tasks, and the town square. As we read about Tipton, we are reminded of homes and families and small towns in the Western Pennsylvania area.

Rena Sherman Douglass writes:

"... We moved to Tipton, a tiny town where we lived for fifteen years. I was about four years old then...

Before long Father bought a house which I recall vividly as I lived there for more than a dozen years. It stood on a sizeable plot of ground, enlarged later by purchase from the neighbor on our right, a Mr. Parsons. They were an elderly couple from New England and I loved to visit them. They had a mountain ash tree, lilacs, and peonies.

On the other side lived a family with several boys... One of them bought the first bicycle I ever saw... It had a big wheel in front and a little one behind; riding it was an acrobatic feat... The house itself had two bedrooms, sitting room, dining room, kitchen and a kind of summer kitchen which served also as a general storeroom. No bathroom...

Of the house furnishings I remember a few. In the dining room was a folding bed used in case of company or sickness. The center of life was the dining room table; around it we four gathered in the evening to share the light of the big kerosene lamp. Father [and Mother] would be reading... Grace and I studying or playing a game; all of us crunching popcorn one of us had popped in the well-buttered spider. We played checkers, dominoes, backgammon or our favorite 'Authors.'...

In the sitting room was a new two-toned 'wall to wall' ingrain carpet laid over heavy padding of clean straw. Every fall after the oats had been threshed the carpet was taken up, hung on a line, severely beaten, then relaid over clean, sweet straw. It was deliciously fragrant and bouncy.
Another piece of furniture in the sitting room was a black walnut cane-seated rocking-chair which Mother had bought from some folks who were joining the rush to the Dakotas when that land was opened for settlement. . . .

As far back as I can remember there was the melodeon, a kind of organ that had to be worked by treadles . . . before long the melodeon was replaced by a second-hand square Chickering piano which in turn gave way to an upright. . . .

Although I showed little aptitude for the piano I was interested in drawing and painting. On my ninth birthday I was made happy by the gift of nine tubes of paint and a couple of brushes . . . . .

. . . it might be well to visit Father and the store, the foundation of our living . . .

. . . Although primarily a grocery store, he carried a few items to please the farmers' wives. On the left as one entered was the candy counter where I was, within reason, free to help myself. The farmers' wives received a sack of candy when they paid their bills, after receiving credit for the butter and eggs they had brought in. On the right were a few shelves of dry goods—muslin, gingham, and calico made in that now famous Amana colony not many miles away. This Amana calico was dark blue with small white dots. We nearly always had dresses made of it; at least I did for it never wore out and Grace's outgrown ones would be handed down to me. There was a barrel of crackers from which both farmers and their wives helped themselves to a handful; but the big mold of cheese was covered so they usually paid for that. In the middle of things, warm and glowing after a long winter drive, stood a pot-bellied stove. It was here men folks congregated to talk men talk. Around and about were salt mackerel and tobacco, molasses and sugar, tea and coffee; in the rear, flour and kerosene.

Father was progressive. When he opened the store no one in town had any kind of delivery service; he got a two-wheeled hand cart and his store helper delivered heavy orders to the town ladies. Later there was a light wagon and a succession of horses named Billy. About 1882 or 3 he read of a crude telephone and proceeded to make one . . .

Father worked hard and long but so did Mother, slight and dainty as she was . . . Everything had to be done 'by hand.' She got three good meals a day (buckwheat cakes for winter mornings, dripping with Ohio maple syrup) with perhaps a little help from us girls, washed and wiped the dishes. Some heavy laundry was sent
out but she did the rest; summer and winter she heated the irons on the wood stove, and did the baking in its oven, regulating its heat by the fuel supply; filled and cleaned the kerosene lamps; swept the carpets with a broom, put up fruit in tin cans sealed with red sealing wax, etc. etc. . . . All four of us had curly hair. . . . Before school poor Mother had to comb the snarls out and over her finger make the six curls, two to be tied on top with a ribbon and four to hang down . . . In her spare time she made our petticoats out of Father's old trousers and most of our muslin underwear. . . . In those days there were practically no ready-made clothes . . .

Tipton is the county seat of Cedar County, Iowa. As is proper, the courthouse stood in a square block in the center of the town. (All blocks in Tipton are square.) Here on summer nights were held strawberry festivals and band concerts. The enclosing posts and iron chains provided places where farmers might hitch their horses . . .

Around it grew up the stores and offices. I remember a few. Of course there was Father's store and that of a competitor, Mr. Huber, . . . the meat market where the meat was tough and the liver free; Ben Weaver's ice cream parlor where you could buy chocolate drops out of a wooden bucket; the bank for which I had no need; the office of the dentist, Doc Garber . . . ; the Hotel Fleming and behind it the stable where lived Tony [livery stable horse]. Somewhere were housed the two rival newspapers, The Advertiser, republican, and The Conservative, democrat—always feuding; it helped circulation. . . .

This was my town and these were the people I knew. Nothing unusual, nothing spectacular—just people, good or bad—living in a little Midwestern town. This was the way it was, and I am glad to have been a part of it."

Again the Searchlight of Memory moves. This time it travels eastward, and its beams of light fall upon the Western Pennsylvania area. One by one several family groups and small communities of people are brought into view: Silbaugh in Somerset County, Wheeling, Crab Hollow, Armagh, Rochester, Coraopolis, and Johnstown.

In her reminiscences, "Those Were the Days," Victoria Daniels Byerly, who lived on an almost self-sufficient farm in Somerset County, tells of her chores, her contributions to her church, and her pleasures. "Tip Top" they called her then, "Tip Top" she is today.
“I, Victoria Daniels, was born November 1, 1866, on a farm in Somerset County in a community known as Silbaugh. . . .

. . . I took over the hardest chores such as milking, tending the garden, helping Mother with the family washing and so forth. They called me ‘Tip Top.’ . . .

Our house consisted of six rooms; . . . In the winter Father and Mother slept in the dining room and we two girls in a trundle-bed. The stairs went up from the dining room, David slept up there.

We burned wood in the kitchen stove and coal in the pot-bellied stove in the living room. Uncle Bill had a coal bank on his farm where we got our coal. Father and Dave dug our winter’s supply.

We ate in the kitchen. For breakfast we always had buckwheat pancakes with some kind of molasses, fried bacon, sausage or ham; always honey and coffee with real cream. . . .

We always had our cooked dinner . . . potatoes cooked with some kind of pork and either cabbage, parsnips, turnips or dried beans. Chicken and pie [were] prepared on Saturday for Sunday.

Pap worked from light to dark at one thing or another. He had a shop in the yard with a big fireplace where he had a turning lathe and he made splint bottom chairs and baskets . . .

Of course beside chickens and pigs we always had cows and several horses. We slaughtered our pigs in the fall and after the hams were smoked they were hung, together with strings of dried apples and pumpkins, in Pap’s shop where we also kept the barrels of kraut and pickles.

Instead of a cellar we had a deep pit dug in the side of the hill, a good place to store winter vegetables, crocks of apple butter, and so forth. We took turns with other members of the family in slaughtering a steer, and our share would be hung in the attic to freeze. . . .

From the flannel we wove, we made our warm school dresses, but for Sunday we had store dresses. Mother bought delaine or alpaca and we made our own clothes and knit our own black stockings. We also knit hoods and fascinators for winter, but in the summer we wore straw hats with ribbons that hung down the back. As I grew older I wore long dangling ear-bobs; always red if I could get them, and beads too. In our early teens sister Lizzie and I were allowed to wear bustles and carry parasols to church.

Although we made our own soap and maple sugar there were some things such as salt and white sugar which we had to buy.
For these and for material to make our best dresses we drove to Confluence or Harnedsville.

Our farm was not large, but Pap raised everything a family of seven needed except wheat. We raised our own flax, prepared it, spun and wove it for covers for the straw ticks for our beds.

The Methodist Church [Silbaugh Church] was about half a mile down the road. I used to run over Sunday morning and ring the bell. I joined this church when I was fifteen and was sprinkled.

The first money I ever made my Uncle Bill gave me for dropping beans in the hills of corn when planting time came. He gave me fifty cents. The new church was just finished; it was heated by a coal stove so I bought a coal bucket and shovel with my fifty cents. Later I bought paper blinds for the windows. I guess the sun must have got in my eyes some morning.

In our later young days we had many parties when the men got together to help each other husk corn and in the evening we young folks would play games like the ‘Needle’s Eye,’ for which we all sang:

The needle’s eye it does supply
The thread that runs so smoothly
And many a lass did I let pass
Because I wanted you, you ah you
Because I wanted you.

Then there was ‘Tilly McRanky’ which was played almost like a square dance and when they met their partner they would couple off and parade around singing:

Tilly McRanky is my song
Sing it and dance it all day long.
From the heel to the toe
Tilly McRanky here we go.

Didn’t we have real fun?”

During her early years Mabel McCormick lived in “Crab Hollow,” now Laketon Heights, Wilkinsburg. She attended Homewood School, was interested in animals, and loved music. When her father purchased a farm at Armagh, she learned to milk the cows and tame a colt. The Armagh church, located within sight of her home, provided many opportunities for active church service. In “My Life,” Mabel McCormick Doak says:

“... Father always said renting was ‘like giving money away,’
so [my parents] bought an acre of ground near what is now known as Laketon Heights, Wilkinsburg, then known as 'Crab Hollow.' He built a very nice house on this property and they kept a cow and always had a nice garden. There was a brook at the lower end of this plot, and a hill on the other side, from which flowed a spring of clear, cold water. They built a spring house and piped the water into a stone trough, in which were kept milk and butter and other perishables . . .

The Fourth of July was always a great day for us. Mother's people always came out for a picnic, and Father always bought a large bunch of bananas for the occasion. Of course Mother had to lock them up in the cupboard to make sure there'd be some for the picnic dinner. The fragrance of those bananas was so tantalizing I can almost smell them yet. It was a sad day for us if it rained. One year we spent the day on the rail fence with umbrellas, singing! We had a pet crow, and the Fourth was a sad day for him. When we began with the firecrackers he would hide for the rest of the day. The next day he'd pick the stubs off the grass and tuck them under the wood shingles of the roof.

There was a country school nearby and we attended this school for one year . . . We then transferred to the Homewood School in Pittsburgh, two and one half miles away. . . .

We often visited the Frick and Carnegie greenhouses in this area. The children of the caretakers of these places attended our school and they took us into the greenhouses to see the flowers. Sometimes it would be almost dark when I got home. Father worked at night at this time and when we met (he on his way to work) he would say 'hurry home.' . . .

. . . Father and Mother . . . passed a beautiful farm—just renovated—with a large new barn and all the necessary outbuildings all in first-class condition. Mother said, 'If you buy a farm like that I'll move.' They drove in . . . The owner said, 'This is for sale.' . . . Father took the offer at once, . . . the farm of eighty acres was ours.

I was just past thirteen years of age now and have always been so thankful we moved to this beautiful farm. [Armagh] . . .

Here we had the usual complement of farm animals and I wanted to be in the barn most of the time. Mother told me to stay away but . . . I soon learned [to milk the cows] . . .

Dinah [the black mare] had a beautiful gray colt which was my
pride and joy. I fed him apples and sugar and we soon became great friends. My brother admonished me not to attempt to ride him until he was full grown, so I put his bridle on and led him about—later leading him with the saddle on. One day Brother said I could get on and ride him a short distance. I rode him a half mile—to the 'forks of the road' and back. I did this every day. He was quite docile and easy to manage...

When we moved to this farm the parlor had not been finished. There was an open fireplace, and the room had been used for storage. With our big family we needed this room and Mother had a cabinet maker come out from Armagh to build a walnut mantel around the grate, with mirror and shelves on both sides... The woodwork was all refinished. There were inside shutters all over the house for protection against the wintry weather... Mother had the floor covered with 'wall to wall' carpeting and the parlor furniture was upholstered... altogether it was a very attractive room. What I liked most was the ebony piano. I began right away to study piano and soon was playing for Epworth League... and... for church also...  

I had to get up early on cold Sunday mornings, go to the barn and milk five cows, tend to the milk and be at Sunday School at nine-thirty a.m. ...

We had lots of fun at choir practice in those days. When the apples were ripe in our orchard we often went out to our house to make cider. The cider press was in the orchard and we gathered apples off the ground, threw them into the press (worms and all), ground them, pressed out the cider and drank it. It always tasted good...

Time moved along, and Conference convened at Indiana, Pennsylvania. Word came that we were to get a young preacher whom no one knew... Sunday morning Alson Moon Doak came... He often said he couldn't understand why he was sent a hundred and fifty miles to a new place. He had to buy a horse and buggy to get here and to use in his work in Armagh, as there were three other churches scattered around belonging to his parish...

Well, nothing happened until spring...

Next fall he was moved to another charge... but he still came back to our house. This went on for three years until we married.

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2 Mrs. Doak was one of the organists at the Methodist Home. She died September 19, 1960.
In the meantime I went to school. We were married Thanksgiving Day, November 25th, 1897. It was a cold, cloudy day (which to some was an evil omen) but not to us. We had a turkey dinner and a big wedding cake. Mother's brother (Uncle John McIntyre) performed the ceremony. Uncle John's wife, our own church's preacher and his wife were the only people present outside our family. Father hired a two-horse surrey to take us the three miles to the station—through mud knee deep. He had arranged for a 'through train' to stop in Nineveh (now Seward) to pick us up. . . .

Well, we got to Pittsburgh and went to our new home. My husband was at McCandless Avenue Church . . .

We were then moved to Springdale, a very pretty little town several miles up the Allegheny River . . . We found very charming people here, but the church was an old two-story brick edifice. We got there in October and during the holidays the church burned down. The cause of the fire was never determined . . . After the burning of the church they started rebuilding immediately and in just one year we dedicated the nice new church. This was in 1900 and Andrew Carnegie donated his last pipe organ to the Springdale Methodist Church . . .”

In her reminiscences, “The Eighty-Four Years That Comprise the Life of Amy S. Roe,” the author tells of her father’s early death. She describes her home on Wheeling Island. She attended school in Wheeling, and “drove in and out the three miles from town to school . . . over rather rutty roads.” Three years after graduation, Amy married.

Amy S. Roe writes:

“My earliest memories are of my father, and, as he passed away less than three months after I had had my fourth birthday anniversary [1879] . . . One of the most vivid is of jealously watching him as he skated along the shore that abutted our home on Wheeling Island, drawing my sister on a sled—a tall brown beaver fur cap on his head . . . Then, I remember him as he appeared in a tall silk hat, carrying a cane, as he took my sister and me for a Sunday afternoon walk on the board walks of the Island that preceded the brick ones. Too, I remember the little strict requirements he had for our behavior . . .
Following my father's death, we moved to the country back of Wellsburg near relatives there, among whom was my mother's father, Rev. Thomas Moreland Hudson, who commenced his ministry in 1820, and rode a circuit of several hundred miles a month on horseback.

After three years . . . my mother married again . . . I [went] to the home of an aunt and uncle—he being the older brother of my father and she the older sister of my mother, and there was a daughter a bit older than I and two men sons.

It was a lovely home three miles from Wheeling, lovely grounds, a big brick house of many rooms—too many when winter came and fireplaces were inadequate, toasting one in front while the rear froze. There was an orchard with, I think, every conceivable kind of apple, and delicious 'sickle' pears. Too, the yard had so many varieties of flowers, and sturdy, long-stemmed violets grew wild along the fences. The yard was shaded with maples, and evergreens stood stately along the front walk to the gate. Our evenings were spent in the large library-sitting room, an oval marble-topped table under a hanging oil lamp and we sat around reading or studying—a plate of apples on the table. Our diversions during the growing years were simple. Books were a large part of our lives . . . If we had a matinee at the theatre during the Christmas holidays, a couple of taffy pulls, perhaps, two parties at which charades or musical chairs filled the time we had had a lovely winter. In the summer, a lawn fete or two, a church picnic, perhaps a circus, a church social—well, with a visitor or two, or perhaps a visit ourselves to a real farm, life couldn't be more full or pleasurable.

My uncle was employed in a Wheeling bank and his daughter and I went into town to school. There were no high schools in Wheeling then but each grade school had the four years final courses in them, and all grade schools—the high school students—met at one of them for examinations . . . we had to take in the Junior and Senior years final examinations in everything we had touched on in school—reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, geography, history, physics, chemistry, literature, grammar, rhetoric, science of Government, and singing—and there was no sliding through! If one passed a grade or graduated, one had to have a report that merited it.

Three years after graduation, I married an older man—a 'travel-

ing man—whose territory was the whole United States and for eight and a half years, I lived in a trunk and touched every state in the Union . . .”

Estelle Milne, in “My Story,” tells of her life spent in the vicinity of Rochester, Pa. A physical handicap, present from birth, limited both her educational training and her employment opportunities. Today she expresses gratitude for her supporting brace and for her many blessings.

“I was born in the small village of Bolesville, in Rochester Township, Rochester, Pennsylvania . . . When I was almost seven we moved to a new house up on the hill, on Virginia Avenue Extension . . .

Dad (Robert) worked at Barnes Brick Yard for several years and later H. C. Fry put a glass factory in the vicinity . . . The Fry factory had to have pots to melt the glass so they put in a pot shop, where Dad worked for many years . . . Dad worked eight hours a day, seven days a week, for on Sundays he was watchman at the pot shop. After going to Sunday School and church on Sunday afternoons we were permitted to play in the yard of the Fry factory while Dad was working . . .

In those days the women did a lot of quilting. In the afternoons they would get together and quilt and chat over a cup of coffee or tea. Many of our relatives lived nearby, and we visited back and forth and played quite a lot with our cousins . . .

Fortunately, there wasn’t much illness . . . Mother’s remedies were turpentine and sugar for stomach aches, camphorated oil and mustard plasters and salts for pleurisy. We also all wore a bag of asafoetida around our necks to ward off diseases . . .

The school I went to . . . was just a one-room school about three quarters of a mile out the road, in the same township . . . We walked to school, carrying a lunch basket . . . The reading lessons were taught on a chart instead of books and we wrote on slates instead of papers . . . There was a playground around the school . . .

I was never able to run and play like the other children, but I enjoyed watching the others play . . . I became ill and the doctor told Mother she would have to take me out of school . . . Thus my school career was all spent in the one Township School bearing the name of Pfeifer School. Today there is a Consolidated School . . . on the same grounds . . .
Today I am proud to be a resident of the Methodist Home of Mt. Lebanon where I have met many new interesting people, and have made many new friends. Also something which I am proud of is being fitted for and receiving a brace for my left leg. I had seen many doctors over a period of years . . . Not many weeks after arriving here they said that something could and would be done to help me. I along with my family count this as one of our many blessings."

Jessie C. Harper, in "The Last Leaf," tells of her home in Coraopolis where her father kept a general store and her uncle, Professor Herman L. Scharpf, gave music lessons. After graduation from high school, she worked in Coraopolis and in Pittsburgh. In 1920 she went up in the air but not on a flying trapeze.

"I was born in the small town of Shousetown, now Glenwillard, about twenty miles from here on the Ohio River . . . It was named for Peter Shouse, and for a time was a rather important boat-building center. My father owned and operated, with the help of Mother and Ernest, a general store. The house and store were attached to each other, two stories in height, frame . . .

When I was about five years old, we moved to Coraopolis where my father had built a house and store almost exactly like the one in Shousetown. . . . We used oil lamps with consequent daily tasks of filling and cleaning chimneys. In our hall was a lamp which was pulled down from the ceiling by chains to be cleaned and lighted, and this lamp had a circular shade of cranberry glass, now much coveted by antique collectors . . .

My father later installed a furnace in the cellar, but with no runs to the bedrooms, which were as cold as ice, so that we sometimes took heated bricks to bed with us. We acquired gas for lighting; still later Father had the house wired for electricity and built a street level kitchen with a gas stove, a sink with spigots and a bathroom above it . . .

Soon after we moved to Coraopolis, my mother’s brother, Professor Herman L. Scharpf, came to live with us. He had studied music in Germany—Stuttgart, I think—and gave piano or organ lessons to many pupils in the town and surrounding country. We children always called him Hermie, for he seemed more like an older brother than an uncle. The space above the store [called
the hall] was often utilized by him for giving student recitals, and at these affairs my brother Frank, my sister Carrie and I sometimes sang trios . . .

One of the annual events in school life was to go by grades to the Pittsburgh Exposition where we saw in Machinery Hall, new inventions and the wonders of science, were treated to snacks by such firms as the H. J. Heinz Company in a different place and heard the music of Sousa and Damrosch in Music Hall. Hermie once took me there to see Isadora Duncan dance in flowing Greek robes . . . I still regret the destruction of those historic buildings and feel that the children of today are missing something fine . . . I was one of the class of eight to be graduated in 1903, at the age of sixteen . . . Ours was the second class to be graduated with commencement exercises in Bank Hall . . .

Early in 1920 I broke into print, and was front page news! A couple of young aviators were barnstorming in Leetsdale and I was seized with a great longing to leave the earth temporarily, and ascend in an airplane. It cost $15 for fifteen minutes, but it was thrilling and I was interviewed by a representative of our town paper, the Coraopolis Record, which asserted that I was the first woman in Coraopolis to take such a ride—hence the publicity . . .”

Through the years research workers pursued data concerning the Johnstown flood. But, did you ever know that such a disaster as the Johnstown flood might pursue a person throughout life? This has happened. Mary Charlotte Miller, speaking of “Johnstown Flood of 1889 Memories,” says:

“My parents were so afraid I'd be born on the first anniversary of the Johnstown Flood of May 31, 1889, but I obligingly arrived a day later, June 1, 1890. They had so many sad memories of May 31, 1889, I was raised on stories of the disaster caused by the Quehahoning Dam break at South Fork, which flooded the Conemaugh Valley and Johnstown. My mother said the backwater came up our street like an ocean wave, moving a double house into our back yard. One neighbor's house moved toward our strong brick one and Mr. Ankeny tried to grasp a loaf of bread floating out our kitchen window, but he failed . . . My mother had time to snatch a loaf, rush to the attic with my baby brother. Small pieces of that bread were all she had to feed him and a lost baby she cared for all night. The child's mother was located the next day . . . My father
put a plank over to our nearest neighbor's roof and eighty people were rescued in our attic that evening. The flood had hit us about 4 p.m. One man suffered all night with a spike in his side. They all felt they were alone in the town; later they learned twenty-five hundred had been drowned or burned to death. The next morning my father and grandfather were able to get our family up the hill to a friend's home, where they were served hot soup. As soon as relief trains began to come, my father sent my mother and brother and sister to an uncle's in Braddock, where they stayed for three months.

Father was made head of the Masonic Commissary, and for some time he had men from the steel mill, where he was foreman, clean the debris from our home. A tree had lodged in the vestibule —mud everywhere up to two inches in the second story. For years, my mother and aunt, at house-cleaning time, would, even yet, find a little caked mud in the shutters. So throughout my school days in High School, Normal School and University of Pittsburgh, I still heard and was asked about the Flood of '89.

After teaching in Johnstown eight years, Mother and I moved to Bethlehem. There I taught . . . and Mother told the flood story to friends at a party and to her church group . . .

The two years I spent as a Home Missionary among the poor whites at Mitchell Home, Misenheimer, North Carolina, were not free from the flood. Whenever I said I was from Johnstown, some who remembered about it, asked, 'Oh, were you in it?'

Later, Mother and I moved to Wilkinsburg, to be nearer my sister, in Toledo, Ohio. I taught sixteen years in Allegheny County. After Mother's death I moved to Toledo to care for my sister, an invalid . . . Even there people asked me, 'Were you in the Johnstown Flood?' I began to answer I almost felt I had been, for I was raised on it!

After my sister's death, I was glad to return to my native state of Pennsylvania . . . Even here, several residents have asked me about the flood, so it has come back to me again—memories of my childhood.''

To you who participated in "Operation Memories," the members of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania extend sincere thanks. We have enjoyed our visit with you and your families; and we appreciate having in our archives these records of a way of life that is fast disappearing.
NOTICE

The Pennsylvania Federation of Historical Societies will meet Saturday, June 17, 1961, in the excellent headquarters of the Lancaster County Historical Society, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

More than 100 Pennsylvania county, regional, ethnic and religious societies will be represented. An interesting program is planned. All our members are welcome.

Dr. C. Stanton Belfour, vice president of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, is the current president of the Federation. Dr. Belfour, now serving his second term, is the first president in many years from western Pennsylvania.