



Plate 1



Plate 2

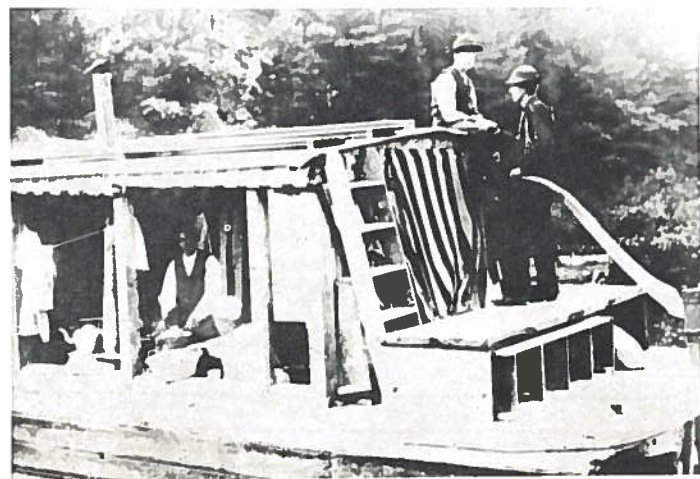


Plate 3

THE LOG

OF THE GOOD SHIP

MOLLY POLLY CHUNKER

(This abstract from the Log, and the selection from the photographs has been made by Cora Louise Decker, Librarian of the Bucks County Historical Society Library. The complete text of the log and file of 68 pictures taken on the trip are available for inspection at the library. The photographs are reproduced by special permission of Mr. C. P. Yoder of the Pennsylvania Canal Society, the donor to the library.)

PRELIMINARY: The Ship, the company, the objects of the expedition, the destination, and the christening of the boat.

The Log of the Good Ship Molly-Polly-Chunker, showing forth the perilous and thrilling adventures of her company in a voyage through strange countries never before visited by any similar expedition. June 15-29, 1886. Privately printed, 1887.

Henry Holt, president of the New York publishing company, was the "Scribe" who kept the log — definitely with tongue in cheek. The Molly-Polly-Chunker was so called because all canal boats going to Mauch Chunk were called "Chunkers." This one, drawn by the two mules Molly and Polly, was naturally christened "*Molly-Polly-Chunker*." The ship is described as a "Yacht of the most approved canal pattern, and the largest canal regulations allow, 87 1/2 feet from stem to stern, and 10 1/2 beam. She began life as a gravel scow, but is now roofed over with a promenade deck furnished with black and yellow canvas curtains, and made a thing of (questionable) beauty. Plate I shows the entire boat, as do Plates 45 and 50. Plate 2 shows the saloon forward, and Plate 3 the kitchen astern. Next to the kitchen is the dining room, and between it and the saloon are three sleeping rooms.

The trip was to extend from Bristol to Mauch Chunk. The purpose of the expedition was, to quote the Scribe, "The cultivation of the Beautiful and Moral, and the Extension of Human Knowledge." The methods to be followed are: "First, last and all the time, with occasional intermissions between midnight and 5 A.M., PHOTOGRAPHY . . . if any moments remain they may be devoted, under proper restrictions and the supervision of the Chaperons to having a good time."

Among the fourteen souls listed in the ship's company, there were a number of distinguished names. In addition to the Scribe, there were the Lord High Admiral Mr.

Robert W. de Forest and his wife, the Royal High Chaperon. Among his many activities, Mr. de Forest was for many years president of the Metropolitan Museum, and with his wife, he donated the American Wing to the museum.

Miss de Forest and Miss Holt acted as first and 2nd Assistant Chaperons.

The "Charge" of the Chaperons was Miss Louise Wakefield Knox, daughter of James Hall Mason Knox, the 8th president of Lafayette College.

Honorary Artist of the expedition was Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, son of the jeweler and creator of the beautiful stained glass which bears his name.

Double-Acting Photographer and Lord of the East Wind, Mr. Walter Tuckerman.

Captain and Sailing Master, Albert Boyer.

Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Motive Power, John Cosman.

Butler, William

Officier de Bouche, David

First Donkey, Molly; Second Donkey, Polly.

To introduce the company: In Plate 2, the lady at the left is the First Assistant Chaperon. Next to her is "The Charge," seeking consolation for the absence of the Artist. Back, sitting on the gunwale, is the Lord of the East Wind. To the right of him sits the second Assistant Chaperon, enjoying a moment "off duty," in the absence of the Artist. At the right is the Admiral.

In Plate 3, the Captain is holding the tiller, at the right. The Chief Engineer is sitting on the upper deck. Next comes the *Officier de Bouche*, in full regalia, and to the left of him stands the Butler.

The motive power is displayed in Plate 25.

THE LOC

Tuesday, June 15, 1886.

The expedition started about 6 P.M. from Bristol, Pa. The farewell offices were performed by the leading sexton of the place, who rejoiced in the cheerful name of Booze. The principal townspeople formed a procession and escorted us triumphantly down the tow-path. Such of the population as were not included in our escort turned out in factory windows and on back fences to join in the triumphant demonstration, and when at the first swinging bridge, our tow-line parted, probably inspired by the presence of greatness, our escort seized our tow-line, and with shouts and paeans dragged our boat through the bridge, and gave the mules a rest.

Our tow-line had parted because the bridge was too crowded by those seekers of knowledge to swing in response to our impact. A man apparently in authority, tried to get the people off, but they were slow to move, when an urchin of some fifteen years, gaunt and hard featured, began swinging his arms and swearing in the midst of the people, and soon damned them off with a thoroughness and promptness prophetic of future greatness.

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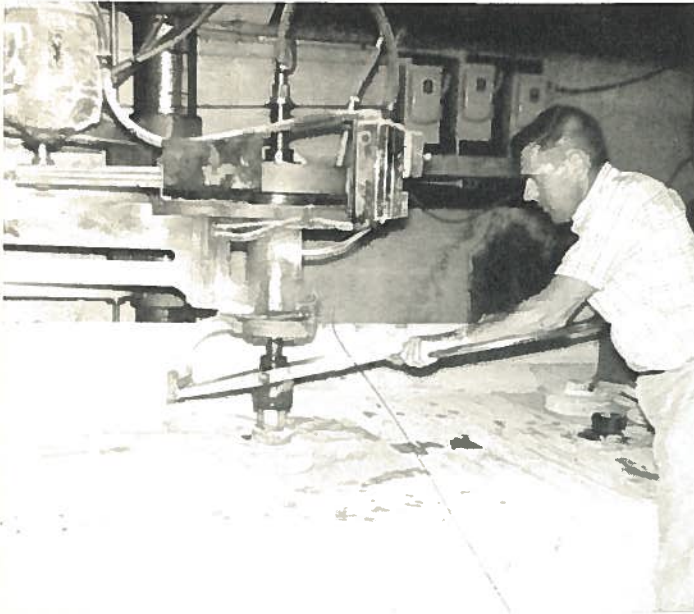
Plate 45



Plate 50



Plate 25



MARBLE CUTTING

A DISAPPEARING CRAFT

by Virginia Castleton Thomas

A craft that put beauty in American showplaces, erected tall monuments to peace, to God, and to noble thoughts is fading fast in this country.

Marble cutting is losing out to slick-finished formicas, ready-mix marble powders and to easy building materials and facades that will never weather the years and centuries as has marble. But there is one man in Bucks County who holds onto the knowledge of marble cutting and who is about the last in a wide area to practice the difficult craft.

Earl Meyle of New Britain Township is not what one would expect in a marble cutter. Tall and knowledgeable, he attended Penn State and Ogontz Center where he studied blueprint design. Home is a modern brick home high on a hill overlooking valleys below. Here, with his wife Joyce and two sons, Gerry and Teddy, he lives surrounded by ornamental marble topped tables, floors and windowsills.

This is all a far cry from the ancient marble cutter's house. Thick creamy white lengths of Carrara marble have taken on modern forms to fit in with the young design of the new home. A wealth of terrazzo flooring spreads from room to room.

What turned Meyle to this ancient craft? Earl grew up next door to a marble dealer and cutter. By sixteen, he could perform the delicate sectioning of the crystalline limestone that has been used in building and decorative furniture for centuries.

In addition to that, his guidance counselor in school encouraged him to continue in what seemed to be a satisfying work.

"But no one has time to wait these days," Meyle says. "Everyone is in a hurry. When a house is being built, sometimes an order for a certain type of marble

requires three or four months for delivery. After all, it is not a strictly mechanical process to produce workable marble."

There are several factors involved in the declining use of marble. Because of labor, prices are fairly high and the added factor of delay in delivery makes the usual home owner turn away from marble as an item in his home construction. Actually, marble is worth its expense if only because of its low upkeep value and lasting qualities.

Apprenticeships for learning the art of marble cutting require quite some time, and young men no longer want to put forth the heavy labor required of the craft. They turn instead to better paying, less laborious work. This, added to impatience of builders and homeowners, is bringing about diminishing fabricating firms.

Labor costs in this country reached such a high that some firms have imported marble cutting apprentices from Italy. However, they in turn are pulled away from their profession by easier, higher paying jobs elsewhere in the country.

So it is that Meyle stands alone in the area. He is prepared to turn out impressive amounts of work someday in the future. Recently a firm in New York was forced to close because of conditions in the field.

Meyle travelled to New York and inspected the gargantuan equipment that cuts with diamond toothed saws, grinds, polishes, and produces the marble a homeowner knows for its finished beauty. From the firm of P. Tassini and Company, Inc., which has furnished mansions, schools, and other public buildings with marble treasures since 1912, Meyle bought one piece of the costly equipment.

Later he learned the remaining machines had gone unsold, and on another trip to New York he bought the

(continued from page 5)



Plate 9

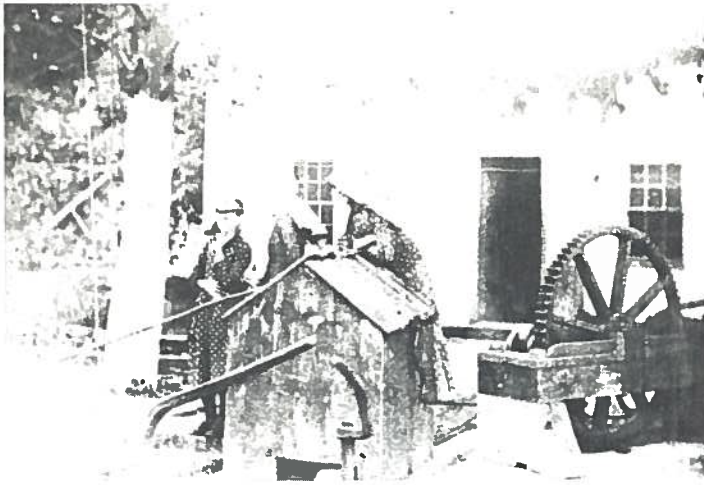


Plate 12



Plate 17

Just outside of Bristol we struck banks covered with luxuriant grasses and bushes, and with beautiful trees on the other side of the tow-path. Dinner finally was ready at an inspiring interval after we were ready for it. The inspiration of this interval was well illustrated when we were discussing the best time for future dinners. "Let us eat at six," said one who did not wish to wait till eight again. "Let us eat at two," said a still more eager soul. "Let us eat," said the Artist, with a deliberative pause, "*often.*"

The first night we all sat forward and gloried in the perfect moon and the wondrous clouds of rippled snow. We might not have seen them to as good advantage had we not gone on to the farm near Tullytown, where were the little moonlight strolls in the moist grass.

But moon and clouds and all this are not the objects of this expedition. Its object is primarily PHOTOGRAPHY. So all those slighter things were forsaken, and the Artist and the Charge of the Chaperons tied themselves together in a little bag which they called a developing-tent, and amused themselves there until midnight, "handling plates," they told us. But nevertheless the Royal High Chaperon, first thing next day, ordered a developing tent that would hold her too.

Lights out after midnight. Days run 3m., 7fur., 39rd., 18ft., 8 in.

Wednesday, June 16, 1886

Breakfast was ready at 8. The Second Assistant Chaperon was not. We reached Morrisville, opposite Trenton, about noon and tied across the canal from the position shown in Plate 9.

The Admiral and Scribe promptly started off to find a carpenter to increase the walking facilities on the promenade deck. The result is indicated in Plate 45. The deck being covered with canvas, we needed the planks.

We have heard of the criminal being compelled to carry his own coffin; but, of course no reminiscence of this could have been in the gentle soul of the Royal High Chaperon when she sent the "Charge" to Trenton for the new and larger developing-tent. And, of course, the Charge was inspired by the cheerfulness of her mission when she exclaimed to the scribe:

"How many yards, thirty inches wide, does it take for a prison 20 feet around and 2 1/2 yards high? Tell me this instant!" The Scribe got out his papyrus and stylus and she cried as if to relieve her mind of a burden: "Don't wait to figure: tell me this instant." So the Scribe did.

After a gala dinner what they call "development" began again. But this time the closet was large enough to hold the Royal High Chaperon, as well as the two occupants of the night before, so the "development" did not last so long. Therefore, lights were out at 11:30. What was ultimately "developed" is told in the epilogue to this veracious history.

Distance traveled, 5 miles, 7 furlongs.

Thursday, June 17, 1886.

About one o'clock we hove anchor and set sail and proceeded up the canal through the lovely scenery and some of the amusing groups in Plates 9-12 and 17.

About four in the afternoon we came to "Washington's Crossing" and endured one more typical historical disillusion. None of us had imagination enough to supply the breadth to that stream necessary to make it look as much like the Arctic Ocean as it does in Leutze's picture.

At dusk we reached New Hope, opposite Lambertville. Our tie-up in New Hope was in a stupid spot, and we spent the little balance of the evening in the dining room wondering where the moon was. Lights out before 12. Distance traveled 15 miles.

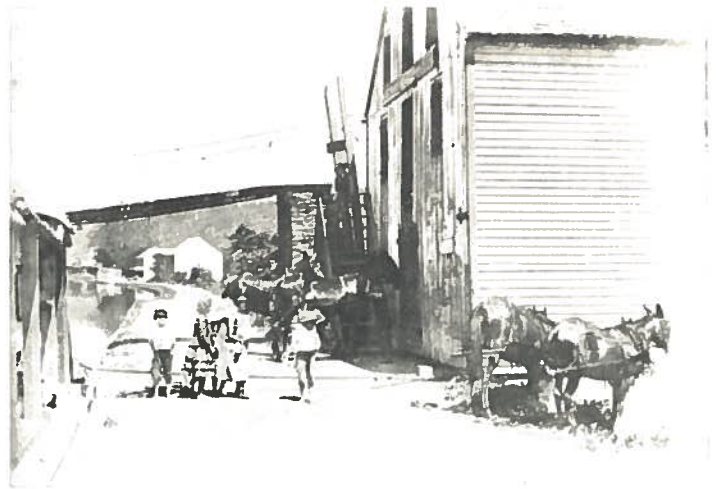


Plate 19

Friday, June 18, 1886.

New Hope smelt so badly the night before that experience in foreign towns led us to expect to find it very picturesque. The photographers started out bright and early, but were disappointed.

We tied up at Lumberville about noon, and after lunch were rushed through mid-air across the river in a stone car hung from a grooved wheel which rolled over a wire cable. It was more like flying, there between the blue sky and the blue water, than anything we are likely to do again. The First Assistant Chaperon called it "The Air Line."

Evening fell as we were entering Bridgeton (opposite Milford, N.J.) and we tied up by a farm house. The moon was very beautiful that night and we watched it till after midnight. Distance traveled 21 miles.



Plate 21

Saturday, June 19, 1886.

Lovely morning. Photography was active, Plates 19, 21 and 23 being the result. The professor of fine arts in 23 is the Lord High Admiral himself.

Since the Lord of the East Wind left us shortly before we reached Kintnersville, we don't have as many photographs as we would have had if he had been there. More's the pity!

The First Assistant Chaperon declares that after leaving Kintnersville, her charge got away, walked up the tow-path three miles with the Artist, "developed" there with him for two hours, and got back, all in the space of an hour and thirteen minutes. Such capacity in eluding the chaperon is entirely without precedent.

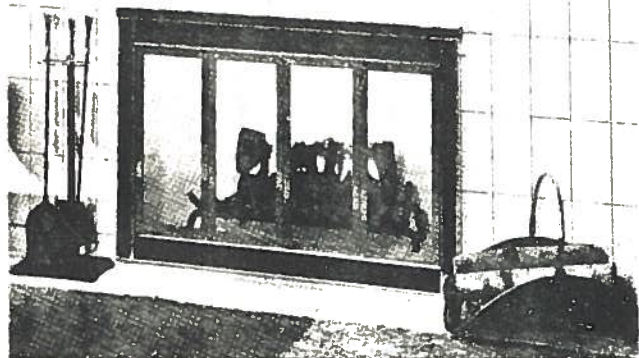
Toward dusk, at Rabusville, the Scribe reluctantly left the trip for three days in New York. And here endeth his consecutive portion of the log.



Plate 23

CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT

Will the Molly-Polly-Chunker reach a safe berth at Mauch Chunk? Will the Charge and the Artist successfully evade the close guard of the three Chaperons? Don't miss next month's exciting issue.



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Rambling with Russ

by

A. Russell Thomas

MOONSHINE: This column is being written as Astronauts Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin and Michael Collins land on the MOON. This Rambler would like to be recorded in this issue of Panorama that Sunday, July 21, 1969 will go down as the world's greatest history-making date. The APOLLO LOG is now a collector's piece.

* * *

FIFTY Years Too Soon: World War I veterans do not begrudge servicemen discharged in recent years the handsome benefits awarded to them by Congress. But with the announcement of each new benefit law passed or hearing held on added proposals, it is driven home to the diminishing veterans of 1917-18 that they really went to war about 50 years too soon.

This Rambler recalls that when World War I people were discharged in 1919, a benevolent government handed each of us \$60.00 with the discharge. To young men with one thought — to get back to peace — it was a handsome windfall. I recall it cost me \$72.00 to be fitted out with civilian clothes.

Certainly the big-hearted stipend received by World War I vets did not approach the \$4,630 a current veteran can draw from the government for educational purposes alone.

As an old-timer remarked the other day, "There are explanations for the bitterness of a lot of World War I veterans."

* * *

THE NEWS BEAT, SEPTEMBER 1940

A SECOND attempt to rob the Dublin National Bank was frustrated [Sept 27, 1940], at night, when the cashier, Henry Schanbacher, 46, chased a bandit, believed to be a rank amateur, out of the kitchen of his home which was located in the rear of the bank building. The same bank was held up June 13, 1939, when four bandits got away with about \$3,500 in cash after holding up the same