

1808 - James Glenn - 1888
Grandfather

"Best man that ever lived." One who knew him well always added this on mentioning his name.

Faithful tiller of God's Acres. Hurry was his word. Accomplished much in a short time. Could outswing any grain-cradler of his day. Built the finest house in his community. In it he set up the family alter, gave thanks to God at the table. For many years was Elder in the Presbyterian Church, regular in attendance, and mighty in service. He kept the Sabbath Day and in every way made the Glory of God the Chief end of his life.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY JAMES JOHNSTON GLENN

I am recording these items of history relating to my life at the request of my eldest son, James G. Glenn, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Borger, Texas.

Please notice that this is an autobiography. Therefore, I am not attempting to relate the history of The Glenn and Goodhart families. Lutitia Goodhart was my loving and faithful wife for thirty-eight years and since this task is undertaken, primarily for the purpose of informing our children concerning the blood relationship of their predecessors, it is but natural that father and mother appear on terms of equality.

One thing, sure, we cannot change our ancestors. If, in some instances, we wish they had exhibited a different spirit, we nevertheless, must take them as they were. We can, however, resolve, by the grace of God to be the kind of men and women that our successors will not be ashamed to claim as ancestors.

I feel, this paper may be very disappointing to any who are expecting anything like a complete record of all the many lines of descent of both families. To even approach completeness in such a matter, one must needs have begun in midlife, and have been a person of leisure. I spent a life's ministry in a busy pastorate, and have reached the age of seventy.

I am not, however, entirely disappointed. At the beginning of this undertaking, I did not know the name

of my great grandfather -- where he lived or place of burial.

My great-great-grandfather was John Glenn. He came from Ulster County in the north of Ireland about 1769. Evidently his brother James came with him and settled in Lawrence County, Pennsylvania. John first lived in Chester County, Pennsylvania. From there he came to Cumberland County, where he was taxed for 50 and again for 200 acres of land in 1774 and 1778. In 1780 he was taxed as a Lumber Master. In Cumberland County he married -- Mary Diven of Pathe Valley, Cumberland County (now in Franklin County). He was in the war of the Revolution. He served in the 1st Co. 2nd Battalion Pennsylvania Militia, continental line (P 192 Vol. 5th series Pennsylvania Archives). According to Pennsylvania Society -- S.A.R. (1955), John Glenn was born 1741.

It is likely that John Glenn came to Centre County about 1800, since he is first mentioned as a tax payer in this county in 1881. Here in what was then Huntingdon County he purchased 700 acres of land at the head of Spruce Creek. The tract is said to be in the Glades. Now a glade is an open space in a forest. We may believe that much of what is now farm land was then covered with trees. Since he was a Master Lumberman such a tract would be appealing. Today the Glades near Rock Spring, Pennsylvania is one of the richest farming districts of the state. He was buried on his own land in what became a family grave yard. His

grave bears no marker other than unlettered native mountain stone.

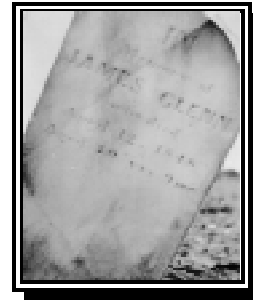
The will of John Glenn was probated in Bellefonte, Centre County, October 25, 1819. Remembering that man was a stranger in a strange land, and considering the mode of travel of that day, and possible attack from Indians, John Glenn must have been a courageous and venturesome man. He could utilize to advantage the thirteen linen shirts he is traditionally said to have worn on his back on the boat sailing from Ireland to America. This would indicate that he was of that noble stock that came over from Scotland to North Ireland, and became familiarly known here as Scotch-Irish.

Mark well this worthy ancestor. He is our blood representative in the great revolutionary struggle for American Independence. Hold too, in memory -- Mary Diven, the wife companion of his years in America. A large family was reared, and this could be accomplished in such a time only where there was a faithful and courageous wife and mother. Six sons and one daughter were born to John and Mary Glenn as follows: John, James, Alexander, Robert, Archibald, Joseph, and Mary.

James the second son was my great-grandfather. When I began this historical sketch, I knew nothing at all of my great-grandfather. For some years, I had known from others that a small graveyard was up along the mountain side, and the D.A.R. declared this the burial place of John Glenn -- Rev. Soldier.

A few months ago along with my brothers-in-law, Samuel Wasson and John Rearick, I visited the spot. One goes in a long lane on what is now called the Peter's Farm. Then we ran our car through a long grass field and

after climbing some wire fences in a cluster of trees at the upper edge of a deep ravine, we can to a much broken wall. In Dicken's Christmas Carl, the most prominent character is Old Scrooge. In presenting this drama in our Parish House -- four times I played the part of Scrooge -- in the closing act, there is a dismal graveyard scene where Scrooge creeps up to a tombstone and deciphers on its face his own name -- then frightfully cries out -- "Ebenezer Scrooge -- my tombstone." Well, I stepped over that broken wall and on the first tombstone I read -- James Glenn -- my own name, with records so kindly furnished me by Mrs. David Harpster of Port Matilda, Pennsylvania. I now know this is the grave of my great-grandfather. I often wondered why, my father never mentioned his grandfather. At least, I don't remember that he did so. The complete inscription on the stone is -- James Glenn died 1848, aged 70 years. My father was born in 1848, so he would know nothing of his grandfather except what others might say.



FAMILY GRAVE YARD along the mountain near Rock Spring, Centre County, Pa. This is the inscription: In memory of James Glenn who died April 12, 1848, aged 70 yrs. 9 mo.

Here without inscribed marker is buried our great-great grandfather, John Glenn, Revolutionary soldier and likely his wife, Mary Diven.

Mary Boreland, wife of James Glenn, is buried along side her husband. Also other

Glenns and Borelands. Most markers are just native stones.

James Glenn married Margaret Boreland. No tombstone there has her name. She is likely buried there as other Boreland graves are there. There are other graves plainly indicated by head and foot markers of native stones, minus any lettering. James Glenn and Margaret Boreland had a family of three sons and six daughters, namely: James, John, Alexander, Nancy, Mary, Jane, Ann, Margaret, and Catharine.

There is a rather sad story connected with Mary of this family. It seems a child was born to her out of wedlock. Such misfortune was then, and still is looked upon as a calamity in better circles of society. Mary turned her back to parental ties and girlhood scenes and went further westward. She married, and had children. She was called Aunt Mary Winket by her own kin, and her neighbors called her Aunt Mary, because her noble service in the community made her dear to them all.

One thing hindered peace of mind and heart for Mary Glenn Winket -- she so fervently desired her father's forgiveness. After a long perilous journey on horseback, she reached her father's home, fell at his feet acknowledging her sin and imploring his forgiveness. Like a lawyer mentioned by a mother in one of Tennyson's poems, "he was just as cold as stone." He did not forgive a pleading child of his own flesh and blood. So far as records reveal, this father was buried in that lonely mountain plot with an unforgiving heart.

This incident of the unforgiving father mars the fair pages of our ancestral history. However, let us not be overly severe. Certainly it was

wrong not to forgive. On the other hand - family life cannot be maintained where there is promiscuous mating. The security of any people is bound up with the sacredness of family relationships. This Mary Glenn did wrong but she righted that wrong when she asked for forgiveness, and spent her days in kindly words and deeds for others.

James Glenn is mentioned as a tax payer in Centre County in the year 1881.

Not far from this family graveyard of Glenns and Borelands westward along the same mountain side at Rock Spring is the Goheen family burial plot. There John Goheen, a Revolutionary soldier is buried and stones from the house of the original Goheen dwelling were built into a marker out at the highway, by the D.A.R. This marker, and the one a short distance from it, containing the names of John Boreland, George Meek, and John Glenn, were unveiled by the Bellefonte Chapter D.A.R. Saturday afternoon, April 25, 1931. Mrs. P. Hoffer Dale of State College had charge of the erection and unveiling of the latter monument. The historical address at this unveiling was given by Mrs. Wm. F. Hunt, regent of Penov Chapter D.A.R. I am indebted to Mrs. Hunt (formerly Mabel Woodring) a descendant of John Glenn, for some important records of Glenn history. I am sure I speak the mind of many Glenns when I write here -- we sincerely appreciate this work so well done by the Bellefonte Chapter -- Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Goheens, Glenns, and Borelands came to the Glades about the same time, and became the prominent families of that community. John Boreland came from the North of Ireland in 1769. He married Catherine Montgomery of Frederick, Maryland. It is interesting to note the different names that appear as

one goes back over the path of this ancestry. Mrs. David Harpester of Port



GOHEEN MONUMENT at Rock Spring. Erected by the D.A.R. in 1931 in memory of John Gohean, a Revolutionary soldier. The Gohean sisters living near, Anna, Mary, and Nora, are his direct descendants. The noted Gohean missionaries of Indian are also of this family.



D.A.R. marker near Rock Spring, Centre County, Pa., along state highway west of Pinegrove Mills bears names of: John Boreland, George Meek, John Glenn.

Matilda, Pennsylvania whose great-great grandfather is the same as mine, showed me a sheet with this card attached:

Mrs. Katherine McPherson Glenn -- 1790 spun and wove this linen sheet.

Those who know say it is a very fine piece of workmanship.

The Goheens and the various lines of their descendants have always been prominent people in the Glades, and from them came the famous Goheen Presbyterian Missionaries of India. Maggie Goheen was the woman attendant when the author of this paper was born in 1877.

The Glenss were farmers -- grain merchants, lumbermen -- as well as doctors, teachers, and men of other professions. The old grist mills at Baileyville and Graysville were once operated by Glenss. I remember, when a mere boy going with my father with a load of grain to these mills.

Other names connected with the Glenn relationship were the Baileys and Meeks. Marriages of Glenss and Baileys were frequent.

The first born of the James Glenn family of nine children namely, James Glenn was my grandfather. He was born in 1808 and passed on in 1888.

He was married to Susannah Johnston. She passed on in 1880, aged 66 years. I do not remember, nor do I know, anything of her lineage. I remember once when the Johnston burial plot was being put in order -- the Mitchells remarked that we were under the same obligation to keep Johnston graves as repair as were the Mitchells. I conclude there was some relationship between Mitchells and Johnstons.

My grandfather Glenn I remember quite well. I was Christened with the names of both grandparents -- James Johnston. An enlarged picture of grandfather hangs on the wall of my bedroom. He was a man of average height, of fair complexion. As I knew him, he had neither beard or mustache, and wore a wig as did most old men of his day.

He was thrifty, saving tiller of the soil. He moved about with alertness, and worked rapidly. In his day, standing grain was cut with the grain cradle, and he had the reputation of being the best cradler in the community, and when age crept upon him and he lost his swiftness he quit for he was too proud to tag behind any man of the harvest field.

Early in life he purchased a tract of 143 acres of land on the Branch. The Branch was a stream of water which had its source half way between the Glades where he had been brought up and the place of purchase. Here he erected one of the finest, if not the finest house in that region. It was colonial in architecture, and constructed of kiln-dried lumber. There were two porches with large pillars. The exterior was painted white with green shutters. A spacious hall divided rooms on the first floor. Three in the east and two on the west. An easy stairway with a good "sliding" handrail led to the second floor where there were seven bedrooms. Doubtless, grandfather desired many bedrooms not only for his own family, but for the entertainment of Sabbath worshippers at the Presbyterian Church that stood nearby. The house was surrounded by a large lawn. My mother used to tell how skillfully grandfather could mow the green grass in days before lawn mowers came into use. Many rose bushes bloomed there in season. A large snow ball bush was very popular at Decoration time. Two pine trees stood on either side of the long walk leading from the front gate to the porch over the South and main entrance. A main highway -- the Branch road ran past the front gate, and across the highway the creek -- the only source of water for domestic

animals of the farms along its banks. This, too, was a good fishing stream.



Photo: THE GLENN HOMESTEAD. The land was purchased in 1845. The date of the building of the house is not known. Likely the house was erected soon after the purchase. The kitchen part at the right is part of a previous dwelling. During recent remodeling, a coin was found in the foundation of this part, date 1831. This may indicate the date of erection of previous dwelling. The place was once called "Retreat."

It remained in the Glenn name until the year 1939, when it passed into the ownership of Royal W. Gearhardt and Twila P. Gearhardt, his wife. As I first knew the place, there were two porches with large pillars over the entrances at East and South sides. I shall never forget the comfortable seat on the bench between pillars.

Father and Mother, when in their possession, removed the old porches and had a porch erected around East and South sides. The present owner had this torn away and today it appears as in picture above. It is comforting to know that the old place is in the hands of those who are interested in keeping it in repair and preserving its beauty. The picture was obtained through the kindness of Mr. Gearhardt.

On this farm, grandfather planted an orchard of the choicest apples, known in that day -- Belleflower -- Baldwin -- Rambo -- Russet -- Non Such -- and other varieties. When my father came into possession of the place it was in its prime - - spraying was unknown, and yet bushels

of unblemished fruit were picked from the trees.

In the mountain from the Shingletown Gap road a tract of some 140 acres of mountain land belonged to this farm and another farm that grandfather purchased only two miles up stream from the homestead.

Grandfather was above all -- in all things -- a man of action. He had no patience with things that did not move with precision and swiftness. Before age crept upon him and declining strength, he never flagged. In harvest time, he kept his hat right at his chair at the head of the table, and when through eating reached for it and was on his way to get operations started. Once it is said, grandfather without knowing it got his chair on the cat's tail, but proceeded to ask the blessing unconscious of the source of confusion.

He was genuinely religious. Religion was to him life -- not a part of his life. For 43 years, he served the Slab-Cabin Branch and Spring Creek Church as a Ruling Elder. This Presbyterian Church in his day the most prosperous church of that whole region. Most of his years as Elder were spent under the pastorate of Dr. Robert Hamil. He was a man of prayer. He loved quietness in worship. Once -- it is said when grandfather was praying publicly in the church, a good brother of some other denomination got rather loud with many amens. Grandfather stopped short, and requested that the noisy person "please keep quiet until I am through praying."

He was generous in supporting his church. Once a considerable sum was yet needed, after every effort had been put forth to reach the full amount. Grandfather rose in the meeting and bluntly stated -- "If the choir will omit

its diddling between the stanzas I will pay the balance."



Photo: SPRUCE CREEK CHURCH. We believe our great grandfather attended this church. For three years in the early 1880's, my parents with their family, including the author, worshipped here.

Grandfather, because he lived so near to the place of worship, did much personal work about the place.

The Goheen sisters, Anna, Mary, and Nora of Rock Springs recently told me how their father, John B. Goheen, used to tell them how grandfather supported the church not only with money, but by work with his own hands. Though a janitor was employed, grandfather would rise early and see that everything at the sanctuary was in readiness. In winter, he saw to the snow shoveling. Roads were opened, and paths to the church entrances were cleaned of snow. At the close of service there were sure to be worshippers from a distance stop to eat and often sleep under grandfather's hospitable roof. Many often came by horse back.

I would like to write more about my grandfather Glenn. I cannot measure his influence on my life. In my early years, I wanted to work and live as did grandfather Glenn. He was an example in the so-called common tasks of life. However, humble work might seem, I

have always felt it should be done with an aim at perfection. The cradle was an implement of necessity in his day. There were no horse drawn or tractor drawn movers, but he taught himself to use a scythe so accurately that even a blue grass lawn had a surface like a velvet rug. This was important work in his day and he knew how to do it well.

A good man who knew grandfather well, and for a great part of his life, lived on a farm next to the old Homestead used to always say when speaking of him -- "your grandfather -- the best man that ever lived."

I well remember when his eyes had grown dim with advancing years, seeing grandfather at the family altar tracing with a finger wrinkled with honest labor the words of the Bible.

I thought within myself -- If grandfather regards this book as being so important, then it must have had a part in making him the good man I know him to be.

Today I love to read and study the Holy Scriptures. I know -- no one will ever call me -- "the best man that ever live." As I too advance in years I am more and more proud of my ancestor whose name I bear.

To James and Susanna Johnston Glenn were born six sons and one daughter -- Andrew, Thomas, George, Samuel, James, William, and Elizabeth.

Andrew was married to Susan Ludwig. Both smoked clay pipes. As I remember Uncle Andy usually had his upside down. And Susie, to the best of my knowledge, was the lone female smoker of our clan. She never smoked in public.

Uncle Andy was short, wore goatee whiskers. He never worked hard, but could manage and see that the work was done. He rose very early, sat

behind the kitchen stove smoking his pipe calling the boys until it was really time to get up. On butchering day -- Uncle Andrew tended fires and rendered the lard.

To this couple were born five sons and one daughter -- James, Budd, Harry, George and Thomas (twins), and Effie.

Parents and children have departed.

Only Harry and George married. Harry to Lolo Sents of the Branch. One son, Robert, was born to them. He is married and lives in Lemoyne, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. There are two children.

George married Etta Ross, daughter of Irvin Ross -- Lemont merchant. George taught school for a number of years. For several years I was his pupil and I liked him very much. We were not only first cousins but close friends. For a number of years, he was town postmaster of State College.

There are children. One is a successful practicing physician at State College. Uncle Jim - James P. Glenn as a doctor - first at Snowshoe, Pennsylvania and then at Altoona, Pennsylvania. He walked with a cane, due to receiving a load of shot in the leg while the boys were trying to shoot a chicken. He was a good doctor, but drink got the better of him. He died very poor in Altoona in 1894 at the age of 49 years.

There were five sons and one daughter -- Boyd, William, Curtis, Carol, John, and Maud. I am not certain, but I think there are no offspring. Though all, except Maud, married.

William was the youngest of father's brothers. He was slim and slightly above average height -- always wore a moustache. He was the jovial member of the family. He seemed never to forget a funny story, and could tell it so

realistically as to make a houseful shake with laughter.

No person could get the better of Uncle Will. Once a German man liked others to know that he had money was about to write a check for some purchase he had made from Uncle Will -- asked "What bank? You know, I have money in both banks." Now it so happened that the First National was then recognized as the leading bank. Uncle Will replied, "Any but the First National."

Uncle Will married Annie Williams. There were three children -- Thomas, who got quite heavy and died young. Hamil married Mary Bailey. They live at Pinegrove Mills, Pennsylvania. No children.

Margaret married...

Children...

Uncle Will has passed on. Father's only sister Elizabeth Glenn married T. Scott Bailey. For many years Uncle Scott had his own blacksmith and coach shop at State College. His buildings were on Allen Street near the center of town. He was successful in his business and when he quit, sold out with a good profit. Brother Ed and I can well remember shoeing flies with a dead horse's tail from father's horses while Uncle Scott's man drove the shoes.

In this family there were two sons and four daughters -- Warren, Foster, Maud, Susie, Nannie, and Mary.

All except Maud married. There are children. All the family -- except Susie, Mary, and Foster have passed on.

Thomas Glenn and George Glenn were brothers of my father who were Union soldiers in the Civil War between the North and the South. Thomas died at Fairfax Courthouse,

Virginia, at the age of 24 in the year 1862. George died at the home on the Branch at the age of 22 in the year 1865. Neither was ever wounded. Both, as letters reveal, suffered much from exposure and the hardships of war common to soldiers of that day.

A rocking chair that had a place on the porch in my boyhood days had a hole bored as with a pocket knife near the end of each arm. My mother told me Uncle George did it with his pocket knife during the few months he lived awaiting death after the close of the war. Both soldiers are buried in the old Branch graveyard.

Some letters these soldiers boys wrote to folks at home are in my possession. Some written with pencil are hard to decipher. All are much faded. Perhaps the quotations I give here will be a means of preserving these valuable historical letters. The letters are from Uncle George.

Camp near Fredericksburg, Va.,
Dec. 19th, 1862.

I seat myself in good health to give you an account of our March into Virginia. I am both hungry and tired. We left Gunpowder the 9th day of the month. Came to Baltimore that day and next to Washington. We then took it afoot. The first day we marched nine miles to Fort Washington and the next to within eight miles of Liverpool point and the next day reach that place. That day I was wagon guard. I got my knapsack hauled. Tied it on a tent pole sticking out behind the wagon. A knapsack means a big thing on a march. I threw away one pair of pants -- one pair of drawers and one shirt. I was not going to kill myself carrying a big load. We rode from Liverpool to Acquia Creek on the Potomac. The whole Regiment was on one transport. Then we took it afoot and marched to where we are now. This we did on about one meal a day and that was coffee and crackey.

Well father we may be thankful that we were not here a few days ago to be pushed into the slaughter of Fredericksburg. Soldiers here say our men were mowed down like grass and then had to retreat. Our men crossed back over the river under cover of the night. The old soldiers here are much discouraged at the way this battle was conducted. They say they were marched right up to the mouths of the Rebels' cannon and mowed down. I saw the rebel fortifications yesterday. They are on a ridge. Our men got into Fredericksburg and burnt it, but were glad to get out of it when they did. Before they knew what they were about, they were nearly surrounded. The balloon went up about sun down and saw their position. Then they were ordered back right away the only way to save their capture. They had to do it very quietly. They were not allowed to leave their tins rattle the least bit. Had the Rebels known they were crossing, they would have raked them with grape and canister. No doubt the Rebels were amusing themselves thinking how nice they would cup up our men in the morning, but woke up and found our men missing. I expect to see a great many of my acquaintances here as their camps are all around us and the 45th and 62nd are only a short distance from us. There have been some of the men over to see us already. Some of them I knew, I tell you their clothes were very dirty. They have nothing but their tents to live in, and a great many of them had only brush huts. The whole army is camped in the woods and on hills. But it is hard to camp any place else in Virginia for there are nothing but hills. We traveled through some of the poorest country in the U.S. and mud knee deep. I tell you my boots came very handy in the march. I pitied the boys with shoes for we had to wade a good many.

Here this letter ends.

Here is a soldier boy's letter to his cousin in which he complains of not receiving word from home concerning the death of his soldier brother. Those who have had experience, even in the late World War II, can understand how important messages are often slowed up in time of war.

The letter follows:

*Camp Fairlamb,
October 5th, 1862.*

Dear Cousin:

I seat myself in good health this Sabbath morning to answer your epistle of the 25th, which I received last night. It was 9 days coming here. Two days is all that is needed. I received the sorrowful news of Tommy's death the evening of the 2nd. of this month. Not from any word I got myself, but through letters the other boys got. I thought I would have gotten to see Tommy once more before he was caged in the grave, but providence directed otherwise.

I could hardly believe it at first, but I was soon convinced that it was so. I think it a little strange that other boys can get letters from home telling about his death and burial and I get no word. I suppose I will have some word before this reaches you. But you tell our folks I think they might have written sooner under the circumstances. The rest of the boys were all getting letters stating that Tommy was dead. It kept me in trouble, because I thought I would have word as soon as others, and so I could, if they had written. When you write a letter, write it so you can get it in the mail on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, so the stage can take it to Spruce Creek and then it will come right on. A letter mailed there on Monday morning we get of Tuesday evening. I suppose Tommy had suffered a great deal of pain before he died. I would like if you would write the particulars. I want you to let me know whether any of you have heard from Griffith. Isaac has not heard from him since we left Camp Curtin. I suppose Andrew is at home again as the militia is discharged. I was over at the railroad station the other day, when the train came in, I walked along the side of the train and to my surprise I saw John Bailey and Adam Rankin. they had been down to see the battlefield and their boys.

You spoke of picking apples. I would like to be there about the time you make cider. We have had the most beautiful weather since we came here. The nights are a little cool, but it is the time of year for the days to be cold, but they are very warm. We get good living here. The bread we get is baked in Baltimore. There is 1 and 1/4 pounds in each loaf and each man get one of these to do him one day. It is the prettiest bread I ever saw.

You wanted to know who were in the mess with me. Their names are as follows: Joe Fox, Jeff Lee, David Miller, Wm. Berry, Wm. Williams, but he is in the hospital now, but not very bad. He is getting better. I will close. I send best wishes to all inquiring friends. Your Cousin Geo. Glenn to Miss Mary Lytle.

*Write soon,
Address - Geo. Glenn
148th Reg. P. V. Co. G.
Cocksylville P.O.
Baltimore Co., Md.*

The following letter was written to my father -- Samuel Glenn, by his soldier brother George. Father was a boy of fifteen when he received this letter.

Camp near Centerville, Va.

Oct. 17, 1863

Dear Brother:

I seat myself once more to pen you a few lines in answer to yours of the 4th. which I received on the night of the 12th. while laying in line of battle near Brandy Station. I will try to give you the full details of our march which was the hardest one we have had since we came out. On Saturday the 10th. we drew 8 days rations and formed in line of battle between Culpepper and the Rapidan. As the Rebels were crossing here we lay till midnight without any fighting, except the cavalry. Then we started and marched back over the Rappahannock, and stopped at Bealton Station. It was then Sunday evening. Here we stayed till noon on Monday. Then we crossed the Rappahannock again as the enemy were driving on Cavalry. When the infantry crossed, they fell back. We followed them to Brandy Station. There lay in line of battle till midnight when we started back over the Rappahannock again as the Rebels were getting on our left flank. We marched till 9 o'clock Tuesday morning when we reached Sulphur Springs where the enemy were driving our Cavalry again. They fell back when the infantry came up. Here we stopped about two hours when we received marching orders and started and walked as fast as we could till dark. We were then at a place called Auburn. Here we lay all night. Wednesday morning a few minutes before daylight we started again and marched about 1/2 mile to the top of a high hill and stopped to eat our breakfast. About the time we had it cooked the Rebs opened a battery of five pieces on us. I tell you we had to get up and dust them. They had us cut off from the rest of the army, we got our batteries in position and opened out and cut our way through without much loss and marched on to Bristol Station. Got there about three o'clock when we were cut off again. The third division of our Corps being ahead marching alone came right to their batteries. Before they knew anything, the enemy opened on them. They swung around into line of battle and charged on them. We were doublequickened and just got up in time to see the Third Division charging on them. I tell you it was nice to see the way our fellows made them git. We took 450 prisoners. It was awful the way our fellows plugged the shell into their ranks. Here we stayed till after dark when we started again and marched to near Centerville. Got there on Thursday morning. In the evening the Rebs came on us again, but our Cavalry got on their flank and drove them back and we have not been troubled since, but do not know how soon they will come on us again, but we are ready for them now.

I am well, hoping this may find you the same. There were none in our Company hurt and only three in the Regt. - none killed.

John Stewart wants you to tell their folks to make him two shirts and send them the first chance they get. Give my love to all the family.

To Samuel Glenn.

Your Brother Geo. Glenn.

1848 - FATHER - 1925

Samuel Glenn, my father was born at the Branch home July 13, 1848. The year

his grandfather James Glenn passed away. He was a very muscular man, exceptionally strong, tall, a little stooped in the shoulders, and a little bent in the legs. This had the effect of lessening the appearance of his height, but did not reduce less bodily strength. Father for most of his years wore a moustache, which was sandy in color.

Like grandfather he was quick in his movements. It was commonly said -- The man who follows Sam Glenn a day in the fields knows he has been working. He liked company, and had many friends. How lonely he must have been after Mother's passing, for they had been man and wife for more than 50 years. They had been married when quite young, November 19, 1867. I remember father stating that it started to snow, when they were ready to start on the wedding trip, but grandfather said, "Go on carry out your intentions." He never believed in permitting weather to interfere with one's plans. So driving two young roans they set out to visit relatives in a distant part of the state.

Father farmed, first after marriage, the home acres on the Branch. Later his younger brother William desired a chance on the homestead, and Father moved to Rock Ford. Later to the Bricker place -- then to Rev. Dr. Hamil's farm at Oak Hall, and from there to the Stuart sisters farm at Seven Stars, Huntingdon County. For about twelve years he was away from the old place, and then returned, remaining on the old home acres all his days. He finally purchased from Aunt Elizabeth Bailey the only remaining share in the homestead,

and became sole possessor of the place so dear to himself and to mother.

Father taught us to be honest and truthful. He detested any one who even hinted that what he did might be not quite honest or what he said might be not quite true.

I remember one morning when father was quite busy, and very anxious to get out to the field, a familiar character called old Joe came for a couple bags of ear corn for his chickens. Some farmers would not bother with such trifles, stating they were too busy, but father was not that kind of man.

There were two measures in common use at that time. Ear corn was usually measured in a woven basket. It had spring and give to it.

For shelled corn -- wheat -- barley, etc. a wooden half-bushel measure was used.

This morning, the regular bushel basket was not in the crib, so father took the half bushel measure and scooped up several measures and poured in the bag Joe was holding. Then Joe made some remark about the kind of measure. Father said never a word, but emptying the partly filled measure, also took the partly filled bag old Joe was holding and poured its contents back on the heap. "Oh," said old Joe, "I didn't mean anything." "Well Joe," said Father, "don't come to me for corn -- get your corn from an honest man." Had old Joe only waited a bit he would have been the gainer. I had seen father do the same thing before and always at the close he threw in an extra measure, and I am sure that extra one was so generous that it more than made up for any possible loss.

Father was religious -- much interested in the Church. After grandfather's parting, he was made an Elder in the Lemont Presbyterian Church. Father made good prayers at the

family altar. There was some repetition, but not vain repetitions. There was nothing vain about Father. He was genuine to the core. A hired hand used to say that father read the Psalms in harvest. Perhaps father thought the harvest season was not the appropriate time for long readings. Like the good farmer who said short prayers when hot cakes were served, saying, "Hot cakes are to be eaten hot." Father was a good neighbor and would lend anything in his possession.



Photo: SEVEN STARS FARM HOUSE. Here we lived three years before brother Ed and I had reached our teens. It was there the Stuart girls farm was located. They lived in a spacious mansion at Coverain. While here we attended the Spruce Creek Presbyterian Church of Graysville. Our school house was at Coolrun, a mile to the east. In winter we rode the old gray mare - Fan. On arrival we turned to tail and slid off the rear into a snow drift.

Dutch Carhlie - Man Friel - and the murder of Jim Irvin are connected with this place. Jack and Jim did father's threshing.

In short father was an earnest, honest, truthful man of good judgement.

Here, I insert a few lines about the "Old Kitchen" that was so important

as part of the old homestead. In appearance it might have been considered quite commonplace -- white plastered walls -- large fireplace to the north. In the recess at one side of the chimney was a large flour chest, and at the other side in a like recess racks for hanging hats and coats. A doetry -- a large built in closet, and cupboard, several old hickory chairs.

It was not the ancient fireplace that made the old kitchen so popular. It was usually hidden behind a chimney board, and a kitchen range stood out in front. A door to the west opened out on the cistern bed and one on the east led out to the wood shed and barn. The south door opened to the dining room and thence to all parts of the great house.

There was a peculiar attractive quality about the Old Kitchen that I just can't describe. The most coveted position was a seat on one of the three broad steps that led to the loft above. Of this old kitchen linger fondest memories. It made no difference how prominent guests might be an appearance was sure to be made in the Old Kitchen.

There the most intimate and interesting conversations took place. I cannot explain why -- but there all restraint was laid aside and every one became natural, and everything homelife.

Today the old place belongs to a State College professor, sold to him by my brother Ed, and I understand he and his wife make much use of the ancient fireplace of the Old Kitchen where many Glens and their kin enjoyed fellowship in days that are past.

MOTHER'S PEOPLE

I never saw my mother's father, Daniel Mothersbaugh. The proper way of spelling the name of my mother's people is Muttersbaugh. The spelling was changed to Mothersbaugh by her brother

Herschel who became a doctor. Some of mother's relatives (druggists) used to live in Lewistown, Pennsylvania and used the original spelling.

Grandmother Mothersbaugh's maiden name was Eleanor Reem. I remember her quite well. With her daughter Aunt Amanda she lived for a number of years in the two rooms on the west side of the homestead. I was just a boy and I can never forget the hours I spent with her. She was a good woman -- the kind of grandmother a boy loves. She knew her Bible and she lived it. Before reaching teen age I could give the whole of Roman's 12. This with other passages, I memorized at her knee. She had a way of serving potatoes, with a delicate broth, so good that I have never tasted its equal anywhere. I cannot describe her bodily appearance. to me she was the acme of human goodness and sweetness.

Mother's brothers and sisters were -- Herschel, Leonidas, McCluney, Susan, Sarah, Mary, and Amanda.

Susan married Jacob Lenker. Children were William and Mary. Lived in Renova, Pennsylvania.

Sarah married Adam Hartswick. Children -- Eleanor, Elizabeth, Jane, Edith, John and Mack. Only the sons are living. Lived in Altoona, Pennsylvania.

Mary married David Rhine Smith. Children -- Daniel, William, Elizabeth, Jennie, and Minnie. All have passed on. Lived near Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

Amanda never married.

Dr. Herschel married Susan Hartswick. There are two children -- Mary and Robert. Children are living in Altoona, Pennsylvania.

Leonidas married Elizabeth Keller. There were six children -- Keller, William, Charles, George, and Daniel -- one daughter Margaret. Only George and Margaret are living. George at Boalsburg married Ella Ross, and Margaret married to my friend Ruben Stuart lives near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. One child. Leonidas lived at Boalsburg, Pennsylvania.

McCuney married a Miss Thomas. No children, both are gone. Lived in Renova, Pennsylvania.

MUTTERSBAUGH

According to best available information, the Muttersbaughs came to America from Holland by way of Ireland. This is the opinion of James Muttersbaugh, a very interesting man of some means, living across the mountain from Pine Grove Mills in the vicinity of McAlevys Fort.

These graves are in the Meeks Church burial ground at Fairbrook near Pine Grove Mills, Center County, Pennsylvania.

My grandparents, Daniel Mothersbaugh died May 1862 aged 52 years, and Eleanor Mothersbaugh died in 1892 aged 80 years 9 months. Aunt Amanda Mothersbaugh 1857 - 1932.

The James Muttersbaugh mentioned above, I found very interesting. I took from his that man's duty was to honor God and get along in the world.

PRISCELLA ELEANOR MOTHERSBAUGH GLENN

My mother's maiden name was Priscilla Eleanor Mothersbaugh. I have tried to make something out of the meaning of this name, but made little progress. According to Dr. John D. Davis who was one of my teachers at Princeton

Seminary and author of the Dictionary -- Priscella means "little old woman." There was nothing old about the appearance of my mother. She was always the jovial member of our family.



Photo: MOTHER 1850 - 1920.

She could really laugh in a manner that engaged her whole person and just naturally caused all others present to join in. She often said, "It appears to hurt a Glenn to laugh." The word *Muttersbaugh* is Dutch or German, most likely the former. The meaning appears to be -- Mother's Run or Mother's Brook -- so we have "little laughing brook."

Run or brook always signified beauty and fruitfulness. So was Mother. Her life was fruitful in service to others. Mother loved socialability. How she did enjoy a houseful of relatives and friends. I

have often wondered how she managed to get through with it all. Brothers and sisters of both families with many children lived near and often came and surrounded the tables at meal time. Often several tables must be set to accommodate all. Every one just naturally felt he was welcome and there was plenty of good food for all. On such occasions mother was the life of the feast.

However, I have most in mind mother as an agent of mercy and kindness. There were times when mother became a doctor, a nurse, or an undertaker. That was in "horse and buggy" days, sometimes babies arrived before the doctor. Mother knew just what to do, and cheery note was good for the patient.

She was a valued person in any sick room. At any time of night, she might be called on, and though her own family was large, and her household duties many, she usually found a way to render help to a neighbor.

In her day when death came to a home much work, now done by undertakers fell upon goodly persons as mother. As in New Testament times, Godly women washed and laid out Dorcas -- so mother, alone or with help from others washed and laid out the dead. As a boy, I remember mother moistening the tips of her fingers and pressing together the eyelids of the dead to eliminate a staring appearance. Now to "lay out the dead" is a meaningless term. As soon as the grim messenger arrives -- the undertaker is summoned, and I have a notion that chemicals take the place of washing in burial preparation, and I am not critical. The person is not there, only the coat that covered him. Lay it away reverently -- remembering a new suit -- glorious and immortal is awaiting and so we say, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Mother was attentive to religious duties of herself and family. She saw that every member of the family was present at the family altar. There were few excuses possible for not attending church services.

She was a faithful member of the Women's Missionary Society. Often one of us boys brought Charlie a good riding horse down to the upping block at the front yard gate, and mother with her long riding skirt mounted the side saddle and rode off to Missionary Meeting.

Not much reading matter was available, but mother saw that we got "The Presbyterian" a Missionary magazine -- "Youth's Companion" and a good book occasionally.

I feel sure that mother always wanted to do right by her children. She may have been a little severe when her offspring began to seek mates for themselves.

When we were small, we doubtless provoked her quite often. Yet she must have been quite patient.

Mother had a tea pot that she much prized. Once when mother was away, I thought I would make myself some tea. Instead of heating the water in some other vessel, I placed the pot itself on the griddle. In a few minutes, I had made a sorry looking thing of it. Then, I thought -- "I have erred." That is not the way to make tea. But the deed was done. "Now what shall I do? Mother will be home soon." Somewhat like Adam and Eve when they sinned, tried to hide themselves, I thought of hiding the pot. But what could I say when mother wanted to make tea and the tea pot was no where to be found. Well, I spent some awful moments. If I could succeed in putting on a face of

unconcern, I would be living a lie. If I said I knew nothing about it -- I would be telling a lie. Finally, after much anguish of soul, I decided to make a clean breast of the whole matter.

When mother came and I could get her alone. I took the pot -- told her how I wanted some tea, and what I had done and displayed the ruined vessel. Mother was grieved, but she said not a word, and administered no punishment. I think mother knew I was really sorry and was being punished severely.

In teaching boys and girls the value of truth, I have used this incident effectively. Mother's patience had helped me to be more patient with my own children and with others.

Since I now know the very close relationship between parents and children, and how dearly parents love their own, I am sorry I did not do more to show my parents how much I really loved them.

THE SAMUEL GLENN FAMILY

To Samuel Glenn and Priscilla Muttersbaugh Glenn were born ten children. Seven grew to maturity.

Of these seven -- Eleanor Muttersbaugh Glenn was the oldest. She was born March 1st, 1871. To her credit be it said -- much of her time during her stay on God's good earth was taken up with the care of others. First in the family, she naturally helped care for the



Father and Mother were married in this house, December 1869. Located on Branch Road, which may be seen in picture, about two miles west of the Glenn homestead. I remember Gus Henderson who lived in the stone house just beyond this place and was known as the Henderson place. I think Curtis Myers is the present owner.

ones that followed. As we children named her, could be counted on always. It fell largely to her lot to care for father and mother in the years before they passed on. This she did with love and patience. A lover of home life yet denied the joy of making a home of her own. She had offers of marriage -- yet parental objections, strenuously made, interfered and she never married. With all the respect for my good parents, I yet feel they in this important matter deprived sister of her rights as an individual. Father, in his will, specified that Eleanor should receive \$1,000 more than any other child. She passed away at State College, January 7, 1945.

Mary Rinesmith Glenn was born January 17, 1873. Perhaps she was the good looking one of the family. She had a wonderful head of wavy hair, which was a crown of beauty and a fair complexion. She favored

the Glens being quick in her movements. Ella, the older sister moving about more like her mother's people. Mollie or Mol as we called her was more of a talker than most of her brothers and sisters and early developed the accomplishment of holding her own on all occasions. December 2nd, 1897, she married Samuel B. Wasson.

To them have been born six children -- Glenn, Paul, James, and John - Priscilla and Eleanor. John and Eleanor passed on soon after reaching maturity. The other children all married and are doing well, living in their own homes and prospering.

Mollie's husband Sam is now past 80 years, and Mollie is reaching toward that mark of ripened years. They own a large well equipped dairy farm on the upper Branch, southwest of State College, occupied by their son Paul. Recently they purchased a nice brick dwelling in Boalsburg. They have 22 grandchildren. I sometimes feel that Mollie gets more real happiness out of life than any other member of the family.



HERE IS SAMUEL B. WASSON and MARY GLENN WASSON, my sister, still going strong at 81 and 76, proud of their children (4) and grandchildren (22).



HERE IS THE DAIRY FARM HOME of Samuel B. Wasson and sister Mary, his wife. It is a splendid dairy farm of fertile lime stone soil, and large pasture meadow. It is equipped with modern machinery. Located on the Branch Road, one and a half miles southwest of State College, Centre County, Pennsylvania. It is now operated by their son Paul, who lives here with his family.

John Calvin Glenn was born July 21st, 1875. Being the first born son, he was rather favored above the others. When quite young, father got him a brand new buggy, highly prized by young men, in past - "Horse and buggy days." Father then had a splendid chestnut sorrel driving mare named Maud. She was a speedy trotting piece of horse flesh. Later, against much opposition from both John, father had Maud bred to a Hamiltonian sire. This mating produced Fred a tall handsome boy. The most stylish and swiftest trotting horse ever seen on Branch roads. Father drove him many years. His last trip on earth was made behind Fred. On reaching home father on stepping out of the buggy was suddenly stricken. He was discovered between the buggy wheels helpless, on account of a stroke from which he never recovered. John was like the

Glenns -- swift in movement. There were four boys, but I think John was the only son who could husk as much corn as



WASSON HOME AT BOALSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA



TWENTY-TWO GRANDCHILDREN of Samuel B. and Mary R. Glenn Wasson.

Children of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Wasson -- Samuel, Mary Alice, Betty Jane, Robert and Roberta (twins). Children of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wasson -- Paul Jr., Eddid, Linda, John, and Carl.

Children of Mr. and Mrs. James Wasson - - Ivin, Richard, Paul, Janet, Phyllis, Joyce Ann, and Mrs. Nadine Ross.

Children of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Marshall -- Nancy, John, Curtis, and Leon.

The writer fears he could not place all the names in the right place. Nevertheless, he feels a sense of pride in being so closely related to this very fine group of promising boys and girls.

About the kind of men and women you should aim to be.

father. John was a handsome young man and with his fine driving outfit, as the boys said -- "He cut quite a swell."

One incident in brother John's life, I remember so well. I was much alarmed at the time. A game of baseball was being played in a lot just at the edge of Lemont. John, with many others, was watching the game from a position near the batter's box. A strapping muscular youth hit a hard one -- a foul -- which came straight as a die and struck John fair in the right eye. He dropped as though he had been shot. Limp as a rag he was carried out under a tree away from the curious, and I spent some anxious very long moments -- until he began to speak. Nothing serious resulted. He had caught the full force of the drive and went home with the blackest eye I have ever seen.

John spent several years near Sioux City, Iowa. Soon after returning he married Mary Brisbin. He bought a nice brick house at State College. Here with Mary he lived until his passing, November 3, 1934. Their only child died in infancy. Mary, his wife, still lives in the home in which he closed his earthly journey.

The three named above were born at the Homestead on the Branch.

Edwin Lenker Glenn was born at Dry Hollow. Also, I think known as the Bocker Place - a farm several miles northeast of Boalsburg, September 15th, 1879. Ed took on more of the nature of his mother's people. The tension was slacker. He moved slower but was steady and sure and at the end of a day had accomplished much. In that rate Christian virtue of patience, he outdid his brothers and sisters. He farmed for father a number of years after father had retired, and finally bought the homestead.

He married Sarah Goodhart January 1921, a sister of Lutitia, my own life's companion. I often feel that I can never repay this sister-in-law of mine. At the close of the first World War, Lutitia, James, and myself were stricken with that peculiar malady called influenza. I had a second attack which settled in my chest and the disease had so far advanced that it was necessary to be propped up in bed at a certain angle in order to get my breath. For a whole night Sarah kept hot onion -- vinegar poultices on my chest. She never left a poultice get cold. Kept an oil stove for this purpose alone. Our family doctor came at three in the morning. He said -- "Keep that up a while longer." By morning, I was able to lie down with considerable comfort. As a pastor, I had been in the homes of others who passed away during the epidemic. I feel, "I am no better than others." "The time of departure is at hand." But by the Grace of God and Sarah's faithful poulticing with onions and vinegar, I am still, as father would say -- "In the land of the living."

Ed was near father and mother in the closing years of their earthly pilgrimage, and did much for their happiness and contentment. So I say, "Well done brother, Ed."

Samuel Harris Glenn was born at Seven Stars, Huntingdon County, August 5th, 1884. Sam grew physically strong and big. He looked more like father than any other son. However, he was not like father in his characteristics. He loved to fish when a boy. I remember how he wore blue jeans and nothing besides in summer days. Before he got to the "Ole Swimming Hole," he began to discard, and when the bank was reached, he was on his way naked.

Sam, as I remember, was more happy-go-lucky than any of his family. He had

little of that Glenn tension and seriousness about him. He never stayed home because there was no suitable horse to drive. He hitched up whatever happened to be at hand and drove merrily away. The only member of the family, I think, to ride a bicycle, he had one geared to 90, so he could cover ground.

He married Elsie Forman and for some years, they lived in Altoona.

He met an untimely and terrible end. He worked for the P.R.R. During a slack time men with families were given work often entirely different from their accustomed daily tasks. Brother Sam was cleaning an engine, and was stationed inside the boiler. He was ordered to use the hose. The water caused the soot to explode, and he was so severely burned, that after lingering for five days he passed away in the Altoona Hospital, February 15, 1915. His wife, who was Elsie Forman, married again. I am not certain, but I think there were four children. A little girl passed away quite young. Joe, a boy very much enraptured in the heart string of his Uncle John Glenn, passed away in boyhood. Two sons Franklin and Lym are married. Both graduated from Pennsylvania State College. There are children.

Margaret Goheen Glenn was born at the Old Homestead on the Branch, June 11th, 1891. For a number of years, she was a successful school teacher in the local schools. In school and Grange she has done considerable training in Amateur Dramatics. She is, and always has been active in church work, especially along Missionary lines. At one time she played the organ in the old Presbyterian Church at Lemont.

In more recent years, she has done a noble work in helping, upon call, with the sick and disabled. Margaret looks more like mother than any other member of the family, and in this latter work, is in line with mother's helpful spirit.

She and sister Ella some years back built a well proportioned and attractive double dwelling of brick on South Barnard Street, State College. Here the two lived happily together until Ella moved on to "the house not made with hands." Here at State College, Margaret lives today.



GLENN FAMILY GROUP. Father and Mother at doorway. Aunt Susan Lenker at left. Boy at left -- orphan farm helper. Sister Mary holding baby Priscilla, her husband, Samuel Wasson to her left. Reading from bottom of page up to right, their three little sons -- Paul, James and Glenn. At right comes reading up -- sister Eleanor, Brother Edwin, and Sister Margaret. At post, left -- brother John next to his wife, Mary Brisbin. Above and to right of them -- brother Samuel and wife, Elsie Forman, with babe in lap.

The author, James Glenn, steadies tension of the farm dog, Teddy, to prevent any mishap to the photographer. Picture taken prior to 1908.

She helped care for her parents in their latter days, and alone took care of her sister when she too reached and passed our allotted years on earth.

Children who passed away in early years were -- Susanna 1878 - aged 9 years.

Daniel 1884 - aged 2 years. Elizabeth 1888 - aged 2 years.

James Johnston Glenn was born at Rock Ford, Pennsylvania, September 19, 1877. I remember nothing of the place, and have never seen the spot. My mother spoke of a mill and a mill race. I understand the house has been torn down and the old mill is gone. So that my birth place is obliterated. It must have been located about four miles South East of State College.

I was christened James Johnston for both grandfather and grandmother Glenn. I can only hope I may have inherited or absorbed some good qualities of each. My parent's stay at Rock Ford was brief. The next moved to the Bricker Place and at the age of five we were living on a preacher Hamil's farm at Oak Hill.

EDUCATION

There I first went to school not quite six years of age. My first teacher was John Murray. The most homely person in those parts

I went to school at Oak Hill, Center County, Pennsylvania. Then to the cool new school -- Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. Then about eight years later to the lower Branch School, near the old home. All these were known as common schools. Both father and mother had attended this school and all my brothers and sisters.

Some very happy and profitable years were spent at the Boalsburg High School. My teachers were Professors Hower and Bryson. I feel grateful to those men. They were good men, and capable. Like the

colored man I once heard who spoke of his teachers saying, "they did the best that they could with the material they had at hand."



BRANCH ROAD SCHOOL HOUSE. Here Father and Mother went to school and all their living children. Formerly the chimney was in the center and there was no coal house in front.



HOME OF REV. ROBERT HAMIL D.D., Oak Hall, Centre County., Pa., during his pastorate of 43 years in the churches of Spring Creek and Sinking Creek, Centre Co., Pa.

Boys and girls I remember were my cousins -- Keller, Will, Charley, George, and Margaret Mothersbaugh. George, Dave and Ruben Stuart. The Murry girls, Marian and Gussie -- Margareta Goheen. Priscilla Wilson, Helen Myers, Emma Williams, Dora Myers, Clyde Wieland, and others. It was my good



GYPSEY WOODS. Here is the Mitchel and Gale Woods -- just a bit of it. Picture taken in the late Fall. In my boyhood days it was noted for the many Gypsies that camped there during the Summer. Famed men and women and many children, and dogs and horses made up the camp. They were beggars and horse traders. From experience, I learned how much hay a gypsy woman could build into the box of a one horse spring wagon.

Well do I remember the words of a female member of their tribe, passing out the yard gate holding a loaf of bread baked by one of my sisters in the absence of mother, "Laus, but it's heavy." Many visitors came to the grove during their stay. Their chief business was trading horses. In this they were sharksters and invariably got the best of the deal.



Photo: STATE COLLEGE, Pennsylvania Presbyterian Church. The chimes in honor and memory of Abram Markle.

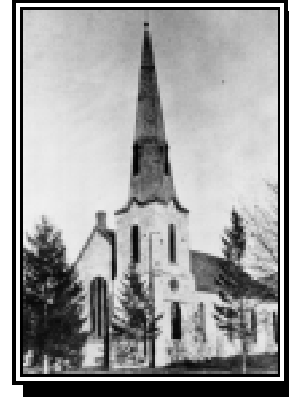


Photo: OLD HOME CHURCH.



Photo: SISTER MARGARET GOHEEN GLENN and her home at State College, Pennsylvania. This is a large double two storied house, with finished attic and basement. One half is always rented to one connected with the college. The house is well built throughout and is indeed a fine building.

fortune to attend for several summer terms the select school at Spring Mills -- called Spring Mills Academy. This school was taught for many years by the saintly and scholarly Dr. Wolfe. That was the day when old academics were going out, and the modern high school was coming in. At Spring Hills, it was said -- all things were taught, English, Latin, French, German, Greek, Hebre, Arabic, and other languages were taught. The same was true in the field of mathematics.

There was an assistant to Dr. Wolfe, usually a recent college graduate, who had experience in teaching. Here I had a boarding place in a home in the town. Others boarded and roomed together. Being a very shy boy this was good for me. I greatly enjoyed the boating parties, and the arbutus parties on Egg Hill and the Presbyterian Prayer Meetings held in homes of the village. The influence of this school, in every way, was beneficial to me.

At Boalsburg and at Spring Mills, I became very friendly with a young man named Irvin Zeigler. He was a good student, exceptionally studious, quiet and likeable.

When the time came for college, he much desired that I go with him and that we room together. It so happened that though reared a Presbyterian, I went with this good friend to an Evangelical institution, and at the end of four years, graduated from Albright College in the class of 1905, classical courses -- receiving the degree of A.B. I have never regretted by choice of college. Presbyterian atmosphere is sometimes a bit chilly. The Evangelicals had a warm fervency that did me good, and I attribute much of the success of my early ministry of gathering in great numbers, in a small church to the spiritual influence of my college days.

In the autumn of 1905, I entered Princeton Seminary taking the full course and graduating in 1908. Prominent professors at that time were Dr. Frances Patton, Dr. Benjamin Breckenridge Warfield, Dr. John D. David (Dictionary), Dr. Vos, and Dr. Dick Wilson.

My going to Princeton Seminary from Albright caused the Presbyterian Church to get some good men from that institution. Two good ones in college when I was a student and followed me to Princeton were Dr. Raymond Walker, and successful pastor of Market Square, Harrisburg and Dr. Clarence Hoffman, who spent most of his life in Korea as a Missionary.

MARRIAGE

June 18th, 1908, I was married to Lutitia Laura Goodhart. the ceremony was performed by Dr. Henry Schuyler in the Presbyterian Church at Center Hall, Centre County, Pennsylvania in the presence of members of the two families and some invited guests. All were invited to the home of the bride's mother after the wedding. Later we took a carriage for Bellefonte, and next went to Snowshoe, Centre County where the days of the honeymoon were spent. Later a reception was held at the groom's home in the old homestead on the Branch. There were many present. Here, as well as at Center Hall -- calithumpians put their program across. Here I will tell something of my bride and her family.

I am convinced after living with Lutitia Goodhart for thirty-eight years that a higher power must have had a part in choosing for me a helpmate. What a woman she was, always helpful in my work as a minister. Teaching in the Sabbath School, she knew her Bible and her years of successful work as a teacher in the public schools enabled her to teach effectively in the church.

She was friendly. She had a sweet way of expressing herself to everyone. The janitor here in the Second Church, Carlisle, and a painter by trade, who had done much painting out at Dickinson

when hearing that she had passed away, said with a sign, "Mrs. Glenn was one of the sweetest women I ever met." To this her husband says -- Amen.

She was decidedly religious. Religious was life to her. Her children had before them always the good example of a Christian mother. Here let me add that as I look back over the years of my earthly journey thus far -- I am reminded how good God had been to me. Brought up in a Christian, praying, Bible reading home, and then given as the companion of my years a virtuous woman whose price was far above rubies. Outwardly she was good to look upon and inwardly she was indeed a child of God.

She excelled as a keeper at home. Her house and surroundings were always spotless. She had good taste, whether it was arranging flowers in a bouquet, or the furnishings of her house. She made a study of ancient costumes and contributed much to the success of religious dramatic work rendered in the Parish House of the Church. She was a good mother to her four children. It would have been difficult for anything serious to happen to them for she knew where they were always. She had a genuine mother's love.

Here I will place something concerning her own family. She was the daughter of William and Mary Jane Goodhart and was born on a farm not far from Farmer's Mills in Center County, Pennsylvania, February 23, 1878.

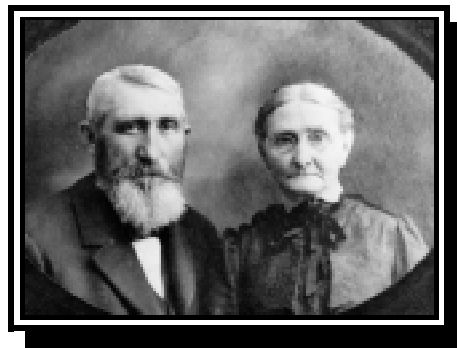


Photo: WILLIAM Goodhart and Mary Jane McKinney, his wife. They were the parents of my wife Lutitia.



Photo: JOHN E. REARICK and MARGARET GOODHART his wife in front of their dwelling and combined store and filling station at Rock Spring, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

Her people were devout Presbyterians. I first saw her parents in the Presbyterian Church at Spring Mills, Pennsylvania. Her father was Superintendent of the Sunday School. He was a tall man, with sandy long whiskers, very fair complexion. He was a little stooped and had very expressive eyes. He impressed everyone as being every whit a Christian gentleman. Her mother, whose maiden name was Mary Jane McKinney, was a good looking old lady, and I have a notion was beautiful when young. I have heard members of the family say that Lutitia looked most like her mother. So, it may be that Lutitia inherited personal beauty from her mother.

I first met the one person with whom I was to live longest on earth at the Grange Encampment, Center Hall, Pennsylvania. Clare Kennedy, a distant relative of mine who knew Lutitia quite well, secretly arranged to introduce us and then conveniently slip away. Well, who knows, this may have been part of a plan arranged in diviner circles. At any rate, it worked out well for both of us, and we spent many happy years as man and wife.

Five brothers and five sisters were in her family. It will be noticed both her family and mine were large and equally divided as to sons and daughters.

GOODHART AND MCKINNEY

At Center Hill Presbyterian burial grounds are the graves of Lutitia's grandparents.

John Goodhart -- 1809-1888. Martha Greg Goodhart 1810-1884. Here also is buried her grandmother - Rosa Kramer McKinney. There is no tombstone. The name of Lutitia's grandfather was William L. McKinney. The name of her great grandfather was Patrick McKinney. Five McKinney brothers came from County Tyrone, Ireland in 1789. The McKinneys are Scotch Irish.

The Kramer name is much infused with the McKinneys. Kramers were Lutheran and McKinneys Presbyterian. In both families were men of note in every walk of life.

Uncle Perry McKinney is buried in Sprucetown graveyard -- near Potter's Mills -- died 1918, aged 79. His wife was Mary Vogt died 1906, aged 59. Two sons William and Clayton. Both have passed on. Mrs. Meeker at the State Forestry Station

in the Seven Mountains is a granddaughter.

Uncle Perry was a soldier in the Civil War. He fought at Gettysburg. He is described as a typical red faced Irishman with long white beard and hair, giving him a Santa Klaus appearance. He was jovial in disposition.

Rosa Laura McKinney, a cousin of Lutitia, is said to have pinned the first white ribbon on Francis Willard -- W.C.T.U. founder in Marshall field's Store, Chicago. Lutitia never liked her middle name Laura. Had she known of this association, her attitude doubtless, would have been different.

At Spring Mills well kept Presbyterian graveyard are the graves of: Lutitia's parents -- William Goodhart 1838-1903, Mary J. Goodhart 1842-1924, also son John H. 1871-1904.

It is said that Grandfather John Goodhart was a very stern, serious man who stood for no foolishness. However, he must have been a man of good qualities for Lutitia often spoke of her mother always speaking up for grandfather in whose home he lived during his declining years.

Lutitia had two uncles on her father's side, George, a farmer, and very successful. He served two terms as commissioner of Centre County. He loved a fast horse. He served many years as an Elder of the Sinking Creed Presbyterian Church. He was married to Susan Evans. There were four children -- James, Bruce, Anna, and Ada. There are grandchildren.

James Goodhart was another uncle. He was married first to Sarah Kyle and after her death to Rose Hamilton. To this second union were born a son, Hugh and a daughter, Martha. The latter married to Charles Thompson - now dead. She lives at State College. There are children.

This Uncle James Goodhart lived many years in Lewistown, Pennsylvania, where he conducted a clothing store. He had a fine house in that city. He was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church.

Lutitia had an aunt on her father's side -- Mary married to John Daugerman. For many years he had a butcher shop in Center Hall. On her mother's side Lutitia spoke of one brother -- Uncle Parry McKinnery - her soldier uncle. Three sisters -- Aunt Sadie -- maiden aunt, who lived and passed away at Center Hall, Pennsylvania. Aunt Belle, wife of Dr. George Lee. She also lived and passed on at Center Hall, Pennsylvania. Aunt Beckie Moyer. There were two daughters in the Moyer family -- Mable -- married to Daniel Koch, and Etta. All have passed on. There is a daughter of the Kochs still living. The Moyers and Kochs lived many years in Sunbury, Pennsylvania.

William Goodhart was the oldest of Lutitia's family. He married Salina Gephart. There are four children -- Isabel -- 1897 is best known to us. She is always a welcome visitor in our home. She, having no home of her own, tenders kindly service to homeless aged relatives and sick kinsfolk.

Russell James - 1899 is the soldier son of World War I. Where he was in active and strenuous combat. He is a graduate of Albright College, and also took a seminary course. Since he has been preaching for the Methodist denomination in Ohio. His first wife died of Tuberculosis. He then married Mildred Mae Farland. There are two children. Wenda Kay and Robert Russell.

Ralph Goodhart, 1893 - 1947, married Della Blough. Children are Richard Paul, Mary Catherine. Ralph after patient and enduring Christian fortitude passed away, a sufferer from cancer, at their home in the state of Ohio in the year 1947. Wendel Gephart, 1903, is married to Blanche Roffman. There is one child Shirley Mae.

Mary Elizabeth Goodhart, born March 24, 1873, married Edward Foreman. They now live in Canfield, Ohio. There is one stepson Ira Foreman. He is married.

Hugh Foreman - married.

Roy Foreman - wife is dead.

Ruth Foreman - married to John Rose - child Jackie Rose.

Myra Bell Goodhart born January 23rd, 1870. Married William Winegardner, lived in Milroy, Pennsylvania. There were no children. Aunt Myra came to see us quite often during our years at Dickinson. She was expert in all kinds of needlework, especially crocheting. She was an expert in making layer cakes. This made her popular with the sons of the Manse.

We sometimes visited overnight at the Winegardner home on our way to vacation days with the folks in Centre County. Aunt Myra almost reached the age of 70. Her body lies beside her husband in the graveyard on the hill not far from Reedsville.

John Henry, was an employee of the P. R. R. and passed on rather early in life. I never saw this brother. 1871 - 1904.

Sarah Kyle, September 23, 1872 spent some years of her life in Cleveland, Ohio. She was with us considerably in our many years in the Dickinson Manse. The children knew her well and hold in memory the good times when she visited us. She married my brother Ed and I

have already mentioned her. Today they live near Lamont, Pennsylvania.

Margaret Irvin, July 13, 1876, was a very dear sister to Lutitia. In age they were not far apart. Before marriage, she too, got to see us at the Manse, and became near to the children. On March 15, 1917, she married John E. Rearick. It was my privilege to be the officiating minister, and they were married at Dickinson. For some years they resided out in mid-western states, but now for many years they have lived in their own cozy home at Rock Springs, Pennsylvania. Here they have a store and filling station. John can relate in detail adventures of rough and wooly western states.

Franklin Vanvalzah Goodhart or - Uncle Frank as we know him in the home was born April 29, 1883. He is best known of the brothers. We saw more of him. He was in the mother's home at Center Hall, when he married and later bought the home and built a large store room and facilities to accommodate his enlarged furniture and undertaking business.

He married Sarah McWilliams of Rock Springs. My own family was well acquainted with the McWilliams family, and these things contributed in bringing us close together. Frank and Sarah are well known to the children and they are happy in their presence.

Frank has sold out his business. They have been spending part of the winters in Florida. At present they are living in the Presbyterian Manse, Center Hall, Pennsylvania.

Robert Hamil - November 23, 1879. He spent most of his years as a P.R.R. man living in Altoona. There he built himself a home. He married

Ella Judge. Uncle Rob, (in this article, I speak much in the children's language) visited us a number of times at Dickinson. I remember once when visiting us how he enjoyed a trip to Scotland to visit folks they knew, driving our family horse Goldie in the buggy. Passed away, of heart attack at Altoona, Pennsylvania. He passed away at Altoona during a severe heart attack.

Samuel Goodhart, Lutitia's youngest brother was born September 10th, 1885. Uncle Sam we did not see so often. He did visit us several times at Dickinson and was present at Lutitia's funeral. He married Vema Dursrt of Center Hall. To them have been born one son Franklin. He is married to Cleda and they have two children, Franklin and Grace. There are two daughters in Uncle Sam's family, Margaret and Grace. Margaret is married to Alfred Walley. Grace is married to Alfred Minchau. I think there is one child in each family. For many years Sam has lived in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, the flood city. He is a successful salesman and for many years has followed that line of work.

The Glens - Goodharts - Muttersbaugh and McKinneys were honest, truthful, energetic people -- living mostly near the soil. Yet had representatives in every walk of life. All were of the Protestant faith -- the religion that made America the prosperous land of free people, such as Roman Catholicism, in its present state, can never produce. Amongst the denominations, Presbyterian and Reformed adherents appear to be first. Though Lutheran, Methodist and other branches of the Christian faith have a place. In this respect I find one who is an exception. Grandfather Muttersbaugh was a Unitarian. He stands alone, and his religion evidently was not contagious, as

neither his wife nor his children followed the way of his choice.

HOME

In my boyhood days there was plenty of hard work on the farm. I think when not away at school I did my full share. I do not look back on those days as unpleasant. I really liked to work in the soil, and take care of domestic animals. The farm was to be God's "good earth" -- a kind of "Garden of Eden," and we were to dress and keep it.

Two scenes, especially, impress me as I look back. One a morning scene - - the hour of worship. Every member of the household was there, including hired help. The family altar was a sacred place. There we learned to be quiet and let God speak to us before we went out to the work of the day. Father read the Holy Word -- and we all knelt in prayer. Some sentences of father's prayers linger in memory. "We thank Thee, O God that we are still and on praying ground. Forbid O Lord, that we should take up too much of this world or things of the world."

The second scene is that of a long Winter evening. Before any break had been made in the family -- all gathered by a glowing fire in the great living room. Father reading or taking a preliminary nap, mother sewing or knitting. Ella, Molly, John, Ed, Sam, Jim, and little Margaret, talking, reading Youth's Companion or engaged in some game. In the center of the table was a large dish of the most delicious apples, and everyone helping himself at will to Belleflowers, Winter Rambo, Baldwin, Russets, Non-such, and other varieties. There is something joyously sacred about

such a home atmosphere that is felt, not defined.

In our home, there was discipline, no rod of correction hanged above the mantle place. I do not remember of being whipped - though I must have deserved it often. When either father or mother spoke, that voice was obeyed. As children, I am sure it never occurred to us to take over.

The work in the house, in the barn and field was so arranged that each member of the family had a part, and no one's burden was severely heavy.

OUR CHILDREN

Now I come to a more familiar part of this autobiography -- telling something about our children. Only fathers and mothers can possibly know how close the tie that binds parent to child. Our own parents become nearer and dearer to us when we, ourselves, become parents.

James Goodhart Glenn, our first child was born at the Manse of the Dickinson Presbyterian Church, April 17th, 1909. The birth was difficult for both mother and child. Instruments were used -- resulting in tears for the mother and many bruises for the child. Many years later when listening to his sermon out in the Southwest my thoughts went back to that tiny, much scarred baby boy wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in the arms of his nurse -- good old Grandma Fickes.

The doctor and others did not seem to give much encouragement that the babe would keep on breathing, it was so irregular. I don't think I ever prayed more earnestly. At times breathing would stop, but his father never lost hope that he would live. He knew how great sorrow would come to the mother, if that child stopped breathing. So, by the Grace of

God, he did keep on breathing. Today 38 years after, he is breathing still and is pastor of the first Presbyterian Church of Borger, Texas.



PROUD PARENTS - 1909 - A friend said, "Of course we were proud. Husband and wife had become Father Mother. The babe in his Mother's arms would not be given in exchange for all the riches of this world." Another James heads the list of a Glenn generation.

James, I think joined the church when eight years of age. He first went to school at Cummingstown, in the building that is now the Parish House. He later took the classical course in Carlisle High School, graduating in the Class of 1928. Then he entered Dickinson College, graduating A.B. Class of 1932. He entered Princeton Seminary in the fall of the same year. During vacation he did missionary work in the mountains of Tennessee. He graduated from the seminary in 1935. He was married to Margaretta June Scott, daughter of William Alexander Scott and Grace LeFevre

Scott, May 17th, 1935, in Dickinson Presbyterian Church.

June was a graduate of Carlisle High School in 1928, and had attended Shippensburg Teachers College and taught in the public school five years. James served National Missions Board from 1935 - 1940, at Payson, Clifton, and Morenci, Arizona. He received a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Borger, Texas in 1940. There with a capable helpmate, a growing church, he carries on his chosen profession. They have three children -- James Scott born April 14, 1937, at Payson, Arizona. John Edward born March 19, 1941 at Borger, Texas. Joyce Carol born December 5, 1943 at Borger, Texas.

At this time James is busy helping to plan the erection of a new church. This is much needed as the town is growing and with it the congregation. Borger is a comparatively new town. Yet has a present population of 20,000 people. The chief industry is the manufacture of carbon black. Forty percent of our auto tires is carbon black and one fourth of this material is made in Borger and vicinity.

A year ago, I visited my son and family. As his father, and having spent my life in the ministry, I write with all a loving father's joy that I am convinced my son is doing a good work in the church of the living Christ. I was pleased with his preaching. His sermon as well as his teaching showed thought and preparation. I also felt that he stood in well with his people. Also, and not least, the home life was contented and happy.

Mary Josephine Glenn was born, as were all our children at the Manse of Dickinson Church. The date of her birth was November 27th, 1914. Dr. S. S. Cowell was the attending physician, and Mrs. Bently, a graduate nurse, acted out

her part of the event. She was a strong child from the beginning, a plump baby. We now had a pair -- boy and girl. We were happy.

Josephine also started her education at Cummingstown School -- just near the Manse. She then went to Carlisle High School, graduating in the Class of 1933. Then she entered Beaver College, a Presbyterian institution at Jenkintown, Pennsylvania. Here she graduated in 1937. For some years she has been a visitor for the Pennsylvania Department of Public Assistance, with Cumberland County Office in Carlisle. In this work she comes in contact with many types of human beings, displaying different characteristics and has the



MARY JOSEPHINE GLENN

opportunity of trying to help work out their problems in a Christian spirit.

Samuel Ryle Glenn was born at Dickinson Manse, July 23, 1916. Dr. S. S. Cowell was the physician, and Miss Evans, now a doctor in Carlisle, was the nurse. He and Jo were really babies at the same time -- being slightly over a year and a half between them.

Like the others, Ryle's first schooling was at Cummingstown. Then he graduated from Carlisle High School -- Class of 1934. He took a full course in Carlisle Business School and attended Dickinson College. Later he took a course at the Glenn Martin Plane Factory, Baltimore, Maryland. While working there he was called into service and his first place of training was at Camp Chaffe, Arkansas. From there he went to Camp Campbell, Kentucky. From there he went overseas, landing at Versailles, France. He saw service in France and in Germany. As sergeant on a tank, he crossed the Rhine on Easter Sunday 1945. After sixteen months overseas, a sad event caused his homecoming.

On the morning of January 25th, 1946, his mother was suddenly overtaken in the midst of health by a stroke. In half an hour she became unconscious and passed away about 12:30 in the night, so the date of her moving to her prepared mansion was January 26th, 1946. His father tried at once to notify the son. First of the stroke then of death, but no word returned. We did not know even if the message had gotten through to him until eleven days after his mother's burial when he arrived home.



SAMUEL RYLE GLENN. Here is our son Ryle in France, at his tank with Patch's Army. Ryle is a sergeant and gives orders for the movements of this piece. Nearby another soldier can be seen.



SAMUEL RYLE GLENN

Before entering the service, Ryle was married September 30th, 1943 to Lois Catherine Hoch of Carlisle at her home at Mooredale by the groom's father, in the presence of both families. Both were members of the Dickinson Church and both had been brought up in the same community. Lois is a graduate nurse. Taking her course in the Nurse's School of the Harrisburg Hospital. She nursed for a number of years in the Carlisle Hospital and also in a hospital near Camp Chaffe. She was a great help and comfort to us at the time of Lutitia's stroke and parting. She knew just what to do and being a part of the family, felt with the rest of us the deep sadness of all hearts. She sat on Lutitia's bed, taking the pulse and holding her hand until the life of the earthly candle flicked out, and our dear one entered the heavenly place.

After Ryle came back from overseas, and the fighting of World War II was ended, he got back his job at the Glenn Martin Plant. There at Victor Villa, he and Lois started housekeeping.

On December 13, 1946 at Baltimore, Patsy Ann came to share the home with them. She is a very fine babe indeed, and her grandpa shares with the parents in the joy of her coming.

David Quentin Glenn was born at the Dickinson Manse, April 30th, 1920. Quentin made it a foursome in our family -- three sons and a daughter -- well, it's the boys that perpetuates the name.

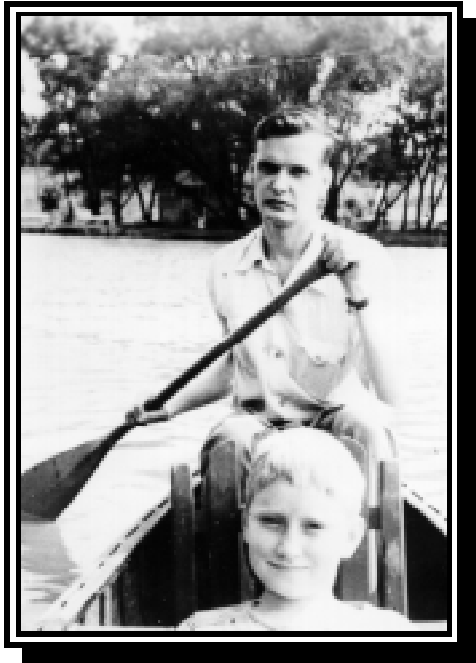
His first schooling was an Cummingstown. This building was near the Manse and made it very convenient for us, as there was no need to carry lunch.

Quentin later entered Carlisle High School. His brother James, while home on vacation, invited him to return with them to Arizona and so Quentin graduated with the Class of 1939, Clifton

High School, Arizona. Ryle, Josephine, and Edgar Hoch made the trip out there to the graduation exercises, and after a visit with James and June brought Quentin back with them to Cumberland County.



DAVID QUENTIN GLENN tends the "fatted calf" at the manse.



Quentin and Jimmy take a boat ride on the Conadoquinet Creek near Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

For five years Quentin has been employed in the mail department of the Naval Supply Depot at Mechanicsburg. He is one to be counted on -- never missing a day, and studies to render appreciable work.

Quentin and Josephine are home for the nights and all day Saturdays and Sundays. This adds much indeed to the happiness and comfort of their father's life.

Upon Lutitia's departure, a minister friend who too had lost his companion -- wrote that I must now be both father and mother to my children. In this double duty, I am deeply conscious of failure. However, I can, at least keep a light burning in the window for the ones still with me and write letters to those who are away.

My children are a source of happiness and comfort to me. Ryle and his family come frequently, and James is faithful in letter writing, keeping me informed concerning the family and his work.

MINISTRY

I shall try to be brief. "Let another speak of thy work."

The year 1908 stands out among all the years of my life. I received a call that year to the Dickinson Presbyterian Church in the Presbyterian of Carlisle. All of my life's ministry was there. I graduated from Princeton Seminary May of that year. On June 18th, 1908, Lutitia and I were married. I was ordained to preach the Gospel in the Dickinson Church, July 17, 1908. In that year we began our ministry and the building of our home.

Poor indeed, was I in worldly goods. For my schooling, necessary books, horse

and buggy, and other necessary equipment for a rural pastor, I found myself \$1,600 in debt.

Fortunately, Lutitia was economical. For a number of years before marriage she had taught in the public schools. Out of her meager earnings, she had saved a nice sum and this proved a nest egg indeed. On her first visit to Dickinson, even before our marriage, we stopped in Harrisburg and bought rugs and furniture. I can see her now going about with her love and skill so tastefully arranging the things of that house which was to be our home for thirty-five years.

There had been no minister for several years, and at least four over a period of fifteen years. Things in general and around the Manse were in a run down condition. It is wonderful what a change can be made by interested ones in a short time. So we worked together and what happiness we had -- Lutitia inside the house and the new minister outside. The lawn was put in shape. Gates were put back on hinges. Fences straightened. And what a difference it made.

The church building needed repairs, and things in the higher realm of church work were not encouraging. The General Assembly Minutes gave the church membership as 130. But we never found more than sixty. There were few children. Fourteen was about the number of both adults and children at Sunday School services. There were but two active Elders. One of these would not speak to the other. The day before I was to officiate at my first Communion service that man told me he would not serve with the other

elder. When it rained or snowed a bit the people remained away from the church. This is only part of a discouraging initial picture.

As always there are some good people, and so it was at Dickinson. With these who became our real friends we started hopefully forward.

After about five years of getting acquainted, and hearings, the pastor felt there was need of a general stirring up in his own heart and in the hearts of the people. "O, Lord wilt Thou not revive up again. We need a revival," he said.

On a weekday evening, Rev. and Mrs. Stair -- Pastor and wife of the Centerville Lutheran Church, were invited to take the evening meal with us. As we talked at supper about our work and our community, I touched on the need of a revival. To my surprise, I found the Lutheran minister quite interested. The result -- we arranged for a meeting with the Session and Council. These bodies voted unanimously that the two churches unite in a revival. The date was set, and committees appointed. The necessary preliminaries moving forward more rapidly than usual. The Revival was held during the winter. How I would like to give details but must refrain. It was indeed a great awakening. One week meetings were held in the Presbyterian Church and the following in the Lutheran Church. Night after night for four weeks the church was crowded. The Pastors did the preaching, and most of the personal work. People of both churches and of the entire community felt a spirit of oneness. They sang. They prayed. They had fellowship one with another -- truly people rejoiced in the things of the Spirit. Members got a firmer grip on the eternal verities. In different ones -- old hardened sinners softened and were anxious about something they did not possess.

The very atmosphere appeared to be charged with the things of the Spirit. I remember one day as I drove along the highway, I saw approaching a man who never seemed interested in spiritual things. I threw up my hand signaling him to stop. Thus he did and maneuvering our horses so as to bring our sleighs close -- we talked of the things of the Kingdom of God.

One evening at Dickinson, the church was crowded -- benches in the aisles and no more room, even about the doors, Rev. Stair was leading the singing -- the favorite song was -- "Softly and tenderly Jesus is Calling - - calling O sinner come home." I had been working with people down in the church and had come up to the pulpit. We stood together each in turn -- relating some passage of Scripture to seeking souls, and then extending an invitation to come forward and surrender and accept by faith Christ the Savior.

Suddenly there was a great movement. Up the aisles of the church came so many that Rev. Stair said in my ear -- "Glenn -- the whole church is moving." So it seemed. Most of the persons who decided for Christ that night were young men. I would like to write more, but I draw this account to a close.

Many members were taken in to the participating churches. I think Dickinson took in thirty during the year. Remembering we had but sixty members at the beginning -- this meant a great addition. The Lutheran Church had a membership of over 200 and they received eighty. Other churches of the community also had additions as a direct result of this revival. This revival marked the beginning of new days at old

Dickinson. Pastor and members worked with a renewed energy.

Members were received in the years that followed, and their pastor and people agreed that there was a need to have the Lord "revive us again." This time a Presbyterian Evangelist named Harry Parker Dunlop, then living in Boulder Colorado was invited to conduct a two week's campaign. He accepted and wrote his wife would be with him. The wife's coming was not at first, so agreeably received, when she can and we got acquainted, the whole congregation fell in love with the Evangelist's wife. In my life's ministry I have never met a personal worker so competent as Mrs. Dunlop.

The pastor was familiar with the highways and byways of the community. By this time, automobiles had come. Together we visited the homes of the people, or talked to men in the fields. Rainy days were best days for Kingdom work. Often we found all the family gathered about the wood fire in the kitchen. There Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop sang, we prayed, invitations of acceptance of Christ were urged and persuaded to come out to the services in the homes and as we drove along the highways. Sometimes Evangelist Dunlop would stand on the running board, and shout to men in the fields -- "Come out tonight -- Great Revival at Dickinson Church." They came and filled the church -- again they sang, we prayed, we preached, we worked, and God sent a blessing.

On one Sunday morning, I baptized forty-three persons -- thirty-three adults and ten infants. We received fifty members on profession of faith. I think that was the year Dickinson received more members than any other church in the Presbytery.

We entertained the Dunlops at the Manse. They were agreeable in every way.

Twice in following years -- well spaced we had the Dunlops with us. Once uniting with the Dunkers. On their second visit we received fifty-four members.

The methods used were about the same I will not write further. The revival was a great success.

Upon their third visit, while much good was accomplished, I did not feel it was really a revival. The atmosphere was not properly charged for a great awakening.

As to membership of the Dickinson Church, it should be remembered that it was always small. The records do not indicate ever a membership of 200. There were sixty members at the beginning of my pastorate -- membership rose to 170 and there were 103 when I closed my pastorate.

I had three horses at different times, and wore out a number of cars. However, I discovered it was more economical to keep a car a few years. I wore out two Model T's. Had a used Dodge a short time -- then all new Fords -- '29, '31, '34, '35, '37, and '41.

Our salary was small. At first 1908 -- salary was \$800 a year. This was the regular salary our denomination paid to rural pastors. Later the salary was raised to \$1,000 - - \$1,200 -- \$1,400 -- and \$1,600.

We managed to pay off our debt before the First World War. Then to save so that when we retired we could pay cash for a large and well built and well proportioned house with fine surroundings in Carlisle.

We always had good food to eat and a warm house -- sufficient

clothing and really all we needed for happiness in material things.

Both Lutitia and I believed the way to save was to keep laying aside some money -- people with ordinary incomes did not save by spending (as is now so much advertised) but by saving. It is wise for a young couple to take out some life insurance.

We believed it wise to save and not depend on someone to keep us in our closing days.

We saved in every way. Kept our own chickens -- thus giving us poultry and eggs. Fed our own pork. Often gathering acorns in the grove to feed them. Kept a cow -- had plenty of milk -- cream and butter. Killed the fatted calf for beef. Then we raised our own vegetables. There is a good garden at Dickinson. Also we had berries, grapes, and apples.

True, all this meant work, and I have heard on the floor of Presbytery some good pastors criticized because they worked at these things. Some claiming that the minister who did these things neglected more important things. Well, I have known some who spent just as much time on golf and other recreations and would have in the end no better exercise and nothing added with which to meet his bills for food. It does a minister good to work in the good earth, and with domestic animals. When God wanted a fit man to lead his people out of Egypt, he found him in Moses who was tending sheep i the Midian desert.

When Elijah was called away -- his mantel fell on Elisha who was plowing in a field of twelve yoke of oxen and he with the twelfth.

When Saul failed as king -- the proper one for the place was found by Samuel -- God's man -- in David out with the sheep.

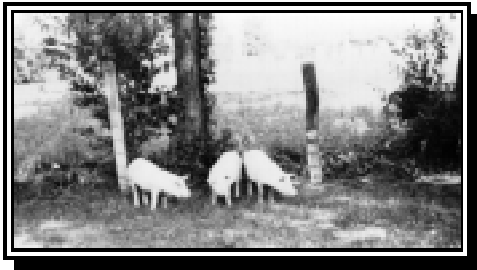
When a brave prophet was needed to cry against the sins of Jereboam - God

sent Amos, a humble keeper of sheep, and a dresser of sycamore trees.



THE FALL OF THE GIANTS.

These magnificent evergreens fell during a wind storm just after heavy rains had soaked the soil. I looked on as they fell, helpless to prevent it. "How are the mighty fallen." The trees exceeded 80 feet in length.



PIGS GROW INTO HOGS. Picture taken in the spring. At fall butchering, these dressed at 350 lbs. Each. At Dickenson, we raised our own meat.

In many instances the church has gone to extremes in making the ministry so exclusive. Let the rural pastor help support himself in the work that will be both recreation and profit. Today the church has gone C.I.O. The ministry says give us so much or do without a minister. No real he man wants a dole from Presbytery.

Paul said -- he who ministers to the flock had a right to live of the flock. But he was too independent to try to enforce that privilege -- so he held up his greasy, wrinkled hands -- exclaiming -- "These hands have

ministered to my necessities that I might not be chargeable to any of you." Make the minimum salary for rural pastors \$2,000 and let him get his recreation in a pleasant, wise, and profitable manner.

Lutitia and I had a joint bank account. Either one of us could check out. Yet, I never knew her to write but one check and that was when I was in the hospital.

All the time of our ministry at Dickinson, we tithed our income, and gave this part to church work.

Twice during my ministry, I was a Commissioner to the General Assembly. Once at Rochester, New York -- held in the Central Presbyterian Church, Year 1914.

In 1927, I was fortunate in representing the Presbytery as a Commissioner at San Francisco. There were a goodly number wanted to go that year. It was pretty well known before the election that Fulton and King would be two of them, and they were selected on the first ballot. The third minister was not so definite. I had not mentioned to any my purpose before the meeting of Presbytery. Upon arriving, I asked Rev. Samuel Moody to place my name before Presbytery. This he did in a few choice words. Rev. Wheeler of Newville had asked me to support him if I felt so inclined. This I did. Many ballots were cast, and my name always at the top, and finally won out. Needless to say -- Lutitia and the children were pleased when I arrived home and broke the news.

The Commissioners for the East made the cross country trip in a special pullman train, starting from New York. At Harrisburg I bought a round trip ticket. We went by Chicago, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, Reno, Truckee Pass over the Sierra Nevada mountains to Sacramento and on to San Francisco. I came home by way of Los Angeles, Grand

Canyon, Amarillo, New Orleans, Atlanta, and Washington. It was a rare treat to attend the Assembly and help elect Robert E. Spear, Moderator, and to see so much of the land and people of our own grand country.

I was absent from my field five weeks. Here I will mention a few outstanding events of the years at Dickinson.

First the 100th Anniversary of the organization of the church in the summer of 1923. It was observed on a Sabbath Day. The chief speaker was Rev. Alexander of the Presbyterian Church of Gettysburg. A very young and very earnest young minister of Southern breeding. He emphasized Christian fundamentals. At that time the new church entrance, and iron fence in front were dedicated. Rev. Andrew Hagerty of the First Church of Carlisle gave the words of dedication. It was a lovely day and the church was crowded.

Another event was the erection, and later dedication of the Parish House. When Penn Township consolidated her schools. The brick building facing the church was purchased for the sum of \$500, including a half acre of ground. A second of the discarded buildings was purchased, and the bricks and lumber hauled to Cummingstown. A large addition was made to the south side of the building. An auditorium seating 250 with large stage and side dressing rooms as provided. Also kitchen and fireproof moving picture booth. It is a splendid place for dramatic work and social activities. Provision has also been made for basketball. During my pastorate many games were played.

The young people there have rendered some wonderful religious plays and presented exceptional displays of Christian pageantry.

After the erection of this building, the young people's division of the Sunday School held their classes here -- away from the natural confusion of a one room building.



DICKINSON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Erected 1829. In this building, the author preached 35 years. 1908-1943.

In July 1938, the Thirtieth Anniversary of my pastorate was observed. Mrs. Eva Wylie Polk was the chief speaker. She spoke in a very interesting manner of the work of the church as a daughter and wife of the Manse. In the evening, the chief speakers



THE MANSE OF Dickinson Presbyterian Church. Here Lutitia and I began our home life in June 1908. Here we lived for 35 years. In this house our four children were born.



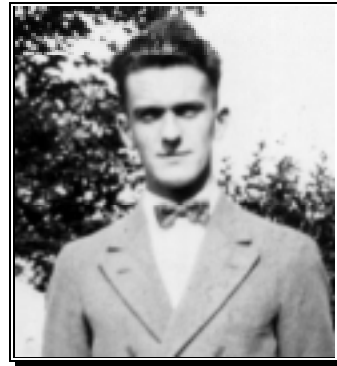
**Photo: THE PARISH HOUSE
BUILT 1927.**



**Photo: RINE LEFEVER - Mrs.
James McCullough - Harvey Cope -- All
past eighty years. Taken at Dickinson
Church Picnic.**

were James Hays, Chief Man of the Credit Exchange -- Harrisburg, a son of my pastorate, and Prof. William Rice, Supt. of the Boiling Springs Schools -- also a son of the church. The congregation presented the pastor with a gold Hamilton watch and a purse of over \$100. The wife of the pastor was given a basket of lovely flowers. The pastor spoke at the first meeting on "Thirty Years at Dickinson." Presbytery meetings of great significance to me were the two occasions when James Goodhart Glenn and Abram Greer Kurtz were ordained in the Dickinson Church. It was gratifying to me, indeed, to know

they desired to be set apart for the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ in the church where they had been baptized, and made this confession, and also, to be chosen by these boys I so dearly love to give to each of them the charge of their calling.



**Photo: REV. ABRAM GRIEF KURTZ
born at the Kurtz home -- just across the lot
from the Manse - April 24, 1909. One of my
boys. A son of Dickinson Presbyterian
Church. Son of Franklin and Naomi Kurtz.
War Chaplain in the Pacific Area. Now
Pastor of church at Merchantville, New
Jersey. Married Jane Frey, a splendid
helpmate. They have one daughter.**

Here I take liberty to mention certain persons who were not members of the Dickinson Church whose interest and help in the work there Lutitia and I so much appreciated.

About the time of our coming to Dickinson -- James Cameron had completed a large and beautiful home at Kings Gap in the South Mountain. His sister Miss Mary made her home for a good part of the year with her brother. She became interested in the work of the church. She gave liberally of her time and money. After the marriage of her brother James -- he and Mrs. Cameron took an interest in our work. They were regular in attendance, and often bought visitors with them. Once their guest was

the governor of the state, Gov. Fisher. What I like about the Cameron family is their plain spoken sincerity. They tell one what they actually think. Miss Mary Cameron and Mr. James Cameron are children of Don Cameron, and grandchildren of Simon Cameron. These people have helped us so much in our church work and in our family like that I hope by the service we render to others we may prove ourselves worthy of such interest.

In 1941, we decided that I would retire in 1943. At that date I would be of retirement age and would complete what was termed a life ministry.

In July of 1941 we succeeded in locating and purchasing a house and grounds which seemed to our liking in Carlisle. So in that year we bought our present house of eight rooms and bath. It is located on the corner of Franklin and A Streets, number 500. At the end of the spacious lawn stood a brick building, first intended as a bungalow, and then used as a garage. This building has been altered during the year 1946 and is now a dwelling with five rooms and bath. Also a lot to the north has recently been sold and there still remains one lot adjoining the home lot on which there is a three car garage.

The home edifice is well constructed of colonial architecture. A spacious porch with seven pillars extends along east and south sides. The house has a full cement basement and attic with dormer windows. Both dwellings have fine lawns with shrubbery and shade trees.

We moved here in August 1943. I was supremely happy until January 1946 when the sharer of my happiness was so suddenly removed to her

heavenly mansion. I have a saying of my own -- "For the Christian there is always something better ahead." Luitia enjoyed God's good earth, yet, even for such a one, may we not say -- it is better to depart and be with Christ in a life more real than this one.

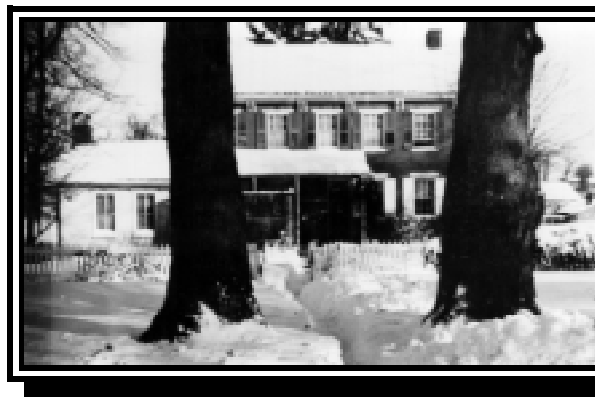


Photo: DICKINSON MANSE. The back of the house in Winter. The partly open window indicates the room where all our children were born.

As for the future of Old Dickinson Church, I know not what to write. God alone knows what will take place in days to come. Like many other country churches, Dickinson is faced with the fact of a declining population. No boom came



SEVEN PILLARS. Our present home at the corner of Franklin and A Streets, Carlisle, Pa., purchased in 1941. Picture shows west

and part of south sides. Front is to the east, not shown.

to the community because of government building during the recent war. Because of tractors and other modern farm machinery, less people are needed for farm work. Families are small than formerly.

Just now there does appear a tendency for people to get out of congested areas and build in open spaces. Industry is seeking to house its workers away from crowded places, and even locate its plants in such regions.

I fear our Presbyterian denomination is laying too much stress on bigness. There is something of great value in many of these smaller churches out in the rural districts.

A missionary forty years in China -- forced to leave his field during the recent World War, became supply pastor of one of these churches while the congregation waited for a regular pastor. He said to me -- "These people know their Bibles." Usually in rural churches the pastor not only preaches in the pulpit, he also teaches in the Sunday School. He is familiar with the Scriptures and the congregation has the benefit of his superior knowledge. Usually country folks are one for our American ways of life. If we would avoid state socialism or communism we dare not neglect our country churches.

MARY DIVEN

Here, though it may appear out of order, I place on these pages a very important, official and authentic part of the author's attempt to secure

information concerning our ancestors. Another who has been searching for data on this same ancestry, has met with difficulty in finding information concerning Mary Diven.

So I place in full a Cumberland county, Pennsylvania Orphan Court record, discovered by Mrs. Wetzel of Carlisle, searching for me.

Here we see that Mary Diven was a daughter of Alexander Diven who owned land and property in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania: That her father was dead by 1800: that she had four brothers and one sister, and the names of the same. That Mary was not likely so young at the time, since she had a sister married, who had five children -- with one daughter married. This works out well with dates I now know. It is, of course, only important that she is recorded as the wife of John Glenn.

Records Office, Court House, Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania

Orphan Court Docket No. 3, Page 276 (P 272 - At an Orphan Court held at Carlisle, Cumberland County the twenty-sixth day of March, 1800, before Samuel Laird, John Montgomery, and John Creigh, Esquires, Judges of the same court.)

Came into Court James Diven, eldest son of Alexander Diven late of Tyrone Township, Cumberland County deceased, and preferred a petition to the court therein setting forth that the petitioners late father the said Alexander Diven died intestate, leaving the aforesaid James, the petitioners, William, Joseph, John, Mary -- intermarried with John Glenn, Jean intermarried with Alexander McCoy, which said Jean is also dead, leaving five children - viz. Mary McCurdy intermarried with George Long, William McCoy, John McCoy, Elizabeth McCoy, and Mary McCoy. That the said Alexander Diven in his life time at the time of his death was seized in his demesne as of free of and in one certain tract or parcel of land situated in Tyrone Township in the County aforesaid -- containing 200 and 8 acres more or less, adjoining Edward West and Hugh Kilgore, and that he died intestate so thereof seized -- that the petitioner was willing and desirous that the said tract of land should be divided to and amongst the children of said intestate if the same could be done without injury to and spoiling the whole, but if the same could be so divided that a just and conscionable appraisement and valuation be made of the said tract of land with the appurtenances. The petitioners therefore prayed the court to award an inquest to divide the tract of land, hereditaments, premises, appurtenances above mentioned to and among the children of the said intestate. Agreeably to the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth in such case, made and provided and to make return of their proceedings at the next stated Orphan Court. Whereupon the court awarded the inquest agreeable to the prayer of the petitioner.

By the Court.

MISSION PASTOR WRITES OF WORK

James G. Glenn, Payson, Arizona, tells of work among Ranchers.

Rev. James G. Glenn, Presbyterian mission pastor at Payson, Arizona, has written of his work there in a letter to his father, Rev. James J. Glenn, pastor of the Dickinson Presbyterian Church at Cumminstown. The young Rev. Glenn, graduated last June from Princeton Theological Seminary and married a few days later Miss June Scott, of Cumminstown, left with his bride in midsummer for Payson to fill his first charge. His letter follows:

Payson, Arizona
November 20, 1935

Dear Dad:

As requested from the home church, I am writing this letter to be read at some service there.

Last night we dedicated the new church. Dr. Charles S. Poling of the First Presbyterian Church of Phoenix, Arizona, preached the sermon and Rev. Chamnas, a missionary from Korea, made the prayer of consecration.

Mrs. Mitchell, of Phoenix, who gave \$1,200 toward the erection of our church, was present and presented to our church a beautiful self-pronouncing, leather-bound pulpit Bible. She is having a Communion table and pulpit chair made to match the woodwork of the church. She also gave us a complete Communion set. She was well pleased with the new church and seemed delighted with the appreciation the people showed for her fine gift.

I suppose the people back home would like to know something of the nature of the country here, and the kind of people with whom I work.

We are 5,000 feet above sea level, right on the edge of the largest yellow pine forest in America. Our church is built of yellow pine logs that have been squared on three sides and laid one on top of the other with the round side out. There are no yellow pines, however, in Payson. Most of the trees are blackjack oak, juniper, and cedar. The leaves of the oaks are very small and stay green all winter.

The soil is a sandy loam, fertile, but must be irrigated in order to produce anything. There are no gardens in our town of

Payson, and only one or two lawns, a lawn mower agent would starve here.

We have very few cloudy days and hardly any foggy ones. The rainy season is in July and August. The showers come up quickly and pass away in like manner. We have very few all-day rains. The sunsets are beautiful beyond description.

The chief occupation is ranching. Just now about half the people seem to be working or putting in the time for F.D.R. Five miles from here is a gold mine. Two men working eight or ten hours a day can extract about eight dollars' worth of gold a day. If the copper market comes back, prosperity will return to Payson and the rest of Arizona.

We have no foreigners in Payson. Three or four families of Indians live on the hill north of town. They certainly are not foreigners.

Now a few words about my own work in the Tonto Basin district. Payson is a town of about 500 people. Though there has been a town here for about fifty years, there has never been a church. Most of the early pioneers seem to have left their religion with their relations back East. Outlaws from other states, I am told, found a home in the hill country of Arizona. Now, don't get the idea that Payson is a town of outlaws today. I assure you it is not. Nevertheless, it has an outlaw background which the movie industry has capitalized. Read Zane Gray's, *Under the Tonto Rim* and *To the Last Man*.

The cattle business, I am told, is no longer what it used to be. In former days ranges were overstocked so that cattle could not find enough to eat. Today the government places restrictions, limiting the number of cattle allowed to graze over a certain area. Ranching is conducted on a smaller scale today. The result is that people are grouping themselves more than in former days and so we have a group here in this town of Payson, in northern Arizona.

Last spring, our home missionary, Dr. Ralph Hall, held a week of evangelistic services in Payson which resulted in some forty conversations. Petition was made to Southern Presbytery asking for a church organization to be known as the Payson Community Presbyterian Church. The board of National Missions sent me out here as a Sunday School missionary with Payson as the center of a large parish. Most of my work is in Payson and the immediate community. I have another Sunday School thirty-three miles from here where I preach twice a month.

I also hold Bible Schools and organize Sunday Schools in outlying districts.

Recently, I held a service at a place where there is no Sunday School. The children were enthusiastic, but when I announced a

preaching service for the evening, they did not know what I meant. They had never attended such a service.

The young people of Payson gave one of the plays my home church has given in the parish house. It provided a higher type of entertainment than usual in this town. I wish we, too, had a parish house.

James Rayburn and his wife, evangelists, held a week's service here, and as a result of that meeting, fifteen accepted Christ as their personal Savior. We organized the new church with thirty-seven members, and a full house. At that service I baptized eighteen.

While the Rayburns were here, June and I took them up on the Rim where we broiled beefsteak over a camp fire. We ate under tall straight pines, lounged around on the pine needles next to the fire, talked and watched the moon rise. Then we walked out to the very edge of the Rim, and looked to the bottom of the canyon, hundreds of feet below us. This is a sight to take your breath away.

The past two weeks we have been eating elk and deer meat, provided by our generous neighbors. Next year I intend to go hunting.

Not long ago June and I were invited to dinner with the Goodfellow family at Natural Bridge, not far from Payson. The Goodfellows came here from Scotland forty years ago. They have a big hotel which is a famous stopping place for writers and people of wealth. Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright have stopped with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodfellow certainly treated us fine, and on leaving, we found in our car six pounds of the best steak, a pound of butter, and some pears. Scotch people, are liberal to the minister.

I must not forget to tell you that we, too, have a junior choir and are very proud of it.

The people of Payson are taking a real interest in the church. This is a mission church, and yet next Sunday evening the congregation is making an offering for the Board of National Missions.

It may be of interest to tell you that I am known as the missionaries' missionary. While I am assured my salary by the Board of National Missions, the Sunday School Missionaries endeavor to support me by what is known as the cent-a-meal contributions. So I am named -- the Sunday School missionaries' missionary.

We enjoy the work here immensely. We like the West, but we do not forget our relatives and friends in the East. I hope that we can come back to see you all within a year or two. However, it

will be for a visit only. You would have to chain me to keep me
in the East.

Love and best wishes for you all.

James G. Glenn

BORGER PAPER

James G. Glenn Named Outstanding Young Man of the Year, by Jaycees.

The selection of Rev. James G. Glenn as Borger's outstanding young man of 1943 is being announced today by Weldon Jolly president of the Borger Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The selection was made by a committee of Jaycees on the basis of outstanding accomplishments in civic activities.

The committee, headed by L. L. Broadbrooks, included J. A. Warren, Dr. Boyd Stephens, Neil Yowes, Fritz Thompson, and Weldon Jolly.

The committee's nomination of Rev. Glenn was voted upon with unanimous approval at last week's regular Jaycee meeting.

A distinguished service award in the form of a gold key will be presented to Rev. Glenn at tomorrow's Jaycee meeting. Although this award is often made by the Junior Chamber of Commerce in other cities, this is the first time it has been made in Borger.

Rev. Glenn is 34 years old and became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in February, 1940. During his pastorate, the church has enjoyed rapid growth.

He was born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania and received his A.B. degree at Dickinson College in Carlisle and his Th.B. at Princeton Theological Seminary.

During 1943, Rev. Glenn served in ten different important offices in the community.

He was president of the Hutchinson County Ministerial Association, chairman of the Hutchinson County Tuberculosis Association, chairman of the Central Board of Review of the Boy Scouts.

Chairman of the advisory committee for the Service Men's Center, Chairman of the committee of Juvenile Delinquency of the Borger Chamber of Commerce, committeeman for Troop 7 of the Boy Scouts.

Service leader of the Hutchinson County Raioning Board, vice president of the Borger Lions Club, member of the board of the Hutchinson County Red Cross Chapter, and chairman of the Girl Scouts committee for the Lions Club.

Men between the ages of 21 and 36 are eligible for the award.

First Presbyterian Church
Telephone 684
Berger, Texas

James G. Glenn, Pastor
The Manse: 318 Hedgecoke Street
July 27, 1943.

Dear Dad,

I guess you finish your ministry at Dickinson this Sunday. It must be difficult to realize that now after more than 35 years you will no longer be preparing a sermon each week. However I suppose you are so busy getting ready to move to town next month that you don't have much time to think. After you get settled in your new home is when you will probably wake up wondering what you will preach about next Sunday, or who you will call on this week, or when you will cut the alfalfa for the cow.

You can have a real sense of satisfaction as you look back across the years and consider what you accomplished as a pastor. Many of the people who were the leaders 35 years ago have "passed over Jordan." Others who were good workers have moved away to other churches where they are useful workers today. And some of the grandchildren of people who were young married couples when you came to begin your ministry are now helping in the church -- Nan Kurtz is the one I think of right now. The influence of your life and preaching, certainly was one of the influences that led Abe and me into the ministry. Whether we are a credit to you, is not for me to say. You also improved the plant and property and added the parish house and grounds. I am sure that if a list of constructive service of all the pastors who labored at Dickinson, could be compiled, your name, like Abou Ben Adam's would lead all the rest. I am not addicted to heaping praise upon my relatives, but I do want to say that as a son who is a minister I am proud of your work as a minister, and I am proud to be your son.

Mother, too has had a large part in your success as a minister. The minister's wife has a more responsible job than a wife in any other profession. She has to be a good mother to her children and besides she is expected to be a leader among the women, and in a multitude of other places in the church. Besides she had to be the tactful critic of her husband's sermons, even if we ministers do not appreciate the criticism at the time it is given. To be a minister's wife for 35 years in one church is a job a lot of women could not handle. Both you and mother have had some trying experiences in the last 35 years but you have come through them together, and are stronger and wiser because of them.

Well, the war news looks encouraging, with Mussolini in the discard, and Italy likely to surrender at any time. Still, we have the hardest part of the war to fight. We will probably have to lose a lot of men and equipment before we conquer Germany and Japan. I still think Russia will complicate the peace. If Russia insists on being the dominant power in Europe, I hate to think what may happen. Russia certainly doesn't seem to be very enthusiastic in helping us with the war against Japan.

Time for me to sign off, and get to work.

Love to all,

James

A LETTER

The Huston girls were close friends during our years at Old Dickinson Church. On their account it is a pleasure to include this letter.

The Reverend J. J. Glenn
Mrs. J. J. Glenn
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Glenn:

A recent family letter brought us the news item of your retirement from your ministry at Dickinson Church. Margaret and I wish we could be present Sunday next to worship again under your Christian leadership. Since that is not possible, may we wish for you and your congregation a beautiful July day with blue skies and the hearts of all united in grateful thanks for such an historic church that Dickinson had been -- where sons and daughters have grown up, where families have worshipped together, where the Way of Life has been proclaimed, where prayers of thanksgiving have been offered, of consolation for those who have walked in the deep valley -- where the "utmost parts of the earth" have been brot near because of your gifts, who, indeed can measure the worth of a church like Dickinson and who can count the lives it has touched and made better because of having worshipped there. For myself and I know it must be true for hundreds of others, when I think of a church in a rich green valley -- a sanctuary shaded by giant oaks, very friendly people, and a devoted minister and a parsonage of gracious hospitality -- That is Dickinson Church and I pray that for all the years to come that same church will still be pointing the way to the High Road.

To you dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn, we send a special appreciation. We have known you best of all the ministers that Dickinson Church has called. We have enjoyed such pleasant associations thru all these years -- you were always so gracious in your hospitality, your Sunday night services are precious to me in memory because Bennie shared them with me, you sorrowed with us when our sweet mother and beloved father went out to greet a new sunrise, and when I said farewell to dear Bennie. You have ministered so faithfully to your congregation and to the community. We all have taken such pride in the Parish House which grew under your direction and had afforded not only a modern building for Christian education but for Christian fellowship as well. Indeed your years at Dickinson must bring real warmth to your hearts and joy because of your years of Christian service and leadership. We trust there are many happy years ahead for you both and for your beloved family.

We have felt we should postpone our usual trip home to the Cumberland Valley for another year because of the need of train service for the troops. But we are looking forward to seeing you next summer when we visit in Carlisle. May you both keep well and we hope you will be very comfortable and content in your new home. Margaret joins me in sincere love and very best wishes. Again may I thank you for the joy I have had in our years of friendship.

Very cordially yours,
Elizabeth Huston Fickes.
Thursday, July 22, 1943.

SHORT - SHORT SERMONS FOR MY CHILDREN

Start life with a right idea of God and a right relationship to him, and you will not go wrong.

When life's way seems hard and obstacles difficult -- remember -- God is love and with Him all things are possible.

If past wrong doing vex and discourage you, thank God -- there is hope -- you are not a hardened sinner. If you were, sin would not vex you. God is our Father. It is a father's nature to forgive. Jesus taught this in the story of the Prodigal Son. You cannot change what is past. God will forgive. "If we confess our sins, He is just and willing to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Believe this -- act on it. Forget past wrong doing. Go forth doing good day by day.

THE BIBLE

Know the Bible -- It is the Christian's "Blue Book," to guide him along life's way to and across the Great Divide into the "Better Country."

Remember Lincoln's advice -- "Read the Bible -- take what you can on reason and the rest on faith and you will live and die a better man."

Commit portions of it. "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee." Psalms.

Have in mind a simple workable outline of the whole of this Great Book, so that you can begin anywhere and think through its pages -- relating event to event -- person to person, each to each other and all to God and to yourself. This will be interesting and spiritually profitable.

PRAYER

Start the day with prayer. Prayer is not an empty thing. Much is accomplished through prayer. Prayer changes things. Prayer keeps the children in proper relation to the Father.

GOD

Love God because he first loved you. Think how good God has been to you in the provision he has made for your happiness, how and always and you will naturally love him.

Fear God. This is the beginning of wisdom. Have a holy fear of what the God of all power can do to those who forget or disobey him.

WORK

Work -- Nothing good comes from idleness. Whatever be the nature of your occupation -- "Study to show yourself approved into God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

SAVE

Save -- Waste nothing of the good things that God gives you.

In some way lay aside for the proverbial "rainy day." For months I have been travelling back through the years, getting acquainted with our ancestors. The Scripture says -- "Give me neither poverty nor riches." I can say I found no ancients in the poor house and no moderns on relief.

Someone may say the poor house is now the County Home. However, here in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania one arrives at the county home over the poor house road.

Our ancestors were for the most part land owners. They owned a piece of land and the dwelling in which they lived. So they were of the class that has made America great. My father's brother Uncle Will, when hard pressed financially used to say, "Well, I don't know what I shall do -- I suppose -- just curl up under a stake." If the worm stunt even becomes necessary, it is well to, at least, own the stake.

WORDS

Words -- don't waste them. The gift of speech is from God, and words are precious -- "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Try to be kindly disposed toward everyone. As I now look back over past years I am sorry for occasions when any other spirit was exhibited. It is always good to be patient and long suffering in our daily contacts with others.

Life's experiences have taught me that in perplexed and trying moments with others many aftermath regrets are avoided by bridling the tongue.

As we live to strengthen others we ourselves are strengthened.

CHURCH

The Church -- United with the church by faith in Christ. The fellowship of the people of God is indispensable.

THE SABBATH

The Sabbath -- Keep it -- it is life's pause to give you time to think on, and so keep better all the commandments.

HEAVEN AND EARTH

Earth and Heaven. Here and Hereafter.

"The earth is the Lords. This planet on which we now live is God's good earth. We are to "dress it and keep it." There is so much here that is beautiful, in what we call nature. It is a good place to live and a normal person has no desire to hurry out of it. Let us be good keepers -- not even marring its face by scattering paper over its surface.

Heaven -- Heaven is a better place. I have a saying that often comforts me, "There is always something better ahead for the Christian." Heaven is, according to Scripture -- "the better country" -- that Abraham sought.

Paul said, "It is better to depart and be with Christ." It is a place well prepared. Said Jesus to his followers when about to leave the earth and enter Heaven. "I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you unto myself -- that where I am there ye may be also." In Heaven, we will be in his presence in a more realistic sense than is possible here.

There individuals will attain to the highest self, because unhampered by sin.

There will be personal recognition in Heaven. We will be the same persons. How do I know? Well, Paul says it's better to depart -- to go to that place. If we do not know each other

there -- How can it be a better place? Jesus, after his resurrection during the forty days till the Ascension was seen alive after death and was known to those who knew him. Certainly one important purpose of his frequent appearances was to confirm the genuineness of his person -- that he was the same -- the very same Jesus they had known in days before his death and resurrection. He was changed but he was the same person.

Even if we desired it we could hardly avoid believing in the perpetuity of personality. Last Decoration Day I attended the memorial service at the old town of Boalsburg. In boyhood I had known the town well, and had gone to school there. A cousin said -- "Jim let us go around and discover how many people of your school days you will recognize. I think there were eight persons. Some I had not seen for fifty years. Yet we at one, named each other. Now men with knowledge of our bodily make up tell us our bodies make a complete change every ten years, at the end of each decade there is not a particle left of the body we had at the beginning of that period. Here were persons that had as to their bodies completely changed five times, since last meeting and yet knew others at a glance.

I am now past 70 years. During the years my body has completely changed seven times. Yet, I am still the same person -- as homely as ever -- so that school mates who knew me only in the late teens and early twenties recognize me at once.

With what body we enter the Better Country Paul said was a foolish question. God, our Heavenly Father doeth all things well and he will give us a body perfectly adapted to life over there.

There can hardly be profit, in any sense, in spending much time about the graves of our dear ones. The angel at the grave of our blessed Lord said to the women who came to visit his grave, "He is not here." That is the comforting message for all Christians who live and die in the Faith. Our loved ones are not in the grave. The real self -- the spirit had gone to be with the Lord. To the dying man who asked Jesus to remember him -- he said, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise." When loved one depart, leaving us lonely and sad -- take comfort -- from the day they leave us they are in His care and keeping. They are alive for "God is not the God of the dead but the living."

PREACHER HAMIL

The Rev. Doctor Robert Hamil was first of all a man of dignity. For 43 years he had been pastor of two Presbyterian Churches ~ named Spring Creek and Sinking Creek. Formerly Spring Creek Church was designated as the Presbyterian Church located at Slab Cabin. This was the name of the stream that flowed into Spring Creek after furnishing water for the fertile farms along its banks in Center County, Pennsylvania. After removal of the church to Lemont on Spring Creek, it took the latter name.

Yes, Dr. Hamil was a man of dignity. On the occasion of the 150th Anniversary of the Church, I was invited to speak on "The Church as I Remember It." I said, "Dr. Hamil was a man of dignity. This he never laid aside." His son James Hamil was present, and, at the close of my address came forward, and thanked me for what was said concerning his father. One remark of his was this, "You spoke the truth. I was reared in his house ~ he never laid aside his dignity." He could not have been mistaken for one other than a minister. His bearing, his voice, his scholarly sentences bespoke culture and refinement of the highest type.

He was tall ~ broad chested, and square shouldered. Even in his steps as he moved his almost perfect physical frame about there was dignity, precision, and certainty.

I never saw him shorn of his ministerial garb. Even when picking the choice apples, on the end of branches, beyond the reach of pickers, with a long handled grabber bag, he wore faded frock coat and worn high silk top.

His voice was peculiar but pleasing. At the end of sentences ~ whether speaking in the pulpit or privately there was a slight very soft hissing sound. People who heard his voice well readily know what I mean, though difficult for me to describe.

He stood high in scholarly attainments, and was so recognized by his fellow presbyters. For many years he was Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Huntingdon. He was the High Court of Appeal on all questions, Theological and Ecclesiastical.

I was only about fourteen years old when he came to the end of his pastoral duties. He had been a noted expounder of the Word. While I do not hold in remembrance one sentence of those discourses. I am sure that a lasting impression for good remained in the hearts and minds of his hearers. I shall always think of Dr. Hamil as a man of God, and, am glad to state that it was he who laid his hands in sacred infant baptism upon me and upon the dear companion of my years.

I close this article by relating some interesting side line incidents not to detract one iota from a man of high character but rather to indicate his humanity. Dr. Hamil was not an angel. Like all normal men, he at times exhibited peculiarities.

My father, Samuel Glenn, was for three years tenant on Dr. Hamil's farm. The man of God, really had two farms. A small one on which he lives, and a larger one adjoining on which the tenant lived, farming both places.

The tenant paid the taxes on both farms and barn ~ the minister's house not included.

One Autumn the minister placed his fine hand picked Winter apples on the barn floor against the partition next the mow where the unthreshed clover seed was to be placed. Time came when this was ready for storage, but the apples had not been removed. Another warning was given without success. 'So the tenant with two wagons ready for unloading begins to remove the fruit with a scoop shovel. The preacher arrives. He seizes the shovel ~ "Tut - Tut Sammie ~ what does this mean?" "Dr. Hamil ~ you know I warned you," and Sammie kept on filling up the measures with the shovel. Then, the preacher spoke to his sons ~ "Boys bring on the Knoffs." "Bring on all the Knoffs," said Sammie, "I am not afraid of the whole kettle."

Finally ~ Knoffs ~ preacher's sons and all hands set to work, displaced the shovel and by hand soon removed the choice fruit to the other side of the floor.

Perhaps Sammie was a bit hasty. It was his nature to do quickly what he set out to do. His father never wanted him to farm the minister's acres. He was an Elder in the church. He knew both persons and feared they would not get along peaceably.

On another occasion the tenant was sledding the wheat to Bellefonte, about ten miles distant. Two varieties of wheat were marketed in those days ~ Red and White. Usually a few cents per bushel premium was paid for red wheat, as Sammie on his return passed the preacher's house ~ he threw up his bedroom window, and in the stillness of the winter night called out a maddening inquiry ~ "Sammie is it true as I am told you are selling all white wheat for my share and keeping the red wheat for yourself?" "Dr. Hamil," said Sammie, "don't make a fool out of yourself." If Sammie was at times too hasty. The old Doctor erred in listening too often, in his material affairs, to tales of outsiders.

In those days horses were used ~ "horse and buggy days." The good old preacher kept several good driving horses to enable him to get about among his parishioners.

He had one good beast, that was a little mettlesome, not always easy to get in the shafts. Some horses of that day, as soon as the shafts were held up would walk in on their own account.

This morning, the Reverend Doctor's hostler was absent and he was trying to hitch up the horse, with the aid of one of his sons. The mettlesome creature proved very trying. He just would not be placed. After the man of God had tried again and again ~ the son said, "Father why don't you use some of the words the hostler says to get him hitched?"

There was one son named Robert after his father. Robert with some companions was preparing for a fishing trip. Among other things really necessary, for a camping outfit of that day, the son ordered some whiskey. It so

happened that the names being the same ~ the elder Robert received notice that a package awaited him at the express office.

So it happened ~ the old doctor, being a sober man, was surprised to receive a package of liquor. To those who stood by, as the good doctor paid the express agent, he said, "It really isn't so much the cost, as the quantity of the stuff."

Dr. Hamil was truly a Prophet of God, yet human like other men in the affairs of this present world.

FRED DECKER

Old Freddie many called him. He lived, our nearest neighbor in my early days. The farm is now -- the home of the Center Club.

In his day, it was a sample of a clean kept place. There were no weeds. His fence rows were kept clean. I still remember his going along the highway with a shovel and throwing droppings of animals over fences into his fields.

He was a self made veterinarian. Along with some good ideas, he clung to some old superstitious ones.

I saw him bleed horses -- pour a mixture of pepper and vinegar in cows ears for "hollow horn," and with a sharp knife slit a cows tail to cure "wolf in the tail."

Old Freddie is remembered especially as an expert fisherman. It was said when he waded in a stream he came out with his boots full of fish.

In his day, there was good fishing in the Branch Creek. Old Freddie knew as no one else, where to get them. To my knowledge, he never used a reel. He knew what kind of fish was biting and how to land it.

I remember one evening before darkness came, with the home folks I was sitting on the front porch, in full view of old Freddie fishing. I could tell from the way he was manipulating the rod that he was following up a trout. He liked quietness when fishing, and so usually had no companions. On this occasion, I saw him land his catch, and knew it was a trout. This was indicated by the high leaps of the fish. Yet when my boyhood legs carried me to the bank of the stream in an instant no fish was in sight and Old Freddie, was maneuvering for another catch. A twinkle in his eye -- told me my eyes had not deceived me, and yet no fish there. Out from the bank was an abandoned muskrat hole and lifting a concealing board mine eyes beheld one of the largest trout ever caught in the Branch. Suckers were sometimes caught by hand and at this, he was always successful. Not so much fishing was then done for mere sport. People fished to get meat for the table. When Old Freddie got hungry for fish, he went and got it from the water.

I think I never saw one more provoked than was he when two men came one day and dynamited one of the best fishing places along the creek. I still remember seeing that column of water ascend, and rushing down to see what had happened. I was one of the boys who waded in and threw the fish out on the bank. There were many, mostly fine big suckers, but the man who placed the blast, gave not one fish to the boys who threw them from the stream, but placed them in baskets and hurried away.

It was a dastardly unsportsman like and wasteful deed. Some fish were mutilated and useless for food. Some, doubtless floated down stream and were lost. Worst of all, many fish too small to eat were killed.

Game laws were few and not often enforced. I do not think the two men were arrested for their deed. I will not mention names for I think one is still living.

Old Freddie was a good neighbor. I can still see his tall-very tall-- broad-shouldered frame. His broad chest and straight legs made him physically a man to be envied. No man was better known or more welcome in the homes of the people.

Often, being an early riser, he came to our home before breakfast. When time for morning worship came, he joined the family, as father read the portion from the Bible. I can still see this tall neighbor getting down to kneel and join the family in prayer.