Linear Sound
Loudspeakers
From $55 to $1000
Don't buy any loudspeaker until you hear EPI's!

Available Only at Sound Studio in Delaware!

Linear Sound is about the closest thing to perfect sound reproduction that speaker designers have ever developed. And yet, some people hear it for the first time and it doesn't sound quite right to them. Linear Sound is that different.

Happily, it isn't too long before most people begin to recognize what they're hearing. And once they do, they won't settle for anything less.

So what do we mean by "Linear Sound"?

It's what the sound of an EPI speaker looks like on a frequency response graph: a practically straight line. So: Linear Sound.

On the bass end, down as low as 22 cycles, there's exactly the amount of bass that was recorded. With no artificial boosting to impress the innocent.

On the treble end, up as high as 20,000 cycles, EPI speakers deliver overtones that, on ordinary speakers, just fade out.

So what you end up with is a reproduced sound that sounds just like the original sound. With no artificial coloring added. And nothing taken out.
A COLORFUL TOWN
IN QUAKER GRAY

EVELYN PEARSON

There are many towns in Delaware with interesting backgrounds. Each has its own outstanding citizens with their colorful family histories. But how and why does a town form in a certain spot on the map? What prompted one man to build there and others to join him? I started looking for reasons in a quiet little town near my home. I’ve driven through it many times, stopping only for a few groceries, to attend church services, or to visit a school. Occasionally, I had wondered about the old homes hugging its sidewalks, the dignified Friends’ Meeting House, the sturdy old Whatcoat Methodist Church on Camden-Wyoming Avenue. Since both religious meeting places are over 100 years old, did religious belief figure strongly in Camden’s genesis? Glasses on my nose, pen and pad in hand, I started back through time to get some answers.

To begin at the beginning, there once was a 600 acre tract of land in Delaware with only one house on it. And it remained so for 98 years. Unbelievable, isn’t it? The solitary resident, James Wells, lived near the present 237 E. Camden-Wyoming Avenue in 1685 on a tract of land called “Brecknock”, which had been granted to Alexander Humphreys in 1680. Four hundred thirty-six acres of this land went to Colonel John Vining in the mid-eighteenth century. The founding father of Camden, Warner Mifflin, received this acreage from Colonel Vining’s estate in 1780. In turn, Warner Mifflin sold 112 acres to his brother, Daniel, in 1783.

Now that we’ve ploughed through all those dates and acres, we’ve finally arrived at the most important transaction. The crossroads made by the meeting of the road north to Dover town and the road east to Forest Landing (Lebanon) was located on Daniel Mifflin’s land, and it was around these crossroads that the town began to grow.

In the 1780’s Camden’s nearest neighbor, Dover, was relatively small, having a population of only 500. But it was a growing town, requiring shipping and travel connections with other areas. To accommodate passengers of the stage lines which ran between Lewes and New Castle, and those to the steamboats at Dona Landing (Leipsic-Little Creek) and Short’s Landing (Smyrna), two hotels were built at Piccadilly, or the...
place more commonly called Mifflin's Crossroads. Daniel Mifflin put up a tavern and a storehouse. By the year 1800, a dozen homes had been built near the crossroads, and several shops had opened for business. Just prior to the turn of the century, the name of "Camden" was finally settled on the town.

By 1818, the town had 70 lots and out-lots. Many of these were created by the division of the large tracts of land purchased by the original settlers. Such names as Hunn, Edmondson, Mifflin, Nock, Jenkins, Taylor, and Truitt showed up again and again on the new deeds, when land was passed on to children and grandchildren.

Perhaps one of the key factors in Camden's steady growth was the settlement of so many Quaker families in the town. Known for their hard work and honest dealings, the Friends supported their growing community in such occupations as merchants, innkeepers, carriage makers, tanners, bricklayers, and house carpenters. At the close of the nineteenth century, the town had four grocery stores, one cannery, one saw mill, one lumber yard, one boot and shoe store, two drug stores, two butchers, two undertakers, two flour and feed stores, one stove and tin-ware store, three physicians, and one real estate conveyancer.

Not only was the retail mercantile business booming, but the town was an important center for the shipping of cord-wood, staves, black oak and Spanish oak timber, grains, and fruit. Most of this shipping activity moved one mile west of town when the Delaware Railroad opened in 1856.

But even the opening of the railroad proved a boon to George M. Stetson and William Ellison. They opened a canning business in Camden in the same year. Like Jack's bean stalk, their enterprise just grew and grew. Time and again, Stetson and Ellison added on new buildings to house their operations. Then, in 1884, a massive fire destroyed all the buildings, the Ellison home and a neighboring hardware store. A year after the rubble had been cleared away, Stetson and Ellison had rebuilt and opened their doors again.

The arrival of the iron horse also produced a wider market for the Camden area's dairy and farm produce. So the noisy nuisance the Quakers had sought to keep out of their town had some favorable points, too.

Although Camden was primarily a Quaker town, the first chapel in the community was erected by the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1791. The wooden structure was built by Dr. Elijah Barratt, the son of Philip Barratt, who donated the land for Delaware's famous Barratt's Chapel near Frederica. Since the building utilized only a portion of the lot in the southwest part of town, the remainder was used as burial ground. This wooden house of worship was torn down after the new brick Whatcoat Church was built in 1856 on Camden-Wyoming Avenue. Ministers for the Methodist Church were supplied from the Dover circuit until 1835, when a separate circuit was established.

One source, Conrad's History of Delaware, states that the Society of Friends actually built a frame
meeting house in 1760, but it was soon destroyed by fire. The Quakers erected the present Friends' Meeting House on Camden-Wyoming Avenue in 1805 or 1806. In the original deed the building lot, donated by Jonathan and Patience Hunn, was described as "lying in or near the village of Camden, on the main road leading from said village to the Poorhouse". (Gives one second thoughts, huh?) The building was constructed of brick made from clay found on the premises. The meeting house also served as a school for the Quaker children. Classes were conducted there until 1882, with Alice Cowgill holding the last teacher's position.

The Friends' Meeting House stands now much as it was first built, minus the horse sheds which once stood on the property. It is the only meeting house open in Delaware today, with approximately 50 Friends attending Sunday services.

Throughout their history, members of the Society of Friends suffered greatly for their attitudes and the stands they took for fair treatment of Indians and Negroes, prison reform, humane treatment of the mentally ill, and even for such a minor (though at the time considered major) offense as not doffing a hat to anyone, no matter what his "station" in life. They did not believe in baptizing their children, paying tithes, attending regular Christian church services, and a few Quaker men and women upset their Puritan neighbors by standing up in the streets and courts and preaching their cause. Persecution drove the Quakers down from the northeastern states to establish their own colonies further south.

The Quakers have a saying: "I have a concern." For them it is not merely a statement but a way of life. Their concern for the rising friction and subsequent war between the colonies and England set them apart from their neighbors. They may have sympathized with the problems of the other colonists, but they did not view war as a solution. Many of them suffered even at the hands of the colonists since they would not take an oath of allegiance to the new country (Quakers would not swear any oath), causing them to lose government and teaching positions. Many refused to use the continental money, since they believed that they must remain free from using anything which furthered the war.

Instead of loading a gun, Quakers found less violent ways to promote a peaceful settlement. Warner Mifflin, an ardent pacifist, was appointed by the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in the winter of '77-'78 to visit General Howe and Washington and impress upon them the desirability of a truce, talks, and discipline of British troops. Without a pass, traveling on foot, Mifflin crossed the English lines and was quickly jailed. But, after several weeks of internment, General Howe heard of this man's mission of peace and summoned him to his headquarters. There Mifflin spoke so sincerely that General Howe heard of this man's mission of peace and summoned him to his headquarters. There Mifflin spoke so sincerely that General Howe agreed to consider a truce, invited Mifflin to dine with him, and offered him safe conduct to General Washington's camp at Valley Forge. But the Quaker refused the General's offer, feeling
that to take advantage of this consequence of war would be against his beliefs. So he left, "respected by the guards who were obliged to take care of a man who wore a flatbrimmed hat, a gray suit without buttons, who wore no powder in his hair, and whose shoes were tied with laces". 1 Congress voted down the truce, but Warner Mifflin had earned the deep respect of both Generals.

Long before the North and South split over the slavery issue, many Friends Meetings had declared such an infringement on human rights abominable in their sight. They strongly recommended that all Friends who were slaveholders should set them free. Warner Mifflin did free his 21 slaves in 1774, setting a precedent. But many Quakers, knowing that freeing their slaves would work a hardship on their comfortable way of life, sidestepped the issue for decades before they finally resolved to be done with that evil practice and free their own black men.

With the outbreak of the Civil War, the Quakers found that they could not help the Negroes in their usual open fashion. Many of the Friends, including Daniel Mifflin, were strong abolitionists and helped runaway slaves by conducting the Underground Railroad. The Cooper House was one known station, complete with a tunnel to the house next door and bunks in the loft where weary escapees could rest. At night, the Negroes were stealthily moved to Wildcat Manor at Lebanon, where they hid until a ship could pick them up and steal away north to safety in Pennsylvania.

Not all the residents of Camden were against taking up arms and going into battle. A company of 78 men were mustered from Camden and the surrounding area. But church membership, families, and friendships split over the pro-South or pro-North feelings raging through the community. At the height of this turmoil, a resident Federal General, Daniel Woodall, was pelted with stones when he rode through town in his carriage.

The rhythmic clipp-clipp of the horses' hooves pulling the carriages of yesteryear has gone from Camden's streets. No more do wagonloads of timber head for the steamboats and William Penn's Philadelphia. The people moving in and out of the homes and stores no longer wear the flatbrimmed hats or gray bonnets seen in a long ago day. The cannery doesn't pack its shining fruit for shipment by the 'iron horse' to points unknown. That intruder, which the Friends deemed too noisy to allow any closer than one mile from their town, was responsible for the birth of another town, Wyoming. But that's another story, another time.

Today the Delaware Division of Historical and Cultural Affairs is seeking to place the crossroads area of Camden on the National Register of Historic Places. Standing on any corner of the crossroads and turning three-quarters round, one can see many of the buildings involved in this project: the Cooper House on North Main Street facing the Daniel Mifflin House, the George Truitt House on South Main Street. (He served as governor of Delaware from 1808-1811). In all, there are 22 properties selected for the National Register of Historic Places. Each building has its own unique history, each family its own special stories, combining to make a pleasant, unpretentious town rich in the history of our state and country.

1Dover - The First Two Hundred Fifty Years
Do you know of any interesting cemeteries and churches? Ruth Ketcham of Frederica is interested. Mrs. Ketcham is an amateur photographer, and highly respected in her field. Two of her favorite picture studies are of cemeteries and churches. After having met Mrs. Ketcham, we do not feel that this indicates a morbid streak in her character. In fact, there is nothing morbid or negative in Mrs. Ketcham's personality. She is probably one of the most active, positive, and fearless people we have met. She is also one of the most well-traveled ladies we know.

Ruth Ketcham moved to Frederica shortly after husband F. M. Ketcham passed away. She lives in a large house on Market Street several doors away from one of her daughters, Nancy Johnston. The second daughter is Suzanne Randall of Clarksville, Md. The house is filled with many antiques and mementos from her travels. Mrs. Ketcham is very active. Her calendar is always close at hand and quite well filled. Her hobbies are numerous. Displayed in the living room of her home are two oil paintings she did while in school. African violets are blooming to perfection. Gardening is one of her hobbies. She says that she has always been able to maintain her gardening in spite of the traveling she and her husband did. Her favorite flower is the Magnolia. She is enormously fond of flower shows. Mrs. Ketcham has slides of all the state flowers. She commented that in Louisiana, they do not have lilacs like the type we are familiar with. She assumes it is too wet for lilacs in that area.

She is an enthusiastic cook, although she does not do very much anymore. She claims to have no favorite recipe, but the story she tells about acquiring the recipe for a two crust lemon pie is very interesting. As we recall, Mr. Ketcham first ate the pie in a favorite restaurant in Louisiana. The chef refused to disclose the recipe when they requested it. Later, while dining with friends in a favorite restaurant in Kentucky, they happened on the pie again. This chef was more affable and gave them the recipe. The pie contains real lemons sliced paper thin. She is looking for a recipe for our favorite slippery dumplings -- or rolled dumplings.

Restaurants are a favorite sport for Mrs. Ketcham. She and her husband, often with friends, have been known to drive 50 and 100 miles to eat in a good restaurant. To her a good restaurant will have atmosphere to meet your most discriminating requirements in color.
and character as well as good food. One of her favorite places is Durgan Park in Boston. Their brochure advertises “Established before you were born” and “Where your great grandfather dined a century ago.” To get to the restaurant, one is required to walk through the market section of Boston, sometimes among hanging sides of beef. The kitchen and the dining room are one. The bare walls are painted yellow. One drops into a seat at a table accommodating up to twenty. The restaurant is frequented by the famous, the unfamous, and the infamous. Its specialty is Indian Pudding of which they dispense approximately 15 gallons a day. It is cooked about 7 hours.

Handicrafts are another project that vie for Mrs. Ketcham’s attention. She knits, crochets, does needlepoint, etc., etc., etc. She once made a Christmas wreath comprised of cones and weeds she had collected from all parts of the eastern United States and Minnesota. In 1955 Mrs. Ketcham made a collage of all but 6 of the Christmas Seals issued to that date. She taught handicrafts for the local Girl Scouts for many years of which she was one of those instrumental in bringing scouting to Alexandria. Photography is probably her most ardent hobby. She has taken pictures since her youth. While Mr. Ketcham was occupied with a hobby -- he converted into a business after his retirement, Mrs. Ketcham was frequently found exploring the out of the way and the famous places with several cameras hung around her neck. Once she recalls someone mentioning that her bill each month for film and developing must be enormous. In retort, she remarked that she had no vices and that she would match her bill for film against his bill for cigarettes and drinks any time. Mrs. Ketcham has belonged to several very respected camera clubs in the Gulf States. She is between cameras now, but says “Rolle” a German camera is her favorite. She has been in shows too numerous to remember and won numerous prizes with her work. Mrs. Ketcham’s pictures have won her “Photographer of the Year” on at least 4 different occasions. She is presently one of the directors of the Dover Camera Club. Her prize winning picture “Tolerance” was on the cover of the January issue of the Delaware Digest.

Mrs. Ketcham is frequently asked to speak at various organizations. She uses her color slides to illustrate her speeches. One of her favorite dissertations for children revolves around the pony penning at Chincoteague. The
Ketcham's had a home near there at one time and often attended the event. Mrs. Ketcham has met Marguerite Henry, author of "MISTY" and other books that draw on the annual event and the area for background. Locally she has entertained the members of two clubs in Milford with which she is affiliated -- the New Century Club and the Milford Garden Club.

Mrs. Ketcham has filled her life with activity from early childhood in Alexandria, Minnesota. She was a tomboy and quite an athlete. She played center on the basketball team. She was a member of the first girls' ice hockey team and one of the first polo teams.

As a young girl, she even found time to ride. In one parade she is described as "A girl in a clown costume turned somersaults on a galloping horse." In later life, she was never as fond of the trotters as was Mr. Ketcham. Still another sport at which she was particularly proficient was bowling. In one tournament she was top prize winner with a score of 609. Her highest single game score was 223. Her average game was in the 170's.

Swimming led her into a quasi celebrity status. She saved a 17 year old girl from drowning in Lake Minnetonka. She was mentioned for a Carnegie Medal. Newspaper accounts of the event describe Mrs. K. at the time thusly, "Those who knew her say she has always manifested a dauntless courage to back up her physical powers. This remark was made of Ruth Ibberson Ketcham when she was 26. We believe it to be equally appropriate now.

In 1918 she was affiliated with the Girls Liberty League which was an organization of girls clubs in Alexandria banned together to assist the war effort on the home front. She was one of the first to attend and graduate from classes held in surgical dressing work. During WWII, Mrs. Ketcham was chairman of the nurses' aides for the American Red Cross. She was county chairman of the women's division of the National Foundation of Infantile Paralysis.

Another of Ruth Ketcham's hobbies is traveling. She and her husband have traveled the length and breadth of this country many times. They also traveled through much of Canada. After Mr. Ketcham's retirement from government service, he became famous for the feel he had for race tracks. He was a traveling race track conditioner. The only one of his kind as far as he was aware. He perfected what he described as a floating leveler from an apparatus he had seen used in the rice fields of Louisiana. He was instrumental in developing the tracks at Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Suffolk Downs, Oaken Hill, Laurel, and Ocean Downs among others. He would receive calls from throughout the States from tracks that felt they could not open without his expertise. They traveled from site to site in a Club Wagon with Mrs. Ketcham doing most of the driving. Of her, Mr. Ketcham remarked once "One has to have a special kind of wife to enjoy all the traveling."

During one year they traveled as far north, east, south, and west as one can go in the United States with Mrs. Ketcham doing most of the driving again. She has never had an accident nor any kind of difficulty in an automobile until last year here in Delaware. She

SAVE -- BUY NOTHING!
RENT what you need to
Get the job done right.

DOVER RENT-ALL
54 Roosevelt Ave. - Dover
674-1177

The Swinging Needle Boutiqe
Hand fashioned Clothes
Accessories & Gifts
Hours: Wed.-Fri. 10-3 Sat. 10-4
252 Camden-Wyoming Ave.
Camden, Del.

DAVEY LUMBER CO.
1502 N. DuPont Highway - Dover

"Do It Yourself Headquartes"
8 a.m.-5 p.m. Saturdays til 3:00
674-2411

1974

INTERNATIONAL
TRAVELALL®
Built to Tow
Heavy-duty frame and drivetrain let you haul big trailers without a lot of add-on extras.

SCOUT®
... by International®
Hit the wilderness trails on weekends, let your wife drive it weekdays. With power steering and brakes, air conditioning and every luxury option, Scout gives you the best of two worlds!

C. F. SCHWARTZ MORTOR CO., INC.
Dover, Delaware
734-5748
was stopped by the Milford City Police because the car tags had expired and she was not aware of it. She keeps the summons as a future reminder.

The Ketchams have been in every one of the continental United States. Many they have lived in for brief periods. Mrs. Ketcham's favorite is Louisiana. The New Orleans area was where her parents frequently spent winters. Several sisters still live there. She was once able to participate in a Mardi Gras Ball which is really not considered "kosher" for outsiders by local society. She has attended many Mardi Gras weeks. What more can we say about a lady in her 70's who possesses an enormous enthusiasm for life and considers her car a friend. "Aloha," perhaps?

WHAT'S IT?

FEBRUARY'S WHAT'S IT
Can you guess our "What's It" this month? Yes, it is a car, but can you guess the year and make? Now put your thinking caps on. See the March issue of 'Delaware Digest' for a positive identification.

JANUARY'S WHAT'S IT
Our "WHAT'S IT" last month was an antique ice cream scoop. The ice cream dropped out of the scoop by turning the knob on top, which activated the blades inside the scoop.

EILEEN GANT ANTIQUES
Featuring
Fine Country & Formal Furniture
PH. (302) 653-8996
1 Mile North of Smyrna, Del. on U.S. 13 across from State Rest Area

S & S MOTORS, INC.
"Delmarva's Largest Mercury-Lincoln-Comet Dealer"
Mark IV - Cougar - Capri
Mon. Fri. 9 - 9 Saturdays 9-4:30
701 S. Governors Avenue 734-7505 - 734-7506

THE BIG DIPPER
(Furniture Stripping)
We Have A Complete Line of
MINWAX & TURCO PAINTS
Phone (302) 697-3550

RECRUITED
Receive $2,500 CASH for enlisting in today's Army
U.S. ARMY RECRUITING STATION
BLUE HEN MALL, DOVER, DEL
736-6937

M. R. CREGAR & SON, INC.
Contractor and Builder
1030 S. Governors Avenue
Dover, Delaware
Phone 734-5503 or 697-3723

Sears
STOP & SHOP
DOWNTOWN DOVER
OPEN
Mon. - Wed. - Thurs. - Fri. -- til 9
Tues. & Sat. till 5:30

PAGE 16
It was Wednesday morning January sixteenth. Unseasonable warm air moving up from the south pushed temperatures up into the sixties. I left my office to drive to Delaware Airpark, just north of Dover, where Jack McDonnell, president of Air-Exec, had invited the news media to an introductory flight on one of his twin-engine, jet-prop, De Havilland Otters to Philadelphia International Airport and return.

I arrived at the modern brick terminal building at Delaware Airpark, at 10 a.m., and was introduced to Jack McDonnell by Al Hedgecock, who is handling the airlines advertising. Jack impressed me with his ability to answer all questions without getting too technical. He is a man who knows what he is doing and where he is going. His pilots (there are two aboard at all times) are top professionals, are uniformed, and take their work seriously. Coffee, donuts, and Danish pastries were served in the spacious terminal as everyone mingled and chatted informally.

Jack and Floyd Durham, (the latter is owner of Delaware Airpark) made brief statements outlining the trip to Philadelphia and the scheduled service that would start on the 21st. We would board the big white, red, and black eighteen passenger, plus crew, aircraft at 10:30 and arrive at gate A-1 at 11:00. Jack would deplane to finalize last minute details in Philadelphia and we would return to Dover.

This jet-prop is BIG. There were no problems seating the seventeen passengers and the petite 5' blonde stewardess, Doris Bailey, in the smartly upholstered seats. With everyone seated, the starboard three-bladed propeller began to spin as the jet engine came to life with a low whine. The port engine followed, and the huge plane started to move to the end of the 3,500' runway. The propellers changed pitch, as 1200 horsepower made them bite firmly into the invisible air, driving the big plane down the runway. I was astonished that this fully loaded airplane used less than one-third of the available runway before becoming airborne. The plane climbed smoothly and rapidly into a sky filled with high scattered clouds, where it leveled in four minutes at 3,500 feet. A panorama of different colored fields below gave the impression of a huge patchwork quilt. Visibility was superb, and the air was so smooth we almost lost the sense of flight. The view is virtually unrestricted from the high-winged aircraft, and each seat has its own window. The noise level from the engines was so low we could talk in normal tones with no problem.

Continued...
Horseback riding, sewing, dancing (ballet), shooting, modeling, motorcycle riding, and lots of sunshine make for a very active, versatile life for our 5' 5" - 115 lb. -- 34 - 22 - 35, Miss Aquarius, Gail Carvella. Born in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, 19 years ago, Gail migrated to Delaware to attend Wesley College. She is very much against Women's Lib, "I believe in a 60 - 40 relationship, favoring the male. Especially when you're about to marry an Italian".

Photography by William Henry, Dover
Fashions by Hess, Dover
We were on the ground in Philadelphia in 30 minutes. Jack bade us farewell and we were off again in minutes, slicing through clear air on our way back home at a cool 180 mph. The Otter again performed beautifully by landing at Delaware Airpark and using less than one-half of the available runway.

To add more icing to the cake, Air-Exec handles Emery Air Freight parcels. Delaware Airpark also has Econo-car rentals if you need a car. A toll-free watts line number (1-800-638-2262) can confirm your Air-Exec reservations on Monday through Friday flights.
FEBRUARY 1974
Cultural and Social Calendar of Events

1 - Former Delaware Governor Russell W. Peterson speaks on "The Growth of Quality of life" in Room 120 of Smith Hall, University of Delaware. Free. 8 p.m. Sponsored by the four Delaware Chapters of the Society of the Sigma Xi.

1 & 2 - Last two evenings of the Kent County Theatre Guild's Patchwork Players production of "Angel Street", better known under the film title of "Gaslight", at their Patchwork Playhouse on Roosevelt Avenue, Dover. Call 734-3216 for ticket information.

3 & 4 - Wesley Junior College Film Series presents "Wild Strawberries" at 8 p.m. Wesley College Little Theatre.

3 & 22 - Solo Exhibition by Shirley Patterson of watercolors, oils and acrylics. Ware Gallery, 2208 Millers Road, Arden.

4 - Delaware State College, Music Department Drama Presentation - "The Gingham Dog". Delaware State College Players. 8 p.m. Education-Humanities Center.

5 - Delaware State College. Lecture by Marcia Gillespie, Editor of Essence Magazine. 8 p.m. King Student Center.

6 - Delaware State College. Delaware Symphony Orchestra presentation. 8 p.m. Education-Humanities Center.

8 - Ducks Unlimited. Annual Dinner at Dover Downs. Social hour begins at 5:30, dinner served at 7 p.m. Tickets $20 per person - ladies invited. Auction, raffle, door prizes. Call Eugene Handsberry at 653-9031 for ticket information.

10 & 11 - Wesley Junior College Film Series presents "The Magician" at 8 p.m. Wesley College Little Theatre.

14 - Fifth Annual Delaware Day Luncheon in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida at Williamson’s Restaurant beginning at 11 a.m. For reservations call AC 305 771-8386 or AC 305 565-6358.

17 & 18 - Wesley Junior College Film Series presents "The Virgin Spring" at 8 p.m. Wesley College Little Theatre.

21 to 23 - Wesley College Faculty Club Annual Antiques Show. Dover Armory. Tickets at the door.

23 - Community Concert Series presents Luaz Peacock, Dover Central Middle School. 8 p.m. Call 674-2690 for information.

24 & 26 - Wesley Junior College Film Series presents "Through a Glass Darkly" at 8 p.m. Wesley College Little Theatre.

26 - Community Concert Series presents Piano Duo, Hodges & Howard, Dover Central Middle School. 8 p.m. Call 674-2690 for information.

28 - Diantha Clark, mezzo soprano, The Delaware Symphony Association, Grand Opera House, 818 Market Street, Wilmington. Write Post Office Box 1870, Wilmington for information.

DEAR PEOPLE:

If your group or organization would like their social and cultural events included in this column, please call me in the evenings at 674-0906 or write to me at 107 North State Street, Dover, Delaware 19901. I'd love to hear from you!

Best regards,

Dear People:

If your group or organization would like their social and cultural events included in this column, please call me in the evenings at 674-0906 or write to me at 107 North State Street, Dover, Delaware 19901. I'd love to hear from you!

DEAR PEOPLE:

If your group or organization would like their social and cultural events included in this column, please call me in the evenings at 674-0906 or write to me at 107 North State Street, Dover, Delaware 19901. I'd love to hear from you!

Best regards,

Dear People:

If your group or organization would like their social and cultural events included in this column, please call me in the evenings at 674-0906 or write to me at 107 North State Street, Dover, Delaware 19901. I'd love to hear from you!

Best regards,

Dear People:

If your group or organization would like their social and cultural events included in this column, please call me in the evenings at 674-0906 or write to me at 107 North State Street, Dover, Delaware 19901. I'd love to hear from you!

Best regards,

Dear People:

If your group or organization would like their social and cultural events included in this column, please call me in the evenings at 674-0906 or write to me at 107 North State Street, Dover, Delaware 19901. I'd love to hear from you!

Best regards,
"Listen, in Delaware our big advantage is that we're here. We can write insurance for Delawareans. Our concept is 'how can we write this business' rather than 'how can we turn it down'. After all, we're hungry. The buck stops here, in this room, on risk selection."

The room is a large office -- part of a series of offices -- in the Treadway Towers, in Dover. The man talking is Andy Foltz, a sort of self-made business and political Horatio Alger type, who perhaps, in his own way, typifies what's right with America. Andy's story is not quite a rags-to-riches story, but almost. There is an added ingredient here, in that he had to battle against so-called 'establishment' Dover. He surprised that 'establishment' by winning an upset victory in an election before he could settle down and say in so many words: 'Look, I'm people too, and I want to live here in this town, just like you do.'"

Andy was still an 'outsider' around the state's capital city, at least until 1966, even though he had already been the county's Republican Chairman. But being a Republican in Dover in the 40s -- in fact being a Republican anywhere south of the C&D Canal in those days -- was like being a black in Biloxi; he sat in the back of the bus and went down the back alleys at nite. He got the job of chairman because the handful of other Republicans didn't want to be ridiculed. In fact Andy himself was a former Democrat.

"There was no room over in the Democrat Party for me, they didn't need me, he explained. "And I thought we needed a viable two-party system in this part of the state."

So in '66 he was a Republican and running for the State Senate. "Now just a minute Andy," then chairman Jack Carson told him. "You're an outsider, and you're not going to win."

"I came to Dover when Herbert Hoover was President," said Andy. "How long does one have to live here?"

"Ah, you've got to be born here," came the chorus in answer. Andy has disproved them.

"The Buck (in Delaware) Stops Here"

JACK COSTELLO

Sackrider & Chandler, Inc.
42 N. Walnut Street Milford, Del.

COBEL
Complete Arts Hobby & Crafts Center
674-9171
717 WEST DIVISION ST. DOVER, DELAWARE

Sambo's Tavern
We Serve
Steamed Crabs--Shrimp--Clams
Throughout The Year
Main Street Leipsic, Delaware

Phone 674-9724

Rodney's
Men's & Boys' Wear
30 W. Commerce
Smyrna 653-6166

now featuring Buster Brown Clothes for Children

Dover Litho's products like a successful farmer?

...Because we're OUTSTANDING in our field!

1211 N. DuPont Hwy.
Dover 678-1211
It all started in Chester, Pa., back in 1926. As one of the smaller members of an army of four brothers and a sister, and owning a father whose work was a sometimes thing, it seemed the best thing to do with little Andy would be to farm him out to foster parents.

His foster father happened to own a farm in Dover, and so Andy got a look at Delaware's capital as early as 1930.

"I used to be outfitted in clothes from the old Public Works Administration building which used to be where George & Lunch has its contracting business now."

After stopping for a cup of coffee at Wesley and then LaSalle College in Philadelphia (he didn't graduate) Andy bought a farm and settled down to be a chicken producer. "I lost $5,000 in the first year," said Andy, "I owed everybody in Hartly, and it took about three years to pay it all back."

After a stint in the post office, he took an aptitude test for Nationwide Insurance Co. in 1956 and passed it. "A few years before I said 'hell no' to a friend who had suggested I try the insurance line, but this time I took a shot at it."

Andy started out in Hartly selling insurance, then later opened an office on the corner of Loockerman and US 13. He stayed there 10 years and then sold the business to James Maloney who since has sold it to L&W.

"It was in 1966 that International Underwriters was created," said Andy. "I came to realize that the big companies were making decisions for Delaware based on experiences in other states, while the Delaware experience may be different. The bigger, out-of-state companies seemed to become restrictive as to what they'd sell. Those who were underage, or in the military couldn't get insurance, or else the companies often wouldn't pay claims. So I decided to do it."

International now insures everything, and sells everything but life insurance. "We've got applications in now to branch out into Rhode Island, Vermont, and West Virginia . . . . " and the company has recently opened an office in the Bahamas, hence the "International" part of the title. "But we are a 'home' company, right here, with the main offices in Dover, and we'll take a policy that others won't. And the money stays in Delaware; it's not sent out of state."

How about prices? If International is a 'home' company aren't prices a little cheaper? "No, our prices are comparable to the others . . . . we take a little more of a risk."

Unbelievably, there are 280 insurance firms licensed to do business in Delaware. State Farm is the largest, International Underwriters is 44th. That might sound as if it's pretty far up the track, and actually it is. But there is also something to be said for a company that starts with zero premiums seven years ago and has
Jim, who many Democrats were grooming as the next governor. And Jim seemed to be on his way, but a funny thing happened . . . . for instance at one point during that campaign Andy decided to bring several copies of the Delaware Code to a debate. He piled the books up on a table and never opened one of them. But he threatened to, and he believed he 'psyched' Jim into thinking he had done his homework. Thus Jim was hesitant in talking about legislation for fear Andy might say, "Just a minute, the Code doesn’t say that at all."

Andy won by 800 votes in a Democrat district. "I went down that voter registration list looking for 450 Democrats whose vote I needed to win, and I found them - people I’d known from five to 30 years, and asked them to support me. Happily most of them did."

Andy won reelection over McGinnis two years later, by even a bigger margin and can take due credit for helping to bring the Republican Party back to parity with the Democrats in lower Delaware. "I left the Senate last year because the two reasons for which I originally ran have been accomplished. I’ve gotten ‘open housing’ put on the books (‘Failure to give a man a right to live wherever he chooses is what revolutions are made out of’) and the Republican Party is a major viable party.”

What about the future? Once the political bug bites, it never really goes away, does it? Andy leaned back and smiled. He likes to consider himself a man with a mission. He wouldn’t run again simply to win the office. "If I get my affairs here straightened out, maybe I’ll look at the U.S. Senate, if the opportunity presents itself and something needs to be done.”

Andy was elected GOP county chairman in 1964, ran the campaign that season (the year Barry Goldwater was trounced) and then as he put it, “‘got out.’” Almost a year later there was a commemoration for Sen. Cale Boggs at Caesar Rodney High School. "As a former chairman I made a little speech and decided to stick it to State Senator Jim McGinnis. ‘I came to praise one senator and to bury another’ I said, borrowing from Mark Antony. The crowd seemed to like it and I found myself thrust into the race for the state senate seat.

"I began to take an interest, and later when I ran into opposition from my friends and from others in the party who told me I didn’t have a chance, I became determined to run and win. I even had to beat Eddie Graham and Stan Mikell in a three-way primary to do it.”

So Andy Foltz, the “carpetbagger’’, went into that first campaign against the incumbent, James D. McGinnis, Gentleman...
THE OLD STATE HOUSE RESTORATION

By Edward F. Heite
Historic Registrar
Div. of Historical & Cultural Affairs

PART I

The restoration of Delaware's Old State House is the largest and most complicated historic preservation project ever undertaken in Delaware. We consider it a sacred trust, that we must execute with absolute historical integrity. In order to carry out this responsibility, we have assembled a team of professional specialists, representing the fields of architecture, archaeology, and history. During the past year, these specialists have conducted research into the documents and physical evidence relating to the history of the Old State House.

A restoration project is a scholarly exercise as much as it is a construction job. Every detail, at every step on the way, must be carefully and thoroughly researched. For an important building such as this, halfway measures will not suffice.

The history of the Old State House begins in 1722, when a Kent County Court House was erected on the east side of the Dover Green.

This view of the old state house was published in a geography book about 110 years ago. It shows many of the original features of the building that have since disappeared, including the side door, the smaller cupola, the chimneys, the lower roof line, and the railing along the roof. These details will be replaced during the restoration. The picture was found by Roger Keith, of Dover, in a bookstore.

This 1722 Court House served also as Delaware's Capitol from 1777 until 1787. After ten years, it became apparent that the building was entirely too small; state and county offices were dispersed into rented quarters elsewhere in town, a situation that is all too familiar today. In 1787, the Levy Court decided to tear down the old Court House and to build a new structure to contain both state and county governments.

The commissioners for the new government building selected the present site, on the same lot, but in a different location from that of the 1722 building. Most of the construction cost was borne by the county, although the state quarters were furnished with state funds. By 1791, the building was virtually complete; the legislature was provided with chambers and an
Archaeological team members excavate in front of the Old State House, searching for evidence relating to its early history.

office upstairs, while the county courtroom occupied the center of the first floor. Four small offices occupied the side bays of the first floor; these offices were equipped with outside doors. As it stood in 1792, the Old State House was a much simpler building than what we see today.

In 1835 and 1836, the building was enlarged. A wing was added to the rear, obliterating the half-octagonal bay window that had been a distinguishing characteristic of the original structure. At the same time, the interior of the main building was altered to accommodate a new arrangement of legislative chambers and an enlarged courtroom.

During the middle years of the nineteenth century, there were several minor alterations. The lobby gallery in the courtroom was removed, a new staircase was installed, and in 1846 the Green was landscaped to its present appearance.

In 1874, it was decided that the county and state could no longer occupy the same facilities. The county sold its interest in the building to the State, and built the present Kent County Court House. For the first time, the Old State House became exclusively the State Capitol.

In order to adapt the building to its new role, a massive renovation was undertaken. The old courtroom was partitioned to become an entrance hall, and the former county offices became
executive offices for the state government. The side doors were plugged; the simple Georgian entryway was replaced with a mansard-roofed brick tower; and the entire roof structure was rebuilt. All the brickwork was painted, and the interior woodwork was totally replaced with walnut in the latest Victorian style. Twenty years later, another wing was added to the rear, to provide more legislative and office space, as well as a side corridor.

By 1909, the enlarged State House had again become too small for an expanding state government. Several legislators wanted to tear it down and begin all over with a "nice new concrete building." At this point, Mrs. Mabel Lloyd Ridgely began working for the restoration and preservation of the Old State House; she solicited the assistance of the Colonial Dames and other patriotic groups. The legislature was not wholly convinced, but Mrs. Ridgely was able to see that the original State House building would be preserved.

As a first step, she induced the state to retain an eminent New York architect, Edward L. Tilton. From Mrs. Ridgely's memoirs, we know that Tilton proposed to restore the state house to its original appearance and arrangement, but he was frustrated by political necessity. He wanted to save the Chew mansion next door, and to leave the Old State House as a separate building. The legislators would not accept such total commitment to restoration. Instead of restoring the building, Tilton compromised in order to save it.

Mr. Tilton and Mrs. Ridgely negotiated a compromise solution to the restoration problem. To provide a formal entrance to the legislative area, Tilton built the colonnade to the south, which forced him to demolish the Chew mansion. Inside the main State House, the Victorian interior arrangement and trim survived. Tilton was aware that the roof should be lowered, as his drawings indicate. However, he was not permitted to make such a drastic change. Instead of restoring the roof structure, he built a new gambrel roof over the structure of the existing Victorian mansard. In order to make the Old State House harmonize with the scale of the new additions, Tilton was obliged to install an oversized cupola on the main building.

During the course of his work, Tilton made a number of discoveries about the original arrangement of the building. Unfortunately, his drawings were discarded by a later secretary of state. We have been in touch with Tilton's heirs, who have found no record of the Old State House among his papers.

**BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY 21st**

**AIRLINE SERVICE**

Dover/Philadelphia International Non-Stop

For Reservations: 674-2666, 7:30AM-6:30PM

All Other Times, call toll-free 1-800-638-2262

To Philadelphia from:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Flight</th>
<th>Leave</th>
<th>Arrive</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Stops</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>301</td>
<td>700 AM</td>
<td>805 AM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>311</td>
<td>1100 AM</td>
<td>1205 AM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>303</td>
<td>445 PM</td>
<td>550 PM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Georgetown, Delaware

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Flight</th>
<th>Leave</th>
<th>Arrive</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Stops</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>301</td>
<td>715 AM</td>
<td>805 AM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>311</td>
<td>1115 AM</td>
<td>1205 PM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>303</td>
<td>500 PM</td>
<td>550 PM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Dover, Delaware

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Flight</th>
<th>Leave</th>
<th>Arrive</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Stops</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>301</td>
<td>735 AM</td>
<td>805 AM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>311</td>
<td>1135 AM</td>
<td>1205 PM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>303</td>
<td>520 PM</td>
<td>550 PM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

From Philadelphia to:

Ocean City, Maryland

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Flight</th>
<th>Leave</th>
<th>Arrive</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Stops</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>302</td>
<td>850 AM</td>
<td>1000 AM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>312</td>
<td>1215 PM</td>
<td>115 PM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>304</td>
<td>555 PM</td>
<td>700 PM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Georgetown, Delaware

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Flight</th>
<th>Leave</th>
<th>Arrive</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Stops</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>302</td>
<td>850 AM</td>
<td>940 AM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>312</td>
<td>1215 PM</td>
<td>100 PM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>304</td>
<td>555 PM</td>
<td>645 PM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Dover, Delaware

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Flight</th>
<th>Leave</th>
<th>Arrive</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Stops</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>302</td>
<td>850 AM</td>
<td>920 AM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>312</td>
<td>1215 PM</td>
<td>1245 PM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>304</td>
<td>555 PM</td>
<td>625 PM</td>
<td>Ex. Sa., Sun.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
How Much State Tax You Pay on a Gallon of Gasoline

Nationwide Survey

Shows...

Figures show state tax, in cents, on each gallon of gasoline.

How Much State Tax You Pay on a Gallon of Gasoline

Nationwide Survey

Shows...

Figures show state tax, in cents, on each gallon of gasoline.

If you drive a car in Connecticut, you pay the nation's highest state tax on gasoline, 10 cents a gallon. To pay the lowest, drive your car in Texas or Hawaii, where it's 10 cents a gallon.

'FIRST STATE RECREATIONAL VEHICLES, INC.'
D/B/A
LUND TRAILER SALES
NOW UNDER NEW GENERAL MANAGEMENT
OF WILLIAM M. MARION

TRAVEL TRAILERS
CARRIAGE
Prowler
INVADER
MONITOR
PICK-UP CAMPERS
AMERIGO
5th WHEELS
SUNLINE
MOTOR HOMES
WINNEBAGO
UTE LINER

TRAVEL TRAILER &
MOTOR HOME RENTALS
AVAILABLE 365 DAYS A YEAR 678-9010

NEW HOURS
SERVICE—MON., thru SAT. 8-4:30
NO SUNDAY SERVICE
OPEN MONDAY THUR SATURDAY 9-6 P.M., SUNDAY NOON 6 P.M.
On U.S. 13-5 Miles S. of Dover (at Woodside Light)
Southbound Lane
Specializing in Complete Mercury Repair

- MERCURY MOTORS 934-9395
- STARCRYFT BOATS
  - Tee-Nee TRAILERS
  - McCulloch CHAIN SAWs

On Indian River Nr. Oak Orchard

Open 8 til 5 - Mon. thru Sat.
EIP has found a way to produce a big deep bass sound in a loudspeaker that requires only 4 to 5 watts RMS per channel and costs just $60 each. We did it by eliminating the most expensive part of a speaker: the woofer. And replacing it with a patented process, a remarkable technique for producing tight rich bass response down to below 50Hz! "The organ pipe principle" The speaker cabinet itself amplifies the small vibrations delivered to the two 4½" full range drivers to the proper level over three octaves of bass response! Hear a demonstration soon and you will know why we point with pride to the EPI Microtower!

Editor
GEORGE FREBERT
Business Manager
JUDY ETTER
Sales Representative
JOYCE MULLINS

Contributing Writers:
BARBARA MILLER
EVELYN PEARSON
JEHU CAMPER
EDWARD F. HEITE

GENERAL INFORMATION
Articles of interest to the Delaware Digest may be submitted to the above address. Inquiries concerning the suitability of proposed articles for The Digest may be made by telephoning 302 / 678-1211. Payment upon publication.
All rights reserved for republication by Dover Litho, publisher.
Subscriptions for the Delaware Digest are available from Dover Litho... just mail name, address and $5.00 for 1 year.
Gasoline is dearer than rubies, the prices in the supermarket aren’t to be believed, and on top of that, it will soon be time to file your income tax return.

So what do you do? If you’re like the rest of us, you clap your hand to your head, and groan, “I’m going to end up in the Poorhouse!”

The Poorhouse. Just a figure of speech, of course. We may go without bread, or go on the dole, but at least we’ll be allowed to be poor in genteel dignity, in the privacy of our homes.

But it wasn’t always so. There was a time, as recent as 1930, when if you were truly destitute, you really did “end up in the Poorhouse.”

And, if you had the extreme misfortune to be destitute in Delaware in the late 18th century, you had to advertise the fact by wearing a badge of red cloth on your outer clothing “which shall have in Roman characters the letters P.N., P.K., and P.S.”

The red badge of shame was required of everyone who was getting public assistance. The “P” stood for “pauper.” The other letters identified the hapless fellow according to his county.

The same act of the Delaware Legislature, passed in 1791, that required the red badge of shame, also provided for the erection of an almshouse in each county.

I’ve often driven down the rural road that winds from Wyoming towards Hazletsville, and looked curiously as I passed all that’s left of the old Kent County Almshouse. It stands in a cover of scrub trees, a crumbling red brick building, empty-eyed, streaked with green lichen, slowly settling back to the earth on which it rose.

Pigeons flutter around the cupola on the roof.

According to Scharf’s “History of Delaware,” the Kent County Almshouse rose on a tract of land called “Barne’s Chance” that was acquired by the Kent County Overseers of the Poor in 1791. On the tract were built “various frame and log buildings” to house not only the poor, but the insane as well.

A “white woman’s house” was built in 1812, “three stories high, and 24 by 52 feet.” Later there followed a brick building for “males and the confinement of the insane,” and a “colored house.”

Those brick buildings must have been an improvement over the log ones, but it isn’t hard to imagine the atmosphere that must have prevailed in that house for “males and the insane.”

—Child’s Jump Rope Song

By Barbara Miller
with imagination's ear, the hopeless old men rattling their bowls to the accompaniment of the howls of the mad.

Surely, life in the Almshouse wasn't easy. According to records of 1890, the Kent County Trustees limited expenditures to $2 per month for each resident. Hardly a princely sum, even in those days. The ante was upped only in cases of "emergency caused by an accident or contagious disease."

The Alms house had its own farm where the able-bodied men and boys worked to provide the money for their own support, and for the rest of the almsmen. The women made the clothing and household supplies.

Even the children were expected to pitch in and work. Oh yes, there were children in the poorhouses, who stayed with their mothers until they were old enough to be apprenticed out. Some even arrived there by default. In 1887, there were 12 babies born in the New Castle County Almshouse. Certainly, not a joyous place to live, the Poorhouse. They were, at one point, accused of being "nurseries of vice," rather than "asylums for the helpless."

Who "went to the Poorhouse"? They were the aged, the homeless, the physically or mentally handicapped. They were the unmarried mothers and their babes, the entire families unable to meet expenses, the hopeless and helpless who had no relatives or friends to turn to in their need.

And yet, if we can believe the old adage, "cleanliness is next to Godliness," in their drab existence the almsmen must have been very close to God.

Dorothea Dix, who became famous for her work to improve care for the insane, visited the Kent County Almshouse in 1849 and came away praising the clean conditions there. It was reported that she was "perfectly astonished at the order and cleanliness of our poor house, and accorded it the highest honor of being in the best condition of any similar institution in the country."

And now, shift the scene to the first quarter of our century. The Kent County Almshouse is still operating, though it, and those in the other two counties will be closed when the State Welfare Home in Smyrna opens in 1933.

A little girl, who lives on a farm near the Almshouse, skips down the dirt road. As she nears the place she wrinkles her nose at the sudden sharp smell of disinfectant. Cleaning day!

"I still remember that smell," she says now. Evidently, the almsmen still lived close to God in their cleanliness.

The little girl, grown now and still living near Dover, has other hazy recollections of the old Almshouse.

"It was a pleasant place. There were pretty lawns with big shade trees around the superintendent's house. There were gardens, and a farm, and I remember the windmill that pumped the water.

"There was an old man, a resident, who had only one leg and was deaf and dumb, too. He was a very intelligent man, and was in charge of the Almshouse water works. He used to come down the road on his crutches to talk to my father, who knew the deaf hand language. They'd sit and talk, and every now and again they'd laugh out loud. Evidently, one of them had told a joke.

"All the while I was growing up you know how children are... I had the idea that all deaf and mute people had only one leg."
"And I remember two old ladies, Hester and Nancy, who used to come down to our place now and again to get catnip for their cat. There weren't very many residents then. Of course, it was just for Kent County, and we didn't have the population we have now. Mostly it was old people, waiting out their time.

"I haven't been out that way in a very long time," she concluded thoughtfully.

Those of you who do travel that country road are apt to whip right past in your sleek, high powered car, with hardly a glance at the crumbling old building that stands in its cover of weeds and trees.

But if you pause there, if you lower your car window and close your eyes, you may find yourself wrinkling your nose at the sudden sharp smell of disinfectant.

Cleaning day!

And then let your imagination level the weeds, and see again the "pretty lawns and shade trees," and perhaps an old, one-legged man, hobbling down a dirt road on his crutches to spend an hour with a friend he can "talk" to. And maybe you'll see the two old ladies, Hester and Nancy, lavishing their love, and the scraps from their plates, on their pet cat, because they're alone in their old age, and "waiting out their time."

Then blink quickly, and they'll all be gone. Only the old shell of the Poorhouse remains.

So cheer up, friend. As you pay your taxes and read the grim news of the latest hike in the cost of living, you can reflect that no matter how hard times may get, you'll never have to wear the red badge of shame. You'll never have to pack your belongings in a wicker hamper and make that last, long, hopeless trip down the road that winds out from Wyoming toward Hazlettville. You'll never "go to the Poorhouse." Because the Poorhouse is just a quaint figure of speech now, after all. A rhyme, for children skipping rope.

Author's Note –
My appreciation to Mrs. Anna M. Sutton of the Dover Library, and to Mike Richards at the State Archives, for aid in research, and to Mrs. Joseph Satterfield for her personal recollections of the old Almshouse.
THE MULE NAMED
LUTHER

By Jehu Camper

This story started at the turn of the Century-1900. At that time I was four years old. I had a sister who was two years older. There was a boy named Frank that my parents had taken in to raise. He was a few months older than my sister.

My parents were tenant farmers. We lived on a farm one mile west of a small town in lower Delaware. This farm was located in the forks of a road, bounded on the east by one county road and on the south by another. Upon entering the front lane from the south road and continuing through the barn yard and down the back lane, you would come out to the east bound road about ½ mile north. On the extreme north-east boundary of the farm there was a stand of loblolly pines of considerable size, and the ground was always covered with pine needles several inches deep. On the edge of this pine woods was a pine thicket so thick that a squirrel could hardly get through.

My parents were poor and had to work hard to make a living, but we were happy and contented and willing to share what we had with others less fortunate than ourselves. Dad would always plant extra potatoes and beans. He would also butcher an extra hog for the families in the neighborhood that would be hard hit before spring. It was a pleasant feeling to live in that kind of a neighborhood where everyone shared and no one suffered.

It was late in November that a troupe of Gypsies moved in the pine woods on the north-east side of the farm. They pitched four tents. They had some six or seven horses, several dogs, two goats, game birds, and one mule colt about six weeks old whose mother had died the day before they moved in. The Gypsies had been granted the privilege of occupying the woods by our landlord. They were welcomed by the neighborhood. They were a musical group of Gypsies. One of the girls was about 18 years of age and a very talented singer. A younger brother played the harmonica, the father played the violin, the mother the accordion, granddad the drums and grandmom would take up the collection. This musical group could play music fit for a king. Or at least we thought so, for entertainment was hard to come by in those days. They would play at street corners, railroad depots, hotels, most anywhere they could pick up a small collection of nickels, dimes, and pennies. People in those days didn't have much money and didn't spend very
freely, but the Gypsies seemed to make out on what they received.

On Saturday, the first of December, about the middle of the afternoon the wind shifted to the north east and started to pick up force. By that night there were a few snow flakes starting to fall. I remember Mother saying to Dad that it looked like we were in for a blizzard. Dad prided himself on predicting the weather and assured her, since it was a moonlight night that there wouldn't be any snow accumulation. That put the household at ease.

We all retired about 9:30 that evening and no one was up during the night to check on the weather. Dad got up at 6 o'clock the next morning and got the rest of the family up. He told us to look out the windows. All we could see was the top of the fence posts. Everything was covered with snow. Our first thought was how the Gypsies had made out during the night. But, before we could go and see how they made out, we had to do our chores.

The first thing we had to do was to dig a path to the barn yard and attend to the livestock. There were cows to feed and milk, chickens to feed and water to pump. We all pitched in and we were settled down at the breakfast table at 8 a.m. Dad was the first to finish and was off to the barn. We all knew what was on his mind. We watched as he got one of the work horses out of the stable, mounted him with his shovel in hand, and started down the back lane toward the Gypsies' camp. Before long Dad returned to the stable. He proceeded to gear two horses to the stock sleigh as the snow in the lane was too much for one horse. With the sleigh he could go across the open pasture to the Gypsies' camp. Dad could see that in the open pasture field the snow was not as deep. The wind had blown the fields almost clear. The storm had lessened by now and we could see Dad as he neared the camp. On arriving at the Gypsies' camp Dad said he could see or hear no signs of life except the livestock which were calling for attention. They were nearly covered with snow.

Soon one of the men folk came out of a tent and Dad told him that his visit was to check on how they survived the night. The Gypsy man, whose name was Harvey, said they all were in good health. But, they had no food for their livestock and no provisions for themselves. He said they had just discussed their plight and thought he would butcher one of the goats. Dad, however had another idea. After scraping the snow away he could see an eye that was very much awake. He informed Harvey that the colt was alive, but Harvey didn't show...
much concern. Dad asked Harvey if he could take the colt home with him and see if he could nurse it back to health. It was agreed that if Dad could not revive the colt that he was to return it to the Gypsies’ camp, and they would use the remains for dog food. If the colt lived Dad could keep it.

When Dad returned home with the mule colt we were three happy kids. However, I couldn’t say the same for my Mother, as this meant more work for her. In spite of everything, she went to work and heated some milk. She proceeded to try to force feed the mule colt but it seemed that he couldn’t swallow.

Dad instructed us to get some straw from the barn and put it on the floor of the brooder house which was equipped with a stove. We started a fire in the brooder-house stove and laid the mule colt on the straw. Soon it was very comfortable inside the building.

By this time Dad returned from a trip around the neighborhood with the sleigh loaded with supplies for the Gypsies. He had feed for the livestock, potatoes, dried beans and chickens. Mother was also busy getting some supplies together. She had butter, eggs, canned fruit, scrapple, sausage, and even some cracklins for the dogs. When Dad arrived at the Gypsy camp, David the Gypsy boy said Santa Claus sure had come early this year.

Now I guess it’s time to describe Luther, as to color and size. The first thing you noticed was his white nose and four white legs. His body was sorrel with some dark patches. Luther was a medium sized mule and grew to weigh about 900 lbs. I can’t really say much for his looks, but he certainly was a good natured animal. You could do most anything to him. You could crawl under his belly, between his legs, pull his tail, but under no circumstances touch his ears. He sure would come to life if you tried to do that. His hair was always slick and shiny. Dad said the reason for this was that so many children climbing on and sliding off kept him well groomed.

Luther was hardly a year old when we kids were riding him. By the time he was two years old you would see two kids on his back and another riding in a wagon pulled by a rope around Luther’s neck. Up and down the lane we would go with...
Luther stopping at each bush along the way to take a bite. Luther never seemed to get filled. My Mother always said that we never needed a garbage can with Luther around. It didn't make any difference to Luther what she threw out. He would even eat potato peelings, corn husks and bean hulls. He seemed to have an appetite for anything.

One day we kids conceived the idea that whoever got on Luther's back for a ride would carry a stick and touch him on the ears to hurry him up. But Luther was pretty smart. He would ease under the clothesline and that would take care of his rider. During the many years that Luther was with us, I never knew of any kid that got hurt by his actions. Maybe a bruise or a scrape but nothing serious.

The day finally came when Dad thought it was about time for Luther to earn his keep. It was really a day to be remembered when Dad tried to slip the bridle off while he was finishing his job. When he left the edge of town he would eat all the way home. This took him about half a day.

The town's people a mile away would use Luther to work their gardens and when he was finished with them they would turn him loose geared to a sleigh with his bridle on. The bit was removed from his mouth when eating or drinking. The bridle also had blinders on it. Luther could only see straight ahead.

We kids decided to take advantage of this situation and have some fun. We would lay an ear of corn on the ground where Luther could see it. One of us would stand on one side and one on the other. When Luther would approach the ear of corn, put his head down to take a bite, each of us would grab one of Luther's ears and hold on for dear life. Boy old Luther would sure go into some wild actions.

Only happened a few times before Dad found out and said if he ever saw us do this again he was going to give Luther back to the Gypsies. That was all he had to say to us, for we just wouldn't know what to do without Luther.

Luther was always in demand and was "broke" to harness. Many of our neighbors would borrow him to cultivate their gardens. Luther was slow moving and his small feet did not trample the vegetables. But there is one thing you could be sure of. The corn wouldn't be as tall and the bean vines wouldn't have as many leaves when Luther got done cultivating. One neighbor said he believed if you left Luther in the garden long enough he would even eat the bean poles.

The gardeners a mile away would use Luther to work their gardens and when he was finished with them they would turn him loose geared to a sleigh with the plow and cultivators. He would start eating along the side of the road when he left the edge of town and would eat all the way home. This took him about half a day. When he reached home he would be ready to eat his supper.

I well remember that day late in October when we got home from school. Mother told us it was time to gather in the pumpkins and citrus as we would expect frost anytime. Frank and I hitched Luther to the stock sleigh and proceeded down to the garden. There was too much for one load so we loaded on about half and started for the barn. Dad was near the lane husking corn. Back of the barn was a slight incline. Old Luther was pulling away, when all of a sudden he stumbled and almost went down. Dad was looking and told us to let him catch his breath. Frank and I were told to get off the sleigh.
and work up the hill. When we thought Luther was rested we gave him the word to go. He started, took about three or four steps and stumbled and went down. Dad had observed what had happened and rushed over. The first thing he did was to take hold of Luther's ears and when there was no resistance we knew what had happened. Luther was dead.

But this wasn't the last for Luther. In those days when an animal died, the easiest means of disposal was to haul the remains in the woods and let the vultures take care of it. The three of us children said that this was not going to happen to Luther. He was to be buried. Dad said that he was in the middle of harvest. It would take two or three days to dig a grave big enough for Luther and he just could not take the time now. Mother spoke up and said that Luther was going to be buried even if she had to dig the grave. Well, the next morning Dad started out bright and early with his shovel. We had some neighbors who had heard about Luther's death and they came over to help dig his grave. Before night the grave was dug and Luther's body was lowered in, with his bridle on.

If there ever was a dumb animal that had given his all to mankind it was Luther. If there is such a thing as mule heaven, I know Luther is there. I do hope they have plenty for him to eat.

FOR SALE CHEAP!

The grass skirt swindle scene in "SOUTH PACIFIC" is a hilarious moment with a most unusual husband and wife team. Marlou Klemmer, playing the part of Bloody Mary, uses her expertise in salesmanship to convince her husband, who plays the part of Billis, that her grass skirts and boar's tooth jewelry are most desirable souvenirs for a Navy man to send his stateside sweetheart.

Marlou Klemmer appeared as the Mother in THE SINGING PLAYERS production of the Menotti opera, "AMAHL and the NIGHT VISITORS" in the Wilmington, Seaford and Dover performances last Fall. Other credits she holds are for the part of Julie Jordan in "CAROUSEL"; Fiona in "BRIGADOON" and Madam Dubonette in "THE BOY FRIEND". Joe Klemmer played Perceville Brown opposite Marlou in "THE BOY FRIEND". Both Klemmers performed with the American Chorus of Augsburg, Germany, and The Green Room Players of Bremerhaven. Marlou concertized extensively in Bremen, Munich, Trieste, and appeared as soloist with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra at Salzburg.

THE SINGING PLAYERS production of "SOUTH PACIFIC" will be on Friday, March 29 and Saturday, March 30 at 8:15 p.m. D.S.T. in the Dover Central Middle School Auditorium. Tickets may be secured from members of THE SINGING PLAYERS and by calling 678-1715, or by writing Jean Rowe, 621 N. Washington Street, Milford, Delaware 19963.
USING MOUTH TO PRIME A GASOLINE SIPHON IS DANGEROUS & CAN BE FATAL

In this day of gasoline shortage, a number of people are siphoning gas -- and this is a dangerous and possible deadly thing to do if you prime the siphon by mouth, says a leading pharmacologist.

Even tiny droplets of gas drawn into the lungs can cause rapid and fatal damage, said Dr. Sorell Schwartz, associate professor of pharmacology at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C.

Both swallowing gas and breathing the vapors can seriously harm internal organs, he said, cautioning that, if you should swallow gasoline, don’t try to induce vomiting because of the risk of getting some of the gas into your lungs.

Don’t administer first aid on yourself -- get immediate medical help.

If you do get some gas in your mouth, wash it away and avoid taking a deep breath.

WHAT’S IT?

MARCH’S WHAT’S IT

No, our What’s It is not a paddle. It could be found in many homes of yesteryear (measures 22” long and is wooden). Perhaps your grandmother will remember using one.

Can you? If you can’t guess it, see the April Digest for a positive identification.

FEBRUARY’S WHAT’S IT

was a 1940 American Bantam Roadster. (Production of these cars ceased in 1940)

Blue Hen Glass

(mirrors - plexiglas)

OPEN SAT. 8 - 4
1189 N. DuPont Highway
Dover, Delaware 19901
(302) 678-9541

“DQ”

Sundaes
Cones
Shakes

Dairy Queen

“LET’S ALL GO TO DAIRY QUEEN”

2 Great DAIRY QUEENS
Dover and Camden
2 S. DuPont Highway
162 N. DuPont Hwy.

1974

INTERNATIONAL®

TRAVELALL®

Built to Tow
Heavy-duty frame and drivetrain let you haul big trailers without a lot of add-on extras.

SCOUT®

... by International®
Hit the wilderness trails on weekends, let your wife drive it weekdays. With power steering and brakes, air conditioning and every luxury option, Scout gives you the best of two worlds!

C. F. SCHWARTZ
MOTOR CO., INC.
Dover, Delaware
734-5748
Sandy McAllister of the 1st State Corvette Club is our Miss Pisces. Born in Hagerstown, Maryland just 26 years ago is a dental assistant. She enjoys swimming, golf, handicrafts, sewing and modeling. Sandy is 5'5½", 118 lbs. and is an eye pleasing 35-25-35.
Again in 1925 and 1926, the Old State House was remodeled. At this time the Annex building was erected, and elaborate plaster cornices were installed in the first-floor rooms of the main structure. After Legislative Hall was built, the State House was further subdivided into office space. But Mrs. Ridgely and her friends did not forget the project of restoring the Old State House to its original appearance. In 1964, the General Assembly appropriated $90,000 for the eventual restoration of the building, but it was still needed for office space.

In 1966, the state planning office issued a Capitol Complex Plan, which called for the demolition of all the State House wings, so that the original building would stand alone. Two years later, the south wings were remodelled, and the colonnade was removed. While this renovation helped to visually isolate the original building, it did not accomplish the objectives of the 1966 plan.

On February 24, 1971, the Old State House was placed on the National Register of Historic Places, which meant that its restoration would be eligible for federal assistance.

Upon completion of the Townsend Building and subsequent removal of State offices in 1972, the building became available for long-awaited restoration. By this time, the $90,000 previously appropriated was no longer sufficient even to begin the restoration. The General Assembly provided an additional $660,000, which was supplemented by $100,000 of federal funds under the National Register program. This money is sufficient to restore the State House alone, but will not be sufficient to complete the plan for the complex. We have asked for additional money to complete the project.

There was some discussion about putting offices in the restored building, but the Council on Historical and Cultural Affairs decreed that the Old State House would be limited to ceremonial use, and would include a ceremonial office for the Governor.

With funds in hand to begin the restoration, the Director of the
Grover A. Biddle, acting director (back to the camera) points out a detail to Charles van Ravenswaay, a member of Delaware State Review Board for Historic Preservation and director of the Henry Division of Historical and Cultural Affairs engaged the architectural firm of McCune Associates to oversee the project.

As soon as the building became available in October, 1972, the architects began probing the walls, to find out how much of the original structure survived. To our pleasant surprise, there was more evidence than we should reasonably have expected.

At about the same time, the professional preservation staff of the Division began an exhaustive search of the documents for further information concerning the building. Previous staff research had uncovered a few items, but it was now necessary to examine and catalog every shred of evidence. All the primary source materials at the Hall of Records were examined, and the search has extended to other repositories as well.

In the late spring of 1973, archaeological crews from the Section of Archaeology began searching for further information in the ground around and under the building. This archaeological research began in June and has continued to the present. In front of the building, we discovered evidence for the dripline of the original cornice, which will permit a more accurate reconstruction of the original roof. To the north and south of the building, we found the original appearance of the side doors.

In front of the building, we found evidence for the location of the brick kiln, in which 200,000 bricks were burned.

By midsummer, 1973, the architects and the historical staff had completed their preliminary research.
investigations. We had a fairly clear idea of the building's layout and appearance, but the details were still lacking. At this point, the architect prepared a set of plans, showing the restored building and the adjacent public buildings. We met with Governor Tribbitt, who suggested that the best course of action would be to isolate the original building, as envisioned in the 1966 plan. He asked the project policy committee to formulate a set of recommendations along these lines. The committee recommended to the Governor that the State House be detached from the Supreme Court wing, and that the original building be completely and accurately restored to its original appearance.

Even though there is not enough money to complete the plan for the entire complex, the policy committee has decided that we were justified in going forward with the restoration plans. In August, therefore, we began the second phase, stripping away all the later elements of the 1792 building.

The 1925 plaster cornices, the 1874 walnut woodwork, and all the later partitions were removed. The walls and framing of the building were completely exposed for the first time in its history. Nothing original was removed, not even the few fragments of the original plaster. The basement floor was removed to reveal the north chimney base intact, but we also found a number of hidden structural defects in the building.

The only surviving original interior trim, three courtroom columns on the first floor, contained a wealth of information that only now is being fully interpreted. Notches in the floor joists provided information about the exact dimensions of fireplaces and the locations of the hearthstones. Shadow lines on the walls revealed the locations of wainscot and partitions.

Fortunately, the framing members were numbered in consecutive pairs. Some of the numbered floor joists remained in place, while others have been moved or lowered.

Over the front door, where the original staircase had been located, we found that several floor joists had been removed during a rebuilding. An unused fragment of the original exterior trim molding was found attached to a joist, where it had been used as a plaster lath nailer.

All these pieces of architectural evidence are being analyzed and compared with the documents, in an effort to achieve complete accuracy within the limits of the available evidence.
This is the foundation of a chimney base, found under the concrete floor in the basement of Delaware's Old State House. Two large chimneys heated the building.

Our research staff, meanwhile, is conducting research along several lines of inquiry. One staff member is examining the careers of the various contractors and subcontractors, in an effort to identify other buildings that they may have built. Thorough research into these other buildings will help us to restore the State House to conform to the peculiarities of Kent County architecture.

At the same time, we are looking for photographs and drawings that may have been made before 1874. We are also looking for records concerning Alexander Givan, who designed the building.

Still another line of research is comparison of the building with plan books that were available during the period. A preliminary phase of this investigation has indicated that most of the major details of the building were borrowed from published plans. However, Alexander Givan was no mere copyist. He drew an original design based on a thorough knowledge of style and building practices.

This research is quite time-consuming and costly, but it is absolutely essential to ensure that we will conduct a proper professional restoration.

Even though the Division has assembled a highly qualified professional staff, we cannot restore the State House alone. We must ask for popular support; we must leave no attic unsearched in our quest for evidence. If we are to have a State House of which we can be proud, we must insist upon the highest quality of restoration work, regardless of the cost. The State House has suffered under the burden of one compromised, incomplete restoration. It is our mission to see that this does not happen again.
Mention "magic" and you get one of two reactions out of people, depending on their age. The older ones will raise an eyebrow, but there might still be a hopeful look in their eyes that such a thing could actually exist. The little ones simply clap with glee!

A couple of years ago, I picked up a pamphlet on the "Magic Age of Steam". At first glance it seemed to be simply another children's amusement park. But a visit to the facility in October 1972 soon changed our minds. We made a return trip on December 27, 1973 during the special holiday festivities the "Magic Age of Steam" holds each year. Even with the energy crisis preventing the usual gala outdoor lighting, the program was one of the highlights of our holiday season.

The "Magic Age of Steam" is located in the rolling country near the top of Delaware, off of Rt. 82 near the town of Yorklyn. The majestic turreted stone house, "Auburn Heights", was built on the grounds in 1897. It was to be the home of the founder of "Magic Age of Steam", T. Clarence Marshall and other members of his family, but there were two related sidelines which gave spark to Mr. Marshall's daily life. As a sideline, he sold Stanley Steam Cars for ten years. At home he and Tom, Jr. enjoyed the electric train the senior Marshall had bought for his son. The layout for the "standard gauge" Lionel set had grown to such proportions as to fill an entire room of the Marshall home.

But Mr. Marshall's first love was steam. He and young Tom would stand along the main line of the nearby railroad and watch the freights chuff by, or marvel at the speedy passenger limiteds with their side rods pounding away the miles. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could have our own small scale railroad right in our backyard?" they would remark to each other. But Tom was to become a full grown man and Mr. Marshall was to retire from the mills before their dream began to take shape.

In 1941, while on a trip to California, T. Clarence Marshall Fibre Co. (NVF). The family paper and fibre mills expanded to Kennett Square, Wooddale, Wilmington, and Newark. These mills were to become the bread and butter mainstay for T. Clarence Marshall and other members of his family, but there were two related sidelines which gave spark to Mr. Marshall's daily life. As a sideline, he sold Stanley Steam Cars for ten years. At home he and Tom, Jr. enjoyed the electric train the senior Marshall had bought for his son. The layout for the "standard gauge" Lionel set had grown to such proportions as to fill an entire room of the Marshall home.

But Mr. Marshall's first love was steam. He and young Tom would stand along the main line of the nearby railroad and watch the freights chuff by, or marvel at the speedy passenger limiteds with their side rods pounding away the miles. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could have our own small scale railroad right in our backyard?"; they would remark to each other. But Tom was to become a full grown man and Mr. Marshall was to retire from the mills before their dream began to take shape.

In 1941, while on a trip to California, T. Clarence Marshall
met Martin S. Lewis, founder of LITTLE ENGINES. Mr. Lewis showed Mr. Marshall several scale model drawings he had made of steam locomotives. Using these plans, Mr. Marshall built his first live-steam locomotive, which used a track gauge of only 3½". It didn’t take long for Mr. Marshall to realize that the locomotive would never be large enough to carry passengers on a practical basis. Nevertheless, he finished the project in time for son, Tom, newly released from four years in the Air Force, to see his handiwork.

Tom Marshall declares his father to have been “the best mechanic I have ever seen. He could build or repair anything”. This skill and equal determination were to finally bring Mr. Marshall the train he had wanted for so many years. Martin Lewis had devised plans for a number of locomotives with a track gauge of 7½". The finished products were so realistic that T. Clarence Marshall immediately ordered plans and castings for another larger passenger engine.

For four years Mr. Marshall worked on his locomotive. To Tom and Everett B. Hollingsworth fell the task of preparing the grounds and the tracks for the train. Finally, on August 5, 1960, guests at Mr. Marshall’s 75th birthday party were the first passengers to ride the little train. T. Clarence Marshall chose the name “Auburn Valley” for his tiny railroad, taking the “Auburn” from the original name of Yorklyn before the Wilmington & Western Railroad had changed it in 1872.

While building the little steam locomotive had been of great importance to T. Clarence Marshall for many, many years, it was by no means the sum of his interests. He had been involved in trapshooting tournaments for years. He was president of the National Bank and Trust Co. of Kennett Square for 10 years. Also, he took a hand in organizing Historic Red Clay Valley, Inc. which endeavored to restore certain historic projects in the area. In order to help the HRCV raise money, Mr. Marshall “leased” his railroad to them with all proceeds to go toward their ventures. Then the Auburn Valley Railroad found itself in need of a second train and more tracks and switches had to be added. This time Mr. Marshall did not have to start from scratch building his locomotive. He was fortunate to obtain the three-quarters finished engine that Martin Lewis had been working on at the time of his death.

In 1961 the facility ran ads and waited for public reaction. At first this was lukewarm, but on October 29, 1961 the attendance tallied a pleasant 1,068 passengers. The “Auburn Valley Railroad” was a success.

As a young man, T. Clarence Marshall had sold Stanley Steamers as a sideline. These remarkable cars, and their equally remarkable twin builders, the Stanley Brothers, were to be the center of another of Mr. Marshall’s hobbies. These two clever men, who were as fond of racing their automobiles as of building them,
were to turn out touring cars, roadsters, sedans, and mountain wagons which were to find their way into Mr. Marshall's growing collection. T. Clarence Marshall would buy the old cars and refurbish them himself, restoring them to their original gleaming dignity.

The "Magic Age of Steam", as it stands today, is a monument to the father built by the son. Soon after T. Clarence Marshall's death, Tom Marshall put into action plans for the present "Magic Age of Steam". He renovated the Steam Car Museum and installed restrooms, a snack bar, a new boiler room, and a parking lot across from the facility.

We arrived early for the Christmas festivities, in time to see the sun streaking the winter clouds stacked in the western sky at sunset. As we waited for the facility to open its gates, we watched the young helpers report for work. Tom Marshall usually works with only the able assistance of his mechanical director, Weldin V. Stumpf, but during the summer months and on special occasions he hires high school students to keep everything going smoothly.

At 5 p.m. we followed our excited children to the train as it was about to depart. All the normal "extras" at the Magic Age of Steam were included in our admission price. We climbed into the open cars, one person to a seat, and prepared to move out. (The locomotives do not linger long at the stations as they have to keep up a good head of steam). Rounding the bend, we approached the only outdoor area lighted with strings of Christmas lights, the 90'-long tunnel. Riding through this behind a steam locomotive in cold weather is quite an experience -- one feels a bit dampish at the other end!

After our ride, our daughter headed for the free popcorn turned out by a steam popcorn machine. Then we made for the warmth of the Museum.

Without background knowledge of the work T. Clarence Marshall put into his steam locomotives, most people would be inclined to wave them away as only interesting and fun. But the Museum stands this man's dedication up for all to see. Entering the large room, the first display along its walls shows the very action of steam, using a gallon of water and a teakettle. Further along are a steam-powered miniature carousel and many shining scale models of steam locomotives, including the "Abraham Lincoln" (1863), colorful blue, green, red, and brass train of the Civil War days. Nearby
is a small park engine Mr. Marshall had acquired from opera singer James Melton in 1958. Built at the turn of the century, it had originally run on a 9" gauge track but was modified by Marshall to fit the Auburn Valley Railroad.

The special additions for the Old Fashioned Christmas included a revolving Christmas tree, powered by a steam engine. Around its base ran a train. Across the aisle were other train layouts, some of them running under an antique carousel horse and an 1872 baby carriage. Other trains were set up near the front of the building, one of a spiraling railway popular in the 1920's. Here, too, was an old reed organ; occasionally a young organist entertained the visitors.

In the center of the room, lined up like immaculate soldiers, are 15 Stanley Steam Cars from the years 1902-1922. Interspersed among them are other stalwarts of the steam era: a 1907 White Steamer, a 1901 Toledo, Jr. Steamer, a 1911 Model T. Ford and a huge 1917 Pierce Arrow, to mention a few. If you got tired of all that steam, there was the 1915 Rauch & Lang Electric Car.

Not all modes of travel represented in the Museum are four-wheeled. Two high-wheeled bicycles and one bicycle-built-for-two held their own against their shiny comrades.

By far, my favorite steam car had to be the bright red 1915 mountain wagon. During our autumn visit, it was out running about the grounds so the visitors could enjoy rides. But its winter home is in the Museum. This particular 15-passenger mountain wagon has been involved in two Glidden tours, and a portion of a coast-to-coast March of Dimes tour in 1956. It has made a showing at 18 Old Timers' picnics in Wilmington. Originally owned by Litchfield Textile Co. of Litchfield, Connecticut, it provided transportation for the company employees. For several years after that the wagon was used to haul logs out of the New Hampshire forests before Mr. Marshall purchased it in 1946 and restored it in 1947.

What tales those old cars could tell!

Tom Marshall approached us, oil can in hand, as he checked out the steam engine which powered the revolving tree. Satisfied with its performance, he moved on to a small boy who was running the trains near the carousel horse, bending to give him more tips on the basics of railroading. He straightened one of the sign posts which are placed in front of each car, then came to welcome us to this place which stands as a living memorial to his father. Tom Marshall had very kindly extended me advance information for this article, so we chatted briefly, then let him go on to visit with other interested bystanders. Soon he was explaining the workings of a recently acquired "talking machine" to a small group of people.

We collected our children, who were now sporting engineer caps Grandmom had bought them, and headed back home in our gas-hog!

The "Magic Age of Steam" is open on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays from mid-April to mid-November and daily during July and August. Special Thanksgiving weekend and Christmas festivities are usually planned. For more
Why not gather your family into your economy car and head for the "Magic Age of Steam"? Take a trip back to the time when gas stations weren't your main concern on the road -- all you had to worry about was whether the horses had drunk all the water out of the next watering trough!

Stay safe and well.

Author's Note: Correction to A Colorful Towne in Quaker Gray in the February Digest . . . The Meeting House mentioned in the article is the only one open in Kent County. There are several open in New Castle County.

CULTURAL AND SOCIAL

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

1 & 2 - The 66th Annual Conference of the Delaware State Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Conference Headquarters are at the Holiday Inn. For information contact Mrs. Charles Goodrich, Dover, 734-2885. Open to all State DAR members.

2 - Kent County Democrat Committee Dance at the Camden-Wyoming Fire Hall. 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. BYOB, Music by Freedom; for tickets - $7.00 per couple, call 674-1288.

3 - Third Annual Kent County Antiques and Collector Show. Cheswold Volunteer Fire Company from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Refreshments, Door prizes. Admission $1.00 for adults, 50¢ for children under 12. Benefit Cheswold Volunteer Fire Co., Inc.

3 & 4 - Wesley Junior College Film Series. "The Ritual!". Wesley's Little Theatre, 8 p.m. Free and Open to the public.

6, 7, 8, 9 & 10 - "Company" presented by the University of Delaware Players at Mitchell Hall on the Campus. 8:15 p.m. Admission $2.75.

7 - Wesley College Humanities Program presents the Democratic Senator from California, John Tunney (son of the famous prize fighter). Senator Tunney will speak in the Center College, Room 206 at 8 p.m. Free and open to the Public.

8 - Marcel Marceau, famous French pantomimist at The Playhouse Theatre, duPont Building, Wilmington, 8 p.m. Call 656-4461 for ticket information. Presented by the Foundation Internationale de Delaware.

PAGE 38
12 - Holy Cross Adult Education in conjunction with The Delaware Program in Humanities sponsors Reverend Andrew Greeley, a Roman Catholic Priest, sociologist, theologian, weekly columnist and author of forty books speaking on the question: "What necessary changes must be made in our system if it is to continue to function democratically?" Wesley College duPont Center, Room 206, 8 p.m. Free and open to the public.

14 - Delaware State College Home Improvement Fair. Home Economics and Business Administration Buildings. 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Contact Jean Cronston, Kent County Home Economist, for details at 726-1448. Free and open to the public.

15 - Lake Forest High School Senior Class presents "Bye, Bye, Birdie" at the Lake Forest North School. 8 p.m. Students Admission - $1.25, Adults Admission - $2.50.

15 - Friends of Old Dover present Robert E. Chartower, member of the New Castle County Committee on Historic Preservation and member of the Delaware Bicentennial Committee, as speaker for the evening. 8 p.m. Johnson Building of the Delaware State Museum Complex. Free and open to the public.

17 - Delaware State College Gospel Festival. King Student Center. 2 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. Free and open to the public.

18 - Wilmington Junior Chamber of Commerce 1974 concert of winners in three categories of voice, piano and instrumental. Wesley College duPont Center, Room 206, 7:30 p.m. Free and open to the public.

19 - Wesley College Humanities Program presents Mr. David Cohen, Lobbyist and Vice President and Director of Operations for "Common Cause", a non-partisan citizens' lobby group founded by John Gardner, Cannon 7 at 8 p.m. Free and open to the public.

20 - Wesley College Humanities Program presents Mr. Bernard Calb, former CBS News Bureau Chief in Hong Kong. College Center, Room 206 at 8 p.m. Free and open to the public.

25 - Holy Cross Adult Education in conjunction with The Delaware Program in Humanities sponsors Sonia Sanchez, playwright, novelist, college professor, called the "female LeRoi Jones", and perhaps the leading black poetess and writer in America today speaking on the question "Do powerful governments suppress individual initiative?" Wesley College duPont Center, Room 206, 8 p.m. Free and open to the public.

29, 30 - The Singing Players Production of SOUTH PACIFIC at the Dover Central Middle School, 8:15 (see page 16).

Dear People:

Every month the Calendar includes something that is just a little different from what we had the month before and we want to continue to do so. Please contact me if your group or organization has a special function which you would like to see on our Calendar. I'd be delighted to include it.

Best regards,

Bennie Bassett

Telephone 674-0906 evenings
107 North State Street
Dover, Delaware 19901

PAGE 40

75 miles per gallon ain't bad

The first time you stop to have your Honda filled up, you're going to be pleasantly surprised. They don't use an eye dropper, but it's not far from it. The 4 gallon tank will be full before you know it, you'll have to shell out a whopping $2.26, and you'll be on your way for another 300 miles. Of course, it can get a little embarrassing when you stop more often to use the rest room than to fill the tank, but the country will thank you for helping save precious fuel, and you'll have a lot of fun in the bargain. Think about it ... It makes a lot of sense.

Diamond motor sports

2 M1. South of Dover on US 13
Phone: 697-3222; hours: Mon. thru Fri. 10 A.M. till 7 P.M.; Sat. 10 A.M. till 6 P.M.
FROM FISHING TO WATERSKIING
WE HAVE THE MERCURY OUTBOARD FOR YOU!

FOR YOUR NEXT BOATING OUTFIT COME SEE US!

Short's Sales & Service
OAK ORCHARD
On the Indian River
Phone: 934-9395

OPEN
8:00 A.M. TO 5:30 P.M.
Or By Appointment
7 Days a Week