



Chapter Two

~ A COMMUNITY WITH PERSONALITY ~

Tobias Hirte ~ by Glenn B Knight

"I like Toby," said Una.

"Who was he?" said Puck.

"Apothecary Tobias Hirte," Pharoah replied. "One hundred and eighteen, Second Street [Philadelphia]—the famous Seneca Oil man, that lived half of every year among the Indians."

What the Rudyard Kipling character failed to mention is that Hirte had, earlier in his life, been the schoolmaster at the Moravian community of Litiz and the founder of what is now Lititz Springs Park.

Apparently born into the Moravian faith, Tobias Hirte found himself living in the Brothers House in Litiz when it was confiscated by the forces of General Washington for use as a hospital during the Revolutionary War. He had been hired by the congregation as an assistant schoolmaster, under Brother Godfrey Roessler, and also taught instrumental music. The records of the Brothers House and the "Aufseher Collegium" are replete with mentions of Brother Hirte's various diversions, some of which got him expelled from the community for a time and eventually forever.

On Jan. 10, 1778, the hospital was in full operation and both of its doctors were sick with the Camp Fever and being treated by Brother Adolph Meyer, the local physician. Brother Schmick had preached to the soldiers that Sunday, and within two weeks he would die of the Camp Fever. Litiz was in those days a dangerous place.

The conditions in the hospital were squalid at best. The facility was over-crowded, heat was minimal, and many of the inmates were nearly naked and sleeping on the hard floor without blankets. The locals did as much as they could to help the wretched souls who had fought so valiantly against tyranny, but the community of several hundred were simply overwhelmed by what would eventually be about a thousand soldiers. In addition, many of those who tried to help fell victim to the diseases brought to town by the soldiers.

The Brothers House is a three-story stone building

adjacent to the Moravian Church which was later used as Prof. John Beck's "Litiz Academy for Young Gentlemen".

The notes of the community that day in January also indicate that "Some of our little boys have been trading things with the soldiers, receiving in exchange cartridges and powder that they set off in the barns." It was determined that some of the elders would scold the boys and try to get them to understand the gravity of their actions—the potential for personal injury and the threat of burning down one of the precious storehouses for the community.

Those notes also mention: "There is no reason why Tobias Hirte should have bought a gun; indeed, on the contrary, it is unseemliness! What use has a schoolmaster for a gun?" It appears that Brother Hirte had come upon the idea of using a flintlock for hunting game—a quite novel concept for the time, but one that would aid him greatly in his future.

Hirte, however, is perhaps most famous in Lititz history as the founder of the community entertainment center. By May of 1778, some of the soldiers were recovered and able to amble about the community often ending up at the acre of ground near the "Big Spring" where none other than Tobias Hirte, a violinist in the community orchestra, had laid out a "special place" for entertaining and indulging. The community musicians, Hirte among them, would gather there and the entertainment would go long into the night. The Collegium wanted to put a stop to it but many of the recovering soldiers and Dr. Allison, the respected, and now healthy, head of the hospital were often in attendance. So they decided to quietly approach the doctor explaining the harm that this type of activity was doing to their community and ask him to "absent himself".

Their response to Brother Hirte took a different path. "Tobias Hirte will be summoned to appear before the Brethren of the Conference and told not to dare in the future to begin such a thing on our land—for he is given to sudden ideas of the kind—especially without permission; and secondly to leave the place at the

spring as it is now," note the records. Practical, as the early Moravians were, they would not require that the "special place" be destroyed or returned to its former state—either requirement would run counter to their conservative German heritage.

The "special place" at the Big Spring continued to be used to the chagrin of the community leadership and eventually would become a pet project of Professor Beck and his charges. Centuries of evolution have brought it to the modern setting that today is the centerpiece of Lititz community life and a draw for crafters and community entertainment.

The other doctor in attendance at the military hospital was William Brown, Physician General of the Middle Department of the Continental Army. Much of his time was taken with the compilation work for the first pharmacopoeia to be printed in the New World. In 1778 he published "*Pharmacopoeia Simpliciorum & Efficaciorum, in usum nosocomii militaris, ad exercitum Foederatarum Americae Civitatum pertinentis; Hodiernae nostrae inopiae rerumque angustiis, Feroci hostium saevitiae, belloque crudeli ex inopinato patriae nostrae illato debitis*". The place of publication was Lititz and there is little doubt that Hirte was at least aware of the project that was central to his future employment as an apothecary.

Hirte, finding the pious life of a Moravian community anathema to his proclivities, apparently left Lititz for Lebanon and then on to the Indian Country in Northern Pennsylvania where he met Chiefs Red Jacket and Cornplanter.

The Seneca tribes accepted Hirte as a brother and through the years there developed a friendship that caused the two chiefs to visit the apothecary during his stays in Philadelphia. While with the Indians, he noticed that they were using feathers to skim the surface of French Creek and swallowed the thus acquired liquid as a cure-all. Always the entrepreneur, Hirte began to bottle and sell the liquid, from horseback, as "Indianisch-French-Criek-Seneca-Spring Oel". It became a popular cure toward the end of the 18th Century in the area between Philadelphia and Lebanon and as far south as Baltimore.

Seneca Oil, it turns out, was actually petroleum that was

seeping into French Creek from underground stores.

Soon recognized as an apothecary, he set up shop in Philadelphia, spent half of the year with the Indians and the rest in Philadelphia where he became active again in the Moravian congregation. But since this was not a religious community, as Lititz had been, there was less concern for his secular activities. Yet while he was with the Indians, he regularly tried to convert them into Moravians—with reportedly little success.

In return for his "Seneca Oil" Hirte brought the Indians the fruits of the European pharmacies and began importing "Dr. Van Swieten's, Late Physician to His Imperial Majesty, Renowned Pills" which he both sold to the locals and traded with the Indians. Dr. Van Swieten's was a well-respected cure and Hirte was one of its loudest proponents. Some of his advertising broadsides are owned by the Library Company of Philadelphia and are often exhibited.

An apothecary, in those days, was also generally a "bleeder". It was widely felt that disease was caused by blood that had been tainted and the act of removing blood to improve health was accepted medical practice. During a plague of Yellow Fever in Philadelphia, Hirte reportedly returned from his home in Lebanon to the city and began bleeding the sickness out of the population. Although the "cure" is today mostly discounted and discredited, Hirte was lionized as a hero for having saved the city.

While visiting Philadelphia a century later, Rudyard Kipling heard the tales of Hirte and included the character in two of his short stories in the book called "Rewards and Fairies". Hirte is introduced in "Brother Square-Toes" and is brought back briefly in the next title "A Priest in Spite of Himself". In typical Kipling style, he uses the Hirte character to lead the reader to the Indian chiefs who eventually confront Chief Big Hands (President George Washington) to find out if the new nation would be going to war on the side of the French against the British.

Hirte later became a hermit and traveled widely. The last record of him was his arrival in 1803 in Tuscarawas County, Ohio where he spent his time extracting and distilling various roots and herbs. There is no record of

his death and burial extant. Only his antics in Lititz and the writings of Rudyard Kipling pay tribute to his unique life.

Saunders Lovington ~ by Glenn B Knight

The Lititz Creek is actually Carter's Run and it is named for one of the earliest local settlers, a gent from Warwickshire England (Hmm, could there be a connection here to Warwick Township?).

Hammer Creek is named for the Grubb drop-hammer iron forge—the first in the new world—that was constructed along its banks. The forge was located in the wooded area just off US 322 to the left before you get to the Lebanon Pumping Station.

The Conestoga Creek, then River, was named for the Conestoga tribe of Native Americans who lived in this area.

The same is true for the Cocalico (originally Co Co Li Co) and Pequea Creeks—Indian names.

So where in the world did the Santo Domingo Creek come from? The Santo Domingo starts in the hills just above the north parking lot for the Warwick-Lititz Linear Park along Newport Road. It continues on to where Lincoln Avenue meets Cedar Street, and then on through the New Street Park, through Woodstream, until it empties into Lititz Creek or Carter's Run. Got a picture of it in your mind?

When Market Street was a dirt lane from New to Cedar Streets, there was a little woods and a couple of really neat ponds that were fed by the Santo Domingo. Many summers it dried up. Many springs added to the flooding. In between, there was a pleasant flow of water with pools and eddies for pre-teen boys to explore, find arrowheads, and play Davy Crocket. The area is now a well for the local water supply.

Minnows were the largest of the aquatic creatures and they shared their domain with crawfish and water spiders. The woods hosted most of the fine woodland creatures and often a deer or two. As a member of the

Lincoln Avenue Posse, I spent a lot of time in those woods, the ponds and pools. Never once did I ever wonder why the creek was called the Santo Domingo.

I have come to learn that it was named, not actually in honor of, but because of Saunders Lovington. In the period prior to the Civil War, Saunders Lovington escaped from a plantation outside of the capital city of the Dominican Republic and found his way to Lititz.

His residence was no more than a shack set adjacent to the pleasurable little stream to provide water for cooking and bathing. He would take on odd jobs and accept payment in currency or goods. It is also reported that he could be found on the main streets of Lititz (and Warwick) playing his fiddle and dancing for coins.

The capital city of the Dominican Republic was then Santo Domingo and while Saunders Lovington was indeed an escaped slave, he was most often referred to as "The San Domingan". When travelers and newcomers inquired as to the name of the creek the local populace would most frequently say, "Why that's the San Domingan's Creek".

Long after Mr. Lovington played his last tune and his shack fell to nothing, the creek was still being referred to as the San Domingo or the Santo Domingo.

I spend hours sitting in the pavilion at the New Street Park staring into the creek, looking for a crawfish or a minnow, and considering that most people in Lititz don't even know the name of the creek. Those few who do know the creek's name have no idea why it's called the Santo Domingo. Mingled in with the murmur of the water spilling over the well-polished rocks, I can often hear the plaintive strains of a well-rosined bow arching across a tight string of catgut.

Singing along quietly, my mind drifts to another age and

the sound of a fiddle in the hands of a man who most assuredly knew the meaning of freedom. "Me father and I went down to camp along with Cap'n Gooding; and there we saw the men and boys as thick as hasty

pudding. Yankee Doodle came to town riding on a pony; stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni".

Thank you Saunders Lovington.

Mammy Spangler by Martha J. Xakellis

"Mammy" Spangler taught a little boy to walk by giving him a helping hand. The hand held the end of the cord tied around his waist. He would not fall! He could not fall! Mammy held the string.

At the time she held the end of that string, Emma Spangler had been a widow for 25 years. She was in her early 60's and living alone. She and her husband David had four children – all boys. David did not live to see them grow up. He was a day laborer, working for local farmers and businessmen as needed. The family had been living in Rothsville and in the spring moved to Lititz to a house across the street from the telephone exchange near the corner of Main and Church streets. David had been clearing away rubbish left from building a stable in the rear yard of J. Frank Buch when he stepped on a rusty meat hook, which went through the sole of his shoe piercing his foot. He developed lockjaw and died three weeks later on December 7, 1895. Emma remained at 137 East Main Street with her sons, George, Edward, John, and Paul.

In the 1900 Federal Census George is listed as age 14, John as 8, and Paul as 5. Edward, 11, is a student at Girard College in Philadelphia. In the census all the boys have the middle initial "F" which stood for Firestone, Emma's maiden name. Her father, Henry Firestone, established a bakery at Pleasant View and was the original promoter of the residence now known as the United Zion Home. The 1900 Census does not list an occupation for Emma, only the fact that she is a widow, but in the 1910 Census she is listed as a laundress. At that time her son Paul is still at home, working in the box factory, and there is a boarder, Samuel Meck, who works as a foreman at the creamery.

By the 1920 Census, just before the Ritz Family moved into the back part (a frame addition no longer there) of



Mammy Spangler
Photo from the Robert "Sketch" Mearig Collection.

the house at 137 East Main Street, Emma is living by herself and doing laundry at home for others. In 1930, she is 72 years old still alone at the little house on East Main Street and doing laundry for others. George is married and living in Philadelphia. His brother Edward is with him. Paul is also married and living in Lititz.

The next written mention of Emma is in the Lancaster Sunday News, March 2, 1941. Her gift for growing and caring for plants is deemed a worthy subject for a photo and article titled "Green Fingers." She has been living in her small story-and-a-half, slate-roofed house across from Linden Hall for 46 years. The south-facing, shelf-lined window is filled with cans of flourishing houseplants. She is a firm believer in using tin cans rather than pots for her plants. Begonias, geraniums, coleus and African violets are just a few of them. She is the neighborhood plant doctor, helping people with their problem plants, and some of the teachers at

Linden Hall entrust their plants to her when they go on vacation.

Emma still does laundry. She has been doing the wash for a teacher at Linden Hall for 36 years. When the teacher moved to New York and could find no one whose laundry smelled so sweet or looked so white as “Mammy” Spangler’s, bundles of laundry were mailed back and forth between New York and Lititz for many years. Once when Emma was unable to do the laundry because of a severe skin inflammation, she had someone else do the washing while she did the ironing. The next week an enclosed note from the teacher said she could tell that “Mammy” hadn’t done the washing.

Emma attributed this success to the fact that she always made her own soap. She did not have an electric washing machine or an electric iron. She did the laundry by hand, hung it out to dry, and ironed it with sad irons, the kind you put on a coal or wood stove to get hot. She used an “electric light with coal-oil in it” at night. (Her words!). At 83 she kept busy by taking care of her plants, doing the laundry, keeping house, and tending her garden. She noted that when she moved into her house the trees out front were small enough for the boys to shake the dew off, and now they couldn’t get their arms around them.

From “The Lititz Record-Express”, March 13, 1947: “Mrs. Emma Spangler, eighty-nine, widow of David M. Spangler, 137 E. Main St., this borough, died Wednesday at 10:55 p.m. at the Martin Convalescent Home, Lancaster after a lingering illness. Born in Lancaster County, she was a daughter of the late Henry and Suzanna Imhoff Firestone. Surviving are four sons, George and Edward, Philadelphia; John, Reading; and Paul, this borough; also two grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Services were held Saturday afternoon from Spacht’s Funeral Parlor with interment in the Hess Cemetery.”

The Hess Cemetery is on Clay road behind the Dunkard Brethren Church south of Newport Road. In it you will find stones for four Spanglers. David was not the first to be buried there. At the beginning of a row there is a very small stone engraved “Christian son of David and Emma Spangler.” The dates can no longer be read. Next to his son’s stone is the burial stone for David and then the one for Emma. She died March 5, 1947. Their son Edward, never married, died in October 1947 and is buried several rows away.

Emma “Mammy” Spangler never thought that her small bit of attention to a toddler would be remembered and written about more than 80 years later.

Mr. King and Other Tramps by Gladys J. F. Crowl

Living under the willow trees which lined the south side of the railroad tracks just east of the confluence of the Santo Domingo with the then Lititz Springs Creek, now Lititz Run, seemed to be a favorite area for tramps. Apparently the depression of 1929 left even well educated men discouraged enough to head for the open road. After hopping a freight trail for a free ride to somewhere, a freight train stop at Yerger Brothers, Inc. or the Animal Trap Company would ease the departure from the train. A short walk to East Main Street led to kindhearted housewives who were good cooks and accustomed to being asked for a cup of coffee and a bite to eat.

One, two, and sometimes three hobos lived under the willow trees. William King was a man who returned

there year after year and usually lived alone. Billy Fry, a son of Pontiac dealer William B. Fry, found Mr. King to be intelligent and interesting. Occasionally on a cold winter night, Billy would ask his mother to provide warm clothing and/or a blanket for his friend. Then Billy, his mother and siblings, guided by flashlights, walked down the railroad tracks to give a coat and blankets to Mr. King. His expression of gratitude gave much pleasure to the family. When William King failed to return to his willow tree one summer, the family was sad, realizing that the congenial tramp must have died somewhere on the open road.

On a Thanksgiving Day evening after all the guests of the Fry family departed, Mrs. William B. Fry had just

enough food left for one more person. Her wish for one unexpected guest soon came true when a tramp appeared asking for a bite to eat. She placed a table board with a white linen cover across a warm radiator in the dealership showroom and brought bountiful meat to him. As he bowed his head in silent prayer, it was evident that this was a true day of Thanksgiving for him too.

A Main Street lady who grew up and worked in Lancaster seldom encountered tramps. When one asked her for a sandwich she obliged by giving him one with meat. He took one bite and threw it on the ground. She cried

out, "Why did you do that? I could have eaten it." He replied, "I can't eat that. I don't have teeth."

On a slight hill just beyond the south side of the Lititz Run Bridge was a one-room shack occupied by Jacob Shenk, a hermit. Each summer Jake's little house was engulfed with a variety of colorful flowers blooming delightfully and profusely in disarray. As summer deepened, huge sunflowers reached to his home's roof. When autumn arrived, pretty yellow and orange gourds with green stripes and stems replaced his floral show. This man's simple life spread beauty, joy, and happiness for all those who passed his back road abode.

LUTZ'S POOL by Cory Van Brookhoven

Ask a few older "Lititzites" where they spent most of their long hot summer days, and chances are they will say Lutz's Pool. The pool was located at the northeast section of Locust Street, across from Woodstream Corp. Benjamin Lutz, who owned a meat market on Main Street and who was a very talented musician, built and operated Lititz's first public swimming pool in the early 1930's.



Lutz's Pool - Early 1930's.
Photo from the Robert "Sketch" Mearig Collection.

Robert "Sketch" Mearig, who was Lutz's great-nephew, remembers working at the pool when he was a teenager. "I never missed a day," Mearig said. Some of his duties included selling tickets, candy, and Lititz Springs soft drinks. "If you bought a pound of hamburger from Ben's meat market, you'd get a free ticket to the pool" added Mearig. "If you didn't purchase the pound of meat, it was ten cents admission to get in". Although Lutz charged an admission to use his pool, if children or families



Robert "Sketch" Mearig diving into Lutz's Pool - 1938.
Photo from the Robert "Sketch" Mearig Collection.

could not afford to pay the fee, they were admitted free of charge. "Once you entered, you'd get a numbered basket to put your clothes in. After you changed into your swimming trunks, you would hand your basket of clothes to the person at the counter who in turn would then put your basket into a row with other baskets. You were then given a ticket. When you were done swimming, you would hand the ticket to the person at the counter, and they would give you your basket back" remembers Mearig.

Lutz's pool would always open Memorial Day weekend, and remain open all summer until Labor Day weekend. The pool's water came from a well, and therefore, it is said that the water was always very cold. The children looked forward to when Lutz would occasionally throw licorice whips, marshmallow peanuts, and caramels into the water for them to retrieve free of charge. Many of the children were even lucky enough to catch the treats in their hands before the candy landed into the unfiltered water.

The pool also had a diving board, which according to Mearig, was a real draw. The sliding board (which was made of tin) was also a great deal of fun to the local swimmers who patronized the pool. In addition, there was a baby pool and a grandstand for onlookers and family members to sit and watch the swimmers. Many churches around the community even used Lutz's pool for baptisms. In later years a fence was erected around the pool.

Once the World War II conflict began, many young men went off to war to fight for their country. Because of the war, money became tighter in many Lititz households,

and families could no longer afford recreational activities. As a result, Lutz eventually closed the pool. After closing the pool, Lutz offered the pool to the community – however, the Borough of Lititz declined to take over its operation, figuring that the upkeep would cost too much during the war years.

The children of Lititz had Ben Lutz to thank not only for the pool he owned and operated, but he was also instrumental in making certain that children in 5th grade and above in the Lititz School were given a recess period at the old Pierson playground. This playground is situated next to the Moravian Church. Originally, the principal of the school, Mr. Mummert, opposed the idea of recess for the older children, but after much protest by the parents and Lutz, the children finally got their wish.

Lutz also organized the very first recreation center in Lititz and never charged a fee for admission. The building housed a roller-skating rink and a basketball court. Although it has since been torn down, it once stood across from the Animal Trap Company on Front Street.

Today the pool is gone, and where it once stood, there are now houses. Although the property is unrecognizable, senior citizens who were fortunate enough to spend their younger days in Lititz will never forget the memories of spending lazy summer days at Lutz's pool.

A few months after this interview was conducted, Robert "Sketch" Mearig, beloved Lititz historian and World War 2 survivor of the Battle of the Bulge and the Malmedy Massacre, passed away on August 18th, 2007.

CULTURE - SELINA COX ESHLEMAN by Marth J. Xakellis

On a flat gray stone in the midst of many such stones is one on which is carved the name Selina Cox Eshleman and the dates: February 22, 1905 and September 27, 1991. The single word "Poet" is followed with the lines "Somewhere Yesterday / Today or Tomorrow / There's Always A Someone / That Lessens Our Sorrow." This stone can be seen in "God's Acres" of the Lititz Moravian Cemetery.

If you are one of the populace who has read the Lititz Record Express on a regular basis through the years, the name might well ring a few bells. Born Selina Janet Gorton, her early poetry carried her pen name "Jay," which she used before her marriage to Paul Eshleman on January 1, 1926. Her earliest published poem appeared in the Lititz Record Express in 1926.

Rainbow Gold
At the end of the rainbow
It is told
There is a pot
Of purest gold.

Whatever it is
It appears to me
Is the reward of our efforts
Found – invisibly.

Even though more than 600 poems, articles, and stories were published in various magazines and newspapers across the United States, Selina wrote most of her poems especially for Lititz readers. A poem titled “Turkey in the Straw,” accepted by former Lititz Record Express Editor William Young in 1938, was submitted from Downers Grove, Illinois.

Her marriage to Paul ended in divorce in 1940, and in 1941 she married John Cox of Cornwall, Pennsylvania. They moved to the Nyack, New York area where their three daughters were born. The family moved back to Lititz in 1956 after Mr. Cox died.

Selina was then employed at the Lititz Mutual Insurance Company. With the children grown and off on their own, Selina and her first husband, Paul Eshleman, again became acquainted and decided to remarry. On New Year’s Day 1976, in the Lititz Moravian Church, they were married for a second time. They lived in Covington, Kentucky until Mr. Eshleman’s death in 1982. At that time Selina moved to California to be near her oldest daughter, Selina, and her family. Later she moved to several different locations in Colorado to be near her youngest daughter, Carol.

In 1962, her volume of poems was published by the Record-Express Company. The title, “Somewhere, Yesterday Today or Tomorrow,” has been carved on her grave marker. In 1979, the “Selina Cox Eshleman Poetry Award” was established at Warwick High School. A trust fund was inaugurated by Mrs. Eshleman to insure a \$100 annual prize to an aspiring poet in the senior class.

Printed in the May 10, 1973 issue of the Lititz Record Express:

Mother’s Day

Where have they gone – a Mother sighs
All the years since the lullabies
Flown away – to yesterday.

Where have they gone – the growing years
With scratches, bruises and childhood tears
Flown away – to yesterday.

Where all the in-between worrisome stage
That comes and goes with the wild Teen-age
Flown away – to yesterday.

What are they doing this very day
As they go about living their adult way
Ah, there’s a letter – a call’s even better.

The Mother’s Heart is Happy once more
Adding touches of love to her well-stocked store.
And from the February 17, 1977 issue:

A Valentine Remembrance

Remember in the Long Ago
When Valentines said
“I Love You So”
Some with ribbons and lacy trim
Asking that you think only of him
Sometimes you thought them great and then
Put them aside to read over again:
But time and words fade out of view
And now you wish somehow you knew
Who was 8 – 7, 15 – 6, 5 – A.
Well whoever, they were marked S-W-A-K!

The letters she wrote made you feel that the words were directed at you, and if an issue of the paper came with nothing from Selina Cox, the thought would cross your mind that you hoped she was still O.K.

GIRL SCOUTING by Elsie S. Rathkey



First Lititz Girl Scout Troop - 1938. Photo courtesy of Elsie S. Rathkey.

The first Girl Scout Troop in Lititz was organized in 1938. We got together on February 3, 1938 in the basement of Trinity Evangelical Congregational Church, which was located at the corner of South Cedar and East Orange Streets. Our leaders were Miss Mable Hull and Miss Alice Hull. There were also four committeewomen, all members of Trinity E.C. Church. Our meetings were held in the evening because our leaders were working or going to school.

An early photograph shows that 28 girls were in attendance at that time. We had also added a troop nurse, Arlene "Becky" Beck.

None of the girls had uniforms. We had Girl Scout Handbooks. (My handbook is copyrighted 1933, 4th Impression Feb. 1938). I was invested as a Girl Scout in March 1938. At our investiture ceremony we were given small gold colored metal Girl Scout pins.

Tenderfoot Requirements included learning the laws of the Girl Scouts of America, their Motto, Salute, and the Promise. We also learned to whip the ends of a rope and tie knots. We had to demonstrate five

different knots. We also had to learn four trail signs and know the American Flag etiquette.

Second Class had 15 requirements ranging from learning to use the compass, First Aid, nature study, fire building and signaling code. We learned Morse code by "tapping" it out on the palms of our hands. At camp we used flags for signaling. I did most of my nature study in the Lititz Springs Park where we studied trees, birds, fire building, etc. Many afternoons were spent in the park that summer.

Twelve of the Scouts, their leaders, and the nurse spent a week at Camp. Our camp was Snavely's bungalow near Oregon along the Conestoga by the Pinetown covered bridge. It was a great experience. Time was spent on the daily chores of cooking and cleaning up, but we also had "fun time" when we swam in the Conestoga. We practiced our flat-waving code-signaling skill. On this particular summer, we also spent a day at Williamson Park in Lancaster. By today's standards these were very simple activities, but to many of us, they were exciting expeditions. Our Girl Scout dues were 5 cents per week. We ended each meeting

by standing in a circle and singing Taps.

The entries in my diary show that I went to Girl Scout meetings every Wednesday until February 1939. Our troop began by meeting at the Trinity E.C. Church, but on November 16, 1938 we began having our weekly meetings in the American Legion building that was on South Broad Street across from Audubon Villa. That building is now a private residence.

The last get-together with my Girl Scout Troop was a dinner and program celebrating 50 years of Girl Scouting in Lititz held on April 25, 1988. The current Lititz Scouts at that time entertained us and called us the "1938 Pioneer Scouts".

According to an article in the Lititz Record-Express dated Thursday, May 26, 1988, there were present from the Pioneer Troop 13 scouts, our two leaders Alice Hull and Mable Hull Musser, and our nurse, Arlene Beck.

"BOSS" KREIDER and the SILK STOCKING MURDER by Glenn B. Knight

Lucille Smith was a Virginia girl who married a night foreman in the mould department of the Wilbur-Suchard plant, and moved to Lititz. The mother of two was considered attractive.

On Thursday, Aug. 31, 1939, Elwood Smith arrived home from work to find his children alone and his wife nowhere to be found. All of her clothes and her purse were left undisturbed. She had told her husband that she planned to take in the late movie, the children were playing on the porch and when they went inside their mother was missing.



Lucille Smith
Photo from the Robert "Sketch" Mearig Collection.

Elwood Smith was convinced that his wife had been captured by "white slavers" but Lititz Police Chief Clarence "Boss" Kreider had another theory. He was

aware of the rumor that Mrs. Smith and her husband's best friend, Earl Steely, had been carrying on an affair while her husband was at work. Steely and Smith had grown up together and remained friends even after both had married and started families. Steely worked in Ralph Binkley's quarry, about two miles out of town and lived in a small shack on the rim of the quarry.

By Labor Day, Kreider had called in the Pennsylvania Motor Police and about the only person in town not convinced of Steely's guilt was his long-time friend, the husband of the missing woman. "I don't think Earl had anything to do with Lucille's going away," Smith reportedly told Chief Kreider.

Kreider had been to the Steely house a number of times in the preceding days and each trip left him a little more convinced of his theory-but what was lacking was evidence. Even the fact that Steely had missed work on Thursday with the alibi that he was "just driving around," was insufficient. Steely's note to his boss that morning stated that he wouldn't be in to work, and that his "happy days" were over wasn't enough to hold him on suspicion. When Steely returned home late that night, the idea that he and Mrs. Smith had run off together was put to rest.

On one trip to the Steely home Kreider learned from the suspect's wife that he was carrying dynamite and a detonator battery in his car, that the car had been giving him trouble and, according to his wife, "He had a mind to blow it up." He had also been drinking.

Labor Day started early for Chief Kreider as he drove to Brickerville to interview a witness in a recent tire theft. By noon he was having lunch and smoking a cigar at Jim Enck's filling station in the crossroad village when a white-suited ice cream truck driver arrived with startling news.

That morning Paul Nessinger had been out training his hunting dogs in the hills above Hopeland when he stumbled upon what he thought was a dead fox about a hundred feet up the Horseshoe Trail off of Seglock Road (which runs along Seglock Creek). On recognizing it as a badly decomposed human body, he walked to the home of Deputy Sheriff Abe Lane to report his discovery. Lane called Cpl. Styles Smith at the Ephrata State Police Sub-Station who joined the investigation.

From Brickerville, Chief Kreider first called State Police investigators Thomas Lawson and Roy Radcliffe who had originally been brought into the investigation on Friday morning. Then he called Spacht's Funeral Home in Lititz where the body had been taken. The undertaker was able to identify the body, first thought to have been a man. Harold Cootes, brother of the missing lady, recognized the clothing and a ring that was on a finger. When asked how long she had been dead, the undertaker estimated about a week, but went on to state flatly that it was a murder.

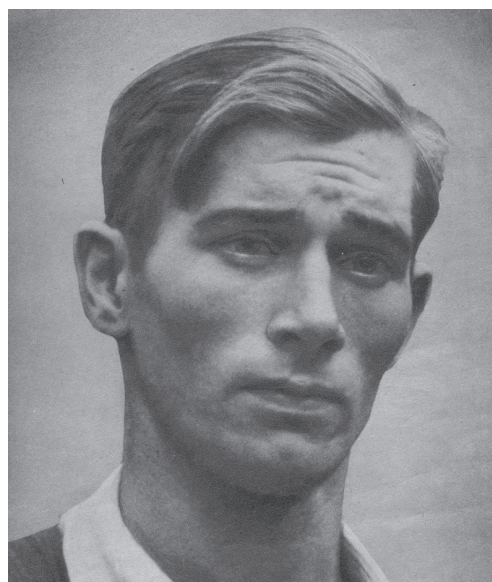
At the funeral home, Lititz Burgess Victor Wagner joined the investigative team and they were briefed by Deputy County Coroner Dr. Mahlon H. Yoder. It was Yoder, who had a family practice on Main Street who pointed out that the left stocking had been rolled down to her ankle and the right stocking had been ripped off and tied in a knot around her neck where it remained. The investigators gathered a plaster casting of a tire track which turned out to be a Goodrich tread and pieces of enamel paint that broke off when the driver backed into a tree damaging the right rear fender.

Nessinger had seen the tracks leading off the road to the trail and knowing that a couple of hundred yards up the trail were large boulders placed there to restrict use of the trail to hikers and horses. On finding the body, he was first concerned that it might be one of the gangster murders that were then prevalent around Reading (as

Reading had become a vacation haven for the mobsters getting away from both Chicago and New York).

Also found at the scene, about 15 feet from the body and hidden in the undergrowth, was a burlap bag containing five woodsman's handsaws that had been stolen from Eberly's gristmill on Aug. 25. Investigator Lowson noted, "If we can tie these saws in with the case we'll have a first degree murder." Cpl. Smith also held a chip of rubber from a tire that had struck a rock as the driver backed down the trail.

The crime team returned to Lititz about 5 p.m. and concluded that Steely was most probably the culprit, and that an investigation of his automobile would prove his guilt. They decided to go home for supper and meet at the firehouse at 8 p.m. to stakeout the Steely homestead.



Earl Steely.
Photo from the Robert "Sketch" Mearig Collection.

Four investigators, Kreider, Lowson, Radcliffe and Burgess Wagner huddled in a ramshackle shed on the edge of the quarry to watch for Steely's return. They had become concerned when they realized that the newspapers had reported the finding of the body that Steely had been drinking a lot lately and that his wife's report of dynamite in his car had yet to be challenged.

The moonless night was lit only by flashes of distant lightning and the rumbles of thunder were becoming louder by the moment. At about midnight the storm had reached the quarry and the shack in which they

were hiding did little to keep out the downpour-they were soaked to the skin. The chill was only made more difficult by a second storm an hour later.

"It's 3:30 a.m.," announced Lawson, "I feel like I have been here for a month." A quick confab brought them to the agreement that Steely probably saw the papers and skipped out. Lawson, an acknowledged sharpshooter, drew his gun and inspected it for moisture before suggesting that they check the house before leaving.

On approaching the Steely cabin, they spied his car under a lean-to attached to a small barn. They gathered cautiously around the car to find a damaged rear right fender and the back seat torn up. The battery was visible but the dynamite couldn't be seen. "Steely's our man," proclaimed the Chief.

Sending the burgess and the chief to watch the back of the house, the two State Police investigators knocked loudly on the front door, alarming Steely's 19 year-old wife and elderly mother. They professed no knowledge of the wanted man's whereabouts and were soon joined by the other tenants of the building, Steely's younger brother and sisters and his four year-old daughter. A search of the house revealed that they were telling the truth and, in fact, were surprised to know that the car was on the property.

Outside the house the posse determined to check the shed behind the house before leaving the premises. Entering the shed they found it deserted, and Radcliffe mounted a rickety ladder to a trap door. Gun drawn, he stuck his head above the floor and Kreider asked if he found anything. The response, "Not yet. Wait a minute until I . . . throw up your hands or I'll shoot!"

Steely was found sitting on a cot across the room with his hands up. Lawson gingerly kicked a small metal tank away from the cot as Kreider cuffed the up-stretched hands. The tank contained "condensed gas."

After two hours of interrogation at the firehouse, Steely admitted the crime, saying that he and Lucille had been out on their third date driving around in his car and then parking. He was drunk and wanted sex. She was not in the mood. At one point she got out of the car and ran down the trail. Steely caught up with her

and talked her back into the car. After about an hour of talking and arguing he grabbed her around the throat and strangled her. He then tore off her right stocking and tied it around her neck.

After tossing the body out of the car he drove down the road about a quarter of a mile and slept until morning. He then drove to the quarry and stole some dynamite, intent upon blowing himself up. It was then that he wrote the note to his boss and drove away. He couldn't convince himself to go through with the suicide and a couple of days later returned the explosives.

Kreider felt the story a bit suspicious as there was no mention of Mrs. Smith's glasses or girdle, both of which are missing. He deduced that the murder happened somewhere else and that he drove the body to the place where it was found. Kreider also asked about the saws and Steely swore that he knew nothing about them. The chief's theory may well have been correct but it didn't matter, Steely had admitted to the murder.

The saws, it turned out, were most likely just a strange coincidence where two crimes came together at the same scene. The bottle of "condensed gas" was another botched attempt at suicide.



Lititz Chief of Police Clarence "Boss" Kreider.
Photo courtesy of The Library of Congress.

On the advice of his attorneys, Steely entered a plea of guilty, and a two-judge panel, Oliver S. Sheaffer and C. V. Hardy, determined that it was indeed first-degree murder. The fact that he removed the stocking and tied it around her neck was a premeditated act. Earl Steely was

committed to Eastern State Penitentiary in Philadelphia for the remainder of his life. He was twenty-four years old.

The crime made Lititz infamous as it was covered by most of the dime detective magazines of the day. Chief Kreider remained head of the one-man police department for decades, finally giving off the mantle of leadership to Officer Lloyd Hoffman. But during his last

years on the force, Kreider became famous locally for giving up his driver's license and administering police justice standing on the square stopping speeders with a thrill from his police whistle.

Hikers and campers, including Scouts at nearby reservations, are often regaled by stories of murder so foul by silk stockings within these very Furnace Hills. There is a nugget of truth to the campfire tales.

POLIO IN LITITZ by Janice K. Hartman

The decade of the 1950s saw a worldwide epidemic of polio, and Lititz was not exempted from the curse.

Many people were exposed to the wild polio virus, but most recovered with either a sub-clinical or abortive case of infantile paralysis. The early television personality Bill Cullins was an example of someone in that group as was President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Lucky for many, polio doesn't usually kill unless it affects the nerves and muscles that control the respiratory system (Bulbar Polio). These patients were put into iron lungs in order to maintain respiration. Many died, but to my great surprise, some of them survived.

This all became personal for me in the late Summer of 1953 when I became one of two people in Lititz to be stuck down with a confirmed case of paralytic polio. We have never learned the source of the infection but the result was that on September 8, 1953, my first day of school, I limped home exhausted. The walk from the old Lititz Elementary School building at Orange and Cedar streets to our home on East Lincoln Avenue was one of the most difficult experiences in my young life. I spent only one day with Miss Nichols and my first grade classmates.

So tired and struggling so hard just to make it home, I even passed up the opportunity to stop at Clair's Grocery at Five Points for some penny candy. My parents put me to bed immediately and called Dr. Art Griswold, our family doctor, to make a home visit (not an uncommon practice in those days). When my fever didn't

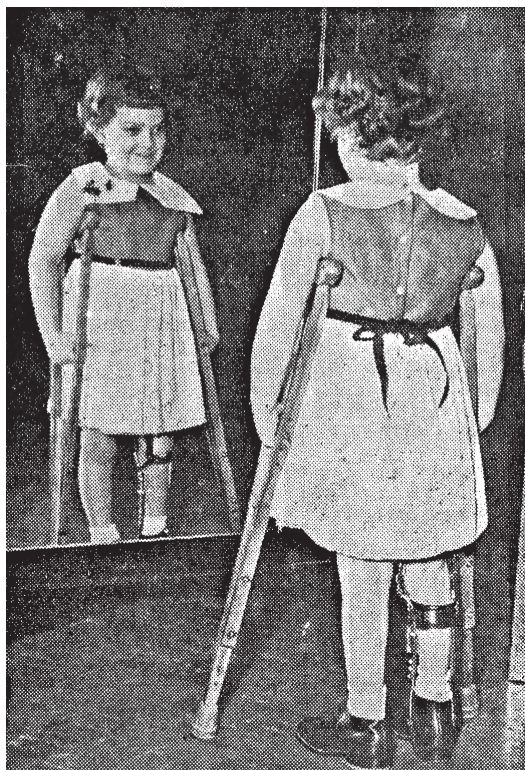
subside and paralysis of both legs crept in poliomyelitis was confirmed by a spinal tap at the Lancaster General Hospital.

My mother and brother were exposed to the virus and both were treated with Gammagobulin — then the only known treatment for the disease. The Salk vaccine, which was to be the vanguard of the end of the disease itself, was still two years away. Strangely, my father, who is only one year older than my mother was denied the GG shot because he was considered too old to contract infantile paralysis. My brother insists, half a century later, that he can still feel that shot in his right buttock.

According to newspaper reports, mine was the ninth case of polio confirmed in Lancaster County in 1953.

With so little knowledge of polio, my family was quarantined and the school insisted that my brother (a third grader at the time) not bring back the books he had taken home. The headline in a Lancaster newspaper read "Lititz Child in Polio Unit Here." The Polio Unit was located at Lancaster General Hospital on Duke Street.

My first few weeks at Lancaster General were spent in isolation and I was tended by nurses including Louise Sprout from Manheim. After I was stabilized by hot packs (designed by Sister Elizabeth Kenny of Australia), and physical therapy, I was taken by ambulance to the Pennsylvania State Hospital for Crippled Children in



Janice Knight Hartman.
Photo courtesy of Lititz Record Express.

Elizabethtown, the nearest rehabilitation facility in the state.

The rehabilitation hospital is now a state police training facility but in its day it was an imposing structure. I was in a ward with other polio patients and I could have visitors during the day — adults only. My brother and I saw each other only through the window of the hospital as he stood outside in the woodland setting with my grandparents. There was little to do outside of visiting hours until Lititz Police Officer Howard Ludwig donated a television to the girls' ward. It allowed us to enjoy programs like *Howdy Doody*. At the time televisions were unique in hospitals — as was air conditioning.

After 10 months in rehabilitation I was released to return to life in Lititz and to re-enter Lititz Elementary School. The Lincoln Avenue kids even had a party in my honor. Lowell Bingaman (Ross and Pauline's son), Sandy and Patsy Bingaman (daughters of Lester and Mary), Jo Beth Long (Curt and Parthene's daughter), Ronnie Nies (parents Dolly and John), and Janie Weaver put it all together. Lowell made and decorated a crown for me to wear and I was made "Queen of the Neighborhood."

The school board allowed me to re-enter as a second grader and my teacher, Miss Frantz made a special effort to help me catch up with my classmates. Lester Lahr was another special teacher who, during recess time, when my friends were on the playground, taught me crafts and made a special effort just for me. Later, at Warwick High School Mrs. Margaret Steiner nurtured my lifelong interest in geography and travel, and home economics teacher, Mrs. Elsie Zug, became my mentor and I followed in her footsteps as a teacher and a home economist. I graduated Warwick High School in 1965 and was accepted into the home economics curriculum at Mansfield State College.

In addition to the regular rehabilitation regime, my parents took me to Dr. Mary Howell, the local chiropractor, who I credit with helping me grow straight.

Daily life for me in Lititz was little different than it was for others in my age group. We attended Lititz Elementary, then Warwick High School. We would be driven to Ephrata during the summer to swim (I may have gotten more opportunity to swim than most of my compatriots because my parents knew swimming was great therapy and went out of their way to get me to the pool). We couldn't afford to join the new Woodridge Swim Club, and a community pool was still many years away. Like most of my friends I enjoyed the old Lititz Recreation Center, where we would meet after school and dance to the latest rock and roll tunes.

Roy Clair, of Clair Brothers Audio, got his start as a DJ at the Lititz Rec. One of my favorite dance partners was Tommy Clausen, whose brother Herb was to have graduated from Warwick with me in 1965, but who died during football practice in our senior year.

While I was still in the hospital my mother organized a special Polio fund drive and had such success that she was offered a position with the Lancaster County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis (NFIP). The NFIP held annual drives called "the March of Dimes."

Collections were conducted door-to-door each January, and in 1955 Mrs. M. C. Demmy, of Lititz, was the county

chairperson, as she had been for many years. When she was hospitalized that year, her husband, Lititz Public School Supervising Principal M. C. Demmy, took over for her. The neighborhood captains in Lititz that year were: Mrs. Glenn Knight (Dorothy), Mrs. Elser Gerhart, Mrs. Burton Sharp, Mrs. Lester Kemper, Mrs. William Oehme, Mrs. Horace Bleacher, Mrs. Alfred Douple, Mrs. Albert Ebbert, Robert E. Pfautz, and Robert Reidenbaugh.

Containers of all kinds - from Mason jars to Cream Top Dairy bottles, to coffee cans to cigar boxes - were used to take up the collections. In addition collections were taken at the Lititz Theater on Fridays and Saturdays. My grandfather, Christ B. Koehler, had perhaps the most unique method of raising funds for the March of Dimes. For years he served as Santa for the Lititz Fire Company's annual community celebration on Christmas Eve. At some point he purchased his own Santa uniform and rented it out when he wasn't using it — the rental fee was then donated to the March of Dimes.

The money collected was used locally to help pay hospital and doctor bills and more for families who needed help. Luckily, my dad had medical coverage from Armstrong Cork Company in Lancaster, but others weren't as fortunate. The NFIP paid for things like physical therapy and the Gammagobulin shots that were given to my mom and brother.

The Lancaster County Chapter of NFIP was chaired by Christian Rudy, and I had the honor of being chosen to represent Lancaster County as the Polio Poster Child. I still have two of the old cardboard posters. One is stained brown with cigar smoke from hanging in grandpa's office for decades.

Thankfully, the scourge of polio is a thing of the past. The vaccines of Doctors Salk and Sabin put an end to the epidemics, and the Polio Plus program of Rotary International have all but wiped out the disease. My brother, Glenn, was president of the Lititz Rotary Club when the Polio Plus project started.

Lititz was a great place to grow up, as it was a caring community looking out for the least of its residents. As an example, the following Lititz businesses were advertisers in the 1955 Lancaster County Infantile Paralysis Ball Program Book. The ball was held Feb 4, 1955:

Gearhart's Self Service
Harris's Variety Center
P.T. Trimble & Son
Charlotte's Apparel Shoppe
Paul Doster's Super IGA Market
Irwin's Restaurant
J. B. Hess
Reedy's Philco Appliances
D. L. Diem & Son
Weaver's Restaurant
Western Auto Associate Store, Floyd S. Hagy
East End Grocery, E.Y. Becker, prop.
Brubaker Grocery
Annie Hershey's Grocery
C. S. Zartman General Merchandise
Beck Brothers
Keller Brothers Auto Co.
Lititz Sewing Center
Paul F. Diehm, surveyor, real estate, insurance
Garden Spot Appliance Company
Stauffer's Fruit Market, Kissel Hill
Carl B. Kline
L. H. Brubaker Farm Equipment

NATIVE AND NONNATIVE PLANTS - FOOD FOR THOUGHT AS WELL AS FOR YOU by Al Spoo

Lititz and much of Lancaster County was settled by people of the German descent such as the Moravians, Mennonites, and the Amish. When they came to the new world, they brought many of their customs and food plants with them. Much of our "Dutch cooking" had its origin in the old world and many of the plants,

which we use for food today, were not native to the Americas. Man has always loved starchy foods, but our forefathers, the early settlers of Lititz, did not have meat and potatoes nearly every day like our ancestors had fifty years ago; instead, they had to depend on dough products made from wheat.

Many of the Indians made treaties with William Penn, and were friendly to the whites. Soon they began trading ideas on foodstuffs and our forefathers learned to eat the tasty potatoes which the Indians had been cultivating. Although the Indians had developed these and other crops for thousands of years, the plants had changed little until the Europeans began experimenting with cross-pollination and working toward larger and better yields.

Wheat, rye, barley, and oats are not American grains; but were the bread staff for the people of Europe, Egypt, and the Mid East since the beginning of time-but in England wheat was called corn. Wheat, (corn), is mentioned in the bible one hundred and one times. Barley is mentioned thirty seven times; and rye, apparently not as common, is recorded only twice in the scriptures.

Corn, as we know it, is a new world crop that was originally cultivated by the tropical Indians before the time of Columbus and was called maize. Of all the grains, it gives the highest yield per sown kernel - anywhere from 250 to 700 fold depending upon the variety and growing conditions. It might surprise you to know that the Indians cultivated several kinds of corn, such as Indian corn, broomcorn, and even popcorn, long before the time of Orville Redenbacher.

Our forefathers began putting this new grain to use and they roasted and ground it into corn meal that was mixed with water and boiled until thick. Milk was added, and the early Lititz settlers had their first native breakfast cereal. Later it was discovered that after it cooled it became semi-hard and could be sliced and fried, and soon the Pennsylvania Dutch were eating fried mush and puddings for breakfast. Soon butchers were incorporating the mush into pork broth along with some pork and beef, and we have a treat that lasted down to this age, which we call scrapple.

According to tradition, William Kellogg was boiling some mush, when the water evaporated and dried out. Afterward, he scraped it out of the kettle and added milk and sugar, and tasted the first Kellogg's cornflakes!

The Germans also brought with them various vegetables of the Crucifer family, such as cabbage, cauliflower,

broccoli, brussel sprouts, horseradish, and various types of mustards. They also brought with them their recipes in preparing them, and had they not done so, we wouldn't know what coleslaw or sauerkraut tasted like. Other members of this family that came from Europe are basically weeds, and include evasive plants such as wintercress, poorman's pepper, shepherd's purse, and several others.

The Pennsylvania Dutch were a thrifty and self sufficient people, and at the time that Lititz was first settled, nearly every little farm had its own backyard orchard which contained several varieties of apples, pears, and cherries, along with a few vines that produced grapes that were used to make wine and vinegar. Penalties were imposed on landowners if they didn't attempt to rear grapes and rewards were promised to those who succeeded. Grapes were imported from Europe and the colonists were encouraged to plant vineyards. But no matter what was done, a virus killed off all the immigrant vines until it was discovered that the American wild grapes were immune to the virus. Someone found out that the European grapes could be grafted onto the native rootstocks, but even though the vines now survived, they did not produce nearly as well as they did in Europe.

In 1598, the Spanish brought some European vines to New Mexico and amid the dry climate there, the vines flourished and this was the beginning of the raisin and wine industry in the new world.

There are fourteen species of wild native American grapes just east of the one hundredth meridian, but most of these are very tart and small, but there are exceptions. The Fox Grape, *Vitis labrusca*, is larger and sweet. Ephraim Bull, an amateur botanist, began to work on this specie, and after many years of selective growing, he produced what is today known as the Concord grape, but history shows that for all his work he sold the rights to it for a very small sum of money.

The American Grapes were soon spread over much of the world, but when things are put into new areas they often bring problems with them; the American grapes brought with them a root louse known as *Phylloxera*. The root louse spread and infected the European grapes and in some parts it nearly killed all of the European stock; but once again, the art of grafting saved the

day. European scions (cuttings) were grafted onto imported resistant stock, and the grapes were saved from extinction. Today most European and American western varieties are grafted onto wild northeastern American rootstocks.

Over a thousand years ago a mutation occurred which contained no seeds and horticulturists quickly realized the value of such a grape. Scions from that plant were grafted into other rootstocks and when the new plants were large enough, more scions were cut and grafted and this process still goes on today and produces clones that we know as the Thomson Seedless Grape.

Apples were extremely important to the residents of Lititz and Lancaster County, and as mentioned previously, every little farm had its own orchard. When the colonists came from Europe they brought seeds of the very best varieties with them and planted them in the northern half of the new world. The Indians, who were always looking for new food ideas, quickly picked up on the idea and were responsible for further spreading the apple trees. The apple needs cold weather and is a tree of temperature zones and does best from southern Canada to Virginia. New varieties, which tolerate warmer temperatures, have been developed, and these can be grown in the Great Plains, but they are inferior to the northern apples.

The art of cross-pollinating began in the US about 1840 and it opened the door for countless new cultivars; many new varieties have been developed since then. The Jonagold is such an apple. It is a cross between the Golden Delicious and the Jonathan apple and because of this it is not self-pollinating, therefore another variety must be planted in the same area in order to have pollination to produce apples.

Many cultivars occur as a sport and have their own unique taste and properties; one famous and widely used apple is the Winesap, which is an apple that occurred from a natural sport in 1750 and every Winesap in the world is now a clone from that original tree.

The apple is one of the easiest trees to graft, and because of this, many dwarf trees have been developed to the delight of the home fruit grower. This is done by taking scions from a standard tree (any variety) and putting it on a dwarf rootstock. By this process, it is possible to

have four trees in the same space that would be required for one large standard apple tree.

The apple is believed to have had its origin in the Caucasus Mountains, an area that lies between the black and the Caspian seas. Even today there are large forests of wild apples comprising several different varieties that grow in this area. From this region, the apples were taken westward to Europe and in the colder parts they flourished for many years.

Modern medicine was not in practice at the time Europeans settled Lititz, so they relied on home remedies to cure their ailments and introduced hundreds of alien plants into the new world and these include some of our most aggressive weeds.

If you go fishing and happen to walk through a patch of stinging nettles (burn hazel), you can thank the early settlers for this plant. The plant has many therapeutic values and is used often by European Herbalists - the modern day Germans prescribe it for gout; others deliberately sting their arthritic joints with it and claim that it reduces the pain in the joints. The plant has been used for some time for the treatment of hay fever and other allergies. At one time in colonial America the leaves of the plant were dried and it was smoked in pipes for the treatment of asthma, but putting smoke in the lungs of someone who can barely breathe to begin with doesn't seem advisable.

The Europeans relished dandelion as a source of blood purifying greens in early spring and its flowers were processed into wine. It came from Europe, like many other plants our forefathers brought here intentionally because dandelion has been used for thousands of years as a plant of spring tonic in Europe and Asia. Other folks once picked and scalded the flowers and made wine from them. I find that it is delicious as a salad or it can be slightly steamed and covered with a sweet and sour bacon dressing. However, there have been many other uses for this plant: it has been used to treat high blood pressure, congestive heart failure, and premenstrual syndrome. Since ancient times, Chinese and Indian doctors have used it internally for the treatment of the common cold, bronchitis, pneumonia, and even hepatitis. Externally, it has been used as a poultice for bee stings, ulcers, and boils.

European's had some unusual beliefs, and they thought that the color of a plant's flowers were a signal to mankind what its purpose was for treating ailments. Dandelion blossoms are yellow and so is bile from the liver – therefore, its principal use was to remove toxins from the liver and prevent gallstones. Another idea was that its juicy stems and roots were a sign that it would expel water from the body and the roots were widely used for people who suffered from water retention. With all these possibilities in mind, is it any wonder that it was introduced to America? The Europeans brought some of these plants into the new world and soon they spread and became an invasive plant that their descendants have spent millions on trying to eradicate it from their lawns.

In most cases the people who settled Lititz were not wealthy folk, and they soon learned to incorporate substitutes for some of their beverages. Tea was the official drink in many parts of Europe, and the colonists seemed to be addicted to the drinking of it, but it was an expensive import and there was also a tariff placed on it by the King of England. Soon a new plant was found, which is still known as New Jersey Tea. When the leaves were dried and steeped in hot water, it became a beverage that tastes much like the imported tea. Some time later, coffee was substituted by another imported plant - the bright blue chicory that grows along the roads and sometimes in your garden was brought to America by our European ancestors who roasted its roots, ground them, and used it as a coffee substitute.

Thousands of our weeds are not native, but have come here either intentionally or accidental by our forefathers from Europe. If you check a wild flower guide, it may surprise you how many plants are alien. However, man never seems to learn from his mistakes and keeps reopening "Pandora's box" by bringing new plants into his world where they have no enemies.

I recall when I was a boy it was announced on the radio that someone thought that they had rediscovered "the Garden of Eden" when they walked into the mountainous areas of China. For only twenty-five cents apiece, you too could own a part of this beautiful rose hedge. It was advertised that these beautiful roses would form a hedge so strong that you could hold a bull without an additional fence. This might be true, but

the rose also grows hips and each hip contains four to seven seeds. Birds love to eat these fruits, but the seeds are undigested and when the bird extrudes its waste, the seeds come out along with some fertilizer, and soon there are three or seven new rose bushes growing. This beautiful plant that was once thought to be a source of wildlife and beauty is crowding out our native plants and tearing you to pieces and becoming a scourge when you hike.

About twenty years ago, the autumn olive was imported to our land much the same as what the multifloral rose had been, and it is also spreading through undigested seed in the same way. Other examples of imported invasive plants are Asiatic bittersweet, purple loosestrife, the ailanthus trees, Norway maples, and water hyacinth. In our area, the water hyacinth is sold for backyard ponds and luckily it does not survive our cold winters but in Florida, where there is a mild climate, it clogs canals and waterways worse than what the purple loosestrife does in Lancaster County.

Japan must be a country of vines. In the late 40's, a beautiful flowering vine called kudzu, was brought here to cover banks along roads in our southern states and within about ten years, it was covering trees and houses. About ten years ago, I saw my first mile a minute plant; it too is a vine from Japan with lots of small thorns, which are similar to our native tearthumb. The plant too produces lots of blue berries, which are filled with seeds and attracts birds. The seeds are spread in the same manner as that of the rose and autumn olive are, and in just ten years it is spreading all over the county and covering banks, climbing bushes and trees.

Many blights and diseases have also been introduced along with cultivars from other countries. Just to name a few - the Chinese chestnut was brought into America about 1906 and along with it came the fungus, *Endothia parasitica*, which killed off all of our native American chestnuts. Today, we are in the process of losing our native elms due to the importation of the Dutch Elm diseases and our native dogwoods are dying from a disease that was brought to America when the Oriental Dogwoods were imported

The world is scientifically divided into six ecoregions and these regions are further divided into smaller regions.

Everything is designed to live and grow in its own unique habitat. In many cases when plant or animal is taken out of its native land and introduced into an area where there are no natural enemies to control them, the plant or animal takes off at an astonishing rate and is nearly impossible to eradicate. Often, insects that eat

these plants in their original country are introduced to help bring the invasive specie under control, but instead of eating what the scientists expected, they find out that an American plant or silkmoth is tastier and our problems only become worse

