

pendent lumber jobber in a modest way. In 1878 he identified himself with the Jay Gould tanning and lumbering interests in the Pocono mountains, supplying bark for the tannery at Gouldsboro and logs for the mills at White Haven.

In 1880 he moved to Hillsgrove with his family, consisting of his wife, who, before her marriage was Christine Dewar, a bonnie lass from Glengarry county, Ontario, his son John D., a child of five years, and baby Essie in her mother's arms. The family home was the rude but honest environment of the rough village until 1889 when the growth of his business interests demanded his presence in Williamsport a large part of the time. He built the modern home at 332 Rural avenue, which he occupied for forty-two years until his death, on October 27, 1931.

His life's story, covering a span of eighty-five years is the real history of the lumber industry. The years spent in converting the virgin forest of the 'Sock region into logs and floating them to mill and market is an epic worthy of a more talented pen than mine. But sketching the highlights of his career takes me back along the strenuous path of memory and call to life many departed friends, reconstructing lumber camps, splash dams, log slides, floating arks, and the many comic and tragic experiences in log driving and bark peeling in which he had so large a part, not forgetting that though he could not swim he was always a "white water" man and asked his men to take no chances, he was not willing to take. His exploits I recall with sincere admiration many of them spiced with the thrill of near tragedy.

The fateful Sunday in 1885 when we bore him on a stretcher from his camp on Slab Run to his home suffering uncomplainingly with a broken pelvis and the rapidity with which he recovered from his accident resuming his duties while yet on crutches speak of the intrepid spirit and splendid constitution of the man.

The 25 years in and around Hills-

grove in which he successfully carried on a business employing from forty to one hundred men steadily, in the Loyalsock Valley witnessed many failures on the part of his associates attest to his superior business acumen and make the records of his success outstanding by comparison.

Always a total abstainer from booze, he permitted no intoxicants in his camps and he carried his practical Christianity into industrial relations creating an atmosphere of respect and reverence for sacred things that was amazing. "hicks" and "bulls" of the woods soon forgot to swear when Robert was within hearing.

His good wife, his son John D. McEwen and daughter, Mrs. Wm. T. Ebur, survive to carry on the traditions of an honored name.

Facts and figures make dull reading but he and myself are Scotch and I must be allowed to quote a few to show the size and scope of his endeavors.

During the twenty-five years he was in business in and around Hillsgrove, he employed steadily from 40 to 60 men and at times 100, at wages above the average. He bought and used 150 to 175 horses. Paid in wages and for supplies bought almost \$1,000,000. Many thousands fed and provided sumptuously for men and beast many men joining him from his former home in Canada spent the balance of their long lives in his employ. Paid in wages and operating expenses sums that go beyond the understanding of most of us, converted into marketable wealth bark and lumber, the profits of which made millionaires of several owners and enabled a number of men in the ranks of toil to save enough to insure a comfortable living and a restful old age.

Summing up the useful and eventful life he lived so sanely it can well be said "He was of the material out of which heroes have been made".