

sure of liberal patronage. Dad Baker and the Tuttle Family, Chas. Lee's Great London Shows with their glittering parades are still fresh in our memories, as are some of the songs and jokes of the nineties. Every age has its pleasures and every dog his day, we of the long ago are still enjoying good times and hope to for many years to come yet, though songs like "When you and I were young Maggie" are beginning to have quite an appeal.

CLAUDE WELDY SADLER

By

Herman Greene

To the last survivor in Hillsgrove of the Hill family, pioneers and founders of the village, we would pay a tribute of respect and admiration. Resting, ere the setting of life's sun, in the comfortable cottage, that their industry created, near the scene of his birth, on the ancestral acres; we find him not so active as of yore but jolly and agreeable, the perfect host to the unfortunates who always found his abiding place a home for the friendless, with his good wife, still Aunt Laura to all of us who have benefited by her kindly advice and true hospitality.

We'd rather send this small bouquet to our good friends this very day than bushels of roses white and red to strew on their their graves when they have passed away.

OUR MOTHERS

Word pictures of life in the place of our nativity would be incomplete without at least a feeble effort to paint the picture of the strongest force for cleanliness and righteous living in our small world.

The church and the school added their part but the home was the vital force, and what is home without a mother?

She was God's agent, from the time that she fought in the dark that we might enter into life, until her quiet eyelids closed in the sleep that knows no awakening. The memories of her loving sacrifices, now that age and experiences have taught

us to understand their value, keep us in the path that faith teaches us will lead to an eternal reunion with her, where parting is no more.

We would recall the handicaps that were hers, the lack of labor saving machinery and the necessity to create by her own labor nearly everything needed in the home.

The sleepless nights when sickness visited the home of neighbors and the true hospitality that her table afforded, her charity to the afflicted and the erring and her love a true type of the Infinite.

This was your mother and my mother and the pioneer mothers who preceded them.

HILLSGROVE PIONEERS

Red Men, the first settlers in the Loyalsock valley left no records and tradition regarding their existence is silent. Mute evidences of their presence and activities were numerous, particularly so in the flat lands adjoining the school building where in the nineties pupils found skinning knives and arrow heads that would have been of priceless value to students of Indian lore.

The writer would like to have interviewed, Daniel Ogden, the first white settler in Sullivan County who lived at the mouth of Ogdonia Creek from 1756 to 1794, as to his dealings with the aborigines but unfortunately, we did not arrive on the scene until ninety-seven years had elapsed, thereby forfeiting our chance for first hand information.

The surveyors, employed by Samuel Wallis of Muncy who purchased large tracts of land along the Loyalsock and later acquired vast holdings on Wallis Run, cut through the timber and built what was known as the Corson Road from the top of the Allegheny Mountains up the creek to Forksville in 1793, made no mention of meeting with Red Men.

James Eckroid, the Englishman, who settled in Hillsgrove about 1793 located a farmer's good three miles farther down the Sock on what was known to the present generation as Mose Lewis' farm. He incidently crowded Ogden out and his records