"So Many Stories"

A biography of James Harold Maguire and family

Irish luck blesses a family of hard workers

$39,000 weathervane falls in his lap . . . he flew a Piper Cub at age 12 . . . 600-gallon water tank rolls thru village . . . they sold camouflage toilet paper . . . she wanted a Waltons-style restaurant . . . rode a steer . . . she walked the blind . . . adopted at 65 . . . King Richard fixed his engine . . . swimming among watermelons . . . washed potatoes in her Maytag . . . and many more

A good laugh by Jim and his mother but he cannot recall the cause of it.

Introduction

A pickup pulled up in the Wayne Township parking lot. I was there as a member of the township history committee. The truck window rolled down. "Do you know anyone who would like to write a biography?" The voice belonged to Jimmy Maguire. Next to him was his Hanna grandson.

"I'll think about it. Oh yes, whose biography?"

"My father's."

I thought about it. It sounded intriguing. I – Harlan Berger – talked to Jimmy and his father a few days later. Spring 2012 we began what turned out to be more a family history than a traditional biography, a transformation that seems to suit everyone.

Now you know the interlocutor's voice that occasionally surfaces in the text.

It's been both a hoot and an honor to help collect this family history.

- -

This book has been a journey. What we thought to be a day trip in a kayak turned out to be an extended ocean cruise. We hope the cruise down memory lane brings a laugh or two as well as some reflection. And perhaps some knowledge, for "So Many Stories" in its connections to regional figures ranges far beyond the Maguire family.

And there may be more. Already Dad talks about a second book. Wow!

James (Jimmy) Blaine Maguire

How many Maguire/Mcguires can you find on the cover map?
Hint: Start with highlighted Fermanagh County.

Prologue – Michael Maguire's memoirs, 1853

James Harold Maguire 8
we're Irish
tree diagram lists family
Restless Oaks a picker's paradise
wooden restaurant eagle in Indian casino
old-time cabin combination lock found
for two cents I'd sell this place
horse goes to school
flying a J3 at age 12
traded hogs for a chain saw
"crazy events" drive us
you don't need the damn winch
his formula for buying property
a bridge not too far

Shirley (Lupton) Maguire 28
she wanted a 'Waltons-style' restaurant
a coal miner's daughter
sold Cloverine and Rose Bud salve
WWII air raid drill delays wedding
brother a one-eyed rifleman

James Blaine Maguire 32
Chief Oil and Gas drills first well in Lycoming County
trees girdled with a hatchet
so tough they nicknamed her "pig iron"
sang in church & on the Big John Riley show
took 3 to drive the Studebaker
no chocolate milk this time
elderly American women the worst
pulled bridge in one day
camouflage toilet paper wipes the world
tree smashes leg
National Geo's "Susquehanna: America's Small-Town River"
Bobby Maguire buys local courthouse

Lori (Deitrick) Maguire..... 42
I trust this place
she walked the blind

Bobby Maguire..... 44
water tank rolls through Lecontes Mills
his higher education – take New York Times and travel
sleds from car hoods
Markay rides a steer
Mom a great scratch cook
disgruntled pigs

Becky (Maguire) Charles..... 51
campaigned for the "Colorado Law"
don't hold a bird too tight
city slicker wins woman
chased deer with his Jeep
snuff-dripping kiss
Gretel destroyed the Christmas tree

Markay (Maguire) Connor 55
Rocket greets warmly
two cabins joined
four garbage bags filled with beans
weathervane theft averted

Roy and Donna Timblin 58
adopted at age 65
fell off car, hit his head
Becky and Bobby never shut up
never did things in small ways
yes, we can

Jeff Maguire and Mara Moore 63
King Richard helps fix his engine
old log house reassembled
lived a mile apart, didn't meet again for 30 years
dozer slid down the rock slide
a topless kayaker mom
next time my ass would tell my brain
moaning outside the house
Jeff, you little SOB, accept the charges

Glenda Harpster Shearer 69
she meets President Eisenhower
sold cars named after a dog
felt sorry for the man
how she wound up in Lock Haven
mad at his stump pulling
would you like to go for a sleigh ride

Centerspread 75

Grandchildren's Corner
Rachel Maguire Hanna **87**
eating the burnt ginger snaps first
learned accountability
choose your battles

Jamie Maguire Trostle **89**
lining up the 5-gallon buckets

Matthew Maguire **90**
5 years old & gray hair
no, the dog doesn't lick my ice cream cone

Kerrie Bodle **91**
sitting on a JC Penney catalog to drive
a horse named Jon
in memory of Dustin, my brother

Jennifer Charles Shaffer **94**
Charlie Brown's Christmas tree found
hoped he hadn't put her on a killer's porch

Patty Charles Hess **95**
a modern-day tooth fairy
on safari in Clinton County
no film in the camera

Gwendlyn Grace Charles **97**

Heidi Maguire Frank **98**
'you're young, American and free'
'if it's meant to be, it's up to me'

First pickup ride, James Harold Maguire **100**
the luck of the Irish – a $39,000 weathervane
a house fit for a lumber baron
cable spools make deer stands
Shirley washed potatoes in her Maytag
Bicentennial logging & Uncle Hurley's WaWa connection
siding needed to ship railroad ties
McGee saves the day
concrete floor bulges after soil stability guarantee
old YMCA roof beams drain roads
landfill natural-gas filling station opens

Second pickup ride, James Harold Maguire **113**
roots
tractors pose for Pinchy calendar
name called in cemetery
Co. K of the 84th PVI
down River Hill Road to Frenchville Station
New Garden a stop on Underground Railroad
West Branch floats Last Raft of '38, Bicentennial Raft
it all seems so small now
Mom angry when he quits RD route
brag on this, Texans!
"Cheese" Walker gets skinned
only a few minutes of air left

Third pickup ride, James Harold Maguire **128**
no Domino's delivery on Hickory Hill
dirt roads stoned and smooth
the Cryder school?
Gaines Cemetery found, Schmoke missed
he dug peacock coal
pasted name on inside of gas cap
Tutti Gaines got 23 months for Pottersdale robbery
a hundred elk crowd a hill
460 acres for a dollar
awful screeching hissing noise
two nuns wanted references
Hell, Renovo ain't that big a town

Wood Chips started it **141**
turned bridge beams into sawmill rails
buy 3 and take a dealership
scorched his foot on a weld
bought land named on Revolutionary War warrant

And a place to chill out **149**

Epilogue

Michael Maguire, whose account follows, was a son of Bartholomew Maguire, who settled on a tract of land on the north side of Maguire Road, Logan Township, now State Forest land. At one time, the State had erected a fence around the family graveyard, which is now gone. The only marked stone is that of Bartholomew, seen here. The story of Bartholomew's daughter Jane's narrow escape from the Indians is told in Africa's History of Huntingdon & Blair Counties, *page 308.*

Michael Maguire, aged 78 years, gives the following history of the early settlement of our county:

His father removed into this county about 72 years ago [1773], that he has resided here ever since, that the first settlers came into our county the year of Braddock's defeat [1755]; that the first settlers, Caldwells, Andersons, Beattys, Bells, Rollers, Nearhoofs, Hollidays, Moores, Engarts [Enyearts], Willsons, Lytles, deserve particular mention; that he does not now recollect any house standing that was built at the first settling of our county.

That the country had the appearance of a wilderness when he first knew it, with here and there a cabin house, and a small patch cleared; that since the revolutionary war, the country has improved rapidly in every way, up to the present time.

That deer and wolves were the most common wild animals.

That he knows of no ancient county maps. That he remembers an ancient kind of silver coin, about

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an inch long and a quarter to half inch thick, square, called cob dollars; he remembers the old pennies and half pennies, &c.

That it was reported an Indian grave was found on the farm of Conrad Bucher, Esq. about a mile north of the Borough of Alexandria — it was reported that an Indian was buried in the narrows of Waterstreet. A few years after the Revolutionary war, I was traveling in Alleghany Township, in company with a citizen who was acquainted with the battle ground, where the Bedford Scout was defeated; was shown a human skull by that man which he pulled from under an old log, on which he could distinctly see the mark of an Indian knife on the skull bone, where he had taken off the scalp.

That he always understood Alleghany, Tussey, and Warrior Ridge, and Tuscarora Mountain to be Indian names of mountains; and that Juniatta and Aughwick Rivers were Indian names.

That marks were made on trees, near to where Warrior Mark Town now stands, on Warrior Mark Run, Warrior Mark Valley; also a mark of half moon on trees in Half Moon Valley, hence the name of the valley and Half Moon Run; these marks were made on trees by Indian warriors, about the time of the early settling of our county.

That there are no revolutionary soldiers now living known by your informant; that he knows there were many Revolutionary and Patriotic songs sung by the Whigs, during and after the Revolutionary war, but he has now forgotten them.

That when the Revolutionary war broke out, the Indians took side with the British, and our county was the frontier, and was the battle ground betwixt the whites and Indians, in which the whites were generally the sufferers. We had stockade forts erected at Huntingdon, mouth of Shaver's creek, Lytles, Hartsocks, Lead Mines, and Frankstown, to which the inhabitants fled for protection in case of alarm or were attacked by the savages. The first killed by the Indians was a Mr. Hicks, at the mouth of Spruce Creek in 1778. Moses Donaldson's wife and two children were taken prisoners by two Indians, at the mouth of Shaver's Creek, out of a canoe, while her husband went up to Anderson's house for a jug of whiskey. They were tomahawked and scalped on Spruce Creek the same day, she being pregnant and not able to travel. Thinks the next family massacred by the Indians was Holliday's family on the farm now owned by Mr. Jackson. Mr. Moore was shot about this time, and George McCartney, a boy of about 14 years of age, shot the Indian while the Indian was loading his gun.

Mr. Brackenridge's family was murdered by the savages about this time, in Wood Cork [Cock] Valley, on the farm now owned by Mr. Hoover. Philips' Fort was attacked by a party of Indians. After a hard contest, Philips surrendered his fort, and 12 or 14 men, who were taken, tied, and shot to death with bows and arrows, except Capt. Philips and his son, who were saved by the savages, and then burnt up in the fort; a settlement of Dunkards were murdered by Indians in Morrison's Cove. About the same time, they attacked a miller in his mill in Morrison's Cove, named Neave; the miller slipped out through the cog pit, being pursued by the Indian; they shot at each other; both missed; Neave ran, and after running some distance, Neave stopped, commenced loading his gun, the Indian also commenced loading his gun; Neave raised his gun to shoot, but the Indian commenced jumping from side to side, Neave found he could not get a sight sufficiently certain; but after trying it a second time, he killed the Indian. For this defensive act, his Dunkard friends turned him out of meeting, and never after owned him a church member.

Matthew Dean's family were murdered in a canoe; family and Mr. Simonton taken prisoners. Jacob Roller and Mr. Bubont were murdered in Sinking Valley by the savages. Mr. McLuce and a woman, name not now recollected, were murdered near McAlwys [McAlevy] on Stone Creek, by savages.

About 1780 the Bedford Scout was massacred by the savages about two miles Northwest of Hollidaysburg. The Scout consisted of 30 or 36 men, and all but six men escaped. It was on a Sabbath morning; the morning was a little wet. It was Sunday also that Philips' fort was taken.

A family named Eaton were killed and taken prisoners by the savages who resided near West and Kishacoquillas Valley. About this time, McCormick's and Ewing's daughters, two young girls, were taken prisoner by the Indians, being out driving home the cows; they shot at young Alexander Ewing and wounded him, but he escaped and got into McCormick's fort.

Mr. Samuel Anderson settled early at the mouth of Shaver's Creek. He soon got a large stock of horses, cows, and hogs about him; they subsisted through winter without much feed, and any person wishing to purchase a horse, cow, or hog resorted to Samuel Anderson, and he supplied them.

During the latter part of the Revolutionary war, and in the height of our Indian troubles, a conspiracy was formed by a parcel of tories to bring in the Indians from Kittanning, and murder the whole of the whites on the frontier, from Susquehanna to Fort Cumberland, and possess themselves of their property. They were headed by John Weston and a Mr. Hare, and actually marched to the neighborhood of Kittanning about 30 men. Weston went into the town to bring out the Indians; found but two warriors at home; they came out to Weston's camp. As soon as his men saw the Indians, they jumped to their guns; the Indians became alarmed, shot Weston, and took off his scalp, and fled to their town. Weston's men returned and scattered into other parts of the frontiers. The settlers became alarmed on hearing of the conspiracy, organized a company of about 100 men to pursue them and bring them back. They made no provisions for subsistence, and they suffered great privation and hardships from hunger, and a part of them being surprised by Indians after night in their camp. After the return of the tories, a few of them were apprehended and sent to Bedford, and tried for treason and conspiracy, but were acquitted. After the war Mr. Hare was traveling in Path Valley, fell into company with a party of whigs; they caught him and cut off his ears with a knife, dulled on the edge of an iron pit, and sawed his ears off with an instrument, dulled in that way; he was also charged with shooting a young man in Hare's Valley, being disguised as an Indian.

Athletic exercises were common and much practiced by hardy and robust sett'ers, such as throwing sholden stone, pitching the rail, flinging the maul, hopping, jumping, dancing, wrestling and fighting with the fists, and the stoutest man was the cleverest fellow and gave law to the rest of the community. Drinking whiskey was very general amongst all our people, and carousing days and nights in succession. Thinks the first church was built in Huntingdon by the Catholics. Rev. Michael Cryder was the first regular preacher in the county; he was either Lutheran or Methodist; Rev. John Johnson [Johnston] was the next regular preacher; he came to Shaver's Creek about 1788; removed to Huntingdon a few years after, where he resided until his death. Rev. Dr. Smith came to this county occasionally to preach and survey lands; his brother Thomas was then a young man and was reputed a good surveyor; he subsequently became a lawyer and was afterwards appointed Judge of the court.

The above relation was made by Mr. Maguire, a citizen of West Township [now Logan], Huntingdon County, Pa., 17th June 1845, to Joseph Adams and Edward Bell, Esqs.

From "An Account of Huntingdon County By Joseph Adams, 1853 and copied from Huntingdon County Historical Society website.

Published in Collections, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, November 1853

James Harold Maguire

We're Irish

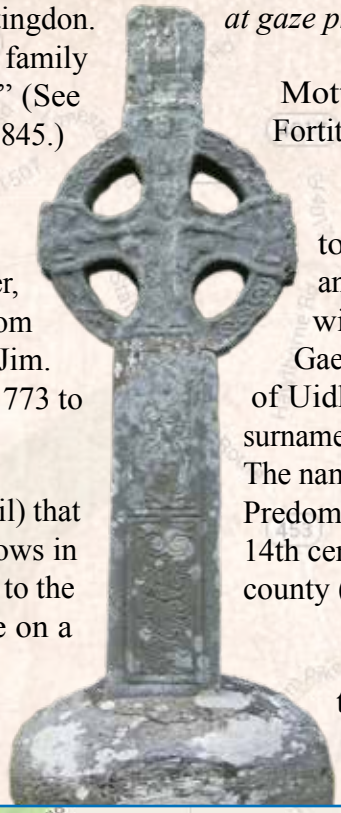
He moves his finger over the smartphone screen and "Mcguire Road" shows. It's a few miles northeast of Barree and Petersburg, PA, not far from Huntingdon. "We're Irish," says James Maguire, "and the family took root early on in the Huntingdon area." (See preceding account of Michael Maguire, June 1845.)

Mcguire is another spelling of Maguire.

Bartholomew Maguire was Michael's father, one of three brothers who came to America from Ireland as indentured servants, according to Jim. Bartholomew came up the Juniata River in 1773 to the Huntingdon area.

On a map of Ireland (see front cover detail) that lists family names, the surname Maguire shows in County Fermanagh and County Cavan. Next to the names are numbers corresponding to those on a listing that announces status.

R. L. for Ruling Lord is printed. A proclamation sets forth the family heraldic device. Arms: *Vert a white horse fully caparisoned, thereon a knight in complete armour, on his helmet a plume of ostrich feathers and his right hand brandishing a sword all proper*

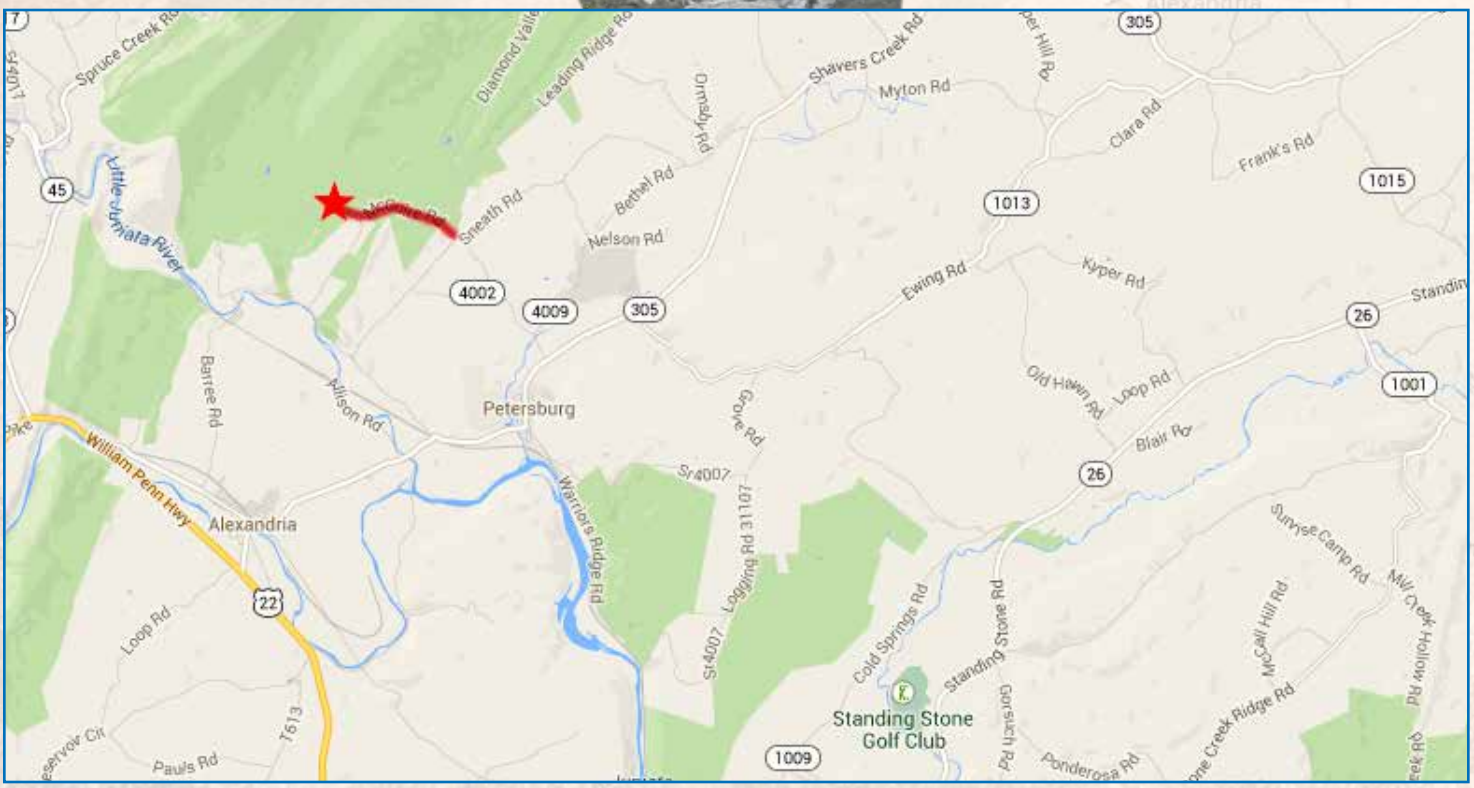


Crest (on the helmet): *On a ducal coronet or a stag at gaze proper collared and lined gold*

Motto: *Fortitudo et justitat invictoe sunt* – Fortitude and justice are invincible.

The document also states that the Mcguires took their name from Uidhir, one of their ancient chiefs. This surname of Maguire along with McGuire is an Anglicized form of the Gaelic surname of MacUidhir and signifies "son of Uidhir," meaning "dun-coloured," hence, this surname literally means "son of the dun-colored one." The name was first mentioned in the Annuals of 956. Predominance in County Fermanagh dates from the 14th century when they possessed the whole of that county (known as Maguires Country).

They were Barons of Enniskillen, and their castle stood there beside Lough Erne. Distinguished officers of their name served in the Irish Brigade of the 1700s, then a unit



of the French army and well-known for valor. Colonel Thomas Meagher who commanded the North's Irish Brigade during the American Civil War rallied his men, shouting "Remember Fontenoy." The Irish of May 1745 stayed strong in memory for their part in that battle, a major engagement of the War of the Austrian Succession.

Maguires weren't all warriors. Cathal, also called Charles Maguire, was archdeacon of Clogher in the 15th century and author of the Annals of Ulster.

County Fermanagh lies just across the border in Northern Ireland. Not far away is County Cavan in the Republic of Ireland.

Vert? The French word for "green." What other color for the Irish?

Long after potatoes came from the New World to Ireland, Jim and wife Shirley opened the popular Restless Oaks Restaurant next to the Woolrich/McElhattan exit off Route 220. He is the father of five children, and counts 10 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren as of 2014. One grandchild, Dustin Flook, died of cancer. Seventy-nine years old, Jim was born December 8, 1934, in Philipsburg, PA. He's six foot one, stocky, and sports an enviable head of grayish brown hair. His eyes are blue.

He grew up with a sister and a brother on a farm near Clearfield County's town of Morrisdale. Another sister was stillborn, and a second, Kay, who lived along Pine Creek, passed away October of 2008. Brother Joe lives in Clearfield County on the family farm.

Son Jimmy is a fixture at Restless Oaks. He and his wife, Lori, run the restaurant, although rumor has it that Lori does. It's doubtful Jimmy would disagree.

Jimmy is James Blaine Maguire. He has been called "Junior" often and his father "Senior," although they sign no documents that way. Adding to possible confusion, Jim the elder is often called "Big Jim," although son Jimmy is the taller. No matter local convention, this biography will term the elder, Jim, and the younger, Jimmy.

Front row, left to right: Shirley, Grandma No. 2 (Jim's mother, Mary Maguire), Kay Scott (Jim's sister) Rear, left to right: Jim, Joe (Jim's brother), Judy Maguire (Joe's wife), Don Scott (Kay's husband)

Jimmy has two brothers, Jeffrey (the youngest) and Bobby whose carved and etched rock signs grace many a Clinton and Lycoming County lawn and entrance way. Becky is Bobby's twin sister. She married Tom Charles of Charles Construction, Avis. She lives in that town. A second sister Markay whose childhood fame came from her ability to ride a Holstein steer lives up the road from the Victorian house made famous by Col. Henry Shoemaker, Pennsylvania's folklorist. Twenty-seven Maguire

family members and friends once lived in that huge house. Up the road from it next to Markay lives Shirley Maguire, mother of Becky, Jeff, Bobby, and Jimmy. Both Markay and Shirley live only a city block or two from the restaurant.

Roy Timblin is Jim's adopted son. He married Donna Muthler, office manager for the Maguires. As a child, Roy often stayed with the family in their Clearfield County home. "During estate planning, a lawyer said I couldn't treat him as a son unless I formally adopted him," said Jim. "I did about five years ago when Roy was 65."

Jim admits he contains many stories, and the adoption saga typifies a man who thought his way around financial and other obstacles ever since high school.

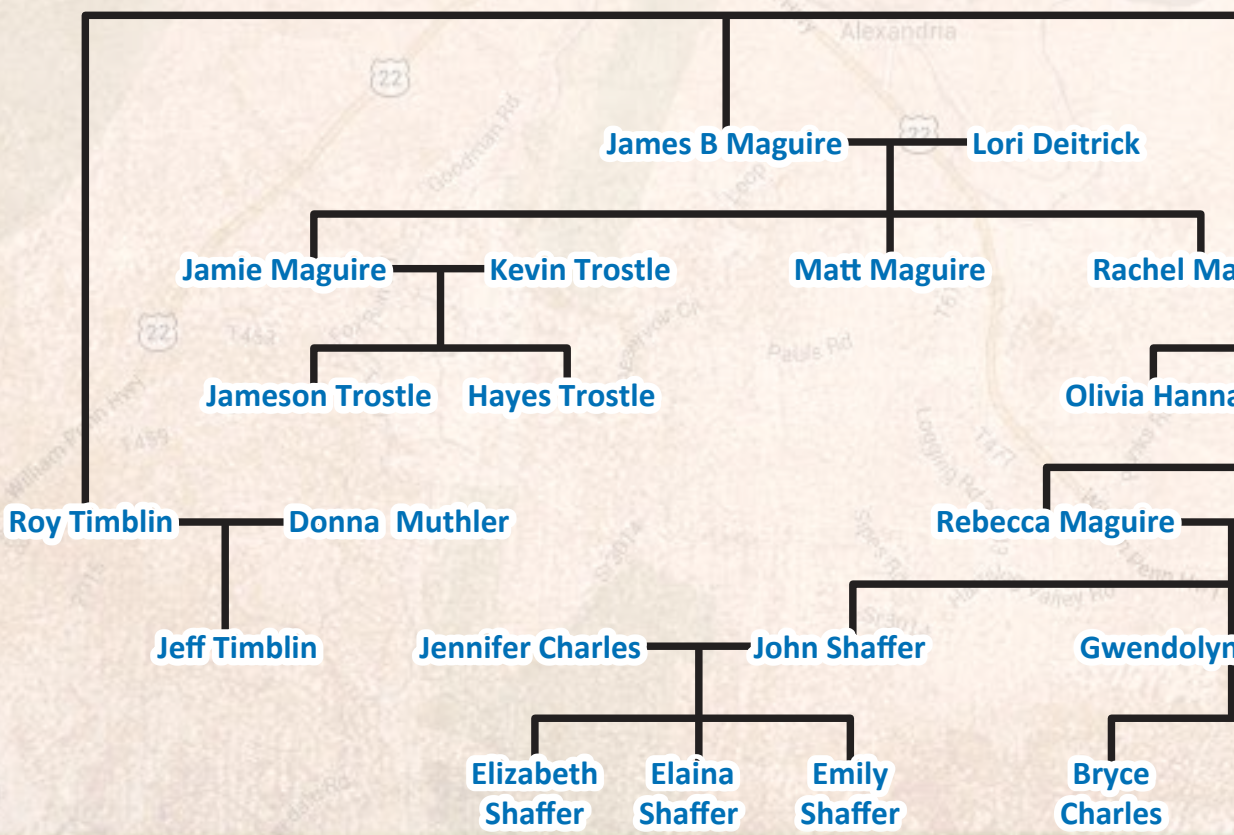
"I came to Clinton County in 1950," he said. "Cutting and delivering pulpwood to the paper mill brought me down here. We moved here in 1967."

His is a story of opportunity knocking and grasped as early as high school. Spotting opportunities he drilled into his children.

In high school years, he cut pulpwood, drove a coal truck for his father, raised chickens and hogs, and ran a water delivery business. He improved the family farm through FFA (Future Farmers of America) projects. One was a farm pond. And for four months while he was 17, he delivered mail on the longest rural delivery route in Pennsylvania. He drove 144 miles delivering the mail to 400 patrons, according to a 1976 Philadelphia Bulletin story. He remained a substitute carrier for 13 years.

The Korean War had taken many men from our area, and the man who ran the route got sick, Jim recalls. The old postmaster asked me if I wanted the job since I often picked up everyone's mail in the neighborhood. I drove a Jeep that Dad had let me buy. "If I buy the Jeep, will you behave?" he asked. He loaned me $451 that I paid back, of course. Four-wheel drives except for the military were unheard of back then. The mail route was RD Morrisdale, Clearfield County.

I hauled mail and water during the same time period. Coal region wells in dry seasons often needed replenishing. The postmaster wanted me to take the route full time, touting the steady work. But that wasn't for me then and still isn't.

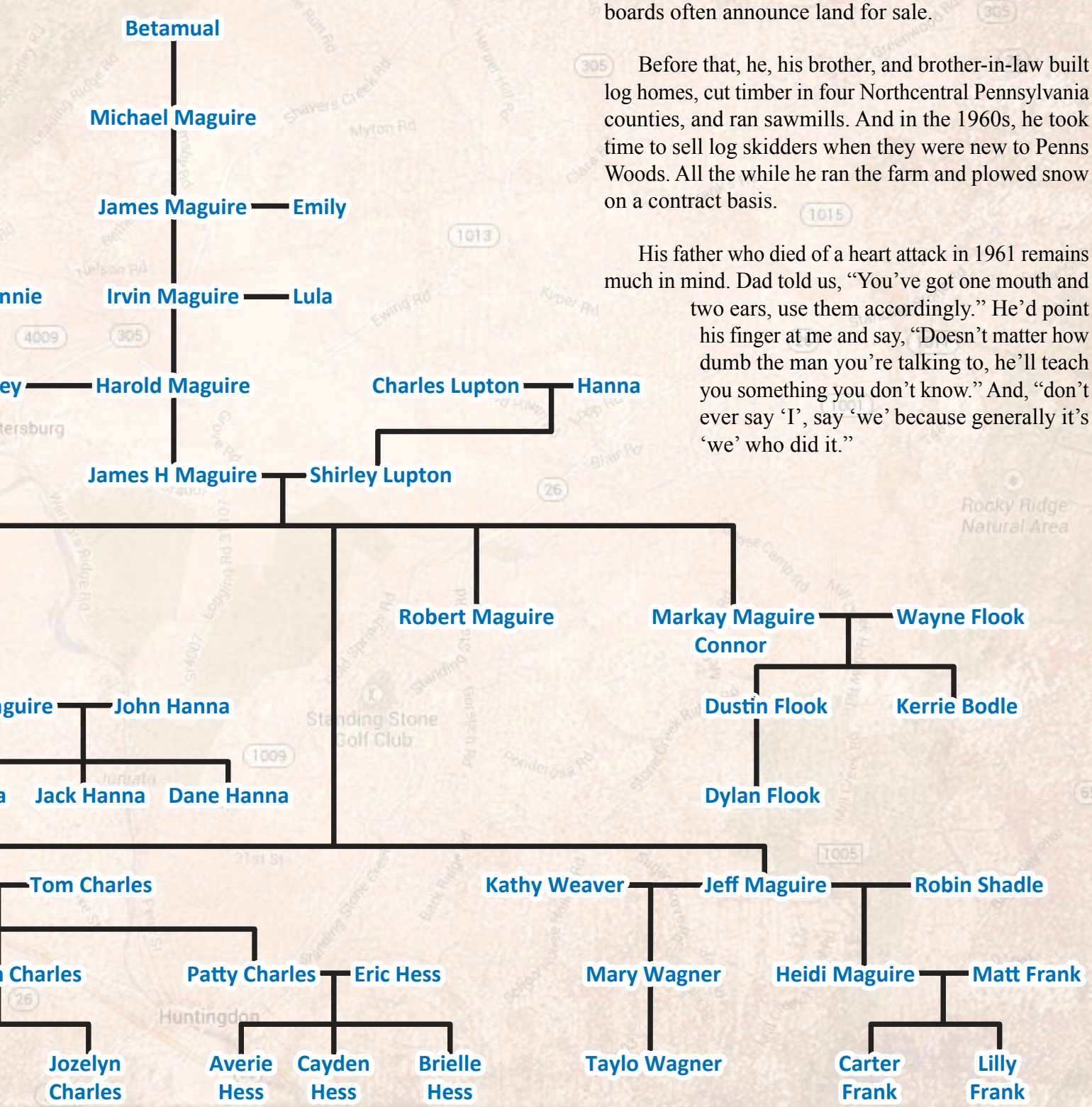


Jim Maguire's name crops up occasionally in the Lock Haven Express as a land owner and developer. He was named in a newspaper story about a possible large home development a year or more ago near Salona, east of Lock Haven. And infrequently reports of development up Route 664 northwest of Lock Haven on Maguire land appear in the paper. Mostly these stories report requests for zoning changes to permit residential development. Restless Oak's bulletin boards often announce land for sale.

Before that, he, his brother, and brother-in-law built log homes, cut timber in four Northcentral Pennsylvania counties, and ran sawmills. And in the 1960s, he took time to sell log skidders when they were new to Penns Woods. All the while he ran the farm and plowed snow on a contract basis.

His father who died of a heart attack in 1961 remains much in mind. Dad told us, "You've got one mouth and two ears, use them accordingly." He'd point his finger at me and say, "Doesn't matter how dumb the man you're talking to, he'll teach you something you don't know." And, "don't ever say 'I', say 'we' because generally it's 'we' who did it."

E MAGUIRE FAMILY TREE



Bobby Maguire's rock artwork welcomes diners. His signature signs appear throughout Clinton and Lycoming Counties.

The grab.

Kraig Brady's sculpture decorates Restless Oaks Restaurant inside and out.

In the Pennsylvania Room of the restaurant a grand chandelier hangs from a beautifully crafted wooden grist mill pulley. The wheel is about three feet in diameter, segmented, and stained a rich reddish brown. It's the eighteenth-century in-the-round version of the modern laminated wooden beams often seen in new churches.

"In the 1980s near Ball's Mills above Williamsport, a mill was being knocked down, and I saw the wheel,"

Nothing like the tang of fresh cider.

A chandelier from an old mill pulley in Restless Oaks Pennsylvania Room.

History Channel's *Pickers* would salivate over this bike. As Jim reports nearby, Coke didn't like Sears selling them with the soda company's trademark – Sears didn't ask first – so few of these bicycles are left. This one's so new the nubbins are still on the tires.

said Jim. "It was already in a pile of debris. They told me it was all junk, that I could salvage it. I crawled in and removed the bolts. It's well-made; few craftsmen today could make one so well with modern tools."

In the middle room hangs a wagon frame used on the family farm. A bobsled in that room serves as a chandelier frame. In the main dining room on a high shelf stands a Sears & Roebuck "Coca-Cola" bicycle, and near it a look alike motorbike that would make History TV Channel pickers drool. "The bicycle is brand new," Jim points out, "so new the nubbins are still on the tires. Sears made only a few thousand of the white single-speeds with the red "Coke" insignia on the center tank before Coca-Cola caught on and

Have Restless Oaks diners ever mistaken this two-wheeler for a real motorcycle? Made in the USA!

stopped the unauthorized use of the firm's trademark. We've been offered a lot of money for it."

He points to the huge main beam of the 45-foot-long roof truss, a hewn white pine scarred by lightning. Same-length side beams were sawed by Jimmy.

Above a coat rack stands a complete home cobbler's set that "cost $1.98 way back then," explains Jim. The set includes iron stands for holding shoes, a device for sewing leather, and various hammers. Between two doorways hangs a set of box planes, all of them with wood bodies. Above them on a shelf and not far away is an old phonograph. A copper still sits next to it.

Over the entrance door hangs a huge steelyard capable of measuring a thousand pounds. Weights hang from one end of the beam scale, itself suspended by a hook from a wooden beam. Items to be weighed were hung from the other end. Jim asked someone what you need such capacity for, and the answer was "for tobacco." Cured tobacco was pressed and strapped into heavy bales for transport. That crop was once a staple in Clinton County.

They repaired their shoes at home with this cobbler's set hanging in the restaurant.

Museum-quality blue-glazed crocks grace other shelves along with copper butchering kettles. Over a track suspended from the ceiling runs the famous model train. A sign above the food counter reads, "Train Display by F.A. and F. E. Swinehart, Father and Son." The whistle pull for the train temptingly hangs near the cash register.

The restaurant's signature Liars Table stands nearby. It is announced by a wall sign made from sawmill saws true to the family's timbering origins. Friends and family often fill the table at breakfast and lunch.

Such beam scales once weighed tobacco bales in the days when it was a common Clinton County crop. They called them "steelyards."

This restaurant display of wooden block planes speaks of an older time.

He and the nearby bear flank the restaurant door. Brady's work.

Wooden Restaurant Eagle In Indian Casino

Carved from a huge tree fork, a buffalo standing more than waist high watches the entrance door as does a full-size wooden bear. More chainsaw carvings stand inside and out. One of them, an eagle, now adds color to a Minnesota Indian casino.

Jim said that a group of Indians stopped by and asked to buy an eagle carved by Kraig A. Brady of Pine Creek. All the Restless Oak tree and animal carvings are by Brady. I told them it wasn't for sale. This happened the second year, and they got the same answer. The third year they asked again and I thought well, I'll give them a price of $15,000. They said, "Fine and what would it cost to be delivered to our

The noontime crowd at the Restless Oaks signature table is unaccountably sparse this early May 2014 day, according to Donna Timblin. Her husband, Roy, stands. Jim Maguire next to him faces the camera. Jimmy leads the discussion as often happens, reports Donna. Dennie Norman (next to Jimmy) and Justin Norman with backs to camera listen earnestly. They may be awaiting professional aid from President Obama.

Minnesota casino?" I asked Brady; he said a thousand dollars would be fine, and he'd get to visit his father in Minnesota. I told them $3,000, and they said to bring it.

I'd like to go out there and see it. I understand it stands in the casino entrance way.

Inside the door on a ledge high up stands a copper whiskey still watched by manikins that might have stepped out of local bootlegger Prince Farrington's day. On another wall hangs a picture of George, the Scottish Highland bull that captured two escapees from the nearby county jail.

George appears ready to catch another prison escapee.

Three men decided to leave the newly built jail and hightailed it through George's pasture. They didn't know that George with his imposing horns loved to have his back scratched with a garden rake. George would bellow happily and come to the fence when he saw people. He followed the two hoping for a scratching. Frightened, they fought their way into a huge clump of briars for a different brand of scratching.

George didn't care about briars and followed them in, according to Jim. They lost a lot of skin and blood before surrendering.

Old combination lock taken from cabin door was installed at Restless Oaks Restaurant. When cabin owner left, he would set pointers to lock door. Today, firewood is loaded through door.

Old-Time Cabin Combination Lock Found

On this warm March day, bees buzz in the long covered gallery leading to the entrance. Outside near the stone fireplace chimney is a wood door through which firewood is loaded into the interior wood box. Jim points to four black iron pointers about two inches long on the exterior of a small brown rough-cut wooden door that swings on long antique strap hinges. An iron ring connects to a through-cable in the door.

The pointers stand at the corners of an imaginary 10-inch square, and around each in clock-face fashion are Roman numerals I through X cut into the wood, the "X" at the top where "12" usually stands. Jim explained that when the pointers are turned correctly, a pull on the iron ring opens the door. It's a lock taken from an abandoned log cabin they found. The owner could set

Interior view of cabin door combination lock.

They said these wood sleds wouldn't speed loading pulpwood on trucks. They did.

the pointers and leave, knowing his belongings were secure. The owner, Jim suggests, might have been illiterate as the Roman numbers tell the hours on many clock faces, and Arabic numbers would have been easier to inscribe.

When Jim installed the old lock, he applied "I" through "X" to accommodate the new spacing.

He points to a lime-green heavy steel rack on sled-like runners. Corner sockets hold rough-cut oak posts joined by slats that hold firewood. This one holds two ranks of two-foot long billets and is topped by corrugated metal roofing. About four feet wide, it's tall and long enough to hold a short basketball team. Heavy U-pulls jut from the bottom front.

Five wood-filled ones stand in the woods across the parking lot. "I had thirty-some built when I cut pulpwood. We winched them onto the trucks. Those days I often thought about how to cut down on the number of times wood had to be handled during loading and unloading. One guy told me the rack wouldn't work, that it couldn't be winched. Another said it would. He was right."

Restless Oaks had fed people for nearly a quarter century, according to the late Matt Connor who wrote about the restaurant November 2008 for the Lock Haven Express. Jim and wife Shirley opened the restaurant April 1984. Both are fond of period photographs hanging from the walls. Loggers appear often. In the gallery to the restaurant entrance they placed other mementoes of those times.

Other items come from the estate of Colonel Henry Shoemaker who lived nearby and who collected and published Pennsylvania folklore stories. The restaurant's name comes from Col. Shoemaker's nearby high-ceilinged Victorian home, once owned by Jim and Shirley. Their son, Bobby, later lived there and carved his sign stones in the colonel's barn.

Bobby was one of "twenty-seven of us living at the Shoemaker house from 1972 to 1976," according to Jimmy. He says that workers lived there as well as family and adopted sons and lots of cousins. A hectic place it was then, "24 hours a day, seven days a week. A constant flow of people what with sawmills and timbering ongoing."

For Two Cents I'd Sell This Place

Shown here is Restless Oaks, the residence of Col. Henry W. Shoemaker, in McElhattan in the year 1928. The beautifully landscaped grounds hosted an Eastern Star picnic in July of that year. The property was purchased in 1972 by the James H. Maguire family.

As to what brought about his purchase of the Shoemaker house, Jim says, "It's another crazy story. He bought the place from Kelly Shadle "who was sure we weren't going to pay for it. What led me to buy it was the time I visited Kelly. He was in the basement cussing and saying 'for two cents I'd sell this place.' I said I'd buy it and we argued about a price and settled on $90,000 for the property and 27 acres."

Some of those meadow acres figure in the story of George the bull and his capture of the jailbirds.

"Kelly tried to get out of the bargain but I wouldn't let him," Jim says. Kelly's sons-in-law, both lawyers, of Caldwell and Kern out of Harrisburg, got involved. Tom Caldwell particularly.

"The whole thing out of the blue."

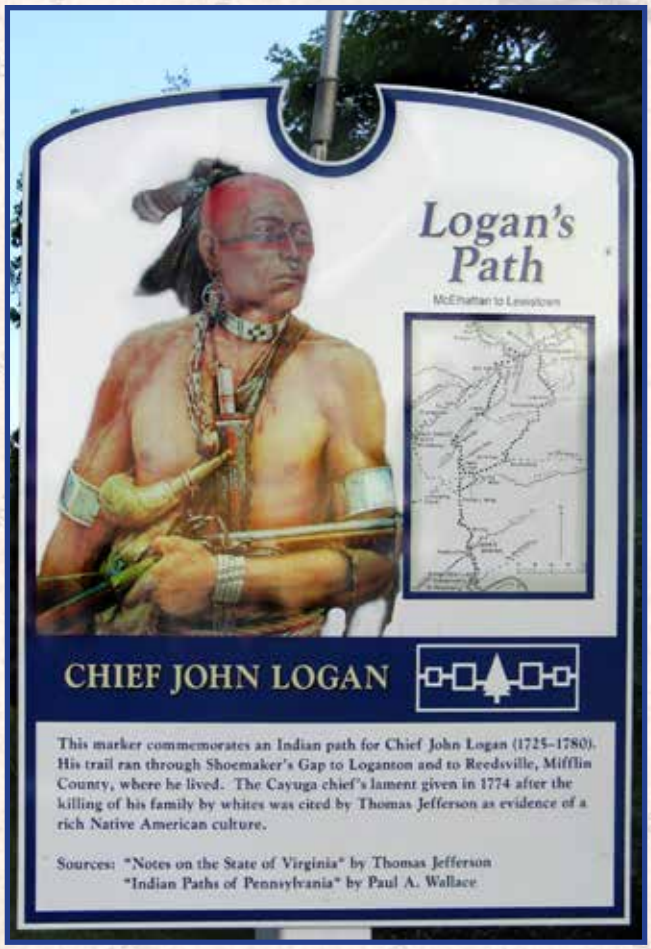
As to the restaurant, Connor quotes Jimmy: "Mom always wanted her own little restaurant. It was her dream, and Dad made it happen." According to Connor, the restaurant then helped support four generations of Maguires.

On the wall in back of the restaurant's original bar hangs a sketch of the eatery, then much smaller. In a blondish sepia style, it shows the eatery as the room that now holds the bar, the adjacent small dining room, and what is now the gift shop. "Customers entered through a door in the gift shop," says Lori Maguire. She is Jimmy's wife. "This was the original dining room."

Two larger dining rooms have been added, plus a large meeting/dining room underneath, now an office for Maguire businesses.

Books line gift shop shelves. A Chief Logan Anthology in hardbound is for sale. Logan's Path named for the Cayuga son of Shickellemy who gained immortality through his grand piece of oratory, Logan's Lament, runs through the mountain gap a block southwest of the restaurant. The Cayugas were one of the original Five Nations.

The township erected a sign to mark the path.



Located along the road to Zindel Park. Logan was a Cayuga, one of the Six Nations. Benjamin Franklin and other writers of the United States Constitution credited the Iroquois Indian government of the 1600-1700s for ideas leading to the Framers' work. The marker commemorates an Indian path named for the Native American orator and leader and was placed through the sponsorship of Wayne Township supervisors, Dave Calhoun, Tom Chitwood, and Jimmy Maguire.

Coffee mugs, fabrics, and pillows line shelves. Handmade wooden children's wagons lean against a wall, and a rocking chair hangs from the ceiling.

Horse Goes To School

My mother, Mary, taught school all over Clearfield County," recalls Jim. "She was born in 1900, and raised on a farm as was Dad. She went to eighth grade two years – high school wasn't then available. Her dad brought her down river by train to the Normal School, now Lock Haven University. She started teaching at age 17 or 18.

"She said her worst teaching year was her best year. That strange year 63 students crowded her one-room school. She survived by setting smart fourth graders as teachers over first graders. 'A fourth grader could teach a first grader faster than I could,' she told me. 'That year I was able to challenge every student!'"

Jim's mother told of Pat, their old horse. As a student, she would ride Pat to school and tell him to go home. He would. Her dad saddled him in the afternoon and told him to go get Mary. He would. Sometimes he would saddle Pat early, and the students hearing the horse would close their books too soon. It's easy to assume this horse approached the intellectual abilities of some students.

Jim's mother, Mary Hurley Maguire, likely in her 20s. Born 1900.

Grandma #2, Jim's mother, on Pat, who knew his way to and from school.

Jim's parents married about 1931.

The horse wasn't the only messenger animal serving the family. "My father-to-be lived about three miles away," according to Jim. "Mary would tie a note to their dog's collar and tell the dog to go to Harold's. He would and return with a note.

"My mother's first recollection was receiving an orange for Christmas. All the kids got one. I believe she was about four years old at that time."

In 1904, the family moved and crossed the West Branch to the new home. Mother as a little girl was scared as the horses and wagon took to the water. She thought they would drown. She told me, "I sat on my Dad's lap, I was shaking, the water slapping the horse's bellies, and Dad said, 'You're okay, you're okay.'"

The wagon is the one, minus its box, hanging in the middle dining room at Restless Oaks.

She told us of her dad coming to get her after her first summer at Normal School and buying her a school bell, the size that sat on many teachers' desks. She gave Jim the bell and told him the first descendant to teach was to get it. Becky Charles's daughter, Patty Hess, got the bell as the first teacher in the family. (See her story in the Grandchildren's chapter.) She teaches in the Jersey Shore School District.

As noted earlier, Becky is Jim's daughter.

Maguire farm in Clearfield County features Jim's FFA pond.

After Jim was born and came home from the hospital, his mother and father took up housekeeping in the Hurley homestead on Deer Creek Road, Clearfield County.

He scrolls his phone, and Deer Creek Road pops up as does the pond on the family farm.

Jim remembers his mother as ultra-conservative. The cause, he says, was the Depression and some $1,800 his mother had saved and kept in a bank. It closed; her money was lost.

His first impression as a youngster was "an ungodly noise coming down the road at my grandpap's place. I was about four years old then. The racket turned out to be a man and woman on a motorcycle and sidecar. They were dressed in the heavy clothing worn by riders of that time."

First grade was in a one-room school. For second grade, I went to a four-room school, two grades to a room. That was Graham School also called the Black Oak School; that took me through seventh grade. Then to Morrisdale eighth and ninth grades where I flunked ninth. I wasn't much interested.

The Black Oak School, Clearfield County, Graham Township, attended by Maguire children. Grandma #2 taught there. Also called the Graham school.

Neither was son Jeff when he started school (see his story). The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

Flying A J3 At Age 12

When I was twelve or thirteen and in grade school, I got to fly a Piper Cub. Family friend and local businessman Frank Albert owned an old J3 Cub that he flew to our place, taking Dad home from New Garden, Clinton County. Clifford Hubler piloted the airplane after they arrived and would let me fly with him a mile and a half from hayfield to airport. He let me handle the stick, warning me not to jiggle it.

One summer three years later, I drove a coal truck for Dad who owned three and hauled coal for Frank Albert. Dad ran the steam shovel, and I delivered coal from the stripping pit to the railroad at Loop Run. The trucks were based at New Garden and traveled the Pottersdale Road. More on this later.

Pottersdale and New Garden roads appear on Google maps. "This is down river from Karthaus," explains Jim. "New Garden was in West Keating Township." Pottersdale as a village is mostly gone as is the New Garden hamlet.

About three days before school started – I was fifteen and wanted to quit – Mom and Dad told me I was enrolled in vocational agriculture at Philipsburg High School. There were no buses. Dad told me, "The milk truck goes by at a quarter to seven and be on it, you'll load milk for your ride. I don't give a damn how you get home but be home by 5:00."

As a sixth grader, I was fortunate to enroll in 4-H. He recited the organization's creed: "I pledge my head to clearer thinking, my heart to greater loyalty, my hands to larger service, and my health to better living. For my club, my community, my country and my world."

Sweet 13

I had fun in school then although an English teacher told me "you won't amount to a hill of beans."

For one 4-H project I raised a hundred capons. Family friend Frank Albert and businessman told me he'd take them all. Mom and I spent two weekends killing and cleaning chickens.

A school janitor whose name I don't remember taught us boys well. We learned what a screwdriver and pliers could do. He would knock on the door, hold up two or three fingers to signal how many boys he wanted, and we'd fix things. We fixed everything from basement to roof.

We FFA boys got in a bind over onion sets. Ordered them every spring, and someone added an extra zero to the order. 5,000 instead of 500 arrived from the Eastern States company out of Texas. This was my second year in high school and we Future Farmers of America weren't selling the sets very fast. I made a deal with the principal, Mr. Aerenfelter. "Give me two guys I know who can sell and three days, and we'll sell all of them."

He agreed, and we sold them all in two days. We wanted the extra day off, and he agreed reluctantly: "After all, that was the deal."

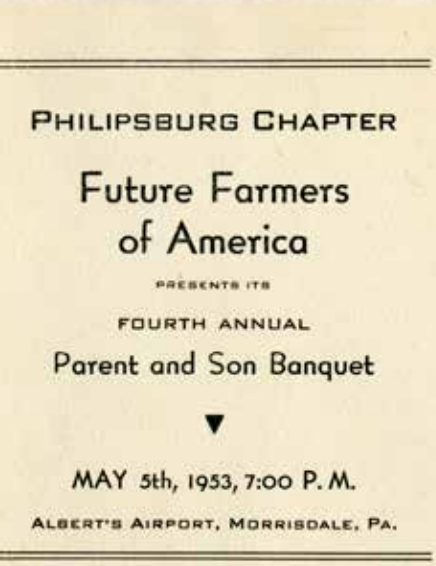
Jim remembers a tractor contest at the state competition. A kid about 5 foot two climbed on an M Farmall – a big tractor for that time – and beat the heck out of me. I was 6 foot one and 170, and it took some strength to muscle a big tractor.

There were FFA conservation projects. Fence rows were cleared and trees planted on strip mine soil. Coal had been stripped on the southeast and southwest corners of the family farm. They didn't backfill then, Jim says, so a lot of work went into these reclamation projects.

On our farm we put in a five-acre spring-fed pond as an FFA project. Brought in a D-7 Cat bulldozer, a big one that used a cable system to raise and lower the blade. The farm was about 125 acres, 35 in timber. I didn't run the dozer but I organized and designed the project. In my senior year my conservation project won the Northeastern PA district and placed in state and national competitions. Sears Roebuck sponsored our farm pond project. Won a total of $800 in prize money. Winning the Northeastern District entitled me to a trip to Kansas City, the FFA headquarters. We drove out for the third-night presentation. Didn't have enough money to stay overnight. A long, long trip. Mr. Feyermuth was the teacher. President Eisenhower spoke – this was 1954 and after graduation – and congratulated us all. Sear's award was $500.

Nephew Mike Maguire lives on the Deer Creek Road farm, and my brother nearby. Jim finds the farm on his phone: Deer Creek Road markers read "SR 1009," although Google and Yahoo maps label it "SR 17061."

Jim and son Jimmy
on Clearfield farm next to pond. Built 1954.



PHILIPSBURG CHAPTER

Future Farmers of America

PRESENTS ITS

FOURTH ANNUAL

Parent and Son Banquet

▼

MAY 5th, 1953, 7:00 P. M.

ALBERT'S AIRPORT, MORRISDALE, PA.

Traded Hogs For A Chain Saw

I was raising shoats and had so many, Dad said they were eating us out of house and home and to get rid of them. I told him I'd get rid of them if he'd loan me the pickup truck. I put some in the truck and started down the road. Traded one farmer four hogs for a 1932 Model B Ford pickup, and another farmer shoats for an old one-man chain saw. With that saw I cut pulpwood, borrowed a coal truck from Dad, loaded it by hand – no mechanical loaders back then – and sold the load for a hundred bucks at the

Lock Haven paper mill. Good money in the 1950s for a 16 year old.

New York and Penn Co. (the Lock Haven paper mill name at that time) wanted wood. A helper and I cut it. We delivered two loads per Saturday. Pulpwood brought me to the Lock Haven area. This work led to sawmill and timbering businesses reported at more length in the Wood Chips chapter.

In the middle of all this I bought a water business. Neighbor Albert Smith ran a 600-gallon water tanker that serviced coal region wells. They often went dry. If you could catch them before that, you could fill and use them as a cistern.

He decided to move to Florida and offered me the business for $100. I said I didn't have it but had $10. He would have to trust me for the rest of it, which he did.

Had enough money to buy a water truck with a cracked engine block. The owner wanted $100. I gave him $95. Dad gave me hell. Uncle Ken Hubler drilled and tapped the crack and installed brass plugs. He then added Bar's Leaks. It took effect after a few days, and I put 100,000 miles on that engine, which was rare. Uncle Ken Hubler was something else. I wanted a dump bed on my 1947 GMC pickup. He told me to find an old Dodge truck with spring parts that would work on the bed as a hinge. I did and drilled holes in the frame by hand, with a bit and brace.

I guess you could say I was a determined SOB.

Bar's Leaks immediately dates those who nursed old vehicles. It was ubiquitous in the Mom and Pop garages that dotted the country, and it took a place of honor on home and farm garage shelves. It was a sure specific for leaky tractor radiators. The company remains prominent on the Internet.

An early truck of Jim's liked Bar's Leaks, and a '36 Plymouth radiator lived on it.

The water business was very successful. During dry times, we ran the water truck around the clock. We did that until we moved down to Pine Creek in 1967. Then Lester Smeal bought the business.

"Crazy Events" Drive Us

Jim speaks often of crazy events. The context is chance activities and random meetings with people that lead to opportunities. He is willing to take a chance on trade and business agreements that many would not undertake. He sees value where others might not.

Donna Timblin says the previous paragraph should be in capital letters because that is his whole life.

For example, he spoke of a woman who called to tell him her husband had died, that the money owed to Jim was gone but that an industrial-strength radio transmitter/receiver was available if Jim would come get it. The association with her husband grew out of coal hauling.

A hundred-watt transmitter, the radio was better than what the state police were using. Jim hooked up with them and recalls September 29, 1972, when the Loganton bank was robbed of $27,000. Diane Whittaker who heads Clinton County's Ross Library corroborated the date.

The state police called him to tell him of the crime and described the car.

Jim was driving on the Ridge Road, Centre County, and called the state police through that radio to tell them "the robber just drove past me going like hell. They found the car but not the money or the man. Never caught him."

The robber escaped in a blue four-door Chevy sedan, according to Loganton bank personnel as reported in the Lock Haven Express.

The September 30 Clearfield Progress reported the robber headed for Clearfield County.

Best thing I ever did, says Jim, hooking that radio up with the state police. We often helped each other out.

Another time I got word I should meet a special state police agent at Jersey Shore. They asked what I was driving. I told them, and I asked what he was driving. None of your business, they said.

The agent looked like he'd been sleeping under a bridge. He'd seen marijuana bales near a logging site where chipping had been done, and knew I was the only local logger who chipped waste wood. He couldn't remember the site and asked me to go along. We then worked only two county sites. The second one was it. Marijuana bales littered the ground. Often wondered if they were air-dropped.

That radio was also useful to my brother involved in a vehicle accident. His truck was hit by a car, and he called the state police for help. He reached the Williamsport state police office, and they gave him hell for bothering them. He was to call the Lock Haven branch. His truck bumper had pinned the car driver under the dash. No major injuries but a grill part had punctured the truck radiator, which was dripping hot water on the unhappy driver.

In 1963 another business opportunity arose. "I was in Cherry Springs at the Woodsmen Carnival and was introduced to Jim Frost from Marienville, PA."

Jim scrolls his phone to find the town, which appears "right next to Cook Forest." Frost was a dealer in tree skidders. I saw the opportunity in the rubber-tire log skidders versus the much slower dozers everyone was using.

"How can I get one?"

"Take it home and try it."

"I knew after a day what an animal this would be – you could skid as much in a day as you could in a week with a crawler.

"I asked to sell them. Jim said he'd give me $500 for each one sold. I thought this was a piece of cake but after demonstrating fifty or sixty, I'd sold only one. So I decided to take one to the prospect's site and give him a day's work to show how superior the equipment was. After selling sixty-seven in a couple of years, I was a rich bastard!"

He was 25 years old at the time.

You Don't Need The Damn Winch

Earlier, in 1954, Jim bought a dozer. "At that time, I was very active in the wood business and doing everything by hand. A World War II veteran, Frank Wornovick, owned a dozer with a hundred hours on it and told me he'd sell it for $2,100 without the winch and asked another $800 for the winch. I had $1,200 and asked to borrow $900 from Dad. He drove up and looked at the crawler. 'You don't need the damn winch.'

"I bought the dozer and afterward beat it back up to Frank and asked him to save the winch. I bought it and hid it from Dad." (See Restored dozer, opposite page.)

Jim used the dozer at Quehanna where he got a contract to cut timber. The trees had been sprayed in the spring with arsenic, and in fall the bark would come off. That was once a technique for pulpwood timbering.

"Things went well," recalls Jim. "I picked up $800 in six weeks."

Another opportunity came in 1975. Jim was driving through Mill Hall when he saw a bulldozer unloaded next to a brick house in the way of a new road. He moved it and rented it for years. It was a mail-order house, and in a few weeks we drove by it. A photo of it appears in the chapter entitled 1st pickup ride.

He spoke about the log home business he, his brother, and brother-in-law ran for many years. Bill Asper asked to become a partner. Jim told him he already had too many partners. Bill quoted him a buyout price of a quarter million suggested by Jim's brother. Jim told Bill he'd need $300,000. "When we collected enough money from Bill, he got the business."

His Formula For Buying Property

Jim has dealt in land since 1970. He started when driving along a dirt road looking at timber at the request of Charles Musser, the potato chip magnate. Musser wanted it cut.

"I saw an old fellow, Roy Springer, walking along the road and offered him a ride. I discovered Roy owned property on Pine Bottom after about three rides with him. He was offered $15,000 but I valued the timber at $25,000, which I offered him. I said I didn't have the money, would give him $5,000 up front, and he should keep the deed until I found the rest of the money. He agreed.

"That started it, and I worked other property deals that way. The deed is golden – if you have that, you have the property – so people generally trust such an agreement.

"By the way, that wasn't the only timbering deal we made. We ran a timbering business for forty years starting in 1959. Our formula for success was simple; we paid productivity bonuses. That meant the men soon screened out loafers or converted them to hard workers. We chipped; we used every piece of wood we could. We cut wood as far west as Tyrone, north to Morris, east below Carroll and south almost into Brush Valley.

"Another land deal happened to the property on which Kliney's store now stands. I went to Lock Haven Trust to buy it and was successful on something of the same down payment deal that Roy Springer agreed to."

Another deal fell out of a conversation with an Avis Bank manager. "I talked to the manager about an apartment property in Lizardville. The building needed work. $25,000 versus $33,000 asking prices were mentioned. I said I'd give him $33,000 if he'd advance $10,000 to fix up the property and give me a good interest rate.

"He looked at me steady for thirty seconds – that's a long time to stare at anyone – and said, "Done. And I suspect you'll keep the remainder of the $10,000 if the renovations do not cost that much?"

"Right."

Opportunity does rise out of crazy things but it rises more out of real estate than anything. Dealing in real estate is the number one source of American millionaires, according to Jim. Junk dealers come second.

When he sees that "old bastard in the mirror every morning, I don't know how lucky I am." Maybe, but another of his maxims is that "success is just disguised hard work."

Of his sons he says, "They are different. Bobby goes full bore all the time. He's so busy he no longer has time to etch rock signs. Jimmy is more cautious. He decides this is the right way and that's the way he goes very carefully."

Shirley, for whom he built the restaurant, is his estranged wife. When they talked divorce in the mid-1980s, she said that she could get 70 percent of everything. "I agreed that she probably could. But if we go that route, the lawyers will get 40 percent and each of us will wind up with 30 percent. I said I would support her as I promised when we married. We did not divorce.

"Neither of us was black or white in the conditions that led to our split," Jim says.

Shirley comes to the restaurant often. She's worked hard as a mother and wife, according to children and husband. When the family gathers, they are all there.

Jim now lives up the Coudersport Pike on a spot that "lets me look 80 miles one way and 35 another. And we have a large pond at Tumbling Bear Lane."

A Bridge Not Too Far

In addition to knowing something about pond building, he's also an expert in removing as well as building bridges. So it seems from the days when he bridged McElhattan Creek to move logging trucks into what is now Linnippi Village. "They were removing railroad bridges from the Beech Creek railroad. I bought two and moved a 40-foot flatbed trailer out there. I asked what a bridge weighed and the crane operator said he'd know when he'd lift one. It weighed 45 tons. When he placed it on the trailer, the springs snapped. He lifted it, and we blocked the trailer and left. At the crane's hourly rate, we had to make time.

"That radio I mentioned earlier came in handy. Two state police escorts, one in front, the other behind, accompanied us to the road into what is now Linnippi. We placed two bridges upside down, side by side."

A township supervisor scoffed, "That won't last."

"It will be there long after you and I are gone."

The bridge was 5 percent copper, a standard alloy for railroad bridges. The copper limited rusting. But they can't be re-melted in steelmaking furnaces because of the copper.

"We placed railroad-tie cribbing and poured cement behind it. Forty tons of stone went into the cement. I didn't want to pay for anymore cement than I had to. The bridge – an open-grate style floor – stood there for twenty years until it was replaced by Charles Construction a few years ago.

"When they built the water filtration plant next to Linnippi development, they grumbled that the bridge wouldn't hold their trucks. They took the biggest load over it and it never trembled."

He told how he came to own the land Linnippi Village homes now stand on. Quite by accident, he bumped into a clergyman hunting for a piece of land he inherited. Turned out, the pastor owned a chunk of what would become Linnippi Village. His two sisters owned the rest of it. Jim bought the clergyman's piece but couldn't buy the rest from the sisters who lived in California. No offer moved them.

A lawyer suggested he began logging, and he did. During the operation, he heard from the sister's lawyer that they wouldn't take anything less than $15,000 for their land. He jumped in his truck, drove to the bank for a certified check, and mailed it special delivery to the lawyer. He got the deed shortly. Later, he sold to Bill Charles who developed Linnippi Village, today home to some 70 families. Bill died a few years ago and left the village to his sons who run Charles Construction, Avis, PA. Becky Maguire, Jim's daughter, married Tom, one of Bill's sons and a partner in Charles Construction. The development has since been turned over to the township.

There's more to the Linnippi story. Bob Barr, now Lycoming County tax assessor, wanted to start a Bible Institute where Linnippi Village now sits. Jim says he began down near the river on the river road that serves some McElhattan people as a fine walking trail. Bob went bankrupt trying to shift his institute to what is now Linnippi Village.

Jim says a banker came to him, telling him he'd have to buy the bank out to preserve his interest, that the bank had first position. I told them, no, I had first position, I didn't have a college education but I knew that much. The banker didn't believe me. He came back later and agreed I had first position, and they bought me out.

"So many crazy events," he concludes.

Beech Creek railroad bridges once spanned McElhattan Creek into what is now Linnippi Village. Read Jimmy's account of what portion of his father's anatomy could be kissed if he and his crew could "pull" bridges washed out by a hurricane. Something about not being able to remove the bridges in a month's time, and the Maguire crew did it in a day or two.

Shirley (Lupton) Maguire

She Wanted A 'Waltons-Style' Restaurant

Shirley is matter-of-fact when she says she and Jim have been separated for 26 years – legally separated, she emphasizes. "He didn't want a divorce," she said. "Half of everything would be mine and he would take care of me, he said. He has and we're still family oriented.

"We were married for thirty-nine years." Her voice is strong. "We both made mistakes in those troubled days. In hindsight, we might have done things differently. But we didn't. Jim is a very intelligent man. But even intelligent people can make mistakes."

As to the restaurant, "I told Jim that I had cooked so many lunches and other meals for free when men came home with him – mostly his workers – that I wanted to get paid for it. I wanted a small restaurant like the one on "The Waltons" with dynamite boxes for tables.

"Jim told me I dreamed of having a restaurant since I did that at home."

Shirley Maguire is arthritic and blind in one eye, but she still likes to come to the restaurant and wrap silverware or make a special dish as she did the dandelion dish mentioned elsewhere. She cannot work full time anymore, and that's more than an annoyance to her. She does not drive at night. "Hardest thing I have to live with, that I can't work in the kitchen."

But she still cooks bake beans, for example, "if Bobby needs food for an outing." (Also for Jeff. See his chapter on his mother's care of him).

And she still sings although "not very good anymore." She and her children sang in church, on TV, and for lumber groups as son Jim recounted. She plays the harmonica in their family singing group.

Before they built the restaurant, a survey showed a need for one in this area. Restless Oaks Restaurant sits within easy eye-shot of four-lane Route 220 and its McElhattan/Woolrich interchange.

Restless Oaks Restaurant when it opened April 1984. The copper plate reveals the current main dining room added in 1986. The Pennsylvania Room (not shown) was added in 1993.

The Woolrich company store only a couple of miles away and the restaurant must feed off each other. The nearby Wayne Township industrial park and the Truck-Lite plant easily within reach of Becky Charles's whistle must also send hungry people to Restless Oaks.

People outside of Clinton County and unfamiliar with McElhattan often know of the restaurant. To start the eatery, the Maguires bought cooking gear and other equipment from closed restaurants.

Shirley's active in "my church, the Crossroads Community Church of Antes Fort. I'm a Christian and that helps me," she says. Becky also worships there. The non-denominational church is growing fast. 1,192 people attended an April Sunday service.

A Coal Miner's Daughter

"I'm the baby of thirteen kids," she says of her childhood family. "I learned good work habits there. I was born in 1936 and am 77 years old. My daddy came here from England when he was four years old. He was a coal miner; his family name was Lupton. So I tell people I'm a coal miner's daughter."

Her father was a blacksmith in the mines. Shirley remembers him sharpening picks. "And we always had a nice garden.

"We would skinny dip as kids in a nearby creek even though we were told not to. The water was mine drainage, red from the acid. We'd come home, our skin red, and Mom would ask if we had been in that creek and we'd say no. We couldn't fool Mom though. She'd ask, 'Why is your skin so red?'"

She speaks of a time far different than today, of tipping over outhouses, of walking bare foot through roadside ditches when they filled with water. And of an incident when the girls slept outside and thought it was raining but it wasn't. Their brothers peed off the porch roof. And of an apple-throwing fight that night with a girl's nose being hit and bleeding so severely they took her to the nearby stock trough and stuck her head in it to stop the bleeding. And of a cemetery where she and other youngsters took ribbons off the

Hannnah (Holdsworth) and John Charles Lupton, Shirley (Lupton) Maguire's parents.

flowers –"we didn't take the flowers" – and an uncle shaming them so strongly they took the ribbons back in dark. "Think how much courage that took to go into a cemetery in the night."

Her eyes brighten at a question about throwing apples from limber sticks often called suckers. You impale the apple on the stick, which adds some three feet to your throwing arm. Major League Baseball velocity and range are added, and the joy of watching an apple thud on a face – or much lower down – cannot be imagined by today's young people.

"We threw apples that way," smiled Shirley.

The next generation will not know this glorious pastime, and we mourn the loss of it.

She grew up in "a pioneer family in many ways. We used an outhouse. We lived like the Waltons. My mother made her own soap. Mom never had a mixer. She mixed cake batter in a crock with a wooden spoon. She

could doctor cows. Sometimes they got into clover and got the bloat. The first time that happened, she called the vet and watched him shove a hose down the cow's throat, dose her, and then stick a knife in her ribs. She didn't call the vet again."

Sold Cloverine And Rose Bud Salve

I have no regrets how I was raised. We learned a lot of survival knowledge that doesn't come from books. In a 1975 Philadelphia Bulletin story about the family, Jim said, "She's done it all. She's hauled wood, carried water, canned, cooked and sewed. She worked right along with me." And she sold Cloverine and Rose Bud salve. "Available in the original style, one-ounce tin, Cloverine Salve is a classic household remedy, passed down from generation to generation for more than 100 years." That quote from the Prestige Brands website.

Jim and Shirley's courting days

Jim and I met in a high school cafeteria line. Some boys were talking about me. I was maturing, and it showed in my sweater. Jim stopped them. He said you're embarrassing her. He was my hero. We were married in Bellefonte and went home after the wedding to milk the cows. Not much of a fuss then about weddings. We were so busy we didn't have time for fighting. Whatever he wanted to do, I'd do whatever I could to help him.

WWII Air Raid Drill Delays Wedding

On our way to our wedding we got stuck in the last local air raid drill of World War II. Our minister was late because he got caught in the same traffic jam.

Jimmy was born when I was sixteen. By twenty-one I had five children. We didn't know then about such things as the rhythm method of birth control.

She remembers bathing her kids, all of them, together in the tub. "We had a well with a limited water supply." She laughs. "I suppose you'd get arrested for that today but, you know, they

psburg, Moshannon Valley, Pa., Friday, April 21, 1978

ANNIVERSARY OPEN HOUSE — Mr. and Mrs. James Maguire of McElhattan, formerly of Graham Township, will celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary with an open house April 23 from 1-4 p.m. at their home near Lock Haven. Married April 21, 1953, in Bellefonte, the Maguires have five children and eight grandchildren. The couple asks that guests bring family snapshots to the celebration.

weren't curious about each other, and some of my grandchildren are. Many of today's kids are, too."

Shirley spoke of two brothers and one sister. Both brothers live in Philipsburg, Clearfield County. Her sister lives in State College, PA.

Brother A One-Eyed Rifleman

Her brother Bill, "her best buddy then," had been blind in one eye since age nine. Shirley remembers him going to a Philadelphia eye hospital for treatment. He joined the Army and was shooting on the rifle range when a sergeant told him to adjust his shooting stance. Bill told him the sergeant would be in danger if he did. He had to shoot that way because he couldn't see out of one eye. The sergeant swore and asked how he ever got into the Army.

She returns to Jim. "He and I both worked hard and we're still at it. I always marveled at him. We'd be driving down the road and see a pile of junk. He'd know what to do with it." She mentions the laminated wood pulley that Jim saved from an old mill, the wheel that serves as a chandelier base in a Restless Oaks dining room.

"He's very gifted, and he reads a lot."

Thrifty, too. "He wears expensive cowboy boots and takes them to an Amish shop for repairs. And when our Pine Creek home was built, no dishwasher was installed. I said, Jim, it's a new home and I want one. He said you have two daughters.

"He was smart about our home site. He asked people with homes there about floods, with the view of avoiding them. In the big '72 flood, water came within six inches of flooding us. But no farther.

"Markay lives next to me in the log home with two cabins. Mine is the new home on the upper side, a custom home with pocket doors and other special items. It's built for handicapped use."

She wears her hair short. It's grey and beautifully set. Large earrings bob as she talks. She learned to crochet the past two years and spends evenings at it, including afghans donated to nursing homes. There's as much of her features in her children's faces as there is of Jim's.

"We all have more than we need although we lost a grandson and daughter-in-law to cancer. There are more than fifty of us in the extended family.

"I have a beautiful family. I wouldn't change it for a minute."

"Excuse me. Our pastor and his wife are here, and I want to talk to them."

From left, Jimmy, Jim, Bobby, Shirley, and Jeff. Becky and Markay in front. Taken about 1965.

James Blaine Maguire

Chief Oil and Gas Drills First Well In Lycoming County

Christmas Eve 2007, drillers brought in this first Marcellus gas well in Lycoming County. Lori and Jim brought food that evening to the men.

Christmas Eve of 2007 the sky glowed orange over a large clearing a few miles from Tombs Run Hollow in Lycoming County. "Driving up the hollow, I saw the orange sky a few miles away," says Jimmy, "and I thought something was wrong."

Nothing had gone wrong but he and Lori didn't know that. They took food to the crew drilling into the mile-deep Marcellus shale. "I thought they'd like something to eat and knew they had been pushing hard," says Jimmy. "They had tubed and backflowed the well, running the gas through a separator to take out frack water solids as well as the water. To do that, they flared the gas. The space around and above the Christmas tree valving was bright and warm. And that evening was cold."

Jimmy and Lori had gone to church and had taken care of family Christmas Eve responsibilities before leaving for the well site.

Three winters ago, he took the Linnippi Village Friday Morning breakfast group on a tour of gas operations in the mountains near his well. On the map run your finger up Route 44 from Jersey Shore until you hit Tombs Run and Route 973 running over the hills to Route 287. Along Route 973, huge crawlers clung to steep hill sides, ditching for piping to connect gas wells to transmission lines. Hilltops held multi-acre manmade ponds to hold drilling and frack water. One pond covered some four acres and held some four million gallons of water. Trucks rumbled by, tankers hauling water and flatbeds carrying compressor equipment to a station under construction. No drill rigs showed. They stood farther back in the hills.

In spring of 2012 the machines are gone, the pipeline meadow trenches green with fresh grass. Water management stone-lined channels show tan among the green grass and bushes. Gas company pipeline markers and signs near two hillside ponds are about the only visible sign of the gas industry.

As we approached his five-acre well site, deer ran through the grass and by the primer-red Christmas tree valving that stands NBA-player high. Jimmy told us that deer and turkeys often fed near the field while drilling continued. A gauge on the valve stand read "3000 psi."

George Kneiser pursed his lips. He's an engineer now retired from a company that builds high-pressure valves for specialized applications including nuclear reactors.

No concrete drill pad here. Jim said there have been a lot of changes in five years. His well was drilled before a pad was required. The usual containments for drill mud and water had been there. When Chief Oil and Gas leased his land, he got $2 an acre. And with more chagrin, he told us that the well paid no royalties since it was not connected to a pipeline. As of winter 2014 that connection still waits.

He spent a lot of time on site during drilling, and much of it in the shack where the logging took place. "They bring up cuttings and cores often and analyze them. This logging operation is rather close held, and after a time they told me to stay out of the log shack. 'You know too much already.'"

Core analysis is critical to so many decisions about drilling, including where to start the important horizontal shaft and where in it to punch holes in the steel pipe liner. Those holes let through the highly pressurized frack water. Sand in the water props open cracks in the shale to improve gas flow.

The Maguire family owns 1,200 acres of land around the well, all of it leased to Chief Oil and Gas. It's possible the company will be back to drill other wells on the same site.

The family bought a large log home shell and acreage only a few miles away and finished it. A New Jersey businessman showed interest, so they sold the property to him.

Jimmy is a full-bearded version of his father, often caught in breakfast and lunch conversations at Restless Oaks. Restaurant tables, often the favorite Liars Table at lunchtime, serve as informal offices for the Maguires.

Jim is six foot three, about 245, and brown eyed. His beard is dark but the top of his head shows through more than his father's does. He was a singer at Jersey Shore High School and played the lead part in "Brigadoon" and "Oklahoma." "Mom often said if we're singing we're not fighting," he said. Almost the whole family has a history of church and non-church singing. Gospel and country and western were their bread and butter.

Jimmy reprises his leading part in "Brigadoon." He also sang the lead role in "Oklahoma" during his Jersey Shore High School days. He believes his sash and kilt shrunk since then.

He's been a Wayne Township supervisor since 1995. Much like his father, he drives a large pickup truck that serves as a rolling office.

While we talked, he pointed to a young boy at the restaurant counter. "That's my grandson Dane Hanna. I have five grandchildren.

"I was born in the Philipsburg Hospital and raised on the farm on Deer Creek Road, the farm Dad described earlier. I'm the oldest of five kids, and my mother was the youngest of 14 kids. So I always had a lot of cousins. Lots of neighborhood kids also came around, and a good buddy lived only two miles away."

Part of the Maguire attraction was a truck shop and garage on the farm.

Trees Girdled With A Hatchet

I spent hours fishing in the farm pond and much time in the woods. If you're seven and eight and living in the country, you explore everywhere.

I had my own little hatchet and girdled trees that were sprayed with arsenic. When the trees were dead, we'd cut and debark them by hand. Another job was loading paper wood into railroad box cars on a siding near Morrisdale. At that time I was probably more nuisance than help.

I attended the Black Oak Elementary School where my grandmother had taught. Middle school grades were at West Branch School. My grandfather's sisters ran the cafeteria so when other kids were at recess I got to wash food trays.

I mustn't have been a real good kid 'cause I got a licking most every day and twice on Sundays.

We had farm chores to do, cows to be milked, chickens fed. Haying and harvest times went fast. We always had a pig pen and chickens and rats running. I guess as long as we got the chores and barn work done, the day went well but if we didn't. . . .

The long and short of it is, my dad and I didn't see eye to eye for a long while. I wore my hair long and he didn't like that. He thought work was king. I thought you should have some fun, too. He was full bore, work, work, work, able to get along on five hours of sleep. A lot of Irish in him. Many times our employees worked Saturday, and it was assumed I would, too.

Both men have long since outgrown their antipathy and often breakfast together at Restless Oaks. So does Shirley, Jimmy's mother. He credits both parents for maintaining family relationships.

"Although Mom and Dad haven't lived together for twenty years, she often eats at the restaurant, and we're together at most family affairs," he says.

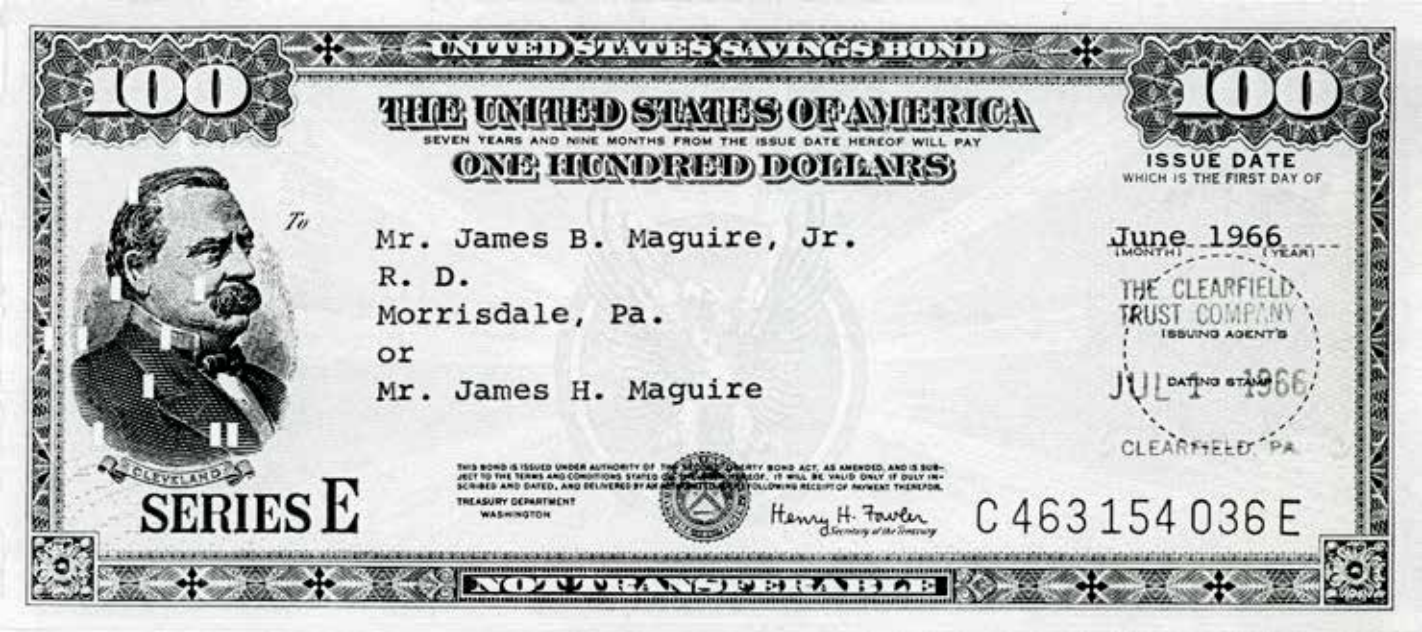
So Tough They Nicknamed Her "Pig Iron"

As the oldest, I tended to beat up on the younger kids. But sister Becky was so tough we nicknamed her "pig iron."

Brother Jeff had his ways. A heavy iron grate was inset into the first floor and let heat up from the old iron coal furnace in the basement. He would urinate through the grate on the furnace. The stench was awful.

That trick might have devolved from an ancient, similar late night activity in deer hunting camps.

Kept all these years from his all-night calf-pulling job.



Actually we did have a lot of fun growing up. We worked hard and played hard.

All of us Maguire kids were involved in 4-H. In Clearfield County, we managed a sweet corn patch and built a roadside stand. Sold thirteen ears – a farmer's dozen – for 35 cents.

Jim still holds a Series E savings bond dated 1966 that grew out of calf birthing. "I stayed in the barn much of the night and pulled the calf because it might not have made it. I later sold it and put the money in that bond."

Roy, the adopted son mentioned earlier, came to live with us in the early 60s. Mercer Carr also lived with us.

Roy lived with us until he came back from Vietnam. He drove truck for us in earlier times and worked in the woods. He still works for the Maguire business today.

We moved to a Pine Creek house in 1967.

Sang In Church & On The Big John Riley Show

He and his family love to sing. When they lived in Clearfield County, they sang in the Palestine United Methodist Church, Graham Township. About a dozen in the choir, he remembers, and four Maguires. My brother Bobby and sisters Becky and Markay and me. I was ten or eleven, the oldest singer was about fourteen. We sang on the Big John Riley Show, Channel 10, Altoona. That was early or mid-1960s.

Frenchville Station on the West Branch of the Susquehanna is a few miles north of the Maguire farm where Jimmy grew up. Farther north is the isolated village of Frenchville where Penn State linguists studied the archaic French dialect still spoken in the 1970s. It's almost impossible to find that French accent and dialect in France anymore, according to the linguists.

Northeast is Pottersdale and the Clearfield/Clinton County sites where Jim's father trucked coal in his youth.

Took 3 To Drive The Studebaker

My first car was an old Studebaker rescued from the junkyard in back of the garage. Took three to drive it – one to drive, another to feed gas, and the third to work the brake. We drove it through the fields. Someone on the woods crew needed a car, and Dad sold it to him for $10.

Dad had converted the back porch into an office and kept a check-writing machine there. Because Dad worked with the woods crew, he'd write out payroll checks every Friday night. He'd punch the buttons and pull a handle. I can still hear the clatter of that machine.

During his childhood and school days, Jim cruised fields and woods, shooting groundhogs with his .22. Groundhog shooting was once a serious business on farms where rodent burrows caused grief for livestock, draft horses, and even tractors. A hoof or wheel in a hole might break.

To feed his .22, he hunted pop bottles. "Local people near our farm dumped garbage down strip-mine high walls," he explained. "We'd take a wagon, and rummage through trash, hunting for pop bottles. Two cents for a small one and a nickel for a big one. I'd trade them at a nearby store for .22 shells and candy.

"The .22 came in handy for deer. They often fed with the cows, and there was often a call for meat. Pop them in the head with the .22. Mom cooked venison often so fresh we said you could see it quiver in the pan. She cooked it well. And we said that if you lived on a farm you had to be ten years old before you ate beef. When we did eat beef, it usually came from a nearby butcher shop. We'd take our cows there."

No Chocolate Milk This Time

I helped Dad haul water. Many shallow coal region wells did poorly in dry weather. While the tank filled, we'd go to a nearby store for chocolate milk and candy. I was fond of chocolate milk. We filled our tanker from the local water company's filling station. The outlet was in a pit. One bitter winter day – about 20 degrees – I was overanxious for my milk and didn't get the fill

hose properly seated in the top tank hatch. Dad was in the pit. The hose came loose. Didn't get any chocolate milk that night.

Dad also ran a grader and plowed snow on contract. I'd go along. No heater in the old grader; awful cold. And Dad and I made lots of trips to Marienville for log skidders.

After high school Jim worked the woods for a year and then studied forestry at Williamsport Community College known then as "whack" (WAC). While there he channeled his father. "Some of us at WAC cut firewood on Williamsport water department land. It was dead oak, and I had a pickup truck. I got $10 a load cut, split, and delivered. Tuition then was about $600 a semester."

Before the beginning of his second year in 1972, he traveled to Alaska with his school teacher grandmother. She stayed in Anchorage visiting relatives while he went moose hunting and traveling with Russell Billet and a man with the first name of Leonard.

He "tagged along with Russell who carried a new .300 Weatherby Magnum. I didn't have the money for a license." While in Alaska, he attended the Alaska State Fair and remembers it as impressive, much larger and extensive than the local county fairs. They traveled the country in Leonard's van, an old Chevy Apache with an air intake rig that let them ford rivers. "We'd take the fan belt off, set up the vertical air intake, and go."

On his return from Alaska, he went to work in the woods. He took forestry courses at Penn State and worked as a timber cruiser, estimating footage and value of trees.

During Governor Shapp's administration, "Dad was instrumental in creating the Pennsylvania Logging Safety Council. So we traveled all over singing logging songs and putting on skits promoting safety in the woods. As a family we sang in three states."

He remembers working with Red Ogden of Westvaco and Ed Swisher of the local paper mill on safety council issues.

His mother was a singer in this group. Deana Mundrick and Shirley Stradley played guitar in the group. Red Ogdon, a Westvaco forester, and Sandy Cockron helped with the plays. They traveled to Wheeling, West Virginia; to Frostburg, Maryland; and to Kane, PA. They went everywhere logging was prominent.

Elderly American Women The Worst

About 1974, Jim and some buddies saw an ad for people to work at Yellowstone Park. He says they hired pretty much over the phone and several of us were accepted. When we arrived, they fingerprinted us and took mug shots. I started out washing dishes and bussing tables in the famous Old Faithful Lodge.

Then I got the meat cutter's job because we were asked if anyone could do that, and my buddies said I could. No, I said, I butchered only. That did it though. They told me to get cleaned up, and I got the prestigious job of "head chef." I remember it as "medium rare or well done?" I didn't realize what a great experience this was – I met people from all over the world. Oriental people were the most polite. Elderly American women were the worst.

I worked 92 hours and cleared $15.77. Still have the pay stub. The cash came after room and board, taxes, a privilege fee and other charges were deducted. If you stayed and fulfilled your contract, you got back half of the privilege fee deductions. Dave Welshans of Linnippi Village, Tim Harrington, and I stayed. The others left after two weeks. On my day off, I'd drive to Montana or Jackson Hole looking for timber jobs.

I've never forgotten Mr. Thompson. I met him helping truck hay to his cattle. He wanted to sell two lots on the river at Jackson Hole. He would sell them to me for $3,500 each. I had only $100, which he'd take and finance the rest at no interest. "Hang on twenty years, and it will be the best investment you'll ever make."

Boy, was he ever right! But I didn't buy. I suspected he wanted the $100 for whiskey. He drank a lot.

Dave Welshans says his Old Faithful time was fun. "We had just left high school. Jim got us jobs at Old Faithful, and some went on to California. We were footloose and fancy free then."

Jimmy married Lori Deitrick in 1975. He bought a piece of land on the Pine Mountain Road that year from Dad, Uncle Joe, and Uncle Don. "We wanted to put a mobile home on the property but Dad told us that if you do that you'll be there forever. Put a log home on it, and we did. We cleared the land with Dad's old bulldozer, the first one he bought.

"By this time, Dad and I saw eye to eye, something that happened as we got older. He stood for me as my best man. Lori's sister, Diane, stood for her as maid of honor.

"Although Dad's Irish often showed up, he was most often supportive. He did tend to critique our ideas but it was good to explore opportunities and know he'd back us."

Pulled Bridge In One Day

It was 1967 when we moved from Clearfield County to Pine Creek. When the '72 flood hit, it was non-stop for days. We were in and out trying to help. We had our loaders out, and their winches were an advantage. We drove our 950 Cat (a large Caterpillar front loader) to the house of an elderly lady with a broken hip. I was nineteen then and took her out in the bucket. I took her insulin out of her refrigerator – the light went on so I knew the electricity was still on. But I could feel the electricity in the water on the floor. We helped as many people as we could.

Just off Route 44 a barber's house floated off the foundation and onto the road. The home wasn't tied to the sill plate. A PennDOT man was there and told me to smash the house. I said no, and called Dad on the radio. He came, and we cut white oak logs and got them under the house, towed it to the foundation, and anchored it there. When the water went down, they jacked up the house, put it on rollers, and set it back on the foundation.

While the interview proceeded at the restaurant, Jimmy spoke with some friends seated next to us. He introduced me to them, telling them I was doing some writing for the family. When the couple left, the husband spoke to me. "The Maguires have done far more for people than they get credit for. Most people do not know of their assistance and activity in the community."

Later a New York cattleman who supplies Restless Oaks with buffalo burger meat stopped by to talk to Jim. The farmer told of his battle with cancer. He's had prostate, kidney, and liver cancer and came down with cancer in lymph nodes. Doctors at Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, removed it with cryosurgery. Amazing, he said. In and out of the hospital quickly and with only tiny incisions. The body absorbs the frozen tumors.

Jimmy referred to his father and his often-told story of clean up after the '72 flood. Hurricane Agnes dumped between six and twelve inches of rain in late June. One of the worst floods in Pennsylvania history wreaked great destruction.

Three Mill Hall bridges washed into creeks, and the Army Corps of Engineers asked for bids to remove them. Every outfit with construction equipment including earth-moving and logging machinery was engaged. Dad entered a bid of $3,800, and the man in charge tore up his bid in a way that made it clear he wanted a zero added. "Bid again." Ed Nestlerode had entered a bid of some $70,000. Dad bid $38,000 and got the job. At that time we were ready to build a sawmill at Lizardville. That's the tiny community cramped against the mountain just downstream from Salona. The Route 220/64 interchange took much of the village.

There was a lot of steel in those bridges that we could use in the sawmill. Nestlerode said something about not being able to pull those bridges out in a month or so.

Dad was asked if he'd ever pulled a bridge and said, "No."

Ed said if he could pull one bridge in that time, he'd kiss Dad's ass on Lock Haven's Main Street. We cut the bridge with torches at points we thought likely, laid it out, and pulled it that day.

So much work then. We could have worked around the clock.

Another incident at that time was less fortunate. We were pulling a huge stump from Bald Eagle Creek near the Clinton County Country Club. I was in the water next to it attaching a cable when the stump rolled. A root caught my pants and took me down. You run out of air quick when you're ten feet under. I took my pants off pretty quick. The bad part was coming out without trousers.

We gathered a lot of propane tanks from the camps below Torbert, which is close to the White Deer entrance to the present Pine Creek Trail. Thought we'd get something for them but the gas company came along and collected them. We got nothing.

Camouflage Toilet Paper Wipes The World

Dad's always ambitious, and that carried over to the Eastern Outdoor show at the Harrisburg farm show building. In 1985, we sold multi-fuel boilers there. They burned oil, wood, coal. And I saw camouflage clothing and camouflage guns, all rather new then.

That got me to thinking and to my famous-to-my-family camouflage toilet paper. Dad said it might work. But paper mills weren't keen, and so the least I could buy from them was fifty tons. I had to get clearance on dyes and got a copyright on the pattern. And I had to get a second mortgage on the house to finance it. There were only two companies that could print on tissue toilet paper, and we picked a New York company.

In the end it didn't turn out fabulous like the Slinky but I got it in all 50 states and 13 countries. Dad was supportive. "Keep working on it."

We needed a product name and ran a contest with a $100 prize. "Hide-A-Wipe" was the winner.

I was selling an idea, not a product, and I didn't recognize that early on. We wanted something that would disintegrate after a rain or two.

He nearly got into a hassle with Woolrich. His pattern was developed by a registered artist. She designed for Woolrich, which Jim didn't know. He got a call from the company. They were selling camouflage clothing designed by the same artist. He signed off. He didn't want a fight with Woolrich.

"We had to market the idea, and I didn't realize men didn't buy toilet paper. I proposed a trio of bikini-clad women to hype it. A blonde, a red head, a brunette. Lori said no." He paused perhaps recalling Lori's reaction and then soldiered on. "So I got an animated marketing program underway and sold 70,000 units in one day."

We are molded by such experiences, he said. Another event he recalls revolved around a large timbering operation. His father had borrowed a million dollars to buy timber on a tract near Snowshoe, Centre County. Jimmy wrote the site development and erosion plan for roads and for all things pertinent to timbering and soil conservation. At that time, timbering fell under the Department of Agriculture.

Incognito likely after suggesting to Lori that his specialty toilet paper be hyped by bikini-clad women.

"Our criteria were different. It was time-consuming planning – a lot of detail – and my plan was turned down. I asked Rich Kugel, then assistant district forester for Sproul district, to go over the plan with me, and he did. Rich went with me to the Centre County Conservation District office. I felt good about the plan, was proud of it. I had it bound and well-presented. I slid the plan over the counter.

The official slid it back. "There it is."

"You haven't looked at the plan."

"You're not qualified; you don't have a college degree."

"This gentleman has assisted. He is highly ranked and scored very high on the state forestry exam."

"Doesn't matter; it's rejected."

Eventually my plan was accepted. Later the state official was fired.

We cut the timber. The state acquired a lot of the land and added it to its Moshannon State Forest named after "Moss-hanne," or "moose stream." That's the Native American description of the waterway that runs through the area.

"By the way, Rich Kugel wore a beard and pony tail," adds Jim. "He was said to be the best forester in the state. He was offered a state job with greater responsibility if he'd shave his beard and cut off his pony tail. He told the governor to take the position and shove it up his ass.

"Dad enjoyed logging until that deal. We jumped through a lot of hoops to do the job.

"This happened in the 1980s, and six months into the job Hammermill called and said no more wood, we're shutting down. Banks then weren't easy to work with; this was the Carter years with interest rates at 21 percent. So we worked hard and trucked paper wood as far as Westvaco in Frostburg, Maryland, and anywhere we could sell it.

"In those days I bought veneer logs for Atlantic Veneer. Dad didn't care for that. He said it was a whole different world – as opposed to cutting paper wood – but I did it anyhow. Ultimately it turned out well. Veneer logs were the smallest part of overall production but highest profit-making part. We marketed this activity, too.

"Anything in the woods that could be done, we did. At one time, we had over 250 families depending on us. Dad took care of them before we got taken care of. And we're still taking care of people. Recently a man broke his leg cutting a tree. We took him an Easter dinner."

Jim has his own broken-leg story. It follows.

Tree Smashes Leg

We were cutting near Warrior's Mark in Centre County when a sudden strong wind came up. I had notched several trees, and the wind blew one down on me. I woke up numb, the tree on me, my hard hat popped off and snagged atop a bush. That's what they

saw when they came looking for me. I hadn't showed up at the landing.

Steve Weaver ran a skidder to cut a road to me, a road the ambulance could follow. But the ambulance couldn't get close enough, and they drove a pickup closer.

I remember a discussion about how to get the tree off me without further damage. They did, got me on a board and carried me up the hill, and then dropped me. I was paralyzed from the neck down. No pain but I rolled down the hill, and then whatever blocked the pain, released, and pain burned through me.

They got me off the board, and I said that's enough, I'll walk out. I hopped on my right leg behind two men, arms over their shoulders.

In the Tyrone Hospital, the doctor looked me over and said I didn't look too bad. I said then I need another doctor because I can't breathe. I was shutting down. They got me stabilized.

Dad wanted me taken to State College where there was a good, well-known orthopedic doctor. He wasn't in. Doc Christmas sticks in the mind, or at least in Dad's mind. So Dad arranged for an ambulance ride to the Williamsport orthopedic group. That doctor was Dr. Ron DeSimon.

My leg swelled up. It was crushed, the bones shattered. Some fifty breaks had to be pinned together. They ordered pain killers and I wouldn't take them. The doc came in and told me I had to take them. He prescribed them not so much to cut the pain but to relax me, the muscles, so healing could proceed. And I did take them.

I realized then how quickly you lose your strength. The first few days I could lift myself by pulling on the bar over the bed. Then I couldn't.

I lost two weeks of my life. I haven't any memory of them because of the fog from pain killers.

I always know of damp weather. I can feel it from the metal in my left leg. I was forty-two at the time.

A bad accident, said his father. We were lucky. In all the years in the woods, we never lost a man. It was unheard of not to have a death in forty years of timbering and sawmilling. Particularly in the latter.

National Geo's "Susquehanna: America's Small-Town River"

> *A quiet neighbor to farm families in the "Endless Mountains" of Pennsylvania, the Susquehanna belongs in spirit to small towns, canoeists, fishermen, and kids in inner tubes. Though the longest stream on the U.S. East Coast, it is too twisting and shallow to be an avenue of commerce. As familiar to residents as an old flannel shirt, the river flows through a region that has seen hard times and fought for a fresh start.*

The camouflage toilet paper project opened a lot of doors. In 1986, the National Geographic published its first pro-hunting story, Small-Town River. Jim worked with the writers, then Peter Miller and Matt Douthitt. Miller is now a senior editor for text and Douthitt a senior editor for photography.

"It's hard to get the tree huggers and Bambi lovers to understand economics and the sociology of Northern Pennsylvania," Jim explained. "Today, the background of Williamsport and how it came to be the lumber capital of the country isn't well-known.

"When I explained the situation to Dad, that the National Geographic people required a lot of time, he said, 'Do what you have to do to work with them.'

"We always need a leader, and Dad fulfilled that role. Aunt Kay did the paperwork and was a stickler for detail. Uncle Don, her husband, was there seven days a week if needed.

Jim and his father often get confused when "James Maguire" is invited to serve on boards. "So if Senior

or Junior isn't specified, we pick the ones we want to join. That's how Dad got on the Clinton County Solid Waste Authority that oversees the Wayne Township Landfill. He chose it when the invitation came in the name of 'James Maguire.'

Both men are busy and like it that way. "How you think about living has a lot to do with how you live," said Jimmy.

Bobby Maguire Buys Local Courthouse

Jim can pull people's legs as well as his father. The March 29, 2012 edition of the weekly Renovo Record printed a column by publisher John Lipez that announced the purchase of the Clinton County courthouse by Bobby. The background was an earlier report that he had bought a former Avis, PA, modular home factory for $2 million, preparatory to turning it over for Marcellus shale gas activity. It wasn't clear that Bobby had acted as an agent or bought the property himself.

The Record reported that an entire courthouse floor would be devoted to gas company personnel.

Jim showed the column to an attorney friend who fumed about the present lack of courthouse office space. "Where would people go, this is awful, etc."

Two or three times Jim showed him the column headline announcing that the full stories would appear in the April 1 Record before he got it.

Sunday April 1, Jim worked the restaurant cash register when a middle-aged woman handed him her check. "Do you want the gratuity on your credit card?"

"Yes, I want to add $6."

"Ma'am, the gratuity is now 30 percent. President Obama's credit card reforms set gratuities for this range at that percent."

"I want to add $6."

"You can't. It's 30 percent."

"This is awful. I have heard about credit card changes but I didn't know anything about this."

"Ma'am, today is April 1." Jim repeated that three times before she got it.

Lori and Jim's grandchildren. Front step on left: Jameson Trostle, Dane Hanna. Top step on left: Hayes Trostle, Olivia Hanna, Jack Hanna

Lori (Deitrick) Maguire

I Trust This Place

On a late and cold 2013 April afternoon, a light sweet smell of a wood fire hung in the outside air. In the main dining room of Restless Oaks Restaurant, a low flame sputtered in the dining room fireplace. The fire ambiance attracts many diners, according to Lori Maguire, Jimmy's wife.

She manages the waitresses and hostesses. Donna Timblin, Jimmy, Betsy Moore, and Chandra Groover also serve as restaurant managers. Lori's the only original employee of the restaurant opened in April 1984. She remembers Jim's wife Shirley wanting a soup kitchen and getting a restaurant.

"We started by opening from six a.m. to two p.m. It kept progressing," she says. As reported earlier, the restaurant then was much smaller and took in the current entrance, book store, counter, and adjacent dining room.

"I wouldn't do anything different if I owned it. I'm comfortable here. Big Jim told me early on to make a decision and to stick with it right or wrong. A good lesson to learn. And he has always treated employees fairly. That's why so many stay so long, and that's his second lesson."

His third one is simple. "The only people that ever make mistakes are people doing something."

Lori was born December 22, 1957. She is brown eyed, about five foot six. Her hair is dark. A bottle helps, she says.

She laughed when asked how she met her husband-to-be. "I went to the Avis Carnival the summer of 1974 with two girl friends. Those days the carnival was a big thing. Jim was there with a group of boys. I thought he was really good looking. I walked over and asked him to do me a favor – would you scratch my back. He said, 'I'll scratch anything you want.' We've been together ever since."

They married in 1975, the year Lori Deitrick graduated from high school.

They have three children and five grandchildren. Her kids worked at the restaurant. Most of Jim and Shirley's grandchildren worked there.

Jimmy and Lori met at an Avis fire company carnival and have been together ever since. Likely this picture was taken not long after they met in 1975.

Almost as young looking as in previous picture

Jim and Lori's oldest child is Jamie who is an independent Senior Director with 31 Gifts. Matthew, the second oldest, runs heavy construction equipment for Judd Welshans.

The youngest is Rachel, a licensed realtor, working with Fish Real Estate and Cabelas.

She Walked The Blind

That's right, I walked a blind man three times a day. A great job and my first one. I mowed people's grass, too, and now I hate to cut grass.

I was pregnant when I was hired by the Lock Haven Express as proofreader. I liked the work a lot. But I was there only a few months. Jim didn't want me working during pregnancy.

At the paper, I learned that supervisors had different standards than workers. When they got their work done, they could lean back in the chair and elevate their feet.

I have a hard time believing my husband's claim that twenty-seven people lived in the Shoemaker house at one time. There were a lot of us but twenty-seven? So we started adding them up. There were a lot. A lot of family members from up home. Many people rotated in and out and stayed for various lengths of time. When we were first married, Shirley and Big Jim, Jim and I, and my husband's brother Jeff and his first wife lived there. That's a lot of women getting along together. But my in-laws are excellent so I have a lot of good memories of that house.

Another of her favorite memories is blueberry picking up on the Coudersport Pike. Huckleberry picking, she corrects herself. Great times. Took a lunch.

She served as a member of Big Brother Big Sisters of America. When I was a big sister, my "Little" asked me if was rich. I said, "You bet I am! All our family enjoys good health. That makes us very rich. Also, how many times do you ride by and see my Suburban at the restaurant? We all work."

A woman she knows accused her of marrying into money. "I told her I married into ambition, not money.

"The Maguires are just good people."

Left to right: Matthew, Lori, Rachel, Jim, and Jamie. To your health!

Bobby Maguire

Water Tank Rolls Through Lecontes Mills

Robert Allen (Bobby) Maguire
Max the terrier

Likely nobody up there in Clearfield County saw the tank leave its truck-bed moorings one summer evening long ago. But five-year-old Bobby Maguire and his father watched it roll. He had gone with his father that night delivering water. "The strapping holding the tank on the truck came loose. The tank rolled downhill through the town like it had eyes. It hit no houses, not a chicken coop, not even an outhouse."

He remembered the tank holding 300 gallons. "No, it was a 600-gallon tank," his father reminded him.

Water weighs 8.3 pounds to the gallon. So the steel tank exclusive of its own weight constituted a two-and-a-half-ton bowling ball rolling through the village.

The 2010 census specifies an estimated 67 people for Lecontes Mills. Since Clearfield County has lost people in the past ten years, a few more people might have lived there in the 1960s when the tank did its thing.

"We held our breath and when it quit rolling, opened the hatch and drained it. We got the tank back on the truck, secured it, drove back to Morrisdale, filled it, and delivered the water. I always remember the water drops on the tank, the way it sweated when filled," says Bobby. "We often delivered water after we finished with timbering work."

Lecontes Mills was a company town. The homes then were small, modest, and likely wouldn't have taken a direct hit from the filled tank. Likely, no one saw it roll. Bobby doesn't remember anyone coming out to see us drain it and put it back on the truck.

Brother Jim's experience filling the truck one winter evening took place at the Morrisdale water department's outlet. That's the time his

father got a cold shower; the fill pipe atop the tank came loose while he stood in the filling pit.

Bobby says wells in the Clearfield County coal country were shallow and often compromised by mining operations. That made the Maguire water business a winner.

Bobby is a faithful replica of his father. He says he and his father are much alike, more so than his siblings. He is 59 years old, about six feet tall with brown hair and hazel eyes. He was born December 6, 1954, 29 minutes before Becky.

He's a dealer in land and domestic and business real estate. He first bought land near Renovo in a joint operation with brother Jim. They each netted $2,000. He says many times just cleaning up a property after buying is enough to make money. Fixing up or building houses hasn't been as successful for him. "But it's generally been all good," he says of real estate operations. "Today's zoning and other distractions are discouraging, though."

He's involved with his father and brother in marketing the vacant Avis modular home factory to the gas industry. He says Marcellus shale activity has been a blessing for Pennsylvanians and the country. It's kept northcentral Pennsylvania people on their family farms, perhaps more than farming has.

Certainly more than timbering has. His brother Jim said that Pennsylvania sawmills continuously active for a hundred years are now silent.

Before speaking with Bobby, brother Jim had given me a tour of the former Avis modular home site, now being marketed to the Marcellus gas industry. The building Bobby is alleged to have bought – "I bought a small part of it," he says – is a football field or more long. Hoses – "pull-down air and electric power cables" – says Jim, hang from the ceiling. Up under the roof is considerable single-story office space. More such space fronts the factory shop in a stand-alone building.

In the rear are football-field-long stacks of pipe. "This is down-hole pipe," explains Jim. Stacks of larger pipe occupy half-football fields of space. Black heavy-wall plastic water pipe nest in other mounds. Jim says that plans are afoot to pipe water miles up Pine Creek. "That will cut down on water truck traffic."

Other sites hold huge wooden reels of flexible tubing. On railroad sidings stand bulk tank cars. Underneath a few of their bottom dump doors stand small mounds of sand. They are talcum-powder like in their appearance of smoothness and color. "That is frack sand, very precise in each grain's size and roundness," explained Jim. "Most of it comes from Minnesota."

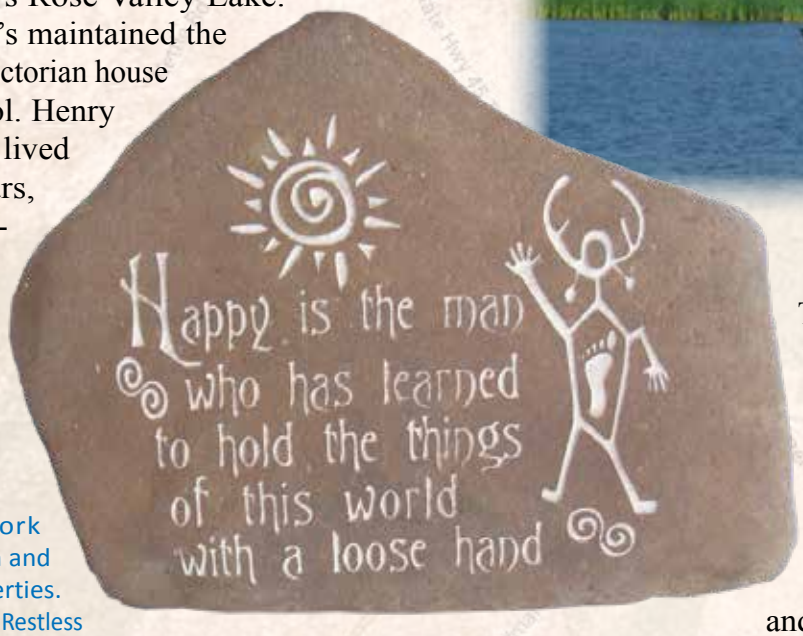
Bobby puts the outdoor storage area as some 170 acres, once the site of the yards of the New York Central Railroad. Later, the railroad was absorbed by the Pennsy, and what remains of that famous railroad is now Conrail. Scratch a Jersey Shore or Avis resident who grew up in those days or whose relatives worked

Avis site stores supplies for Marcellus shale drilling including pipe. Railroad cars loaded with frac sand stood in foreground when this picture was taken. The Maguires bought this property where modular homes were once built.

there, and you'll hear stories of the rail yard. Bobby remembers McElhattan resident Doris Fritz's father who plied his pattern maker trade there. "Charles Fritz could make anything," remembers Bobby. "The shops were self-sufficient. Mr. Gruver of Pine Creek worked there, and I helped him at his home."

Living on Pine Creek was wonderful, he says. The Maguires moved to Pine Creek in 1967. It was different than our Clearfield Country farm. We had lots of neighbors.

Bobby now lives on an 85-acre farm overlooking Lycoming County's Rose Valley Lake. In the past year, he's maintained the grand McElhattan Victorian house once lived in by Col. Henry Shoemaker. Bobby lived there for some years, running his rock-etching business in the barn next door. His father says he's too busy these days to make his signature signs.

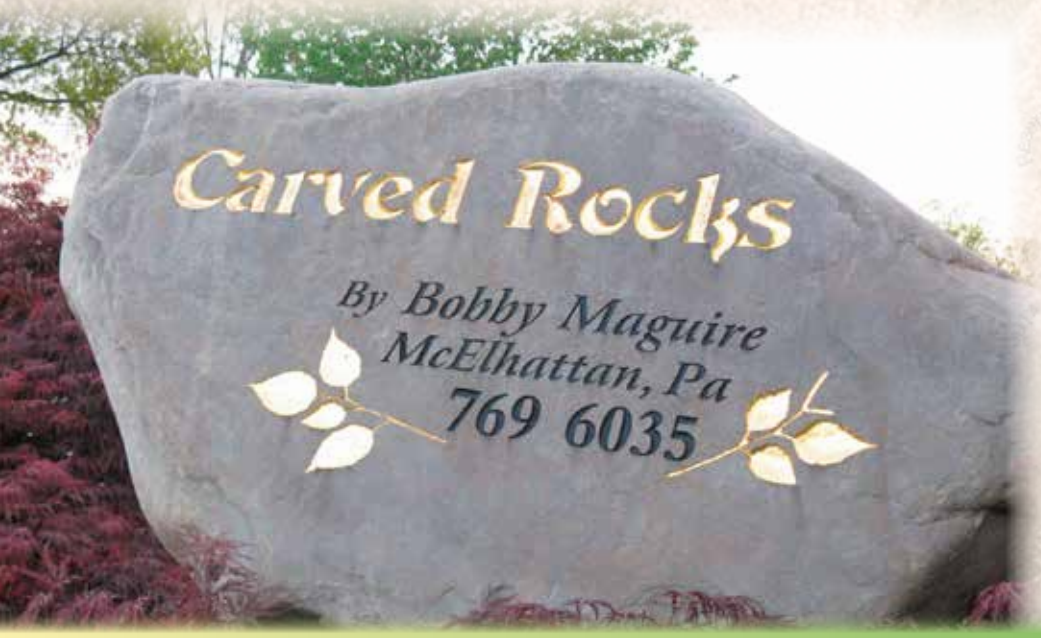


Bobby's stone artwork decorates many Clinton and Lycoming County properties. This one greets visitors to Restless Oaks Restaurant.

The most recent owners operated the property as a bed-and-breakfast and restaurant but declared bankruptcy a few years ago. "A Texas bank held the mortgage, and I knew they didn't much care," said Bobby. "I knew the boiler would freeze last winter, and made an agreement with the former owners to maintain the building. I lost some money but I kept heat in the house and deterioration to a minimum."

A labor of love perhaps. It was the family home from 1972 through 1976 when twenty-seven Maguires, relatives, and friends crowded the high-ceilinged mansion.

Bobby's a traveler and visited New Zealand, Australia, and much of Europe. He also spent time in Mexico City. The slums there were the toughest place he saw. Poverty there is far beyond anything in America, he says, as it is in many other countries. Some of the



An early business announcement.

Makes you want to wet a line. Bobby Maguire's Lycoming County farm on the banks of Rose Valley Lake. Called the "Kreider Farm." Donna Timblin took these photos during a fishing trip.

people who best appreciate America are immigrants who work on local farms and in other central Pennsylvania businesses.

He said that he graduated in the top of his high school class. He cites a guiding statement as to academic achievement. "A lot of us get paychecks. A lot of vocational educational students sign those checks."

A sibling read Bobby's claim of top high school scholarship with considerable jubilation. Another family member remarked, "He did graduate in the top four-fifths of his class."

His Higher Education – Take New York Times And Travel

After high school, my father told me to take the New York Times and to travel. Dad said that would be my education. He wasn't all that keen on a college education. He wanted us interested in people and how things worked. Not only mechanical skills but real estate and finance. He often said, "Remember the last four letters of 'American.' They are, 'I can.' He is a can-do guy. And he'd show you how to do it.

"Dad also traveled. He visited Australia and went to Canada as far as the Arctic Circle."

"Can do" appears in an incident during the '72 flood when Bobby and his father tried to save the more valuable lumber at the Lizardville sawmill. A transformer blew, and Dad said, "That's it, let's go." He ran the Cat 950 loader down the flooded road ahead of me, and I followed in the pickup. I wouldn't have made it if not for the wake he made.

He and my mother are two of the most intuitive people I know. Dad is a visionary. He could see many opportunities. At times, almost too many.

In the 1980s, the family sold multi-fuel boilers imported from Denmark, and trips there were won for strong sales. Bobby says the Danes were advanced in some disciplines. They had district heating, they all garden, and they build permanent housing. Some of our housing is virtual throw-away, he claims.

My father is extremely interested in people and what goes on locally as well as larger scale trends. During my childhood, he was a disciplinarian. We got up early in the morning. Dad splashed us with water if

you loafed in bed. And you did not talk back to your elders, you never mouthed back even if you knew you were correct. The most ominous words from Mom were, "Wait till your Dad gets home!"

I don't know how Mom and Grandma did it. Grandma was up early, made breakfast, taught school, milked, cooked. Never cussed, but you knew you were in trouble if she announced, "I'm about at the end of my rope," or "you got my goat."

Mom worked hard, too, with the family, the farm, and the business. She wasn't a strict disciplinarian, either. She never licked us. "Wait until your dad gets home." She was the baby of thirteen in her family, and I don't think they doted on discipline.

They kept us busy. We had farm chores to do, a refrain heard from his brothers and sisters.

Grandma never paddled. And she cut everyone's hair into junior high, including my sisters and brothers. I remember Jeff crying during his first haircut.

I remember her laughing on my first attempt to swing a bucket of milk over my head. Granddad taught me how to swing the milk bucket so it wouldn't spill. But on my first try the milk dumped on my head.

We had the run of cull wood from our sawmill. And Dad was free with nails. We built cabins and forts in the woods, and we played "fort" in the barn. We made rock-lined paths between the wood forts. Mom often gave us crackers, and one time Becky decided she wanted soup, and got a can of Campbell's soup. She threw it in the fire unopened. We didn't have a can opener. The fire got away and the woods caught. Got into trouble for that. Until I was ten, Becky was bigger and she could put a hurt on you.

And we'd sit in the junked cars and pretend we were racing. They were in a line.

Always had dogs that were inside as well as outside dogs. They were protective and kept us away from the road when we strayed. There was Rex One and Rex Two, and Swamp who got bit by a rattler. His head swelled up. This was midsummer.

He laid in a ditch with a clay bottom. He recovered.

We held funerals for anything we found dead. Dogs, cats, birds along the road or anywhere.

Sleds From Car Hoods

We had free run of the junkyard. Some of the vehicles ran, and we drove them. We'd take a hood off a car or truck for a sled in winter, and sled down the coal stripping banks.

We were a farm family, and few farms remain back there. In a valley once rich in dairy farms, only one man is still milking. All the grandparents farmed. Uncle Tom Welker who had been gassed in World War I was a little man with bad eyes but one of the most humble

and earnest persons I ever met. He'd come and help out at the farm even though he wasn't robust. His wife was Aunt Ada, Grandpap's oldest sister. Ada Maguire Welker – he pronounces her name as Add-ah – and Aletha Maguire Hubler, Mabel Maguire Taylor, Nellie Maguire McDowell, and Velma Maguire McDowell look out of a nearby photo taken in the 1950s. Bobby's grandmother Mary stands in the center of the picture.

Aunt Velma was one of them who married brothers. I knew them all, and at Aunt Ada's granddaughters, I got bathed four times a day.

An early memory is of Frank Albert, a tall, big man who wore a pith helmet and Grandpap, Pap, and Grandma standing over me. I rode the hay elevator up into the barn loft, hit my head, and knocked myself out. I was three years old then.

Our farmhouse wasn't big and had one bathroom. Might be unusual today but not then.

Mom never had a clothes drier. Hung clothing out in the coldest weather. Sometimes pants came in frozen stiff.

I stayed a good bit with my grandmother, the school teacher, after Pap died. A heart attack killed him at a relatively young age. We'd go there, milk cows, and churn butter, twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday. The cream went into a square jar. Grandma was Scottish and particular about the churn.

One cow was often cranky and kicked over the milk bucket. That was a considerable loss then. Dad would strap her and hobble her. Another cow, Blackie, could be milked from both sides. Unusual, most cows won't permit that.

When we'd drive into Clearfield, we might take an elevator. That was impressive. On one trip to that town, Grandma decided to buy a state lottery ticket. Kind of new then. She gave me a dollar. I reminded her she'd given me only one, and she replied, "It only takes one to win." That stayed with me. Seventeen miles to Clearfield. She often gave a blind woman, Maude, a ride.

Left to right, Ada Maguire Welker, Aletha Maguire Hubler, Mildred Maguire Taylor, Mary Maguire Bobby's grandmother, Nellie Maguire McDowell, Velma Maguire McDowell

My Grandma was a huge influence on me.

Markay Rides A Steer

When Walter Cronkite came on the television, you did not say a word. Their television sets were black-and-whites. My grandparents hung on to them a long time.

My sister Markay loved animals and always had dogs, cats, and rabbits. Of all the sisters of the world "I have two of the best."

Markay wanted a horse and started by riding a Holstein steer. When Dad saw that, he said if she could do that she could have a horse. Mom was scared of horses. He bought a horse named Kit from neighbor Frank Albert.

We fed chickens, milked cows, and helped make hay, threshed grain. We were often sent to get eggs from the chickens. That was a big deal.

Mom a great scratch cook

Mom canned everything, water melon rind, black berries, cherries. We always ate well. She was a good baker, and could whip up a fine meal on short notice. She had to. Dad often brought people home unannounced.

Birthdays were grand, always a great cake.

Sister Becky Charles echoes Bobby's comments. "Mom's a great cook and whipped up meals in a hurry. I learned to cook from her."

April 2012, Restless Oaks offered an excellent lunch platter of ham and greens. Shirley Maguire sat nearby and asked me if I liked it. "Do you know what it is?"

"No."

"It's dandelion."

Its tastiness was surprising. I favor my father's comment that dandelion is fine if cooked in a bacon dressing and the dandelion thrown away. Spring dandelion dishes are a country specialty seldom eaten today.

Bobby said that we kids bought most of our clothes out of roadside stand sales. Gardens were large, and we took care of a sweet corn patch.

Neighbor Frank Albert was a "formidable figure" to me. He was the coal stripper and Piper Cub owner mentioned often in his father's recollections.

Frank owned a combine, a large one for that time. I was a skinny kid and when they shut it down, I'd crawl in and clean out chains and parts that might jam. We'd go from farm to farm; back then many farmers didn't own a combine. Frank helped Dad build the farm pond for his winning 4-H high school project.

1N3 **Albert Airport**
Philipsburg, Pennsylvania, USA

GOING TO PHILIPSBURG?

Reserve a Hotel Room

enterprise
Reserve Online

Location

FAA Identifier: 1N3
Lat/Long: 40-58-18.3150N / 078-14-36.1640W
40-58.305250N / 078-14.602733W
40.9717542 / -78.2433789
(estimated)
Elevation: 1784 ft. / 544 m (estimated)
Variation: 09W (1985)
From city: 5 miles N of PHILIPSBURG, PA

According the www.city-data.com/airports/Albert-Airport Philipsburg, the airport is part of the Frank W. Albert Estate, Box 202, Morrisdale, PA. This gravel strip runway is not far from the farm field to which Bobby's father flew in Frank's J3 Piper Cub.

Disgruntled Pigs

The power would go off in winter, and delivery trucks would stop at the farm lane and drop off supplies. The Stroehmann Bakery truck also dropped off out-of-date baked goods and stale cakes that we often ate rather than the pigs. The animals acted like they knew they'd been cheated.

I enjoyed the family singing group. We'd accompany Dad when he had timber business to conduct and sit in the car. We sang in the car and of course in church. An aunt yodeled, and I learned to yodel from her. And to play the spoons. We were proud to stand up and sing, and Dad was proud of us.

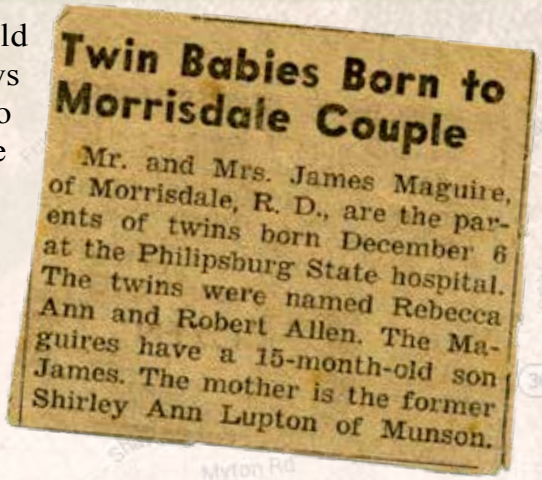
Oh yes, and a violin player who was the custodian at the Black Oak school. He sang as he played. I can still hear "Old Dan Tucker."

Bobby is vivid in his recollection when his adopted brother Roy came to live with them. "We were excited. The woman in charge of the orphans lined them up and asked, 'Which one do you want?'

"They were brothers and were to be separated. Their sadness came through."

Left, Clearfield County businessman and family friend Frank Albert. Jim credits him with keeping him in school.

Bobby would like his nephews and nieces to remember one theme from this biography. "Our beginnings were humble but we always had each other." Another mantra: I never felt I had to have children because I felt every child in the world was mine. Also, "We're as happy as we make up our minds to be." The converse: "Most people make their own hell, too."



Twin Babies Born to Morrisdale Couple

Mr. and Mrs. James Maguire, of Morrisdale, R. D., are the parents of twins born December 6 at the Philipsburg State hospital. The twins were named Rebecca Ann and Robert Allen. The Maguires have a 15-month-old son James. The mother is the former Shirley Ann Lupton of Munson.

Becky (Maguire) Charles

Campaigned For The "Colorado Law"

Becky Charles walks to her barn and calls out a black horse. Sun glints off "Harley" who is nicely rounded, visibly pregnant.

Two weeks later, Becky has "a nice baby boy." Foaling took only about fifteen minutes. She says Harley has delivered what looks like one of the Gypsy Vanner breed, a white and black colored foal some people would call a Tobiano.

"He's a cart horse, sometimes called a drum horse. Drum horses in Ireland or England once hauled whiskey drums. A horse larger than a typical riding horse but smaller than a draft horse."

> According to a website, gypsy men and their families in Ireland and England created a unique draft horse that pulled their caravans in fancy fashion yet was small enough to be handled by children. The horse could work all day with small amounts of food and water. The average Gypsy Vanner should stand about 14.3 hands high, and be almost any color these days. This horse will have feathers starting at the knees on the front legs and at the hocks on the rear and tent-like cover on the hooves. They show a distinctive chiseled head with tapering towards the end of the muzzle, and kind, well-set eyes.

Horses graze alongside the winding road to Becky's house. One's a palomino. The pasture is green, shaded, and close cropped. Perhaps another five horses, plus Harley, live there.

Becky and Markay always love horses. Becky continues the tradition with paint You're My Star.

Granddaughter Jozelyn rides Little Guy.

Becky is a horsewoman: "I am horse crazy." Her sister Markay was so in their childhood days, according to brother Bobby. He told of Markay riding a Holstein steer before her father got her a horse.

Becky agrees she is a horsewoman. "But first I'm a wife and mother. I see the horses as a tool to raise children and teach them responsibilities and love of nature. But I will admit I'd rather clean my barn than my house. I like a clean house so sometimes the barn has to wait."

Becky gives free riding lessons to children through the local 4-H Club. She wanted a commercial riding stable until a lawyer advised otherwise. As the wife of Tom Charles, Charles Construction, and the daughter of James Maguire, businessman, liability insurance rates for a horse stable and risk from law suits would be considerable. So she gives rides pro bono at home and at the Clinton County Fair through the local 4-H club.

She campaigned fulltime for the "Colorado Law" that now applies in Pennsylvania. By asking riders to sign a waiver, the horse owner receives some protection from injury-related lawsuits.

She got others involved in the push for the legislation. "Involving others, that I got from Dad."

She, husband Tom, a well-behaved dog this interview day, and her daughter's two children live in a lovely hilltop house above the road running from the back streets of Avis to Pine Creek. Trees ring the well-cropped pasture. The stable stands a short stroll from the house.

They have had cows. "Dad gave us our first one, he said it was bred, the vet said it was a false pregnancy. Eventually the calf came, the first one here. It was born on our oldest daughter's birthday, Jennifer. We were so excited we forgot to acknowledge her birthday."

Inside the house, a wood board ceiling in the living room follows the slant of the roof. The white pine grain shines in the glossy surface. Maple flooring and oak cabinets and boxes show more love of wood, something that her father impressed on her.

Don't Hold A Bird Too Tight

She met her husband-to-be bicycling, "Me from our Pine Creek home and Tom from Avis." Early in their courtship, she heard that Tom had kissed another woman, and that offended her. "Dad was on a business trip. I waited until he got home, and told him of the incident. He advised me, 'If you hold a bird too tight you'll kill it.' Dad was right, Tom came back.

"This was the best advice I ever got."

She received a childhood nickname to denote her toughness. "When we moved down here from Clearfield County, my brother Jim used it once. I told him not again. I wanted a new image down here."

Her toughness? She was the boss at home when her parents had to leave the house. They put her in charge. "And I was a middle child in age." Knowing her father's ability to read people, that responsibility says something. "And I was the only one who could whistle loudly." She sounds a distance-piercing note. "Everyone knew my whistle."

She continues her childrearing skills today, raising two children of a daughter who cannot do so. Her daughter has health problems and suffered a grand mal seizure some time ago.

Becky is fifty-nine and her husband sixty, ages that make such a responsibility tough. And of her diabetes she laughs, "It's my fault. But I must be here to raise my daughter's kids since she isn't going to step up to the plate." Becky is intrigued by a macrobiotic diet that can cure diabetes.

She was born December 6, 1954, and wears her grey-brown hair short. Her eyes are hazel. She and Tom have three girls. Jennifer is 42, Patti is 39, and Gwen is 36. The couple has eight grandchildren.

She says she likes hard work as did Dad and Mom.

Her memories of the Maguire home are bittersweet. She left at age sixteen. While still at their home on Pine Creek, she got to baby sit for neighbors. For free, she says.

Becky and Tom

City Slicker Wins Woman

"About that time, boys started to call, and I could tell that Dad wasn't ready for that. One of them was Tom Charles. Dad called him 'City Slicker.' That only lasted until somehow Dad challenged my brother Jim and Tom to a friendly wrestling match. Tom beat the pants off of Jim. Tom became the new man in my life. I can't tell you how many fence posts he had to set or how many rocks he had to pick to take me to a family picnic on his motorcycle."

Let's set the stage for those who never picked rocks in a newly plowed field. Pickers stumble over uneven ground behind a tractor- or horse-drawn wagon, lifting rocks turned up by the plow and throwing them into the wagon. If the wagon bed is high – it usually is – and if the farmer doesn't have a close-to-the-ground stone sled – he usually doesn't – the act of heaving heavy stone into the high wagon bed may well require two pickers. You're sore afterward. Picking rocks tests a courting man's resolve.

Chased Deer With His Jeep

Becky said she was up at 3:00 a.m. writing interview notes. "I can thank my Dad for this because you woke up before the roosters or you got ice or water in bed and had to clean that up on top of your morning chores. Those included milking cows and feeding any other animals we had at the time. And we always had a nice big garden to tend. Most of our food was grown and preserved, including venison. We ate more venison than we did beef. Dad liked to chase deer with his Jeep and to scare the daylights out of me that way. I'd go because I didn't want to miss out but I hated that part of the ride.

"After my kids were older, maybe eight or nine or so, Dad took them for a Jeep ride over the abandoned railroad bridge in Wayne Township. He thought twice about it when he looked back and saw a neighbor kid had hitched a ride. He was a little worried about that.

"On the Clearfield County farm, we grew sweet corn to sell. That way we paid for school clothes. We entered it in 4-H and most always won blue ribbons. But I can't remember going to the fair to see it on display. Maybe the corn didn't interest me because of the aroma of horses.

"One of my earliest recollections is Dad sitting me on a big Belgian draft horse while it pulled a log to the sawmill. Later Dad grumbled about my passion for horses. I told him it was his fault because of that ride.

"I may have been five or so, my legs stuck out over the horse's broad back."

Becky told of her father getting severely hurt in the woods. I saw him stretched out, still, in the back of the car when they came to pick up Mom. I was told to take care of the other kids and to be strong. I remember rallying them and trying to be strong inside but I was a mess, as I loved my Dad then and now and couldn't imagine life without him. It turned out good after a lot of prayers.

The woods were very much part of our childhood. We enjoyed huge picnics on the landings where wood was stored before loading. Dad loaded by hand before buying a machine to do it. That made the job easier. Later we'd take a camper to a job site and spend weekends there.

All of us Maguires know how to notch and fell a tree. Dad and Mom were some team then.

Christmas was fun. We always had just what we liked but never anything overboard. I know they struggled to make it happen. Mom told me of buying some dolls for my sister at the thrift shop and sewing clothes for them. Dad had Emerson Crowl make us a crib and a dish cabinet. We were delighted.

Snuff-Dripping Kiss

After we moved to Pine Creek, we would dress as elves and Dad as Santa, and we caroled and delivered gifts to families. After my kids were old enough, he continued the tradition. Jennifer and Kerrie took the buckets of goodies to the door as a gift from Santa. One not-so-clean character asked who the giver was, and the girls told him Santa. He called them back to lay a big old snuff-dripping kiss on them. We laughed so hard!

Gretel Destroyed The Christmas Tree

One Christmas the tree didn't qualify. "Mom was always fussy about our tree; it had to be pristine," says Becky. "Dad left in the Jeep with the kids and came back dragging a twelve-foot white pine with three rows of limbs. Mom asked where the real tree was. But she didn't want to make the kids feel bad about their pick. So she cut and wired limbs until the tree looked fine, only to have our dog – I think it was Gretel – undue it."

The family kept dogs, first collies, and then mongrels. "Rex, Sandy, midget Sammy, Chain Saw Buss come to mind. We have a picture of Dad digging a hole. Someone captioned the picture, 'Darn you Buss, there's meat on this bone yet!' We had to clean our plates. We were never allowed to waste."

Dad bought a new Allis-Chalmers tractor and before we could drive it we had to back it up hooked to a wagon. I popped it into gear and promptly went forward into a telephone pole. So much for new.

Becky worked for ten and a half years at Restless Oaks Restaurant. "The manager fired me about the time Dad and Mom were separating – twenty-four years ago. That hurt. I liked restaurant work but if not for the firing I would not have lived out a childhood dream. Went to work at Meadow Wood Farm for Elsie and Russ Worobec. I worked with show horses and foaling mares. This is where I learned about the horse industry.

"I thought about so many relatives working at the restaurant. Lori, brother Jim's wife, was there and still is. Jim and other relatives also worked there. How would Dad split the business? So I didn't pursue the issue.

"I later worked as a teller at Jersey Shore State Bank. I learned a lot there."

She also ran a beauty shop out of a home office. "In 1972, our paycheck from Bill Charles, Tom's father, totaled $22 a week. Tom was going to college as well as working for Bill."

As a twin, she feels a special bond with brother Bobby. "That sixth sense of twins. One night I sat up with a pain in the side. I was miserable. I heard the next day that Bobby had his appendix removed.

"Another time about 2:30 in the morning, I was worried about Bobby. I got into the restaurant early. There'd been a heavy snowfall. Bobby came in, and I said I'm glad to see you, and he said the same. A tree had fallen in front of his truck, and he'd been in a ditch on two wheels."

Rocket smiles for picture. Markay Elaine Conner, Hev (Robert Heverly), and Kerrie Bodle, Markay's daughter

She remembers going on cruises. One was tinged with sadness. Dustin Flook was along, ill with cancer. We knew his illness was serious. He was one of Dad's grandchildren. There was a Jamaican fellow at the bar. He had a big smile. I had a set of Billy Bob teeth, and I gave him a smile. He laughed. We did too.

I don't drink. I don't like the out-of-control feeling.

"I was the fearful one," she said of her childhood. "You couldn't shout at me, I was one of those who got scared." Not so fearful anymore.

Markay (Maguire) Connor

Rocket Greets Warmly

A warm nose quietly pokes into my hand as I leave the car at Markay Connor's cabin. Rocket's kind welcome is welcome. After all, he's a Jack Russell, a breed known to be fussy about visitors. Resting on the floor inside, he growls softly at birds and other critters moving outside.

"He thinks he owns the place," says Markay. He's been with her for many years. "I like animals," she says, "ever since my childhood days. I was the quiet one. I played with chickens and cows. Growing up was a busy time, always something going on. And there were lots of cousins around when we lived in Clearfield County. But I usually entertained myself because I often got into trouble when Becky and Bobby were around."

Those two put a blanket over her head and spun her around until she fell down steps and cracked her head open.

"You were the steer rider?"

"Yes." Her brother Jim said that this act brought her a horse, courtesy of her father who stated that if she could do that she could have a horse.

"Becky is the horsewoman now but I was also involved with horses and raised my children in the local 4-H program. It's a good one to teach responsibilities. My step-granddaughter was also in 4-H while she lived with me."

Her daughter Kerrie is an assistant deputy director of Emergency Medical Services located in Bellefonte. Her son, Dustin, died of colon cancer when he was 31. He had battled the disease for six years. Sister Becky recalled the cruise the family took with Dustin when it was clear he had little time left.

"Kerrie cared for two horses after school but after that we kind of gave up on horses."

Two Cabins Joined

Her property just up the road from the Shoemaker Restless Oaks barn is well-shaded and peaceful. "I've been here forty years. The cabin was here when Dad bought the Shoemaker property in 1972. It was rough and was taken down and rebuilt from scratch, with electricity and plumbing added. Dad bought another and joined it to this one."

"Love horses and take care of them
Spare no trouble
By them comes honor by them comes
Beauty"
Abd-El-Kader

Certainly Markay and Becky, both confirmed horsewomen, would agree. Cornerstone of Col. Henry Shoemaker's barn

Col. Henry W. Shoemaker (1880-1958) loved horses. See his barn poem to them nearby.
He was a WW I veteran, banker, diplomat, Pennsylvania's folklorist, and newspaper publisher who lived at McElhattan's Restless Oaks. Shown here is a detail of a photo from the William Clarke collection, courtesy of a May 2014 Heisey Museum display. This picture ranks as a new addition to the images of Shoemaker, according to Bonnie Hannis of the Clinton County Historical Society. Clarke's photography appeared in Shoemaker's book, "Black Forest Souvenirs." Operating from Potter County, Clarke recorded Northern Tier county lumbering and related industries from the 1880s through the early 1900s.

Logs of an interior room wall are adzed square and white- chinked. Some exterior walls show the same

Beth Overdorf, Dustin Flook, and son, Dylan Flook.

old building technique. Her father also joined a large garage in the round log style onto the cabin. New and old structures fit together well.

A mounted bear climbs high on one wall. Under it gleams gray pierced-tin doors of a pie-plate cabinet. From the opposite wall projects a fine 12-point buck mount. "Dustin shot both on Bald Eagle Mountain just up the gap," she says.

She lived in another log cabin out back while her present home was being built. The temporary lodging was assembled "out of scraps."

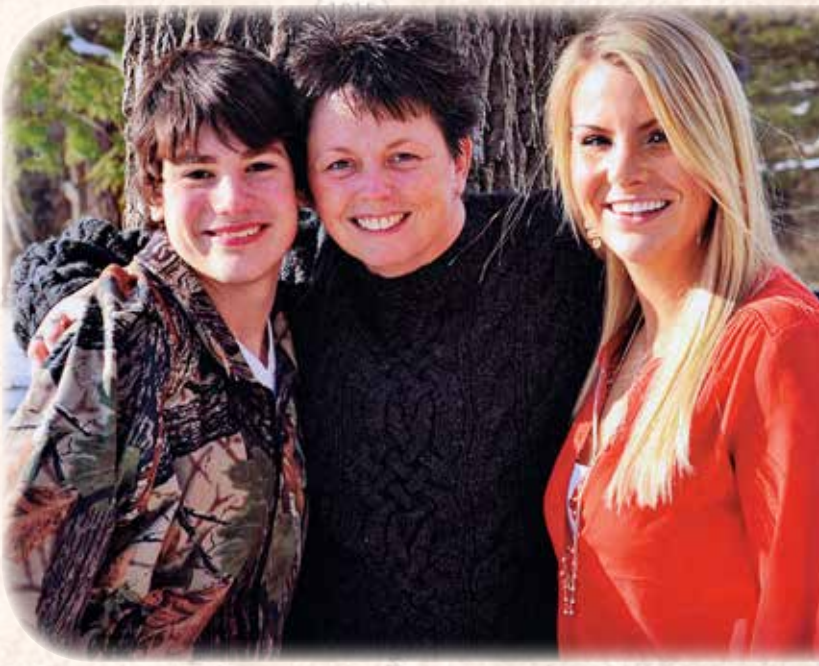
Markay was born November 17, 1956. She's five feet six, her eyes hazel, her hair blonde-auburn. Her lovely name comes from her mother's synthesis of beloved relatives' names. "That was Grandmother Mary and Aunt Kay." Markay's been married twice. Her first husband lives in Philadelphia, her second in Plum Run.

Dustin and Dylan

Her grandson's father ran heavy equipment at the Wayne Township Landfill.

"I had my 13-year-old grandson with me this weekend, and he ran the backhoe." A yellow one stands across the road from her cabin near what looks to be a large pile of top soil. "Dylan called my dad to ask if he could run it. He told him to check the oil before starting it. Pap's good that way.

"I count my blessings every day for Dylan."



Dylan, Kerrie, Kylie

Becky also can run heavy equipment. "Dad told me to learn how when I was at home. He said you might someday have to do it. And that happened."

She's worked for fourteen years at Truck-Lite, a long stone's throw down the road. And she logs a lot of mowing, both her large lot, her mother's next door, and the lawns of Restless Oaks. She runs an industrial-grade mower, one of those with a large mowing deck at the front of the machine.

"Dad taught all of us how to work, the value of a dollar, to be respectful, and to put our best foot forward."

Four Garbage Bags Filled With Beans

"My Mom taught us those values, too. And she taught me how to can food. I don't need to do that anymore but I still do because I love it."

She remembers her mother with four garbage bags full of beans from the Great Island fields and canning them.

Then there's the annual family gathering at Dad's pond, the kids sleeping over in the pond cabin. They catch plenty of fish and eventually jump in the pond.

Weathervane Theft Averted

The great weathervane story arises, and she adds to it. "It was copper and three-dimensional, hollow. We knew it was unusual and worth something but we didn't know how valuable it was. Someone we knew tried to steal it after we put up scaffolding to do the barn roof. He even fed our dogs hot dogs to keep them quiet. But he slipped and fell climbing the scaffolding. He broke his back and wound up in a Philadelphia hospital.

"Mom and Dad had to press charges otherwise he could have sued them. Bobby can tell you more about the weathervane, who made it and the like.

"When we moved here from Pine Creek, I cried. I was a junior in high school and didn't want to move. Now I love it here.

Henry Wharton Shoemaker (1880-1958) who probably brought the storied weathervane to Restless Oaks was a renaissance man and in later years specialized in Pennsylvania folklore. During his lifetime he "represented Pennsylvania as State Archivist, director of the State Museum, chairman of the State Historical Commission, and served as member of the State Geographic Board and State Forest Commission," according to Simon Bronner in "Popularizing Pennsylvania." This biography is subtitled "Henry W. Shoemaker and the Progressive Uses of Folklore and History."

Shoemaker served as minister to Bulgaria during the Herbert Hoover administration and was America's first official State Folklorist. He was a banker, soldier, diplomat, publisher, historian, and industrialist.

When WW I broke out, Shoemaker served in France as a military intelligence officer, serving on the general staff of the U.S. Army. After the war he returned to Europe as historian of the Pennsylvania Battlefields Memorial Commission in France. In 1933, he earned the rank of full colonel.

As a young man and vacationing from his New York City home, Shoemaker "spent summers at the Quiggle family estate called Restless Oaks." The Quiggles were early settlers of McElhattan, and Shoemaker doubtless honed his interest in folk tales by listening to his Grandmother Quiggle's stories of early days.

Bronner is Distinguished Professor of American Studies and Folklore at the Penn State Harrisburg Campus.

Roy and Donna Timblin

Adopted At Age 65

"I was about twelve when I came to the family," says Roy Timblin. "Been with them a long time. As a kid, I went with Jim on water hauling trips in his '55 GMC T Tag." Later, when Roy was 16 years old, he would haul water for Jim after school and on weekends.

Seems as if most of the Maguire boys participated in the water hauling business run by Jim. As noted elsewhere, many country coal region wells required water infusions in dry seasons.

As the father and son recounted the story, Roy came to live with them on the family farm in Clearfield County. His parents couldn't care for their family very well, and Roy, born May 22, 1945, gravitated to the close-by Maguire farm. Such things happened that way more often back then. Life was freer.

In Jim's chapter of this biography, he says, "They told me I couldn't just treat him as a son so I adopted him about five years ago when Roy was sixty-two." Roy offers a different date. "I was adopted March 31, 2010, when I was sixty-five years old." (Date from the adoption paperwork.) "The Maguires always treated me as part of the family. Due to estate planning, I had to be treated differently, so the attorney advised that Jim and Shirley adopt me."

Adoption was never an option when he went to live with the Maguires because his birth parents would not have signed off for that to happen.

Roy remembers Jim's strong assistance during the Vietnam days. Roy had enlisted December 1965 in the Marines and served until January 1969. When he came home on leave before being shipped out to Vietnam he did not want to go back and considered deserting. "Jim wouldn't let me desert. The war was a nightmare to me."

Roy remembers high school as "the good old days."

His wife, Donna, said that when the Maguire family moved to Pine Creek – she was raised on Pine Creek – the community was never the same again. Before Roy came home from the Marines, the Maguire kids had showed her pictures and told her a lot about Roy, and she really wanted to meet him when he came home. Roy said airline strikes made travel difficult at that time. "I came in on the bus from California. Got in at two in the morning, and called Jim to come and get me. He did."

"Jim has always been there for me," said Roy. "Shirley too. They always treated me like one of the family."

Portraits of both Jim and Shirley hang on Donna's office wall on the ground floor of Restless Oaks Restaurant. Once a banquet room, the space holds offices for family businesses.

Knowing when he was expected home from California, Donna made an excuse to go to the Maguire's house the very next day to put button holes in a housecoat she was making. Roy was there, and they have been together ever since that day. They ice skated at the Avis Elementary school, where every winter an area was flooded and frozen into a community ice rink. "Our first date," says Donna. "We've never ice skated since."

Happy Adoption Day

Fell Off Car, Hit His Head

Donna is office manager for the Maguires. Her maiden name was Muthler. "After the Maguires moved to Pine Creek, you could count on having a good time if you knew they were there. We went to church, school, square dances and movies together. After choir practice one evening, since I was the oldest and could drive, I took the kids, including the Maguire kids, home. On the way we came on some other kids along the road and stopped. A couple of kids got on the trunk of our car and I told them to get off because I was going to leave. Thinking everyone was off I left but someone still on the trunk fell on the road and hit his head. Tom Charles, now Becky's husband, went with her to tell the boy's mother what had happened. He was my hero."

During the 1972 flood the Maguires were very helpful with cleanup. Donna's father had died a short time before the flood, and her mother had a new house built before the flood. There was much damage and a lot of cleanup. The Maguires could be counted on for any needed help. "Many times they just showed up; you didn't have to ask," said Donna.

"They helped during another flood scare a couple of years after the 1972 flood," she said. "Jim provided a van trailer to load my mother's belongings so she would not have to experience the same mess as she had in 1972."

Donna prompts Roy for memories of the Maguire Clearfield County farm. He smiles. "I got in a big rush one day cultivating corn. I was still in high school and I covered up young corn with dirt – got too close to it. Jim's dad was upset. It did not take long to uncover the corn.

"It was hard to get to know Jim's dad, hard to get comfortable with him.

"Another time Jim's dad was not a happy camper. Jim had taken a load of lumber to Williamsport in a brand new GMC W-tag truck. Those days they rolled the lumber off. Backed up the truck and jammed on the brakes. This time Jim hit the brakes before the guy told him to and broke the frame behind the cab."

Roy remembers the day Don Scott, Jim's brother-in-law, came to school to get him out early. He was in eighth grade. Roy helped him gather up lug nuts for wheels on the truck that Jim had driven to Hammermill in Lock Haven. Roy and Don had to take the lug nuts to Jim. Without those, he couldn't put on the two wheels that had left the truck during his trip. Shirley was with Jim that day and when the wheels came off she saw them roll in front of the truck. One of the wheels rolled up the road and rested against a house. "It was a long ride then from Clearfield County down through Snow Shoe to Lock Haven, a couple-hour ride," said Roy.

Becky And Bobby Never Shut Up

Roy was the oldest among the Maguire children. "I had to babysit. Becky and Bobby, the twins, were trouble. They never shut up."

He says there was often a "water issue" at the house. "Walk in the back door and beware. Get a bucket of water thrown on you – a payback thing."

When Roy returned home from the Marines he ran a log skidder for Wood Chips, Inc., the company that Jim owned with his sister, brother, and brother-in-law. (See Wood Chips chapter.)

Roy got his commercial driver's license (CDL) early in his working career. While driving truck he hauled pole wood to Charmin in Mehoopany, Wyoming County, and logs and chips to Hammermill, Lock Haven; Cumberland, Maryland; Celotex, Sunbury; and Masonite, Towanda.

Roy recalls a Friday night hauling a 16-foot switch section of railroad through Lock Haven after the '72 flood. That load required a police escort. "At that time we hauled many different items during the flood cleanup."

He remembers an incident hauling equipment for Wood Chips. "Jim bought a used Caterpillar log skidder down on Lycoming Creek Road, and it did not have any batteries in it. I spent all day getting it started and really wanted to get it back to the shop. It took two trucks to get it started. I had to get help from Nau & Thompson for the other truck.

"I also drove low-boys to haul equipment. Did this a lot."

Never Did Things In Small Ways

"The family never did things in small ways," said Donna. "We once drove to Grassflat and loaded hay in a 40-foot van." Roy said it took a while to load it. "The hay covered the vent holes, and it got hot in there."

These days Roy works 25 to 30 hours a week picking up "a lot of slack at the restaurant," according to Donna. He also helps her out in the office and does odd jobs for the shop.

The couple lives on Tri-Pond Road just off Big Plum Road south of Woolrich. Jeff Maguire lives there, and Bobby did too some years ago.

Donna and Roy Timblin loaf at their Tri-Pond log home.

"Jim was motivational in getting us there," explained Donna. "We built in 1977. We took two blueprints and made one log house out of them." They adopted a son, Jeff, now 35, when he was five years old.

Roy is five foot eleven with grey-brown hair and hazel eyes. Donna is a five-foot-four brunette with blue eyes. She's six years younger than Roy.

Yes, We Can

Donna and Roy spoke about the time when Chatham Village was opening, and they were selling mobile homes there. And selling and setting them in other locations other dealers wouldn't touch. They put a single-wide home on a Flemington lot through a tight space between two buildings. Jeff Maguire told his father he'd never get the 16- by 80-foot home in that spot. Jim said, "Yes we can."

They used a truck with a pivot hitch that could move the home from side to side and a D-6 dozer to pull the home over landing pads placed on a large area of very wet ground.

In Beech Creek a double-wide mobile home had to be pushed and pulled up a steep hill. A situation where angels feared to tread, it seemed.

Another time at the Camelot mobile home park in Bald Eagle Township – next to today's Lowes – Roy had to pull Jeff out of a site where a used home was being moved. Jeff's truck could get no traction in the wet grass. Roy hooked on with his legendary '92 Dodge 250 pickup so Jeff could get the unit to move. Roy plowed a lot of snow with it but it's rusted out. "I might have to bury it."

He didn't (see nearby photo).

Donna nods at mention of Jim's creativity on business dealings. "He always wants win-win situations in his dealings. When we were selling mobile homes, I always wanted a friend when the deal was finished."

Jeff Maguire and Mara Moore

Somebody surely said, "He cleans up well." Jeff Maguire at his daughter Heidi's wedding.

King Richard Helps Fix His Engine

Watching NASCAR great Richard Petty fix your balky truck engine would thrill anyone. In 1993, Jeff Maguire had driven to King Richard's North Carolina locale to build him a log home. Jeff has built log homes all over the country including one for actor Steven Seagal. He built homes for pro football players Maxie Baughan and Bill Curry. Curry's was built in 1998. He coached at Alabama after Bear Bryant and later at Georgia State. Maughan played pro ball and coached Cornell.

Jeff Maguire built a log house for NASCAR king Richard Petty.

Stephen Seagal.

Curry won the Super Bowl three years in a row in the early days of that extravaganza, according to Jeff. In a photo, Jeff is wearing Curry's three Super Bowl rings, the coach smiling nearby. "He must be a slender guy," says Jeff. "His fingers are thin; I couldn't get the rings over my knuckles." Curry's house on Wolf Mountain, North Carolina, sits at 3,700 feet and offers a 100-mile view. The home is part hewn logs and part post-and-beam.

"I tried to start the truck the morning after arriving at Petty's building site," Jeff recalls. "The newly rebuilt V-8 on my boom truck had seized. One of my workers had taken the valve covers off, and we hammered on the valves until they loosened. Then we discovered bent pushrods. Petty told us to go to a junkyard down the road. 'Tell them who sent you,' he said.

"When we got everything back together, it didn't run right, and Richard climbed into the engine compartment with a can of Marvel Mystery Oil. He poured it into the carburetor telling me to gun the engine. It was smoking, backfiring, and I was reluctant to push it but he shouted, 'Floor it.'

"I did, and it smoothed out. He poured the rest of the additive into the gas tank."

An old joke about Marvel Mystery Oil from old-timers who swore by the fluid: It's a mystery how it works.

Old Log House Reassembled

Jeff's house is also of logs from an original that stood near the Buffalo Inn on Woodward Avenue. He photographed the old house and numbered the square-hewn timbers. After cleaning and reassembling, they were chinked white. The ends are notched in that peculiar triangle that spells authenticity. Jeff says there are several different ways to notch the ends, and they all have names.

"Dad taught me to recycle – this house is 50 percent recycled material. "Make a silk purse out of a pig's ear," he says, quoting his father.

The long rear veranda is cool on this hot June day. It sits on a hillside off Tri-Pond Road, a mile or two south of Woolrich, Pa. Mara Moore, his fiancé, is there. Jeff looks at her. "We fight a lot, it's fun to make up." They've been seeing each other for a couple of years.

Lived A Mile Apart, Didn't Meet Again For 30 Years

Mara and Jeff had dated years ago when she was nineteen. They didn't meet again for about thirty years although she lives on the Great Island a mile away as the crow flies. And she works in McElhattan. "We simply didn't connect all that time," she smiles. Her smile is quick and infectious. "I'd go to Bobby's house but Jeff was never there."

"This house set here under roof and unfinished for ten years," explained Jeff. "I was working through a bad marriage. My brother Jim told me the house was up for sheriff's sale. I said I knew and didn't care. He and Dad saved it for me."

Jeff was married three times. Mara said that he has a daughter Mary to his first wife, a marriage that lasted about a year, and a daughter Heidi from a second marriage of about a year. He was with Judy for 27 years before she was diagnosed in 2001 with a brain tumor.

Jeff said they told us the tumor was inoperable but Judy wanted to try. That was New Years day and she was in a coma for 18 days in the hospital. She wasn't the same person after the operation and 56 days straight at Geisinger taking radiation treatments. She was in remission for six years – six good years – before the tumor came back fingernail size and soon grew to golf-ball size. They operated again and she came out of it good. Over the next two years she even worked a bit at Truck-Lite. But toward the end she had a seizure and went in the ambulance to the hospital. She wanted to die at home, came home, but didn't recognize us for months. She woke one morning and asked for a cup of coffee. She seemed so normal. It took her 18 days to die after no water, no food. We buried her December fifth on her fiftieth birthday.

"After Judy passed away, I boozed real bad. Care giving wore me out. Didn't care whether I lived or died. But Mara stuck with me. Don't know why but she did."

Mara's striking, expressive eyes crinkle. Greenish sometimes, more bluish in other light. "Jeff is an amazing man," she grins. "He's good at so many things."

There are two step children from his third marriage.

Jeff was born April 22, 1958. He's the youngest of the five children of Jim and Shirley Maguire. He's six feet tall, his eyes are hazel, his hair brown with grey in it. He sports a salt-and-pepper moustache and a goatee. He wears silver bead earrings. A silver chain and cross hangs from his neck.

The cross carries the Serenity Prayer: "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference."

Dozer Slid Down The Rock Slide

Jeff operates heavy equipment and trucks. Two summers ago on Bald Eagle Mountain on the north side of the Reservoir Road and high up off the valley floor, he was driving a bulldozer when the machine "made like a sled down a rock slide." Mara activates her camera to show the yellow roof over the seat peeking through

trees. It sits at an impossible angle – nearly 45 degrees – and it appears that trees are the only impediment to it crashing a couple hundred yards to the valley floor.

It's a D-6 Caterpillar dozer weighing from sixteen to eighteen tons, according to an Internet listing.

"Dad and I have been talking about how to get it down," explains Jeff. "Probably a snatch block around a tree and pull with another dozer." He doesn't mention danger.

Roy and Donna Timblin said the dozer slide was a near tragedy. Roy, Jeff's adopted brother, also operates heavy equipment and shook his head at the near fall. Rock and soil had been excavated twenty years ago to build the $86 million Lock Haven flood dike.

They brought up a large loader weighing much more than the dozer and dug out in front of it. After several attempts, they pulled it off the steep slope, breaking a heavy cable twice. The dozer driver had to manually prime his engine due to the steep slant. "Dad called at least ten times to check on us."

Jeff says he's run heavy equipment since he was old enough to walk. Lately he has been doing odd jobs for brother Bobby and his father.

His is a mobile equipment family. He asked if I'd seen his father's fancy John Deere Gator ATV. "He recently took us through the woods near his house dodging brush and down to the pond in it. To feed the fish."

Speaking of rigging things, Jeff may have hoisted the largest yard sale sign ever seen in the county. To sell his crane from house-building days, he rigged a 28- by 54-ft for-sale tarp sign and hung it from his crane. Had to fight to pin down the corners so it wouldn't swing in the breeze.

The sign also announced "lumber for sale." And steel beams, which his father saw and immediately claimed. They now support the huge car port at the family's Pine Creek cabin (See "And a place to chill out.") And the lumber? "Jeff spent days pulling nails from it," Mara smiles.

"Lumber is expensive," replied Jeff. "Just try buying some."

His family is a tight, loving one, he says. "We worked as a unit and worked hard. You don't work, you don't eat, my father said. But growing up actually was fun.

"I feel fortunate at some of my experiences. A lot of people don't have anything. Love is strongest, and while everyone has a father I have a Dad. He's always been there for me."

A Topless Kayaker Mom

And his mother too has always been there for him. "A good Mom. She worked hard for us and Dad, a good wife to Dad. And still hell on wheels at times. Last summer she was kayaking, got way ahead of our pack, and we shouted at her to slow up. She went down river topless, we shouting, 'What the hell are you doing?'"

"I want to get some sun."

He remembers a Halloween, the other kids going to school for a party when he was too young for that. "I felt left out. Mom saw that and got on her sewing machine. She made me a squirrel outfit, and I went to the party in it. She hadn't much time but she did it.

"What a cook. She'd get butcher's bones, not a lot of meat on them but she cooked them down and made the best vegetable soup."

Mara said that Jeff is still Shirley's baby. He's the youngest of her children. She comes when he calls.

He laughs and reminds Mara that he told Shirley a week ago that he'd like some cooper's cheese. Not all that easy to find. Shirley brought him some, and he brings me samples when I ask what is cooper's cheese. Now I know why he wanted it.

One website reports on cooper's cheese made in Clearfield, Pa. Jeff and his siblings grew up near Clearfield.

Jeff says that no child could ask for a more loving mom.

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Jeff gives me a plate of food to take home, food he cooked. It's rich with onions, pepperoni, and other good stuff. This is wood-chopping fuel.

His kitchen stove bespeaks heritage. It's his mother's, a Little Sweetheart wood/coal range (see Centerspread) that can heat the whole house. He keeps a wood fire in it in cold weather, and often a kettle of ham and bean soup simmering. Shirley visited on a cold winter day, ate a bowl of soup, and in the warm house fell asleep and napped for five hours.

"Mara's a good cook, too," says Jeff.

"I'm old fashioned," she replies.

Both like potatoes sliced thin and thrown on stove. "Tastes so good after you've burned your tongue," says Jeff.

Tastes good! Shirley and Jeff at her coal/wood kitchen stove that both treasure. Keeps Jeff and Mara warm all winter while rich stews and soups simmer.

Next Time My Ass Would Tell My Brain

He did get "his share of lickings. I deserved them, I guess. After one, Dad asked me if I knew why I got it. I said I didn't know why. He said next time my ass would tell my brain why.

"I remember asking him for wild grapes – they looked so good. He said they were fox grapes and were no good. I asked again when we passed some, grinding up a long hill in a loaded truck. He stopped the truck, had me keep the brakes on, while he cut me some grapes with his pocketknife. I ate one. It was no good, sour.

"That was like him. He'd show you if telling didn't work. And he wasn't easy to fool. If I messed up a

When her house was sold, Shirley required that the stove go with her. Coal/wood stoves such as this one remained the centerpiece of kitchens for years through the late 1800s and early/middle 1900s. Water tanks fit on some, and hot water had to be bucketed to the bathtub. Not that young people today would believe that.

heavy-truck drive train, he knew what I did wrong. He'd done the same thing."

Jeff said he was often impatient. When he came home from the first day of first grade, he told his parents he should be in fourth grade. He wanted to get school over with.

Growing up he and his siblings "slept three or four to a bedroom and took a bath in the same tub." And lots of picnics. He remembers his father coming home with a pickup truck load of watermelons, tossing them in an ice-cold mountain pond, and declaring a picnic. "We swam among the bobbing watermelons quite awhile until the melons got cold. Then we each got one."

His father also told the watermelon story, something about caging the melons from a trucker whose tractor pulling a refrigerated trailer had broken down. Or the refrigeration unit had quit. That he'd drive the trucker to get help if he could have some melons that would likely spoil before help arrived. The trucker agreed. Something like that.

Moaning Outside The House

Jeff discovered the miscreant who tried to steal the famous $39,000 weathervane. He heard moaning outside the Shoemaker house one evening and discovered a man lying in the driveway and wrapped in rope. A box of hot dogs happily fed the dogs. After helping the fellow out of the rope, the failed thief ran into the nearby woods. The cops were called and found him. He had some broken bones and had fallen off the roof trying to steal the weathervane.

After he was caught, he spent time in the hospital (see Markay's account of the story).

As of this July 2012 writing, Jeff is a month or so out of prison. "My Irish temper got me in trouble," he explained. "It was a learning experience."

He owns a trucking business but cannot drive because his license has been pulled. (Since then his license has been returned.)

"Dad always told us there are oodles of things to do to make money. He was quite a builder, too – had an eye for making equipment do twice what it was made

to do. He built a pre-loader out of a log skidder. We carried a load of logs on it down a hill but it didn't have enough braking, and it began to run away from him. He pushed me down under the dash so I wouldn't get hurt if we crashed. He got it stopped, though, without any personal damage. I was a kid then."

Another incident Jeff will never forget revolved around arsenic. Forty years ago, that chemical was sprayed on trees after the tree was girdled. Hammermill wanted its paper wood without bark, and this was the method used to loosen the bark so it would peel off.

"The sprayer blew up in Dad's face. He was bleeding from the face and eyes. We carried a couple of bottles of chocolate milk in the truck, and he told me to get the milk. I was about four years old. Crying, I ran for the milk. He had read that milk in the eyes would neutralize the poison. It did."

Jeff, You Little Sob, Accept The Charges

He takes snuff and said the first time he did he got sick. His brother Jim just out of high school was working at a Yellowstone Park restaurant and didn't realize they were deducting his meals from his paycheck. He had worked all week and was told he owed $30. He didn't have it and called home for it, wanting the charges reversed. I ran outside sick and wouldn't accept the charges. This happened at least twice as the phone rang. Finally, I heard Jim shout over the phone, "Jeff, you little son of a bitch, accept the charges!"

I've had back surgery and ankle trouble. My lifestyle was different, and I've traveled a lot. I don't regret it but I might have done better staying at home. My memories of growing up and home life are good. I can't think of any bad ones.

When I was a little boy, I said I wanted to be just like Dad. He's taught me a lot. And he's still teaching. Some time ago Dad gave me a ride home after work, and we passed a field where wheat was being harvested. It seemed early to me. I asked Dad how they know when to harvest it.

"Let me show you," Dad answered.

"He stopped, got out, took some wheat tassels and rolled them in his hand. He blew on them. All the chaff blew away.

"That's when wheat is ready to be harvested," he said.

"I didn't know that. He's always been there for me. He's never left me down."

Jeff recently left his Dad "up." He blew the horn on his Cadillac limousine after advising him it would be loud. Imagine a diesel locomotive horn in your back pocket, multiply its blare about twenty times, and some sense of "loud" might strike you.

"Dad nearly jumped off the back porch at the restaurant."

Jimmy (left) and Jeff on an Alaskan tour.

Glenda Harpster Shearer

She Meets President Eisenhower

"I was in fifth grade when Ike came to fish in Spruce Creek on my Dad's farm," remembers Glenda Harpster Shearer. "Milton Eisenhower, Penn State's president then, also visited. I also met President and Mrs. Carter when they came to fish."

The Huntington County Spruce Creek farm earned fame for its association with various U. S. presidents and their trout-fishing vacations. And it drew press interest for the extent of its dairying operations and the large numbers of cows milked around the clock.

Glenda and Jim have been together since 1990. She moves slowly these days – March 2013 – after a November 2012 operation followed by a six-day hospital stay. The doctors fused four of her vertebrae, the large ones above the tailbone, and did a lumbar decompression procedure. "I'm improving and the warmth and all facilities on one floor in Jim's house helps." The house is comfortably toasty on this raw overcast day.

As of February 2014 she is recuperating from additional back surgery and a burst appendix.

Earlier, in clear sunlight, Jim pointed out a prominent knob northeast in the view from his long veranda. "When you were here before, it was hazy." The pimple marks Eagles Mere, some 60 miles away according to Mapquest. Southeast, faraway Sayers Dam glimmers. Few can offer such a view, but his house does, sited on the brow of the mountain near where Route 664 tops out above Lock Haven.

Glenda grew up in the Historic Limestone Mansion built in 1834 by John Lyon. He was ironmaster of Pennsylvania Furnace. The 28-room Mansion boasting 13 bedrooms was renamed "Fairbrook Manor" by her parents. An illustrative dinner plate captures the classic structure and its grand wrap-around porch. Limestone walls nearly 2 feet thick support four front roof dormers bracketed by matching chimneys. In its heyday, according to a July 28, 2013, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette story, the furnace employed nearly 200 people and included rolling and slitting mills as well as a nail mill. Glenda's sister, Virginia, wants to sell it and 41 acres with a five-acre pond for $3.2 million.

Teenage Glenda Harpster in her Fairbook Mansion bedroom. One of ten bedrooms at the Huntingdon County Spruce Creek home.

The Harpster family lived at Fairbrook Manor for many years. Today the former Huntingdon County Ironmaster's Headquarters, a well-known fishing creek and dam, plus 40 acres are for sale. From a website.

The Pittsburgh paper's interest stems from the following: Fairbrook Manor, originally called The Cedars, was built in 1834 by ironmaster John Lyon, who placed the headquarters of his business, Lyon-Shorb & Co., in Allegheny City (now Pittsburgh's North Side) during the Civil War. Source: A 1982 history of the area by Huntingdon County Historical Society.

"I was born in Warrior's Mark," said Glenda. "My mother birthed five children all at home before we moved to nearby Pennsylvania Furnace. We lived in Warrior's Mark until I was two or three.

"I was very fortunate to have had the parents I did. Dad and Mother were unique people. Very industrious, a lot of perseverance to survive difficult times. They were good people, very humble, and helped all. They taught us to work, to be self-reliant, and to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. Also, to respect our elders. They were tough on us. I guess you call that 'tough love.' But we all benefitted from it. I have two brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister passed away in 2006 at the age of 71. She was an angel. I am the youngest of five but they refer to me as their 'Baby sister.' So fortunate to have them. I love them all."

Sold Cars Named After A Dog

"Dad owned a Chevy dealership in Warrior's Mark and another in Philipsburg."

To Centre County and State College residents, "Harpster Chevrolet" was as well-known a trademark as Pepsi-Cola. Jim said Glenda's father started with Whippets. According to the Fall 2008 Tyrone Past Times, "Bob Harpster and John Gilliland sold Whippets beginning in 1929, and a year later, added Chevrolet, and Buick in 1936." Made by Willys-Overland of later Jeep fame, the Whippet named after a dog for its smallness and swiftness was touted as "the worlds lowest priced six." It sold for under $1,000. The car died in 1931, a casualty of the Depression.

Bob Harpster also ran a Philipsburg Chevy dealership.

Whippet cars sold by Glenda's father.

Felt Sorry For The Man

Glenda said that she and Jim have lived together since 1992 when "he moved in with me. I didn't ask him – he was 58, I was 49. But I didn't say no, either."

She smiles. "I felt sorry for the man. He told me he had a lot of baggage and he did. It turned into more than friendship, that winter sleigh ride in 1990. But it took a while." She pauses.

"I initially said no to his offer of a sleigh ride. Then I thought, why not?"

She shows a photo of the two of them in a classic sleigh drawn by a black horse. She wears a red coat and

a hat of the same color. Her hair shows dark under the red hat. She's gray now, her hair nicely done, her lips lipstick red, eyes blue. And it's a good bet she's shorter than in that 23-year-old photo. Shrinking vertebrae do that.

"That was December 29, 1990. Paul Houck introduced me to Jim. I didn't know anything about him. (Houck was a well-known Lock Haven area realtor.) Then Paul had a stroke, and Jim called to ask if I wanted to go along to visit him. That led to a date. We rode in his pickup to Amish country. I asked him what he did for a living.

"I knew of Jim from his use of my Dunnstown car wash."

How She Wound Up In Lock Haven

After graduating from the Tyrone area high school, Glenda attended Robert Morris University in Pittsburgh and took an associate degree in secretarial science. She worked in Pittsburgh and later at HRB Singer in State College (now owned by Raytheon). She left HRB for a Pittsburgh medical group as executive secretary.

Her sister, Virginia, lived in Park Forest Village and worked at Penn State. She coached the rifle team in 1965. She bought a piece of land along Route 322 and opened a car wash, the first one in State College and became a distributor of car wash systems.

"She wanted me to get into the car wash business," said Glenda, "and it scared me since I didn't know anything about it. I got butterflies in the stomach thinking about it, and they didn't leave after I borrowed money from Dad, the bank, and Virginia. Loans were at 20 percent – remember that period? – and Dad was as tough as the banks were. He said something about me doing this like everyone else had to and learning to live in the real world.

"My husband and I came to Lock Haven and opened the Premier Car Wash in Dunnstown. All this is to tell how I wound up in the Lock Haven area." Glenda smiled; clearly she likes structure.

"I didn't know anyone in Lock Haven. That was 1976, and I had to be at the car wash. They were not automatic as so many today are, and they took a lot of care. And I didn't know my husband was a gambler.

"I couldn't handle it when he told me he had lost our money. I told him to sign over the car wash – he did and left. I went to the bank and got another loan. Now I had four loans."

She hesitated. This wasn't easy but her strength showed through.

"Johnny Shearer did a lot of maintenance for us. He was forty years old, lived with his mother, and we started to see each other. He proposed to me and we married. I told his mother not to worry, that this wasn't either me or her, that we would continue to look after her. We wound up taking care of her in her later years. And we eventually paid back all those loans."

She looked out the window. "She appreciated our help. Her three daughters did little."

"Johnny had health problems. He suffered from Crohn's Disease, lost his colon, and had to wear a bag. Then lung cancer killed him. We were married nine years." She paused to wipe tears.

"We lived on a wooded lot in back of where James – I sometimes call Jim that – built this house. Our barn was nice and neat. My husband was one of those hands-on guys as Jim is, and usually had some project in progress.

Mad At His Stump Pulling

That's Jim; he always has something going. He wasn't with me all that long when I saw him in my field pulling stumps with a back hoe. I walked down and asked him what he was doing taking stumps. I was mad.

Nothing better illustrates the deep gulf between male and female thinking than this story. Scarcely a woman alive realizes the frightful labor of digging and root chopping required to remove stumps by hand. Scarcely a man alive would complain if another saved him that hellish, sweaty work.

"I never met anyone with his vision. I think God brought us together. And my Dad and Jim have much in common – they both started with nothing. Jim once bought a truck from him long before I got to know him. I call Jim the Good Samaritan; he's very compassionate and determined. He's a good care giver. Things I see he doesn't and things he sees I don't. He's in good health. He's had a heart catheter procedure but they found nothing."

Jim's get-it-done genes come naturally. His great-grandfather piloted lumber rafts down the West Bank to Williamsport. In winter he cut timber and built rafts. In summer he farmed. Jim often speaks of our forbearers' ability to do so much with so little and to save and reuse. In the huge family McElhattan shop, he points to a large tank. It holds spent cooking oil from Restless Oaks restaurant. It's filtered and burned in their diesel-powered heavy equipment. Someone told him that wouldn't work. Jim asked if I knew the fuel that Rudolf Diesel used in his first successful engine built in 1897. "It was vegetable oil, there was no 'diesel' – he accented the word – back then." He grinned.

The shop is crowded with salvaged truck and heavy equipment parts. Dozer transmissions lay in a corner, and in a long room, bins of threaded iron plumbing angles, couplings, and pipe await use. They're salvaged from jobs, and new they'd cost an arm-and-a-leg at plumbing shops and hardware stores.

Would You Like To Go For A Sleigh Ride

"Well before the sleigh ride I sold the car wash," said Shearer. "I learned to do the maintenance work but it was a seven-day-a-week job. In 1978 I lost my father to cancer. My mother is also gone. She died in 2008 at age 91. In my forties I didn't care to meet anyone although my friends urged me to. I worked for an accountant for a while.

"Jim did use the car wash. Always wore a cowboy hat and always had a grin. People would say, 'That's Jim

Maguire.' But he never spoke a word to me until that phone call Friday night, December 29, 1990. 'Would you like to go for a sleigh ride?' I will always remember that call. I love him."

When Jim and I left, he drove through her former property. Turning off it into his property, he noted the position of the morning sun as it struck the drop off on the mountain about three hundred yards east. That's where he built his grand house.

Behind it on the original Shearer property we passed a sugar maple operation, and Jim remarked about the enormous productivity of a single tree there. It produces some five gallons of sap a day when conditions are right.

Glenda spoke of a trip to Alaska, Jim driving a 38-foot motor home and towing a Suburban. He handled it well, no problems all that trip. We traveled all over the U.S. I enjoyed the West, particularly Colorado. It was hard, though, when I got word in Alaska that my mother had died.

After Jim and I were together for awhile, we both realized that our mothers had graduated from Lock Haven University (the Normal School in those days). Jim's mother graduated in 1926 and mine in 1932. We decided to dedicate a Nurturing Eagle Statue at Lock Haven University in their memory. That happened in 2003. (See inside back cover.)

Glenda spoke of Jim piloting the motor home through some rough, narrow roads in Arizona and Colorado. One memorable trip took them up the "back" road – much of it dirt from the Royal Gorge at Canon City through Victor to Cripple Creek. A rough drive to that Colorado gold mining country.

I didn't want to get out at a stop but did so later. He drove off, fortunately looking in the rear view mirror to see me waving my arms. Never a dull moment; he keeps me stepping. There's more to this story. Something about taking a lot of time looking for Donald Duck orange juice. And maybe different trips got mixed up.

One place was particularly scary. We were at 13,000 feet in the old motor home and no guard rails. I think that was Cripple Creek, Colorado.

Old gold mine near Victor, Colorado. Glenda and Jim traveled though here from the Royal Gorge to Cripple Creek. It's said you can walk miles underground through the old gold mine tunnels from Victor to Cripple Creek town.

Cripple Creek still provides gold, both through nearby modern mines, and the town's gambling casinos.
The gold camps here were a magnet in the late 1800s for people seeking their fortune. Jack Dempsey, heavyweight boxing champion of the world, got his start here

Not so old, the motor home, replied Jim.

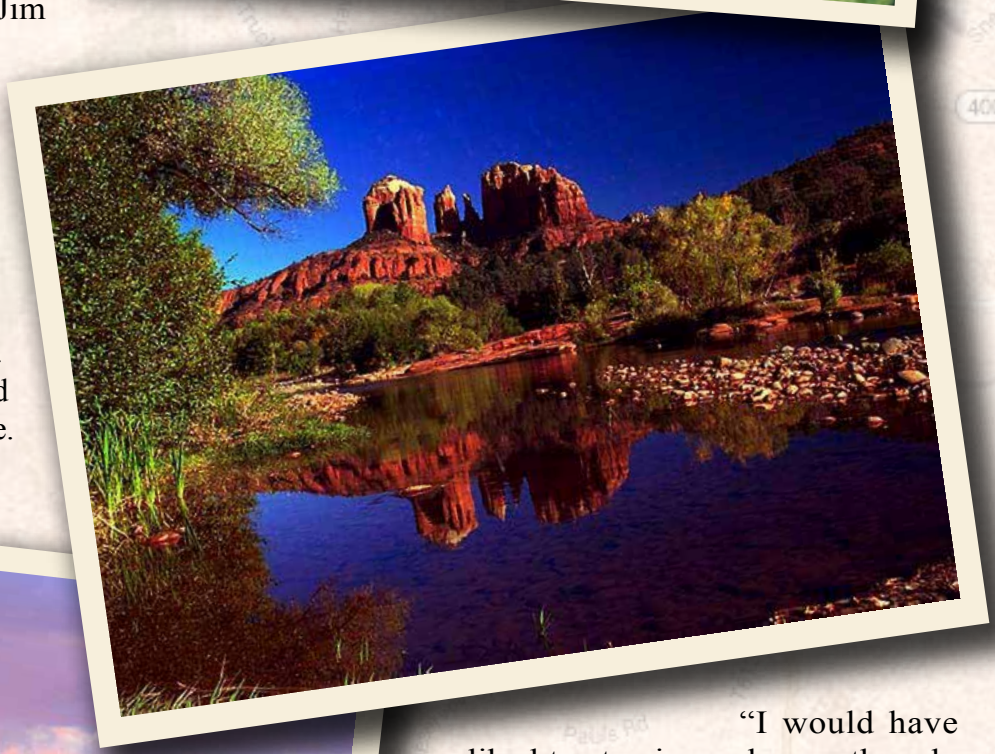
It looks ready to go from its large garage not far from the house.

He told of a Jerome, Arizona, museum where "we saw a 1904 electric Studebaker. Its weight from the batteries killed it."

A National Historic Landmark, Jerome stands 5,000 feet above sea level and next to one of the richest copper mines in the United States. The town overlooks the Verde Valley north of Phoenix in Javapai County.

Glenda mentions Sedona, farther north. Internet pictures show why she and Jim remember it. Near it stand Cathedral Rock and more of the classic red sandstone formations that speak to Western movies.

Glenda likes her old house but admits its two-story layout would not have proved so useful to someone healing from back surgery and appendicitis. Everything she needs is on one floor, and the elevator simplifies matters even more.



"I would have liked to stay in my house, though. But this one is wheelchair accessible. Jim measured the house – 118 feet – so I would know how far I'm walking, which is part of my rehab.

"I love it now."

Top Photo: Bears in a Wyoming field.

From a Sedona Photo Gallery website.

Center Spread

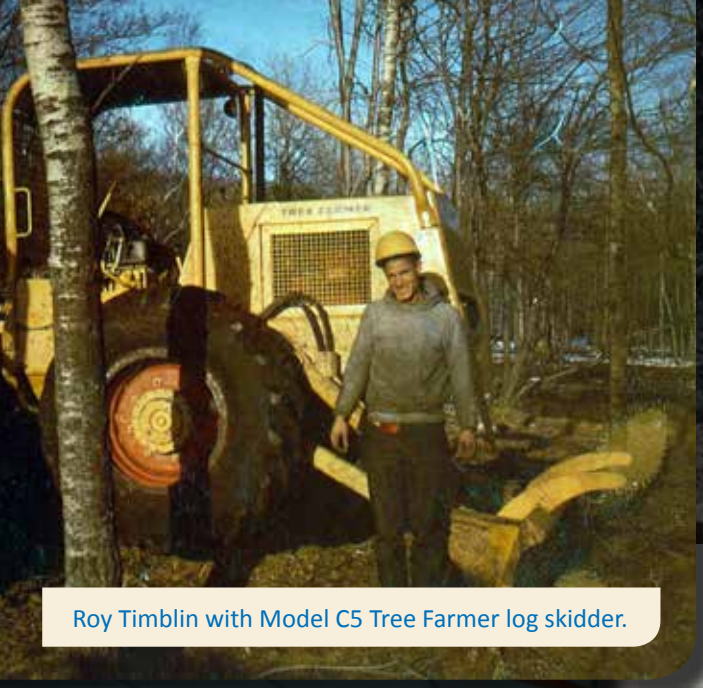
Happy campers. From left: Jimmy and Jim Maguire, Dustin Flook, and Jeff Maguire

From left: Joe Maguire (Jim's brother), sister Kay, and Jim, taken about eight weeks before her death in 2008.

Dressed for Markay's wedding.

Glenda
and Jim dedicate Lock Haven University's Nurturing Eagle in honor of their mothers. See inside back cover for more detail. April 9, 2004

Grandkids (from left): Jamie Maguire Trostle and Matthew Maguire.



Roy Timblin with Model C5 Tree Farmer log skidder.

Donna Timblin, Miss Tree Farmer, 1974. She poses in a C7 model.

Shirley's ready to party.

Christmas 1984 – Front from left: Sonya Scott (daughter of Kay, Jim's sister), Markay Maguire Conner, Becky Maguire Charles. Middle: Roy Timblin, Jeff Maguire, Kenny Lupton (Shirley's nephew), Jimmy Maguire. Rear: Bobby Maguire, Chris Maguire, Mike Maguire (sons of Joe, brother of Jim).

Shirley Maguire, Wayne Flook (Dustin's dad), Dustin Flook at Kerrie's wedding.

Luke takes Becky Charles and daughter Jennifer sleigh riding. The horse remains strong in family memory.

Jim running log loader, Jeff standing nearby. Jim says, "He went to work with me every day he could." Of school, Jeff said, "There's no sense of me being there because I know everything they're telling me."

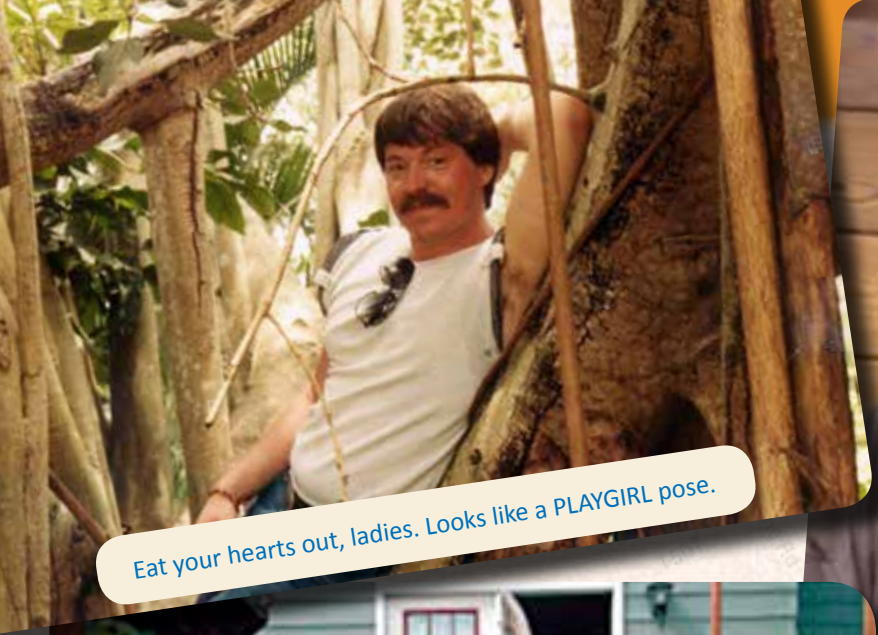
sd, Curwensville, Philipsburg, Moshannon Valley, Pa., Thursday, January 16, 1975

FOR LOGGING SAFETY — Governor Milton J. Shapp has proclaimed January 12-18, as Logging Safety week in Pennsylvania and has urged "every employer and employe involved to support the efforts of the Pennsylvania Logging Safety Council." The Council was formed to promote and present safety training programs and projects throughout the state to illustrate the hazardous operations of logging, timbering and other forest related industries. The Governor signed his proclamation in the presence of (left to right)—James Maguire of Avis, Pa., president of the Pennsylvania Logging Safety Council which is affiliated with the Pennsylvania Forestry Association; Governor Shapp; Robert V. Clark, Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Forestry Association, of Mechanicsburg; (standing) E. P. "Red" Ogden, of Frostburg, Md.; Robert H. Rumpf, of the Glatfelter Pulp Wood Company, Carlisle; and, Norman C. Tuttle, of Erie, Manager of the Hammermill Paper Company, Northern Timberland Division.

During Jim's years of timbering and sawmilling, his crews suffered no work-related fatalities. That was unheard of during those times. From January 16, 1975, Clearfield County newspaper.

Jeff built a log house for pro football legend Bill Curry. Here Jeff wears Curry's Super Bowl rings

Ken Laubscher of Jeff's crew at left and Richard Petty at his North Carolina home site.



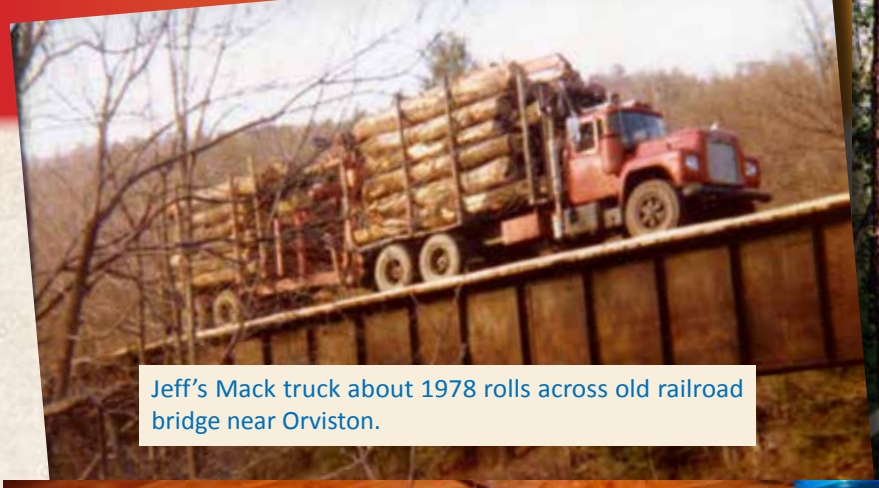
Eat your hearts out, ladies. Looks like a PLAYGIRL pose.

Maybe this guy could audition for PLAYGIRL. Yes, there's NO PLACE like Maguire's cabin.

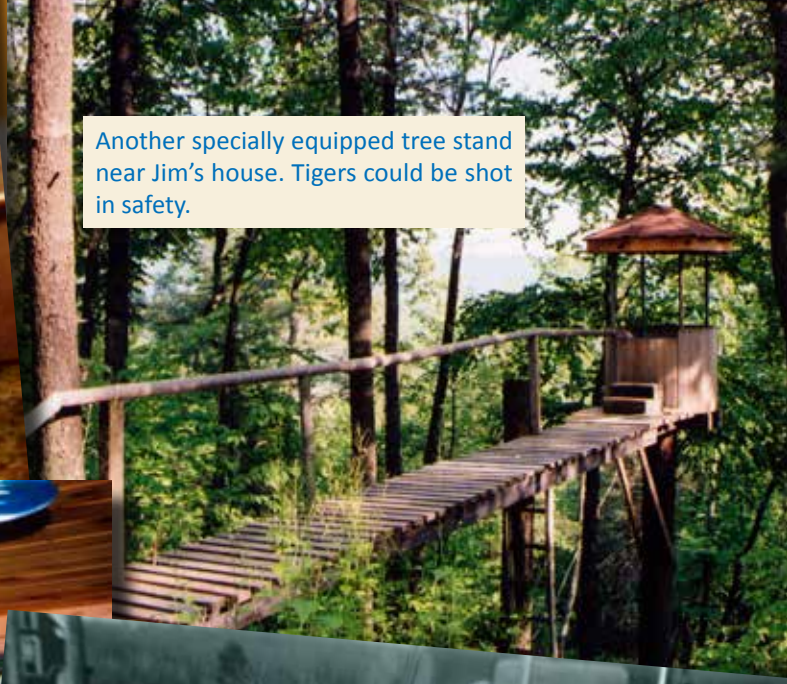
Jamie Trostle, Matt Maguire, Rachel Hanna

Perhaps a few lies might have crept into this biography. It wasn't finished at this time, and Jim has hinted at that possibility. So we comfort ourselves in the testimony of Mark Twain who was accused during his newspaper days of telling an occasional fib. "Yes," he said, "and not only occasionally, and I always received considerable assistance." Levity aside, Harlan Berger (right) is the writer and any mistakes are his. Lori Maguire took this photo May 2014. She is merciless.

And they got $39,000 for this? Jeff Maguire poses with famous weathervane, whose story appears several times in the text. The luck of the Irish. Thank you, Jeff and Mara for the picture. Holes by brother Jimmy.

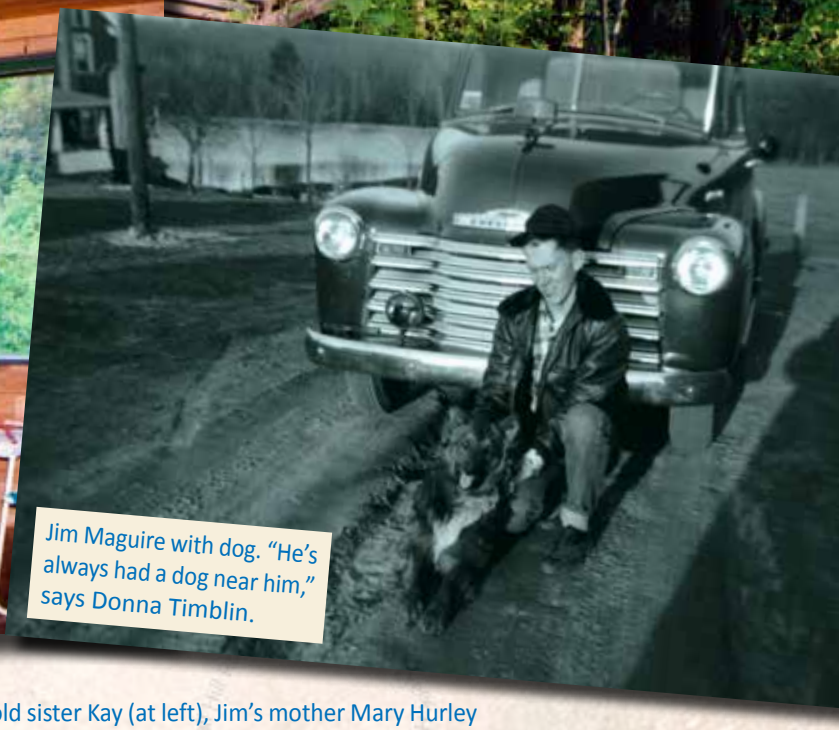


Jeff's Mack truck about 1978 rolls across old railroad bridge near Orviston.



Another specially equipped tree stand near Jim's house. Tigers could be shot in safety.

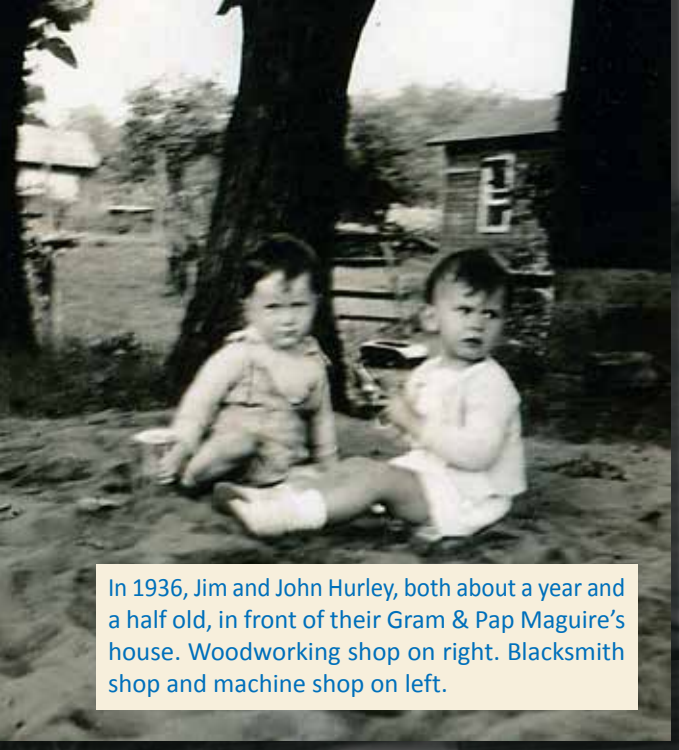
Interior of Jim's "Bear Trap" near-the-pond chalet. Exterior appears in 1st pickup ride chapter. He's thinking of more ways to help the biography writer.



Jim Maguire with dog. "He's always had a dog near him," says Donna Timblin.

This time Jim might be asking, "Where's the dog?" Every boy of that era rode or wanted a tricycle.

6-year-old sister Kay (at left), Jim's mother Mary Hurley Maguire (the school teacher), 10-year-old Jim, father Harold Maguire, and 4-year-old brother Joe. No one was to smile. Jim did. The outcome was not good. Picture taken in 1945.

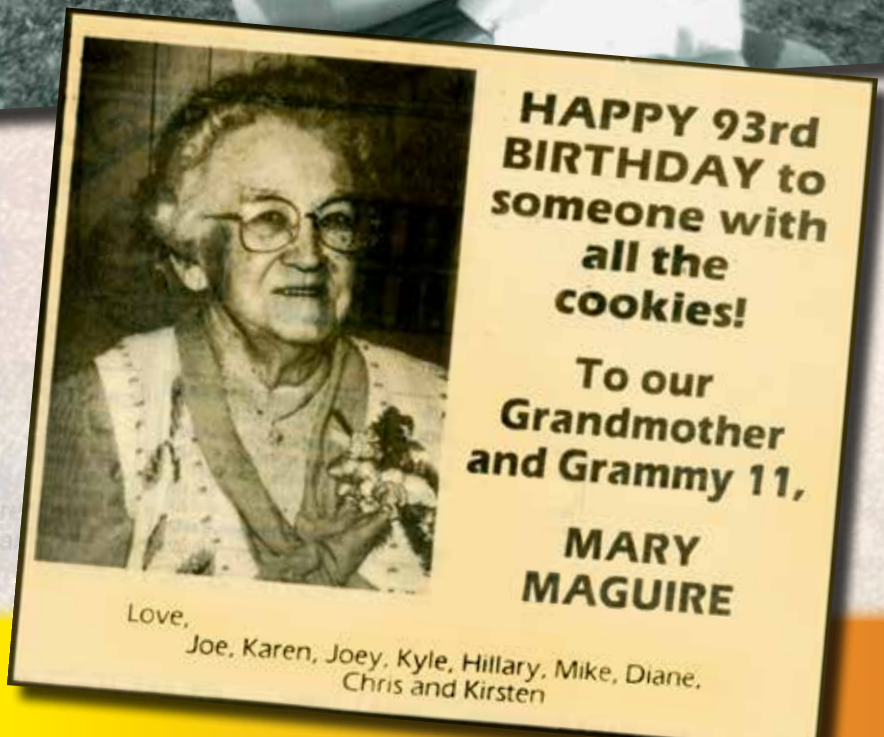


In 1936, Jim and John Hurley, both about a year and a half old, in front of their Gram & Pap Maguire's house. Woodworking shop on right. Blacksmith shop and machine shop on left.

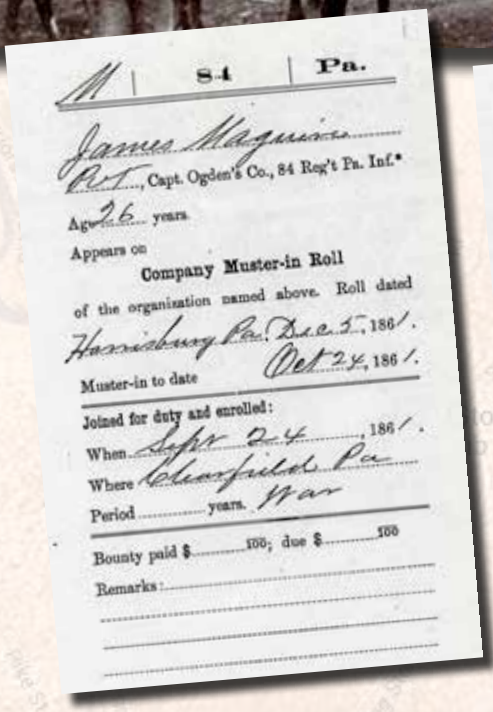
Jim's mother, Mary Maguire, and her grandson Jimmy, about 1955. Corn crib in background built as an FFA project by Jim.

Jim's sister Kay with daughter Beth.

Mary Maguire, Jim's mother, in her mid-40s.



Grandma #2, Cheat at cards (NEVER) !!!



M | 84 | Pa.

James Maguire
Pvt., Capt. Ogden's Co., 84 Reg't Pa. Inf.*

Age 26 years.

Appears on

Company Muster-in Roll

of the organization named above. Roll dated Harrisburg Pa. Dec 5, 1861.

Muster-in to date Oct 24, 1861.

Joined for duty and enrolled:

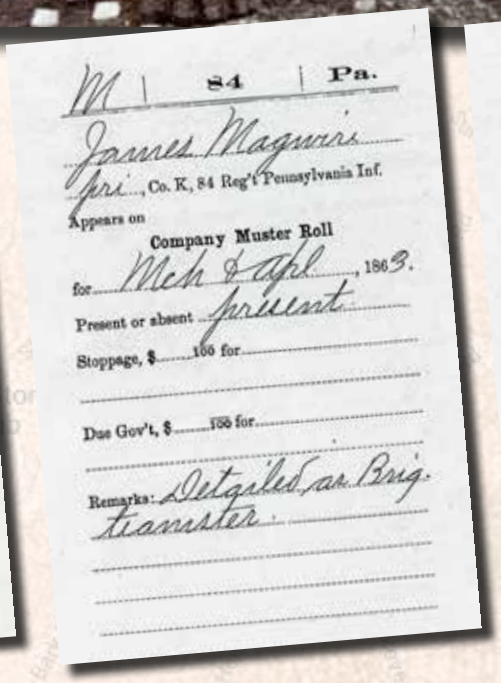
When Sept 24, 1861.

Where Clearfield Pa

Period ..... years. War

Bounty paid $..... 100; due $..... 100

Remarks:



M | 84 | Pa.

James Maguire
Pri., Co. K, 84 Reg't Pennsylvania Inf.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

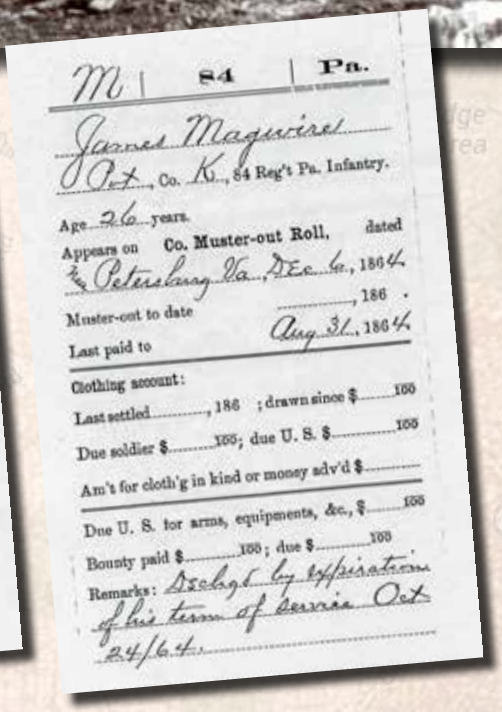
for Mch & Apl, 1863.

Present or absent present

Stoppage, $..... 100 for .....

Due Gov't, $..... 100 for .....

Remarks: Detailed as Brig. teamster.



M | 84 | Pa.

James Maguire
Pvt., Co. K., 84 Reg't Pa. Infantry.

Age 26 years.

Appears on Co. Muster-out Roll, dated Petersburg Va., Dec 6, 1864.

Muster-out to date ....., 186 .

Last paid to Aug 31, 1864.

Clothing account:

Last settled ....., 186 ; drawn since $..... 100

Due soldier $..... 100; due U. S. $..... 100

Am't for cloth'g in kind or money adv'd $.....

Due U. S. for arms, equipments, &c., $..... 100

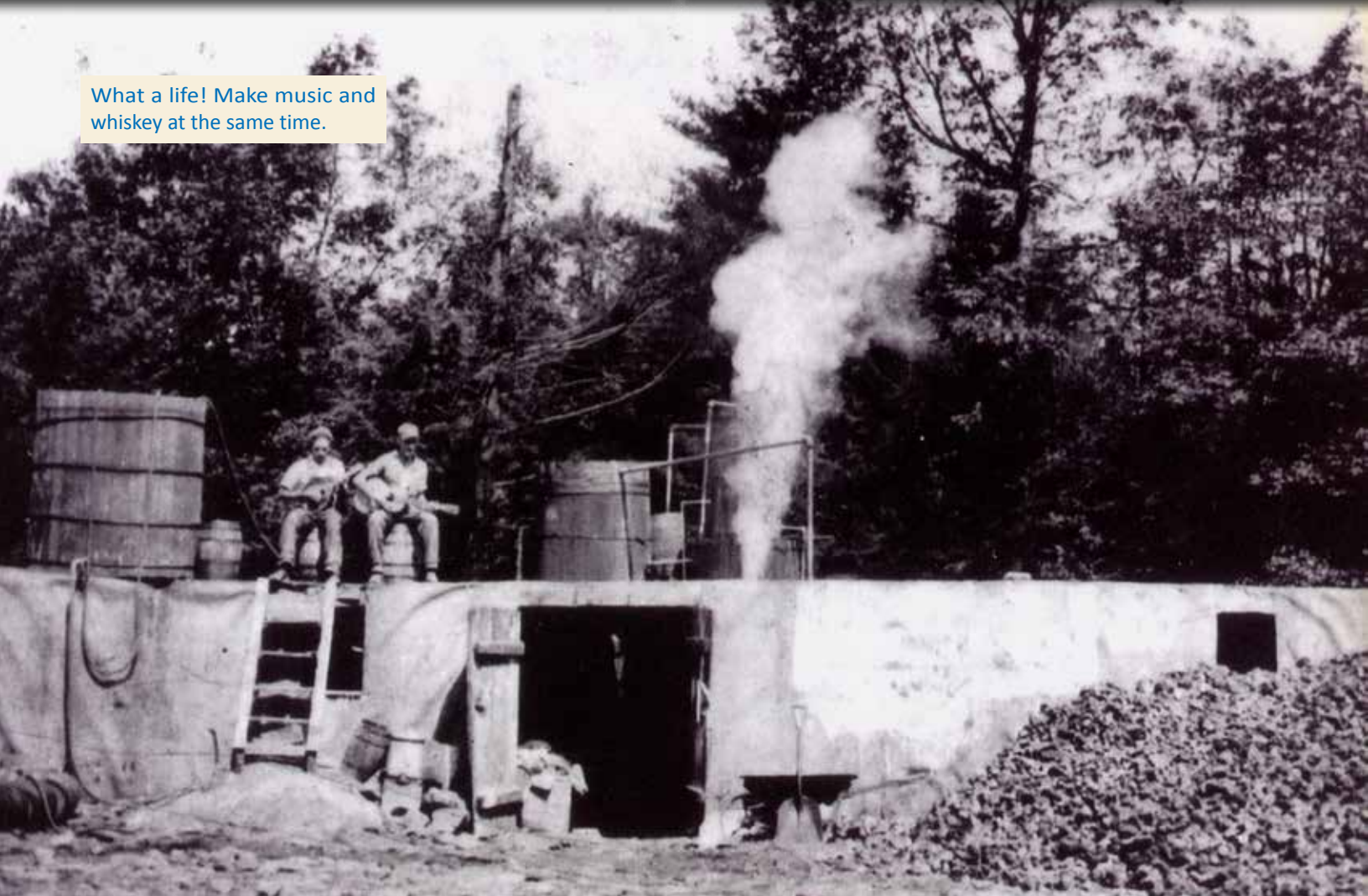
Bounty paid $..... 100; due $..... 100

Remarks: Discharged by expiration of his term of service Oct 24/64.

1893 – From left: James Maguire holding hat. He is Jim's great-grandfather, 84th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, probably in his late 50s. He mustered in October 24, 1861, at age of 26. As a brigade teamster during his Civil War service, he would have known every cuss word that could be applied to stubborn mules and cranky horses. Born 1835, he died in 1906. Jim recalls him receiving a retroactive pension check of some $200. Jim says he didn't understand why he received it, a large windfall back then.
Mary Maguire Williams, next, holds a horse. Jim's grandfather, J. Irvin, also holds a horse.
Barn roof shingles look fairly new. Perhaps photo was taken after the barn was newly built in 1893. An early one had burned. Following are three excerpts from his military records. They prove his honorable discharge and his teamster service.
Children unknown.

Bootlegger Prince Farrington's gang strikes a contrast in dress compared to Jim's grandfather's portrait photo. The redoubtable Prince was a legend in his own time. It's said some of his whiskey reached the White House. We've heard the gentleman on the far right is Prince himself. They show a delightful contempt for the law.

"Revenooers" approaching!

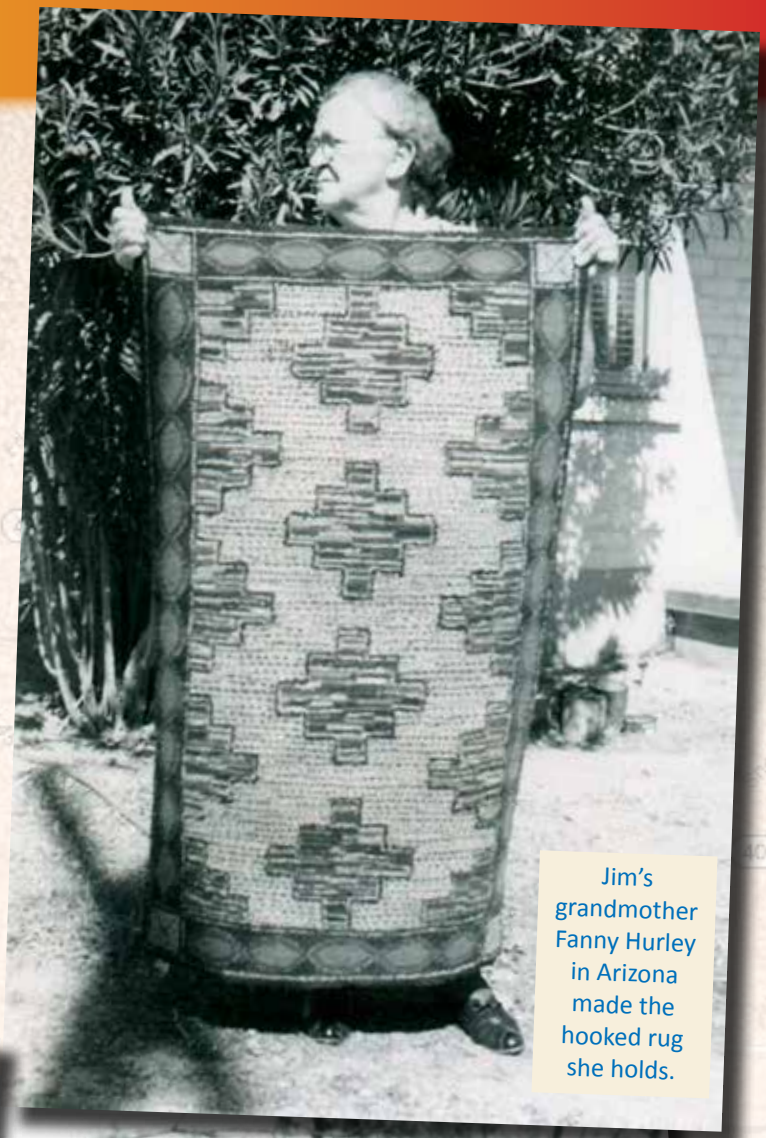


What a life! Make music and whiskey at the same time.

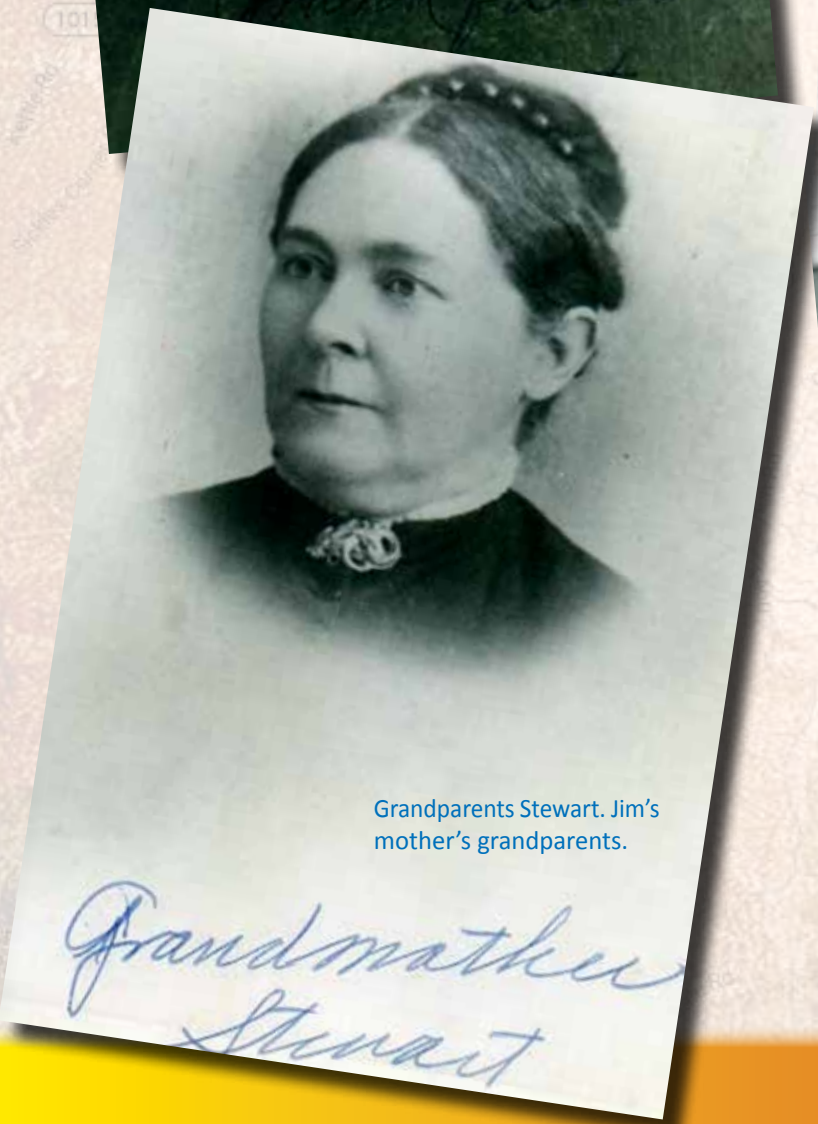
They knew how to dress then. Note where his frock coat is buttoned. Gentlemen of that period could leave their coat unbuttoned except for the button at the throat. This is James I. Maguire, Jim's, grandfather. He was 6' 4" and his father was 6' 6".

Harold Maguire, Jim's father.

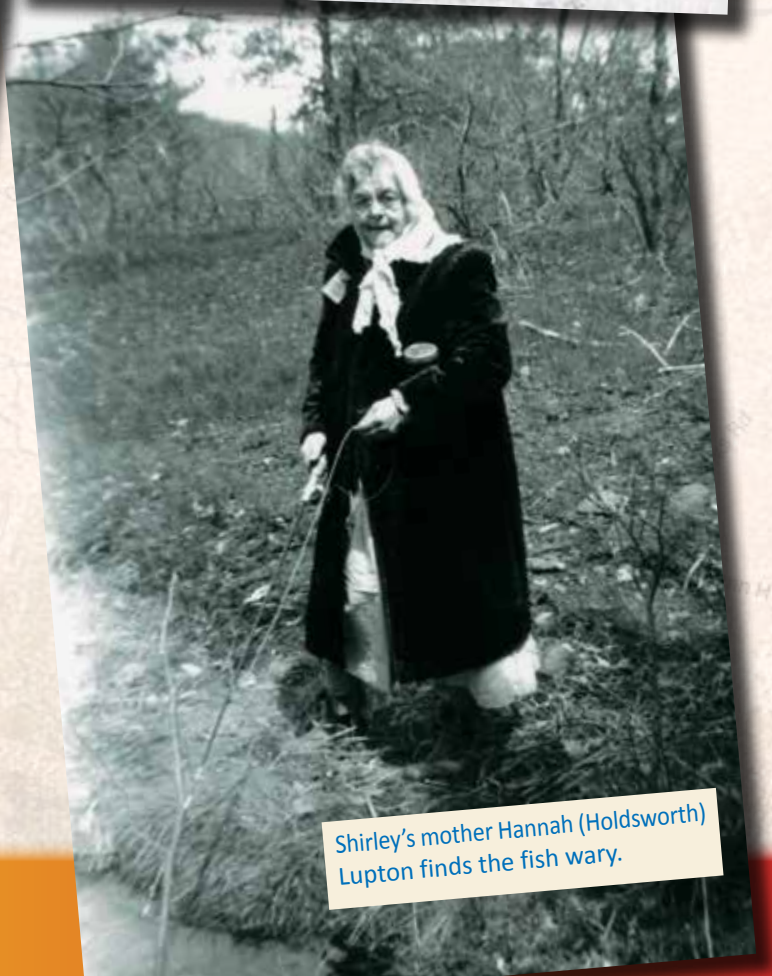
Rebecca Rhinehart, sister of Jim's mother, Mary Hurley Maguire



Jim's grandmother Fanny Hurley in Arizona made the hooked rug she holds.



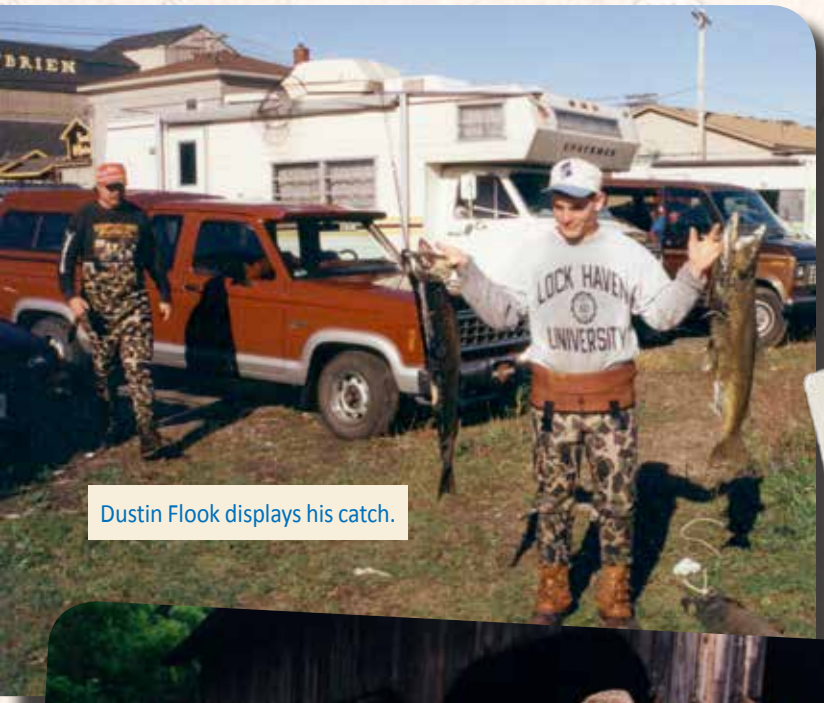
Grandparents Stewart. Jim's mother's grandparents.



Shirley's mother Hannah (Holdsworth) Lupton finds the fish wary.

A proud Jeff, son of Roy and Donna Timblin. About seven years old.

Held dear in grandchildren's memory is the "Charlie Brown" Christmas tree. Shirley labored to reconstruct a scrubby white pine only to see the dog destroy it.



Dustin Flook displays his catch.

"Before Lori."

Jim at his August 2000 induction into the prestigious Spruce Creek club.

The Maguire family for many years has been a friend of the Clinton County Partnership. October 2010 the family received the Frank D. O'Reilly award. From left, County Commissioner Adam Coleman, Bobby Maguire, Jim Maguire, Jimmy Maguire, and Partnership CEO Mike Flanagan.

So young, American and free. Heidi (left) and Rachel practice their Olympic event.

The End, and a fine way to finish. Rachel Maguire Hanna and Heidi Maguire Frank.

Rachel Maguire Hanna, daughter of Jimmy and Lori Deitrick Maguire

Family of Rachel and John Hanna
Rachel and John in front.
Rear from left, Jack, Olivia, and Dane

Eating The Burnt Ginger Snaps First

I can't write a story about my Grandfather without starting from the beginning. I need to acknowledge his mother, my Grandma #2 as we called her. It never dawned on me until many years later while telling my husband about her that the #2 could be taken in less desirable ways. It wasn't a ranking or a bathroom joke; it was just how we differentiated between Grandmothers. I adored her. I loved her big farmhouse, her stories and her old-fashioned ways. I treasure the quilts she made me. I loved that she was a school teacher, tricked us into eating the burnt ginger snaps first, and fearlessly lived alone in that big old house. She was tough, capable and wise. That generation amazes me; mine is pampered and spoiled in comparison. I'm saddened that not everyone is as lucky as I am to have had that influence in my life.

Now to my Grandfather, James H. Maguire. I don't think it would be possible for him to be raised by a woman like that and not turn out well. His stories, experiences and teachings are from a bygone era. He is carrying on her legacy. He lives by doing right by others. He worked hard, took chances, struggled a few times, and pushed on. He failed and succeeded. Clouded by the love of a granddaughter, I only see success. I see someone who valued his family, hard work, honesty and generosity.

One of my earliest memories was delivering food to all of our neighbors on the holidays. I remember lining the driveway and filling those huge buckets with canned goods, fruits, vegetables and meat. We delivered them by horse and buggy. My cousins and I took turns jumping out and carrying the food-laden buckets to each door. You set the food down, knocked on the door and left. No explanations or showy displays, drop, knock, back in the buggy and keep going. You didn't do things for the acknowledgment. You did them because it was the right thing to do. If you have enough to give, do it. If you don't have enough, find out how to do with a little less and do as much good as possible with what you can.

So many of my earliest memories involve doing family chores and things for others. How I still have all my fingers intact after peeling that many potatoes at such a young age, I'll never know! We had to haul firewood, help at the bed and breakfast and we spent a lot of time at that restaurant. I was lucky enough to sneak out of most barn duties. The perk of being on the tail end of a long line of grandchildren and small enough to go unnoticed at convenient times! I did however find my way to my grandfather's chair when he was due home because we would all fight over whose job it was to pull his boots off. Can you imagine? All of these things were done surrounded by cousins, aunts, uncles, parents and grandparents who loved us.

Learned Accountability

If nothing else from childhood I learned accountability. If one cousin didn't tattle on you another one surely would. I thought long and hard before I disobeyed because I knew it would get back to someone eventually.

My grandfather did a phenomenal job of seeking us out as individuals and making us take ownership. I caught the bus most mornings at the restaurant and got dropped off at the end of the day there. I had a to-do list and it was my responsibility to get it done. The times I didn't I was afraid to see him. Not because I had a fear of a punishment but because I knew he would be disappointed in me. To this day I don't think there is a worse feeling than disappointing someone you love and value.

It is funny how that restaurant, just a building, a business, became my safety net. It became a place where at any given time I could walk in and find someone who knew me. I never felt alone or like I was less than an important part of that family business. I knew how to chip in and help without being told and I also knew when to stay the hell out of the way!

Now, I'm a mother and my children love that place as much as I do. On any given day my lucky, lucky children can walk through those doors and see grandparents, great-grandparents, great aunts and uncles and more. It is not uncommon for four generations to sit and have a meal together. In a day and age where things have gained importance to us, my children have people who are important to them. Something as simple as a family restaurant that has given generations a common gift. Now as a parent, I struggle to find that balance in a time where it is so easy to give our children things just because we can. I want to give them the same things my grandparents gave me; responsibility, jobs, pride and ownership.

Is that all my childhood was? Chores and tough love? No way! I was a fortunate child. I had a mother and father who both came from strong close-knit families who valued family above all else. I got to feel pride in being a part of something bigger. It was about upholding family names that were hard fought to establish.

Choose Your Battles

I learned about choosing my battles and how to be resourceful. I learned respect and generosity. Once my grandfather gave me a gift of money toward something, more money than I thought I should have . . . I was embarrassed that he thought I was deserving of so much. I tried to refuse it, and he replied, "Sometimes you have to learn how to just say, 'Thank You.'"

So, my dear Grandfather, the "Pappy that Dances," for all you have given me intentionally or not, "Thank You."

Rachel Maguire Hanna, wife of John Hanna, mother of Olivia, Jack, and Dane

Jamie Maguire Trostle, daughter of Jimmy and Lori Deitrick Maguire

Olivia's christening photo
Left to right, Jamie Trostle, baby Olivia , John and Rachel Hanna, and Matt Maguire

Lining Up The 5-Gallon Buckets

I remember when we were young and the holidays rolled around, Gram and Pap always made sure those less fortunate had stuff to make a nice meal. They would line up the 5-gallon buckets, and all the grandchildren would help fill them up and then deliver them.

I also remember having fresh homemade potato chips on the cook stove.

Pap was and has always been a hard worker and has shared his fortune with others.

I'm so glad that he taught my Dad how to work hard and that I too have learned how to work hard.

I love you Pap!!!

Love,

Jamie Maguire Trostle, wife of Kevin Trostle, mother of Jameson and Hayes

From left: Jameson and Hayes Trostle, sons of Jamie and Kevin Trostle. Looks promising; about ready to eat?

Matthew Maguire, son of Jimmy and Lori Deitrick Maguire and brother of Jamie and Rachel

Alright, this is Matt Maguire, reporting on my Pap, James Harold Maguire. I have a lot to say, but there isn't enough paper. Ever since I was a little kid, I was lucky to spend a lot of time with him. To this day some people might not agree, but I am pretty good at running equipment, all thanks to Pap. Had he not given me the opportunity, I might never have known.

5 Years Old & Gray Hair

However, I do have two Paps, and I'll never forget the time I said I wanted to go to work with Pap, and they said, "Which one?" I said the one that doesn't work – meaning my other Pap who worked for Bell Telephone, and I couldn't go with him. I did spend a lot of time with him, tho. One time we were at the shale pit hauling mulch to the Lovette house, and Pap backed over the bank too far. There sat the old road runner tri-axle dump truck teetering on the lift axle. Pap looked over at me and said, "You'll have to put your foot on the brake, and hold the truck, so it doesn't go over the bank."

I couldn't sit in the seat, I was so small, I had two feet on the brake pedal and my hands on the steering wheel. That's all I could touch. Thank goodness the Terex was right across the street. I had to hold the brake till Pap got the Terex, took the bucket off and hooked me to pull me up over the bank. Damn near flipped it over, but we got it. At the age of five, I got my first gray hair!!!

No, The Dog Doesn't Lick My Ice Cream Cone

All that being said, I always liked running with Pap. If we went to the Pallet Mill in Avis, and I was lucky, we would go to the Dairy Queen, and he would buy me an ice cream cone. Pap would take two licks of

Who knows whose legs are being pulled here. Matt and Jim won't tell.

his cone, and let the dog have two licks. He'd look at me and say, "Aren't you going to share with the dog?"

I'd reply, "No. Do you know what he's been licking?" So, no, I didn't share my ice cream with his dog.

Well, hell, it's like the time we went to Kylertown and went to Grandma #2's house. Uncle Joe and his boys were doing hay. He said, "Matt, why don't you stay here tonight and help the boys. Uncle Joe will give you a ride home tomorrow."

We worked in the fields all day, and Grandma #2 told me to take a bath. She would give you two inches of water, and a tea towel to dry off on! Then you would have a spam sandwich for supper. So the moral of this story is my Pap Maguire has taught me a lot more than anyone else. If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't be the awesome operator I THINK I am. Ha! Ha!

He has given me lots of opportunities, and I have enjoyed many of them.

Thanks Pap

Matthew Maguire

Jim and Duke in the Terex, a huge earth-moving machine. Jim hooked this to the truck stopped on a bank.

Kerrie Bodle, daughter of Markay Maguire Conner and Wayne Flook

Family of Kerrie Bodle
Left to right, Nicholas DeHaas, Kerrie Ann Bodle, Nathan DeHaas, Shelly Jo DeHaas

Sitting On A JC Penney Catalog To Drive

I am Kerrie Bodle, the second oldest of the grandchildren. Wow, where do you start to say all the wonderful things about my grandparents and all the wonderful memories of life experiences that they have given me.

I am Deputy Director at Bellefonte EMS (Emergency Medical Services) and oddly enough my grandfather had a hand in my career. I remember Pap taking me out to drive when I could barely reach the pedals. In a pasture, he put me in an old jeep, put the gear in low range and said, "There you go, it's like steering your three wheeler." As he placed a big catalog under me (probably the big JC Penny one), he said, "Now

remember you have to slide off the catalog to give it some gas and then get back up so you can see where you're going!" As the years went on, I had lots of practice driving not just a jeep but trucks and heavy equipment.

I can't forget another of my grandfather's cautions about using equipment. "Make sure you check the oil!"

When I was sixteen I received my permit in the mail and I asked Pap if I could go that day and take my driving test. "Let's go," he replied. After the officer got out of the truck after the test, he looked at Pap and said, "This is definitely not her first day of driving." Pap looked at me and laughed and said, "I guess she passes."

In my career it's very important to have good senses and to be able to put that Freightliner Ambulance anywhere under any condition. If my grandfather would not have taught me how to handle equipment and how to drive in all situations, I would not be able to drive and feel comfortable transporting patients in emergencies.

Another great memory of my grandfather was the time he loaded some of us older grandchildren in the jeep (he had a special back seat that was raised and we could hold on to the roll bar) and take us over Pine Mountain to pick berries for Gram to make us jams and blueberry buckles. Pap gave us a one-gallon ice cream bucket and a cigar to keep away bugs while picking.

It was wonderful to have a swimming pool in the summer. Gram gave us school lunch trays, and she would have at least 10 kids a day at the pool swimming. Gram would prepare lunch. She'd ring the bell and say, "Dry off and form a line for lunch." Pap would come home for lunch and throw a big watermelon in the pool and tell us, "That's a snack for your Gram to cut up later." Pap brought big truck tire tubes home. We had so much fun with them, trying to get each other to fall off!

One year it had snowed a lot and Pap was out with the big green Terex, removing snow. He built us the biggest snow pile ever! It was almost as high as the barn. We played all winter on that snow pile digging tunnels and making slides. When it started to melt, he let us take a hose and wet it so it would freeze at night.

A Horse Named Jon

All I wanted was a horse! I was about five or six years old, and I kept asking Pap and Gram if I could have one. Well, Pap said yes and Gram wasn't too happy about it. She eventually gave in but the deal they made was that the horse had to be almost dead. Pap came home and said he had found a horse named Jon, and he was the best horse I ever had.

I am proud to be a grandchild of my Pap and Gram and am very thankful for the role they have played in my life. No words can compete with the love that they have given me then and now. Thank you both for everything you have given to me. Love, Values, and Support for anything I tried and didn't accomplish, and the things I have accomplished. I try to live by my grandfather's saying, "Nothing Ventured Nothing Gained." And to live by my grandmother's acts of kindness and love towards others. I will always treasure the memories of my grandparents and hope to continue to make memories with them for a long time to come.

In Memory Of Dustin, My Brother

My mom often tells the story about my brother's reaction when my grandfather dressed as Santa Claus and made his rounds. Dustin was three or four years old.

Pap always wore cowboy boots. He put Dustin on his lap and asked him what he wished for. Dustin answered, "Santa Claus, my Pap has cowboy boots just like yours." My grandfather and my mom have often laughed about that.

The grandchildren have changed. Taken about 1984, likely Christmas. Front row; Heidi Maguire Frank, Matthew Maguire, Jeff Timblin, Gwen Charles, Rachel Maguire Hanna. Second row; Dustin Flook, Jamie Maguire Trostle, Mary Maguire Wagner. Third row; Kerrie Flook Bodle, Jennifer Charles Shaffer, Patty Charles Hess. Picture taken at Becky Maguire's house

And Pap usually took Dustin for his hair cut at Ralph's Barber Shop. He and Pap always got the same hair cut. One day, a group of girls were swimming in the pool at Gram and Pap's, and Dustin walked over. The girls tried to touch Dustin's hair, and he warned them not to. Ralph had put Rooster Juice on it just as he did Pap's.

Kerrie Bodle

About seven years later. First row; Rachel Maguire Hanna, Heidi Maguire Frank, Charlotte McCloskey Fulger, Robert McCloskey, Jeff Timblin, Gwen Charles. Second row; Mary Maguire Wagner, Jamie Maguire Trostle, Dustin Flook, Patty Charles Hess, Kerrie Flook Bodle, Jennifer Charles Shaffer, Matthew Maguire. Taken at Shoemaker house at Jeff and Judy's wedding day.

Jennifer Charles Shaffer, daughter of Tom and Becky Maguire Charles

Family of Jennifer and John Shaffer
Emily, Elaina, Elizabeth, Jennifer and John

Charlie Brown's Christmas Tree Found

My earliest memory of hanging out with Pap was when my sisters and I would sit and watch the family practice their singing. Pap would sometimes have to entertain us so they could get their rehearsals done. One time he took us to the "Shanty," a small building overlooking one of the ponds in his development. It was made of rough-cut lumber and very primitive but well built. It was very peaceful there, and it had an old woodstove. He had a bunch of potatoes with him. Once the stove was good and hot, he would slice up the potatoes with his pocket knife and put them on the stove. We had to turn them and when they were done we could salt them and eat them. Always a lesson learned when traveling with Pap. This day I think we learned the stove was really hot, and we really could cook anything on it.

One year close to Christmas, Pap loaded us all in the Suburban to look for a Christmas tree for Gram. I can't remember who all was along, but there were a lot of cousins. We had fun singing through the woods and carrying on like kids do. There really wasn't much of a choice in trees. But we found a nicely shaped tree we thought would be perfect.

Now, it didn't have many branches on it but the shape was perfect. If you think of Charlie Brown's Christmas tree, this would have looked similar. It was a long-needle pine. All of us agreed on it!

Pap got out the saw but I'm thinking a typical steak knife would have cut it just fine.

We got out of the way as the tree came down. We grabbed a hold of it and hiked it out the woods and onto the top of the Suburban. Back at the house we started singing a Christmas carol because we were so excited about this tree. Pap helped us into the house. Gram was a little surprised at our tree. But she put it into the tree stand and gave some thought about how it was going to hold any kind of decorations. I still chuckle at how it looked in front of the rounded windows of that house.

A few Christmas's later, Pap took Kerrie, Patty, and me to deliver food buckets to people who might not have had a Christmas dinner that year. He was generous and

wanted to share the resources that God had blessed him with, but he didn't want them to know who they were from. So we had to knock on doors and say, "Merry Christmas from Santa" and walk away.

Hoped He Hadn't Put Her On A Killer's Porch

I tell you one thing; we had an eye-opening experience that night. I couldn't believe how many people still had dirt floors in their house, and instead of walls they used blankets. (This was about the late '70s.) We delivered about forty buckets that night. At the last house, it was my turn and Kerrie's. It was situated on a hill, and the house was falling off the foundation, and the porch light was an eerie yellow. Kerrie knocked on the broken screen door, and the guy who came out was happy to see us. He was unkempt and dirty to boot. He was missing most of his teeth and the ones he had hadn't been brushed for quite some time since green slime was hanging when he smiled at us.

Kerrie was off the porch quickly. I think I was in shock or something. Before I could get the heck out of there, he was making that finger motion to "come here." So even though I was nervous, I figured Pap wouldn't put us on some killer's porch so I moved closer. He grabbed me and kissed my cheek and said, "Thank you," over and over again. He motioned for Kerrie to come closer and get the same "Thank you" gift. We couldn't wait to get back in the car and tell Pap what had happened. That was a memorable night, and a great lesson in giving and in compassion for the less fortunate.

I'm sure there are so many more stories I could tell, like the day he drove a bunch of us in the jeep across the railroad bridge, or the many trips to Philipsburg to sing for Pap and Grandma #2, or playing house in the bed-and-breakfast or swimming in the freezing cold pool. But I will end with what a generous, interesting man Pap is! The stories he has told and lived out will forever remain in our hearts and minds.

Jennifer Charles Shaffer, wife of John Shaffer and mother of Emily, Elizabeth, Elaina

Patty Charles Hess, daughter of Tom and Becky Maguire Charles

Family of Patty and Eric Hess
Eric, Patty, Cayden, Averie, and Brielle Hess

A Modern-Day Tooth Fairy

When I think of Pap Maguire, I think of the saying, "Give a man a fish and feed him for a day, or teach a man to fish and he can feed himself and his family for all his days." Pap truly embodies this phrase. Since I was a very young girl, I have known Pap to be a very generous man. One of my fondest memories as a child was Christmas Eve when I was about eight. We filled buckets with food and personal items. Then Pap drove us around McElhattan, and we delivered the buckets to families. I can remember thinking he was a true Santa to many that night, and many times after that to other families. I remember Pap taking an entire family to the dentist. So I guess one could say he was a modern-day tooth fairy as well.

Pap would look for talents and skills in people and would find a job to fit that person. He didn't just help people by giving; he helped them by equipping them to be successful on their own. I suppose this came from Pap's own experiences. Having been a self-made, ambitious business man, he strived to give everyone their chance as well. Most of us grandchildren began our work experience at the restaurant. I was thankful for a job during my school age and college years.

On Safari In Clinton County

Pap supported learning, and even though he didn't have a college degree, he is one of the smartest people I know. My husband and our family always enjoy his conversations. He doesn't just talk about small things. He tells great stories and shares a lot of wisdom with me and my children. My kids would affectionately call him "the Pap that takes them on the Gator." Our children did not need to go on an African Safari; they could just go to Pap's place where it was easy to imagine you were on a safari with his Gator tours.

School teacher Patty Hess and her great-grandmother's school bell.

My children have enjoyed fishing in Pap's pond. My son is an avid outdoor child, and was as a very young boy. Cayden's first giant fish was caught in Pap's pond and many more after that. (He named his first fish "John Smith" from the movie Pocahontas, as he thought he was John Smith.) The pond is every fisherman's dream! It was also a blessing as a parent, as we knew he would catch one, and not come home disappointed!

Cayden Hess's big fish is also admired by sister Brielle. Taken at their great-grandfather's pond.

I attended college at Lock Haven University to get a degree in teaching. Pap's mom, Grandma #2 as we affectionately called her, also attended Lock Haven University in the days it was called a state teacher college. I was the first grandchild to go into the teaching field, which is why Pap gave me a little part of history, grandma #2's bell. I wish the bell could talk as I am sure it would speak of many stories and lessons to be learned as a teacher. When Pap gave me the bell, he told me that Grandma's father gave it to her when he dropped her off at her first day of teaching. It was a one-room school house and she taught k-12 in that one building.

The bell today is perched on a shelf in my house to remind me of Grandma #2, and the legacy she left with many children's lives, including my own. We walked around the pond, got eggs from the chicken house without getting attacked by the rooster, or played Yatzee in the living room with cousins.

Visiting Grandma was always referred to as "Going up Home." Most visits up home included singing at the church that my mom attended and homemade molasses cookies.

No Film In The Camera

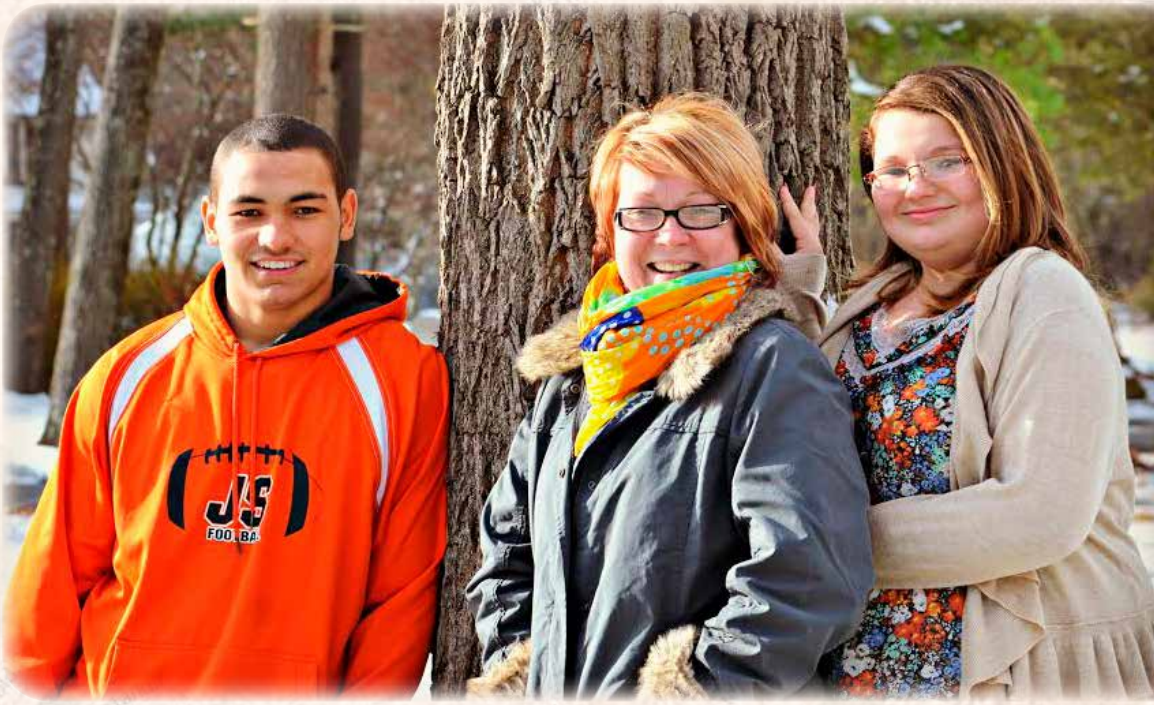
When I was in second grade, my parents took us on a cross-country trip in our Winnebago RV. Grandma #2 went with us. I can remember going down the highway, and seeing Gram, on her hands and knees looking for her card under the table. It was a funny sight as her spry eighty-year-old body bounced around in the RV while she looked for her lost card. She sat and played cards with us kids for many hours through the miles to the next campground. One of our stops on this trip was to take Gram to Arizona to stay the winter. I don't remember a lot about this trip, and we don't have any pictures to jog my memory. My mom took many pictures that trip, as it was a trip of a lifetime, and to have Gram with us was a memory. However, we do not have one photo from the trip because mom forgot to put film in the camera!

The Maguire's are a special family. I am both proud and humbled by the blessing that my family has experienced, mostly due to the family I was born into. They are hard working, honest people, who have lived their days as if each one was their last. I am sure one day they will receive the ultimate reward for their generosity, when they are called to Heaven, kneeling at the foot of Christ and hearing him say, "Well done my good and faithful servant."

Thanks Pap!

Patty Charles Hess, wife of Eric Hess and mother of Averie, Brielle, and Cayden

Gwendolyn Grace Charles, daughter of Tom and Becky Maguire Charles



Family of Gwendolyn Charles – Bryce, Gwen, Jozelyn

Some of my most memorable moments with Pap include Luke and Duke. Luke was Pap's "Black Beauty" horse. As a little girl I had always wanted my own black horse, and every little girl who ever loved horses wanted her very own "Black Beauty." I was a very lucky girl to have a Pap who had his own and even luckier that I was allowed to ride him. We all had the opportunity to enjoy Luke.

Duke was Pap's black Lab. Duke listened to Pap better than any of us grandkids ever did. If Pap was

around, you knew that Duke was right around the corner. Everywhere Pap went, Duke went too.

The winters were always exciting. I couldn't wait for the snow to start to fall, because we always went to see Pap, Luke, and Duke, and it was sleigh ride time. Even though horses are not supposed to canter when pulling a sleigh, Pap let Luke do it. Sometimes on command and sometimes not, but regardless, I loved it.

Gwendolyn Grace Charles, mother of Bryce and Jozelyn

Heidi Maguire Frank, daughter of Jeff and Robin Shadle Maguire

"You're Young, American And Free"

We may never know how our words affect the lives of others. People see how we conduct ourselves in all of our affairs. It is the combination of our beliefs, our words and our actions that define our character and earn us a proportional level of respect. My grandfather, James Maguire, has earned an immeasurable level of respect and knowledge. It is not through his business ethic or his wealth that he has affected my life but through his actions and his character. My Pap has a presence about him that exudes strength and wisdom. With nearly every interaction with him there has been a lesson to be learned. Most often that lesson is one of gratitude.

He has told me many times that I am what 90 percent of the world would love to be: young, American and free. All too often I wake up and face menial tasks and complain of stress and "luxury problems." It's true that to be young, American and free is a luxury.

I grew up a child of this luxury, not wanting for much. But in that process I had missed several life lessons that American youth commonly miss.

I expected things. I thought it was my right to have my wants and needs provided for. I lost sight of, or perhaps never had, respect for my elders and the value of the wealth of knowledge in their life lessons.

In my early twenties, I realized that my perspective was horribly wrong. I was incapable of responsibility and expecting others to hand me what I thought I deserved. Essentially, I was failing at life. In the midst of one of my painful realizations, I got into my car and drove. I did this frequently to escape and relax. This time was different; my car instinctively took me to his house. I was ashamed to knock on the door and expose the situation, but my Pap welcomed me and listened compassionately as I cried. He responded exactly how I expected him to.

Family of Heidi and Matt Frank – Matt, Carter, Heidi and Lilly

"If It's Meant To Be, It's Up To Me"

He didn't preach or scold. He shared with me his experiences, his struggles and most of all his hope. He was raised by a teacher and some of her experiences have passed to him. He is a teacher. He is not the type to "give a man a fish," so to speak. He teaches "him to fish." He taught me to accomplish what I wanted and to do it myself.

In my mind, I think I already knew the answer. It was a life lesson I should have learned long ago. It wasn't about what I deserved or what I thought was owed to me. This conversation with my Pap left me with realization that an important change was in order. His simplest words that night were, "If it's meant to be, it's up to me."

If those words had come from anyone else, they would have had little impact. But they didn't come from someone else. They came from a man who lived those words. A man who made great things happen in his life as a result of his hard work. I needed someone to believe in me, and he did.

I'm not exceptionally religious, but it is hard to deny there is a path we are all meant to take. There are people and situations strategically placed at exactly the right place and moment to guide us in the right direction.

Because of the man he is, he was able to point me in my intended direction. My direction today has a purpose, though I may not always know that purpose. I no longer sit back and expect things to happen to me. I make them happen. And great things have happened. In all of the chaos that is life, it is easy to get caught up in the process. It is with a still presence, a deep calm voice and humble wisdom that my Pap reminds me how lucky we all truly are.

With great respect and gratitude, I live by the words, "If it's meant to be, it's up to me."

Heidi Maguire Frank, wife of Matt Frank and mother of Lilly and Carter

First pickup ride, James Harold Maguire

The Luck Of The Irish – The $39,000 Weathervane

An "Irish Forever" green-and-white baseball cap rests on the dash of Jim's white pickup.

"Did I tell you the weathervane story?" he asks on our "pickup truck time." He had advised in the early stages of this project that we needed such travel.

Jim, his black Lab named Doc, and I were driving slowly past the Shoemaker barn with its triple cupolas, a weathervane atop the center one.

It's easy to visualize as an estate the large Shoemaker barn, the back pasture, and grand tall Victorian house shaded by huge oaks. A few years ago, a couple converted it into a bed-and-breakfast and restaurant. Food there was good; its absence was missed when the proprietors left.

I didn't answer, thinking of his earlier account of the Maguire family living here in the mid-1970s. So he launched into it. "We were doing some roof work

Original $39,000 weathervane pictured in Centerspread. This replacement sniffed the wind atop the barn now being converted to family office space.

North-facing view of Restless Oaks now maintained by Bobby Maguire. The Shoemaker house once sheltered more than 20 Maguires and friends. Called "Pennsylvania's folklorist," Col. Henry Shoemaker lived here for many years.

on the barn and took down the weathervane. This was in the 1970s. It was a big vane, an elk hound chasing an elk. Someone had shot holes in it, the entrance hole small, the exit hole large. The pigeons had gotten in the exit hole so there were feathers and you know what else was in there. A guy from Roan's auction house in Williamsport looked at it and grumbled we wouldn't get much for it, maybe $2,000 or $3,000. I told him that would at least get our roof fixed, to go for it.

"During the auction he called and said I'd never guess where it was. It was at $33,000. It sold for $39,000.

"A London artisan known to collectors made this vane. He made them in three sizes. Ours was one of the large ones, and he made only six of the big ones. Old Shoemaker must have brought it back from one of his European visits."

Jim laughs. "A weathervane selling for a third of what I paid for the Shoemaker house and acreage. In 1972 I bought it from an old man by the name of Kelly Shadle. He would turn over in his grave at the weathervane news."

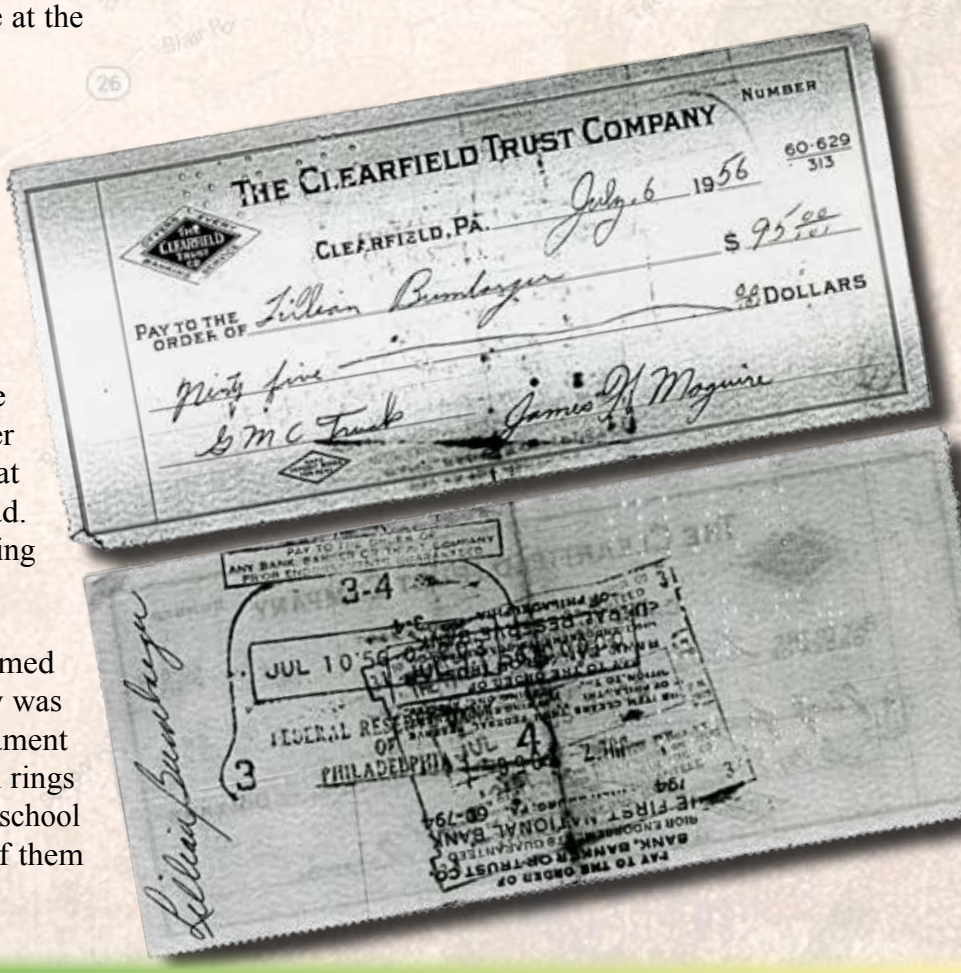
What Doc thought of this stroke of luck we'll likely never know. He is the fifth of a line of similar companions accompanying Jim in his pickups. Doc listens closely to his master but if his master leaves the truck first, Doc exhibits a distinct aversion to passengers leaving.

The "someone" who shot holes in the weathervane was son Jim. For him, the upper barn floor served as a fine shooting point that couldn't be seen by those passing on the road. "We still ate plenty of venison in those days living in the old Shoemaker house."

We're driving on Logan's Path, a trail named after the famous Cayuga warrior whose family was slaughtered on the Ohio River in 1774. His lament given later to a confidant of Thomas Jefferson rings down through the ages and was once recited by school children. Wayne Township supervisors, one of them

Jimmy Maguire, erected a sign commemorating the Indian trail.

We had traveled earlier to Jim's mountainside home. In his basement garage is a monster pickup, one he uses to pull trailers. Next to it sits a GMC truck. "My water truck from Clearfield County days," he says, "I'm restoring it." It's 1950s orange paint glows, labeling it "GMC" to anyone steeped in the 1950s. "Allis Chalmers orange," notes Jim.



"That water tank made no sound rolling through Lecontes Mills," he says of the incident vivid in son Bobby's recollections as well. "It was full of water. Yes, my heart was in my throat while the tank rolled."

Old railroad roundhouse timbers frame entrance to Jim's house.

Jim's house sits on a mountainside retreat with a "view 80 miles one way and 35 another." He points out Lock Haven water department's storage tanks next to the Linnippi Village development. "On a clear day you can easily see Williamsport."

Spotting scopes stand on tables. A viewer could spend hours at that pleasant task here.

It's hazy today. The mountainside site is such that green mountains and the West Branch valley appear in the distance with few intervening distractions. From the house and its long outdoor balcony, nearby neighbors along the blacktop road past his entrance drive cannot be seen.

Built off the driveway to Jim's home. Glenda hunts deer out of a similar tree stand. (Doesn't seem fair; she keeps warm with a heater.) A new use for an old cable spool. She can now shoot birds out of it. She won a shotgun as of May 2014.

On the entrance drive to the house a pond glimmered below. It beckons from the house balcony, one that looks as if it could accommodate a 50-foot rifle range.

Jim oriented his grand house on the mountain brow to catch the morning sun as it does here.

Fine stone work by the Jacob Brothers on Jim's house. Sandstone from McElhattan.

A House Fit For A Lumber Baron

He points to a winding staircase in the main living room, finely finished half-logs under the stair treads. Walls in the main room show the rich red of cherry, the pale of bold-grained ash, the tan-tinged white of oak. Tongue-and-groove maple and white pine line other walls. This paneling is neither the spindly thin wainscoting of today nor veneer plywood. It is full thickness board.

This house celebrates wood in its exterior and interior, what might be expected from someone with a lifetime of working in the woods. Rich chocolate of walnut end tables complements upholstery. The light tan of oak cabinets and a scroll-topped desk an Amish carpenter made for him are pocked with small holes. "Gypsy moth-killed wood," Jim explains.

Another of those scavenged feed mill wheels decorates the gallery.

No visitor forgets the curved staircase and bear that seems to support it.

Chandeliers cheer a dark day.

The desk's scroll top was made the old way, each of the movable top slats sliding in their grooves.

"Not one those canvas jobs," he says.

Some modern scroll tops use slats glued or stapled to canvas. Cheaper and easier that way. This top rolls up and down as smoothly as if butter-greased.

Glass-door wood-burning inserts fit in fireplaces. "About half the wood burned and twice the heat," he says, comparing the performance to an open fireplace. Next to the living room fireplace is a decorative water fountain. "To add moisture when the fireplaces burn."

We glide downstairs via an elevator made from forklift hydraulics and steel. "To bring wood in. Jim Miller wired the elevators. He's a great electrician. When he wired the Lizardville sawmill he did for $10,000 what the electric company would have charged $100,000."

A second elevator exists. In a basement room is a wood-burning boiler.

Some of the downstairs doors are four feet wide. A foot from other doors was ripped and glued to three-footers. Fine work. The seams are not noticeable.

Another heavy wood door saved from a building shuts with that familiar metallic slam of the latch heard when walk-in food freezers shut. That's just what it is; an old, nicely grained heavy-duty freezer door.

Outside retaining walls and the indoor fireplaces show similar stone work, the same style as the Restless Oaks restaurant fireplace. "All laid up by Jacob Brothers, the same people who did the stonework for the restaurant. It's sandstone. It came from McElhattan."

His log home is large. Few if any of the 800 he sold match this one. "Years ago I went to Maine to buy a couple of log houses for a shop and office. The owner there said that if I bought three homes, I'd become a dealer.

"I said, 'Okay.'"

Jim gestures to the front entrance. Logs project from the roof and ceiling to form a chalet-style roof. He points to holes in the concrete porch floor. "They wanted to put in posts and said they couldn't carry the roof projection without posts. I didn't want posts and said the cantilevered assembly would work. We installed heavy bolts to tie the roof-support logs together. They haven't moved."

Cable Spools Make Deer Stands

Along the entrance road and high in a tree stands a deer stand. It's big and it's round. "Made it from a big cable spool. The walls are plexiglass."

Wood for the fireplaces? "We have about five years worth stacked."

We drive a minute or two to a huge open air shed. Stacks of cut and split hardwood rank to the roof. Jim points to roof supports saved from dismantled buildings.

Not far away down a woods road is another tree stand. This one is set up with the familiar round spool but sports a wood walkway that slopes gently off a bank to the spool floor. "Glenda likes to hunt deer so I made her a stand easy to get into." Glenda Shearer has been Jim's partner for many years.

We drive down to the pond seen earlier, Doc bounding ahead, a choice bit of wood in his mouth.

Jim stops at the pond chalet to load a drinking cup with fish food. He points to a pull-out sofa and a stove. The windows were saved from another place, the large cabinets likewise.

There's water, a sink, a wood stove, and a restroom. "A place to rest, to get the cobwebs out, and all the comforts of home."

Pond water boils with trout as fish food hits the surface. He points out sunnies in quiet water. "We have a rule for fishing. Kids can keep what they catch as long as their mothers will clean and cook the fish. Adults must throw them back."

Comfortable chalet overlooks pond. Called "Bear Trap" by the family. Cayden's big fish (see Grandchildren's chapter) grew up here.

A dock made of aluminum grating over plastic barrels bobs a trifle as we walk on it. Doc doesn't join us. "He doesn't like the dock. Some young fellow on work release from the county jail built the dock in a few hours. There's something wrong with this country when someone who can work like that is put in jail."

About a half acre, the 18-foot-deep pond is another example of Irish serendipity. "I had the water for it and a marshy depression. And clay nearby to line it. One heavy equipment operator said it would take a month or more to dig it out. I said, 'No.' In two weeks he finished it."

A pipe dribbles water into the pond as he speaks.

His entrance sign just off blacktop 664 fits his house and this park. The sign is of horseshoes on heavy logs. The timbers came from the old railroad roundhouse at Oil City, he told me.

Jim spoke earlier of family picnics around the pond. "And there were picnics four times a year for employees at the Shoemaker place when we lived there. At these events I always watched the alcohol carefully. The limit was three drinks or three beers. Less if I saw someone getting rowdy. Drinkers got a card, and the bartender punched a hole for each drink. Three holes was it. I knew those who couldn't handle alcohol and flagged them early."

On the ride past the original Woolrich mill, now a gift shop, Jim circles around the rear. The rear addition with its shed roof is new although the brick match closely to the original of the 1830s mill. A water wheel

Plum Run mill where John Rich began weaving wool cloth in 1830. A century and more later, walls were bowing and floors settling. Jim bought the structure most thought couldn't be saved. He and his crew installed rods threaded to outside flanges. Iron S flanges show in inset. After some weeks, the walls straightened and the floors leveled. For sale today (May 2014).

that drove the machinery inside had been in that space. The building housing it had been torn down long ago.

"They didn't realize the brick were sun dried, that the weather could work on unsealed brick exposed to it. The walls had bowed out, and the floor joists had begun to come out of the sockets in the interior of the walls. Experts said the building was unsalvageable. Russ Brayton, president of Woolrich then, wanted to sell it for $28,000. I offered $8,000. They said to come by and sign the papers.

"We installed long rods in the space between floors and ceilings. They were threaded on the ends. Square steel plates threaded to take the rods fit on the outside of the walls. We cleaned the dust and dirt out of the wall sockets, jacked up the floors to match the sockets, and began to turn the rods. I said we'd take only a turn or two each week. One guy wanted to do that faster but I told him we should follow nature's course.

"After some time, the walls were plumb, the floors in place and level. We took the plates off and threaded black S-shaped steel retainers on the rods."

The mill once housed an antique shop on the lower floor and then a restaurant. A gift shop filled the top two floors. Not bad for an unsalvageable building.

Out the Sulphur Run Road northwest of Avis, Jim stops to point out a ranch house. "That's the house we moved into when we came here from Clearfield County. I bought five acres from Ransom Swinters – I think that was his name – and set the house off the road farther than neighbors. They asked why we didn't build closer to the road. (Pine Creek flows next to the road.) In the '72 flood, water came up to the rise, just short of coming into the house."

Jim brought his family from Clearfield County to this Pine Creek home in 1967. Shirley wanted a dishwasher. Jim told her she had daughters.

Jim was running a Homelite dealership at that time, and he "told the boys to take pumps and pump the mud out of houses and they did."

Down the road near Phelps Chapel United Methodist Church, he recounts the story of an elderly couple who did not believe the '72 flood would reach them. "Mr. Carson whacked me with his cane and said they'd never been flooded and to get out of here. But when the water started rising, he agreed to leave." Jimmy also remembers them rescuing the couple, the woman recovering from a broken hip. They took her out through the rising water in the bucket of a front-end loader.

Shirley Washed Potatoes In Her Maytag

"We emptied three freezers of food feeding neighbors during the '72 flood. We always had lots of canned food too. Each year Shirley would put up about 2,000 jars. We canned everything, including meat. We heard of a farmer with a field of marble-sized potatoes, and he told us to come get them. We did by the buckets full. Shirley washed them in her Maytag ringer washer and cold packed them in 200 jars. Fried with meat . . . holy mackerel that was good eating."

He drives into Kraig Brady's driveway not far from Jim's former Pine Creek home to point out the chainsaw carver's workshop. Several tall figures of woodsmen stand partially done. "He's away, probably teaching. Those carvings are commissioned for a CCC camp event."

Several local Civilian Conservation Corps camps of the 1930s are being commemorated.

Brady's sculptures stand inside and outside Restless Oaks Restaurant. A Minnesota Indian casino bought one of his eagle figures.

Driving into Avis, Jim says that Shirley didn't want to move from her modern Pine Creek house to the old Victorian Shoemaker home. "I bought it and acreage from Kelly Shadle for $90,000. Now you know why the $39,000 weathervane tickles me so much."

He drove into the yard of a pallet mill just off Central Avenue in Avis. The mill is quiet this day but when "I bought the mill from Roy Dunlap, we worked about twenty men here. He financed the deal and kept the deed. Took a while but we finally got black numbers out of it."

He drove around the well-known Kliney Home Furnishings property on Woodward Avenue. Kliney's large log building and its basement once served as the Maguire saw shop. Two smaller log homes in the rear also served the outfit. One with white chinking housed their office. "We sold some eight hundred log homes. Doug Myers was head carpenter – what a man. We got into that business primarily to market the white pine we were cutting."

Kraig Brady's Pine Creek workshop. Statue to go to a Clinton County Civilian Conservation Camp site. Brady's chainsaw statures decorate Restless Oaks Restaurant. And a Minnesota Indian casino.

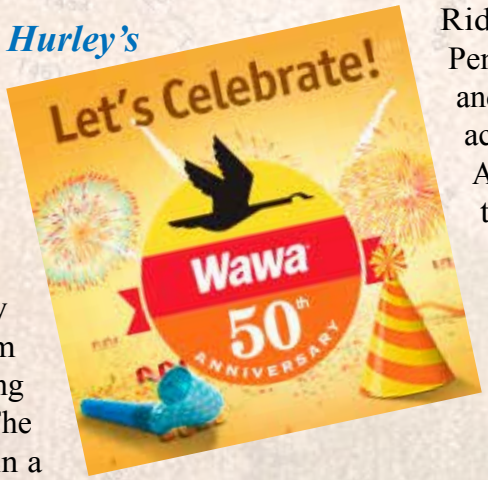
The story of how Jim acquired the Woodward Avenue property starts with a local character by the name of Fred McKinsey. Jim said he was the first pipeline man to come here when gas was found in the Renovo area. "I was warned not to buy it. One person told me of many liens against it. A very sharp woman I employed checked it and told me there were only two liens against it. At the sale Fred appeared and took his money, said he could pay some creditors and did. Then he said, 'Gentlemen, that's it, I have others uses for the rest of this money,' and he left. In short, I bought it at a good price."

Driving across the bridge into McElhattan, Jim points out a small U-shaped house with white-shingled walls. "That was John Chatham's farm house; we bought his farm and put the Chatham Village trailer court on it nearly thirty years ago. Eight trailers per acre are allowed. We put four per acre and kept the trees. We put in underground utilities. The court has natural gas, sewer, and water. We were required to keep open space and we did. About a hundred homes here. A very desirable place to live."

We drive by the NAPA auto parts store on Bellefonte Avenue. "Our first sawmill was behind the store, then the Army Reserve building. Across the road was a gas station run by Janet Meyer. He extended us credit. He was a good neighbor.

"When we cut wood, I worked in rain and snow with the men. I never asked a man to do what I wouldn't do. If I didn't know how to do it, I found someone who did. Like Henry Ford."

Bicentennial Logging & Uncle Hurley's WaWa Connection



From the Wawa.com website. See Uncle Hurley's connection nearby to the East-Coast food store chain.

August 1976, Uncle John Hurley wrote Jim a letter congratulating him on a Bicentennial story in The Evening Bulletin newspaper of Philadelphia. The Bulletin reporter wrote of standing in a "Cathedral of Tall Pine," a virgin pine forest that a Maguire logging crew was thinning. And the sense of place, of trees 200 years old, "maybe as old as the country." The reporter writes of 19-year-old Jim trading "two worthless baby pigs for a chain saw, cutting scrub timber on his father's farm, selling it, and cutting some more."

"Now it's all worth about $2 million. Sawmill, six logging crews felling timber through 120 miles of forest. An office located in a $100,000 log cabin filled with Wild West Furniture, cowhide rugs and Indian blankets (the current Kliney's location on Woodward Avenue.)

A recurring theme in the Bulletin story is starting from nothing in America. "I did it," said Jim, "there's no place for starting out from nothing like good old America. The whole thing is hard work and a little help from your Maker." He was worried in 1976 as he is now about our fantasy world, one where "people don't have to do anything. Don't have to produce. Just consume. It frightens me. More and more people just aren't contributing enough to support their existence.

"I thank my Maker I was a farm boy. You grow up in the country, you learn how to support yourself."

Uncle Hurley was another self-starter, according to Jim. He served as general manager when the famous WaWa chain of convenience and grocery stores got its start. He then lived in Media, PA.

According to Wikipedia, WaWa Food Markets opened their first store April 16, 1964, under the guidance of Grahame Wood, in Folsom, Ridley Township, Delaware County, Pennsylvania. This location is still open, and many Wood family members remain active in the company as of July 2009. Although WaWa is a family-run business, the employees of WaWa also hold considerable stock. Most WaWas are open 24 hours per day, 7 days per week. The chain's name comes from the site of the company's first milk plant and corporate headquarters in the WaWa, Pennsylvania area. WaWa

is the Ojibwa word for the Canada Goose (see "The Song of Hiawatha.") An image of a goose in flight serves as the WaWa corporate logo.

Siding Needed To Ship Railroad Ties

In Mill Hall at Webb's Fertilizer he stops to recount a battle to buy a railroad siding behind Webb's – "seems like they've been there forever" – and some twenty acres. "We needed the siding to ship railroad ties. More economical that way than by truck." He points out the original railroad bed west of Pennsylvania Avenue. "That house sits on the old bed."

Two sets of tracks curve nearby. One ends with a rusty blue caboose on it. That's the track that ran across the road. The other curving behind Webb's is the siding Jim wanted.

Brick home moved by Jim's crew to Lizardville was in the path of a new road. An early 1900s mail order house from Montgomery Ward, its origin was proved by attic papers. In the path of the road, he didn't have much time to move it. Go find another house for under $2,000.

End of the trail. Jim and sons once shipped railroad ties near this Mill Hall caboose.

In financing the siding deal, Jim worked with a local bank and that bank stopped his credit. Jim never knew why his credit was frozen. A member of the group that also wanted the siding talked to Jim years later about the incident. He said his conscience had bothered him ever since. He had got the bank to freeze Jim's credit line. Jim shook his hand and told him he had done him a favor. "I went to a Jersey Shore bank and got better terms. We used that siding for 15 years. And we tore out the railroad bridge there and used the steel for our sawmill up the road."

He drove to the Lizardville sawmill, now the Pine Creek Lumber Co. owned by Max Bingaman & Son. "He's the biggest hardwood dealer east of the Mississippi. We ran it twenty hours a day for ten years and one shift from then on." A Caterpillar loader lumbered by, clutching a batch of cherry logs in its front claws. "A lot of money there. Veneer logs." He looked at the mill. "Doesn't look much different from the days we ran it."

A two-story brick house sits nearby. "That's the house we moved here from Mill Hall. I passed a bulldozer parked near the house in the way of a new road. I stopped and asked if I could have the house.

'$500 and it's yours but you must move it in two weeks.'"

The two weeks turned into four, and the move cost $8,000. In the attic were receipts and other papers revealing it was an early 1900s Montgomery Ward mail-order house (Sears sold them too). The price was $1,995 complete.

Jim rented it for many years. The dwelling sits on the north side of the main street of Lizardville (downstream from Salona).

"I came back from an Australia trip, that's when the Avis banker sold me the shop and apartment house at Lizardville."

McGee Saves The Day

He spoke of sawing railroad ties and an agreement with Koppers Company to finance the mill. Koppers buys ties and creosotes them. "I owed Koppers a half million dollars in 1972."

The Koppers Tower in Pittsburgh is a 1920s art deco skyscraper.

"We got the half million down to a quarter million in five years. But Koppers was going to take the mill. Mike Kerr of Kerr-McGee brought a check and paid them off. Then he said something like, 'As this is now private property, please leave.'

"We had shipped a batch of ties that graded as fours or fives. Ties go from one to five, five the best. Mike knew about that and wanted our product.

"Lucky for me my lawyer had inserted a clause in our agreement that I could sell my ties to anyone." The chapter on Wood Chips has more on this story.

Concrete Floor Bulges After Soil Stability Guarantee

We drove to the Wayne Township Landfill. Jim is chairman of the Clinton County Solid Waste Authority, the governing board of the landfill. He owned almost all the current landfill land on both sides of Route 220. His outfit had shops there. In a complex series of moves – eminent domain was threatened – the landfill bought his land for some $750,000. He didn't care for the eminent domain threat. "We ought to be able to deal, to trade," he told them. "So round and round we went, trading land and moving."

He did just that when the Clinton County jail wanted to expand on the upper side. They needed part of the famous pasture that once accommodated George the bull who captured runaways. Horses grazed there in later years. They trotted to the fence for apples, delighting a granddaughter.

"I said I'd give them what they needed in exchange for permits to build and expand nearby. My boys thought that was a poor deal. I explained the advantages and we did the exchange."

He drove to a large shed on the west side of Route 220 on landfill ground. "This was once our workshop," he explained. "When we moved here on one of our first land exchanges, I asked if the soil was suitable for building."

"Oh yes."

"I want an engineer's certificate to that effect. I got it.'"

The concrete shed floor is monstrously bulged as though one of those Disney pool wave makers had been at it.

When he informed landfill managers, they told him it was his problem. They'd forgotten their engineer's certificate.

At the current landfill's recycling shop on the east side of 220, he shows me the underside of the metal roof. Parts of its supports look like an upside down railroad bridge. "That's what it is. It carried hoists big enough to lift entire log trucks. And we built the shop with a heated floor. We were only in it six or seven years before the landfill took it."

We stop at another landfill shop that services their trucks and other earth-moving equipment. “This was our shop at one time. Now it’s too small for some landfill equipment.”

He points to the huge pit on the west side of Route 220. Long-armed excavators work there. “We must go twenty feet deeper.” We’re looking at the original landfill. Its waste is being moved to the new landfill, preparatory to lining the original for future use.

Stone rumbles off the ends of long, slanted conveyor-belt machines that screen soil. “Innovative work here. Saving stone from the site, rather than buying it.”

Not far away is a new railroad siding. “They’ll be shipping garbage from Allentown, for instance. Rail is more economical and will keep many trucks off the roads.”

On the working landfill portion, monster-wheeled compactors crush and distribute garbage. Jimmy explained in an earlier visit that GPS sensors on the vehicles allow operators to compact waste until it reaches exactly the desired compaction. And the same technology permits landfill operators to record the location in the landfill of a given load of garbage. “So if a law enforcement agency, for example, wanted to find something suspected to have been thrown out in someone’s garbage, they’d know where to search.”

The landfill is constant motion. Long-armed back hoes far larger than common ditch diggers claw dirt and garbage while off-road trucks growl past municipal garbage trucks on their way to unload.

A line of these heavy-duty back hoes sits nearby. The Volvo company brought them in for a demonstration.

Jim spoke earlier of “innovative work here.” In another project, landfill shop workers took a piece of Volvo equipment and re-worked it into something more suitable to their needs. The Swedish company grumbled that it wouldn’t back the warranty. After company representatives saw the benefits of the modifications, they paid for landfill workers to visit Sweden and explain their improvements.

A pickup on its way out stops in the wash rack for a mud-removing bath. A truck passes carrying huge stumps, “likely the debris from a gas drilling site,” notes Jim. “Landfill receipts are up.”

Near mulch piles the size of railroad cars, a tub mill accepts stumps, pallets, and other wood debris. Rocks clutched in stump roots do not stump this machine.

Wayne Township residents may truck away four yards of free mulch. All others pay.

Methane from the landfill is piped to Jersey Shore Steel a few miles away. “That gives the landfill income and Jersey Shore Steel gets energy at a price that keeps it in business,” says Jim. “We have excess methane, and looked at selling it to Lock Haven University but laying pipelines and other factors made that too expensive. We also looked at compressing and bottling it like propane but it wouldn’t burn well in propane or natural gas stoves.”

Jim is on a mission (May 2014) to publicize landfill contributions to both Clinton County and Wayne Township. He says the county receives $3 per ton of waste delivered and the township $1.25 per ton. Tipping fee contributions translate into $6.3 million received by the county since 2001 and $4.45 million by Wayne Township. The county reimbursement alone saved taxpayers 3 mills of taxes for thirteen years.

Wayne Township residents pay no township taxes as a consequence of income from the landfill and the industrial park. Most rural townships have little income, hence some envy.

The landfill a few years ago contributed to the construction of the sewage overflow tank in Bald Eagle Township. That 3-million gallon tank serves as a safety valve for the East Nittany Valley Joint Municipal Sewer Authority, the Mill Hall sewer system, and the Lock Haven treatment plant during peak flow times.

Landfill recycling operations continue throughout the county. State grants help to fund this work. During river clean ups, landfill workers haul tires and other debris. Tires are accepted free twice a year from any source.

In addition, shooting ranges at the Southern Clinton County Sportsmen's Association were built by landfill earth movers. The CCSA facility is the only modern range in the county. Law enforcement personnel qualify there.

The Keystone Central school board also benefitted when landfill workers helped construct the athletic field.

The landfill's beneficial impact in such ways is not well-known, and Jim intends to fix that.

Old YMCA Roof Beams Drain Roads

Near the heaved-floor shed – now landfill storage – and not far from the signature landfill mulch piles, a new business works off the Marcellus shale boom. Stacks of pipe about three-quarters the length of a roadside power pole await attention. It's spring steel pipe, explains Jim, about $3,000 apiece, and one end is threaded. After use, that end must be re-threaded. The company that does this is Guardian. Jim explains that this pipe makes the curve where the well goes from vertical to horizontal. Another example of natural gas bringing jobs and money into the local economy, he says.

Near the Guardian site, long concrete U-channels rest on the ground. "These were saved from the old Lock Haven YMCA."

They serve as water channels on his mountain home entrance road. He cut them to span the road, dug them into the road open U up, and spanned the open portion with steel grating. They collect the water from the upper side ditches as well as any running down the dirt road. That prevents channeling.

Landfill Natural-Gas Filling Station Opens

Fill up your natural gas trucks and cars here. Only one in Clinton County sits next to Wayne Township Landfill. As landfill authority chairman, Jim favors this advance.

Near the concrete channel storage site at the end of Fritz Road stand green and white natural gas pumps. Landfill vehicles access the slow-fill side while the public taps the fast-fill CNG (compressed natural gas) islands. The fuel flows from nearby pipelines filled by Marcellus shale gas.

Nine of the landfill's 25 heavy trucks have been converted to burn natural gas and diesel. Gas replaces 60 percent of diesel, and at $2.09 per gallon versus $4 for diesel, it offers a clear advantage.

Landfill manager Jay Alexander projects large savings. He says fuel savings are vitally important to keep costs down and hold landfill disposal charges steady. "We've either lowered or maintained the tipping fee over the past 10 years," he said in a March 2013 Lock Haven Express story by Wendy Stiver. He'd like to smooth this path made rocky by rising health care and other costs.

In 2012, the landfill's diesel fuel bill was $2 million. The long-term savings in favor of dual-fuel CNG vehicles are huge.

Jim has already bought a dual-fuel pickup equipped to burn natural gas as well as gasoline. He said in an

earlier story that he planned to put his money where his mouth is. In addition to fuel savings, tailpipe emissions drastically drop, and he cites major clean-air advantages when more of the national truck fleet converts to natural gas.

He's a believer in natural gas vehicles and likes the energy conservation factor as well as cost savings. As landfill authority president, he applauds the authority's five-year plan. According to Express reporter Stiver, the landfill's cost to convert nine vehicles is $360,000. Five more will be converted in 2014, including some off-road equipment.

And we finish back at Restless Oaks Restaurant.

Second pickup ride, James Harold Maguire

Roots

We're driving west on Route 80 on a sunny, balmy late October day to Snow Shoe, Centre County, and a Civil War lesson unknown to me. Jim tells me that sometime during the Late Unpleasantness, the Federals in Philadelphia got scared and wanted to safeguard their gold. They sent it north to Snow Shoe after extending the railroad some twenty miles from Snow Shoe Intersection (now Wingate) in the Bald Eagle Valley. Portions of the railroad were built in 1859, '61, and '63 according to some Internet sources. The road's switchbacks on the mountain above Gum Stump were legendary.

The story goes that a bank was built in Snow Shoe village to hold the gold. On our return trip, Jim points out the building he believes qualifies.

We're off to explore Jim's roots, where he started his family, where his great-grandfather cleared land and farmed. Where he and friends found a case of beer under a tractor – finders keepers, losers weepers – and where one of his old logging trucks sits silent. Where he and his crew floated a Bicentennial lumber raft to commemorate those old-time logging days. And past a right turn we didn't take that led to the New Garden of his coal-hauling youth, a site once a stop on the Civil War Underground Railroad.

Front end of the wagon that carried the Hurley family across the West Branch. Jim's mother was worried as the river slapped the horse's bellies. Wagon frame hangs in Restless Oaks Restaurant.

"I'll show you where the wagon hung from the Restless Oaks ceiling crossed the river in 1904," says Jim as we leave from the Restless Oaks Restaurant. "That was on the West Branch below Frenchville, and Mom as a little girl was scared they would drown. When she and Dad began housekeeping they started in a little house over the spring on the Hurley farm that would later become our homestead."

> Snow Shoe Township was erected out of Boggs Township January 27, 1840. Surveys were made in this township as early as 1773 known as the "Snow Shoe Camp Surveys." The remainder of the lands was not appropriated until 1792 and 1793. The first permanent settler was John Bechdol in May, 1818. Snow Shoe village is a well-known summer resort and was laid out in 1858. It is 850 feet above Bellefonte and about 2000 feet above guide water. The township is remarkable for the amount of coal contained within its limits.
>
> (SOURCE: *Eleventh Census of the Population of the United States Published by Boroughs and Townships,*

in Connection with a Business Directory of the Same, Bellefonte, Pa., 1890.)

Tractors Pose For Pinchy Calendar

Only a few miles north of the Snow Shoe Route 80 interchange, we came on two men cutting brush along the Snowshoe Road leading through Graham Township. They are Rich Hurley and Ivan Kyler. Friends of Jim, they made instant contact. They hadn't seen each other for years. "Rich Hurley is a second cousin, a grandson of my mother's brother. I remember us building a trailer for my dozer used in the woods. I told him I needed one. He said come into the garage, we'll make one. About one o'clock in the morning we pulled the trailer out of the garage."

"Jim, stop at the township building, there's a calendar in my truck parked there," said Rich. "We built the calendar around a tractor parade at Pinchy.

That's the local name for the locale near Palestine, Clearfield County. This was the fourth annual parade, held October 13. The fifth rolled 2013 on Saturday October 12. We stop at the township building. Jim takes calendars from Hurley's pickup. September features a 1943 Case driven by Joyce Carr. The Carr name shows up elsewhere in this biography. (Jimmy said Mercer Carr lived with them.) Rich Hurley entered four Allis Chalmers.

This is farm and tractor country. White Tail Alley and Turkey Foot Road are close by.

Name Called In Cemetery

We come to a cemetery and a church on a bend in the road that shows on the map as Palestine. Jim's parents and relatives rest here, and we walk among the stones, Jim hears his name called. That, he laughs, could be unsettling.

Something about premonitions or ghosts, and only a week from Halloween.

But no, it's someone outside the white church, waving. We've stopped at the Palestine United Methodist Church, 4228 Schoonover Road, where Jim and his family worshiped during their Clearfield County years. Jim hasn't been up this way for twenty-five years or so but folks recognize him. After all, in his late teens he carried the mail through here when he had some 220 stops. Now the route services more than 4,000, he's heard. Snow Shoe village was halfway through his RD route.

In the Palestine graveyard stands a white stone, "Thomas Welker, 1895-1965, Pvt Co L 167th Inf 42nd Div, WWI." This is the uncle Bobby Maguire remembered as does his father. "He was gassed in the war, and often had to slow up to get breath." Ada G. Welker rests next to him, "1902-1973, Wife." Bobby remembers her in his chapter.

November 1917 the 42nd left for France, and fought in the bloody battles of Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, Saint-Mihel, and the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. In total, the noted Rainbow Division saw 264 days of combat. One of its WWI commanders was Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

Maguires are buried in Row 3, according to the Clearfield County, PAGen Web Archives list. Great-grandfather "James Maguire, 08 Mar 1835-Nov 1906, Rev. War PA. Vol" is inscribed on one side of a pillar-style stone. The opposite side commemorates wife Emiline F. Maguire, 15 Nov 1832-20 Mar 1900. A Grand Army of the Republic (GAR) Civil War marker stands by the stone. The dates on it validate that time period and not the "Rev War" designation.

Civil War soldier James Maguire, Co. K, 84th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

Co. K of The 84th PVI

James Maguire, great-grandfather of Jim, served three years in Company K, 84th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, a 3rd Corps regiment. Gettysburg.stonesentinels.com/PA/84Pa.php shows this picture and enlargements of the panels describing the regiment's role there. A map locates the monument.

Page 1023 of a Commemorative Biographical Record held by Jimmy leads to James Maguire who "In Clearfield, in the fall of 1861 . . . laid aside all personal interests and enlisted in Company K, 84th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, and was mustered in at Harrisburg, Pa." The same biographical record gives his father as Mark Maguire, son of Michael Maguire of Huntingdon whose Indian wars account appears in this publication's front matter.

The Eighty-Fourth's soldiers fought at Fredericksburg. They bled the slope red under Marye's Heights and its sunken road. Gen. Burnside of the Army of the Potomac foolishly kept sending his men up the hill into Lee's cannon on the heights and into Southern muskets behind the stone wall of the sunken road. Soldiers of the Federal army's Irish Brigade that bloody day died by the hundreds, as did many more Union men.

J. Irvin and Lula Maguire. Grandchildren: Darrell McDowell (standing, left), Don McDowell (on lap of J. Irvin), Theada McDowell (center), other children unknown. Jim's grandparents on his dad's side. Taken in 1935.

Maguire's regiment fought at Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and other great Civil War battles. The 84th was credited at Gettysburg, although it didn't fight there. It did yeoman service guarding wagons supplying Gen. Meade's army. Proof of that resides in a handsome regimental battlefield monument. Jealousy arose after the war as to who might place a monument at Gettysburg, and the fact the 84th got one shows it proved its value.

James Maguire could tell us much. Bates's "History of the Pennsylvania Volunteers" shows his name in a Co. K roster. That roster shows him "unaccounted for" when the men of the 84th mustered out in 1865. But he earned his pension; his biographical sketch reports that he was honorably discharged in the fall of 1864. From his military papers, we know he knew mules and horses. He was a brigade teamster.

For more on the 84th and 57th, type their names into your browser.

According to the biographical record, "Mr. Maguire takes a prominent part in the work of the Republican Party, which he always supports by his ballot, and for two terms has held the office of supervisor of his township." If critics ask Jimmy what experience he has for township supervisors, he can justly tell them, "It's in my blood."

Next in the gravestone line are Lula Maguire, 1880-1948, Mother, and J. Irvin Maguire, 1867-1943, Father. They are Jim's grandparents.

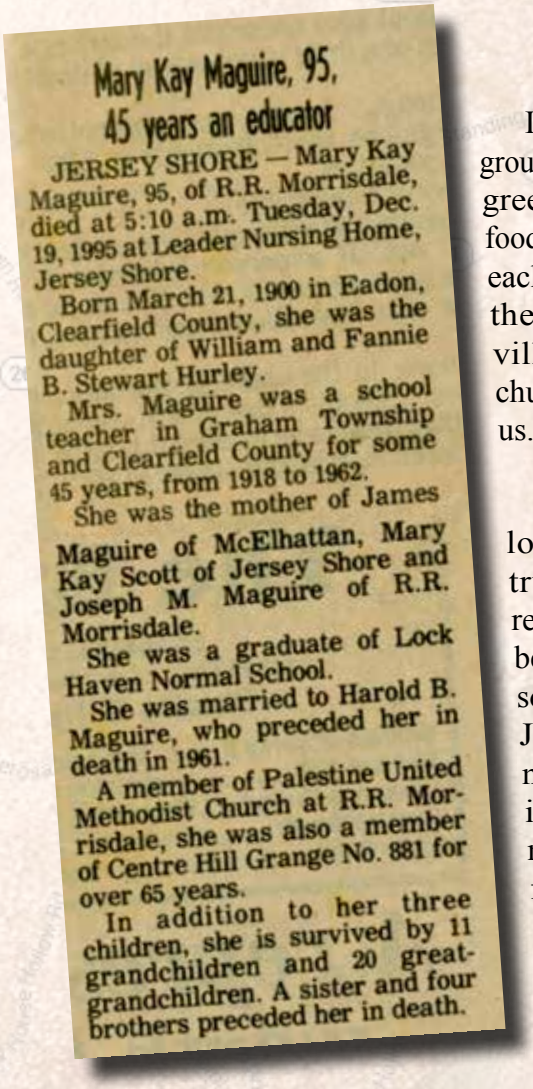
Grandparents of Jim rest in cemetery of the Palestine United Methodist Church, Clearfield County.

A stone announces "Baby of HB and Mary Maguire, Jan. 3, 1933." She was Jim's stillborn sister. Graves of Jim's parents are next: "Harold B. 1904-1961 and Mary K. 1900-1995." A heart attack killed Jim's father.

Jim's mother and father. Mary K. (1900-1985) and Harold B. (1904-1961).

William and Fannie were Jim's mother's parents. Stone in the Palestine United Methodist Church cemetery.

Wife of Civil War soldier James Maguire, great-grandfather of Jim. The soldier's stone adjoins. Cemetery of Palestine United Methodist Church.



Mary Kay Maguire, 95, 45 years an educator

JERSEY SHORE — Mary Kay Maguire, 95, of R.R. Morrisdale, died at 5:10 a.m. Tuesday, Dec. 19, 1995 at Leader Nursing Home, Jersey Shore.

Born March 21, 1900 in Eadon, Clearfield County, she was the daughter of William and Fannie B. Stewart Hurley.

Mrs. Maguire was a school teacher in Graham Township and Clearfield County for some 45 years, from 1918 to 1962.

She was the mother of James Maguire of McElhattan, Mary Kay Scott of Jersey Shore and Joseph M. Maguire of R.R. Morrisdale.

She was a graduate of Lock Haven Normal School.

She was married to Harold B. Maguire, who preceded her in death in 1961.

A member of Palestine United Methodist Church at R.R. Morrisdale, she was also a member of Centre Hill Grange No. 881 for over 65 years.

In addition to her three children, she is survived by 11 grandchildren and 20 great-grandchildren. A sister and four brothers preceded her in death.

In the church hall, a group of women warmly greet Jim. They cook food while asking about each other. Warmth of the kind present in village and country churches washes over us.

We drove on to look at a logging truck rusting in a reverted field. It had been repossessed by someone who knew Jim. "He called me, asking if I'd be interested. I said I might be and got it for a good price."

That reminded him of a case of beer found under a tractor. Long ago, near here, Jim moved the beer to another place and began working on it. Some friends joined. They finished the case, and one said, "I know where there

is more." He went for it and came back saying, "You bastards, you've been drinking my beer." He had hid the case from his mother who wouldn't have it at home.

At a wooded site along a narrow dirt road dipping to a bridge and creek, Jim stopped. "It was here that the buggy rolled off the bridge into the creek. We kids fixed it to steer with a rope, and the rope broke. No one hurt."

He stops at a farm at the dead end of this road. "My father and grandfather lived here. My great-grandfather – the one who fought in the Civil War and is buried at the Palestine church – cleared the fields."

Great-grandfather James Maguire (standing at left, holding hat) was the son of Mark, the son of Michael Maguire who opens this book by reporting Huntingdon County events of the French and Indian War. Emiline, wife of James, sits near house. James Irvin (son) and called Irv holds horse. Mary Maguire, Irv's sister, stands in foreground. Children unknown. Photo taken about 1890 at Clearfield County homestead.

Down River Hill Road To Frenchville Station

Some miles away down Deer Creek Road, past the Maguire farm and past Hoot Owl Road on the left, a long forest-lined slant takes us down to a bridge crossing the West Branch and a railroad. "In Clinton County many people live along the river," says Jim. "Up here nobody lives along the river." The River Hill Road we travel seems unspoiled by human habitation.

Deer Creek red with acid mine drainage meanders near the hill's bottom. "When I was a kid it had fish in it. Another tiny creek a few miles away had small brookies in it."

Years ago, Jim drove this road when ambulance lights flashed. A train had hit a school bus near this spot. On a map the location looks like Frenchville Station. "The locomotive dragged that bus more than a mile down the track before it got stopped. The cowcatcher was wedged in the bus. Only one student was hurt, a miracle. We heard the ambulances, not knowing the cause."

Ah yes, Frenchville. "They had great summer picnics there when I was young," recalls Jim.

We drive the road to its junction with Route 879. To the right a few miles is Pottersdale of Jim's youth. Over the county line a few miles into Centre is New Garden where strip mines operated in 1949. At age 15, he drove coal trucks from New Garden to the Loop Run railroad siding on the north bank of the West Branch. New Garden doesn't show on state maps but zooming in on Google detailed maps produces New Garden Road leading from the Keating/Karthaus road down to an oxbow of the West Branch.

New Garden a stop on Underground Railroad

"My recollection is that the village was on high ground, not down near the river, perhaps where a cemetery appears on the USGS map. It was on the Underground Railroad operating during the Civil War. Blacks and mixed-race people lived there. Clinton County commissioners didn't know of the place, it was so remote."

Newspaper stories have reported a community of blacks once living on a hill in West Keating Township. New Garden must be the locale (see next page). Racial sensitivities have led to reticence among people who once lived there or are relatives of them. "Some of these people worked on my timbering teams," said Jim. "They were good workers."

Charles Blockson in "The Underground Railroad in Pennsylvania" writes: "Located in the interior of the western part of Clinton county is the little community of West Keating. At one time this mountain was a haven for runaway slaves who left the main road. According to local tradition, there were about twenty black families who offered refuge to escaped slaves. Most of the town's residents today are descendants of those runaways who found their way to this remote section."

Blockson's book was copyrighted in 1981. An authority on the Underground Railroad, he has lectured throughout the country on black culture.

Writing in the 1914 July 15 Lock Haven Express, Jean Baird pinned the beginning of the West Keating black community to "long before the Civil War." She tells of "one of the well-to-do men of Clinton County somewhere in the early twenties (1820s) married a Southern girl and brought her north. His home was somewhere in the vicinity of Hyner or Ritchie. Among her wedding presents were two young 'bucks,' as they call the young male negroes."

According to Baird, they got along well until "the question of slavery filtered into these isolated valleys. Some malcontent put it into their minds that their lot was insufferably hard and that happiness and freedom lay to the north in the direction of Canada. At the first signs of spring they moved north along the West Branch on their way to Canada. They got lost at Keating and took the south side of the stream and made their way up the mountain into sudden sleet and snow. They wandered in the woods until they lay down to die in a windfall. To the south were two or three half-cleared farms. As the land was practically worthless, the men who resided on it were shiftless, indolent husbandmen, and their families went about ragged and unkempt. One of the farmers took his rifle and went hunting and by some chance found the two blacks. He whipped out his whisky flask and managed to instill enough life into them to get them down into his home. Neither he nor his family had ever been familiar with the colored race and had no race prejudices. Much was made over the strangers and his wife and two grown daughters cared for the men.

"The two daughters were buxom, comely young women, and it was not long before the attractions of the strapping 'bucks' overcame their maidenly reserve. The parents seemed to have no objection, and they all lived as one family."

From this came the whole of the hill's population, mixed, and intermixed, according to Baird. "The whole of the mountain is known as Hickory Hill but the part inhabited by the dark-tinged people is known by the more precise designation." In other instances, she applies the pejorative word for African-Americans to their part of the hill.

These became the "strange people of West Keating."

She locates the "little settlement about six miles back from Keating." That distance translates to New Garden or very near it.

Baird writes of weird beliefs and uncanny rites in this and in other negro neighborhoods. The struggles of D. M. Brungard, a young white man, who taught the first school in the vicinity, are illustrative. He began his teaching in the early 1870s. He had to ward off spells directed at him by young half-breed girls, especially one 18-year-old who presented him an orange. He discovered it had been doctored in voodoo fashion. He "had to maintain a constant vigilance against eating any of the magic spells."

According to Baird, "some quadroons and octoroons, being indistinguishable from white persons, went down into the cities, married and raised families which, existing today, have no inkling of the alien strain which courses through their veins." She reports "tragedies" that happened when black ancestry is unmasked. Jobs are lost when infants unmistakably black are born to apparent white women. One woman lost her teaching job when her ancestry was discovered. "Whites with no apparent taint in their blood have suddenly returned to the hill to be among their kind."

This old-time bias has nearly disappeared as has the community.

The heading on the Baird story reveals it was printed in the Philadelphia North American newspaper as well as the Lock Haven Express. The full text can be found in "Clinton County Legends" held by the Ross Library and the Heisey Museum.

"This story lays bare a thing that has been known, but kept veiled in privacy for many years." (Baird)

Her account leads to an Internet site search and photos and a story of a New Garden area land reclamation project.

The Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation reports a 135-acre new elk habitat site known as the "New Garden or Kelley Estate." Maps show the site on the New Garden Road. On an RMEF aerial photo, trees surround the graded and reclaimed earth of the former hilltop strip mine. To fund the project, RMEF administered a $1.35 million Growing Greener II grant from the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection. The elk foundation bought the 4,042-acre tract in 1998 and transferred 3,195 acres to the Pennsylvania Game Commission, which established the plot as State Game Lands 321. The remaining 847 acres expanded Sproul State Forest.

"The new elk site photo looks like the strip mine site I remember," says Jim. "I've heard the Kelly estate still owns land there."

Pottersdale town mentioned by Jim appears on a USGS map as a half-dozen black dots. But no black dots representing buildings appear on the same map next to the New Garden Road.

New Garden and those early coal-truck driving days remind Jim of Frank Albert and Bob Bailey, childhood heroes then. If they knew of someone down on his luck, a truckload of coal would appear at the house. 'Where do you want your coal dumped?'

A family needed a new roof? "We're here to put on a roof."

We drive west on 879. This country is rugged and woods-bound. After a few miles we pass Lecontes Mills where the water tank took leave of its truck moorings and rolled down hill through the town, striking not even a chicken coop or outhouse. This qualifies as a minor miracle, for the town sits on a steep hill, the reservoir at the top where water was delivered. Many of the houses are small with walls of brick tiles, brittle doubtless to the impact of 600-gallon tank weighing a couple of tons.

The town's name is pronounced "Le-counts," not "Lecoun-tess."

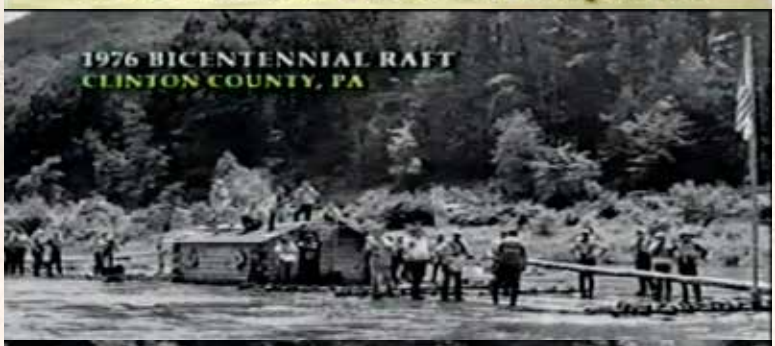
North of Lecontes Mills, strip mining holds sway. Jim is searching for a cemetery somewhere on a back road veering toward The Knobs, a mountain fixture visible from high ground near the Texas longhorn pasture we visit later and from as far away as Clearfield a dozen miles away. We're in Girard Township – The Knobs sit in the township's northwestern corner next to the Goshen/Girard boundary. Jim dodges tri-axle trucks hauling coal and front end loaders on steroids, the kind featured in mine photos. This is coal country and unfriendly to President Obama as are the folks near Ebensburg on Route 22. They scorn him in letters bold on the side of 16-wheeler trailers.

Their leaves gone, trees give The Knobs a prickly grayish-brown tinge.

We arrive at Congress Hill. "I know where I went wrong but I don't want to take the time to backtrack. Something for another day." And we leave on Gillingham Road that carries us into the back of Lecontes Mills and down the hill to Route 879 and from there to River Hill Road.

West Branch Floats Last Raft Of '38, Bicentennial Raft

Looking down at the West Branch from the River Hill Road, Jim spoke of his great-granddad taking lumber rafts to Lock Haven. He holds videotapes and DVDs of The Last Raft floating down river in 1938 and another of the 1976 Bicentennial raft he and his crew built to commemorate those long-ago logging days. No



spring flood that year, so they drifted down the river to Lock Haven when summer water was released by up-river dams. They arrived in late June.

The "Left Bank, Right Bank" DVD tells the story of the Bicentennial Raft, a river reenactment that took place during 1976. That was a 63-mile voyage from Miller's Landing in Clearfield County to Lock Haven. "A three-day ride," says Jim.

Miller's Landing is about 1.5 miles upstream of Karthaus across from the mouth of Red Moshannon Creek.

The first day the ark floated along at 4.3 miles per hour; the second day in low water it coasted at 2.9 mph.

The raft took three months to build according to the specifications of those that came down river from 1837 to 1914. One-hundred-twenty feet long, twenty-six feet wide, in three forty-foot sections hinged to float over rapids and dams, eighty tons of white pine "sticks" tied together with white oak saplings in augured holes and jammed tight with wood pegs driven into the holes. Water swelled those hinge-halves solid yet the hinges remained supple enough for articulation. Not a piece of metal in the rafts other than the stove.

Sixteen-foot sweeps fore and aft steered the arks. A middle-section shanty with a roof removable to float under bridges at high water sheltered the crew of six men. Three men to each sweep to steer past rocks.

Tying up took strength and agility. The rope man had to slosh ashore hauling the heavy rope while the raft still moved, and take a quick snub around a suitable tree. And not get tangled in the rope and bushes as the raft yanked on the rope.

They passed well-identified river spots such as Pee Wee's Nest, Indian Steps, Salt Lick Landing, Catfish Hole. Or they tied up for the night there.

One authority notes the men were wet most of the time. They slept in the shanty warmed by a sheet-metal cook stove. The cook was judged the most important man aboard. The pilot may have argued but weakly.

In rafting days, 2 million board feet of squared logs came down the river each year in some 2,500 to 3,000 rafts. Rafting peaked in the 1860s. Men often worked in waist-deep water to build them. They felled, limbed, and squared white pine in winter and dragged the "sticks" to the river by horse-drawn bobsleds when snow made the task easier. White pine was the tree of choice because it floated while logs of other tree species

did not. And it was straight grained. The trees, many nearly 200-feet tall, made good masts and spars for sailing ships. In the early days of Penns Woods, the British prized the trees and brought Germans to America to cut them. Trees destined for ship timbers floated down the Susquehanna to the Chesapeake Bay. Some of the white pine rafts were much larger than either the Bicentennial or the Last Raft.

In the late 1800s and early 1900s, white pine rafts fed the sawmills of Williamsport making it the "lumber capital of the world." Raft crews didn't get paid until they sold their sticks. And when they tied up at towns and didn't like the offer, they floated down river to the next sawmill.

and banjo music. Six men push the sweep through the water while one lifts and returns it. The weather is pleasant. This year the spring flood didn't arrive, and they waited until they got word of water releases from upriver.

Crowds lined the river bank. This was the town's pre-dike era; it is strange to view the low river banks and to realize how flood-prone the town was. Jim is there as he is early on, running a front-end loader dropping the logs in the river. His crew built the raft, many working on their own time. A black Lab, a predecessor to the one occupying his pickup, happily splashes on the water-covered logs.

WASHINGTON STATE VISITORS — A group of Girl Scouts from Seattle, Washington paid a visit to historic Clinton County Thursday and Friday on their way to Philadelphia, attending a performance at Millbrook Playhouse, swimming at the Lock Haven YMCA and exploring the Bicentennial raft. The scouts are pictured here with their leaders getting a raft tour from raft sponsor James Maguire, in the white hat. Mayor William R. Eisemann, second from right, presented the scouts with the key to the city. Standing next to Eisemann is Miss Yvonne Montarsi, Clinton County tourist promotion director. The girls stayed with a number of area families. see related story. (Express Photo)

In the DVD, the Bicentennial Raft swings from shore at Lock Haven to accordion

Forest covers the mountainsides falling to the river. Footage taken near Renovo would let you believe this is the

start of the log raft era, not a time long past the end of it.

Lock Haven University moves past in background and the Fallon House appears in foreground.

The 29-minute "Left Bank, Right Bank," DVD was made by WPSX and financed by the Big Woods Land Co., Chatham Village, Restless Oaks Restaurant, and Jim Maguire.

The summer raftsmen cheated. "The Last Raft" built in 1938, one hundred years after the first, sailed in rainy cold weather when the river water barely tipped 45 degrees. The forty-five people aboard it wore heavy clothes and overcoats when it crashed into the piers of the Muncy railroad bridge. Six aboard drowned.

That raft was built the old way, like the '76 model. "My father went down river on the '38 raft," says Jim, "but left it before the Muncy accident."

Jim said the Muncy Historical Association found a 16-mm film and had "The Last Raft" DVD made from it. An expensive undertaking, according to Jim. He contributed $500 to that process.

"The Last Raft" and its crew left the river bank at McGee's Mills in western Clearfield County on its 200-mile trip. "About as far west in Clearfield County as you can get," explained Jim. "We started the Bicentennial Raft from Miller's Landing because we couldn't go much farther west on the river. We couldn't get over the Clearfield dam not there in 1936."

Early March was the usual launch during the old-time timber era. An inch of water standing in an old tin cup set outside meant the rafting flood had come.

"Chattanooga Choo-Choo" flapper-style music on the DVD fits the '30s era well, and accordion and banjo tunes complete its provenance.

Much of the footage reports eyewitness accounts of the raft's collision and subsequent heroic efforts to save the survivors and to locate the bodies. Amazingly, the violent collision did not destroy the raft. Men took it down river, minus its shanty but the stove still attached, to Fort Hunter just upstream from Harrisburg. It docked at the "old buttonwood" March 25, 1938.

In the old days, many rafts docked at Marietta below Harrisburg where sawmills took the logs.

That it took the bridge collision so well testifies to its 1800s design and its 1900s builders. Film of it bobbing over the Williamsport dam and another at Lock Haven – neither there in original rafting days – reveal how well the wood hinge sections work.

The builders and operators of these rafts reenacted a time gone by. They honored a vanished tradition.

Hurley homestead a few miles north of the Maguire farm on Deer Creek Road, Clearfield County. According to Jim, his father-in-law built up a 600-acre farm by buying nearby land. That was a large farm back then.

It All Seems So Small Now

Joe Maguire, Jim's brother.

We turn off onto Maguire Lane and into the family farm where Jim as a high school student designed the pond that gleams in the sun below the farm house. He points to tall evergreens planted on a ridge that was once strip mine spoil. Both pond and tree plantings were FFA projects. We stop at the house, and his brother Joe shows me his firearm collection. A magnificent group of vintage rifles, shotguns, and pistols. Great-nephew Kyle Maguire was there, returned from an archery deer hunt.

"It all seems so small now," says Jim. His reflection is that of all who return after many years to their childhood locales.

The grey tin-roofed springhouse behind the main house seems small, perhaps 12 by 20 feet. Yet it's where "my mother and father went to housekeeping. The farm had been accumulated by mother's father, William Hurley. He bought land until he owned some 600 acres, a huge farm back then.

"When I grew up here, Dad spoke of fattening hogs on acorns, that their meat tasted better than corn-fed hogs."

And farming raised a question. Jim had heard that farms up here were mostly gone, but beef cattle and hay and corn fields remain. Dairying though has diminished.

We stop later a few minutes away at the Pre-Cut Lumber factory run by Joe, Chris, and Mike Maguire. They make laminated table tops, for example, and other furniture items to order. Stacks of blonde maple, carmel-hued walnut, tan pungent oak and reddish South American hardwood attract the eyes. Huge presses,

molders, and sanders shape and polish the wood to gleaming perfection.

A bin of shiny maple scrap troubles Jim. "A shame there's no use for these," he laments. "This is top-grade lumber." Joe leaves with one of the young men. "His stroke changed him, left him unsteady, and we have to watch him."

Jim spoke of his mother who also suffered a stroke at 95. "She couldn't talk but she could write. She lasted three or four months. She wrote, "Enough of this, time to go home, to move on. She refused food and died in three or four days. Her father never saw her graduate from the Normal School in Lock Haven that became Lock Haven University. He died a couple of years after she started school in 1917. The flu. She came down in summer to study and taught in winter. Nine years to get her diploma; she graduated in 1926."

Jim went on to tell the story of a beautifully carved wooden eagle – the bird is the Lock Haven University symbol – which he and Glenda donated in the names of their mothers. Made in South America, it graces the Durrwachter Alumni Conference Center. He spoke several times to Jerry Updegraff, who then ran the LHU Foundation, inviting him to see it, eliciting no interest. Finally Jerry visited and exclaimed, "I didn't know it was anything like this!"

"That's what I was trying to tell you."

The heavy, dense tropical wood sculpture (see inside back cover) took several men and some equipment to move, lift, and install.

He muses about education. "Bobby attended one year of college and didn't like it." Bobby's an active businessman and land dealer these days, a member of the Lock Haven University Foundation, and other community groups.

"A lot of college graduates can't find work," said Jim. "But students from Williamsport's Penn Tech, many of them in trades and technical fields, almost always find jobs after graduation." He and Wayne Township people stay in touch with the Pennsylvania College of Technology, and he says that the college maintains liaisons with industrial icons such as Caterpillar. "We need young people in the trades, workers who can build and make things," he says.

Mom Angry When He Quits RD Route

"The time when I quit the rural delivery route my mother was more provoked with me than at any other time I can remember. She didn't want me to give up steady work and what she considered an assured future. I told her I had a problem, I don't like it. I want to find something I liked to do.

"I've told my offspring to find something you like to do. That takes half the work out of it. Goes a long way to shorten the day."

He continued the theme of finding what you like to do and taking chances to do that. A man working at Woolrich and making $7 an hour built Jim's grand mountainside home. "I had to convince him to take my job. I told him to take his time and do it right. He was worried about finding work. Now he's booked up a year in advance."

Across from the hardwood factory is an eatery owned by Edward Orwick, another friend of Jim's and "much younger than me."

The largest herd of Western longhorn cattle east of the Mississippi graze on renovated strip mine soil. The late Edward Orwick of Clearfield County and a friend of Jim ran the operation.

He raises Texas longhorn cattle in fields of renovated strip mine soil. As we eat lunch, he talks to us of his operation and offers to show us. Not far way is a surprising crop of grass atop renovated strip mine soil occupied by cattle out of a John Wayne trail drive. And that's after we watched Oreo cows grazing another field. Beef cattle with black behinds and front quarters separated by a wide white band around their middle represent the famous cookies.

Brag On This, Texans!

Texas longhorns in Pennsylvania, their meat low in cholesterol and able to survive our winters with little shelter? You bet. A calving shed is supplied for that season but they need no barn or shed during winter. They graze and watch us as we drive into their pasture. A pair of calves rise and scuttle out of the way. The mature animals betray no fear.

The bull looks ready for work. His whitish side is splotched tan that trails into dark brown on front quarters and head. He's thick-bodied. Some cattle show more brown, and one is black.

Orwick told us of the commercial soil renovating treatments for strip mine soil and the struggle to get a healthy grass crop underway. He sought permits to use treated sewage sludge, a prime renovator for acidic strip mine soil. Use one waste to clean up another. No dice, the locals raised hell and denied permission.

Most sewage sludge these days is trucked to landfills that charge to dispose of it. The result is unnecessary disposal costs, higher drinking water costs, and a waste of a fine crop fertilizer and soil renovator.

Two coyote carcasses hang from fences. Orwick spoke of a local sheep farmer plagued by coyotes. He was given a "dying rabbit call," one of those emulating a rabbit caught by a predator. Within a few weeks, he shot nineteen coyotes coming to the call.

> Edward Orwick of Morrisdale died suddenly of a heart attack December 31, 2012, at the Orwick farm in Kylertown. He was 61, and "had the largest herd of Texas Longhorn cattle on the East Coast," according to his obituary. Jim heard that he died in his pickup after carrying a newborn calf to the truck. It was cold, he wanted to warm it and save it. He was found foot on the brake, lights on.

Earlier as we drove up Route 80, Jim said that as a young man he planned on being a farmer, and "in the middle of it the wood business came in." He points out plots that he cut along the Route 80 hill west of the Bellefonte exchange. "The woods along the north side were once Armstrong company forest. They had tremendous timber holdings. The parent company was the Saturday Evening Post."

We passed tri-axle dump trucks labeled with the Glenn O. Hawbaker Construction Co. logo. "Probably hauling for gas drillers," he commented of the well-known State College based firm. "You know, Danny Hawbaker put sewers in Avis and didn't have the money to pay for concrete saws we sold from our Homelite dealership. He said he was as good as his word and would pay and he did.

"Danny's kids mostly run the company these days."

Along Route 80 and some miles west of the long hill, he pointed to a cabin in the woods. "I borrowed a million dollars to cut timber here. Traffic along 80 stopped to watch us work."

This site might be the one for which Jimmy provided a site plan – roads, soil and water control, etc. See his chapter about his travails seeking state approval.

Why has timbering for paper wood left the state? A lot of jobs lost.

"Government regulations killed it," explained Jim. "It costs too much for paper mills to meet the anti-pollution regulations. Pulp wood can be imported cheaper from South America."

"Cheese" Walker Gets Skinned

Another logging story arose. This one revolved around the purchase from "Cheese" Walker of a timber

tract along Route 322 near State College. A wealthy coal and land baron from Western Pennsylvania and a Penn State booster, Walker was known for dictating tight deals. Jim came across four huge walnut trees in the tract and called in a firm that specialized in those trees. "They took them out stumps and all. They told me the best gunstocks come from burls in the stumps. I got more from those four trees than from all the timber in the plot.

"Walker heard of the trees – he hadn't known they were there. He arrived to ask me to share some of the gravy with an old man. I said no, we made a deal."

Walker's nickname came from the saying that he "always took the meat from the sandwich and left the cheese for others."

On our way back from Clearfield we drove through Snow Shoe past the old bank building. In 2010, Snow Shoe town's census population was 765. It's likely more people lived there in the heyday of lumbering and coal mining, when its bank was flush with gold.

Leaving Snow Shoe, we pass a company making refractory brick. That reminded Jim of a struggle to burn sawdust and wood chips in a Pre-Cut Lumber boiler lined with this brick (the Maguire hardwood factory described earlier). They tried all sorts of techniques. Then an old timer suggested blowing sawdust in from the top in a swirl pattern. We told them to try it. Got a call one evening. "You'll never guess what the temperature is. There's a 2,700 degree flame in the boiler."

On down the Renovo Road, sun pouring in the windows, loggers cut on the right side of the road. "Gas companies want to widen the road," explained Jim. "They machine-cut these trees because the trees are laid down in groups, each in the same direction."

Further along, we pass many dead trees. "No one is allowed to cut here; the state won't issue permits. Something about possibly transmitting disease, I think. What a shame; a lot of firewood going to waste."

Oddly enough, after forty years in the woods, Jim recalls none of his crew suffering a snake bite. He speaks of a black snake that lived in the Lizardville sawmill. The men knew it and fed it. Roy Timblin was there when the snake took on a rattler and pulled it apart. He said that black snakes will kill any poisonous snake they find. A new man killed it. He didn't know it was our pet.

Our mill secretary got bit by a snake but in her garage. She reached up in the garage for something, and a copperhead fell and bit her foot. Her husband took her to the hospital, telling someone to call ahead. He killed the snake and took it with him. He told us that he knew the first question would be what kind of snake bit her, and that's exactly what happened. He held up the snake, and they got right to work.

Snakes? "Jimmy began to jump one day, and I knew right away what happened. He'd nearly stepped on a snake, and a person near me and not knowing the cause asked what was wrong.

"Jim can't jump that high!"

Only A Few Minutes Of Air Left

Before we arrive at the Fish Dam Road Lookout on the Renovo Road, Jim spoke of a long-ago timbering operation near here.

"Fall of the year, cold, and the fellow running the dozer left it set after being attacked by white-faced bees. I went back in the morning thinking it would be too cold for them. No sooner got the dozer started, than they got after me. They stung me fifty-four times, they got up under my Woolrich vest. I stumbled out to a worker, and told him I was in trouble. He had a leg off below the knee, wore a prosthetic, and he carried me out draped over his shoulder. I remember floating along on his back. They took me to the Renovo Hospital. The doctor told me I had only a few minutes of air left."

That's a universal hope. That we all have more than a few minutes of air left.

Third pickup ride, James Harold Maguire

No Domino's Delivery On Hickory Hill

Ancient apple trees thrust their withered gray suckers into the translucent green needles of white pine. Other trees crowd the fruit bearers, and the dry tan grass of early winter chokes their weathered trunks. It's thick here where houses of a mountain village once stood.

Near here Seth Iredell Nelson threw the mountain lion out of his cabin, according to the Jean Baird story reported in the 2nd pickup ride chapter. Nelson's birth – November 30, 1809 – and death – April 10, 1905 – plus his middle name come from the Clinton County Genealogy website. Type Nelsonville Cemetery, Clinton County, PA, in your browser. www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi? leads to the Nelsonville cemetery graves list.

Nelson is buried here.

Unprunned and spindly, the worn-out apple trees testify to Nelsonville houses – "maybe two" – that Jim remembers from his coal-hauling days of the early 1950s.

The antiquity of the cemetery, the nearby village, and the story of mountain man Nelson is cemented by the stone of Elizabeth Keeler Nelson, born Mar. 31, 1817, died Jul. 8, 1905. She was Nelson's wife. In later life, he left the hamlet named for him to live at Round Island in the Sinneamahoning upstream of Keating.

According to Lou Bernard of the Ross Library who has written about Nelson and Nelsonville, a well and some foundations hide in the brush.

Philander P. and William A. are sons of D. A. and (unintelligible) Nelson, according to a much worn double stone that gives Philander's death date as September 15, 1863 and William's as May 5 of that same year. Philander lived six years, William lived three months. A double tragedy. Five of the Rhon name rest here, one a Seth J. Rhon, born Dec. 4, 1861, died Dec. 26, 1861. Sarah Ann Nelson Rhone was born 1836 and died 1874. A marker, "Nelsonville Cemetery, circa 1820," is prominent.

The Rhon name often appears in three more mountain cemeteries.

The Baird account located the black and mixed-race community on Hickory Hill in West Keating Township where we drive today. She writes of a Bill Gaines who gathered women to him as corn gathers crows. More on that later.

Those houses, more like small rough cabins, sheltered families well before the Civil War, according to Baird. Escaped slaves traveling the Underground Railroad on their way to freedom in Canada stopped there. That statement jibes with stories Jim heard in his youth. He also heard that the Black Forest Inn on Route 44 got its name from a similar association.

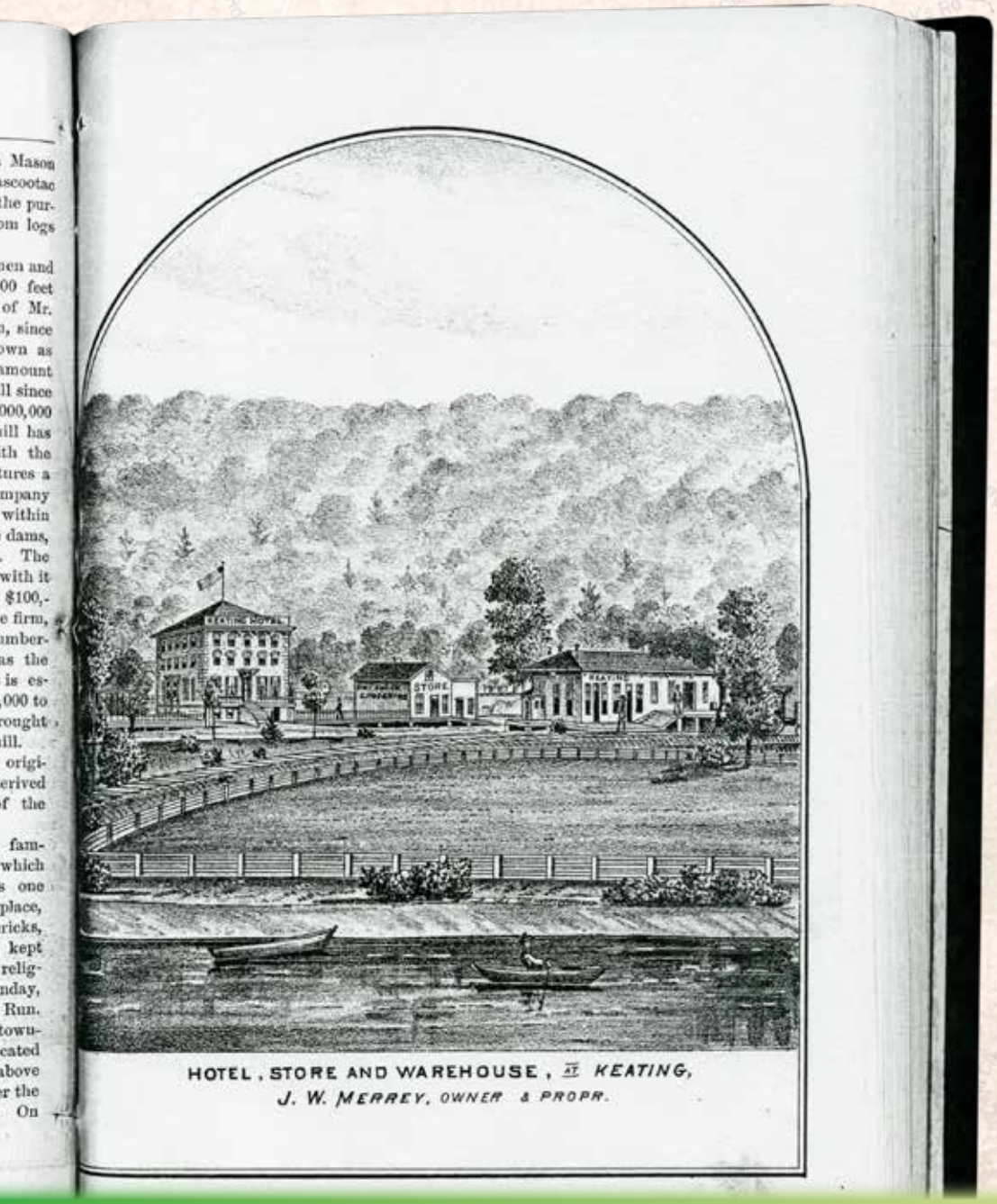
Pennsylvania's mountain man, Seth Iredell Nelson, who roamed Keating Mountain and Potter County. From a Potter County website.

This splendid isolation high above the West Branch is about as remote as it gets in Pennsylvania. Jim points to a beaver dam farther along the road. Nelsonville, New Garden, the Gaines, Schmoke, and Ganoe cemeteries, and the strip mine from which Jim hauled coal to the Loop Run siding next to the West Branch lay only a few miles to the west. A few more miles west we crossed the Clinton/Clearfield county line and passed through Pottersdale, Piper, and the Quehanna wilderness, the largest blank spot on Pennsylvania maps.

Jim says that apple trees almost always mark spots of human habitation. Settlers looked first for nearby water, then built their cabins and planted apple seeds. Apples kept through the winter. Most foods did not.

Earlier we drove through the town of Keating off Route 120 and took the middle branch, marked on maps the Keating/Karthaus Road or Keating/Pottersdale Road. The macadam turned to dirt as we left the town and began climbing the mountainside.

The left stem, also dirt, ended only a few miles on the north side of the river. A short piece back, Jim set his speedometer to zero at a point close to where the Sinnemahonning comes in. Jean Baird writes that the mixed-race village including Bill Gaines's cabin where the white woman was found some six miles from Keating town and its once-famous hotel.



From Maynard's "History of Clinton County," 1875. Today few traces are found of the Keating Hotel (with flag), the store, and the warehouse. The once-thriving village is a virtual ghost town. Courtesy of the Clinton County Historical Society.

The town's few frame houses molder, and a handful of mobile homes against the mountain sprout insulation from their metal sides. We saw no one; it's doubtful anyone lives here.

West Keating Township people number twenty-nine according to the 2010 census. Its boundaries encompass 38.6 square miles, most of it high tableland cut by woods roads and trails. According to the 2000 census, "2.38 percent of its people were of two other races," the remainder white.

Nineteen households of 42 people lived there.

The 2010 census lists only "white" for people of West and East Keating townships, the latter where Keating town is located. Eleven live in the fifty square miles of East Keating Township.

Keating town (pronounced Kate-ing) was never incorporated as a municipality. Its famous hotel burned in 1965.

West Keating Township was settled in 1805 and incorporated in 1875.

Dirt Roads Stoned And Smooth

The mile or so side-hill mountain road is better surfaced than Jim expected. Gas company work he surmises, and atop the mountain the road smoothes off even more in long stretches of hard-packed creamy dirt speckled with gray stone. Several times he mutters "limestone." He said that if gas companies can afford to truck in limestone from so far away and grade and otherwise improve so many miles of roads, there must be a lot of money waiting for them. Adding to our surprise is the remoteness of these mountain roads and the few people, except for hunters, who would use them. Only a few people live full-time on the mountain.

West Branch glimmers through trees from the road up Keating Mountain. December 2012.

Jim and his timber crews have often put in serviceable haul roads and improved old woods roads. He knows the effort and says that continual grading of well-crowned roads keeps them passable and smooth. But it's not cheap.

These dirt roads are unseasonably smooth for an early December day.

Partway up the mountain, we and faithful companion Doc the black Labrador, joyfully relieve our bladders. Jim points down the steep mountain side to the gleaming ribbon of the West Branch and the glint of a vehicle top next to a cabin and up the river to its south side where a valley flattens out to the creek. And tells the story of a state forester who asked him to take out timber downed by the famous tornado of 1985. In neighboring Clearfield County, winds were clocked at 260 miles per hour at Parker Dam State park where "a great portion of the forest" was destroyed. That from a Wikipedia site. Much timber was blown down in Clinton County as well.

His men had to ford the river to work and to haul out logs. An employee from the Department of Conservation discovered his operation and ordered him to quit, telling Jim that his forester friend had no say about the river.

On the map, this hollow and the flat, according to the distance from Keating town and Jim's description, looks like the Burns Run Wild Area. Yost Run flows in more westerly and shows a similar flat fanning to the river. Black Stump Siding on the railroad running along the north side of the West Branch is marked three or four miles upstream.

Jim had a small window of time, checked with the forester whose opinion of the conservation officer matched his. He advised Jim to continue, which he did.

"I wouldn't have stopped my crews anyhow; I couldn't reach them."

The glimmering river far below Keating Mountain, and the multiple mountain vista brown in the sun, reminds the viewer of the famous Grand Canyon only some 40 miles northeast.

The Cryder School?

Up the mountain and on the flat we drive past a weather beaten old school but not the one Jim remembers near Nelsonville. This one has no identifying sign other than "old school house," except for a prominent sign on the privy announcing it to be the "Principal's Office." We do not know if this tiny one-roomer is the Cryder school mentioned by Jean Baird.

It was at the Cryder School that girl students tried their voodoo love spells on teacher Brungard.

West on the road is the Nelsonville Cemetery and farther along are the apple trees mentioned earlier. Close by, "158 Haslovan Lane" branches left. Jim says the school house he remembers was west of Nelsonville. It is gone but that was fifty or sixty years ago.

Seth Nelson who once threw a mountain lion out of his cabin is buried here.

Rohns were connected to Seth Nelson. In the Nelson cemetery, Keating Mountain.Near here was the school where black students tried their voodoo love tricks on the school teacher (see Jean Baird's story, 2nd pickup ride).

Seth Nelson died down on Round Island. He lived there in his later years at the foot of Altar Rock from which Indians watched him build his house. The story goes that a Frenchman shot an Indian standing on the rock point and, further, that the French once had trading outposts on this creek and the West Branch down to near Sunbury.

It's told of Nelson that he was a mighty hunter taking on a panther with his tomahawk and clubbing a bear with his gun. That he could make any tool that he needed including his guns, that he lived in Mill Hall when Lock Haven was one house, that he laid on his back while meteors soared over and about him and touched him "not hurting at all." That was the Rain of Fire, the famous meteor shower of November 13, 1833.

Where Nelsonville cabins once stood, Haslovan lane leads off the Keating/Karthaus Road to gated roads of gas companies. "Ed Haslovan was a neighbor of mine when I lived at Morrisdale RD," Jim recalls. "Ed was a coal stripper and stripped there twenty-five or thirty years ago."

On Google maps Haslovan Road extends beyond gas company gates.

We're not far off the six miles listed by Jean Baird as the distance from Keating town to the woods village of mulattoes and blacks. Back toward Keating but still high on the mountain a few fields interrupt the woods.

Perhaps the people who lived there long ago took in the two Southern runaways Baird describes.

Along the road from Nelsonville we pass Dutchman Road. Farther west, Jim L. Road, Spotts Lane, and McGonigal Lane show up.

After a mile or so we strike the New Garden Road. Almost immediately signs announce the strip mine reclamation project of the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation. Acres of lush matted grass cover gentle slopes. Other details were reported in the 2nd pickup ride chapter including the RMEF's million dollar grant for this project.

Lush grass covers old strip mine soil reclaimed by the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation. In his teens, Jim trucked coal from this New Garden site to a train siding on the West Branch. The project reclaimed deep and surface mining areas as new grassland habitat on State Game Land 321 in West Keating Township, Clinton County, PA.

Spoil piles, dangerous highwall cliffs and lowwall disturbances were backfilled, graded, dressed with biosolids, seeded and planted. The site drains to Little Birch Island Run and Sugar Camp Run, both tributaries of the West Branch River. The project restores water quality, enhances recreational opportunities and revitalizes degraded habitat for elk and other wildlife. Originally known as the New Garden or Kelley Estate property, the 4,042-acre tract was purchased by RMEF in 1998. RMEF transferred 3,195 acres to the Pennsylvania Game Commission for creating State Game Land 321. The remaining 847 acres enlarged the Sproul State Forest.

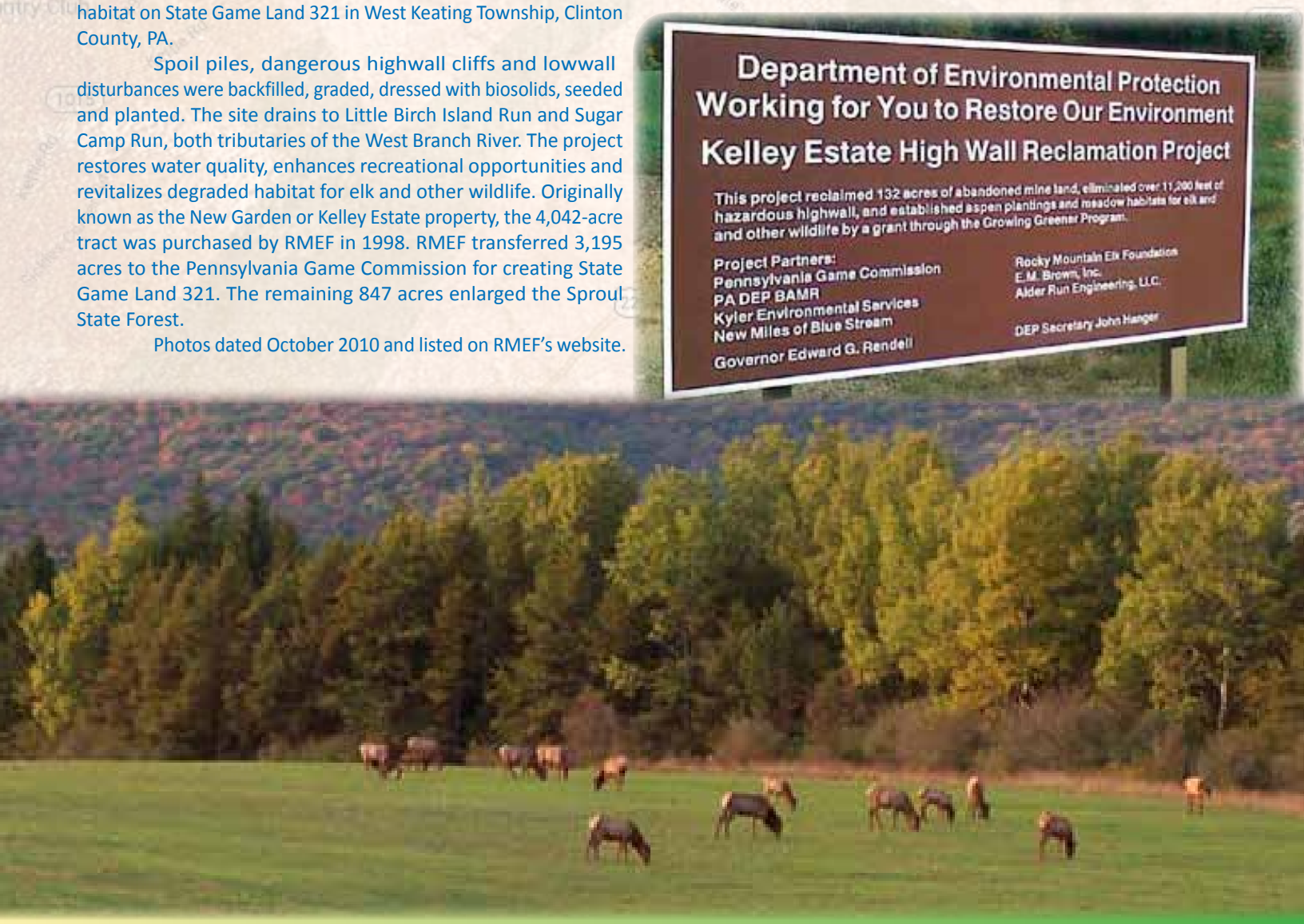
Photos dated October 2010 and listed on RMEF's website.

Jim's Dad and Frank Albert mined New Garden coal during World War II, and Jim trucked it down the Loop Run Road farther on to the railroad siding of that name. We see no elk. Jim hints that elk survival back here might be tough, that people back here would be eating elk meat if they found the animals. It's deer season, and trucks filled with orange-hatted men swing by.

We pass a State Games Land 321 sign. The RMEF gave 3,195 acres to the state and reclaimed an additional 1,000 acres, land that we passed through.

Gaines Cemetery Found, Schmoke Missed

Less than a half-mile along, we connect solidly with Baird's story of the two escaped slaves. We come on to



Loop Run Road and shortly into it a "Gaines Cemetery" sign on our left.

The cemetery appears strikingly similar to a photo of the Schmoke Cemetery off the New Garden Road. The photo on the Clinton County Genealogy website shows an odd gravel-filled, wood-lined rectangle in the cemetery. The Gaines cemetery holds a similar plot. Perhaps this plot fits with the close association of the Gaines and Smoke families.

Gaines is a name given by Baird as one of the Hickory Mountain half-breeds, although she also calls him a negro. His first name was Bill, and women flocked to him. In the Gaines cemetery is buried an Eliza Ann Gaines, 1847-1910. Would she connect with the white woman who came to live with Bill Gaines in the Baird story?

Grave in the Gaines Cemetery near New Garden. Was Eliza the white woman of Jean Baird's story (2nd pickup ride chapter)? Baird's lady came to live in the African-American community and saw no reason to leave.

According to Baird, an expedition set out from Keating town to track down a white woman who had disappeared. The time may have been the late 1800s. She came from a good upbringing and family. The party led by girls of black descent found her living with Bill Gaines in a rough cabin set on tree stumps. The distance was about six miles from Keating – perhaps a bit farther than Nelsonville, maybe closer to the Gaines Cemetery and its nearby hamlet. She was asked if she wanted to come back with them. Her one-word answer, "Why?" perplexed the rescuing expedition. Its members left.

Another possibility is Blanche Gaines 18-- - 1949 (Blanche and William are on one stone) in the Gaines grave listing made by the Clinton County Genealogy Society. Another who could shed light on this legend is J. J. Gaines born March 4, 1851, died April 8, 1906.

Other Gaines not on the web list but in "The Cemeteries of Colebrook, East Keating, Grugan, Leidy, Noyes, and West Keating Townships" reveal more. Jeremiah Gaines, first settler, c 1783, c1830s, and Susan Gaines, wife of Jeremiah c 1783, 1850/60 are found in "Burials at Gaines Cemetery, from genealogical resources and family records."

Jeremiah was one of the slaves who got lost on the mountain, according to the Baird story. Another entry is Robert Gaines, son of Jeremiah and Susan (murdered), c1822-07/13/1863. That case could occupy a short book, according to Ross Library's Lou Bernard. Rosanna Gaines, second wife of George Gaines, son of Jeremiah and Susan, appears. Her birth is circa 1811 and death between 1850-1860.

We missed the Schmoke Cemetery. It's back a side lane off the New Garden Road and not marked on that road. The Genealogy website advises: "Travel 0.1 mile (on the New Garden Road) and turn left at a mailbox reading 5711 onto a dirt lane. Follow the lane 0.2 mile, bearing left at a "Y" along the way. The Schmoke Cemetery is on your left along the side of this lane."

Also on the website: Early settlers in Keating Township were Jeremiah Gaines and George Smoke, who came out of slavery in the southern United States and made their homes among the wilds of Keating Mountain. Both married local women. George and Rachel Smoke were said to be the parents of 28 children. The

name eventually became Schmoke. The families maintained their settlements in the Keating Mountain, where they farmed and lived quiet, peaceable lives. Due to the lack of neighbors, most remained connected by birth or by marriage. A community cemetery was started, probably on or near the Gaines property, and became known as Gaines Cemetery. It was used universally by the residents through the 1880s. James and Rosanna Smoke began losing many children, and decided to bury them on their own farm, rather than convey them a few miles to the Gaines Cemetery. Thus the Schmoke Cemetery began. It is still used by relatives of the Schmoke family, and is in excellent repair. It is not certain where the "Established 1830" date on the cemetery sign was found.

Jim said that one of the Schmokes was a fireman on his father's steam shovel during World War II. "Some of these people went by Smoke, others by Schmoke. None of the Keating Mountain people I knew were black-skinned but their African-American heritage showed."

Rosanna Smoke and Rosanna Gaines. The lovely first name rolls off the tongue. Rosanna, daughter of "Ole Rannel" McCoy, figured strong in the storied Hatfield-McCoy feud of West Virginia-Kentucky. A woman's name that sings of mountain families and fits beautifully up here. Much grief for Rosanna and James: Eight of their children dying young.

He Dug Peacock Coal

Next to Loop Run Road stands an old mine high wall where they bored into the coal seam with huge motor-driven augers. "Dad sent me up here with a long-handled scraper that fit into the holes. I scraped out enough coal to fill a half-ton pickup. That was our home-heating fuel. It was peacock coal, all different colors in it.

"See that concrete pad on my side of the road? That's where Frank Albert had his equipment shed."

The only habitation we see that appears to be a fulltime dwelling appears nearby. In its front yard, gaudy-feathered chickens and turkeys comb the high grass. Bonnie Hannis of the Clinton County Partnership visited some years ago along this road with Rich Wykoff, a former state park worker. He knows the region well. Bonnie said people up here are not easy to get to know. She volunteers at the Heisey Museum and found the Baird story about the village of African-Americans atop Keating Mountain.

North of here, Wykoff Run drains into the Sinnemahoning across from Jericho on Route 120, and Wykoff Road parallels it west far into the Quehanna wilderness.

Frank Albert was a childhood hero of Jim's. He knew Jim's name and told Jim that remembering children's names was a secret of his interpersonal skills. "Always know the child's name even if you don't remember the parents' names," explained Frank. "Helps you in business as well as in the community." Jim says that he's practiced name recognition, it's an important skill. Jim's a Mason, and my Masonic relatives were personable as well.

Pasted Name On Inside Of Gas Cap

Jim told of a Clearfield County gas station manager who followed that advice. "Then gas station owners and attendants pumped gas and cleaned your windshield. Luke Hubler always wanted the driver's name and when he got one, he'd write it and paste it on the inside of the gas cap. When people pulled in asking for a dollar's worth of gas, he'd call them by name and ask if they'd rather have it filled. Nine chances out of ten, they'd agree to the fill."

A gate bars us from visiting the Loop Run siding. That disappoints us both.

During World War II, Frank pushed the railroad to improve the siding, which started out as a place to park trains when the railroad was only a single line. Jim also cites Frank's persistence and ability to persuade in a story of two Lima "steam" shovels. World War II was on, the country needed energy, and Frank had a 1201

Lima shovel, a diesel. Even though he couldn't make the payments on it, he talked the holders of the loan into giving him another. Then he loaded coal and lots of it.

During World War II years, Clearfield County businessman Frank Albert couldn't make payments on one of these 1201 Lima shovels so he convinced businessmen to buy him another. Photo from Construction, Excavation, and Demolitions Machine website. Photo dated to the 1940s.

Those shovels, Jim said, came off the railroad at the Loop Run siding. The first one shuffled up the mountain digging the Loop Run road ahead of it. Much road improving went on before the shovels made their way to the strippings.

Out the road toward Pottersdale, an old "steam" shovel rusts in a field – "that's a 1201 Lima," says Jim.

Every boy of the 1930s and'40s coveted a toy steam shovel. We sat on the bigger ones to wind cranks that operated booms and the shovel, and loaded our Mack trucks with dirt and stones. Only better-off families could afford them, and childhood friend, Lamont Dotter, belonged to one. The days before plastic trash.

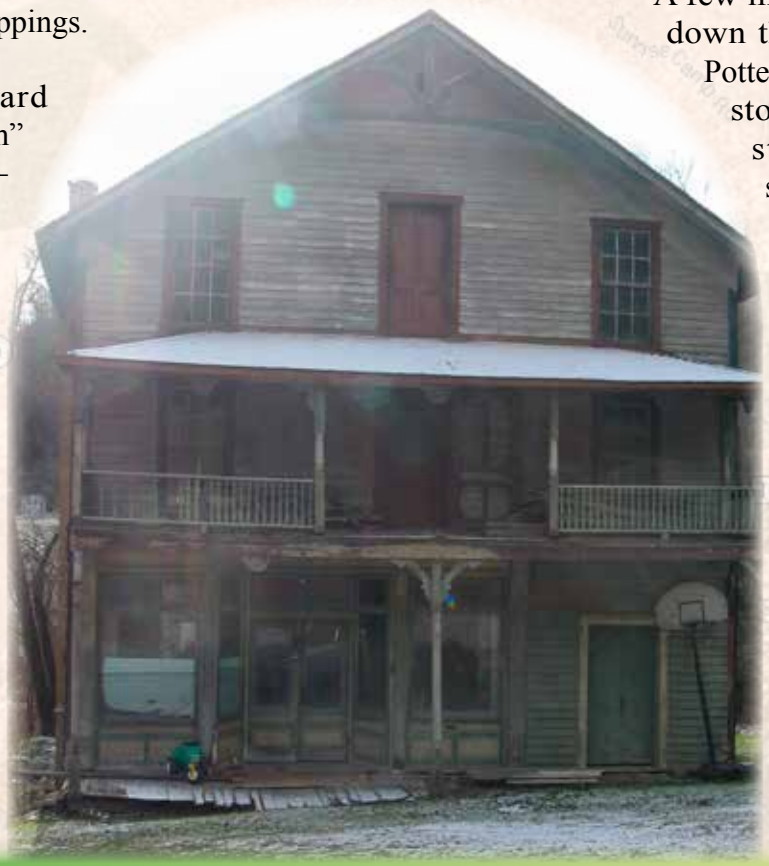
It was here on Loop Road and hauling from the New Garden mine where "Dad got accused of stealing gas," recalls Jim. "The 1945 Chevy dump trucks he bought used so little compared to other trucks, the foreman thought the drivers were stealing gas. He put a man on it and they discovered the trucks were so much more conservative on gas."

We rejoin the Keating/Karthaus road and stop at Ganoe Cemetery on the "square turn." Turns out the road jukes at a right angle at the south corner of the cemetery and darts hard left at the opposite corner to run southwest.

McGonigal, Cole, and Lucas gravestones stand among the others. Jim, Doc, and I walk among them. "Many of these names belong to people I knew. Cole is one."

Tutti Gaines Got 23 Months For Pottersdale Robbery

A few minutes more and we coast down the long curl of road into Pottersdale. We pass a tall, three-story, long-unpainted wood structure with balconies sporting smashed railings that would have served well in Clint Eastwood Westerns. A Pottersdale store was housed there when Tutti Gaines robbed it, recalls Jim. Since Tutti was black, he got a severe sentence compared to his offense. Jim believes this was the late 1940s.



About fifty years ago, Tutti Gaines robbed this-once vibrant Pottersdale store to feed his children, he told the court. See nearby story.

The Clearfield PROGRESS Feb 21, 1950 – COURT HEARS, Pg. 2 Receiving a provisional 23-month jail sentence and a $50 fine and costs was Milford Gaines of Cataract, Karthaus Twp. Gaines pleaded guilty to burglarizing the J. T. McGonigal Store at Pottersdale last August. Mr. McGonigal said about $50 worth of merchandise was taken. Gaines said he took food to feed his four children.

Milford's wife was Olive Teats, daughter of Guy B. Teats and Ella May Eteon (Gaines Cemetery). Guy's parents were Emanuel and Maude Teat, out of New Garden, West Keating Township. Guy was born July 8, 1902 and died Jan. 23, 1970. His obituary is in the Clearfield Progress. He was born during the tunnel's going thru for the rail road. Most of the family is buried in Gaines Cemetery, West Keating Township. Milford's wife we think moved to Lock Haven, PA.

The nearby story of Milford "Tutti" Gaines reports a 23-month prison sentence for robbing the Pottersdale store. Stolen was $50 worth of goods. Emanuel and Maude Teats "out of New Garden" were the parents of Tutti.

Thanks to the Clearfield County Historical Society (chughes@clfdhistory.org) for sending this story.

Pottersdale hamlet looks as if it shelters only a handful of residents. The 2010 census of Karthaus Township doesn't recognize the village. It must be another of the unincorporated Keating-type towns long in decline.

We begin the western ascent of the long hill out of the village. The road is smooth blacktop. "Last time I was on this road, it was a wee, skinny thing. One day in snow and lugging up this hill with the half-ton loaded with coal, it began to slip and then slide back down the hill. Dad was with me. Get her stopped, he said, there's only one thing to do. I got the truck stopped, we unloaded the coal, put on chains, and shoveled all the coal we could back on. And made it up the rest of the hill and home."

Reclaimed coal strippings line both sides of the road. On top we turn off on a haul road where Jim remembers a small group of houses. "Likely not there because the road out of Pottersdale to that village is closed."

Nothing remained, and a strip mine barred the way. A haul truck moved toward us – "he's carrying overburden, not coal." The truck disappeared below us. "Amazing, all those buildings gone."

We turn onto the road to Piper and Quehanna. "My first big wood job was just up the hill from the Karthaus/Pottersdale Pike intersection. Right outside the gate from the plant where Curtiss-Wright geared

Strip mine near Pottersdale, Clearfield County. Still lots of coal mining up there.

up to make nuclear-powered jet engines. Quehanna was booming then."

A fence around the plant sprouts razor wire. It's a state correctional "boot camp" according to signs.

"Must be a better way than this, the expense of housing them and all the travel to and from this place. Ought to put them to work in the woods or on the roads.

"This was 1956, I had to go to Johnsonburg and drove out there two or three times to get the contract for two to four loads per week delivered to the Lock Haven paper plant. This was paper wood from trees treated by arsenic so the bark came off. At Johnsonburg the man told me to take wood to Lock Haven, and they'd give me a contract. I trucked the first load there not knowing they'd take it but they did. The Johnsonburg man had called them just before I arrived.

"After three or four months of cutting, Dad came up to see the operation. He left, saying nothing to me but he told Mom, 'You know, I believe he's going to make a go of the wood business.'"

Jim points to woods that front the Quehanna Reservoir. (Curtiss-Wright took "Quehanna" out of "Susquehanna" as a tribute to the Susquehannocks and Iroquois who once hunted this vast forest tract.) "I got the contract to clean the reservoir. We drove in with a 1010 John Deere front-end crawler and loader. A big machine back then for the wood business. We did the job."

A Hundred Elk Crowd A Hill

"We can go back the way we came but won't see much. If you have the time, we'll drive up to Benezette and look for elk. Not too far."

We did, through the Quehanna Wilderness that has no year-round home in all of it, according to some authorities. We ate lunch at the Benezette hotel on the hill, not the more centrally located downtown restaurant and gift shop. Service was slow. Jim commented on it, asked why there weren't more restaurants locally and answered his own question. "Must be tough to staff a restaurant up here. Tough enough at Restless Oaks. One day we'll be so crowded we can scarcely keep up. Next day with the same staff a handful of people will come."

Starting toward the Winslow Hill Elk viewing station, we see nothing. Then on a far hill, dark specks. A few move. Through field glasses specks grow into elk, a hundred, perhaps two hundred. Jim says they may "yard up" here as they do out West.

We drive east on Route 555 after viewing the new Winslow Hill elk tourism building. Not much business this sunny December day. The elk have clumped a mile or so away. But that's the nature of creating tourism business out of an often recalcitrant chief attraction.

East on Route 555, Dents Run crops up on a sign. That leads us to the legend of a Civil War gold shipment of 26 bars weighing 50 pounds each. Hauled by wagon in 1863 from Wheeling, West Virginia, to Butler, Ridgeway, and St. Marys. Led by a lieutenant, a guard of eight cavalrymen, and a civilian guide.

Back then this was the Wildcat Region literally alive to the scream of mountain lions. The mountains bordering Route 555 and the Bennett branch of the Sinnemahoning look sufficiently forbidding today to harbor these predators. Lumbermen from this area formed the Pennsylvania Bucktail regiments of the Civil War. A Bucktail monument stands in Driftwood not far east of Dent's Run.

The Driftwood, Pa., Civil War monument to the noted Bucktail riflemen. Their reputation rose after Gettysburg. Not far west at Dent's Run is supposedly the last resting place of the legendary gold wagon, as reported nearby.

The gold bars were hidden in a false-bottom wagon. The route was

selected to keep it well north of the Rebs entering Pennsylvania in 1863. Its delivery point was the U.S. Mint in Philadelphia. After leaving St. Marys for Driftwood, the detachment disappeared. Dent's Run comes up in discussions of its final resting place but others nearby crop up. A Clearfield County man claims to have found a camp site that he says fits the story. With his "$8,000 metal detector," he's found gold buried "8 feet below the surface."

The state says nonsense, the camp artifacts are not Civil War era, and he cannot dig there (state land). Accounts say a Lt. Castleton led the guard, a man who historians say doesn't appear in any Civil War unit roster. Hardly conclusive since Lieutenant Fetterman who mustered Co. A of the 148th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry one summer day in Rebersburg appears in no Civil War roster, according to noted Civil War historian Jeff Wert of Centre Hall. He's the author of a half-dozen well-received books on that conflict.

Company A was the Centre County unit of that famous regiment. The 148th roster includes Clinton County men.

A 1.5 million dollar treasure back then that's worth more than $20 million today will breed such stories. Some of the most recent are dated 2008. Type "Driftwood, PA, gold" in your browser to check them out. And as we've shown, arguments pro and con proliferate.

Pete Gower of Renovo searched with a metal detector on and off for years and found remnants of wagon wheels but no gold. Jim says Pete spent a lot of time reading sources and believes that the guard was killed and the gold stolen. Rumors persist that locals found the treasure.

We cruise down 120 toward Lock Haven. Under the Hyner Lookout along the river Jim points to a grass runway airport that son Bobby bought. As he did some 300 acres on the mountainside west of the airstrip. Closer to Lock Haven we pass Tangascootak on the right, and Jim speaks of the Queen of Spain's bucket line that brought coal to Farrandsville across the river. Peacock Road leads up the Tangascootak Valley. "We cut lots of timber up that road." And we finish a most productive "pickup ride" at Restless Oaks Restaurant where we had begun. "We logged 200 miles today."

460 Acres For A Dollar

When we left the restaurant that morning, we traveled Little Plum Road almost to Route 664 – the Coudersport Pike – where we veered right on Bear Penn Hollow Road to the Turkey Trot Development. Fifty-two houses in here now and many of them are log homes we sold, observes Jim. George Williams sold me the 460 acres for a dollar. He called me one day, had the deed ready, and wanted "half of whatever you get for it." I asked, "George, what the hell are you doing? And learned that one of his foster kids had cut trees and lied to George about it. So the young man screwed himself out of 460 acres. I walked it four or five times. Broke it in 10-acre lots."

If you want woods and mountain living twenty minutes from Lock Haven stores, this is it.

Awful Screeching Hissing Noise

Another of his developments sits back Bryan Lane, this one gated. "I've got land stories out along 664 that go on and on, and they all fell out of the timber business. Here we sold off ten lots after cutting timber back the road. We retained ninety acres. On this road running a dozer, I accidentally punched a hole in a gas line. An awful screeching, hissing noise. I knew right away what it was. A hole the size of a finger. 900 pounds of pressure in the line. I called the 800 number, it was a Wilkes-Barre office, and they told me to stay away from the leak and they'd send a man. When he came, he showed me pictures of men carrying pipe on shoulder rods, a pipe on each side. And digging the trench by hand. In 1890.

"When the gas people came in a few years ago, they wanted to pay for certain things, and I said no, we need stone for the road. They agreed. We bartered, as we did on other deals where we traded real estate on 1031 forms. (1031 represents the IRS section on real estate trades.) If the real estate transferred is similar property, you can trade it and defer capital gains tax.

We passed a heavily gouged power line pole. "A bear. Power lines can hum and bears think they've hit a bee tree.

"My first big land purchase was in 1972 down on Pine Bottom. I told part of the story before. I was cutting timber on the Ponderosa. An old man, Ray Springer, was walking along the road, and I stopped to give him a lift. Never said much, and after a couple of rides he mentioned he'd been offered $15,000 for a piece of land. I asked if I could look at, and he agreed. Knew it had $25,000 worth of timber on it.

"Told him I'd give him $25,000 but didn't have the money. I'd give him $5,000 a year until the price was paid, and if I cut one tree before then I'd have to pay the entire $25,000. He would hold the deed until he had the total amount.

"I picked him up one day, and he never said a word until he got out of the truck. He hung on the door, looking in the window. 'You got a deal.'"

We drop off 664 through the woods and over a metal bridge – part of a railroad bridge from the old Beech Creek railroad. That story appears in the chapter reporting the first pickup ride.

Similar land and timber deals followed. "I paid no interest that way. Bank borrowings cost me interest."

The forest-surrounded log cabins bespeak serenity, not intrusion. "We put twenty cabins at Treasure Lake, a resort spot near DuBois. We put one in on spec and we didn't get it built before we had three more sold."

Up 664 near "Pat Reeder's old tavern – he was an old bootlegger" – Jim spoke of timbering some 600 acres. We slow down for well-muffled orange-clad traffic directors. "Cold today, not a job I'd want. Anadarko's trimming trees today. The gas company spent more than $5 million on 664 improvements near the Black Forest Inn."

"Old moonshiner" Pat Reeder who ran the Black Forest Inn on Route 44 would have examined this still with a critical eye. A Restless Oaks Restaurant display. Jim and his crews lumbered and built roads near the Inn.

Two Nuns Wanted References

"I could tell one story after another of my timbering days. On a piece of land near here I dealt with two nuns. For the timber lease I had to send five references. Must have been good ones because the deal worked out well. At one time I knew all the timber people in Pennsylvania."

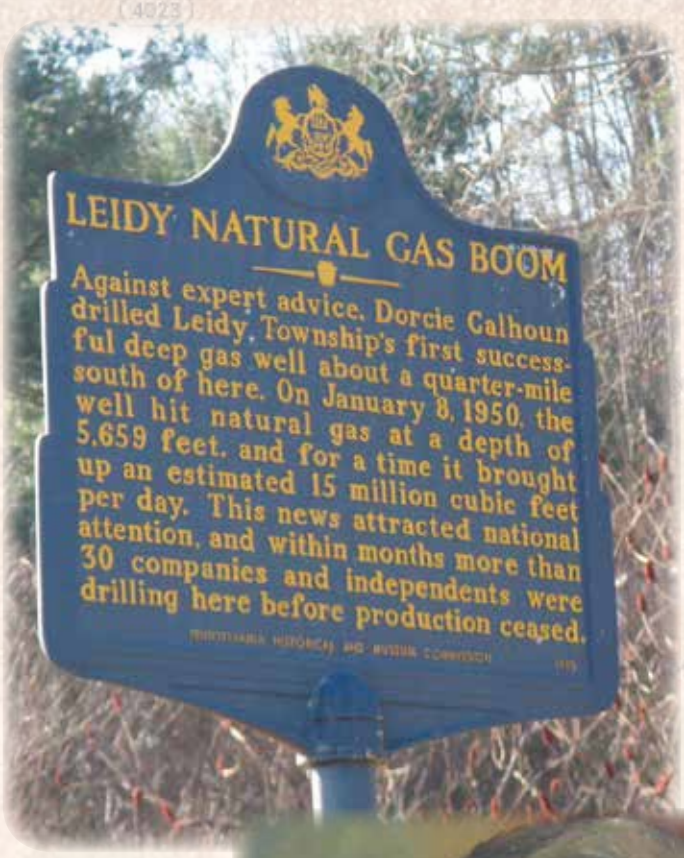
He takes a left. "About a hundred houses back Laurel Run Road. We dug and graded it." This not far from the Lycoming/Clinton County line.

I told him of my father and grandfather driving to their deer camp near Oleana, Potter County. In the 1920s Route 44 up here was dirt. They prayed for freezing cold otherwise their Model T would sink to the hubs in mud.

Jim said his father told of carrying a rope in his Model T Ford. If he got stuck, he would put up the

windshield, run the rope to a tree, start the car, and pull on the rope. That little help would get it moving.

We pass a 2175-foot elevation sign in Potter County. The Pine Hill Road he points to marked the westernmost point his crews cut timber. Not much timbering these days in this hardwood country where black cherry trees stand tall. "Russia fills much of the world market for hardwoods these days," explains Jim. Some hardwood websites also feature Brazilian cherry.



We pass through Oleana and Ole Bull State Park and on down Route 144 to Kettle Creek State Park. Kettle Creek flows on our left along State Route 4001 to Leidy. We stop at a blue state museum marker entitled Leidy Natural Gas Boom. "Against expert advice, Dorcie Calhoun drilled Leidy Township's first successful deep gas well about a quarter-mile south of here. On January 8, 1950, the well hit natural gas at a depth of 5,659 feet, and for a time it brought up an estimated 15 million cubic feet per day. 30 gas companies came to drill. . . ."

Imagine what Calhoun would say about the current Marcellus drilling. He died in 1975.

"Dorcie was an unkempt outspoken man who often wore bib overalls or Army-Navy store clothes," explained Jim. "When he'd run short of money, he'd sell $20 shares to keep drilling underway. (A Lock Haven Express story reports $100 stock shares.) After his well hit, he visited a tractor shop looking for expensive special heavy-duty machines. One salesman wanted nothing to do with him, and another came to talk to him. When Dorcie told him he'd take two, the salesman gasped and asked how he'd pay for them. Would cash do? He opened the trunk of his car and took money out of a suitcase."

Dorcie Calhoun started a pre-Marcellus shale gas boom near here in the early 1950s.

Dorcie Calhoun from a painting by Jeannette E. Nordstrom, 1951. When his well near Leidy hit gas January 1950, he set off a drilling frenzy scarcely equaled by today's Marcellus explosion. And Dorcie's retort to commentators about his Summerson Mountain lady friend echoes 50 years later among Clinton Countians (nearby story). Always cigars in his shirt pocket. Portrait in the Heisey Museum, Clinton County Historical Society.

Hell, Renovo Ain't That Big A Town

Another famous Calhoun story deals with Dorcie taking up with a Summerson Mountain woman. She had eyes that showed green when the sun hit them. Someone asked him what the hell he was doing with her, that she had slept with every man in Renovo. Dorcie replied, "Hell, Renovo ain't that big a town."

That quick Mark Twain-style punch line will remain forever cherished by Clinton County men of a certain age. For that matter elderly men everywhere.

How did Dorcie know where to drill? "He told me as a kid he fished the creek near his drill site and saw bubbles rising in the water. He lit them and they burned. He knew gas was there."

We pass the Alvin R. Bush Dam. Jim spoke regretfully of the wasted power possibilities of small dams such as this one. "With the new low-head generators, they ought to be making electricity. I'm installing a water turbine and generator at my home. They say I've got enough fall to make 200 pounds of pressure. That should be enough to power the entire house. But I'll have to check that nothing plugs the tube.

"Did you know that they installed new turbines at the Hoover Dam in Nevada based on quiet submarine propellers? The new wheels are so efficient they generate 30 percent more power."

At Westport, we turn right on 120 and soon turn into Keating where we began this chapter climbing the mountain.

Wood Chips belt buckle still worn proudly by Maguire family and workers.

Wood Chips started it

Silver and turquoise jewelry once sold in the Wood Chips headquarters – the Bee Hive Gift Shop – shouts Southwest Native American heritage. Silver sets off sky blue stones as vivid as the sparks from the exploding transformer at the Lizardville sawmill, that business another part of Wood Chips, Inc.

The transformer's warning blast punctuated the day that water poured into the sawmill from the massive flood of 1972. Bobby Maguire escaped in a pickup following his father who parted the waters with a front end loader. "I wouldn't have made it without him," says Bobby, who remembers his father shouting, "That's it!" when the transformer blew.

Choice white pine lumber as well as hardwood to be saved. No dice. Away it went on the flood.

HS TARM multi-fuel boilers from Denmark were also another venture under the Wood Chips business umbrella. The oil/wood combination boilers sold so well the Maguires won trips to Denmark where the boilers were made. You could buy them burning solid wood, wood pellets, coal, natural gas, and yes, wood chips, according to a website. One model gasified wood. One dealer proudly states that some 16,700,000 gallons of heating oil and 187,000 tons of carbon dioxide emissions have been saved since 1994.

Wood Chips, Inc., took life when Hammermill learned it took less energy to cook paper pulp from wood chips rather than cord wood. Hammermill wanted the Maguires to sell them chips. The mill offered a "free" $100,000 check to the family to go back to the woods because the Maguires were so busy cleaning up after Hurricane Agnes. That was government-funded work. Once back in the woods, the family was soon running whole-tree wood chippers and massive mobile equipment that grabbed a tree, sheared it off at the stump, and laid it down. When you see felled trees in neat rows as we did last year did on the Renovo Road, they are likely machine cut.

One of those machines appears on a large Wood Chips collage brought in by Jimmy. “I found the display stowed away.” Activities such as the Homelite dealership show under the Wood Chips banner.

Many of the pages of this family history would be blank if not for Wood Chips. Under this umbrella, the Maguires operated the Avis pallet mill, the Woodward Avenue Homelite shop – where the jewelry shop was located – the log home sales, and the Hogan Boulevard sawmill that eventually became the Lizardville mill. This after Jim brought the family to Pine Creek.

After the dank, dark watery days of the ’72 mid-June hurricane, they put their Homelite gasoline-driven pumps to pumping water out of homes without electricity. Jim knew they had to get the water and mud out right away. They cut up and pulled bridges out of creeks, cleared roads, and set houses back on foundations. Jimmy said they made a good showing with the Corps of Engineers, and got contracts for all kinds of rebuilding work.

He recounted the story of bidding $3,800 to remove a bridge when a competitor bid something like $69,000. The Army man took his bid and told Jim he missed a zero, which Jim added. The Mill Hall bridges – two of them – had to be pulled because they were damming the creek still flowing strong days after the flood.

Turned Bridge Beams Into Sawmill Rails

Opportunity from disaster. Steel bridge beams waiting to be salvaged for sawmill use. That’s what caught Jim’s eye when he looked into the creek at the fallen bridges.

At that time, Wood Chips men were sawing at the mill back of Hogan Boulevard. They wanted to build a larger one at Lizardville when Hurricane Agnes struck. The mill is still there under other ownership.

Somewhere around June 22 that massive storm sat over Pennsylvania. Rain poured and poured some more. More than 68,000 homes and 3,000 businesses were destroyed in Pennsylvania alone. Fifty Pennsylvanians died, and monetary losses were put at $2.3 billion (in 1972 dollars). Hurricane Agnes so powerfully torrential and damaging, the Weather Service retired the name from its list of names given to disasters.

Wood Chip men cut up the bridges with torches and hauled pieces with log skidders. "The old Army sergeant told me, 'It's a good thing you didn't know what you were doing,' recalls Jim. "We hauled the last piece out about 3 o'clock the day we started."

"We earned a good reputation with the Corps of Engineers. We got all the cleanup work we wanted."

Roy in truck and Jim in cowboy hat examine a railroad bridge slated for Linnippi Village. Date: May 19, 1981.

Jimmy reminded his father of the 988 Caterpillar front end loader they came across up at Beech Creek. "Uncle Bill drove it on flood cleanup work for several days. To this day we don't know who it belonged to."

Jim laughed. "Uncle Bill would ask to stop at the Beech Creek hotel. He'd say we'll only stay a minute or two. We wouldn't leave until midnight."

We're sitting in the warm downstairs Restless Oak office. Donna Timblin, Jim, Bobby, and Jimmy. On a bitter January day under a typical central Pennsylvania iron-gray sky, old bones ache for a warm June rain.

Stories fall out in part and in whole as Jim, his sons, and Donna chime in with corrections and dart off on tangents.

Buy 3 And Take A Dealership

Shirley wears a turquoise and silver necklace from the Bee Hive Gift Shop. One of the Wood Chips enterprises, the Bee Hive sold Southwest jewelry as well as glassware, dishes, furniture, and other very high quality items, according to Donna Timblin. Portrait hangs in the Restless Oaks offices.

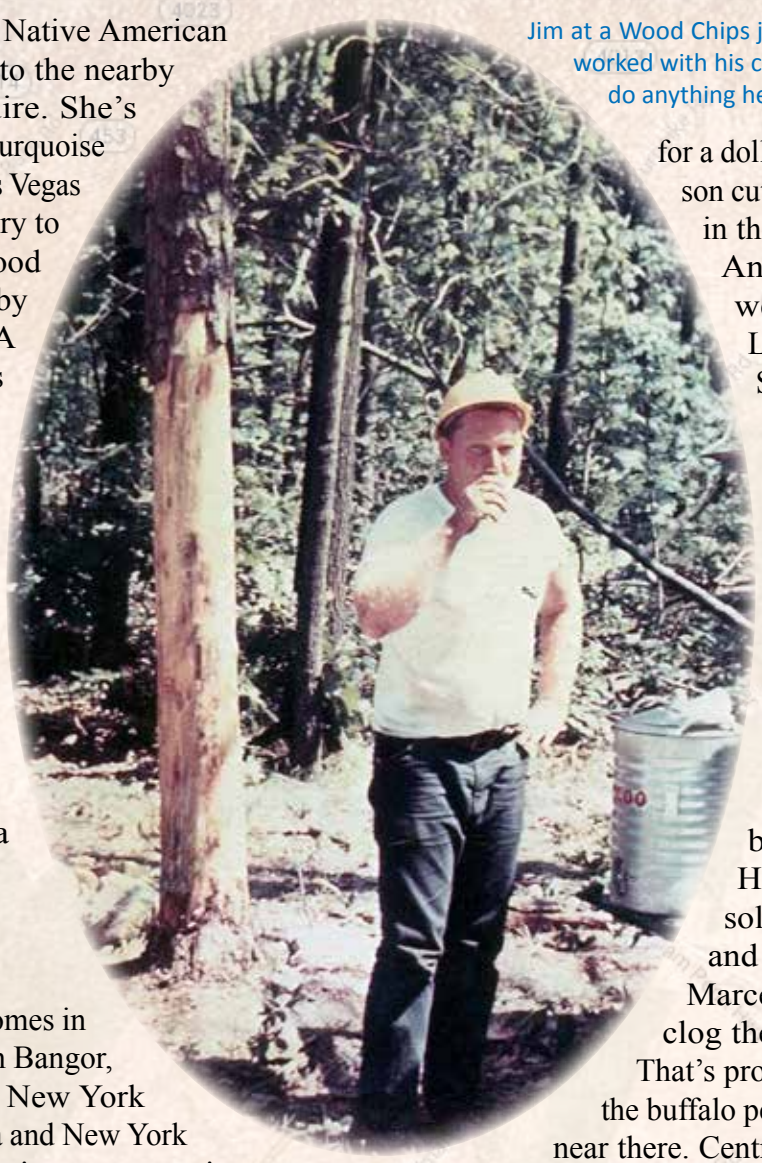
When we spoke of the Native American jewelry, someone pointed to the nearby portrait of Shirley Maguire. She's wearing a grand silver-and-turquoise necklace bought from the Las Vegas people who sent their jewelry to the Woodward Avenue Wood Chips shop now occupied by Kliney's furniture store. A couple of smaller log cabins in the rear once housed Wood Chips offices.

The store's large log structure and the dwellings in back grew out of a conversation with a New York log home builder. "I want two log homes," was Jim's request.

"Buy three and take a dealership."

"Okay."

"I'd gone hunting log homes in Maine, talked to someone in Bangor, and came back down to a New York dealer near the Pennsylvania and New York border. That's when the previous conversation led to our dealership. That in the fall of '72. The Kliney headquarters, the Restless Oaks restaurant, Jimmy and Lori's home, other family member homes, and some 800 more fell out of that story." Several log houses he sold stand on lots carved out of property sold to him for a dollar by a man angry at a foster son cutting trees on it. That story is in the third pickup ride chapter. And many more log houses were built at the Treasure Lake resort near DuBois, Pa. Somewhere in this biography it says that the log home activity germinated from the large white pine trees cut by Jim's loggers. At that time, they were looking for a use for them. Some of those white pine logs serve as beams in the main Restless Oaks dining room.



Jim at a Wood Chips jobsite during the early days. He worked with his crews. He never asked his men to do anything he wouldn't do.

The log home business became Asperline Log Homes when the Maguires sold out. Now water trailers and other equipment serving Marcellus shale gas companies clog the Woodward Avenue site. That's progress, and a long way from the buffalo pens and restaurant that stood near there. Central Pennsylvanians stopped by to see the hump-backed cattle and eat whole blueberry pies.

"Doug Myers was our chief carpenter on log homes. A good man."

Former Wood Chips offices, Woodward Avenue (behind current Kliney store).
Log walls of Kliney's Home Furnishings once sheltered Wood Chips, Inc. Some 800 log homes were ordered here.

"We have so many stories." Story is a synonym for opportunity in this family. "And nobody had as much fun in all these deals as we did."

As to the jewelry business genesis, Shirley and Jim had visited the famous London Bridge in Arizona and bumped into a couple who sold Southwest Native American jewelry out of a Las Vegas shop. A very debonair pair, recalls Jim. One thing led to another, and the proprietors agreed to send some of their work to the Maguires for sale in their Woodward Avenue shop. That was in 1970s. The mutual agreement lasted some ten years until a Maguire check for sales of their goods came back. The husband-and-wife team had been murdered in their Vegas shop.

"Before Wood Chips, Incorporated, was Timberland Enterprises, Inc.," said Jim. "Yes, in 1962, in an office likely smaller than 8 by 12, on the side porch of our house in Clearfield County," interrupted Jimmy. "One door in and out by my aunt's desk. That was Aunt Kay Scott who kept the books."

Bobby reminded the group how he and other kids "made up our own checks on that check-writing machine. It printed either red or black." He and his brother can still hear the machine's clatter.

"I had a partner back then – Jim Hubler," his father said. "He wanted to buy me out. We were cutting pulpwood and splitting logs with a black powder wedge. Used 4F cannon powder at $5 per 50 pounds."

Bobby grinned. "We could tell stories all day about what we did with that black powder."

Civil War artillery reenactors will cry when they read of powder at $5 per 50 pounds.

"We operated our sawmill in a cement-block garage heated by a big soft-coal stove," recalled Jim.

Son Jimmy will always remember the warmth from that stove.

Scorched His Foot On A Weld

"I had some saw logs and took them to Uncle Bob Hurley. Then we decided on a sawmill on the family farm. I sold a tree farmer – a rubber-tired log skidder – and my commission was a sawmill. It needed work. We welded on 60-foot pipes and then a floor based on an ingenious design by cousins Rich Hurley and Irv Welker. Made it 12-feet wide and 65 feet-long and it wouldn't fit in the garage. We ---"

"I scorched my foot on it – walked on it barefooted and stepped on a still-hot weld," laughed Bobby.

"That was our first mill," replied his father. "We'd cut lumber out of the first log and pulpwood out of the rest. When we came to Lock Haven in 1966, we were still Timberland Enterprises."

Jim nearby talks of his first sawmill in Clinton County. Here is his first brand new log truck, an International.

"At our mill on Hogan Boulevard – we'd brought our Clearfield County mill – we put in a twin-head debarker. Hammermill wanted bark off the wood. Earlier, we girdled trees and sprayed them with arsenic so the bark would remove easy. This was 1962, and Jeff was about four years old. (Jeff tells this story in his chapter.) We were getting ready to spray when the

lid blew off the sprayer and arsenic spray hit my eyes. I bled from them. Milk was an antidote and I shouted for him to get some from the truck. He did and saved my eyes.

"The Corps of Engineers complained about the Hogan Boulevard mill and its sawdust. And Hammermill wanted to get rid of the debarkers and chip or debark in the woods. That's when Wood Chips got started. That was 1968. I was one of the owners. I took in my brother, Joe, and my brother-in-law Don Scott. Joe ran the sawmill, and Don ran the woods operation – the chipper. I oversaw the shop and served as general manager. Shortly after that we moved the mill to Salona, to Lizardville."

He spoke about a long strike at Hammermill in the late 1960s. Workers crossed union picket lines. "They took my job," was a bitter refrain then and it's still heard. "We owed Janet Meyer money. Things didn't look good – and I talked to them about getting in too deep. His wife said, 'No, we're in this together and if we don't keep you going, we'll all go under.' Wasn't the only time help came that way."

Someone mentioned a flood and a heavy paper roll on a trailer swept down where the Camelot Boulevard mobile home park is now. The one near Lowes. Jim said that others tried to retrieve it with trucks and wound up getting stuck. "I took Billy Lupton and a skidder down there, and we dragged it out.

"We bought an old saw mill in Lizardville, took it over from Warren Wetzel who ran it on a half-million dollar note from Koppers. That company wanted railroad ties. They are graded 5 through 1. Five is the best. No matter what we did, they never graded ours Number Five. I sold ties to Kerr McGee in Avoca, and they graded some as fives. Koppers was going to call the note if we didn't give them all our ties. But my lawyer Alvin Snowiss had a stipulation in our agreement with Koppers that we could sell our ties to anyone.

"Mike Kerr of Kerr McGee was there with a certified check to pay the note when the sheriff showed up to evict us. Mike told them that since the note was paid, they should leave since this was now private property.

"Years later, a man named Mike Kerr dealt with Jimmy on gas well deals. We learned his great-uncle was the Mike Kerr who brought the check to Lizardville. Chance connections can be so important but we usually do not know it at the time."

Wood Chips got other government contracts in the late 60's and early 70's to remove trees during the oak leaf roller infestation of that time. The caterpillars stripped millions of trees of leaves and left them dead or nearly so. "We were one of the first to use The Drott that sheared the trees near the trunk and laid them down," said Jim. "That and the whole-tree chipper."

Jimmy remembers one of those dead trees. Eagles had built a nest in it.

He reminisced about the Jersey Shore barber who gave the Maguires free haircuts. Ralph Aungst was the barber whose house up Route 44 a few miles from town floated off its foundation onto the road. That during the Agnes flooding and told in Jimmy's chapter. The state wanted it pushed off the road and smashed if that's what it took. Jim's father said no and to cut some heavy white oak poles, lift the dwelling on them, roll it to the foundation and put it back. They did, hence the haircuts. Later, Jimmy and a team of Wood Chips workers opened Route 44 all the way to Waterville. He and others milked neighbor's cows by hand on the barn threshing floor because the bottom stalls were flooded. Wood Chips became a service organization after Hurricane Agnes. Shirley emptied three freezers of food for neighbors.

Jim added to a story in the 1st pickup ride chapter. They had tried to rescue an elderly couple living near Phelps Chapel who didn't realize the danger of flooding from Hurricane Agnes. Orville Carson whacked Jim with a cane, telling him to leave, it had never flooded here. When the Maguires returned, the water was rising, and Mr. and Mrs. Carson were ready to leave. Jimmy sloshed through water to get Mrs. Carson's insulin medicine from the refrigerator. He could feel a "buzz," the electricity in the water. Yet the refrigerator

light still lit when he opened the door. Mrs. Carson was recuperating from hip surgery and was taken out in the bucket of a front end loader.

Days after the Carsons returned, Jim and Shirley stopped to check on them, and Mrs. Carson offered them homemade bread.

"Shirley wouldn't take it but I said I would," Jim recalls. "Sometimes you should take what's offered, sometimes that's all they have to offer."

Still on cleanup remembrances, Bobby told of rebuilding a flooded-out bridge in Rag Valley. That lovely named valley south of Mackeyville holds the Rag Valley Road that turns into the Mt. Riansares Road. The Duke of Riansares was the Queen of Spain's husband who said he saw an empire from the nearby mountain top. In the mid 1800s, the queen's money built the Fallon House in Lock Haven, the iron furnace at Farrandsville, and opened coal mines across the river.

The Wood Chips gang put in a lot of small bridges after Agnes.

At a bridge site, they found a skull used to scare the wits out of Doug, the carpenter. And there's an obscure story of a snake and a truck and a fired worker. And another about a skeleton placed behind the steering wheel of a car and driving the vehicle through Lock Haven. And long before a recent TV ad where a llama is led into an elevator, a llama was led into a house. A hint of disaster in that move? Ask Lorie about this.

Then the 1973 oil embargo hit, and fuel oil and diesel hit cruel highs. Gas rationing struck. The Maguires ran their Homelite shop full-bore then. As soon as the Arabs embargoed oil, Jim ordered a semi-trailer truckload of chain saws and a mile of chain, plus saw chain files. "I had trouble with Homelite. They wanted to know if I could pay for that much. They found out I could. They sent what I wanted, and we advertised. Traffic was so heavy on Woodward Avenue next to our shop, the State Police had to come and direct traffic."

From left: Two Homelite sale representatives.
Next are Roy Timblin and Charlie Rohrer.
Dated tentatively to 1976. Charlie holds commemorative Last Raft plaque also branded "Wood Chips."
Photo site is Lock Haven river bank.

Jeff's Mack truck leaves Wood Chips shop on Woodward Avenue. Every Lehigh Valley boy of the 1940 and 50s knew the most manly truckers drove Macks. Mack for years built its trucks in Allentown, PA. Signs announce Wood Chips, Bee Hive Gifts, Inc, and Custom Built Kitchens.

What a time. Folks with wood lots and forest land cut and sold wood. And bought saws and splitters. Farmers bought corn-burning stoves and built stills to make alcohol, both for home and for fueling tractors and other gasoline-powered vehicles. Or simply to supplement and extend precious gasoline long before alcohol became a national additive for gas. Wood splitters of every kind including a most medieval-looking coarse-threaded cone that bolted on to a truck wheel were born. Jimmy said that most anything that looked promising flew back then.

"We built an automated dual-rail splitter," said Jim. "A man sat at one end operating it while others loaded. We split cord wood fast. And we delivered pole wood."

Bought Land Named On Revolutionary War Warrant

Traveling through rural areas helped introduce the family to land ownership and who might be selling. Bobby and Jimmy gave a Renovo man $300 to hold some ground. The man said he could give a deed. When Jimmy visited his land, he found a man staking For Sale signs. "That's my property," Jimmy announced.

"The hell it is."

The Maguires couldn't get a clear deed until property claims were run back to the original Revolutionary War warrants. Veterans by act of Congress were given land in that way. Congress didn't have money for pensions. But warrants were often quickly sold or traded, so courts grant ownership to people who can show rights to the oldest warrant. "Our seller held a warrant senior to the other claimant," said Jimmy. "We were buying 54 acres for $10,000. So we made a little money on that deal."

Jimmy said that county land maps often show plots where ownership is unknown.

"The next piece we bought was on Dry Run Road, off Route 44 between Pat Reeder's and the Black Forest Inn. Three owners sold that same piece of land on the same day."

Earlier, chance meetings and their often strange results were cited. The National Geographic project mentioned in Jimmy's chapter likely arrived via a chance meeting. In the early 1970s, Bobby Maguire was on his way to Arizona via train and was marking time in the Pittsburgh train station when the Penn Central bankruptcy was announced.

He was standing next to a National Geographic photographer during the announcement and struck up a conversation. "We talked for hours, exchanging names and phone numbers. That probably led him to Jim."

Jim Maguire's portrait in the Maguire offices. "Woodchips started it all."

That reminded Jimmy of the woods and tagging along with bee tree hunters after they moved to Pine Creek. “Nothing better than the taste of raw honey.”

And someone mentioned a friend of his father flying his plane up Pine Creek Valley at tree-top level.

Donna Timblin laughed. “I remember that. Pine Creek was never the same after the Maguires came.”

And there was the story of Jim’s Australia visit. He wondered why so many bulldozers with shiny treads and rusty blades sat near railroad sidings. Seems the Aussies built railroads with different gauges so they couldn’t ship cattle that way. They made up caravans of twenty or so cattle trailers so heavy that bulldozers were required to start them going.

And he and some American friends ate in a small-town restaurant. “In the outback, a town might consist of four buildings. We finished eating and asked about dessert. They announced various fruit pies, including blueberry. One of us said he’d have a piece of that huckleberry pie. The fellow in charge looked up and said he hadn’t heard ‘huckleberry’ since he left Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, many years ago.

“So many stories and so many connections.”

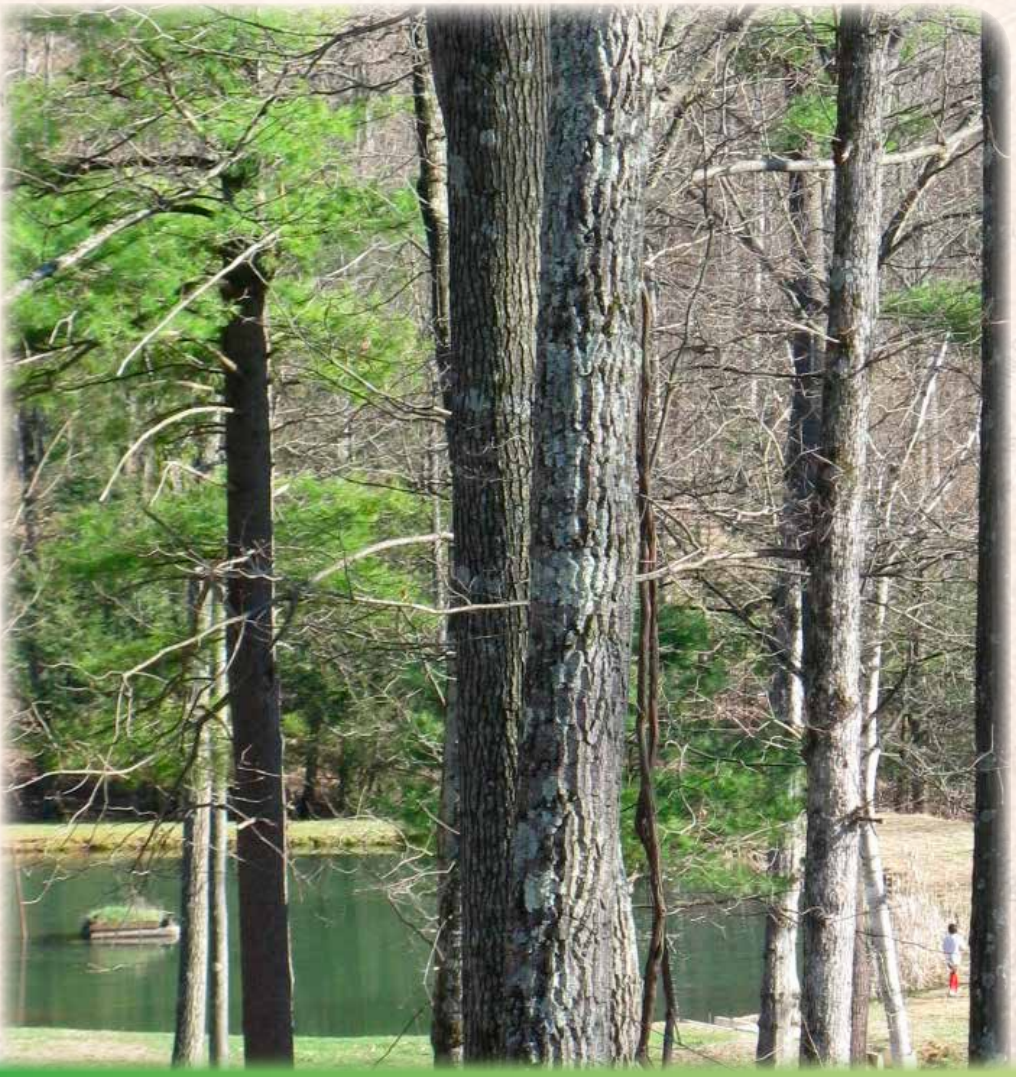
And A Place To Chill Out

Coyote and deer tracks pock the snow this cold January day. From the nine large windows the ground slopes gently down into a large swale and a frozen pond. “More ponds are downstream,” says Jimmy. He and his father are here today. Tree trunks stand black against the snow; it’s a pleasingly open glade. He spoke of some 800 acres, once a forest conservancy. Oak, cherry, and many other trees, including sycamores – river trees – grow here, some species not native because of the early conservancy effort. Many remain after controlled logging that included a few clear-cut plots on the far mountainside.

Talk of trees leads to a story about black cherry trees worth thousands of dollars and some on their way out on a log truck until Jimmy came along and stopped it. Something about an agreement and what to cut and who violated what.

A stone’s throw from this Pine Creek hideaway, the group got into a black snake colony. A picture shows the mother of all black snakes dangling from a tree. The snakes were not killed.

You enter the cabin into a long south-facing gallery fronted by nine windows. A fire glows in a window-door wood stove. It’s cozy. The stove comfortably heats the gallery and the commodious



The focal point of the Maguire Pine Creek property. Kids love the stocked pond, and Dane Hanna is heading there now (lower right corner). On a warm April 2014 afternoon.

Talk about a happy fisherman. He's Dane Hanna. Grandfather Jimmy Maguire and Dane's mother, Rachel, approve. Rachel's nephews Jameson and Hayes Trostle likely wish they had caught the fish. Trevor Hanna (Rachel's husband's brother) and Nicky Piergallini with the ball complete the picture.

mobile home at its back. The home called a trailer by some was bought reasonably from an estate. Jimmy points out that the structure is oriented so that it receives the winter sun but not the summer sun. During peak summer days, sunlight touches only three inches of the floor under the windows. Winter sun does much to warm the cabin.

The comfortable, warm retreat sits up the slope overlooking the pond. This late May 2014 day a large doe loafed close by, and grouse scuffled along the road. This land must be blessed if those noble birds inhabit it. Tears form at the memory of my father, Theodore Harlan Berger now three years gone, and myself long ago chasing grouse and other small game. It is shameful that so few young people today will thrill to the thrum of a grouse blasting off close by and the hurry to mount the shotgun. Nor to feel the ache in the legs after a day busting brush, and birds, rabbits, and squirrels yet to clean. Good days, and this land holds that promise.

Momma or Pop black snake inspecting interlopers at Pine Creek hideaway. Jimmy said smaller ones slithered off in all directions.

The double-pane windows and much of the structure external to the mobile home were caged from various sources. Jim pointed to steel I-beams carrying the large carport. They came from Blue Moon renovations, an eatery near Williamsport. According to Jimmy, the windows fell out of a chance meeting with a contractor. I told him I needed windows. "What do you need and what color." I told him color didn't matter and specified the size and that I needed nine of those. "Just happens I have nine that size in clay." And he quoted a price of something over $200. Windows that size usually cost about four times that.

I said, "Sold."

This comfortable family retreat is fitted out with all interior appliances, water, and family plumbing. We step outside. "Not a sound from Pine Creek, no truck or car noise," observes Jimmy's father. It's not far to the first gas well drilled in Lycoming County, the one on Maguire land that the Linnippi Village group visited a few years ago.

James Harold Maguire at the Pine Creek cabin.
A recent picture.

Jimmy talks of another landfill and gas country tour. That would be instructive.

June 2014, starting from the Pine Creek cabin, he gave a visiting group a tour up "Maguire's Mountain" to the family's Pine Creek vista.

Earlier we left Route 44 and passed under a sign liberally spiked with horseshoes. Jimmy spoke of his trials with a township official over the size of the sign. "He told me it exceeded the allowable surface area. I said, 'No, you haven't subtracted for the empty space in the horseshoes.' He snorted and replied that he wasn't going to credit us for the horseshoe spaces."

Colorado visitors Brian Berger (left) and wife Misty (right) examine the Pine Creek valley from atop a high mountain named Short. Shirley Berger (front) appears to be watching for snakes. Jimmy took us up to the family's Pine Creek outlook one fine June 2014 morning. Deer and turkey fled in front of us.

At one time, a Williamsport-based hunting club used the land and cabin. That came to a sharp end when a hunt club member tried to escort Lori, Jimmy's wife, off the land.

About a mile from the Maguire family cabin we passed a large log home. Reported earlier, it is the one sold to the New Jersey businessman. It's heated easily and inexpensively by a geothermal system.

West on Route 973 we pass graded and grassed gas and water pipeline paths. And a well pad for several wells. None of these enterprises show recent activity or much surface disturbance. Water from Pine Creek near Jersey Shore will flow all the way to Wellsboro, serving future well drilling and fracking operations, keeping hundreds of water truck deliveries off the roads. That's likely more than forty miles. The line has to snake in odd angles across the miles to follow right-of-ways. Some owners refused to grant paid right-of-ways for the underground line.

Lines collecting gas from wells hide under grass and

snow. Pipeline tracks through forest are no wider than those for electric power lines. Their visual impact is far less than a high-tension power line.

All of the Maguires promote Pennsylvania natural gas activity. Marcellus shale drilling has brought jobs to the state as well as a welcome boost to state tax revenue and to local governments. It has brought considerable royalty and lease income to farmers and other rural land owners. Its environmental impact has been minimal, something detractors will not concede.

Jim regrets that "I didn't see this gas business coming."

The Pine Creek forest setting fits well with the family's business and recreational interests. They began on the land and in the woods. Time spent here is a return to their roots.

A late April gathering at Pine Creek.
4th row from left: Carol Kimball, Enos Kimball, Sr. (hiding behind Carol in baseball cap), Jimmy Maguire, Leon D'Ottavio, Diane Kimball, Matt Maguire, Enos Kimball, Jr., Myron Deitrick (Lori's dad,), Myron Deitrick (Lori's brother), and Jim Maguire
3rd row from left: Rachel Hanna, Kim D'Ottavio, Jamie Trostle, Lori Maguire, John Hanna, Natalie Deitrick, Tom Piergallini, Mary Piergallini, Shirley Berger, Glenda Shearer
2nd row from left: Shirley Keller, Jameson Trostle, Hayes Trostle, Nicky Piergallini
Front row from left: Jack Hanna, Jesse Piergallini, Olivia Hanna, Trevor Hanna
One or more fisher folk there that day played hooky.

Epilogue

-- Donna Timblin:

"So Many Stories" is the perfect title for Jim Maguire's memories. His life has been greatly blessed by many experiences. When he looks back at the stories he's told – they really did happen – he is in wonderment that one person could have really experienced all of this.

He emphasizes the importance of making wise choices as well as thinking of others. He has a generous nature seen in his belief that business deals as well as personal interactions should always result in a win-win situation for both parties. His whole life is just that; a win for both parties. This book is the product of his generosity, which he wants to share with his family, extended family members, and friends.

Following are several sayings that Jim uses regularly. We ask as you read them to reflect back when you heard these wise words.

We'll begin with his father's wisdom. Dad would point his finger at me and say, "Doesn't matter how dumb the man you're talking to, he'll teach you something you don't know." And, "You've got one mouth and two ears, use them accordingly." And, "don't ever say 'I', say 'we' because generally it's 'we' who did it."

From Jim:

Success is just disguised hard work.

Make a silk purse out of a pig's ear.

Next time my ass would tell my brain why. (The recipient of a butt warming claimed he didn't know why he got one.)

There are oodles of things to do to make money.

Let me show you. (When, for example, you ask how you know when wheat is ready for harvest. Or if you want to taste fox grapes because they look so good.)

Find something you like to do. That takes half the work out of it. Goes a long way to shorten the day.

Big Jim told me early on to make a decision and to stick with it right or wrong.

The only people that ever make mistakes are people doing something.

Sometimes you have to learn how to just say, "Thank You."

I am what 90 percent of the world would love to be: young, American and free.

If it's meant to be, it's up to me.

Make sure you check the oil.

If you have enough to give, do it. If you don't have enough, find out how to do with a little less and do as much good as possible with what you can.

And nobody had as much fun in all those deals as we did.

Nurturing Eagle
Dedicated to the memory of
Mary Kay Hurley Maguire '26
AND
Juliet Ellenberger Harpster '32
for the enjoyment of all alumni and
friends who support students at
Lock Haven University
DONATED IN 2003 BY
JAMES H. MAGUIRE
GLENDA HARPSTER SHEARER

RESTLESS OAKS RESTAURANT, MAY 2014.