

LETTER AND POEM ON "DERRY CHURCH"

BY J. R. MILLER, OF HARRISBURG

AN ORIGINAL POEM BY A VISITOR OF SIXTY-SIX YEARS AGO. HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THE WONDERFUL CHANGES THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE

The Old Derry Church Was Built In 1720 and Repaired In 1760. The Communion Service Used Was Manufactured During the Reign of King Richard

Sixty-six years ago I visited Derry Church, which was then surrounded by a primeval forrest of trees, and by few houses in that struggling little villiage. I stood upon the famous old altar (not as a minister,) in the church and walked around through the old grave yard in which I noticed upon some of the markers the names of the heroic poineers of 1776 and 1812. I was interested in the little tool house where all the grave digging tools were stored, and the old fashioned bier which was used to carry the bodies of the dead from the church to their final resting place inside of the old stone walls.

I visited the Old Spring House at the foot of the hill, and drank of that pure and sparkling water. I saw the speckled beauties swimming around in it, and they would come and take crumbs of bread from out of my hands. These trout were forbidden fruit, and woe betide the fellow who would be found with any in his game bag, or even molesting the little creatures. There were no game laws then, but it was a common law not to harm or capture these beauties of the water. The spring was surrounded by many acres of fine water cress, where the trout were free from all harm.

A few years ago I again paid a visit to this historic and sacred ground, and "Lo what a change!" There now stands a modern church, (with modern preaching,) and I wandered once more through the grave yard. Here I also found a changed condition, but not for the better, because the graves of the heroes and citizen dead had not been properly kept. I could hardly think it possible that a spot so dear to every true and loyal citizen of this free land of ours would be so grossly neglected.

The poor Indian has gone to his last hunting ground, and the brave and heroic poineer of Derry Church lies buried in the old grave yard, practically unhonored and almost forgotten. It should not be so. Indeed the heroic dead deserves the richest homage we can bestow upon their sacred memory.

"Old Derry Church"

The old church finally went to decay, Its days were numbered, and it passed away.

But the memory of Old Derry is here to stay

A modern church stands there today.

The old church yard, with its walls of stone

Stood out in the country, all alone.

The old orchard gates, with their roses so sweet

Lie scattered around your vision to greet.

The tomb stones are all covered with moss

To the casual observer, there is no loss,

To the memory of those who yet remain,
The neglect of this place, it is a shame.

The sparkling spring has changed its course

It is not wasted, but forms the source
It flows through a channel of gravel so fine

Where the Hershey Chocolate you may find.

While I wonder around o'er this sacred spot

You "Old Pioneers" are not forgot
We remember you all as in the days of yore

When all of you boys, the homespun wore.

When the Indian roamed thru the forest wild

Seeking mother, wife and child
With your rifle you would leave the field

Your wife and children then to shield.

The dear old church went to decay
Fine houses have come there to stay
The hostile Indians out of sight
In modern times this seems all right.

The powder horn hangs on the wall
Those men have answered the Roll Call

The trusty rifle hangs on the rack
Those pioneers will ne'er come back.—
J. R. Miller, 1912.

"So you heard the bullet whiz past you?" asked the lawyer of the darkey.

"Yes, sah, heard it twict."

"How's that?"

"Heard it whiz when it passed me, and heard it again when I passed it."

BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OF HERSHEY

L. G. Harpel, the Lebanon photographer, displayed in his window a number of monster photos taken at Hershey. The photos include views of the M. S. Hershey mansion at Hershey.

These are the biggest single photographs ever taken in Lebanon, a special machine having a range of the full 360 degrees of a circle and using a film eight feet long if necessary, being used.

For the photos shown in his window today Mr. Harpel and his assistant, Paul Ulrich, used only half of the capacity of the camera, or 180 degrees, and made photos only four feet long, but as it is they are the biggest ever taken here. The views are superb and are the finest and truest to the originals ever made, the new machine giving the photographer an advantage old-style cameras for landscape work do not afford.

ESTABLISHED JAN. 1894

Walter T. Bradley

MAIN OFFICE

9th, below Girard Ave., Philadelphia

Building and
Crushed (all sizes)Building and
Land

Stone

Lime

High-grade Calcite Stone for Furnace
Purposes

Location of Quarries

Hoffer Quarry (formerly Engle Quarry), Hummelstown, Pa.
George P. Hoffer, Superintendent

Swatara Quarry, Swatara, Pa.
E. M. Hoffer, Superintendent

Palmyra Quarry (formerly Landis Quarry), west of Palmyra, Pa.
E. B. Cassady, Superintendent

Telephone Connections at House and Quarries

ASK ANY HORSE

THE NEW "PUTT" SPRING

Discovered by James K. Putt, And
Named After Him

James K. Putt, the wide awake and energetic boss carpenter, during the process of constructing the new Merry-go-round building, discovered a fresh water spring about fifty feet down the path from the building. The water of this spring is the coolest found around here, and Mr. Putt claims that it is the best. The spring will be concreted in, and will make a fine addition to that portion of the park.

Mr. Putt believed that there should be a spring near the new carousel building, for the accomodation of the many people who will be in that place, and like Columbus he set out to find it. Sufficient to say that there is another spring added to Hershey's long list of pure water springs, and that Mr. Putt is the discoverer.

CLASSIFYING HIM

"What sort of a chap is Wombat to camp with?"

"He's one of these fellows who always takes down a mandolin about the time it's up to somebody to get busy with the frying pan."

A LONG ROAD AND A WIDE ROAD

I'll have to fix you a good, hot supper, as I know you are tired after such a long road from the Fair," Mrs. Brown assured her husband.

"Oh, Mary, sure it wasn't the length of the road that troubled me as much as the width of it, and its turnings."

ROOMS FOR Y. M. C. A. MEMBERS ONLY

Board of Directors Passed New Ruling Regarding Dormitory
At the June meeting of the Board of Directors of the Y. M. C. A. held last Friday evening in the Director's room in the Y. M. C. A. building a new ruling was made regarding those who are permitted to secure rooms in the association dormitory. Up to the present time rooms have been rented to any men who made application as long as there was space in the dormitory. In the future applications for rooms will be considered from Y. M. C. A. members only. This ruling will not effect non-members who are now rooming in the dormitory, but only those who make application in the future. The rule also permits rooms to be rented to transients, members or not for one night.

A MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE

Husband—When you started flirting with that man what were you thinking about? Did you suppose I would stand for it?

Wife—No.

Husband—Did you think perhaps I would sue for divorce?

Wife—No.

Husband—Did you think I would punch his head?

Wife—No.

Husband—Then what under the sun did you think?

Wife—I thought he had lovely blue eyes.

Administrator's Notice

In matter of the estate of Fannie Moyer, late of Derry township, Dauphin Co., Pa., deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration upon said estate have been granted by the Register of Wills of Dauphin county to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present the same without delay to

HARRY S. MOYER,

Administrator, Derry Church, Pa.
Or to his attorney,

C. H. Backenstoe, esq.,

14 N. Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.