

Left home 9:25 A.M. Sun April 8,
mailed letter in Col, registered at ²/₃
Hotel Jefferson. as porter took me
to room # 466, I fumbled in my
purse and told him I was just
looking to see if I could find large
enough piece and he laughed
heartily. Retired at 11:00 but
restless, too much Easter Cal^{was}
I had left call for 3:30 but
awakened at 3:00, checked
a few minutes waiting for
the call which came exactly
at 3:30. I rang the elevator
and the porter responded and
said "was you the one left call
at 3:30?" and I said "yes sir"
and he said "will you done
get ready mighty quick" I
replied "will practice make
perfect" Laughed at Mills Port
and boarded the Gotham Limited
44th He sleeping part of the train
is all right but one is

surely is a limited coach,
old, dirty, upholstering is
thread-bare. I happen to be
seated directly over a flat
wheel so if I could count
fast enough I could cal-
culate exactly how fast
we are going. There are
about 20 passengers in our
coach. At Newark at 5-
19 am approach as we run
rapidly toward the summit,
a light snow covers the ground,
now the hills appear. Now we
cross the Muckigun River,
and whirl around the curve,
now we come to Cochecton, nestled
back against the hills just 11000
now almost daylight, we follow the
River, which meanders between
the two ranges of hills. There
are three R.R. tracks.

(4)
The territory looks like Southern
Ohio, into a tunnel, now
at Sumner, a village.
now at Scio, east of Scio College
where Joe Sheffer attended College.
now at Jewett, a village.
now at Cadiz Junction, only a
few miles S, to Cadiz where
several of our people were
buried. Another tunnel of
considerable length. There is
an old fashioned covered top buggy
drawn by a flea bitters gray
horse, Union Port, a forsaken
place but somebody's home.
What toil it has taken to
carve out such a road.
another tunnel. Fair Play
village. Soil appears to be thin
and rough to farm, another
tunnel. Broadacre village

5.

Rocks, bluffs showing peculiar
geological formation. Shata
tipped in various directions.
Hills still higher, considerable
evergreen. Tunnel. Rough
country. Tunnel.

a beautiful stream, takes
to it above and steep bluff
above. Pike. Now at Ming's
penetration of this River
Hills so high can't see top
Coming into Stentonville 7:45
what peculiar faces people
will choose to live. Houses
on top of hill, stuck against
the bluffs, in the valley etc etc.
Now in Stentonville station. I
get off and many get on. Train
crowded so a man shares seat with
me and I come with.

6.
we cross the Ohio here and plunge
into the rough territory of Penn.
bridges, tunnels, hills, villages etc
into Pittsburgh, what could
Washington say could he see
Pittsburgh now? my seatmate
proved to be Thos. Hughes a
Welshman and teacher of voice
in Steubenville, an affable
gentleman. When I told him
of Dan's work he warmly replied
with joy. I happened to have
Dan's picture on that announcement
at Steubenville and you should
have heard his expressions.
I told him of Dan's and Richard's
work and he said "tell the
lads that if they get to
Steubenville I have a night bed
for them and something to eat."

7 Nov in Pittsburgh Station,
Get train for Harrisburg in
15 mins. Lots of people on
the go from Easter vacation.
Many nationalities.

9:40 leaving Pittsburgh,
much better coach, have seat
alone with pretty girl in seat
before me. Bridges, bridges.

A smoky place with dirt galore.
Factories, mills, and more dirt.
Another station and plenty of people
getting on, but I am not disturbed.
Difficult to be unselfish when you
want to write. Now we pass the
Westinghouse Electric. Passing
thru Walkersburg, now
Bradock, Somebody's

8
washing on the line within 20 ft
of the train. More mills.

Hills are bare, seemingly no
soil at all. Now at Steam
Train schedule average 46

mi per hr for Ottob. to Har
water in stream is perfectly
yellow. Now at Iwin.

Lunched at Mills 3:40 as
it is time to lunch on

my three sandwiches 10:30.

Now at Greenburg where

Knapp used to preach. We now

come into better farm commu-

nity with villagers dotting

the landscape. A distance

to the north is a beautiful

town. Now start onto the

Mts. Great Curve with

9
with swift stream perhaps
50 ft below, crosses the
stream another R.R. and
above that a long Mt range
very rocky. On right is
almost perpendicular bluff.
Train is facing on the
other road. Now at Bolivia

Here a deserted mining village
we have crossed the range
and in the distance the Mt
range looms up. Enormous
amount of waste land so far
as surface is concerned. Many
mines. Along the Mt side they
have recently cut out a ^{of} pipe
and run a fence all the way

10.
mts are higher. Now at the
brink of the river. Now at
the far-famed Johnstown.

The auto is coming down the
mt. & under the thing does not
run away. Some foreigners
in seat back of me. Smoke
mts. On a very heavy grade
and the engine is groaning
under it. Still ascending the
stream, bluffs on either side
much of the scant timber
is dead. Then making a dex-
ulate view. I suppose here
is the big dam that once
broke loose. A tractor car
comes tearing around the mt.
but I can't see the track.
We are passing a train load

11. of coal. Our train makes
only 3 stops between Pittsburg
and Har^{245 mi.}. They are Greenburg,
Johnston & Allenton. It is
131 mi from Allenton to
Har. Now at Gaffitzin the
highest point on the line.
Now making Horseston bend
we meet freight with one
engine ahead and two pushing.
Now we are coasting. With
the horseston is a large
lake the water supply for
city of Allenton. A long
freight is winding down
on other side of the curve.
There are two lakes at dif-
ferent levels. The strata
of the rock is an interesting

study. A mighty upheaval
 sometime. Now we look
 down upon Altona. Wonder
 how we shall get down here
 now at Altona. Buildings
 and everything look black.
 Quite a changing in passengers
 again. This is where Dr
 Hough did a fine piece of
 work in the factory. Here
 come the ice cream & paper
 boys. Now for a 131 mi run.
 Pullman Porter comes through.
 He is so black he shines.
 This is the third conductor.
 Engine is saying "watch me go."
 We make the run 131 mi -
 2 hrs 44 min. We seem to be
 running between two long
 ranges of mts. Much of the

one to the right appear to be white stone. Here an old log house. Now jagged rocks with peculiar shapes. A big fat man across the aisle nearly fills the seat and shakes up and down as if laughing.

Here are great quarries of lime stone. Nearly all the chata are tilted about same angle. Long tunnel.

Two beautiful ranges to left one much higher than the other. We are following the Jemata Pass a beautiful little stream. Now at Peterburg at brink of river. I wonder what they do when water is high. Range at left is crowned

with jagged rock and the
 side literally covered with
 loose rock of every conceivable
 shape. Now at Hartingdon is
 a pretty valley. Thus far
 I wonder where people raise
 enough to live on, there is no
 little real farm land. The
 ranges continue, some so
 varied, that it looks as
 though man had tried to
 do it that way. Here is a quarry
 of glass sand. Here are ^{under}
 running N. & S. almost entirely
 stone. Just ahead the ranges
 are so close that there is
 barely room for the main and
 R. R. tracks between.

The valley widens now although the ranges continue in the distance. Now MO Yellow. Some nice wheat in the distance. Tonight, if train were standing you could put your hand out against the perpendicular bluff. Still we follow the river. Just across the river is a high range consisting almost entirely of loose stone. The pike follows the river bank and the stone on the other side come down to the pike. Several machines are passing. Now at Miffliers. A great range lies just ahead and looks like my would have to tunnel but when 102

get to it the train just turned
to the left (I supposed it would
go to right) and soon
we cut through instead
of tunnel, we come to another
range and it does the same
trick. If it keeps this up
we will land in Columbia
after while. The R. R. tries
to keep its ground in
good shape. Now there is
a long range to the right
that is all forest with
many evergreens here

Pass Demerison. River
is wide here, down into
Hamburg. Here is a
remarkable peak of solid
rock stratified

17

Now we approach Har
The Sraguhanna bridge
is one mi wide, here and
we cross on what is said
to be the longest concrete
bridge in the world, ^{Train}
dine 3:31 and get it
3:30 land up stairs
look up town. see the
dome of the Cap. Bldg.
and also sign Port -
Harris Hotel. I regret
I asked the clerk if he
knew that the city was
named for me? He
was very genial. Got
the cheapest but very splendid
little room for \$2.50
I called Prof Birch and

learned that the O. C. Office
 Club would entertain in
 the high school and that he
 would call for me about
 7:30. I got lunch and
 went to the State House, a
 gorgeous bldg, costing
 \$13,000,000. The State Library
 and museum bldg and all
 is very complete. Mr Baird
 comes and he takes me to
 his home, introduces his
 wife and we go to the high
 school, James & Philip
 pass me on the St. Philip
 Recognized me so they turned
 back and we had a pleasant
 visit together. Good entertainment
 Chat James a few minutes &
 Baird takes me to Hotel.

19

Then morning the telephone
rang and to my surprise
it was 7:30 and Mr Frank
was calling me. We had a
great meeting with the Ref
commissioners, taking dinner
together. We closed about 4:00
and I went to see Mrs. Buech
and strolled about the State
House and down to the Bridge.
Dr. Frank and Bishop came to
hotel and Dr. took Bishop and
me to a fine steak dinner.
We then took a walk and
came back to hotel spent
a little while chatting and then
went to the train 10:06. I
could not get berth on same
train with the other men
so they put me on first
section of the American

It is the last train on the road. I have been both and no one about me. It is on S. side of train. There is about $\frac{2}{3}$ moon so I raise the blind and lie there looking at the stars and mountains. I am awake when making the horses in bond and noted the headlight on the train. Now on glide down the grade to Johnston. I snooze and awake again at Pittsburgh. I note the lights high on the bluffs and hills. I am awake again as we cross the Ohio at Steubenville. The water sparkles in the light. At 6:15 I get up and dress ready to have a nice little ride alone in my compartment.

21.

now in face Newark and
I look into Bus, Virginia
back down. We get into
Coke, 7:50 or 22 min
ahead of time. Get a 22c
lunch at Mills Rest. and
arrive home 9:15, finding
folk well as usual.

J. H. Harris.