

IN THE KEYSTONE STATE



Site of America's First Oil Well.

The Things That Last Are All in Pennsylvania, Said Kipling

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service. AFTER having visited the sixty-seven counties of Pennsylvania, I trod the streets of all its teeming cities, gazed on its noble mountains, sauntered through all its glorious highland valleys, motored along all its fine rivers, traveled through its dense, young forests, inspected its finest farming areas and studied its amazing industries, it becomes easy to understand how Kipling, after a transcontinental trip, could write:

"They are there, there with earth immortal (Citizens, I give you friendly warning); The things that truly last when men and time have passed, They are all in Pennsylvania this morning."

From the heart of Market street in Philadelphia to the famous "Point" in Pittsburgh and Logstown down the Ohio; from Easton and Bethlehem to New Castle and Sharon; from busy Chester on the Delaware to thriving Erie on the lake; from Matamoras, farthest east community, to Greene, the southwesternmost county; the historic, the eye-delighting, and the industrial are bound together in every prospect.

Where the commerce of Philadelphia throbs, William Penn lived; Benjamin Franklin wrought and philosophized; the Declaration of Independence had its birth; and the federal Constitution was created.

Where Braddock fought and was fatally wounded now lives a teeming population, and hard by are some of the principal industrial plants of the world. The Edgar Thompson Steel mills, the Westinghouse Electric, and scores of others stand on ground that was within earshot of the fateful battle; and it is stated that a heavier tonnage moves within twelve miles of Braddock's field than in any other area of its size.

Vast Industries Are There. The coal that comes down the Monongahela; the ore that moves from the Great Lakes; the iron and steel fabricated in the Pittsburgh district's scores of mighty plants; all the commodities bound east and west and north and south by rail and river—all these, the most concentrated tonnage in the world, pass by or within a dozen miles of the spot where the hostile savage turned back the English forces.

On the Ohio between Economy and Baden, where Dam No. 4 stretches across the river, is the vast plant of the Byers company, manufacturers of wrought iron. In front of the plant offices is a marker which proclaims the site of Logstown, where George Washington, carrying the greatest "message to Garcia" of all our history, negotiated and bargained with the Half King and his confederates for an escort to Fort Le Boeuf.

Across the bridge, a stone's throw down the highway, is a smaller marker proclaiming the site where Gen. Anthony Wayne had his winter camp.

In sight across the river is the factory-studded area where Queen Aliquippa had her cornfields. Here where Indian conferences created tribal agreements and wampum belts sealed bargains between redskins and paleface, giant furnaces and mills now mix slag and purified iron and produce more than half of the nation's wrought-iron pipe.

Almost Forgotten Romance. Everybody knows the stories of Gettysburg and Valley Forge, but how many know the story of Ole Bull and his castle in the wilds of the big woods of the Kettle creek country? Every travel folder and historical map tell of the chief points of interest in Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, and Erie, but who hears of the birth and boyhood days of Robert E. Peary spent at Cresson, of Prince Gallitzin's superb work in the heart of the Alleghenies, of Horace Greeley's Utopia, or of the French settlement at Asylum?

Likewise, everyone knows something of the oil romances of Titusville and Oil City, but how few know of the rejuvenation methods in the Bradford field now in full swing!

The story of Ole Bull's hapless adventure in the heart of the Big Woods, where the Viking virtuoso dreamed his dream of "a new Norway, consecrated to Liberty, baptized with Independence, and protected by the Union's mighty flag," is one that stirs the heart of every admirer of the artist.

During his concert tours through the South, Ole Bull had encountered many of his countrymen, whose efforts to acclimate themselves in balmy areas than the lands of their birth had brought them privations, hardships, and ill health. Their appeals had touched him. Later, when touring northern Pennsylvania, he found in the heart of Potter county a large area reminiscent of Viking land itself. He bought it and started to build there his "new Norway."

Some 800 of his countrymen flocked to his haven in the heart of the mountains. Three hundred houses, a store, and a church were built. For himself, he erected a rustic castle of unhewn, unmortared stone on a little bluff overlooking Kettle creek.

End of Ole Bull's Colony. In the intervals between concert tours, the violinist would go among his people. There he would seat himself on the ramparts of his castle, and "reproduce the rush and roar of rapid streams, the frolic of the winds through the rocky glens, and the tempest's crash on the mountain top."

To this day as one motors down the historic old Coudersport and Jersey Shore turnpike, past the hamlet of Oleona, one may see the remains of the old castle and fancy he hears Kettle creek and its rocky glens echoing back the music that imitated them fourscore years ago.

All went well with this new Norway of America until one night when Ole Bull was entertaining some friends in his castle. A messenger rode up and carried a notice from the actual owner of the property. The men who had sold it to him had no title. The real owner was a Philadelphia merchant.

For five years Ole Bull fought a losing battle in the courts against those who had sold him land they did not own, earning the costs of his suit by his concerts. In the end he got small damages. But meanwhile the colony had perished.

Prince Gallitzin's Mission. In the heart of the Alleghenies, high above Johnstown and Altoona, there are markers, memorials, and institutions which preserve the memory of a prince who elected to become a pauper in order to serve the cause of Christ and to carry His message of benevolence and brotherly kindness to the humble mountain folk of the region. Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin was born in Holland in 1770. His father was Russian ambassador to the Netherlands and his mother the daughter of a field marshal of Frederick the Great.

At the age of seventeen he picked up a Bible in a bookstore and began to study it, with the result that he became a convert of the Church. Later his father sent him to America for a season of travel. Once here he decided to spend a season's theological studies in Baltimore. Then, after ordination in 1795, he started out as a traveling missionary. Erecting a log church on the west slope of the Alleghenies, he traveled far and wide, visiting homes where bare floors were his bed, his saddle a pillow, and his food the coarsest mountain fare.

Prince Gallitzin lost his all. His father left what was to have been his patrimony to his sister. But he used the money his mother gave him for his mountain mission work, and at Loretto that work is still carried on in the fine missions, schools, and churches he founded.

Way Back When

By JEANNE

SCIENTIST WAS BORN IN SLAVERY

HIS master traded a broken-down race horse, worth about \$300, for George Washington Carver when he was a little pickaninny just before the Civil war. Today he is the pride of the negro race. A worn-out speller was the only education available to him until he was ten years old, when he attended a small school in Neosho, Mo. He slept in a barn there and did odd jobs to earn a living while learning. The young negro boy's thirst for knowledge grew, and he went on to finish his elementary school education in Fort Scott, Kan., where he worked as a hotel cook, a dishwasher, and a housekeeper. Later he bent over wash tubs night after night doing laundry for people, to pay his way through high school. He worked as a hotel clerk for awhile and then entered Simpson college at Indianola, Iowa, where he earned his tuition by doing odd jobs.

Three years later, George Washington Carver went to Iowa State university, graduating with a degree in agriculture. In two more



years he won his Master of Science degree, and was made a member of the faculty, so impressive were his accomplishments in agricultural chemistry. In 1897, he took charge of the agricultural department at Tuskegee institute, in Alabama, leading negro university.

The contributions George Washington Carver has made to agriculture of the South are outstanding. He was among the first to advocate crop rotation for worn-out soil and he has developed hundreds of commercially useful articles from the principal agricultural products of Southern states. From the peanut alone Carver made 285 products and from the sweet potato 118. Thomas A. Edison once invited him to work with him, but he preferred to concentrate on problems of southern agriculture.

In addition to his prominence in science, George Washington Carver is an accomplished musician.

STAR PITCHER WAS A COTTON PICKER

JEROME HERMAN (DIZZY) DEAN was born in Lucas, Ark., in 1911. Son of a poor cotton picker, he was forced to quit school when he reached the fourth grade, because the family was so poor that the 50 cents a day he could earn in the cotton fields was a necessity.

Under-nourished, poorly clothed and uneducated, as he was, Dizzy Dean always had confidence in himself. Perhaps that explains why he was able to develop what small advantages circumstances in life allowed him, and develop them to championship quality. Confidence and a strong right arm hardened in



the cotton fields were Dizzy's equipment for facing life.

He learned to throw a baseball with amazing speed and control. In 1929, he was signed up by D-n Curtiss, scout for the Cardinals' Texas league. The salary was comparatively small, but it looked like a fortune to the former cotton picker. After training in Houston, he was shipped to St. Joseph, Mo., where his confidence and fast pitching won 17 games. Transferred to Houston, he developed rapidly and soon became star pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals. Meantime, his brother Pau, or "Daffy," also won a pitching berth on the Cardinals'. Dizzy was always the more spectacular, the higher paid, and the more widely publicized. He has endorsed many advertised products, made a motion picture, appeared in vaudeville, and spoken over the radio. His recent earnings have been \$46,000 or more per year.

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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Soft and Deadly"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

THE trouble with Leo Caron was that he had it too soft, in fact, so soft it doggone near killed him. That's a new sort of complaint for an adventurer to be making. But it's a fact, just the same.

Leo lives in New York City, but in 1916, when he was a kid, his home was in New Bedford, Mass. He was twelve years old then, and just a few blocks away from the house he lived in were the Gosnold Cotton mills—a collection of great, rambling buildings full of all sorts of things that a kid would be interested in.

All the kids in Leo's neighborhood played around those mills—that is they did when the mill people didn't catch up with them. Some of the workers didn't mind. But if the bosses saw them they were chased out. Leo says he didn't blame those bosses much. "We weren't any Little Lord Fauntleroy around our neighborhood," he says, "and some of our pranks must have cost the mill owners a lot of money."

There was one place in that mill that the kids liked better than all the rest. That was a big room that was used to store the cotton in after it was unbaled. The bales were pulled apart and the cotton blown through tubes into a huge pile in the middle of the storeroom floor. It came out of the blower all fuzzy and soft—the softest stuff Leo had ever seen. That was the trouble with it—as Leo was to find out later. It was so doggone soft that it almost killed Leo.

Boys Liked to Dive Into the Cotton.

There was little work to do in that big room. Its only occupant was a big fellow who weighed in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds, and his sole duty was to push the cotton down through a great tube when it was needed in the room below. But he only had to do that at certain intervals. A good part of the time he wasn't there at all. And in those intervals, kids used to run all over the place.

The kids had one favorite stunt that they did in that room. They would sneak through the mill yard, run for the big room full of cotton, climb up on a partition that divided the room into stalls, and jump down onto the edge of the big soft pile of fluffy stuff.

They always jumped feet first, and like as not they'd sink in up to their knees before their feet came to rest on the solid floor. That was near the edge where the cotton wasn't very deep. They never got near the middle of the pile. They had no time for that. That big fellow might come back any minute and catch them. They always jumped, and then ran as fast as they could for the door.

One day, when none of the other kids were around, Leo Caron sneaked into the mill alone. It was just about half an hour before closing time as he went up the stairs, ducked into the store-room and climbed onto the partition. As he was ready to take the jump a thought occurred to him. Here was his chance to try out a new trick and show it to the other kids the next time they all came up together.

Leo Couldn't Get Out Again.

Leo poised himself on the top of the partition. But instead of jumping he raised his arms and dived head first right into the middle of the pile of cotton.

That pile was ten or twelve feet high in the middle. "I had dived," Leo says, "with my arms together, palms touching over my head. That wedge-like formation of my arms carried me deep into the cotton. From where I lay I couldn't see anything, but it seemed to me that I had penetrated that mass of fluff until I was buried completely."

It was hard to breathe, under all that cotton, and the topsy-turvy position I was in was most uncomfortable. I knew I would suffocate if I stayed there long, and I decided that it wouldn't be a bad idea to get out of that pile as soon as possible.

But getting out of that pile wasn't going to be so easy as getting in! Leo tried to get out—and found that he could hardly move a muscle. The cotton had packed down tight against him, and all his wriggling only served to put him deeper into the pile. That soft stuff was like quicksand—and slowly but surely it was smothering him.

Says he: "No one had seen me come in—and it was almost time for the mill to shut down for the night. I realized that my chances of rescue were small and I became panic-stricken. In my frantic efforts to free myself I became exhausted and gasped feebly for air which, all the time, was becoming more and more scarce. In my childish horror of death, all sorts of ghastly visions arose in my imagination. Memories of my youthful past flashed before my mind, and I even pictured my four best friends as my pallbearers."

How He Was Saved by a Rat.

And now, into our story comes—a rat! Doggone few people ever have a good word to say for rats, but Leo will give them a boost any old time. For it was a rat—a great big factory rat that saved his life that day.

The one man working in the store-room—the big three-hundred-pounder—was making his last round of the day, closing windows and locking the place up for the night. As he approached the pile of cotton, he espied a rat and began looking around for something to throw at it.

There was only one solid object in the place—a black thing that seemed to be lying on the side of the pile of cotton. He reached over and grabbed it. It was a shoe and it seemed to be attached to something. The big fellow gave a hearty tug, and out of the pile came a twelve-year-old boy, limp, exhausted—unconscious.

The big fellow called for help. They gave Leo artificial respiration, and it took a full half hour to revive him. It was several days before he was completely recovered—but he never would have breathed again if it hadn't been for—a rat.

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Rock Dunder Bombarded by British Fleet in 1776

Strangers who visit the Lake Champlain area and take the trip across the lake invariably inquire what that peculiar object is which rises above the waters of the lake several miles from Burlington.

"It is Rock Dunder," they are told, relates a Burlington, Vt., correspondent in the New York Times. Then this story, which is accepted by local residents as the origin of the name, is told:

On October 12, 1776, a British fleet sailed up Lake Champlain on a close watch for American ships. The British encountered the little fleet under Benedict Arnold near Valcour island and a spirited battle ensued. The British ships were far superior to those of the Americans in size and carried heavier guns. The little American fleet was badly battered. After nightfall, and in a thick fog, the American ships slipped through the lines of the British and escaped.

But at some time during the night a sentry on one of the British ships called out that he saw a ship through the fog. Knowing that no British ship lay in that position the British commander thought Arnold's fleet was trying to spring a surprise attack and ordered his guns to open fire.

Throughout the night the British guns boomed intermittently. The strange "ship" remained in the

same position. As the shadows of the night were dispersed by the coming dawn so that it was possible to see more clearly the "ship" was disclosed as a huge rock rising from the surface of the lake.

The crestfallen British commander, in dismay, attempted to utter the exclamation "By thunder" but was so excited that he said instead "By dunder!" And the rock has been known as Rock Dunder ever since.

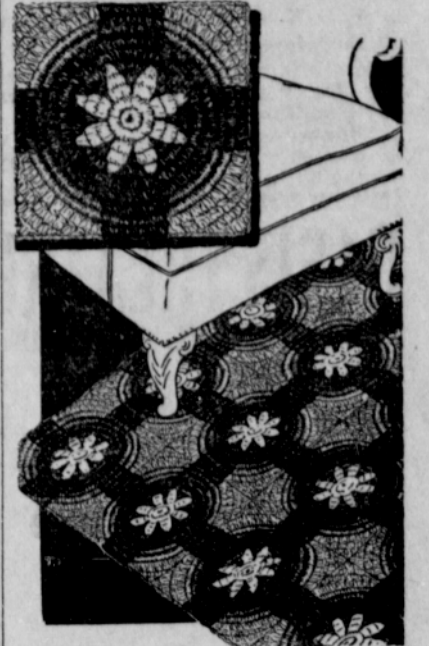
The rock rises 36 feet above the surface of the lake.

Morgan Horse Dates to 1793

The line of the Morgan horse goes back to 1793 when the sire of the breed, Justin Morgan, named after a farmer who bore that name, was sired. Morgans are noted for their ruggedness, style, courage, intelligence and general usefulness both in harness and under the saddle. For years they have been used as remount stallions by the army. In the United States many of the great trotters and saddle horses carry Morgan blood; and on the Western plains they have been crossed with native range stock to produce good "cow horses." Morgan blood also is scattered in other parts of the world. Morgan horses have been sent to Japan, China, Central and South America, Canada, Cuba, Puerto Rico and the island of Guam. Wherever they have gone they have left their mark.

A Crocheted Rug Is a Lifetime Joy

This rug that you can so easily crochet yourself will be a lifetime joy. See it isn't! Do the stunning medallions separately—they're just 8 1/4 inch squares—and keep joining them till you've a rug the desired size. If you like, make



Pattern 5855

each flower center a different color, keeping the background uniform. Rug wool or candlewicking make for a sturdy durable rug, or otherwise useless rags will also serve the purpose. In pattern 5855 you will find instructions for making the rug shown; an illustration of it and of its stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions, a photograph of the actual square.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

What You Seek

Have you ever thought how many objects you pass without even noticing them; how many voices and sounds fail to register with you?

It seems that one usually sees what he is looking for and hears that to which his ears are attuned.

Perhaps this is what Emerson had in mind when he said that no one brings back from Europe anything which he did not take over with him. (Excluding merchandise of course.)—Ohio Farmer.

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU-13 34-37

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

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