Topical Index

(1) Family
   a. Father - James, from County Fermanagh, Ireland. The first Cheney to settle here.
   b. Mother - Came from County Tyrone, Ireland, worked here, saved her money and returned to Ireland. Settled in Squirrel Run.
   c. Edward B. Cheney - born March 12, 1888, during blizzard.

(2) Squirrel Run
   a. Lived in Squirrel Run until 1898. Father then built a new house facing Rockford Park Tower.
   b. Neighbors in Squirrel Run

(3) Trolley cars up to Squirrel Run

(4) Neighbors on Breck's Lane
   Barley mill burned for six weeks
   a. Tore mill down
   b. In 1904 machine shop was built

(5) Neighbors in Long Row, Wagoner's Row, Upper Banks, Walker's Banks, Henry Clay, Rising Sun Lane, Free Park

(6) Neighbors in Wagoner's Row
   Alec Burns - Worked at Hagley yard gates.
   a. Raised Plymouth Rock chickens
   b. Alec was interested in boys who went to college

(7) Three boys went on to college
   a. Fred Evans
   b. Lowther Cheney (narrator's brother)
   c. Joseph Knox
   Alec Burns asked Lowther Cheney to come see him
   a. Tested him with a difficult math problem and "he came walking home with a great big Plymouth Rock rooster under his arm."

   Lowther couldn't study Greek at Delaware College so Mrs. Col. Henry DuPont (Mrs. Crowninshield's mother) arranged for him to study Greek with Rev. Horn of Christ Church.

(8) Lowther Cheney
   a. Went to Carney's Point to be timekeeper
   b. Made Supt. of nitric and sulphuric acid plant until 1909
   c. Went to Indian Head plant until World War I
   d. Supt. of acid manufacture at Butterworth & Judson
(8) (continued)

Father earning $42 a month at this time
   a. Paid rent but it was very low
   b. Secured own firewood
   c. Coal was delivered by John and Neil Conley

Sam Frizzel sold groceries

(9) George Frizzel was the druggist

Explosion of 1890
   During explosion Edward Cheney was asleep on settle.
   The shock of the explosion threw him off to the floor.
   Later, after serving 25 years with the Company they
   gave him a dinner and asked him when he got his start
   with the Company and he replied, when thrown from the
   settle.

(10) Squirrel Run

   An Irish village of friendly, peaceful, hard-working
   people.

(11) Squirrel Run
    a. Honest, law abiding people.
    b. North of Ireland and south of Ireland neighbors
       got along well. No religious fuss.

(12) Sunday at Squirrel Run
    a. People rested after a 6 day work week
    b. Attended church

Negroes at Squirrel Run
    a. None lived there
    b. One negro employed by Judge Bradford as a coachman.
       He lived in Wilmington. The coachmen drove
       beautiful carriages and each owner had his
       preference for different colored horses.

(13) Head coachmen and gardeners were well thought of.

   George Frizzel the druggist, a prankster.

(14) Col. duPont liked boys

   One boy played a trick on him by hiding in a chestnut
   tree and as Col. duPont bent down to pick up some
   chestnuts, Don Thornton in the tree hollered down,
   "Leave those chestnuts alone!" Col. duPont thought
   this a good joke.
(15) Boiled and ate chestnuts

Also climbed trees for fruits for mother to preserve. Always careful not to break limbs.

(16) Poem about Henry Clay - Squirrel Run

(17) The Brandywine Club, a club of 13 boys, had their picture taken on a stone wall

Father was a laborer but had received a good education in Ireland. Mr. Alfred I. duPont gave him the job of working on arc lights using carbon.

Later his father was made Chief Storekeeper.

(18) Father worked with Pierre Chantier /Gentieu/ who was an etcher and artist and photographer.

Joe Knox lost his arm during 4th of July celebration - later he became a watchman.

(19) The narrator's family owned a large dog which went mad and was found dead in front of Father Birmingham's cellar. Alfred I. came by and inquired if the family had changed their religion since the dog died at the Catholic priest's home.

(20) One day, testing powder, they aimed the cannon too high and the ball whizzed over the head of Mr. Bartlett, minister of Christ Church and landed in Mr. Frank duPont's barn.

First attended Alexis I. school, where they had fine, dedicated teachers who were capable and good disciplinarians

(21) Attended Wilmington High School for 2 years.

Later attended Wilmington Business School run by Mr. Beacom above Govatos' Candy Store, 8th and Market Street

At age 6 started Christ Church Sunday School. Miss Louise was the teacher. Excellent teacher and taught him much about the Bible. Gave boys a gift of a pin made from steel from the battleship Maine.
(22) Every summer Miss Louise took the boys in her class to Winterthur to spend the day.

They toured her father's home, the barns with horses and cattle and in the afternoon had all kinds of athletics. His brother won the 100 yd. dash. The prize was a pair of football trousers that had belonged to Miss Louise's brother while he was at Harvard.

Miss Louise invited the boys to her wedding. She went to live in Boston and later came to live in the family home (Eleutherian Mills) every spring and fall. In the meantime she lived in Boston and Florida.

(23) In 1952 at the 150th anniversary celebration, Ed Cheney was chosen to represent salaried department of Carney's Point. He spoke to Mrs. Crowninshield and she recognized him after 54 years.

(24) Father was the sexton of Christ Church from 1885 to 1904. Brother George had the job from 1905 to 1947.

Father retired about 1912. Worked 29 years and died in 1922 at 73 years of age.

Simon Cheney (Ed Cheney's brother) left school at 16 to become a blacksmith. George remained at Black Powder plant and finally became a watchman at the gate.

(25) Brother George lost his arm in an accident while playing.

(26) Swimming in Sandy Bottom above Squirrel Run and at Indian Rock below Rockford Water Tower.

(27) Victor duPont did a dive called Rolling Mill Dive. Later Ed Cheney met Victor duPont's son and reminded him of his father's dive.

(28) Poem about Sandy Bottom

No baseball playing allowed on duPont property on Sunday. However, one Sunday they did play and two boys collided trying to catch the ball and "Bull" Collins received a severe cut above the eye.

(29) Brother Simon became a blacksmith at the top of Barley Mill Lane and Kennett Pike. He was also a very fine mechanic, and had a paint shop and wheelwright shop connected with his blacksmith shop. At the start of World War I he went to Carney's Point as a blacksmith. Later he moved to New Castle and bought a blacksmith shop.
(30) George his brother, as a wit.

Memories of Mr. Alfred I. leading his orchestra

(31) Alfred I. took over Breck's Mill for orchestra, also
for entertainment of boys and girls of the community;
Christmas parties, etc.

First saw movies in late 90's. Halloween night parties
at "Swamp Hall", Mr. duPont's home. Went to Mr. duPont's
for election returns.

Mrs. Lammot duPont's at Rising Sun Lane and Kennett Pike
for 4th of July fireworks.

Mr. Cheney worked at Remington in Philadelphia as a
stenographer.

(32) Various jobs for next few years - Pittsburgh for six
months, in Philadelphia to work for Pennsylvania Railroad,
went to Carney's Point as a stenographer and clerk in
September 1907

Stayed at Carney's Point until November 1914 and then
went to Hopewell. Received Company stock while there.

(34) Plant was originally geared to make 50,000 pounds of
nitrocellulose a day. It was now World War I and
plant turned out 1 million pounds.

(35) Continued at Hopewell. Things were getting bad in 1921
and Mr. Cheney received his notice that year. He was
offered a job at Carney's Point at a reduction in pay.

(36) He decided to go with H.A. Stone & Company bankers. Sold
stock in Wilmington and in the country. Made $395 first
month. This was 1921.

Offered job at Hamburg Broom works but said no and con-
tinued selling stock.

(37) Sold stock for six months. Finally returned to Carney's
Point Ballistics Range.

(38) Became an Inspector and stayed there four and a half years.

(39) Bedaux System, or incentive wage system, came to Carney's
Point. He was put in charge of the Bedaux office from
1934-1939.

War was starting up and High Explosives Operating Department
took over so he again became an Inspector for one year.
Then took over the Shipping Department.
Had Shipping Department for three years then went out in plant again.

After war worked in office with Nitrocellulose Superintendent on accounting and as a secretary. Reached age 65 and retired.

Wrote poems - "The Passing of the Village of Squirrel Run"

"Up Along the Brandywine"

"The Old Covered Bridge"

"The Good Old Days on Keyse's Hill"

"A Soldier's Farewell on Leaving Montchanin" - 1898

Poem written by William Kirkland when James Walker was killed in the mills.

The Union (CIO) at Penns Grove for 2 years but was not accepted by the men so they left. DuPont Company benefits are wonderful.

Retired from Carney's Point - "Farewell to Carney's Point"
H. B. M. interviewing
Edw. Cheney, retired
Du Pont Co. employee
of Cundy's Point,
June, 1958.

June 58
These reminiscences are the result of two interviews with Mr. Edward B. Cheney, 96 "F" Street, Pennsgrove, New Jersey, by Mr. Joseph P. Monigle and Mr. Norman B. Wilkinson in Wilmington, Delaware on June 5 and June 13, 1958.

The interviewers' questions have been omitted from this account. The questioning was primarily in the form of topics suggested to Mr. Cheney concerning which he might have some intimate knowledge. The material has been edited for continuity. The language of the narrative remains primarily that of the donor. He has reviewed and corrected the manuscript and by his signature below indicated that it correctly states his reminiscences. This memoir is deposited with the Eleutherian Mills-Hagley Foundation with the understanding that it may be used by qualified individuals in accordance with accepted archival practice as administered by officials of the Foundation.

Edward B. Cheney
I was born March 12, 1888 in Squirrel Run during the blizzard. I never knew of any mid-wives in that area, but Mrs. Blakely was a talented woman, and she came to our house. When my father contracted pneumonia, she came over and worked with him just like a nurse. We all say that she saved his life. Dr. Joseph Chandler also. He lived six miles away and used a horse and buggy.

My father, James, was the first Cheney that settled here at the black powder works. He came from Ireland, County Fermanagh. He came here alone, left my mother and the four children in Ireland, secured a job and stayed two years. Then he returned for his family, as far as I can find from records, about 1884. My father had been a farmer in Ireland.

My father came here to work in the powder mills due to having relatives here: my mother's uncle, George Hurst, and her brother Edward Beacom, and her sister, Elizabeth Ward, lived here in Squirrel Run. That was the reason he came here to work at the powder yard.

He sold his farm in Ireland. My mother had come here from County Tyrone, and had worked several years. She had saved her money, and returned to Ireland. My father must have been in his thirties at that time.

Our house was on the right side of Squirrel Run, going up-stream. Squirrel Run consisted of two main streets with the brook flowing down between. We lived on the right hand side of that brook in the middle block—there were three blocks there. When Mrs. Caldwell, who lived in the end house and kept boarders, moved out, we were given that house.
We lived in that house until 1898 when my father built a new house facing the Rockford Park Tower.

There were three houses in a block in Squirrel Run. Starting with the top of Squirrel Run there was the Hardwick's, next on the other or left side of the brook came Consono, Bredin, McAdoo, McLucas, McClafferty and Bonifacio. In the houses on the back part of those lots, there was Edward Beacom and a family named Dougherty and James Walker. Coming back to the next block there was Hartness, McAdoo, Blakely's Store, Stevenson, (I should say Stevenson moved in later), Montgomery, Dougherty, Ward, Dougherty, Walsh, Jacobs, Stevenson that I mentioned before, and Frank Beal. Across the street lived James McLaughlin. On the other side, on the right hand side of the run lived Charles Lake, foreman of the keg mill; James Cheney, Robin Hunter, William Gallagher, McIlhenny, "Big Billy" McDowell, "Little Billy" McDowell, Flemming, Martin and Bluebell. And up on the hill was Joseph Knox and Jackson. There was one house at the foot of Squirrel Run, off by itself, that was occupied by the miller in charge of the barley mill. What his name was I don't remember now. It was before McIntyre.

In the lower block in Squirrel Run on the left hand side there was Mike Maloney, Jim Bredin and Mrs. Nichols. Later on when Mrs. Nichols moved away, John Mulhern, who had a narrow escape in an explosion in the black powder plant lived there for quite a long time, until the village was torn down.
There was a bridge over Squirrel Run. It was just a bridge of planks, and on each side there was a large post with bolts down through it like a D on a trestle. It was flat with large posts. That's where the wagons went across. At the foot of the run was the foot bridge. If you were coming up at the bottom of Squirrel Run and wanted to go across to the right side of the run, you would go across the foot bridge, but the wagons had to go up and go across the Diamond Bridge.

The trolley cars went right up Squirrel Run, and kept on the western side of the run. They came up the creek from the Breck's Mill direction on the left hand side and ran up the hill in front of this machine shop out here. Then they went up the left hand side of the run, I don't believe they crossed the run in any place. It went up to what we called Hunter's Store. That was the end. It was remarkable how they built that trolley line up through the woods and hills, but they didn't seem to have any trouble with it running off the track. They came in the park below Rockford Tower to Bancroft and entered the woods and left the woods at the foot of Rising Sun Hill. They ran along below Mrs. Copeland's on that side along the creek.

No doubt the reason for the line was to bring people out to Montchanin, Winterthur, and those places. It did a good business before the automobile.

There was Long Row down along the creek. In the end house was Alec Burns, a famous old character who in later years was the man at the gate. He had a long white mustache and a white beard. Next to him was a family by the name of Russell, and then Thomas Wiggins and
Frank McCartney and the McDade's. In the house that is marked 1823, the stone house which still stands, lived Jim Fisher, and next-door lived Ned Dougherty the barber, mentioned in the story of the life of Mr. Alfred du Pont. Down below that, Tom Herlihy had the grocery store right across from Breck's Mill, and there were quite a few that lived on Breck's Lane. Wingate lived this side of the trestle and Benny Watson. Going up Breck's Lane on the left side were the Buchanans and Andrews and Evans and Bradley, who chauffered for Mr. Alfred I. du Pont, Matthiesons and two more Andrews and Fred Evans and at the end lived Dr. Greenleaf. That was the group that lived on Breck's Lane. Now, on Barley Mill Lane was Harry Miller, George McIntyre, F. Matthieson, Harty, Tom Sterling and Harry Sterling, who lived with Tom until he was married, Pat Casey, Sr., Jones and Buckley, Tom Lawless, who kept the saloon, Pat Casey, Jr., Tommy Russell, Lee Hands, Simon Cheney.

When the barley mill burned, the piles of wheat burned there for six weeks afterwards, just smoldering. They'd throw water on it, but finally they left it go. Moses Campbell played an important part of tearing down the walls of this mill. We used to go down there and watch them. They'd fasten a great rope to the wall, and Moses would be out there in charge, telling the men to put forth more. Men were pulling on the ropes and he was out there as leader and boss. The walls would come tumbling down. We got quite a kick out of watching them. I think several years passed before that machine shop was built.

We moved out in '99, and 1904 that machine shop was built.
Wagoner's Row was above Squirrel Run. The Godfreys, Stuarts, Graham, Jewel, Clark, and Moses Campbell, labor foreman of the black powder yard, Jake Hoover and Cathcart, lived there.

Somewhere in the Nineties, I was home from school sick. My mother came up into the bedroom and said a terrible accident had taken place down at the carpenter's shop; that Harry Sterling had his hand cut off by a circular saw while he was feeding a board into it. His sweetheart was Emma Blakeley, and later on, we heard that someone, not thinking, went into Blakeley's store before they had gotten the news and asked Emma if she had heard what had happened to Harry.

She said, "No."

He said, "He's had his hand cut off." She of course fainted. Sterling later took up clerical work, was transferred over to the Carney's Point plant. He worked over there until he was pensioned, and he died over in Penns Grove.

He married Emma, but she was not so well throughout those years, but she outlived him at the good old age of 85 over in New Jersey.

One man that I remember well was Alec Burns at the gate to the Hagley Yard. He was very interesting in every way. The boys growing up liked him. He would sit there at the gate and we would go in bathing right there. He had stories to tell us. He raised some very fine Plymouth Rock chickens down here at the top of the Long Row. He was interested in boys who wanted to get an education. There were three that went to college out of the village: Fred Evans, my brother Lowther
Cheney, and Joseph Knox. They were the first graduates from Alexis I. du Pont School, and all three went to college, which was quite an undertaking in those days. When my brother Lowther was attending Delaware College, Alec said he wanted to see him. Lowther went down there, and he gave him some mathematical problems. Alec gave him a very difficult problem. My brother Lowther was very good in mathematics and other branches of study, too, and he solved the problem. He came walking home with a great big Plymouth Rock rooster under his arm.

If I remember right, my brother couldn't get to study Greek at Delaware College in those days. It wasn't a large university like it is now. Mrs. Col. Henry du Pont, that's Mrs. Crowninshield's mother, came down to our house and talked to my father and mother, and said that Reverend Horn, the minister at Christ Church had agreed to give him instruction a few nights each week. So he studied under Reverend Horn and learned the Greek language. The du Ponts were interested in anyone who wished to get a higher education.

Lowther planned to be a classical scholar teaching school, but when he graduated, they secured a position for him over at Carney's Point as timekeeper. A local boy from over here named McLear that lived out near the Highlands had the job and he was giving it up, so my brother Lowther went over to Carney's Point and became the timekeeper.

My father would ask Mr. J. W. Macklem, who was in charge of that work at the office up near Christ Church, how Lowther was making out and he said, "Splendid, very fine." My brother had a knowledge of chemistry, for he also studied that, too. Frank Chantier was Super-
intendent at the nitric and sulphuric acid plant, and they were going to enlarge them, and they made my brother superintendent, and put Frank in charge of the ballistic range. Lowther remained there until 1909 when the government opened the Indian Head plant down on the Potomac River, and they offered a high salary for a superintendent of acid manufacture. So he left the company and went there and stayed there until World War I. Then he secured a position as superintendent of acid manufacture with Butterworth and Judson. Butterworth and Judson had the equipment to turn out great quantities of acid and du Pont wanted it, and into the plant at Hopewell came their tank cars every day, a great number of them.

My father was getting about $42 a month. He had to pay rent, but it was very low. We had to get our own fire wood. John Conley was the head mason on the plant. He lived in a big house on Rising Sun Hill. He was also in the coal business with his brother Neil Conley in Wilmington. Most of the men got their coal from Conley. There were also farmers that would bring in wood to sell. Farmers would also bring potatoes. Dick Hunter, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, they all awaited him. He was an Irishman and raised very fine potatoes, and I could see his two big wagons coming in on a certain day, each loaded down. Each family laid by quite a store of meat, potatoes and lard.

Sam Frizzel also came through selling groceries. His father, of course, worked for the company for many years, and his brother George.
We pronounced it Frizzel in those days. I guess Frizzell' would be better now. George Frizzel was a druggist down the creek. Down by the Odd Fellows Hall right above Tom Toy's saloon. There's a tavern there now. That old place with the bars running up to hold up the porch above.

The drugstore was right next to the post office in those days, and George Frizzell was quite a druggist and quite a wit. His brother Sam worked around in various places, in the early days and ran a store. He was a hunchback. The grocery man used to be allowed to take a short cut through the yards until an explosion occurred and stopped it. During the explosion of 1890, I was asleep on a settee. The shock of the explosion threw me off onto the floor.

When I served 25 years with the company, they gave me a dinner over at Carney's Point. Mr. DeVoe the manager after the dinner told me to stand up and say when I got my start with the company. I said I got my first start with the company when I was thrown from this settee onto the floor.

George, my brother, told that he got behind a great oak tree and he could see different objects flying by. He was up there not far from the mills. It was the Upper Yard. I could appreciate his story of things flying through the air because there was a piece of a narrow gauge rail driven right into a tree.

In a later explosion my niece Elsie said she thought the world was coming to an end that day. She finally got underneath the dining room
table. It damaged the houses so that they moved some of the families out. She had the experience of other explosions, but she said that was the worst, and she has a wonderful memory.

In Squirrel Run the men were Irish and they liked to drink now and then, but they couldn't do that too much. In those days they raised such large families, they worked and came home from work and walked around and talked to their neighbors, and went to bed because they had to get up early in the morning. These affairs up on Keyse's Hill and things like that and at the churches was their pastime. We often nowadays watch on St. Patrick's Day great parades and men dressed in high green hats and green suits, and it's wonderful, but here was an Irish village and I never saw one of these green suits, but I saw the blackthorn stick. They used to bring beautiful blackthorn canes over here and they would be offered money for them and sell them.

To check on that, I asked my cousin, and I said "I never saw any shillelaghs and I'm asking you, did you? You lived in this Squirrel Run village right here."

She said, "No, I don't know what a shillelagh looks like." There wasn't any fighting with shillelaghs.

Once in a while the men would get into a scrap. There were no police in any of the villages. No night watchmen or constables. It was remarkable how the du Ponts, Mr. F. G., Mr. Eugene and Alfred I. and the different heads of the company handled trouble. Once there were two wives that had trouble, two Irish women and they finally put
a fence down to separate them, to keep them apart. One woman was very mild, but the other was a scrapper. Finally Mr. Frank called the husband of the woman that was usually starting the fights, and said, "Hap, you better talk to Ellen and stop this. We don't like it. It's not nice. We know that the lady next-door is very mild and so it must be your wife, Ellen." And it was. She was a scrapper.

I made a statement one time over at Carney's Point to a man that every family had chickens for eggs and for meat and that the chicken shed doors were never locked, and I said, "If anyone stole chickens up in these villages, they might as well leave town. It was just like stealing a horse out in the West.

And he said, "Aw, now come on, you're exaggerating."

I said, "All right, there's Frank Chantier over there. He comes from the same village. You go and ask him."

Chantier said that was right. They were very law abiding people.

It was remarkable. Living right next-door to a man from the north of Ireland would be an Irishman from the south of Ireland. They were friends. They spoke well of each other and there wasn't any fighting over religion that I can remember.

The heads of the du Pont factory weren't judges, but they were very wise men and they handled things like that well. After they got over here that bitterness passed away. They were in a new country. When I meet them again, they're all my friends. They're glad to see you.
You would go to an Orangeman's funeral and find a great number of the Knights of Columbus there.

Sunday was observed very well. They rested. Of course, they had been working six days. They went to church. We could see the people coming past Christ Church to go to St. Joseph's, and people going up to Christ Church and the people going up to the Presbyterian Church at Greenhill. Christ Church was quite a community church. We were Methodists in Ireland, but my father being Sexton at Christ Church, we attended there. When we moved away, my father returned to the Methodist church at Mt. Salem and taught a class there for many years afterwards.

No Negroes worked here, but there was one well known at Judge Bradford's. Judge Bradford married Mr. Frank's sister. She had a coachman and handyman. I don't know what his name was, but they called him Ned Bradford. He lived in Wilmington. He was a big six footer. He would drive their carriage with the coach dog running at the horses' heels.

That's the only colored man I know worked there. They were mostly Irish.

It was very nice to see these beautiful carriages going along with the coachman up there. They wore a high hat and everything and had wonderful horses. Each du Pont had favorite color horses. Mrs. Eugene liked big black horses, and Mrs. Bradford liked another color. The Colonel had bobtailed horses, not real short, but bobtailed, and that's the first place I ever saw a golden horse. His horses were trained to
keep a steady trot. The head coachman would take them into Wilmington. They trotted mostly all the time. They kept them fresh. Alfred I. usually had grays. Mr. Barksdale, who was an executive of the company in later years, had a type of smaller bay.

I have a recollection of William Reed, coachman. He was head coachman for Mrs. Eugene du Pont. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene moved over on the Kennett Pike to Pelleport after Mrs. Henry du Pont’s death. In those days the head coachman and gardeners had a great deal to do with the raising of the du Pont children. They were wise men and they talked to them and the children thought a great deal of them. Mrs. Eugene and Billy Reed were standing one day near the house and Miss Amy and Eugene, her son and daughter drove in in a very nice runabout, but it was all splattered with mud. Bill Reed, the head coachman, began to give them a bawling out as we say nowadays, and Mrs. Eugene listened and she said, "That's right, William, bring them up the way they should go."

We also remember the stories they used to tell about the fellows who used to come to the creek to court the girls locally. There was a fence there to keep anyone from going over the bank in front of the houses along there, the post office and the drug store, and the young fellows that would come there would tie their horses up to that fence and leave their carriages there, and go to see the young women. Some of these jokesters, perhaps George Frizzel, the druggist, and some of the others, would go out and take the wheel off and stick the axle through the fence and then put it on again. When the young man would come out a few hours later it was dark, he would jump in and start. He couldn't go. George Frizzel was always up to his pranks.
Over at the barber shop they (pranksters) would meet, and there would be young farmers from around come in there. Haircuts were about fifteen cents, I believe. They would take their coats and hang them up on the wall. Frizzel would be there and wink at some other prankster sitting there. George would take a small vial of liquid out of his pocket and dump some of it in this man's pocket. Later, the customer would put the coat on and go on home. In those days they hung their working coats in the kitchen, and after a while when the heat got working, the valerian he put in there would drive a housewife out of the house. It was a medicine used for the nerves. It had a terrible smell, and when the heat of the kitchen would heat up the coat, why!

I guess they came around looking for George sometimes, but he was pretty slick getting out of these things. I don't think they did much pranks with newly-weds in those days. That came later, but I know one about Colonel du Pont. Colonel du Pont loved to see boys around. We were on his great estate at Winterthur. We were allowed to roam over his estate. He had a great number of chestnut trees. If he would be riding along on horseback and would meet us, he would speak to us and ask us our names. He knew some of the boys' fathers. There was a large chestnut tree that stood right at the entrance of his home, and one day he came out and noticed that the chestnuts were falling. They were very nice chestnuts and he thought he would pick up a few. When he stooped over to pick them up, a voice from up in the tree told him to: "Leave those chestnuts alone!" The voice belonged to Dan Thornton, quite a character he was, so the Colonel thought that was pretty good.
Here was a man telling him to stop taking his own chestnuts, so he asked him if he wouldn't come down. Finally Dan came down and they had a great laugh about it. The Colonel used to like to tell that story to people, that he was chased away from picking up his own chestnuts. Dan was up there shaking them down.

We took those chestnuts home and put some water on and salt and heated them up and boiled them for a while, and then ate them. These were regular chestnuts. They were wonderful that way. Of course, a blight came along and killed all the chestnut trees. There was one grove there on his estate we called the "fourteen chestnut Trees" and we used to go there. We climbed the trees. We were careful not to break any of the limbs and that also applied to the Collison home; he had been chief clerk. When Mr. Curlett lived there at the top of the hill above Hunter's store, there were six black heart cherry trees, and we were allowed to climb those trees and pick the cherries, but not break the limbs. Most all the du Ponts had that ruling, and we obeyed it. We used to go out and pick blackberries and cherries and wild cherries, and dewberries, and the mothers would preserve them. That's where they got their preserves for the winter. Of course we picked up a lot of poison ivy, too.

James McAdoo was an Irishman that was quick about replying to anything you would say to him. I have a short poem here.

Dreaming, I sit beside the bridge
Across the Brandywine,
And see once more as in days of yore
Some dear old friends of mine.
Evening - in Henry Clay.
The factory whistle blows,
And thru old Alec's gate there comes,
The men in blackened clothes.

Old Benny with a cherry smile,
Awhistling some old tune
His face all smeared a shiny black,
You'd think he was a coon.

Pat McDade and Emile Krause,
Who paddled o'er the stream,
Mike Dougherty and Alec Burns,
They made a witty team.

And o'er the hilly path that led
Down into old Squirrel Run,
I see wee Jimmie McAdoo
And Alec Billingsley come.

Someone remarked one slushy day
To Jimmie McAdoo,
"Fine day overhead, Jimmie"
For the sky was deepest blue.

He quickly raised that wise old head
And in his witty way,
Replied "Aye, yes, but begad
There's na many agoin' that way."

Alone I sit beside the bridge,
And picture once again
The faces of those dear old friends,
That have passed beyond my ken.

I have in my hand here a picture of a group of boys that occupied
one of the old cannon houses, which we were allowed by the du Pont's
to use as a club house. We decided one Sunday to have our pictures
taken so we climbed up on one of the walls that was used in testing
powder. There were thirteen on that wall. The picture later on was
published in the Wilmington Star among the old pictures they asked
for out along the Brandywine. It shows the thirteen boys sitting on
that wall with their derby hats on. The Brandywine Club we called it. On this wall there was Dan Walsh, Harry Deer, Tom Jackson, Clifford Blakely, Joe Sheppard, Edward Beacom, Garnet Miller, Joe Williams, Ralph Johnson, Edward Cheney, Joe Consono, Lee Knox, and Art Jackson. They have all passed away except myself.

My father was a laborer when he first came to the plant, although he had received a good education in Ireland. One day he was digging a ditch and the foreman told him he was going away for a while. If one of the du Pont's, who was in charge came along, he was to tell him where the foreman had gone. My father wrote it down on a slip of paper, and when Mr. du Pont came along, he gave it to him.

Mr. du Pont said, "Did you write that?"

He said, "Yes."

"Well, you shouldn't be down in there," and so he was taken out.

Later on Mr. Alfred was going to install arc lights in the villages. We didn't have any lighting. They decided to put in the arc lights using carbon, which were new at that time. My father was given the job and he went around in the morning changing the carbons in the lamps, and in the evening he went out again and did some more work on the lights.

He was later on put in a storehouse with Mr. Chantier 【Gentieu】 as assistant storekeeper, and when Mr. Chantier 【Gentieu】 retired, he was made chief storekeeper. That was the storehouse that was, if I understand properly, the old Blakely home. The Blakely family came there and lived in that house. Later on a large storage house was built at the end of the plant, and they moved to that building. I guess it has
been torn down since.

Mr. Pierre Chantier was very talented. He was a wonderful etcher and artist, and photographer. In addition to keeping the stocks of supplies for the plant and giving them out, he also had other duties to devote his talent for, taking in so many different lines. He developed his pictures at home.

Pierre Chantier and my father used to have some work with the powder in connection with their work as storekeeper. I used to carry my father's lunch every day in the summer. My mother said he had to have a hot lunch, so I carried it from the home up near Mt. Salem church down to the yard. They allowed me to come through the gate and take it up to this store house. I would get there before 12 o'clock and I'd see them making powder, making moistures on it. You have to know the moisture content, and adjust it to the proper moisture for shooting that type of powder. I was involved with ballistics for years at Carney's Point. Rifle powder has to have a certain moisture different from shotgun powder.

They were testing it in the oven. You weigh a little glass container, and you put the amount of powder in there. Then you put it in the oven, and it is in there two hours subjected to heat. Then it is taken out and you make a calculation of the differences.

Joe Knox lost an arm on the fourth of July, I believe it was, shooting off a cannon. No doubt it took place on Keyes' Hill because that's where they used to do it. He lived at the top of Squirrel Run. There were two houses up there. Knox was watchman here during the later years.
Mr. Frank one time told Pierre Ouantier and my father that his boys used their brains along the incentive line and they would invent things. That came true because at Carney's Point we had things that they invented. He said that the Lammot boys would be the tops along the financial line.

Mr. Frank du Pont and Mr. Alfred I. du Pont moved around the yard from place to place checking and supervising, and they always dropped at the storehouse. We had a large dog crossed between a shepherd and some other large breed. One day he acted as if he had a bone caught in his throat, and he was suffering quite a lot. Now in those days, they didn't know as much about dogs medically as they do now, so we put him in an inclosure and Fred Evans, a carpenter who lived at the top of Breck's Lane was to come to shoot him that night. The dog got out and ran around about the house and then left. Later on I found these actions like a bone in his throat means that a dog may be going mad. Anyway he disappeared and finally the word came that he was roaming all over these villages. People were alarmed.

Then there was quiet and the dog disappeared. Mr. Alfred I. du Pont appeared at the storehouse the next morning and said, "Jimmy," speaking to my father, "have you changed your religion?"

He said, "Why?"

"Well, your dog died a Catholic."

He said, "How is that?"

Alfred I. said, "I found him this morning stretched out in front of the damper where he went for heat at Father Birmingham's cellar."
Father Birmingham was the well-liked priest in our community.

One day many years ago when they were testing the powder in the upper meadow above Squirrel Run, they aimed the cannon too high and the cannon missed the sand pit and traveled over the field toward Christ Church. Mr. Bartlett, the minister, was riding down the road toward the church and the ball whizzed over his head. It landed in Mr. Frank du Pont's barn.

I first attended the Alexis I. du Pont School. I paid one visit to the Old Yellow School with my brother. I wasn't old enough to attend the old Yellow School. They had finally built the Alexis I. du Pont School, and I started there at the age of six. Miss McLaughlin was the teacher and she was loved by all the people of the community and the children, and later on was promoted to the next grade. Miss Hershey was the teacher in charge of that room and a very capable teacher also. Then on through the next grade to Miss Hamilton and then on down into the higher grades there was Mr. A. R. Spade, the principal who usually taught the classes. They were all very capable teachers and good disciplinarians. Mr. A. R. Spade was a very finely educated man and he was up to date in every way. He also was a naturalist and gave lectures throughout the country round about on "Fins, fangs, and stings," I believe it was. He was a great lover of snakes and different insects and birds.

When we moved within the Wilmington limits I decided to go to Wilmington High School which was the new school built on Delaware
Avenue at that time.

I attended Wilmington High School for two years, and finally went to the Wilmington Business School which was opened by William Henry Beacom on the second floor above Gavatos Candy Store at Eighth and Market Streets. I was among his first pupils. My sister attended there shortly before and took up stenography and typewriting, and finally secured a job with the Remington Typewriter Company in Philadelphia.

I started in as a boy of age six at Christ Church Sunday School, the old Sunday School building down in the meadow above the entrance to the black powder plant. Mrs. Curlett was in charge of the kindergarden. I finally graduated to Miss Louise du Pont's class. There were ten boys in that class, and we had full attendance every Sunday because she was a wonderful teacher. I received a great knowledge of the Bible from her. My brother Jim was also in that class, and Charles Stuart, who was son of Jack Stuart, boss of the black powder plant, and two more boys from Charles' Banks. Miss Louise du Pont Crowinishield had a pony cart, and she took two of the boys each Sunday—we all took our turns, we knew when they were coming—in the pony cart up the road and around the Flea Park to the church. We always looked forward with great pleasure to that trip. She also was very kind to us. She would say we had a good lesson that day and she had been in Wilmington and had bought us gifts. I remember one time she told us that, and she opened up the gifts and it was the battleship Maine. Some steel
had been taken from that ship and made into pins about the size of a
five cent piece with the head of Dewey on them. She gave us each one
of those pins.

Every summer she took us to Winterthur. They call that Wintertur
now, but we liked the name of Winterthur which they called it in the
old days. The carriages came down and collected the ten boys of the
class, and we were taken up to her home and spent the day.

We called her brother Harry to distinguish him from his father
Henry. She took us through the home, her father's home, showed us
the swords that were presented to him by the Emperor of Japan. Then
we went out to go through the great barns with the horses and cattle,
and in the afternoon we had all kinds of athletics. We had running
races, and prizes for the winners. My brother Jim won the hundred
yard dash and received a pair of football trousers, pants that Harry
had made for him while he was attending Harvard. He had grown too
large for them and we were the envy of all the other boys around there
when we played football, due to that wonderful pair of padded football
pants. In the afternoon, we were returned to our homes.

Miss Louise one Sunday informed us that she was going to be married,
and we were all invited to her wedding at Christ Church. We were all
sorry that she had to give up her class. Mrs. Tom Knox took the class
over, and when they moved away, Miss Ann Sayers took the class. The
new church school was built right up near the church building, and the
old church school building was used as an office after that.

Mrs. Crowningshield went away to Boston and later on came to live
at the upper part of the yard in the house where her father was born. She came every spring and every fall, but in the meantime, she was away in Boston or in Florida.

In 1952, the du Pont Company celebrated its 150th anniversary, and I was chosen to represent the salaried department of the Carney's Point plant, having the longest service, and Albert Bradway was chosen to represent the Payroll Department. We came over to Wilmington and spent four days here. The first morning they took the visiting representatives of the plants out to Mrs. Crowhinshield's home, up where the old refinery stood. Eight bus loads unloaded, and we all gathered around the house. She came out to greet us and Albert Bradway and I moved over towards the entrance of her house, having seen a young man there whose father I had known in the past.

I told him that Mrs. Crowhinshield used to teach me in Sunday School until she was married, and he said, "Go over and tell her so." She hadn't started to address the people, and was speaking to some of the officials in charge of the celebration, so I walked up to her and told her that my name was Cheney, and she had taught me in church school until she was married. She turned and looked at me, which was 54 years after she had taught me in class, and said, "I'll bet you're Eddie," and I said, "That's right." Also to show what a great memory she had, she asked me how my brother Lowther was, and I told her that he had passed away the year before.

They knew us very well, most all the du Pont's, by name due to my
father being sexton of Christ Church, in addition to his position in the plant. We came in contact with them all the time. I had written several poems about this community over here, and Ann McGarvey and Ann Sayers had had them typed and sent them to Miss Louise up in Boston, and that may have refreshed her memory.

Due to having a large family, my father, in addition to having a position on the plant, decided to take the job of sexton at Christ Church. I am pretty sure, as far as I can tell, that this took place in 1885. He remained sexton until about 1904 when Frank McCartney took it over, and had it for about a year. Then he gave it up and my brother George, who already was a sexton at the church school decided to, in addition to his work at the plant, become sexton at Christ Church. He held that as far as I know until his family had all grown up, until 1947. Then he moved from the house right near the church down into Wilmington.

My father retired I would say, about 1912. He worked twenty-nine years. He lived until 1922, and died at the age of 73.

In the old days, boys used to go to work at about twelve years of age. One of those was Willie Macklem, or J. W. Macklem, and one was Simon Cheney and George Cheney, my brothers. They worked in the powder yard here as errand boys. Simon, my older brother, left at the age of 16 to go to Centerville to learn the trade of blacksmith. George remained here until he was pensioned when they shut down the black powder manufacture. He worked at various capacities around the plant, he operated the switch board, and ended up finally as the watchman at the gate.
They always spotted the coal cars over in front of Harry Miller's house. They went up an incline. They were gondola type that opened up at the bottom and let the sand out. Then the empty cars would stay up there most of the time, I guess, until the switch engine came.

George and some other boys, one day on their way to the Yellow School, went there and got on the box car or gondola and released the brake. George released it, and stood out there in front. The car shot down the incline. There were some cars farther down below, and he jumped. When he jumped, he of course threw out his arm, and the couplings cut his arm off. It was a remarkable thing that he didn't lose his life on account of that. So they brought him up to Squirrel Run on a door.

I don't know who stopped the bleeding, but my father came down the path up above the street, and he looked down and wondered what was going on. It was his own son being brought home with his arm cut off.

I don't know whether Doc Chandler was called in on that or the doctor on the top of Breck's Lane.

The fence around the yard was very high and pointed and had three strands of barbed wire on top.

We picked blackberries in the powder yard. Of course, in those days with a big family, we all went out and picked all kinds of fruit: blackberries, wild cherries, and so forth. Mother preserved them. Right in front of the glazing mill by Christ Church, there was a wonderful group of blackberry bushes. We would be in there, and we could look right down there at the mill, but we did not enter the yard to
play. They saw us there, but as long as we kept away from the mill, it was all right.

We started to learn to swim in Sandy Bottom above Squirrel Run. It was shallow and safe. Then we graduated as we grew larger to the raceways. The raceways were deep at the gates where they let the water out to run the mills, so naturally we were able to swim. Then we went to the creek. Our favorite swimming place was at Alec's gate right at the entrance to Hagley Yard. There was a big stone there, and we used to go out there and dive off. We became great swimmers. In fact, we swam all summer long, and then we also, when we moved down to the Highlands, went to swim at Indian Rock below Rockford Water Tower, across from the Lower Yard. We used to swim across there to the yard and up to the covered bridge.

Some of my swimming chums were the Blakleys, Montgomerys, the Welshs, the Doughertys, and I am told that before our time Mr. Alfred I. du Pont used to swim at the same place with the creek boys. "Leg" Flannagan met me in later years, when he was working for Mr. Hallock du Pont, and told me that he was down there bathing one night when a car came along and a man in it said, "I used to bathe in there."

He said, "You did?"

"Yes, years and years ago." And he said, "I guess you don't know who I am."

"You look familiar."

He said, "Well, I'm Alfred I. du Pont."
And then there was Victor du Pont that lived in Forty Acres. He used to go in bathing with us at Indian Rock down below the bridge. He would stand up there and throw his hands up and take a certain pose, and say, "This is going to be a rolling mill dive." And so he went in bathing with us. Of course, Mr. Alfred I. was older than us, and he went in with "Yaba" Buchanan.

I was over at Carney's Point during World War II. They had a lot of trainees over there. I was standing at Number 9 tower, a big blending tower, waiting for the powder to come from No. 3 Packing House. Three trainees approached and asked when they were going to air test the powder boxes. I said it was on its way over. I got to talking with them and one of them told me he was Victor du Pont, and I said, "I knew your father. The next time you see him you ask him if he can still do the rolling mill dive."

He saw me a few days later and said, "Yes, I told him about that and he said he could do it, but it would be pretty hard." He also said, "I want to ask you one thing. You told me that we couldn't wear rubbers in the packing houses."

I said, "That's right, I told you you couldn't." (When you went in you had to take them off due to static electricity.)

My father said when he was over here, they wanted you to wear rubbers."

I said, "Well, they found out when the years went by that the body held electricity due to the rubbers, and didn't let it go off into the
floor and when you touched something, it created a spark."

Here is a poem I wrote quite a number of years ago that was in the Wilmington paper about Sandy Bottom:

In the old green meadow just above Squirrel Run
With a race track leading to it where the honeysuckles clumb
Where we used to peel the willows which were used to make charcoal
Lay Sandy Bottom or the old swimminghole.

We never needed bathing suits in those happy days of yore
The swimming hole was private screened by elders on the shore
We were burned as brown as berries when the summer days were done
From swimming in the bottom just above Squirrel Run.

I can see the daisies blooming in the meadow far and wide
I can smell the honeysuckle from the woodland by its side.
I can see the sunbeams playing in the shallows at its head
And can hear the flicker calling from the oak tree overhead.

And I'd like to go in swimming with my pals of long ago
In old Sandy Bottom just below Wagoner's Row.

They had certain rules here in our community. One was that there was no baseball to be played on the du Pont property on Sunday, but just above Squirrel Run in the hollow below Christ Church, the boys decided to have a game anyway on a Sunday night. On the sly they gathered down there and they started to play ball. A foul ball was hit into the air and the pitcher, Dan Harney, ran to catch the ball. The catcher who was nicknamed "Bull" Collins, the son of Mr. Collins, the head farmer connected with the plant, rushed up to catch it. Their heads struck and Collins was cut a gash above the eye. They walked him all the way to Dr. Greenleaf's and if he hadn't been the strong man he was, he would have never recovered. Dr. Greenleaf
patched him up and he was all right again.

My brother Simon, at age 16, went to Centerville. After he completed four years' training with Frank Chandler at Centerville, he secured the blacksmith shop at the top of Barley Mill Lane that Theodore Work had given up at that time. This was at Barley Mill Lane and Kennett Pike.

After he gave up the blacksmith shop at the top of the black powder yard where William Brokes was the blacksmith in those days, Simon was given the work of shoeing the horses at his shop. He also was a very fine mechanic. The du Pont's: Eugene, Colonel Henry, F. G. and Alfred all had their fine driving horses, and they were brought to Simon to shoe on account of his skill in shoeing horses. He also had a paint shop for painting wagons and a wheelwright shop for repairing the wheels and doing all kinds of iron work. He kept that for many years, and finally when World War I came along, he went at the Carney's Point plant as a blacksmith. Later he moved to New Castle and bought a blacksmith shop there from Louis Hardwick.

In those days we rolled iron hoops with a stick. When I lost my hoop, one day I went over to the blacksmith shop and saw William Brooks and asked him if he could make me a new hoop. He said he didn't have time and said, "What is your name?"

I said, "Cheney."

Then he stopped and thought and then he said, "Yes, I'll make you a hoop." My father had helped so many people around there, often going
to New York to meet the immigrants coming in. Several of our relatives came over here and lived at our house until the du Ponts had a place for them in the yard, or the girls were given positions in the du Ponts' homes. They liked to get girls from Ireland for maids.

My brother George was famous for his stories. He would pick them up and give them in an Irish dialect. They used to have him at most of the wakes to tell them. He had a lot of stories. I remember one story that I happen to know actually happened to an Irish boy who came here. We used to go around in our bare feet and bare legs in those days. Pat Friel had come out here from Ireland as a small boy, and he was going by Pete Boissou's, a Frenchman who lived on the creek. Young Pat Friel came by his place. Boissou was a great pigeon fancier and had all kinds of chickens and geese and ducks. When Pat came by there one day, a goose snuck up in back of him and nipped him on the calf of the leg. When Pat came by the next day, he had a stick in his hand. When a duck waddled across in front of him, Pat hit him three blows and said, "Take that, you rascal, your father bit me yesterday." George had some great stories to tell, conversations between Mr. du Pont and one of the men, you know.

Mr. Frank du Pont was the boss of Hagley yard, and Mr. Charlie mostly gave his attention to the Upper Yard. He was a bachelor. Later Mr. Lammott was here as a younger man, and Mr. Maddox was a superintendent.

My first memory of Mr. Alfred I. du Pont was watching him lead his orchestra. Coming from Alexis I. du Pont School to Squirrel Run for my
lunch, I met him on the railroad track and I noticed that he always wore knickers. The men nick-named him "Short Pants." He took over Breck's Mill, which wasn't used any more by the company, for the orchestra, and also for the entertainment of the boys and girls of the community. Every Christmas we were invited there, and they had a large Christmas tree trimmed and lighted, and we had entertainment. That's where I first saw Punch and Judy. We were given boxes of candy, and then we all filed by Mr. du Pont and the wife and children and were presented with gifts. It was in Breck's Mill that I first saw moving pictures. That was during the late Nineties. Mr. du Pont also invited us to come to his house "Swamp Hall" on Halloween night. He always had a large bag of dimes and nickels, and he threw them up in the air and watched us scramble for them. We also went to Mr. du Pont's home on election night and saw the returns. We had refreshments. They telephoned them from the Journal office or Every Evening, the old Republican papers, and then they were flashed on a white screen. We had a great time around there. Our fathers and mothers were there. He always had the interest of the young people at heart. We were also entertained at Mrs. Lammot du Pont's on the Fourth of July to see the fire works display. This was at Rising Sun Lane and Kennett Pike.

In my youth I went with a girl at Winterthur. Her father was a carpenter for Col. du Pont. Then they moved away to Philadelphia. So I went up to Philadelphia and got a job as stenographer through the Remington Company. They gave me an examination and I stayed there until I came to. My people wanted me to work for du Pont.
I worked in the store house, at Cramp's Ship Yard as a stenographer. It was with Mr. Pidgeon, the head man, I had quite a position, but I left there to go out to Pittsburgh where my brother had gone. At the suggestion of Mr. Felix du Pont that a doctor could cure my brother Jim, who had Raynold's disease, my brother Lowther sent Jim out to this great doctor in Pittsburgh who doctored the du Pont family. Mr. Felix said, "I'll give you the time off and loan you the money."

Lowther said, "No, I can take care of that." I gave up my job at Cramp's Ship Building Company to go out there, but my brother finally had to come home. This man was doing him a lot of good, but he got him late in the game and Jim's fingers had to be amputated. The fingers finally became bluish-white and finally have to be amputated because they're in danger of dying. They cure it now by treatment of the nerves in the side. So he came back. That doctor was later killed in an automobile accident.

I stayed there in Pittsburgh for about six months. The company I was working for was building a filtering plant for the city of Pittsburgh. They had completed it, and were going down to South America. They wanted me to go with them, but I was homesick. I was only 17 at the time, so I came home and returned to Philadelphia and worked with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

I come home one night and my brother, Lowther, who was employed at Carney's Point as acid superintendent, and my father said after supper they wanted to talk to me. They knew of a position that was open in the du Pont Company. It was with Frederick Chantier, Pierre's oldest
son, at Carney's Point. He wanted a stenographer and clerk. He was factory superintendent. I said all right, and I went over there in September, 1907.

It was sort of hard traveling up to Philadelphia. This girl used to come down to Winterthur to visit friends, but we drifted apart and that was that. Her name was Wierman, Flora Wierman.

I worked with Mr. Fred Chantier, who left the Brandywine as a carpenter and went to Carney's Point and rose to the position of factory superintendent and later on manager of the plant. I stayed with him until November, 1914 and Mr. Porter, manager of the plant, came to him and said that he wanted me to go down to Hopewell. They wanted men experienced in all lines. They were bringing in acid men from all over. The war had started and they were going to build a huge plant. He said he wanted me to go down right away from the construction company, which was building the plant. I said, "How about the three months' training?"

He said, "Oh, we'll have to let that go."

I had two children, but I said, "All right." Mr. Chantier wanted to keep me, but I finally decided to go. I knew Mr. Porter was a friend of mine and thought a lot of my work because he had given me shares of stock. Later the manager called me in down there at Hopewell and said, "Here's a letter." That was some more stock recommended by Ed Porter, so I knew he wasn't trying to get rid of me.

That stock was worth some money. Later on I went down to Hopewell and worked with construction division of the du Pont Company building
the plant. I was to be chief clerk when the plant was completed. When they completed the plant they were to make 50,000 pounds of nitrocellulose a day, and ship it to Carney's Point. When I was made chief clerk I had a time of it getting help and forms of all kinds. They said they would furnish every form I needed, which had all come from other plants. If it hadn't been for Mr. Chantier again, I'd have been out of luck. They told me in Wilmington they were too busy, but he sent them down to me.

Then they found out the war was going to be a great war, and they decided to make 1 million pounds of nitrocellulose a day instead of 50 thousand. I was doing all right on that, but the manager finally called me in and told me they were bringing in an experienced man with several years' experience. I was only a man about in my twenties. So he came and the plant finally turned out a million pounds of gun cotton or nitrocellulose, they call it nowadays, and they shipped it up the James River and on up to Carney's Point. Some they shipped by rail. They worked night and day. I have often worked until 2:30 in the morning because we would get help and they were pretty rowdy and would have to get more help. I stayed there as one of the assistants to him, A. J. Abrams. He had to get another assistant. In fact, to show you how hard a job it was, he was off six months with a breakdown.

Then the war ended. And they formed the du Pont Chemical Company to sell all the machinery and plant sites. They decided I would stay there. Then General Motors sent a letter telling me to report to them on such and such a date, but they wired back and said they were going
to keep me there.

I remained there and carried on my work and also took over the cashier’s department. The cashier had been sent to another plant. Finally a new manager was sent down there. His name was Clifford McIntyre, a great big man who weighed 225 pounds. I had known him over at Carney’s Point as a young engineer, and when Walter Laird was the head engineer. During the war, Clifford McIntyre rose to be superintendent of one of three plants at Carney’s Point. He was transferred down to Hopewell, and the confidential clerk was transferred away, and I was put in as confidential clerk. When Cliff McIntyre was transferred to Wilmington he had me transferred back up there also. The du Pont Chemical Company finally was ended and my boss came in one day. His name was Rockefeller, chief clerk of the chemical company, and a good one. He said I had been transferred to assistant to him.

He said, "Well, I got my notice." Things were getting bad, about 1921, so I thought this brilliant fellow is going to be let out and he had nearly as much service as I did. I wonder what will happen to me? They transferred me over into another department of the chemical company, which was still working finishing up the odds and ends. But finally I got my notice. I went over to see Fred Chantier and he said, "I’ll give you a job at Carney’s Point, but it will be quite a reduction in pay."

In a case like that though, they gave you a month’s notice and they gave you a months’ pay.
But I decided, "I'm going to go outside." So I got in touch with Fred Chantier by phone and he said, "All right, when you want to do differently, call me." I had a year and it wouldn't break my record. So I went and got a job with H. A. Stone and Company, bankers, and sold stock around Wilmington and in the country. The first month I made $395. That was a good salary then. This was 1921.

Then I was offered a job at the Hamburg Broom Works. Rockefeller went up there to apply for a job as secretary and he said, "I don't want to come up here, but I know a man that will just suit you," and he gave them my name.

One day my wife called me and told me there was a man there with a chauffeur and a Cadillac to see me from Hamburg. So I went out home and he was there. He offered me that job up there and said, "If you don't want to take the job as secretary, we'll give you a job as salesman." Rockefeller must have laid it on. Well, he was a very fine man, this Rockefeller and a very fine chief clerk but I said no, and I was glad I did. I went back selling stock. We would be on a du Pont farm signing someone up five minutes to one in the morning, all day and all night.

The Stone Company financed growing concerns. Sometimes they would even change the manager, and put their own manager in. Mr. Stone said every man should make 8 per cent on his money. He said, "Did you ever see any poor bankers?" He was a banker himself. Stock was $100 a share and if you decided you didn't want the stock after you had it a length
of time, they would take it back. I know that for a fact. I had one
man change his mind with me. He took $400 worth and I got it back for
him, minus the dividends paid. I sold stock for six months but it re-
quired such long hours and I had a large family. Also the rent was
very high over there and my wife's people came from New Jersey. Finally
her father and mother moved to Ohio, but we liked it over there in New
Jersey and we knew all those people. So I went back to Carney's Point
to the ballistics range and stayed on ballistics for several years.

Batches of powder were brought up to the ballistics range, and
they would adjust the moisture and make moisture tests and things like
that on it. It must not be dusty, and they have to decide to arrange
the proper moisture on the sample that comes up. Therefore, you make
moisture tests, and then everything is ready. The powder is loaded
into the shell in the next room. First at the office and then in the
moisture room and then in the loading room and then in the gunning
alleys where they shoot range. They're loaded into rifle shells, shot-
gun shells and then shot. They have a chronograph. One man goes out
to the gun, loads it and puts up the wire in front of the muzzle of the
gun. The target is electrically connected to a chronograph in the front
part of the building. Frank Chantier would go in there and set up the
chronograph, and he would give a signal to fire the gun. It would break
the wire at the muzzle of the gun and also break the connection at the
target. When it broke the wire at the front of the gun, a rod started
to drop. It was coated with soot by holding it over a candle. When it
hit the target, another rod would drop and hit the handle of a knife. That would mark that spot, and he would measure that and look on that chart. The French got it up and Francis du Pont, Mr. Frank du Pont's son who was the inventor patented it for over there. Then you found all the characteristics of the powder, and you told them out in the plant what batches to take to mix and prepare the lot. They were all mixed in together, blended, brought down and later on went to the packing house and were packed. This was rifle and old style du Pont Shotgun and new style du Pont Shotgun powder. Cannon powder was tested in Aberdeen.

We made some cannon powder at the plant. Once they had trouble out at the plant with stenciling. They had had previous trouble with the weights. The Winchester Loading Company said the weights were under 25 pounds, that there wasn't enough powder in the drums. So Fred Chantier wrote me a letter. I have it to this very day. In 1923 he wrote me this letter and told me about this. He said he wanted me to go out at the end of each pack and they would take every tenth drum out and set it aside. These would be dumped and weighed as a powder check.

Finally Mr. Peoples, the director over here, said, "We need an inspector over here, and we'll have to have one."

Chantier called me again and I went out on the plant as inspector. I stayed there four-and-a-half years. You inspected the packing of the powder to see whether it was dusty, and did air testing of the powder boxes. All the boxes had to be air tested after the powder was in so
they wouldn't leak. I stayed out there four-and-a-half years and then the Bedaux system came to Carney's Point, or the incentive wage system.

They decided to put the system in the Carney's Point and the Chambers Works. Mr. Skilling, who was assistant manager, called me in and said, "Ed, we have a new job for you. The Bedaux man is coming here to put in the incentive wage system, and he doesn't know a thing about the plant. You know it from the start, being in the factory superintendent's office, and being inspector all the way through. You're to go with him." So I went with him, and then they brought another young man there, a college graduate, and we both worked with him making time studies and working them out and applying them. At the end of the year the Bedaux man left. He was a graduate of MIT. They were all chosen for their size because it was pretty rough back in those days to put in a new system. Several of the workmen were liable to hit them.

This young college man was promoted to Industrial Engineer. They put him in an industrial engineer's office. So he came down and said, "You're to be in charge of the Bedaux office." So I took it over, and I was there from 1934 until 1939. Then the HEOD, High Explosives Operating Department, took us over and they didn't use that system, so they decided to drop it. The amount of powder turned out per man hour had been raised up, and they had gotten everything. The war was opening up. So I returned down on the plant again as inspector. I stayed down there a year and then they called me in to take over the Shipping Department.

Word came that Pearl Harbor had just been hit. I had no experience in shipping, but they said, "If you get into trouble, John Whitaker was
on it for twenty years. He'll tell you all about it." Then John went home one day with a bad cold. He was a diabetic and he died in one week, and everything broke loose. Everything. Even colleges were after nitrocellulose prepared in a certain way." Send so many pounds so we can experiment." We would get directions from Wilmington "don't do this" and "do this." I had the Shipping Department for three years, and then I went out on the plant again.

They were having trouble out there between inspectors. I stayed there until finally they started that new nitrocellulose plant out there. Carney's Point was always slack after a war ended. So they decided to build a nitrocellulose plant, and we were kept around. I returned to the ballistic range. There were four or five of us over there. We waited until the nitrocellulose plant was completed. When it was completed, I was taken into the office inside and worked with the nitrocellulose superintendent, Mr. Rickards, on accounting and as sort of a secretary, too. They were four of the happiest years of my life, too. I was working with Mr. Rickards and later with Mr. Lee Taylor, who followed him as nitrocellulose superintendent. So finally I reached the age of 65 and retired.

Miss Rodenesky in the high school, in those days taught literature, I guess you would call it, and English. We had to memorize Shakespeare, get up and recite it, so I would come home and recite it around the house. The children would come by later on, several years later and say something, and I would say, "Where did you get that?"
They would say, "From you." It was me reciting these poems that Miss Rodenesky taught us. So then I thought I would try my hand at writing poems myself. The first one I ever wrote was "Squirrel Run."

My two children accompanied me one day on a visit to Squirrel Run quite a number of years ago. We found them demolishing the houses. When I went home I wrote this poem, "The Passing of the Village of Squirrel Run."

The Passing of the Village of Squirrel Run

Strange that I should return to view,
The passing of the landmarks that my boyhood knew;
As one who views the passing of a friend,
So I came one August afternoon to see the end
Of this quaint village set among the hills,
Its two main streets the banks of laughing rills.

Here once the sounds from happy children rose,
Here once bloomed geranium and rose;
And traveler passing on the hill above,
Paused to look down upon such scenes of love;
Around the doors grapevines gave restful shade,
In sunny yards stood hollyhocks arrayed.

The houses, whitewashed, glistened in the sun,
The barefoot children waded in the run;
In spring, the lilac's perfume filled the air,
The maidens wore orange blossoms in their hair;
On sheds the mottled pigeons billed
and cooed,
And fowls of all descriptions roamed
the wood.

Here thrifty housewives plied their
skill,
The many hungry mouths to fill;
Large families of eight or ten or
more,
They never turned the beggar from
the door;
Here tarried new arrivals from Old
Erin,
Treated as guests until their living
they could earn.

Here stately trees gave tranquill
shade,
Old trees, kind trees, what memories
they made;
Each villager cared for his with
pride,
And as they grow there side by
side;
They bring back thoughts of long
ago,
Of dear old friends I used to know.

There's Dougherty's thorn and Miller's
maple,
Ward's beech, the oak near Blakely's
Stable;
Our walnut tree behind the shed,
The sycamore in the streamlet's
bed;
And in the churchyard on the hill
The walnut trees are bearing still.

Now all is silent in the sun,
All but the murmur of the run;
No more the children's laughter
rings,
No more the watchdog at the
stranger springs;
As slowly up the hill my way I wend,
I turn in sadness to say farewell to
this old friend.
That was about twenty-seven years ago. I had two of my children with me, and they were then six and nine.

**UP ALONG THE BRANDYWINE**

Up along the Brandywine,
With my kids, aged six and nine;
Showed them all the swimming holes,
Showed them where we cut our poles
That we used in fishin' time,
Up along the Brandywine.

Told them 'bout the Barley Mill,
Took them to old Breckses Mill;
Stopped at Peggy Dad's for a time,
Where us kids spent most every dime,
Up along the Brandywine.

Took them to old Alac's gate
Showed them where we learned to skate;
Rockford Tower they must climb,
And the view it was sublime,
Up along the Brandywine.

Told them 'bout the powder mills,
Of its heroes and its thrills,
How, in days that's past and gone,
These mills filled the powder horn;
How our soldiers held the line,
With powder made on the Brandywine.

Sometime ago, while out on the Brandywine, at Henry Clay Factory, I noticed the old covered bridge was sadly in need of repairs. This prompted me to write this poem.
THE OLD COVERED BRIDGE

Oh, old covered bridge o'er the Brandywine,  
At the foot of Rising Sun Hill;  
With holes in your roof, and unpainted sides,  
And broken window sill.  
With dusty rafters where sparrows chirp,  
And uneven planks on the floor;  
You're one of the landmarks left on the "Crick,"  
To remind us of days of yore.

You need some attention, dear old bridge,  
A coat of nice fresh paint;  
A new shingle roof, your sides repaired,  
You're enough to distress a Saint.  
It won't be long till you'll be torn down,  
And a new bridge take your place;  
You are one of the few that is left us,  
Like the last of a vanishing race.

I was coming out of the office one night sometime later over at Carney's Point and Frank Chantier was coming out of the ballistic range to come over here to Wilmington where he lived, and he said, "What did you do to the old covered bridge?"

I said, "Well, I don't know that I did anything to it."

He said, "Well, they're going to tear it down."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS ON KEYSE'S HILL

We have some swell band concerts in the town where I reside,  
With saxophone and clarinet and trombone with the slide;  
But give me back the good old days, when they danced on Keyse's Hill,  
With three or four old sawbones afiddlin' fit to kill.
They built the white-pine platform
right underneath the trees,
And though you swung your partner
'round and 'round, you always
got the breeze;
The tune of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady,"
gave you a light and happy
heart,
With "After the Ball Was Over" and
"Annie Rooney Is My Sweetheart."

It was a treat to watch their feet,
the dancing it was real.
When they swung from the good old
waltzes into the Irish Reel;
For the sons of dear Old Erin from
Kildare and from Cork,
Were there to show them how to jig
and prance the old cake walk.

Oh how I loved those dear old days,
when on a sunny Fourth of July,
I sat upon an old tree stump and
drank a cool Red Eye;
When the folks all went up to the
hill for a good old roaring time,
And a kid could have a mighty day
on a nickel or a dime.

And after the big time was over and
we all went up to La Motte's, (eup. pad)
Where the night was rent by sky-
rockets and beautiful flower-
pots;
And I sat on the grass in wonder
at rockets roaring into the sky,
I felt secure and happy with father
and mother nigh.

But though I've been romancing
o'er the good old days of fun,
There are no better days than the
ones that just have come;
And though I'd like the loved ones
back and go up on the Hill,
These times are filled with roses and
you can have them if you will.
There's a poem where that was written by a soldier when they left Montchanin. My brother Lowther sent me that. He sent quite a few down one time and this is entitled "A Soldier's Farewell On Leaving Montchanin," which occurred about 1898 when they were through guarding the plant.

Farewell to Montchanin,
Du Pont's powder mills,
Brandywine waters
And clear sparkling rills;
The hills and the valleys;
The meadow and the plain,
Perhaps we will never
Protect you again.

Sweet country maidens,
So bashful and gay,
And the Delaware peaches
Which oftimes did stray
From Wilmington city,
Each winding its way
To comfort the boys
In the Blue and the Gray.

'Tis hard for to part
With such pleasures as these,
The pinks and the ribbons
That hung o'er our knees;
It was so delightful
We enjoyed the fun,
And wish them success
With the regiment to come.

Beautiful maidens,
O how we will miss
The hugging and squeezing
And sweet little kiss,
Our eyes will wear dewdrops,
Our hearts will be sad
When we think of
The jollifications we had.
Wilmington city,
You filled us with cheer,
And gave us big bumpers
Of good Lager Beer,
Which cheered up our spirits
Again and again,
Till we thought we were
The Old Harry raising in Spain.

We showed you how clever
We Pen-y's were bred,
We run the street cars
With the wheels in our head;
Our gait was so steady,
Our appearance complete,
Especially when marching
On famed Orange street.

When you need protection
We'll come back again;
Ours is the Regiment
Can soon conquer Spain,
So good-bye all present,
To some future date,
And may every young lady
Be blessed with her fate.

Most every family here in the community had a favorite soldier, and the one that came to our house played a fife. They didn't have bands in those days. They had fife and drum corps. He was killed in the Philippines later on.

Some of the soldiers married some of our local girls. This regiment had previously been at Carney's Point guarding over there and they replaced them with another one, and they came over here.

This poem was written by William J. Kirkland when James Walker was killed in the mills.

The angel of death a visit paid
Unto our noble band,
And took from us our brother,
Who in our faith did stand.
Without a moment's warning
From earth was called away
To Paradise, there to await
The coming judgment day.

An upright member of our lodge,
A good attendant there,
No more his presence we can see;
His is the vacant chair.
But ever dear his memory
Will we forever keep,
And mourn for our brother
Who in the grave now sleeps.

Attentive to his duty,
To his employers true,
Our brother, full of vigor,
His duty tried to do.
It was attending to the same
He met the dreadful blow
Which called him to eternity,
His stewardship to show.

To Star of Bethlehem members
Has come a warning great,
Let each prepare to meet the call,
Lest similar be the fate.
Without a moment's warning
We may be called away;
Then let each one be ready
To meet the judgment day.

While mourning for our brother,
Let each one keep in view,
The tide of time is rolling on,
Our day is coming too.
We'll meet our brother by and by,
On that celestial shore,
Where one and all united are,
And parting is no more.

His body in Mt. Salem lies
To moulder in the clay;
His soul has gone to Paradise
To await the judgment day.
No more he'll roam to daily toil;
He's free from earthly strife;
Be his the crown of victory,
Throughout eternal life.
We mourn for the widow
    And children in distress,
    And pray the Lord may comfort them,
    And their afflictions bless.
He gives us life and takes the same
    In His mysterious way;
He knows what's best for each of us
    And He will lead the way.
    W. J. Kirkland

In comparison, Bancroft's Village and this village were about the same. I knew people down in Bancroft in later years, and their life seemed to be along the same pattern as up here. They seemed to be contented and raised large families, and raised them well.

During World War I men would go into war, and we couldn't get the men to replace them, so we doubled up. John Krauss was the service superintendent, as well as handling the draft. It was odd how we were boys together. I spoke to him at the 25 year and veterans' banquet over at Carney's Point during April and asked him if he remembered the time that we, along with another boy, were up near houses in Squirrel Run. There was a spring there and the water ran down and formed an icy pavement down to the wall of the Run, and this boy said he was going down over that on his sled. We knew that he would drop several feet and we told him not to, but away he went. When we picked him up, he was badly cut about the face and head, and he went home and told that Jack and I had made him do it and shoved him over. His father appeared at our doors that night with him and showed how he was cut up, but we were innocent.

I don't remember any strikes with the du Pont Company all the years I worked. Perhaps away somewhere else one might have happened, but very
few even then. I think they had one at Linden, New Jersey, probably in the 1930's, for a few days.

The union came to Penns Grove and opened up an office and stayed two years. As the men would go down to the gates of the Chambers Works and the gates of the Carney's Point plant, they would give out leaflets and all the men threw them all the way along the road up to the main road. The CIO finally gave up and moved out. The benefits you get from the Du Pont Company very few plants equal. It's wonderful.

When I retired from Carney's Point plant, they gave me a dinner and the men from the plant were there, a great number of them and theofficials. So I ended my speech by "Farewell to Carney's Point."

FAREWELL TO CARNEY'S POINT

Today I'm sad and my heart doth grieve,
For today is the day I'm going to leave.
Farewell to the Plant and friends so true,
With Powder and NC I am through.
Farewell to Du Pont and happy days
For you I have the highest praise.
So goodbye to the Plant that trained the men;
That helped Uncle Sam again and again.
For all of you a heart will ache,
Of a fellow that was born in '86.