THIS I REMEMBER

Written in the 1980s

By Salome Dietz

We moved from East Donegal Township, Lancaster Co., to East Manchester Township near Manchester, York Co. In 1906, we moved everything by horse and wagon except the cattle. The cattle had to cross the then only bridge between Columbia and Wrightsville, the railroad bridge. When it was train time, everyone had to wait until the trains had gone.

With help from neighbors, my Dad moved some loads of implements and household items before moving day, as the people living on the farm then made room for them.

Christian N. Musser, my Grandfather, and my dad bought the 102-acre farm in the fall of 1905 and planned to move in March. They got to the farm safely on moving day, that is, all but the cattle and those with them. My 10-year-old brother was one of them; by the time they stopped to water the cattle at a watering trough by the barn, snowflakes started falling.

They planned to stop for the night to rest men and cattle at the John Strickler farm, but because of the snow, they stayed three nights. The Stricklers were kind and took care of people and cattle till they could go. Roads weren't opened like they are in our day, when it was the days of open sleighs and jingle bells.

I suppose a five-year-old couldn't do much at moving time, so I stayed with my grandfather Jacob Beshore and Aunt Lizzie for a few days. I rode all that way in a loaded wagon; my mother drove with my brother Aaron. I do not remember my first day on the new farm, but I guess with my parents and brothers there and our things in the house now, I knew it was home.

I remember walking with my parents to what were called afternoon prayer meetings, and since most fields were fenced in, some were walks through cattle pastures. They started about 1 p.m. and lasted a few hours, mostly testimonials with little preaching. I think mostly for those who were unable, or due to age, to attend the Sat. eve. meeting and Sunday morning.

These were at a greater distance. In those days there were many meetings in York Co. I have lived through many changes since then.

A family named Brown had afternoon meetings. Their youngest child, named Leah, must have had something like rheumatic fever and was crippled. After her parents' death, she lived in two rooms of a family's home in Manchester and did quilting for a living with help from others. She was paid a cent a yard for quilting. (What a price when I think of the price of quilts today!) She was the only person I saw after death to be on a cooling board, as was done in those days before being put in a casket. Funerals have changed since then; they usually took place in the morning in Manchester, in the homes if they were large enough, or at Union Church. The bell rang first to let everyone know someone had died, and then what was called tolling started, one for each year of the person's life. The bell ringing ended by the time the last team arrived. Now the old Union Church is gone and with it many of the old ways.

So many days have passed since then, and I have seen many changes. But were they for the better?

Crossing the Susquehanna Bridge cost 3 cents, but when there was no ice on the river, two boats crossed several times a day. When we took the boat, it was 5 cents. There was room to sit while crossing, but also room to drive a horse and carriage.

Our garden had beds and paths. As soon as my Dad finished digging, I put seeds in little holes I made with my finger. The first was near the path: a radish seed; next, a lettuce seed; and last, a red beet seed. The radish could be pulled first, then the lettuce, but the red beet stayed in until it was ready to cook and eat, or can. The grown-ups planted the bed with other vegetables.

Our house was built in 1852 by Jacob Keller, who later was a bishop. I was told John Beshore, who later lived in Lancaster Co., was one of his helpers. The house was built of bricks and had 10 rooms with a large cellar and attic;

A brick summer house with a spring house; a well with a trough from the spring to cool gallon crocks of eats, and a deeper one to cool cans of milk, etc.

We had a driving horse named Doll and two mules named Pet and Curl; after we lived in York Co., my Dad bought two mules at a farm sale named Mike and Dave. We didn't have tractors where we lived until 1918. Then, with broad metal tires.

We went to school at Beshore School, a 1 1/4-mile walk for 7 months. Those who lived on farms didn't all start on the first day; they waited until farm work was finished. As far as I remember, I always started on the first day. We had morning and evening work to do and changed from school dress to work dress. We did not change our school dress every day. We lived on the farm until 1920, when my brother Christian married and took over farming.

I came across this poem and think it a suitable closing. *Author unknown.*

Learn to wait–life's hardest lesson
Conned, perchance, through blinding tears;
While the heartthrobs sadly echo
To the tread of passing years.
Learn to wait–hope's slow fruition;
Faint not, though the way seems long;
There is joy in each condition;
Hearts by suffering may grow strong.
Thus a soul untouched by sorrow
Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow;
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Salome Dietz was born May 12, 1900, to Jacob and Catharine Musser. Salome's father, Jacob, was born in the house where Amos Conley now lives. (Salome is a cousin to Annamary Musser and Ada Conley.) Salome's mother was from York Co. She married David Dietz before either of them decided to serve the Lord. When their oldest daughter died of something like pneumonia, they were then willing to seek God's help and make a beginning. In 1929, they were baptized, and in 1937, David was voted minister in the horse-and-buggy group. Together, they raised four daughters, Ruth, Mary, Joanna, and Leada, all of whom went through nursing school. David died in 1982.

Salome now lives in an apartment in Glen Rock, southern York Co. She always enjoys company. If you ask whether her days are lonely, she quickly responds, "Oh no, I have Jesus here with me, and I keep busy with crocheting lap robes, my flowers and letter writing."

The Thanksgiving Angel

by Rachel Rebekah Keller

Rachel wrote this original story for her November chapel report at school.

Once there was a family who lived in a shack out in the country. These people were very, very poor. Their food supply was scarce and what were they to live on through the winter?
One morning they were down to their last potato and last loaf of bread. The mother cut the potato in six small pieces. They bowed their heads and thanked the Lord for the food and asked Him to provide for them. Just as father had finished praying there came a loud knock – knock- knocking on the door. There stood a man at the door with bags of sugar, flour, butter, potatoes, bread, dried beef, oatmeal and other things. He said he had some extras and wanted to share. The family was so thankful for the food and asked the man where he lived and he said, "Oh, in the area," and with that he was gone.
The family never did find out who it was and none in the area knew either. They thanked God every day for supplying them with food plus enough to share with others.

GOD BLESS OUR HOME



If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
Success begins with our own will …
It's all in your state of mind.
Life's bat-ties are not always won
By those who are stronger or faster;
Sooner or later the person who wins
Is the person who thinks he can!

Author Unknown

Beshores Grade School – 1907-1908

East Manchester Township, York County, Pa.



Front Row (left to Right): Paul Durn, John Brown, Horace Koller, Arthur Walsh, Ira Rentzel, George Wolfgang, Aaron Musser, Maurice Gross, John Landis, Paul Loucks, Harry Loucks.
Second Row: Norman Gross, Allen Beshore, Mary Naylor, Minnie Koller, Maggie Loucks, Anna Brown, David J. Keener (teacher), Mabel Gross, Fannie Brown, Salome Musser, Nora Ruppert, Mary Landis.
Third Row: John Gingrich, Norman Landis, Clarence Folkenroth, William Beshore, Emory Landis, Christ Musser, Paul Gross, Ervin Dellenger.
One Slate Reads- Bashore's School The Other Slate Read- David J. Keener, Teacher



Chris Musser



Salome Musser