

The remainder of the interviews in this book were done
by a class in oral history taught by Jeff Fiddler.

John Fetterolf

ROOSEVELT UNIVERSITY ORAL HISTORY
PROJECT

I ELIZABETH FETTEROLF SCHMIDT HEREBY DIRECT THAT THE
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Albert Fall
for the Roosevelt University
Oral History Project

October 27, 1975

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Birth, Ancestry, Locale

I was born on August 13, 1891, near village of Pitman in Leib Township, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. My father's name was William Henry Fetterolf, and mother's Mary Jane (Maurer) Fetterolf, I was the third child to be born to my parents. At time of my birth there was a brother William Francis, age 9, and sister Gertrude Mary, age 7. At the suggestion of Pastor Stermer, who served the two Evangelical churches, in that area, and was a neighbor and close friend of my parents, I was baptized John Stanford, which was the the name of Bishop John Stanford of the Evangelical Church. My birthplace in northern Schuylkill County was region known as the Mahantongo Valley. The Mahantunga Creek from which valley take its name flows from east to west for distance of about 30 miles and joins Susquehanna River near Malta. This valley was occupied by my Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors at about end of Revolutionary War. I was told by my grandfather and others that two Fetterolf brothers moved into valley from Montgomery County, Pennsylvania and that these brothers were descendants of one of two Fetterolf brothers who came from Germany, in early 18th century and settled near what is now Collegeville. According, to tombstone Evangelical Church Cemetery at County Line, my great grandfather Samuel Fetterolf was born in year 1800. The brick house in which I believe my grandfathers Felix Fetterolf was born about 1834 is standing in 1964 and so is a grist mill which great grandfather built before Civil War, but is no longer. in operation. At some period this mill must have been modernized with roller type mills instead of mill stones, and water turbine] instead of wheel, and it was still in operation when I visited it with my father in the early 1920's. My father was born in stone house about one half mile to east of his grandfather's house about 1855. As I think back to my grandfather, Felix Fetterolf, he may have had a guilt complex for not having actively participated in the Civil War. On numerous occasions I heard him explain that he had arranged for care of his family, a wife and two or three children, when his father protested and told him he was needed to run the grist mill; as a younger brother, Samuel, was intending to enlist. He then moved his family to his father's house and from other talks I remember the mill must usually have been kept running around the clock during war years. My father had a slightly deformed thumb which he dated with

the day his uncle Sam left for war. As a boy of about 5 he was feeding a horse hay from his hand when horse bit end of thumb and crushed it. His uncle Sam was away four years with western armies and was with general Sherman in the battle between Chattanooga and Atlanta, and then on the "March to the Sea." I remember hearing tell of his return home after four years. It seems he arrived late at night and before entering house called for fresh clothes and facilities for a bath. Evidently delousing was not included in Civil War program. My mother, Mary Jane Maurer, was born in April, 1861. My grandmother, Rachel Heplen Maurer used to say that she was born on morning of the day her eldest son Bill, then 16 years of age, left to go to the war. He was a member of the famous 48th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry organized by Mexican War Colonel Nagle. Many of the men were anthracite miners from Schuylhill County. Later in war this regiment was under command of Col. Henry Pleasants, a mining engineer from Pottsville. It was Col. Pleasants and his regiment who planned, dug and exploded mine under Confederate works at Petersburg, Va. Their heroic and almost superhuman efforts were nullified by General Mead, who refused to permit a negro division of high morale which had been specifically trained, to lead the assault. He was afraid of criticism that might come if they suffered heavy losses. Instead a notably ineffective white division with cowardly general was designated. Instead of the break in Confederate lines that could have ended war months earlier and saved thousands of lives, it became death trap and grave for many Union soldiers, including the Negroes who were sent in when it was too late. A woman in charge of Crater Museum when I was there in 1918 said "Burnside took out his white dead, but his niggers were buried in the Crater." Uncle Bill was twice wounded during the war and was one of those who did not die between the lines of the two armies at Cold Harbor while generals Grant and Lee could not agree on armistice terms that would have saved many more wounded men. After the war he was the veteran of 4 years service and now 21 years of age enlisted in the regular army. Mother said he deserted and came home, was pardoned from desertion charges on account of war service, got married, named his first child, a daughter, Nevada, in remembrance of army service in that state or territory. The occasional visits in my early teens to the stone house

in a mining village which was the home of Uncle Bill and Aunt Mollie are still a joyful memory of fun with numerous boy and girl cousins of about my age.

The Mahantonga Valley mentioned earlier, from its early settlement by white people until well into the 20th century was almost totally occupied by the Pennsylvania "Dutch." This was also true of the Deep Creek and Hegins Valleys just to south. Among themselves they seldom spoke other than Penn. "Dutch" dialect. Many could not speak English, but I believe the men usually could. About 1940 I had occasion to inquire for directions at house in lower end of the valley and found I could not make myself understood in English. On another occasion about 1925, while driving through this area with my father we stopped by a farm house to chat with an elderly couple who looked familiar to him. It turned out they had known each other in the long ago. I joined in the conversation which was in the dialect. I could understand it perfectly from childhood but very seldom spoke it. The gentleman must have felt sorry at my painful grasping for proper words and after a while spoke to me in better English than I've ever used.

My mother was born in the Deep Creek valley just south of the Mahantonga Valley. When still very young the family bought a farm in the east end Mahantonga Valley where she grew up with numerous brothers and sister. My first cousin, Henry Maurer, recently died there in the same house where his parents and our grandparents died. I believe his son now lives there. My grandmother Maurer, whose yearly visits in my early teens were much enjoyed by her grandchildren, could not speak English, which was not unusual for her generation. Her father had married an English speaking woman but grandmother said she never used English after she learned to speak in dialect. Roth grandfather and grandmother Maurer read the German bible and taught their children to read it. My mother and her brother and sisters attended English speaking school, which had become general in their generation. The usual term was three months duration. My father born in west end of valley, had a few years schooling similar to my mother, but he could not read German. At 14 or 15 years of age he went to work on farm of his uncle John Deibler and Aunt Ella Fetteroili Deibler. This farm was located in Lykens Valley across mountain from the Fetterolf mill. I believe there were three cousins to my father in Deibler family-Ella, John, and Harvey. I believe his uncle John was kind even if, sometimes

brusque. Father told of a time when they were eating around the table, probably his aunt or cousin Ella was waiting on table as was the custom. Soup was meal or part of it and father asked if he might have a drink of water. His uncle John snapped "Water! Why should anyone need water when soup is being served!" His cousin Harvey spoke up saying "Well father, since we have water running into the house Henry should have a drink if he wants, it."

About year 1935 I attended with my mother a Hepler family reunion in Mahantonga Valley. While looking over geneological charts I noticed many marriages of 2nd cousins. This of course is common in communities with stationary population and had been going on for a hundred years before father and mother were married. One of the first settlers in the valley was a veteran of the American Revolution, Casper Hoeppler. He must have had a large family of sons because their name in its simpler form is two to ten times as numerous as Maurer, Snyder, Hans, Koebler, Wetzell, Fetterolf and others. My mother and father had parents or grandparents of this name and were second cousins. They must have become acquainted when my father went to work for an uncle or aunt's family on mother's end of valley. They were married when mother was 19 or 20 years of age and father about 27. My older brother and sister were born in this valley and so was I, but was seven years junior to sister. As the Penn. "Dutch" dialect was used in their community they learned to speak it fluently. When I was 2 years old we moved to English speaking community and there I believe they began speaking in English more than in dialect. At least they always spoke in English to me so that I never acquired much facility in dialect. The survival of the Penn. "Dutch" dialect down to this date must seem strange to outsiders and it sometimes "gives me to wonder." Our ancestors have been in eastern Penn. for about 250 years; I am sure we feel no ties to any European background and believe we are second to none in love for our country. Yet our dialect has persisted while other groups in three and even two generations have forgotten language of their forebears. There may still be a few who write in the dialect but it is a rare Penn. "Dutchman" who could read any but the English language. I seldom hear it spoken, but when I do the speakers must use English words when describing automobiles and automobile parts. I doubt if they ever will acquire German words for all the things such as airplanes, radio, television and space vehicles.

Up to 35 years ago one would often hear young people speak in dialect on streets

of towns like Allentown, Lebanon and York. Now one hardly hears anyone speak with an accent. To hear anything like it now one must listen to the advertiser of Pennsylvania Dutch Noodles on Radio or Television. However, this is not like any Penn. Dutch accent I've ever heard. People who have used the dialect from childhood as their chief language seldom lose all trace of it even though they acquire a college education. At present one seldom hears the unique and amusing distortions of English language that were peculiar to Pa. Dutch. Years ago this was grossly overdone in depicting their English speech. In recent years tho, there have been several delightful stage productions with Pa. Dutch background. In one of them "Papa is All" the leading role was done by a well known English actress who did the dialect so well that I could have thought she was one of us. She could have acquired it by imitating my mother. Another was a musical production, "Plain & Fancy", centered around the Plain People in Lancaster County, not far from my present home. For better or worse I doubt if the dialect will survive another generation, except possibly among the Plain People. The last sermon I heard in it was at my grandfather's funeral at County Line Evangelical Church in May 1912. Up until the turn of this century most Lutheran, Reformed and Evangelical Pastors in rural communities were bilingual. We no doubt would have looked with suspicion on other racial groups if they had continued speaking in their European language beyond the second generation. I doubt if we ever thought of ourselves as odd. Rather, we wondered and were sometimes amused at customs and manners other than our own.

The Duffy Farm

The Mahantonga Valley days ended before I remembered them. In spring of 1893 the family moved to a rented farm about five miles west of Pottsville on the Pottsville-Llewellyn road. This farm was at that time known as the Duffy farm. My memory goes back to events occurring in about 1895. I do not remember ever being too young to carry wood from pile in yard to wood box on kitchen porch. The road on which we lived was main road from Pottsville to villages and towns to west, among which were Llewellyn, Branchdale, Newtown (Zerbe), Tremont, Tower city, Williamstown and Lykens. Lykens is about 30 miles west of Pottsville, or about a day's travel by horses and wagon. The roads would be deep in mud in spring and fall and

dusty in summer. Here I can remember what seem like frequent calls from pedestrians who were referred to as tramps, bums, or hoboes. If they came early in day all they wanted was something to eat. If in the evening they would be fed, asked to divest themselves of matches and shown where they could sleep on hay or straw in barn. Nobody ever seemed to be turned away hungry but I do remember an early morning guest being served in kitchen. Then my mother placed a platter of eggs before him he reacted very unfavorably and said sharply Eggs, Eggs. Mother acted rather stunned and probably would have prepared something else if my father had not come in and assisted our guest on his way. In those days and until the last 20 or 30 years grain in Pennsylvania was threshed in barn instead of in field with combination reaper and thresher. The custom was to cut and bind grain in sheave. "Self binders" were then coming into common use, but much was still being cut with reapers. The reaper cut and laid grain on ground in portion sufficient to make sheave. Workers, sometimes women, followed reaper and bound grain in sheaves. The sheaves were then stood on stub ends in stacks, each containing twelve sheaves. The shocking was part of curing process which was to improve quality of grain. After matter of hours, or sometimes days, especially if rain fell on grain and it had to be re-shocked to assist drying, It was then stacked in loft of barn. When grain was in barn the threshing equipment would begin its round from farm to farm. The threshing machine would be placed on threshing floor of barn and driven by long belt from steam engine positioned outside on barn ramp. When time approached for threshing, a pile of coal would be placed in location favorable for shoveling into fire box of the steamer. The threshing crew coming with threshing equipment usually consisted of two men. Usually at least six men would be required. Three to get grain into thresher, one to measure and bag grain and at least two to take straw from back of thresher and store it. Payment for threshing was based on a price per bushel threshed. The entire threshing crew would be fed and usually sleep where they were working. Sometimes they would sleep in barn. Extra labor needed for this job would be hired or obtained by exchange with neighboring farmers. Until late in 19th century threshing was occasionally done with hand flails during winter months. One winter, it probably was 1898-1899, because I remember it well, my father hired two men to thresh his grain in this manner. They worked from dawn to dusk. I do not know why, but I do

remember father hauling away loads of rye straw bound in sheaves. Not many people now living have seen a flail except in a museum. The handle is of wood, the size of broom handle, and four to five feet long. The wooden piece that comes in contact with grain was clublike piece of wood about 2 inches thick and two feet long. Both pieces had holes in one end and were usually joined with rawhide string. The men would lay two rows of sheaves with heads in center, the length of threshing floor. Then they would both start on one end bringing flails down flat on sheaves. They would thresh from end to end of floor several times until grain was free from straw. Straw was then raked together and tied in sheaves The grain would, then be shoveled into separators or fanning mill by one man while another turned the fan which separated chaff from grain. I have good reason to remember this threshing because a small flail was made for me and I was permitted to work with and think I was helping them.

During years 1897, 1898 and 1899 I attended the Doudentown one room school located about one mile east of our home. The first year I was usually accompanied by my older brother and sister and some other neighbors children, The roads were often ankle deep in mud, but I also remember periods when road was covered with snow and ice and we could coast almost half the distance to school on sleds. I do not remember much of my first year in school. But many incidents of second and third year stand out. The Doudentown school had desks which seated two children. They probably had served some of the children's parents and were well decorated with names carved on them. Early in second year I was taken under the wing of an older boy who was my seatmate. He dominated the school yard play and said who should or should not participate in games. I was one who was always included whether other older children liked it or not. It seems he resisted fairly successfully the teachers efforts on his behalf and on one occasion threw his slate across room at the teacher. He missed her and the slate went out through a window pane. Outraged at his bad aim Johnny called to his three sisters to go home with him. Shortly his father approached the school with children. The teacher locked the door before he was able to come- in. I do not know of any sequel to this incident, but Johnny did come back to school and the teacher always seemed to come the winner in other incidents with this family. I would not say that the old one room school was better than our present schools where children from several townships

and boroughs are housed under one roof. I had no difficulty learning to read and **write**. in my three years at Doudentown and believe I was more proficient at reading than many high school graduates I have been able to observe in recent **years**. They were good for the era that they served, so were many of the teachers who often started in their profession at the ripe age of 16. They had to have something to survive. They had my respect as **a** boy and in much later years of my life when I occasionally **met some of** them I could see why. It was during one of the three years at Doudentown that I had the thrilling experience of attending a **magic** lantern show one evening in our school house. The admission price was 10 cents per person. It would be five to eight years before I would see in moving pictures such wonderful productions as the Great Train Robbery and the eight round knock-out of Bob Fitzsimmons by Jim Jeffries, in the Band Hall at Llewellyn. In a few more years one would for 5 cents be able to see Charlie Chaplin, Bronco Billie and others at one of the three movie palaces in Pottsville. Another memory of Duoudentown years was an elderly couple named Yuengling, of the Brewery family, who sometimes picked **me** up **on** my way home from school when they were out driving. They seemed to get pleasure from drawing a shy boy into conversation. I thought it a great privilege to get them a few turnips from my father's turnip patch while they waited. That Mr. Yuengling would give me a dime for **them was** almost unbelievable. Other memories are of Gypsies who camped with their colorful wagons on green near the **school** each spring. I see the gypsy women engaging **my** mother at house while men at barn would be **moving** hay and oats into their wagons. Then there was the **excitement** of the Spanish-American War, a flag raising in Llewellyn with soldiers firing volleys into air; a soldier being buried with **military** honors in cemetery just south of Minersville; **my** father telling mother (probably teasing) that he was going to enlist; people singing "Good bye Dolly I must leave you", and "there'll be **a** hot **time** in the old town tonight." It was also interesting to see the workmen erect poles with cross beams on top, on which they strung copper wires. These came past our house from Pottsville to towns to west of us, perhaps as far as Harrisburg. It was said that people could converse for great distances over these wires. They were called telephone lines.

Ramtown,

In the spring of 1899 we were to leave the Duffy farm. By that time there were six of us Edna, Frank, and Robert had been added. They were six, four, and two years of age in the order named. My parents had bought a small farm in a three police village to which we moved. Sometime in the dim past it had been dubbed "Ramtown." One of three houses was occupied by our Uncle Henry and Aunt Eva Maurer. They then had four children of age similar to those in our family. At that time they had living with them their maternal grandfather and grandmother Hepler, also an invalid aunt, grandfather Hepler's sister. This family had come here from the Mahantonga Valley about year 1890. Our ties of blood and close friendship continued thru lifetime of those who have passed on, and still exists with the few of us still living. "Ramtown" was in Branch Township, same as our previous residence. About the time we moved here our grandfather Felix Fetterolf came to live with us. The property to which we moved was in run down condition and during the next year or two the house and barn were repaired and new farm buildings added. For some reason my memory retains many unimportant phrases and sentences heard during childhood. One that I think of now is a remark of carpenter to my father while working on our house in 1901. He solemnly told father "The day has passed when a man can build a house for \$100.00." This man, Harry Star was a master carpenter and my father considered his work well worth the \$2.50 paid him for ten hours labor. My grandfather was skilled in many crafts that were common during his generation, but ended with them. He took pleasure in showing off his skills. With a bread axe he hewed the timbers for our barn as flat and square as a saw mill would have done it. He made axe handles and bent them to his taste. The bought ones did not just suit his need. He made brooms out of a stick of hickory about 2 inches thick. People would come from distances and take him away for a few days to recondition millstones in grist mills still operating at that time. This job seemed to require chisels and mallet. He seemed to particularly like to show me how to do my chores correctly and to supervise me. One of my daily tasks at about ten years of age was to clean cow stable, not six, but seven days a week. On Sunday mornings when his effort consisted of supervising only, he would walk about dressed in white shirt in summer, lean his arms on lower half of stable door, and point out to me the corrections and omissions my cleaning work. One Sunday morning

before he came I carefully smeared some of the cow's production of night just passed oh the inner edge of top of door. He did come as expected and my plan was entirely successful. He pretended not to notice anything unusual and I feel sure he chuckled when he turned away from door.

Between ages of ten and fourteen I was doing much the same work as men although I could not match my father and brother Francis in work where strength and endurance were needed. I could handle horses fairly well, but my father and brother were experts. At age eleven I plowed with team of horses, deliver milk to Minersville and before going to school would have groomed and harnessed four horses. Delivery of milk mentioned before would have been in summer time when it would not interfere with school, and on Saturday and Sunday. There must have been sometime for play, which was an incentive to hurry through chores so I could join my cousin and other neighbors in games usually of an energetic nature. In this year of 1964 when nearly every family has at least one automobile it is hard to realize how closely people living in country communities were confined-to home surroundings. People of course could travel to distant places by rail-and some did. But there were many people who seldom if ever traveled over twenty miles from their homes. Thirty miles per day was a fair distance to travel by horse and wagon. Often groups wishing to attend picnic, baseball game or other gathering would go by horse drawn omnibuses or tallyhos. About the year 1901 my father owned a tally ho, which he hired to take ball teams or band and any group needing transportation to other communities.. The distance of these trips in one direction would hardly ever exceed 15 miles. My father's tallyho was brightly painted vehicle with roof and curtains that could be lowered if it should rain. His name was painted on each side. The passengers entered rear and sat facing each other on two seats running from front to rear of vehicle. The seats would accommodate 16 to 20 people and there was room for two more beside driver. For traveling relatively short distances two horses could be used. But frequently three or four were required.

When I was about ten years old I made a trip on this tallyho that still remains fresh in my memory. At that time country doctor in a village named Hickory Corner, about 30 miles to westward, had a wide spreading reputation for affecting cures for ailments that baffled most other doctors. Probably the hope of some profit and also the fact that Hickory Corner was area in which my-father was born and grew up were motives for organizing this trip. I do not know how my father brought together the load of ailing humanity for

this trip. Father and myself and a man barely able to move about on crutches are only men that I remember. My sister Gertrude went along for the ride. I believe the rest of party was made up of women. Probably they had been let down by Mrs. Pynkham's remedies, or Father John's Medicine, and Peruna, which usually could be counted on for sure cures at the turn of the century. I was going for a cure for my catarrh. Practically all the boys I knew had running noses most of the time and we all considered it a normal condition. To be taken to a doctor for treatment made me feel important and, gave me a feeling of affection for my catarrh. It also brought some sneers from some of my playmates who no doubt envied me. When the day came we got under way very early. I sat on driver's seat with my father. Probably I was permitted to drive the three horse team part of time. Somehow and somewhere we must have picked up passengers, but the only stop I remember was in front of the home of lame man with crutches. We drove all day, probably stopping to feed horses. Late in afternoon we arrived at Hickory Corner hotel or inn where we were to stay for two nights. Father and I were assigned to two cots in upstairs hall. Some of our passengers sat up in chairs either at hotel or on porch of the doctor's house, which was located on country road about 100 yards from hotel. I do not know if this was due to shortage of accomodation or lack of money. Each prospective patient of doctor was given ticket showing his position in waiting list. My turn came sometime during our second day. My father and I went into a rather large room with what may have been a dining room table. My father introduced himself. The doctor knew several of father's uncles still living in that community. They conversed for a while in the Penn/Dutch dialect. Then my father gave doctor his diagnosis of my ailments. He listened sympathetically and said "dar will ich souvir cura" i.e., "him will I clean cure." Several bottles were filled from larger containers, father paid and we made way for many others still waiting. It was said that medical profession did not feel kindly toward this doctor who was besieged by people who came from some distance for, treatment, and that they caused people to apply to him for treatment looking in some way to discredit him. I was leaning against one of steel posts that supported wooden awning at hotel when a city slicker inquired about nature of my ailment. I told him I had catarrh. He then asked "where do you have catarrh." I answered "all over." He must have been sent to spy on our doctor.

Time or the medicine cured the running nose, but it often is stuffy to this day and causes some breathing difficulty. Maybe the doctor was overrated.

About the year 1900 I saw my first horseless carriage in a Memorial Day or Fourth of July parade in Minersville. In 1908 I would have my first ride in one. As I said earlier Ramtown was a three family community. Like other communities it has been affected by the population explosion following World War II, and in this year 1964, there are five homes possibly six if you consider our old home as a two family house, which it has been for a number of years.

As our two older children Betty and John, will remember our house stood in an angle formed by West Branch of Schuylkill River just 25 yards to north, and a spur of Reading Railroad 100 yards to west. The river or creek flowed past house to East then came back about 300 yards to south of us. About 1/2 mile to north Phoenix Park. The inhabitants of Llewellyn were mostly of German descent. Many could speak the Penns Dutch dialect, but it was seldom used, practically never by my generation. People were about evenly divided between Methodist, Lutheran and Reformed churches. The inhabitants of Phoenix Park were usually of second and third generation Irish descent. The homes in Phoenix Park were more dispersed than in Llewellyn and most of them were owned by coal company. Llewellyn had no company houses and they were often owned by the occupants. There were no cities in Phoenix Park, but on Sunday there would be a steady stream of people walking 1.5 miles or more to attend Masses at St. Vincent de Paul's in Minersville. During 1901-1903. I attended one room school at Phoenix Park. My younger sister and 4 younger brothers received all or part of their education here. Another room had been added about the time my brothers Peter and Norman attended this school. In the first few years of this century boys 10 years of age were working in coal breakers. The minimum legal working age would soon be fourteen. There were practically no boys over 14 attending this school, or girls for that matter. When I try to recollect how people lived in these mining communities during first few years of this century I feel sure by today's standards we would have been considered poverty stricken. I do not believe we wasted much pity on ourselves then. We did not think of ourselves as being poor. Except in families with drunken fathers, children seemed to get necessary care. Many people had garden plots which gave some variety in diet, but on the whole potatoes and pork and cabbage produced good results.

Our family had land and we probably had a more abundant and varied diet than many of our neighbors. There must have been a scarcity of fruit, especially during winter. I remember eating apples when approaching school, boys would come running and shouting "Gimme cob Johnny." Maybe I was not a nice boy or I would not have eaten my apple where other boys had no apple. The Phoenix Park School had all the sanitary facilities common to country school of that time. A water bucket with one tin cup was placed in back of room. In one corner of school yard stood the girls two seated convenience and in the other corner that for boys. I do not remember ever seeing any Sears-Roebuck Catalogs or even old newspapers in the boys building and none of us had ever seen or heard of toilet caper. At age 13 when doing approximately ninth grade work I transferred to High School in Llewellyn. The two story brick school building had four class rooms which took care of all grades. The lower grades were located in two class rooms on first floor, tile younger group was taught by Miss Annie Bressler, the next by Miss Annie Zimmerman. The 5th to 12th grades we were taught in 2 rooms on second floor. The 5th to 8th grades were designated the "Grammar School," and were taught by, Miss Clara Gehres, and the 4 high school grades by Mm. Metzgar. School sessions in all of township schools ran from 9:00 a.m. to 12 and from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. Many of pupils like myself brought their lunches and ate them in school room at noon.

The fathers of pupils in this school were usually mine workers, but a few like myself came from farms that surrounded the village. Llewellyn in the year 1904 had about 300 inhabitants, just as it has 60 years later in 1964. It was pleasantly situated in low hills with higher mountain ridges visible to south and north. It was surrounded by coal mines, but most were at a distance of one or more miles and the visible landscape was not marred as is the case in most mining towns. The people in Llewellyn were Predominantly Penn. Dutch with a fairly large percentage of second and third generation Welsh. Inter-marriage of Welsh and Penn. Dutch was common. There were three church groups, The Methodist had white frame church building in village. The Lutherans and Reformed shared Clouser's Church about one mile west of Llewellyn. Our family was Methodist. One memorable feature of Llewellyn was its band. They had a band hall in which weekly practice was held and which boys of my age group were permitted to attend if we behaved reasonably. The band would usually serenade the town on holidays and play for picnics and other festive occasions. But its most honorable function was to lead

the Memorial Day parade. This parade at about, 8:00 a.m. was formed in street. of village in about following order. The Flag Bearer and Band, Civil War Veterans, and perhaps a few Spanish American War Veterans, the school children, the P.O.S. of A. and O. of I.A. When all was ready the band played and parade moved up hill to cemetery on edge of village. When all were, grouped around speakers stand, which was usually near grave of Lieutenant Barnhart, the band would play and selected school children directed by veterans would strew flowers on departed veteran graves. Then a song, I believe it usually was "Columbia", followed by speaker of the day. A collection to defray expenses was taken from those leaving late cemetery. The parade then reformed and marched one mile to Clouser's Cemetery where ceremonies were repeated. Then the march back to Llewellyn and out to the east end of lower street where parade turned, came back to center of town and dispersed. I have returned to Llewellyn for Memorial' & since World War II and was pleased to find the general plan same as it was in my childhood. The differences are that band is from local school instead of men and boys of the village; the veterans were often great grandsons of the now departed Grand Army of the Republic. Also, the march between the two cemeteries was' accomplished in buses and private cars.

The school clothes of boys attending high school were fairly informal. At about age 13 boys graduated from knee breeches to long pants." If anyone except our teacher wore 3 necktie in school I do not remember who it might have been. In winter and muddy season of spring and fall many of us wore rubber boots. Turtle neck sweaters were a garment generally approved by boys. These were usually made from cotton and after several wearings were stretched to point where the neck could have dropped over our shoulders. On the other hand the girls with hardly an exception were simply but attractively dressed. Only a small percentage of the pupils who started high school went on to graduate and of all the boys and girls who were my school mates, one boy went on to graduate from Lehigh University and another from a State Normal School. Usually we went to pass time until we were fourteen. At this age girls would go to work at factories in Minersville and boys would go to Coal Breakers or farm. In the first years of the 20th century 10 year old boys went to work in coal breakers, but some time before 1905 the law required boys to be 14 for employment outside of mine and 16 for work inside mine.

In April or May of 1905 I began working as a breaker boy at Phoenix Park Colliery located about one half mile north of our Ramtown home, and later at the Otta Colliery about three miles west of Ramtown. Most of breaker boys task was to pick the slate or rock from coal. They would sit on plank seat, usually in uncomfortable stooped position and pick impurities from coal as it was sliding past them. A group of about 20 boys would have a man overseer usually referred to as the chute boss. These bosses were usually handicapped men with a missing arm or leg, or suffering from "miner's asthma," which was a fairly common affliction of men who have spent a number, of years working in dusty coal mines. More often than not a good relation existed between the boss and his boys. The boys would soon become expert in spotting impurities in coal as it moved past them and their hands moved with lightning swiftness. However, their work was not always 100% satisfactory. After coal was graded for size and cleaned it was inspected for quality, after loading in railroad cars. Occasionally a car load would be rejected on account of impurities and would have to be passed through breakers again. At such times a supervisory foreman would come up and rave at chute boss and the boys. Most of the boys were tobacco chewers and were remarkable for their accuracy in hitting a target with the tobacco juice they generated. The monotony and cramped position of boys would be relieved several times a day by minor breakdowns when machinery would be stopped for repairs? The wage rates for breaker boys at that time were \$4.64, \$5.51 and \$6.96 for a 54 hour week consisting of six nine hour days which commenced at 7:00 a.m. and ended at 4:30 p.m. with one half hour for lunch. After one year of this I took an inside mine job down the "nest" slope at Otto Colliery. I was not yet 16 years of age but was big enough boy to be 16 and was not asked to produce certificate of age. My job was to carry steel for tunnel workers. A tunnel was being driven through solid rock about one mile from bottom of the mine slope. Steel consisted of "jumpers" or drills of varying lengths with which the tunnel men drilled holes for dynamite blasting. I would carry dull steel from working face of tunnel to gangway lending to slope bottom. I would toss the steel on top of a trip of loaded mine cars as they passed on way to slope. I would ride along on back of last mine car and take steel to slope bottom and place on loaded car about to be hoisted to surface. From there another boy would carry steel to blacksmith shop for sharpening. Very likely sharpened steel. would be waiting on bottom of slope. This I would

place in empty cars that were ready to go back in to working faces of mine and to my tunnel men. Before 1906 air hammers were often used in driving" shafts and tunnels through rock but few mines were equipped with compressed air. Particularly not at remote places in mine, and in this tunnel the holes for blasting were drilled with blows from hand hammers. The hammerman would hold drill with one hand and with a hammer of about 8 lb. weight in other hand would strike head of drill with great force. With each stroke of hammer he would expel his breath with an explosive grunt.

JOHN STANFORD FETTEROLF

I was born on August 13, 1891, near the village of Pitman in Leib Township, in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. My father's name was William Henry Fetterolf, and my mother's, Mary Jane (Maurer) Fetterolf. I was the third child born to my parents. There was a brother, William Francis, nine years old, and a sister, Gertrude May, seven years old.

In the spring of 1893 the family moved to a rental farm about five miles west of Pottsville on the Pottsville-Llewellyn road. This farm was at that time known as the Duffy Farm. While living here, during the years 1897, 1898, and 1899, I attended Doudentown one-room school. In 1964 this school is still standing but has been converted into a dwelling house.

In April 1899 the family bought and moved to a small farm in a three-house village that some time in the dim past had been dubbed "Rantown." This was located in Branch Township, Schuylkill County, and was located about two miles from the Duffy farm. At this time the family included myself and the two older children mentioned above, and also sister Edna, six years old, Frank, four, Robert, 2, and my grandfather, Felix Fetterolf.

This property was considerably run down. During the first year or two the house and barn were repaired and new farm buildings added. I remember that a carpenter was working on the house when word came of President McKinley's assassination. From here I attended Phoenix Park one room school, and the Llewellyn graded school until age fourteen in the spring of 1905. In addition to attending school, I performed the usual chores expected of a farm boy.

In April or May of 1905 I began working as a breaker boy in Phoenix Park colliery and then later at the Otto colliery. At age fifteen I went to work inside the mine at the Otto colliery. The next six years, until the summer of 1912, were spent on various mine jobs including mule driving. For nearly three of the last years I worked as a certified miner, that is as a worker who actually cuts or mines coal.

In the summer of 1912 I left mining to attend Pennsylvania Business College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and completed a course that made of me a moderately competent bookkeeper and stenographer in about one year.

In September of 1913 I went to Detroit, Michigan. My first job here was in the employment office of Dodge Brothers who were manufacturing rear axle assemblies and other units that went into Model T Ford automobiles. After about nine months I went to work for Burroughs Adding Machine Company. I stayed there about one year. After a month at home in Pennsylvania in May, 1915, I returned to Detroit and to work for Denby Motor Truck Company. I started here as secretary to the Chief Engineer and Factory Manager. Here my talent, if any, had an opportunity to develop and before long I had a secretary and several other people working under my supervision, until the United States entered what is now known as World War I in April, 1917.

For nearly three years I had been exposed to war preparations just across the Detroit River in Canada. I do not remember feeling any desire to become involved. However, it was only a week or two after United States' entry into war that I was accepted for service in the Army, and I reported for duty at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, on May 12, 1917.

I shared the enthusiasm that was common among us to try and quickly transform ourselves into competent soldiers. Our regular army at that time consisted of less than 100,000 enlisted men and officers. The regular army officers with competence were quickly absorbed into regimental and higher commands. Nearly all training below the rank of colonel was in the hands of men who had been civilians a few months earlier. I was a sergeant at Camp Custer, Michigan, when the drafted men who were to fill the ranks of our new army started pouring in. They seemed to have no less enthusiasm for their new life as soldiers than the volunteers I had known a few months earlier. Training went on in mud, rain, and snow. The British and French sent us war-wise instructors to help, and by the time Spring came around one could see evolving an army that would give a good account of itself when its hour came.

In May, 1918, I was commissioned a second Lieutenant of infantry at Camp Lee, Virginia, and early in June I was one of a trainload of second lieutenants sent to Camp Lewis, Washington. The 91st Infantry Division was entraining for France and a new division was being formed. I was assisting in training here until the Armistice of November 11, 1918.

As of that date I lost all enthusiasm for soldiering and through some connection in headquarters was included in the first group of officers released on December 5, 1918. There was a pleasant trip back home with three friends which included stops in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Detroit. Then back to work with the Denby Motor Truck Company in Detroit in January 1919.

This company was planning to open a service department to service New York City and New England in the near future which I was to manage. In the meantime, I took the place of an assistant purchasing agent who was taking leave on account of health. These winter and spring months might have been considered uneventful except that it was here I first saw a young woman who was in about one and a half years to join with me in what after forty-four years could become a lifetime union.

For some reason, no signs of a romance developed before I left for New York City--in May, 1917. I remember thinking how nice it would be to date her if she were only a little older. Up to this time I had usually associated with girls of my own age or older. Gladys Marjory Van Ness was nine and one-half years my junior.

I again met her when she came to New York on a visit during the summer of 1919. After we went out together one or two times the age difference no longer seemed to matter. She soon became an obsession with me and there must have been a similar feeling on her part. We were married on June 9, 1920, at an Episcopal Church at Holbrook and Woodward Avenue, Detroit, and went to live on the fringe of Flatbush in Brooklyn. We lived frugally but had most of the necessities, if not luxuries.

On January 28 (sic), 1922, we had born to us our daughter, Elizabeth Ann. We had no trouble in agreeing that she was a wonderful and amazing child. After more than forty years she continues to amaze.

On December 6, 1924, our son John Stanford was born in Brooklyn. Just a few weeks later, on January 16, 1925, our family moved to Royersford, Pennsylvania.

The children gradually grew older, as children usually do. Much of their growing up took place during the years of the great depression which began late in the year of 1929. A high point in the life of this family of four came with the birth

of our daughter, Gertrude Ellen, at Hy Winds, 750 Spruce Street, Royersford, on February 26, 1938. This took place on a weekend when John, Jr., and I were away with the Boy Scouts. This event was no less thrilling than the births of our two older children who came in our early married life.

In September of 1939, while we were on a weekend in the Poconos, what was to become known as World War II commenced in Poland. Then, on Sunday morning of December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor brought total involvement of our country in the war.

In January of 1942 our daughter Elizabeth was married at our home in Royersford to Oswald Schmidt, then working for his master's degree at PennsState. He achieved it that Spring. After he was turned away for active service on account of his vision, he went to Washington with the Office of Strategic Services. Their daughter, our first grandchild, Autumn, was born in September, 1942. This was shortly before he was sent to Europe. On March 17, 1946, their son Eric was born. By this time John Jr. had been in the Navy for about a year.

These were busy years. In October, 1940, I started the Fetterolf Machine Company. When war came about a year later, the demand for war materials made long working hours the rule in all factories that could produce the things our fighting forces needed.

In those days it was still the custom to deliver telegrams by messenger. As our fighting forces grew and increasing pressure was brought to bear on our enemies, the frequent trips to Royersford homes of Western Union messengers made us realize that victories had to be brought about by the blood of our young fathers, sons, husbands, and brothers. Finally it ended in 1945. Soon John and others were returning to their homes.

We continued living at our Spruce Street house in Royersford until July 1, 1951. At that time we purchased an early eighteenth century stone house and barn with 13 acres of land in Warwick Township, Chester County. John, who had been married to Carolyn Bauer in Warren, Arizona in April 1950 returned to Royersford and took over our Royersford home. At this time, January 1964 and have made us the happy grandparents

of Jerry Lynn, John Stanford III, and Jeffry--in the order named.

In 1958, daughter Trudy was married to Andrew Laurenson in the Grace Lutheran Church at Royersford. At this time they have one son, Ian, born September , 1960. They live nearby in Pughtown. Ian still considers it a privilege to spend a day with his grandmother.

I set down some of the later data on marriages and births for the record only. They are already well known to you as are the other eventful things in our lives since the three of you have reached maturity. I am now seventy-two years old and your mother is sixty-three. What the future holds for us I am willing to wait and see.