

I could probably just announce the topic of my paper and sit back while any number of people here today share remembrances of my subject. After all, when one is talking about Frank Masland, it seems as if all of Carlisle could honestly have a comment to add to the discussion. My interest in Mr. Masland actually began in the early 80's when I was working for Bill Martson in my first job as an attorney. I came across a copy of FE's resume and was overwhelmed by the breadth of what he'd been involved in to that point in his life.

I will try to at least touch on all of his major involvements, but I interviewed a number of people, read countless articles in print and on the Internet and searched through a majority of 16 boxes of letters he'd left to the Dickinson Archives. In other words, I could probably give a paper that would require everyone to have pillows and pajamas to last to the end. I did compile the majority of my information in somewhat readable form so that FE's family could have a copy of it, but I'll try to finish up today a bit more quickly so you can all get home for dinner.

We'll start where any good biography should . . . with the subject's ancestry – stories that help lay out the background that will shape and form the life that follows.

One of FE's grandfathers, Charles Henry Masland, was born on December 15, 1842, served in the Union army in the Civil War for three years and came home with an honorable discharge to start an apprenticeship at \$9 a week in a yarn-dying business in Germantown, PA. "At the end of one year, he and his brother, James, owned the business, thus displaying the acquisitive characteristics which have carried through the ensuing generations." The yarn-dying business eventually became the carpet company, C.H. Masland and Sons, which moved to Carlisle in 1919 and operated as Maslands until its purchase by Burlington Industries in 1986.



Figure 1...Charles & Annetta Masland

Charles married Annetta Myer upon his return from the war in 1864, and they had seven sons. There seemed to be a measure of pride within the Masland family that it produced so many male heirs with Charles once asking his son, Walter, whose family was composed of three daughters, “don’t you know how to have a boy?” Upon which, his wife queried, “Are you really going to tell your son how to have a boy now that you’ve had seven boys and no daughters?”



Figure 2...Six Masland Brothers

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FE described his grandfather Masland as always “presid[ing] at events, but that grandmother, “not much over 5 feet tall, was the dominant person in the family. She dominated, not by being domineering, but rather by an all-persuasive sweetness.” On the other hand, “Grandfather wasn’t quite so easy to love. He was a stickler for perfection, a bit of a tartar. He hated waste. [FE recalled] that, after he retired, day after day, he would wander through the mills with an eye for waste, even picking up nails that he thought could be saved.” Charles died at 93 on March 24, 1934 having survived, obviously, the Civil War, but more importantly, an incident in 1912 when part of the roof of the carpet factory fell on him. The newspaper account made it clear how serious the situation was when it reported, “Aged Carpet Man Crushed By Debris – C.H. Masland was probably fatally injured yesterday, when he was crushed by bricks and beams in a factory at Willard and Amber Streets. Mr. Masland, despite his age – he is 73 years old – was superintending the tearing down of the building when one of the timbers gave way and the aged man was crushed to the floor and so completely buried

that for a time it was believed that he had either been killed outright or would be suffocated before his rescue could be effected.” After some months in the hospital, he carried on for another 20 years. In fact, all four of FE’s grandparents lived well into old age, a bit of foreshadowing as to the lengthy life FE would also enjoy.

Frank Elmer Masland, Sr. was the second of Charles and Annetta’s seven boys. He was born on August 6, 1867 and is thought to have received his middle name, Elmer, from Elmer Ephraim Ellsworth, the first Union casualty of the Civil War. Ellsworth, who had studied law in Abraham Lincoln’s office in Springfield, IL in 1860, had removed a Confederate flag from the Marshall House Inn in Alexandria, VA when the proprietor killed him with a shotgun blast to the chest. Lincoln called Ellsworth “the greatest little man I ever met” and had his body brought to the White House to lie in state on May 25, 1861. At City Hall in New York, thousands more paid respects to the first man to fall for the Union. “Remember Ellsworth” was a patriotic slogan, and babies, streets and towns were named after him.

On FE’s mother’s side of the family, his grandparents were the Gosslers, Jacob and Mary. Mrs. Gossler was orphaned at an early age and went to live with an aunt in Reading where she was a housekeeper for Charles Evans, an attorney with no children of his own. In the early 1860’s the State Department invited the Marquis de Lafayette to tour America at which time Lafayette stayed in Evans’ home. Mary Gossler inherited the bed Lafayette slept in, and it has passed down through the family now through four additional generations.



Figure 3...Gossler Grandparents & Boys

Grandmother and Grandfather Gossler had six children of which Mary Esther Gossler was the fifth. Mary Esther, or as she came to be called, “Mintsie”, married Frank Elmer Masland, Sr., or as the grandchildren eventually called him, G.G. Pop, in 1890. Frank served as the treasurer of C.H. Masland & Sons, and he and his wife had three children, Frank, Jr., Robert Paul and Harold, who died in infancy. FE was born on December 8, 1895 while the family still lived in the mill ghetto, Kensington, but within less than a year, his family moved to Buselton, PA into a house with fourteen acres and twenty-three rooms. It was a quiet country village, and as the carpet business flourished, they never had less than two maids, a gardener, a coachman and a trainer for Frank, Sr.’s 30 trotting horses. As FE recalled, “We lived graciously.”

Or at least they did until the Depression hit, and the Maslands lost their wealth in the Crash.



Figure 4...Bustleton

Mintsie was the daughter of a Doctor and a “White-ribboner” . . . meaning that no alcohol was permitted in her home. FE describes his mother as “a beautiful woman – tall, slender, stately, gracious, loving, deeply religious” and his father as being “not quite so narrowly religious . . . a humanitarian, the most generous of men, supporting unknown numbers of those less fortunate -- . . . [t]he finest man I have ever known.” Following the Crash, although he was afraid he might have to close the carpet factory and work for a coal company, Frank, Sr. paid off all of his bad debts, refusing to stick others with his losses. At Mintsie’s knee, FE learned to pray – and if you were ever fortunate enough to hear him do it, you know she taught him well. She read him the Bible, and he said that he was “ashamed that [he had not] as assiduously as [he] should have, followed her teaching. She was opposed to card playing or dancing or the theater. [His] dad wasn’t, so they compromised with the result that FE did not play cards or dance or go to the theater until he was in his teens.” “That accounted for the fact that [FE] despise[d] bridge and could barely hold [his] own in poker.”

FE very much enjoyed his home in Buselton. One of his earliest memories was of “coming in out of the fields and having [his] mother make [him] turn [his] pockets inside out, to make sure there were no toads or frogs or snails or snakes inside. Both [his] mother and father loved nature and all living things.” This may best be exemplified by the 13 St. Bernards the family owned . . . hopefully, not all at the same time. FE learned to ride a bicycle standing on the seat and sitting backwards on the handlebars, built forts, rode horses and shot a BB gun and a .22. He also recalled his mother taking them out on the porch to observe lightning storms, the more severe the better.



Figure 5...Bustleton Grounds

When FE was no more than 6 yrs. old, he and a friend played hooky from school and climbed the windmill on the stable. There he rolled and smoked his first cigarette -- made of the lining of cedar trees. He was so sick he almost fell off the windmill and that was the first and last smoke he had until college days when, once a week on Sunday, he smoked a cigar.

At one point, the local preacher, Mr. May, dropped FE into a swimming hole 10 feet deep to "teach" him how to swim. "From that point on, Mr. May and [FE] maintained an uneasy truce which, on [FE's] part, was not observed. FE recalled that one day, Mr. May came to Sunday dinner. He wore a derby hat. In those days, there was always a hat rack and large mirror in the hall . . . He hung his hat on the hat rack and went in to dinner. When he put it on to leave, his hair turned white and flour drooled down his face" How the flour got in his hat was unstated but altogether obvious. It is not surprising then that FE remembered that "many times in church, [his] father, in the midst of the service, ushered [him] into the cellar where, with hairbrush or trunk strap, [FE] absorbed religion through the seat of [his] pants." "This hurts me more than it does you, his father said." "There were many occasions when [he] had reason to doubt [his] father's word."

At the age of 9, he and his brother, Paul, attended a private school, taking the 7:45 am train every morning, changing trains and arriving at Friends Central, a private Quaker school, at 9 am. They rode with half a dozen boys and "when they became interested in those things that attract teenagers, . . . caught a later train. Friends Central was co-ed." At one point when he was being chauffeured to Friends, it was so foggy he got on the hood of the car and gave the driver directions. Every Wednesday at Friends, they had a "Friends Meeting" where the older members would sit up front and speak whenever the spirit moved them. One "saintly grandmother" would always deliver the

same message – “Today, as I look upon thy young faces for what is probably the last time before I am called home . . . “ “Nine years later, she was still waiting for the summons.”

For two months each summer from 1904 to 1913, FE and Paul went to camp in Maine at Little Lake Sebago, at a camp owned by a chemistry professor at Friends. There were only about 30 boys, but they excelled in baseball, track, canoeing and swimming with two of the boys going on to compete in Major League baseball. During these summers, FE also climbed Mt. Washington five times. “[His love for nature] became a part of [him then] that . . . meant more to [him] than anything but [his] family ever since.”

FE’s parents divorced in the late 1920’s and his father remarried, living to the age of 84. Mintsie eventually moved to Carlisle where she lived well into her ‘80’s and played with her great-grandchildren as well as her grandchildren. On her 85th birthday, she was in the hospital, and Collie, her idol, was too young to visit her. The hospital administrator was prevailed upon, and Collie was taken to see Mintsie. “Oh, Mintsie, it seems to me I haven’t seen you for a hundred weeks.” “It seems to me more than a hundred weeks, my darling.” Then “[t]hey sat locked in close embrace carrying on the conversation entirely oblivious [to] the rest of [the family].”

After graduation from Friends Central where FE played on the football team, he attended Dickinson College beginning in 1914. There were 400 students; the tuition was \$400, and the college was broke. Frank, Sr. helped to rectify the financial situation, particularly with regard to outfitting the football team. “Where his sons were concerned, [Frank, Sr.] was a sports fan.” As FE confessed about his time at Dickinson, “to date, life had presented no serious concerns and [he] didn’t permit it to while in college. [He] was more interested in devising devious activities.”

He joined Alpha Chi Rho – a strict fraternity that didn’t permit dancing. A fraternity motion to hold a dance was defeated due to a tie vote, so FE moved that they should not hold a dance, figuring there would be a tie and the motion would be lost – However, “[t]he head of the fraternity taught [him] a lesson, not only about parliamentary law but also about the place of a freshman.” This lesson was learned even more insistently because “[p]enalties would [then] be inflicted by daylight upon Freshmen who had overstepped a Sophomore list of proprieties. Thus, the sentences on Freshmen, Frank E. Masland and James B. Stein, were carried out at the old stone steps. The culprits had accompanied ‘certain young women about promiscuously.’ For this they were ‘treated’ with corn syrup, made to run ‘a sort of bloodhound contest’ on a course covered with molasses and were given haircuts, after which ‘sudden thunder showers’ descended upon them from a clear sky.” “The initiations were not limited to those interested in fraternities but encompassed all freshmen as they wore their green dinks with a yellow button and carried their Red Book of rules for freshmen. Some of the rules included: the green dink must be worn each day with the exception of Sunday and special holidays, do not walk on the grass, use only designated walkways, enter and leave chapel on the north side, do not appear in public after 8:00 pm until after

Thanksgiving, and do not be seen with any lady until the spring semester, to name just a few.” Many freshmen did not heed this warning and “soon found themselves rolling a pebble down the sidewalk in front of numerous sophomores with paddles in hand.” As FE commented about his college experience, “[In] those halcyon days, we didn’t tie ourselves to one girl. I wrote the same letter to five.”

FE’s college fun was not limited to the ladies, however. I have a feeling that the following is but a short listing of pranks he was involved in during his time at Dickinson. He and friends: rolled cherry bombs down the aisle of a building; put a dog in the top of the upright piano in the Dickinson Chapel so that it started howling when someone started to play it; hung alarm clocks under the pictures of former Dickinson Presidents in the chapel which they “timed to sound off serially”; took apart a professor’s Model T Ford, hung the wheels from rafters of a building and nailed the license plate to the president’s chair; hung a professor’s bicycle on the mermaid on Old West, and was one of four Dickinson students to first remove the mermaid from that same cupola. The bicycle story deserves a bit more of a telling to flesh it out. The boys couldn’t get the bike through a hatch on the cupola, so they had to take it apart and then put it back together in the cupola. Dickinson had to have steeplejacks from Harrisburg come out to get it down, and the boys once again took off with it as soon as it hit the ground. As for the mermaid, years later FE observed that “the Carlisle coppersmith, who has long been accused of confusing the sex of Triton . . . was not at all confused but deliberately provided a female with four breasts, ‘one for each class’. Having observed the antics of today’s crop of adolescents, I can think of nothing more appropriate.” “[He recalled] one student group who brought her out to [his] farm where she was carefully stored until homecoming day”, and then commented “With her encasement in a glass casket, I imagine all this will be a thing of the past for I can’t believe that even today’s students will be inclined to cohabit with a synthetic substance.”

Ruben Sharp, who was to become his brother-in-law, was one of his roommates at Dickinson. Ruben’s sister, Virginia, who was in medical school at Temple, came to visit Ruben and was introduced to FE. He was sitting in Alpha Chi Rho with his feet up on the table smoking a pipe and playing cards when they first met. It was hardly love at first sight for Virginia at least as her comment to her brother afterwards was, “I don’t think much of your friend, Frank.” Ruben and Virginia’s father became ill, and they both had to give up their studies at least temporarily to return to the family farm in Mullica Hill, NJ. Virginia’s father, a physician, died, and the family was trying to make a go of it on one of the farms he’d owned. FE fell in love with the entire family and was soon spending a lot of time in NJ. When he arrived on the farm, Virginia was being courted by a man by the name of Eastlack Porch who owned a Mercer convertible. As FE reminisced, “In those days, the Mercer and Stutz convertibles were the ones every youth wanted most. The owners were universally envied. So, I bought a Stutz. It helped.” He also bought a victrola, cranked by hand, and they “danced by candlelight on the wooden floor.” It’s no wonder he fell in love with the entire family. Mother Sharp, as a cook, was in a class by herself” despite the handicap of cooking with an iron stove filled largely with corncobs. FE hadn’t totally foresworn his prankster-filled days at Dickinson, however. One time, he and Virginia dressed a pet pig in a high hat, jacket

and vest, put him on the seat of the Stutz between them and drove the thirty miles from Mullica Hill to FE's home in Buselton. They attracted a lot of attention, especially on Broad Street in Philadelphia.

At this point, the halcyon days of youth were definitely past, as the United States entered World War I, and FE enlisted in the Navy a day after war was declared. He had completed his sophomore year at Dickinson but never returned. The Navy was a natural choice for FE as he had always loved the ocean. His family had participated in the founding of Ocean Grove and Ocean City, NJ, and in the summer they had lived in a tent at Deal Lake at Ocean Grove. He earned his first money there. Men were taking passengers across the lake in rowboats for 5 cents. FE undercut his opposition, charging 2 cents, but apparently, he needed a permit – his first experience with bureaucratic regulations.

He and Virginia were married on January 2, 1918 in little, old, white wooden Methodist Mullica Hill Church, decorated with pine boughs. "It was a glorious wedding with the most beautiful of brides and the groom in officer's uniform with his sword dangling at his side." FE alleged that Virginia had tears in her eyes "because [she didn't] want to change [her] name." It was 18 degrees below zero that day, and they had to drive to the reception at the farm in a chauffeur-driven limousine with an oil stove between them to keep warm. Later, they drove to Carlisle from Mullica Hill in record time in the Stutz to honeymoon at the Hamilton Hotel.

FE had enlisted in the Navy as a second-class seaman and was sent to Cape May, NJ. He moved up in the ranks until he assumed command of a converted yacht, then command of a 100 foot converted yacht and then to the command of a sub-chaser until the end of the war. FE used to say "that's why New Jersey was never attacked." (ie. that he was commanding a sub-chaser there.) As Bishop Wertz stated at FE's memorial service in 1994, "it was one of the few times Frank Masland did not find what he was looking for". FE indicated, however, that though the ships he commanded didn't get credit for sinking any subs, they did drop depth bombs, did have contacts, and ran escort duty for transports far out to sea. This was, apparently, a formative time for him. He stated, "[t] here is no responsibility that exceeds that of a skipper of a boat. He is totally on his own. He is the law. I grew up fast."

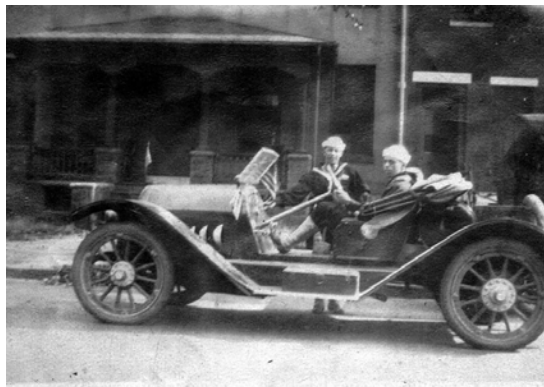


In a 1972 questionnaire from the Military History Institute, FE was asked about his World War I experience. “What did you think about the clothing, equipment, and rations you were issued?” “Clothing – ok; Equipment – ok; If you put catsup on it, you can eat anything.” “Were you ever a member of a boarding party, and if so, how were you armed and equipped?” “Put my hat on.” “How was discipline?” “Excellent – on my ships.” “What do you recall of ship-board drills?” “Recall gun drill off Lewes, DE when three went off somewhat prematurely and landed in Lewes. No damage. We learned the hard way. Principle weapon was depth bombs.” “How did you and your comrades get along with civilians ashore?” “No problem except when a chap held up a poker party.” “Did you take part in any Naval engagements, anti-submarine activities, or bombardments?” “Yes, against sub off east coast, US.” During that engagement, what did you do? “Whatever the Skipper does.” What do you recall experiencing at that time? “Excitement – eagerness.” “Most memorable experience about your service?” “When my ship was run into by a 10,000 ton cargo vessel approximately 100 miles at sea in December when the water is cold. Managed to limp into harbor and beach.” “WWI was a great national experience. Did you learn anything about America or Americans?” “It made me. Prior thereto, life was a bowl of cherries. I had to measure up to command.” My service “was of great benefit. It made me a responsible person.”



To explain a bit more about the problem with civilians holding up a poker game, in March 1919 there was a holdup on a nearby tugboat, and FE and several other petty officers pursued the thieves until they captured them under a house. They'd stolen \$30 and a half dozen pints of liquor. On the back of the newspaper write-up, FE added, "This is only time in W.W.I that I was under fire – tho I did drop depth bombs."

Though FE acknowledged that his Navy service made him more responsible, he had not totally lost his fun-loving nature. He tried to time the waves off of Cape May to drive his Stutz out between them but was fooled by Mother Nature and submerged by an unexpected wave.



Also, in a 1985 letter to L.F. Adams of Dayton, Ohio, FE asked whether L.F.–

“remember[ed] the time when C.J . . . went to see the dentist because his jaw hurt him so badly and found there was nothing wrong with his teeth, but there was with his jaw from having slept on a pillow under which he kept his fifth of whiskey?” He also wrote of a time when Bill Masland got him airsick riding in the rear seat of his plane towing a target, so FE convinced the Coast Guard they should loan him one of their boats. He took some of the fly-boys out for a deep sea fishing experience and anchored the boat so that it lay in the trough. As he said “[m]ost of you who could take anything in the air, weren’t equal to an hour or so of rolling about on the sea.” The air was not always FE’s nemesis, however. He also recalled a time at Cape May when he and Bill went up in a bi-plane, a Martin Hell Diver. FE would sit in back of Bill, and two planes would fly together doing all sorts of crazy things such as tapping each other’s wings as they flew side by side.

Following his discharge from the Navy, FE began working at the carpet mill in Philadelphia. Every Friday he would go to the bank to get the payroll – in cash – and would ride up Delaware Avenue in a convertible with the cash and pay envelopes on the seat next to him. Soon, however, FE was sent to Carlisle to look for a new location for the Masland factory. Labor problems and space shortages prompted the search for a new home. Maslands moved to Carlisle in 1919 as per the following proposition: it would pay \$26,000 for the Fairgrounds and the Bixler tract (valued at \$33,000), and the Chamber of Commerce was to buy the land and buildings and sell them to Maslands with the \$7,000 difference to be met by popular subscription by Carlisle townspeople. The initial building was to be worth \$300,000 and added to until 1,000 to 1,500 people were employed at the plant (60% men, 40% women).



Interior of the old main office.

Maslands began making carpets for Ford’s Model T in 1922 which gave the company a great boost after it moved from its Philadelphia home. FE later recalled that he “personally sold the first yard of automobile carpet to Henry Ford. That was when [he] met [Ford], having a piece of [Maslands] carpet with a rubber back tested in their laboratory. He happened to drop by and asked what we were doing. [FE] told him and [Ford] picked up a screwdriver and dragged it as hard as he could across the face of the

carpet. [FE's] heart was in [his] mouth. He simply said, 'That'll do' and walked on." FE was the general manager of C.H. Masland & Sons for 11 years until 1930, and then, upon the death of Maurice Masland, was named president. Maurice Masland died unexpectedly on the operating table. FE felt he was a truly great man and that he "may have had a premonition of an untimely death, for he took every opportunity to school [FE] for responsibility, a responsibility that, upon his death, [FE] was asked to assume."

As did many businesses, the company struggled in the 1930's. FE acknowledged that at that time Maslands "was broke, but we wouldn't admit it." His brother, Paul, had also moved to Carlisle. "He was a tower of strength. He was the financial man as was our father before him." FE would say to the bankers, "you know the carpet business. You know what state it is in. You know that virtually every carpet mill is broke. If you want to get into the carpet business, call our loans. If you don't, extend them and make the necessary capital available to us.' They always did."

Despite the difficult times, Maslands was a role model for other companies when it came to providing benefits to its employees or, as it preferred to call them, its associates. Maslands was said to be the first and only carpet mill (as of a 1954 article in Sales Management magazine) to have a profit-sharing plan, group insurance and health and hospitalization. The management also scheduled a full social calendar for the associates and closed the mill each year for the first day of hunting season.

In 1986, after the announcement was made that Burlington Industries would be buying Maslands, FE received a letter from Virginia Black McGowan that contained the following thoughts. "Strange, I can forget the name of someone I met yesterday, but in the 1930's your phone number was 530." "Masland's picnic! Next to Christmas, that was the day I loved best. The line-up of cars, the caravan to Hershey Park, the ticket that entitled us to free rides and a dish of ice-cream! But there was more. Back then, I could run like the wind and every year I came in first in my age-group race and won the \$2.00 prize. That \$2.00 was a small fortune to me and I spent days deciding how it should be spent. Do you have any idea how much joy Masland's picnic brought into the life of a little red-headed girl? Multiply that by the hundreds of other children who I'm sure felt the same way." "About a year after our farm was bought, my Dad fell off the porch roof and broke his back. I remember the long months he was in bed and the months of wearing a back brace. I was only twelve years old, my brother Frank was sixteen and my brother Bob was seven. Our country was in the depths of a depression and my father was unable to work. Our family could have lost everything, but C.H. Masland and Sons kept my dad on the payroll, life went on as before and daddy got well again. Do you understand why our family feels that your company was very special?"

The good relationship with the associates notwithstanding, there was a strike at Maslands in 1942. At the time, FE had 8 broken ribs and his mouth was wired shut because he'd been kicked by a horse, but he went in to the factory anyway and talked to the employees on a megaphone. The strike was broken, and the associates went back to work.

FE feared failure more than anything else which didn't seem to be the case in his younger years, but perhaps it occurred as a result of the Depression. Virginia would ask FE, "why can't you stay home more?" and his response was that "all of these people are depending on me". Failure was not an unlikely possibility during that era. At one point, Carlisle Deposit foreclosed on Maslands. The attorney who handled the matter for Carlisle Deposit was Joe McKeehan whose son was FE's son, Dave's roommate at Princeton and Peddie school. Dave asked his father if he and Joe's son could stay over one night, and FE's response was "Better find out if it's okay with his father."

In the 1920's, Maslands advertised in the Saturday Evening Post until the Depression took its toll on the marketing and buying dollars. It wasn't until 1949 that the company pursued the new trend of advertising, purchasing spots on the Earl Wrightson Show, Tales of Tomorrow and finally Gary Moore's show.

Masland's slogan was "Always better than need be". It developed carpeting which was tested by laying it outside to be abused by the rain, cold weather and passers-by – "the sidewalk test". But it was during World War II that the company enjoyed what was possibly its greatest success, albeit not financial. At that time, the company stopped making carpet and produced blankets, guns, torpedo heads, tarpaulins, duck cloth, foul-weather clothing and other items for the armed services 24 hours a day. As a result of these efforts, Maslands received an Army-Navy "E" award on December 19, 1942, the first carpet mill to receive such an award. During the course of the war, it received four other such awards.

But even with the difficult economic climate, there were still humorous moments associated with the mill. As Lee Hovey of James Lees and Sons, Co. stated in a letter to FE upon the occasion of the mill's 100th birthday in 1965, in August of 1926, Jim Masland took Lee Hovey to a show in Philadelphia, parked his car on the street and got a ticket for illegal parking. "When we went into the magistrate's office, Jim started putting up an argument about the fine. The magistrate looked at Jim and said, 'Oh, Masland! Are you any relation to Maurice Masland, Sr.?' Jim said, 'He is my uncle' hoping this might alleviate the fine. However the magistrate looked at him and said, "He was in here last night and raised a rumpus but paid his fine just the same as you are going to do!" Hovey also recalled that in the early '40's Frank, Sr. had a Sunflower sticker in the rear window of his old Ford, and "he told me that as long as he saw a Roosevelt sticker on anyone's car that he was going to keep the Landon Sunflower sticker on his car." But for me, the best story was when Hovey referred to FE's method of telegraphing MH, Jr. "[He] used to grab a paperweight and pound on the wall several times and MH would immediately appear. Another time, FE was bawling Hovey out in the presence of FE's brother, Robert, also known as RP. When [Hovey] walked out of [FE's] office, RP put his arm around Hovey's shoulder and said, "Lee, don't feel too badly about what FE said to you because sometimes he jumps all over me in the same way. You just have to keep going and do the best you can."

While the business was being buffeted by the Depression and World War II, life was continuing unabated, as life tends to do, at FE's home. Frank Elmer Masland, III, or

“Mike”, was born in 1921 and Dave in 1923. When Mike was born, Virginia requested that she and her husband continue to call each other Frank and Gin because she couldn’t bear to lose her identity. The children took it so to heart that one evening when the boys were young the great grandmother said, “Poor little boy, you do not have a mother.” “No”, said Mike, “I just got a Gin.” Like his father, Dave was “in love with all God’s creations, animal, vegetable, mineral, large or small. Dave was in love with love.” Though he was devastated when his neighborhood friend went off to school and left him behind, much to his parents “joy and relief . . he announced he wanted to marry Trouble. Trouble was Elizabeth Jane Strayer, the daughter of friends numbered among [their] priceless possessions as they’d had a hand in bringing up Betsy and been Uncle Frank and Aunt Gin always. Though FE was preoccupied with the mill, he also liked to hunt – he was an early founder of Tumbling Run and went coon hunting in the Pine Barrens and goose hunting on the Chesapeake Bay, enjoyed fancy cars (most notably a 1932 Auburn and a Chrysler Airflow), bowled for the office team, swam in the Yellow Breeches and played croquet in the back yard of their Conway Street home.

In 1934, FE and Virginia purchased a farm south of Carlisle which they called Fallen Arches because the stone part had fallen into the cellar. They rebuilt the home from the cellar up while sleeping outside and cooking meals in the barn for at least several weeks. When they were working at Fallen Arches to bring the house and farm back in shape, one of the boys said to Virginia, “You are a slavedriver. When I’m a man, I’m going to work with my head and not my back.” FE said of the farm . . . “We learned of just about every way there was to lose money on a farm It was well worth the loss, for in the process, we produced two men.” Though rebuilding the house and working hard to keep the mill afloat took a great deal of FE’s time, he also found time to play polo for about 10 years beginning in 1934. He played with Bill Brehm, a foreman at Maslands, the Hempt brothers and Major Fenton and other Army post personnel. In a newspaper clipping from September 24, 1934, an article read, “Carlisle Poloists Impress in Debut.” “Frank Masland, riding at No. 1 for Carlisle, whacked the willow ball through the uprights for the local team’s first tally.” On the same page there is an announcement of Babe Ruth’s final appearance in the major leagues, a good example of the time that FE’s life spanned as was FE’s recollection of meeting with others in a smoke-filled room at the Hershey Hotel while he, Milton Hershey and others “picked” the next Governor.

Fallen Arches may have made Mike and Dave into men, but FE knew they would need more than that, and when the boys were about 18 and 16, FE bought them a station wagon and let them go west for six weeks. They camped out, cooked their own meals and pointed the way west for their father, since his vacation spots had always been the Jersey shore and Maine. They made FE promise to stop at the Grand Canyon on his way back from a business trip to California. He did, and while standing on the edge of the canyon at the South Rim National Park asked a ranger if anyone ever ran the river and was referred to Norm Nevills. Nevills started running the river prior to World War I and, with some debate, was considered the first commercial river runner on the Colorado. This experience with the west awoke a passion in FE that he was unable to satisfy until the aftermath of World War II and greater stability in the carpet industry.

But beginning in 1948, it led him to exploration of the west, the Galapagos, Darien and San Blas Islands and continued until he gave it up to spend more time with Gin to travel the world and then to focus on central Pennsylvania as Gin had increasing health problems. The friends he made on his explorations and the experiences they shared were life-long, however, and were the part of his life that resonated most strongly with me because of my own love of the outdoors and physical challenge.

His first trip down the Colorado was in 1948 with Norm and Doris Nevills. As Nevills' notes from the 1949 expedition indicated, "As usual, our passengers are all most interesting, come from all points of the compass, and include almost as many women as men." In fact, that first trip of FE's included the Nevills' 12 year old daughter, Joan, and Anne Eisaman, the 19 year old daughter of Joe Eisaman, a Pittsburgh obstetrician who was also on the trip, and Mary Ogden Abbott, a woman who'd traveled the world, including unusual destinations like Nepal, with her mother for seven years in the early 1920's, went West in 1922 following the telephone lines because there were no roads yet and sculpted numerous pieces of art as a result of those travels.

On the 1948 trip, FE was given the nickname other River Rats continued to use in reference to him until his death in 1994. "Running the 'Roaring 20's on July 13th, Frank's companions started calling [him] Fish-Eyes. It seems the usual way for the person riding the stern of the boat to go through a rapid is sitting up, but being blissfully ignorant of the approved technique [he] stretched out face down with [his] head overhanging the stern. Since the boats go through rapids stern first, [he] was under water most of the way. The first time [he] went through, Norm, who was waiting at the foot, wondered what happened to [him], since most of the time [he] had been out of sight. After two or three trips in this submerged position, they began talking about the fish-eye view [FE] had of the water, and soon 'Fish-Eyes' was the name. [He] kept on riding that way, since it added greatly to the sport. It was like diving through ocean breakers along the seacoast." Another frequent participant in Norm Nevills' river trips was Nancy Streater Reuling who reminisced in a 1998 interview about those times. She remembered the canned food and the lack of liquor or beer saying that it was a "straight trip because Norm wanted to keep everybody alert, you know, none of the fun stuff. It was serious business." She also remembered being on the river with FE, saying "[h]e is just a wonderful person. He has owned Masland Carpet company . . . and he was on the Park Service Board for a good many years. He was very interested in conservation in the early years before it was popular to be one of those."

Two weeks after FE said goodbye to Norm and Doris Nevills following their 1949 run of the Colorado, the Nevills met their death when "the motor of their private plane failed and they crashed into a dry gulch near their desert home". FE, unbeknownst to him, had been made the trustee of the Nevills' estate and, as such, had great concerns for the Nevills' children, Joan and Sandra. He and another boatman, Frank Wright, corresponded about their emotions and how the children should be cared for. FE sent a letter to Wright saying, "I think the news of Norm and Doris' death affected you about as it did me. The news was waiting me when I came into my office in the morning. I locked the door and, between you and me, I just about went to pieces. That evening I

took my car and drove a hundred miles or so all through the mountains around here, trying to again get hold of reality and put things back in place.” FE recalled Norm as having taken his first trip through the Grand Canyon in 1938 and having escorted Barry Goldwater down the Colorado in 1940. He also took the first women to successfully ride the Colorado’s waters. In a series of letters from the 1980’s to various authors and libraries interested in learning more about the initial days of running of the Colorado, FE remembered Nevills and contrasted him with Dock Marston, a river runner who FE also had much experience with. FE said, “Marston was a very complex person. Nevills was not. Nevills loved the limelight, sought publicity, loved the river, was adventuresome. He was as agile as a cat, he demonstrated this on a trip down by climbing Diamond Head Whether he climbed that cliff solely because it was there or because of animal vitality or to impress his audience or to create an image of a fearless, adventurous personality, I don’t know and I don’t care. Norm was . . . tremendously strong. . . . Norm sought publicity that he might fill his boat – it was his source of income.” “Dock was a river technician. He studied and knew every inch of the river. . . .His interest struck me as being more in river history, river topography, in knowing the river and the history of the plateau. He was critical of virtually all river runners.” “An attempt should be made to do justice to both these great river runners. Each made history, each was unique in his own way. Norm, a true pioneer who lived the river. It was his home. Dock, an eccentric, methodical, an analyst whose early training as an engineer never forsook him. They were each good companions whose friendship I cherished and whom I respected for what they were.” FE remembered Norm, “when running a rapid solo, in the midst of the rapid, having decided he was where he should be and that everything was safe enough, drop the oars, stand up and wave his arms,” and yet, he felt that Norm had a “healthy, controlled fear about river running and exercised caution in scouting rapids. In response to the Nevills’ deaths, FE and his good friend, Mary Ogden Abbott, coordinated the making of a plaque in memory of the Nevills and its placement in an unobtrusive location in the Grand Canyon area. FE provided financing and handled the arrangements for a ceremony, and Abbott sculpted the plaque.

When Dock Marston died in 1979, his son informed FE that, “It seems that Dock hit a rock at the head of his last rapid. He cruised through it easily and disappeared from sight on August thirtieth. Bill Belknap (a National Geographic and White House photographer and river runner) and I believe that his ashes belong in Canyon Country, and we’ll be working on a suitable placement for next year.” FE responded, he will live with us until “we too hit a rock at the head of our last rapid.” Marston had always contemplated writing a book about river running and his experiences, but it had not been completed by the time of his death. In a letter to the Huntingdon Library where Dock’s papers are archived, FE stated, “I understand the book is in the hands of his son, Garth. If so, in my opinion it will never be published. I am advised Garth has misplaced his father’s ashes. Enough said.”

Though Nancy Reuling remembers Norm’s trips as being serious business, there was still fun to be had. During the 1950 San Juan River – Mexican Hat expedition, FE had placed a bottle containing a pinkish syrup in his bag. Later, his stomach was bothering him and he downed a swig, . . . but “never had [he] tasted anything even

remotely resembling that which was slowly but most perceptibly spreading itself throughout the length and breadth of [his] system. Only then did [he] look at the label – ‘Calamine Lotion – external use only.’ “[He] had traveled West with Dr. Joe Eisaman of Pittsburgh, PA, a real River Rat and heretofore a true friend. [FE] lost no time in seeking him out. “Doc,” [he] asked, “Will Calamine Lotion kill a person?” “How do I know,” he replied, “I’m an obstetrician.” Another time, Joe Eisaman and FE decided to “try the foot signal system of old time airplane pilots. Since [FE] was in back of Joe, the general idea was that [he] would kick him here and there as the situation might warrant. This worked fine until the first rapid. [They] had no more than entered when [FE] found [himself] squirming all over the place and with every squirm, [he’d] kick Joe in some spot not mutually agreed upon. When [FE] rammed him amidship and at the same time [his] wildly swinging paddle knocked [Joe’s] glasses off, [Joe] decided that was too much. Joe had been doing his best trying to carry out prearranged signals as well as [FE’s] improvisations. He was shifting sides, backing, pulling, twisting at a rate that would make a circus contortionist look like a mummy. After he lost his glasses, he shipped his paddle and devoted the rest of the run to self-defense. When finally [they] were in calm water, Joe turned around, gave [FE] a hurt look and announced he hadn’t known [they] were going down the river in a prize ring and that [they] were changing corners for the next round.”

On another occasion, it was Dock Marston who decided to have some fun at FE’s expense. FE’s retelling of this story was that “later I felt something on my bare back. Absently I crushed it off. In ’49, I absently brushed a tarantula from my shoulder. This time it was little *Vejoris* of the family *Vejoidea*. One shouldn’t do anything absently in the canyon. My visitor’s tail was ‘quicker than the hand’. He stabbed my finger and fell at my feet. ‘Dock, ‘ I called ‘When you get a chance, come over here and tell me if the scorpion that just bit me is the fatal kind.’ ‘No hurry,’ said Dock as he sauntered over, ‘if it isn’t it won’t amount to anything, and if it is, well, you’ve run the river twice, what more do you want?’”

An author, David Lavender, who was writing a book on “River Runners of the Grand Canyon”, asked FE to review the chapters about Nevills and Marston. Among those pages, Lavender referenced some of the living habits of the river runners. FE’s response was, “I do not know the bedtime habits of those women who run the river today (some of whom, according to firsthand information, do so nude). I do know that the women who were in our party dressed and undressed in their sleeping bags and if they found it inconvenient, there was no grumbling. They soon became adept. As for me, I slept naked but found no problem exiting from the sleeping bag in the morning, adequately clothed with the minimum required for river modesty.” Having changed in my own sleeping bag any number of times, I would support FE’s comments.

FE also reminisced in a 1984 letter to Peter Parry, Superintendent of Arches and Canyonlands National Parks. “[T]he wildest and most memorable trips I made were with Bates Wilson, [former Superintendent of Arches National Park and the first Superintendent of Canyonlands National Park]. One experience that will always stand out in my mind occurred down in Salt Creek. There was an overhang about 200 or 300

feet up the cliff wall. We decided to sleep under it. Unfortunately, I didn't get under quite far enough. I woke up in the night with a feeling somebody had turned a fire hose on my belly. Looking up, I saw not only that it was raining, but it was pouring and the water was running off a spout at the top of the cliff . . . After serious consideration, I decided the only thing to do was to crawl back into my sleeping bag. I hauled my wet hide back into the wet bag. As to another trip with Wilson in 1962, FE said, "I will hear, to my dying day, ringing in my ears, Bates' unique call to dinner. After we had made camp, most of us would head off in one direction or another, exploring. . . . Bates would stick around and prepare dinner . . . When dinner was ready, Bates would not yell out 'chineago' nor 'come and get it', but rather 'JIMMMMM_BEAMMMMM', and we would come 'arunning'." On yet another Canyonlands trip with Woody Williams, a National Park Service photographer, and Wilson, "– it rained, it snowed, it hailed . . . we had a great time."

Upon FE's return from his 1949 trip, his family made its own mark. When he arrived at the Harrisburg airport, he was met by two men in white carrying a stretcher, two women in white and 2 women in white with a banner, "Welcome Home, Frank" (in red letters). He had called ahead to ask Gin to get an appointment with an oculist for him as he had a problem with his eye which turned out to be a grain of sand he carried in his eye for 24 days. The "curious throng" at the airport was held back by policemen and the welcoming party consisted of FE's two sons and their wives, Gin and a friend of hers. FE's assessment: "they are obviously sufficiently crazy to qualify for the ancient and honorable order of River Rats."

But FE didn't just run whitewater. During this same period of time, he made trips to the Galapagos, Darien and San Blas Islands, helped lay out the Everglades and Canyonlands National Park, rode into the western backcountry in the Navajo mountains and the junction of the San Juan and Colorado rivers on horseback numerous times, and as he said, every time he rode under Rainbow Bridge in Utah, he took his hat off as it was a spiritual experience for him. FE was there a total of eight times before it was flooded by the Lake Powell Dam. In the Galapagos, he made what was probably the first color film study of the flora and fauna of the islands and initiated the movement for the founding of the Charles Darwin Foundation for the islands. He also worked to save Dinosaur Monument from destruction by a proposed series of dams and surveyed the water holes and mining claims in Death Valley and Saguaro National Monument.

An expedition into the Canyonlands also netted him the second of his western nicknames. "Arch-Eyes came about as the result of my being convinced that, at sunrise one morning, I had witnessed the sun shining through an arch some twenty miles away, located on Cummings Mesa, 8000 feet above sea level. Nobody seemed to know anything about the arch. No one seemed to have heard of it. We finally discovered it and named it Arch in the Sky. Standing between the giant portals, it is possible to see for at least one hundred miles across that barren, but beautiful land." "Because of Frank's obsession for discovering new arches and bridges in the sliprock and his financial support of the expedition during which they located the arch, Bates Wilson and Woody Williams thought it would be proper to name the arch after Frank Masland. But

the rules of the Board of Geographic Names under Interior say that the name of a living person cannot be used for a geographical feature. Thus [they] used the euphemism 'Fisheye Arch' in [their] suggestion."

FE's philosophy regarding natural areas was expressed as ". . . utilizing our parks in such a way that the underprivileged may benefit, and, as a result perhaps reduce some of our societal problems while at the same time preserving our natural resources . . . to develop effective programs and expand the concept to the fullest possible extent . . . through living history and nature to inspire respect for the past, and the need for order and belief in the future . . . our parks are not simply wilderness that must be preserved but an unparalleled classroom that must be and can be used." FE "preferred a park where a visitor could gaze upon nothing except the work of the Master Architect."

He had little sympathy with those who were interested in personal gain from the wilderness, including the ranchers around Yellowstone National Park who opposed the re-introduction of wolves into Yellowstone. Similarly, he strongly defended protection of resources, even where others felt that harnessing of the potential energy was preferred. "As to Lake Powell, [which dammed the Colorado and flooded Glen Canyon], only those who knew it before it was created realize that it was far more beautiful before the Bureau messed with it. I was there when the dam was being built. I sat in the spillway with the Chief Engineer and we discussed the dam. He said it should have never been built where it was, that the rock was totally inadequate and that it would leak like a sieve and I have been there since and been down in the bowels and it does leak like a sieve. It has streams of water running through it. His statement was that the rock was entirely too soft and porous. He said he built dams all over the world but nothing in such inappropriate rock. That is not the chief reason that I thoroughly dislike the dam. It is because of what is now hidden that God created for man's pleasure and enjoyment. The side canyons were far more beautiful than the main canyon."

In addition to the already mentioned connections that FE had with formally protecting our parks and wilderness areas, he served on the National Parks Advisory Committee for over 20 years and was its chairman for several terms. In 1963, he canoed the Allagash River in Maine with Sigurd Olson, helping to gain National Wild and Scenic Rivers System protection for 92 miles of the river from the Maine State Legislature. He helped develop the National Park Service of Ethiopia after several meetings with Emperor Haile Selassie and made several trips to the National Parks of Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania and to wildlife preserves in Jordan while reporting to several U.S. Secretaries of the Interior. As stated by Thomas Webster who worked closely with FE in the preservation of natural resources, FE was known "as the grand old man of the Park Service. . . . Frank was one whose counsel was sought by no less than six Secretaries of the Interior." In honor of his work, FE was given the 1990 National Parks and Conservation Association's Marjory Stoneman Douglas Award which recognizes an individual for an outstanding effort that results in protection of an existing or proposed unit of the National Park System.

But it was the friendships that FE made during these years that colored the rest of

his life most strongly. “God has given man the privilege of three wonderful relationships: parents and children, husband and wife, and friendship – and the greatest of these is friendship, for it encompasses all and more. It is essential to the full fruition of the love of man and woman, and to the sweet, deep careless intimacy of parents and children. It provides for that third relationship, not dependent on illusions nor on legally established boundaries, but rather on the complete freedom of will that through lack of bonds binds more tightly. Fortunate is the man who climbs life’s spiral steps with one who has made him even more fortunate by mothering the children whose achievements are his delight, but most to be envied is he who has also known a friend.” I’ve already talked about Norm Nevills and Dock Marston and mentioned Joe Eisaman and Mary Ogden Abbott. There were many others with whom FE continued to correspond for long periods of time following their initial meeting. There were those who were only familiar within their own circles at home and to the river running community. Men like Ballard Allerton, an executive with Hawaii Telephone, who traveled with FE on three Colorado River trips before his early death from a blood clot at the age of 51; Bert Loper, one of the original runners of the river, who died at Mile 25 on the Colorado just past Phantom Ranch and just ahead of FE’s group in 1949 at the age of 79, and Willie Taylor, a river companion of FEs who died of a coronary on a 1956 trip where FE was asked to say a prayer. As FE recalled, “Willie was not a religious person in any orthodox sense but if religion is love, he could expect warm greetings at the Pearly Gates for his life was built on love – love of the Creator’s architecture, of his fellow man and of all things great and small.” . . . “Willie became ill. That night I lay beside him, now and then getting him the water he called for. At dawn he left us. Was that the end? Shortly after we had launched our boats there reared ahead of us a great black wall, creating the illusion of a dead end. But, as we neared it, we could see that the river made almost a right angle turn providing a safe means for us to continue our journey. I lay there pondering. Was that not all there is to it? Life, striving, death, a parting but not a dead end, rather a corner to be turned and life goes on and on stretching endlessly ahead, eternity. It was easy to think those thoughts there amidst the majesty of one of the greatest of the Great Architect’s creations.”

From reading the voluminous letters residing in FE’s files in Dickinson’s Special Collections room, I was left with the impression that his closest and longest friendship with a fellow River Rat was with Mary Ogden Abbott whom he met running the Colorado in 1949 and with whom he carried on extensive correspondence until her death in 1981. In addition to her artistic abilities (including carving the Dickinson mace, the Nevills’ plaque, a Kings Gap fireplace mantel of poison ivy, toad stools, skunks, squirrels and deer and immense wooden doors depicting Indians which FE arranged to have placed at the entrance to the office of the Director of the National Park Service and the Assistant Secretary for the National Parks Fish and Wildlife Association) and her broad-ranging travel in an era when most didn’t have the capability, particularly not unaccompanied women, she was quite adept physically. FE was quite impressed that on one of the numerous pack trips they took in previously unexplored territory in the West, she rode on with a broken ankle that had been crushed between the horse and the cliff side. FE confided in Abbott that, “You see, Mary, I haven’t been all over the world. I have done a great deal of hunting and fishing, I’ve canoed and hiked but within a limited

area, and the Canyon for me has been a new world, a new world for which I seem to be quite homesick in between my visits.” Following Abbott’s death, FE wrote; “She and I always slept side by side on our river trips and our horseback trips. She said I was always able to find the softest sand. In my ninety odd years I never enjoyed a friendship any more than that of Mary’s.” “She was the most remarkable woman that I have ever known.” “She was an utterly fantastic person. She walked as erect as an owl, made long strides, a handsome woman, patrician in every way, indefatigable, fearless, a keen sense of humor of a dry New England sort.”

There were also relationships with famous individuals who FE was able to meet in the more relaxed setting of the wilderness. FE ran the Colorado with Barry Goldwater, and through him came to be friends with Stu Udall. After one of FE’s river trips with Udall’s family, Udall said, “Do you know Mr. Masland is a Republican?” whereupon their mouths dropped open. In a 1965 letter, Udall stated, ““Whether it’s hiking with me on the Serengeti Plains on Tanganyika, running the Allagash River of Maine or scrambling on the high country of Utah, Frank Masland has demonstrated his devotion to the out of doors and preserving a conservation heritage for future generations of Americans. Thank heavens for people like Frank!”

In later years, FE’s relationships with the national protectors of our environment were not so positive. He spoke negatively about Secretary of the Interior James Watt in a 1983 letter to one of his former traveling companions. “Mr. Watt pays absolutely no attention to the recommendations of the Advisory Board and Council.” He also commented that there hadn’t been a good Secretary of the Interior since Udall going through Lujan under George Bush. (I don’t know how he would have perceived Bruce Babbitt, but I’d hazard a guess that the current Secretary, Gail Norton, a protege of Watt, would not be a favorite of FE’s.) In a 1984 letter, FE quipped that the doors Abbott sculpted that were placed in the Department of Interior, “are magnificent – provided Watt or Arnett hasn’t used them for firewood.” There were actually a number of disaffected former members of the Interior Advisory Council. They had their own organization which may have been nothing more formal than letterhead and commiseration but was a good way to vent spleen. On the letterhead for the Outholders Associaton, the subtitle was, “There are more of us than them.” As a person who cares greatly about protection of our natural resources, I hope there will always be more of us than them.

FE was no less committed to improving the central Pennsylvania area that he had almost always called home. One of his earliest contributions was C.H. Masland & Sons’ purchase of Kings Gap and its eventual donation to the state of Pennsylvania through The Nature Conservancy. Kings Gap was originally the summer home of James Cameron. The mansion was made of native Antietam quartzite, and designed in a representation of an Italian villa with its flat roof, large windows and flagstone terrace. It had – and still has - an unspoiled view of the valley. Construction began in 1904, and Cameron moved in in 1908. FE recalled how he became familiar with Kings Gap by telling the following story. “Many of you will remember Bill Barnitz. No two men were ever closer than he and I. We were inseparable companions of the woods and

stream with gun and rod and dog. Had it not been for Bill, there might be no Kings Gap today. He and I were hunting when we came out of the woods on the lawn south of the house. We walked around to the north and there on the terrace stood Mr. James Cameron. Bill knew Mr. Cameron and introduced me. We were invited in and shown through the building. As we left, I turned to Bill and said, 'Some day I would like C.H. Masland and Sons to own this place. It has tremendous possibilities.'" Some 25 years later, Kings Gap became the Masland Guest House after Cameron's death. The facility was officially opened Sunday, April 13, 1952 with an Easter Sunrise Service which continues annually to this day – heralds stood on top of the building with trumpets to announce the sunrise. Kings Gap was used for overnight accommodations for out of town guests and business people and a showroom for Masland products. But upkeep on the 200 by 100 foot building became difficult, and in 1973, the Nature Conservancy purchased the estate and 1,430 acres from the Masland family and passed it to state control. It wasn't quite as simple as all that, however. FE argued against selling Kings Gap for many reasons, not the least of which was the Easter Sunrise service. As he said, "There were a thousand people there. The Judges of our courts were not there. The heads of industry were not there. The affluent citizens of Carlisle were not there. The common people were – a thousand of them. The kind of people who have been our friends, our mainstay, our backbone for forty odd years." His arguments were unsuccessful, and after FE retired as President of Maslands and while he was in Europe, management gave an option to sell all 1400 acres to someone who wished to build about 1400 homes there. Fortunately, the option wasn't exercised, and FE was allowed to make arrangements for transfer to the state.

FE also served as a Carlisle School District board member from 1927 – 1933; a member of the Carlisle Hospital Board of Trustees; a director of the Carlisle Trust Company and the First National Bank of Mt. Holly Springs; the President of the Carlisle Chamber of Commerce; vice chairman of Dickinson College Board of Trustees; trustee of Shippensburg University and was a founder of the Carlisle Kiwanis Club, later to be a member of Rotary as well. Additionally, he was active at Allison United Methodist Church, helping to build the church's present building on Mooreland Avenue after the High Street church was destroyed by a 1954 fire.

In 1968, FE was the general chairman of the Carlisle Race Relations Workshop which held different sessions on housing, employment, recreation, youth, schooling and law enforcement. There was a turnout of 600 out of the town population at the time of 18,000.

He was also instrumental in the founding of the Carlisle Industrial Pool and helped Dickinson obtain the recreation area it used to own along the Harrisburg Pike.

FE didn't abandon his preservationist bent when he was at home. He helped establish the 3,000 acre Reineman Wildlife Sanctuary in Perry County for Dickinson College and protected the 8,000 year old box huckleberry plant near New Bloomfield which is believed to be the world's oldest living thing. He established a wildlife preserve on his South Middleton farm consisting of a mallard release program, ring-

necked pheasant release, wild turkey propagation and encouragement of a white-tailed deer herd. He also worked to preserve 1,000 acres at Laurel Run in Perry County which, in 1980, was named "The Frank E. Masland, Jr. Natural Area". It consists of 1270 acres, mostly of white pine and hemlocks.

Another of the Carlisle institutions which FE was intimately involved in preserving was Thornwald Park. The Carlisle School Board, led by President, Nancy George, had purchased 30 acres of the open area for its use as a site for a new middle school. When it became clear that the site would not work as well for a middle school as would the current Lamberton Middle School site off of Noble Boulevard, FE secured a grant from the Department of Interior for about \$155,000 for purchase of the Thornwald site by the Borough. In exchange for the grant, the Interior Department required that the park be "passive" with no structures on it since they tend to become white elephants. (Occasionally, the government really knows what it's talking about. Linking the mansion with the term "white elephant" clearly emphasizes that point.) To eliminate the mansion and two acres surrounding it from the park, the Lutz family bought it through their "Progress Foundation". The purchase price of the park was \$345,000, \$8,000 of which the Borough kicked in. Because the land that the middle school was eventually built on only cost \$200,000, the District ended up coming out ahead on the exchange.

But perhaps FE's proudest accomplishment locally was as the lead donor to the state to buy and preserve the Children's Lake in Boiling Springs in 1987. As he stated, "I have had a long, lifetime interest in preserving natural history and resources. In this case, I was interested in the fact that this has always been available to children and I wanted that it should be preserved so that practice could continue." The lake's preservation was also important because it is a water source for the Yellow Breeches and holds much in the way of aesthetic value as a recreational and scenic centerpiece to the Boiling Springs village. The heirs of J.C. Bucher, the former owner of the lake, put a large portion of their estate up for sale in 1983 and planned a townhouse development for the lake site in the spring of 1987. Under terms of the deal brokered by FE, Craig Dunn and Tony DeLuca, the Buchers instead sold the lake and adjacent lands to the Appalachian Trail Conference, an independent group which transferred the lake to the Fish Commission and National Park Service.

Starting in the 1960's, FE also traveled the world extensively, representing, among other entities, the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief. During these travels, he was privileged to meet Chiang Kai Shek, Madame Chiang Kai Shek, Haile Selassie, Prince Philip and Syngman Rhee and was made an honorary citizen of Korea. FE "unhesitatingly stated that [he] regarded [Selassie] as the most impressive person [he had met]. During FE's first scheduled audience with the Emperor, they hit it off quite well. FE wasn't sure, however, whether it was their shared discussions of their grandchildren or "the wild growth of our eyebrows" that "did the trick". FE reveled in his ability to travel the world as a representative of the church or the United States, thereby seeing more behind the scenes and not being treated as a tourist. These world travels led to more friendships, especially with an Ethiopian Minister of State, Hapte Selassie Taffese, and Daniel de Frevel, who FE referred to as "the man who came for

dinner and stayed seven years.” The relationship with de Frevel and his wife was so strong that, at the time of FE’s death, a picture of their son, Daniel Frank de Frevel, still hung on the wall at Fallen Arches.

FE’s trips abroad also led to the inevitable humorous stories, two of which were shared with me by his son, Dave. One time a package was delivered to FE’s office at Maslands while he was in Florida. It should have been refrigerated, but his secretary didn’t know that. It turned out that it was full of praying mantises, and they started to escape when she opened the box to check the contents. Upon contacting FE, he said “Call, David.” And Dave’s response? – “Open the window.”

Another time, FE wanted a Rhodesian Ridgeback, and the Park Director in Rhodesia sent him one. He received a call indicating it was at the Harrisburg airport. Dave and a Maslands’ employee went to pick it up. When they opened the case, it took off and was never seen again.

As any reader of the Sentinel from the 1940’s through 1990’s could probably tell you, one of FE’s defining characteristics was his interest in sharing his opinions through the editorial page. One reason he wrote was “because [he had] no use for people who grumble and don’t do anything.” He also admitted in correspondence with Mary Ogden Abbott that “I totally lack self control. I am a compulsive letter writer.” FE’s son, Mike, added that FE was a “dictaholic”; “As far as he was concerned, if it wasn’t written down, it didn’t exist. I told him, ‘If you go before I do, I’m going to buy a little tape recorder and put it in your casket.’” There were those who didn’t appreciate this trait of FE’s, but when Wayne Powell arrived in Carlisle in 1975 to serve as the Publisher of the Sentinel, Powell had a different take. “In many ways, Frank Masland has been the conscience of this community. He’s one of very few who is willing to speak out on a subject and to take the consequences if others disagree. . . . Whether or not you agree with Frank Masland, the letter writer, is not important. What is important is that he makes you think about an issue and that’s something very few people do enough of these days. So I salute Frank Masland, the letter writer. I don’t always agree with him, but I enjoy hearing him out and hope you do also.” Despite FE’s strongly held views, his grandson, Landy, told me that FE “never had an unsure opinion, but if you could prove him wrong, he wasn’t too proud to admit it.” This thought was supported by a 1980 letter FE wrote to Wayne Powell. “I frankly admit that I did not believe the Summerfair would prove to be successful. Seldom in the more than half century I have lived in Carlisle have I witnessed an undertaking of such proportions succeed unless privately underwritten. I was wrong, you were right and you are to be warmly congratulated. The community is indebted to you.”

But FE did not just write letters to the Editor. He wrote constantly and for every reason imaginable. He carried on a correspondence with the Norm Thompson company regarding its product line. He informed General Mills that, “Some time back I made an interesting discovery. I found that, no matter what dry breakfast food I eat, mixing in a fair quantity of grapenuts greatly improves the cereal. . . . Should the public agree, this might well open a substantial additional market for one of my favorite dry cereals.” He

wrote to a Mrs. James Fanning from whom he eventually purchased a Rhodesian Ridgeback which did not run away. “I think perhaps I am making a little progress with Mau Mau. Either she is spending more of her time at home or the neighbor’s remaining chickens are more agile or the neighbors more sympathetic. . . . The last really original idea was about three weeks ago when Mrs. Masland stepped outside the house for about twenty minutes and Mau Mau managed to drag a ten pound sack of sugar off the table, scatter the sugar all over the kitchen and then upset a dishpan full of water so that within twenty minutes she had successfully coated both herself and the kitchen with a syrup that needed only chocolate to be classified as fudge. . . . She remains beyond question the most adorable hellion I have ever possessed.” And 22 years later in another letter to Mrs. Fanning, FE said that his current Rhodesian Ridgeback, Mauri, had died, and he decided to try a different breed, a Golden Retriever. “It was one of the major mistakes of a lifetime. I have had many different breeds but none as objectionable as this Retriever. . . . She is pigheaded beyond words She chews constantly on anything that happens to be available, including one day, a pint of charcoal lighter fluid which she swallowed. I called the vet. He said, ‘Is she dead?’ I said, ‘No.’ He said, ‘You have a most unusual dog.’

He wrote to criticize:

- In a 1983 letter to William Buckley, he decried that gays were no longer called fairies as in his youth. Buckley’s response – “JRR Tolkien – an unrepentant heterosexual – resented the slang because it corrupted discussion of fairy tales.”
- And to Castro in 1979, “There have in history been nations subservient to others but never at the head of a nation such a parasite, such a boot licker, such a stooge for another nation as the present President of Cuba.”
- Of James Watt he said, I’ve met him a number of times, listened to him, argued with him. And some of our correspondence has been pretty vitriolic. But I wrote him a letter in which I said that he failed to recognize that in me he was dealing with a maverick. I said I was Vice-president of the National Association of Manufacturers, I spent my life in industry and this, that and the other thing all connected with industry. So I’m just as much interested in energy as you are. But I’m also interested in the environment. And . . . Watt is a man of tremendous ability. He boasts of managerial ability and rightly. He’s brilliant. . . . born again Christian. . . . But Watt’s problem is an innate arrogance. He says things the wrong way.”
- In a 1977 missive to McGovern, FE’s comment was “If Lenin’s prediction that the United States ‘will fall like a ripe apple’ comes to pass, you will have been a leader among those who have brought it about.”
- And even to “friendly” politicians, he had his limits. In an August 8, 1978 letter to Dick Schweiker, he acknowledged that Schweiker was busy and didn’t like to “reveal [his] impatience but in this instance I am afraid I must. If you could find time to reply to my letter of July 27, I would be most appreciative.” (Please note that he had given Schweiker less than two weeks to respond.)

He wrote to praise:

- “You know that I knew Ike reasonably well and knew Mamie even more thoroughly. Mamie wasn’t easy to live with. She was volatile, exploding in unanticipated directions.” “Mamie slept in a large room with two single beds. Ike slept in a cubicle. On one of Mamie’s beds she slept. The other was loaded down with paperbacks. She read mysteries in the morning and romance in the evening, since mysteries kept her awake at night, with two secret service men sitting by the fireplaces at the end of her bed. I admired and liked Ike and liked Mamie. She was so unpredictable.”
- Madame Chiang Kai Shek “was one of the most lovely and most beautiful women I ever knew.”
- Prince Philip “is a fascinating personality – he’s free and easy, puts you at your ease immediately.”
- LBJ was “a flamboyant sort of a big bear of a man. As long as you didn’t get into politics, you couldn’t help but like him. But his wife is just a lovely, adorable person. We were ‘kissing cousins’” FE traveled with Lady Bird and another chap to the National Parks for two weeks where she ditched her security. “She’s a wonderful person. She just had a delightful personality.” “She has quite a sense of humor.” “I have a strong hunch that had she been President the Johnsons would not now be retired on the Pedernales. She is both the brains and the personality in that family.”
- “I have no idea who will be our next President. Ford is probably the only thoroughly honest one in the group. Reagan the only inspirational leader . . . I would feel comfortable if the Democratic candidate was Daniel Patrick Moynihan and the Republican candidate John Connally. They are both intelligent, patriotic, incorruptible, inspirational, possessing the qualities of leadership we so sadly need.”
- “Teddy Roosevelt was probably the outstanding President in my lifetime.”
- “I’m a great admirer of Hoover – knew him well.”
- To Richard Nixon on May 4, 1973, “There are those of us who are convinced of your total innocence.”
- And a 1980 letter to Billy Carter, “Quite frankly, I would rather have you in the White House than your brother. I think you are smarter. I have never seen him handle himself in an interview as well as you do. Also, one always knows where you stand. . . . Further, you have a sense of humor which he seems to totally lack and which is rather essential in a President.”
- And Mo Udall, “I was delighted to note your advocacy of ‘The Stars and Stripes Forever’ as the ‘National March’. In my early married years my wife and I many times journeyed from our Philadelphia home to Willow Grove to hear Sousa play that march.”
- And even a positive remembrance of Paul Robeson, whose political views were antithetical to FE. In a letter to Lena Horne in 1981, FE referred to an article in Time magazine where Horne spoke of Robeson. FE recalled playing football against Robeson. “He was a one man team, undoubtedly one of the all time greats.” Many years later at a black tie recital in Carlisle, FE went backstage to see Robeson. “He was seated alone on a hard wooden chair. . . . He was leaning

forward, his face in his hands. I introduced myself and recalled the time we had met on the gridiron. As we chatted, his eyes filled with tears. It was clear he had not expected anyone to visit with him. The event was quite emotional. He was a great man, great in so many ways. It was indeed a tragedy that there was so much unhappiness in his life.”

- “The only Masland I ever see, other than my own two boys, is Al Masland, Skip’s son, who is one of the finest young men you would ever hope to meet. He is an able lawyer, Assistant District Attorney, highly respected throughout the community, deeply interested in his church, just a fine young man in every respect.”
- And a letter to Robert Dewey thanking him for sweets purchased for FE by Dewey in Ocean City. “Each night after the evening meal I sneak into the dining room, open the drawer, lift the lid of the box, extract a small morsel and as I did so the thought crossed my mind that it was no sweeter than the donor. I was very selfish about it all. I offered none to anyone, not even my beloved Virginia for whom instead, and in order to keep her cotton pickin’ fingers out of my box, I bought her some very common ordinary mints which, however, seemed to keep her reasonably content.”

He wrote to express suggestions, sympathy and support:

- In a 1979 letter to Schweiker, “Could you secure for me the total cost of the Carter Middle East settlement? . . . I want to determine the cost per taxpayer.”
- Upon the death of their son, Carroll, he wrote to the Warrells, “At a moment such as this there isn’t much anyone can do other than simply to offer heartfelt sympathy – and that I do.”
- He also expressed his condolences to his friend, Paul Slaybaugh, “Eleanor was indeed a precious person who ably demonstrated her capacity to meet any situation, cheerful, gay, a blithe spirit. And you, my friend, provided her with all that a woman could ask of the man with whom she casts her lot and you did so until that moment when the Lord took her from you.”
- And then there was his response to local “celebrity”, Robert Bear, in 1978 – “Having recently received two letters from you I presume to take them as an invitation to respond. In doing so I trust you will accept my thoughts in the friendly spirit in which they are offered. You see, I am old enough to be your father and have seen much of life – of its joys and sorrows. May I say then that my frank and thoughtful recommendation is that you put your wife out of your mind. . . . Take to yourself a woman – one who wants you – one tied to you and not to a church. Start life over – you and your new companion – work your farm – enjoy your fireside together.”
- And yet another letter to comfort Mrs. Jacob Hodge, “I drop you this note extending to you the heartfelt sympathy of Mrs. Masland and myself. . . . Jay must have been a wonderful young man which is what I would expect of any grandson of Carl’s. The tribute paid him by the community cannot comfort you in your loss but the community has, by the only means in its power, indicated

that it shares your loss and your pride in your son.”

But most of all, his “best” letters, as far as I am concerned, were written out of love, especially love for his family and friends and those who most needed another’s love and support. As remembered by Doris DaShiell, his housekeeper for the last years of his life, he was “passionate about doing for other people” and an “ardent family man”. DaShiell also referenced how “Mr. Frank w[ould] be walking in the street and it’s amazing how many people w[ould] walk up to him and say, ‘Do you remember when you did this for me?’ Masland’s greatest gift [was] the gift of giving. He contribute[d] a great deal of his personal wealth to charities.”

FE’s son, Mike, reflected that FE “worked hard and he was good to his kids.” Letters FE wrote to family members would certainly bear that out, and encouragement of the very young seemed to be of primary importance to him.

A constant theme in his letters was his love for Gin -- “All that I am and all that I have been able to do, great or little as it may be, I owe to the one who made all things possible – my beloved wife. When I write this, we have been married 67 years. With my beloved companion by my side, we were privileged to see much of the world. God has been good to us. He has blessed us richly and especially blessed me in the woman who is my wife, my helpmate, without whom I could have done nothing. Never once, I repeat not once, in those 67 years, has she ever said no. She agreed to anything I wanted to do, any place I wanted to go, to how long I would be away, and, when possible, she was a wonderful traveling companion, to the sixteen hour days I worked during the great war and depression – not once has she ever said no. On the contrary, when the going was rough, the skies were dark, and the morrow invisible, her encouragement was a star leading me on. Over and over and above all that, she gave me two sons in whom I have infinite pride.” As referred to by Rev. Karen Layman during FE’s funeral service, “[FE’s] first wife . . . was strong, sensitive and a ‘match for a strong type-A man . . . Virginia was a symbol of grace.” Support for the statement that she was strong and a match for FE, was found in FE’s 1987 letter to George Wickstead. “One year when I ran the river Virginia took the car and drove it on Tioga Pass Road. In those days it wasn’t much of a road and she had herself quite a time. She was the best female driver I have ever known.” As for her sensitivity, Davey, Jr. brought a baby dove to his Mama Gin once when he was young. They weren’t able to get it to eat, until Gin did what “needed to be done”. As she told it in her writings from “On Being a Grandmother”, “First, I chewed a little of the grain. Then I put the little bill in my mouth, holding it open a bit with my right hand and the bird in my left. Little by little I got a bit of the chewed mash into its bill.” FE never hesitated to speak of Gin fondly and was unafraid to bare his emotions in doing so. In a 1988 letter to his son, Dave, he said he was enclosing a copy of “On Being a Grandmother.” “I read it the other night and the tears ran down my face. What a woman, the most wonderful of women, a perfect wife, a perfect mother. . . . She is one of the greatest treasures this world could give you. My love, my boy.” Over the years, Gin had many health problems, but even when she had been in a wheelchair for five years, FE said, “we both are aware that we have been singularly blessed throughout our lives.”

FE was frequently sentimental when writing to friends and family. In a 1985 letter to Dr. Dave, he said “You probably have forgotten all about the magnificent silver tray that Gin purchased in London. For years, it has resided in the vault here at the office. I wish to give it to Trouble as a token of my appreciation for her kindness and thoughtfulness to me. Further, it is my wish that, ultimately, it should come into the possession of Janet who is my Shanty and who, by proximity and frequency, has been so close to me and whom I love so much.” It seems as if all of his descendants came into high praise in his letters. He frequently told them that he loved and was proud of them.

- to his great-grandson, Nick Anderson, he wrote, “I went down the Colorado five times, but in my memory, none of the trips equaled that one with you two boys. I am so proud of you that I wear an extendable sweater to keep from busting my buttons.”;
- to his granddaughter, Janet, he wrote, “It will be so good to see you in Carlisle for Easter. It will even be better to see my Florence. I think I love you next to her. I always have and so did Mama Gin. You remind me so much of her. You inherited both her beauty and her ability, as well as character.”;
- a letter to Jonny, the youngest of Mike’s children, indicated “Until I read your letter and your poem I hadn’t wept since my brother died. I could not help it. The tears were those of joy and love.”;
- to Nick’s sister, Ingrid, “I did so thoroughly enjoy your visit. You are a breath of fresh air. I hope you will look at life with those beautiful blue eyes with a reasonable degree of seriousness, for happiness in your advanced years depends on the avoidance of mistakes during your growing period.”
- just one of the letters he wrote to his granddaughter, Collie, spoke warmly about her son, Nick, as well as Collie. “That son of yours, Collie, is the finest young man I have ever met. He is everything I could want a great-grandson of mine to be. . . . I love you, Collie. You are very dear to me. I often recall the days when I would be in that big chair and you would bounce into my lap.”
- Kim, another of Dave’s daughters, came in for her share of warmth also. “It was indeed a joy to have you home and to see so much of you, but no matter how much it is never enough. You are more beautiful and lovelier with the passage of the years. What a cute little great grandmother you will be. I will be sitting on a cloud dangling my feet and viewing you with pride.”

But writing about the mundane was not beneath him. In 1985 he also wrote to Dave, “If you haven’t gotten me a Christmas present (and I presume I am on your list), please be advised that I have lost my collapsible umbrella. I undoubtedly left it somewhere and its replacement would be greatly appreciated and most appropriate.”

He had extensive correspondence with members of the family beyond his direct line of descendants too, and frequently those letters were to those considerably younger than he. In a 1990 letter to Maegan Spencer, Florence’s great-niece, he told her [how good it] was . . . to get your letter and to learn that you are the best speller in Virginia.”

Upon Gin's death in 1984 at the age of 89 years old, FE was devastated, but he didn't hesitate to look for love again. He also acknowledged to Nick what his grandfather, C.H., had always said. "Women are like trolley cars, there will be another one along in five minutes." In the time after Gin's death, he spent time with a woman who lived too far away for them to have hope for the future but with whom he, among other activities, went on a hot balloon trip in France. After all, this is the same gentleman, who wrote in one of his memoirs, Adventure Begins at Fifty, "There are, it is true, two "dangerous ages". Forty is one, but the dangers there are blonde and usually found in a night club. Fifty is the truly dangerous age, the age when a chap looks about for ways to do that which he has consciously and subconsciously always wanted to do. And at that age he may possess the means and thus do those things which by that time he should have sense enough not to do. If he does them, then he is one of those to be envied chaps for whom life and adventure do indeed begin at fifty." He may have felt that life began at fifty, but at seventy he climbed on foot to 14,500 feet and "had no problem of any sort, unless you consider holding the tent up all night long because the wind was blowing so hard." And at the age of 90, he went tobogganing at Eagle's Mere. FE was full of life and hard to slow down.

He re-met and courted Florence Corey, whose first husband, Roland Corey, and Virginia were cousins. As he wrote to Joe White in 1989, "The lady and I have known each other for 40 years but re-establishment of our acquaintance after an interval of years was a bit of most fortunate serendipity. I drove down to the duck shore to see my friends and ran into Florence." As stated by Bishop Frederick Wertz at FE's funeral, he courted Florence aggressively. Florence and Doris told me about those days. Florence was from the eastern shore of Maryland and wasn't at all sure that she wanted to give up her life in Chestertown to move to central Pennsylvania, but FE persisted. "You're down here by yourself, and I'm up there by myself . . . why don't we get married? If you marry me, I'll make you a rose garden." He also had a bridge built over the creek for Florence. Doris used to drive him to Chestertown to see his "lady love". On the way down she'd say, "maybe this time she'll say 'yes'," and he'd respond, "Good gracious, I hope so." He'd start to primp about 15 miles before they'd get there. And, once again, FE shared his emotions openly. In a letter to Nick, he wrote, "I speak with the voice of experience when I state that latter day romance can be just as enthusiastic and filled with happiness as puppy love." And to Collie, "We had planned to be married by her Pastor, an Episcopalian priest, but he refuses to marry us, saying we are too old, don't know what we are doing and insists that we go through all the Episcopalian rigamarole. . . The idea of a 41 year old priest conducting an inquisition of people who are 80 and 90 is utterly ridiculous." So FE and Florence were married in February of 1989, and they spent the years until FE's death on July 30, 1994 living a quiet life at Fallen Arches with their garden and the creek and traveling to Naples, Florida for 6 weeks at a time. While there, Doris would make Belgium Waffles and then FE'd feed them to the seagulls.

FE, as always, planned ahead. In 1981 he told Mary Ogden Abbott that "Not too long ago I said to my two boys, 'When I pass on, I want to be rolled in a tarpaulin and interred with no ceremony whatsoever.'" He'd, apparently, changed his mind by 1987 when he gave suggestions for his funeral to Dave, especially regarding hymns to use. "If

decided to make a musical of the whole affair, which would suit me fine, singing those songs that have to do with nature, you could include 265 and 542.”

FE’s memorial service was held on August 4, 1994. Bishop Wertz thanked Rev. Karen Layman for her part in the service, “because Frank thought it might take two ministers to get him past St. Peter.” Wertz gave FE’s family and friends “permission” to grieve, but he said that “people should also smile, because they were gathered to celebrate ‘a most remarkable life’.” FE’s will left two trusts for Samaritan Fellowship (one for Christmas meals for disadvantaged families a second with no stipulations. Carlisle YMCA received the largest bequest to a non-profit group. Allison Methodist Church received funds to create the Virginia Sharp Masland Allison United Church Fund for general purposes and another bequest to establish the Virginia Sharp Masland Allison United Church Music Fund. There was also a cash gift to an employee.

Frank Masland cared for his family, friends and communities both financially and with his love. A familiar statement from him which was, apparently, a family tradition was “care-be-ful”.

It is fair and fitting that FE should have the final word in this paper. He wrote well and often and recognized the rewarding life he’d led. “I have been blessed as have few men. I have climbed my mountains, crossed my rivers. From mountaintops I have gazed into eternity and I’ve rowed my boat a mile beneath the earth. I have stood where no man stood before and flown 9,000 miles above the magnificence of Alaska’s countless peaks. I have watched the sun-rise in the Arctic and the sun set in Antarctica. I have known the reward of solitude and the joy of congenial companions. I have known the pulse-beating thrill of danger and the heart-warming safety of a woman’s arms. I have known fear and the reward of conquering fear.”

[

Masland preserved jobs and nature

By John Hilton

Sentinel Reporter

Frank E. Masland Jr. was an adventurer, an astute businessman, a devoted husband and father and a noted philanthropist.

But most of all, he was squarely focused on the success of C.H. Masland & Sons in Carlisle.

Frank Masland in 1948

Masland was the driving force behind the company for 52 years, helping establish it as a national player in the carpet business and a major employer in Cumberland County.

"He didn't let anything interfere with the success of the business," says his son, Frank E. "Mike" Masland III of Carlisle.

Born Dec. 8, 1895, in Philadelphia, Masland was one of four sons of the late Frank E. and Mary Esther Gossler Masland.

He became acquainted with Carlisle when he attended Dickinson College. His college days, however, were interrupted by World War I, and Masland was a Navy ensign "subchaser" seeking out German U-boats, his son says.

After graduating from Dickinson in 1918, Masland began his 66-year marriage to Virginia Sharp, who died in 1984.

Initially the family's Philadelphia-based Masland carpet company was stuck in old buildings and a "bad labor situation," Mike Masland says. Familiar with the Carlisle area through Dickinson College, the Maslands built a new plant here in 1919.

Grew to employ 1,200

F.E. Masland Jr. would help build it into a power that employed 1,200 at its peak.

However, the company did not enjoy overwhelming success right away, Mike Masland says.

Although the company received a shot in the arm in 1922 when it began making carpets for Ford's Model T, "they really struggled in the 1930s to keep their heads above water," he says.

Mike was born in 1921 and a brother, David, came along four years later.

In 1934 F.E. Masland Jr. bought a farm off Route 34 in South Middleton Township. At its peak, the farm consisted of about 250 acres and included a polo field where Masland entertained.

He was not just a businessman. He was one of the founding fathers of Carlisle Kiwanis Club, serving as its first president in 1921. He later led the United Way of Carlisle and generously supported the Carlisle YMCA. He was active at Allison Church as a life-long Methodist, helping to build the present building on Mooreland Avenue after the High Street church was destroyed by a 1954 fire.

"C.H. Masland & Sons may have been his obsession, but he did not shortchange the community he proudly called home," Bishop D. Frederick Wertz, pastor emeritus of Allison United Methodist, said at Masland's 1994 funeral.

In the 1960s, when tensions between the races were running high, it was Masland's hand that made peace possible in Carlisle and his leadership that brought the races together, Wertz said.

Conservation his legacy

But perhaps Masland's work as a conservationist is what will be best remembered.

That fascination with the outdoors likely began in 1948 when Masland -- at age 50 -- took his first trip down the Colorado River. He took another trip the following year and wrote a book about it titled "Adventure begins at 50."

In the book, Masland describes life in three stages -- the Silver, the Pewter and the Golden. "The Silver age begins at birth. It's the irresponsible age, embracing youth," he wrote.

Pewter is the age of responsibility, including family and marriage.

But the Golden age is the time for travel and adventure.

And travel Masland did -- visiting the Antarctic, the Galapagos Islands, Navajo reservations, the Darien Jungle in Panama and more trips to Colorado.

Those experiences translated to efforts to preserve natural resources.

Most notably, Masland gave about \$200,000 to help the state buy Children's Lake in Boiling Springs from a private owner and preserve it. He also negotiated the transfer of the Kings Gap estate to the state for development as a state park.

In addition, Masland helped establish the 3,000-acre Reineman Wildlife Sanctuary in Perry County for Dickinson College and protected the huge, 8,000-year-old box huckleberry plant near New Bloomfield. That plant is believed to be the oldest living thing in the world.

He established a wildlife preserve on his South Middleton farm, helped create Thornwald Park and worked to preserve 1,000 acres at Laurel Run full of hemlocks and white pines. The Laurel Run preserve in Perry County later was named in his honor.

Worldwide influence

Masland's influence in the conservation movement extended nationally and even worldwide.

As chairman of the National Parks Advisory Committee, Masland was influential in drawing up the original plans for Everglades National Park in Florida. He also explored and drew the boundaries for Canyonlands National Park in Utah.

Reporting to several U.S. secretaries of interior, Masland made trips to the national parks of Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania and to the wildlife preserves in Jordan. After several meetings with Emperor Haile Selassie, Masland helped develop the National Park Service of Ethiopia.

On the business front, Masland served as general manager of the Carlisle plant for 11 years and was named president in 1930. He served in that capacity for 30 years before being named chairman of the board.

By that time Masland & Sons had a rule its chairman would retire at age 75 and Masland did so in 1971.

Not happy to be public

During Masland's reign the carpet company went through many changes and innovations.

During World War II the company ceased production of carpet and operated 24 hours a day, seven days a week manufacturing blankets, guns, torpedo heads, tarpaulins and other items for the war effort.

Following the war the company thrived -- and Carlisle thrived along with it, as nearly everyone in town either worked for Masland & Sons or knew someone who did.

Adhering to its slogan "Always better than need be," Masland produced its famed Argonne carpet, which survived the "sidewalk test." In that test, the carpet was laid outside to be abused by rain, cold weather and passers-by.

In 1968, the company went public, a move Mike Masland says his father did not like.

"He would never have taken the company public because he didn't want anyone to know what his salary was," his son recalls with a chuckle.

Although working side-by-side with family members can be problematic, Mike Masland says he always got along with his late father.

The younger Masland recalls his father as a "dictaholic," putting out memorandum after memorandum.

"As far as he was concerned, if it wasn't written down, it didn't exist," Masland says. "I told him, 'If you go before I do, I'm going to buy a little tape recorder and put it in your casket.'"

His son did just that Aug. 4, 1994, when he was buried. Frank E. Masland Jr. died July 30, 1994, at age 98.

Masland left behind his second wife, Florence Corey Masland, whom he married when he was 93.

Among his other accomplishments, Masland was a school board member from 1927-33, a member of the Carlisle Hospital Board of Trustees, director of Carlisle Trust Co. and First National Bank of Mt. Holly Springs, and president of the Carlisle Chamber of Commerce.

He also served as former chairman of the American Carpet Institute, vice chairman of the Dickinson College Board of Trustees, a trustee of the Peddie School and Shippensburg University, and director both of the Pennsylvania Manufacturer's Association and the National Association of Manufacturers.

He earned honorary degrees from Lycoming College and Lebanon Valley College and received the YMCA "Master of Men" Award.

"He worked hard (and) he was good to his kids," Mike Masland says of his father.

"We did a lot of things together. He had a very deep religious faith. His main thing was the success of the company in Carlisle."

"Fish Eyes" Runs His Last Rapid

Frank E. Masland, Jr., one of the tribal elders of Grand Canyon river runners, ran his last rapid on July 30, 1994. Just short of 99 years of age, "Fish-Eyes" Masland made the Marston list of the first 100 people on their first complete traverse of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. With Norm Nevills in 1948, "Fish-Eyes" joined veteran Colorado River runners Garth and Dock Marston and young Frank Wright, also on his his first trip.

As most Grand Canyon river runners know, Nevills' cataract boats had no seats for passengers, thus requiring them to perch on the decks. Running the "Roaring

20s” on July 13th, Frank’s “...companions started calling me ‘Fish-Eyes.’ It seems the usual way for the person riding the stern of the boat to go through a rapid is sitting up, but being blissfully ignorant of the approved technique, I stretched out face down with my head overhanging the stern. Since the boats go through the rapids stern first, I was under water most of the way. The first time I went through, Norm, who was waiting at the foot, wondered what happened to me, since most of the time I had been out of sight. After two or three trips in this submerged position, they began talking about the fish-eye view I had of the water, and soon ‘Fish-Eyes’ was the name. I kept on riding that way, since it added greatly to the sport. It was like diving through ocean breakers along the seacoast.”

Frank made quite a few other river trips and wrote self published pamphlets and journal articles about them and other excursions into the canyon and arch country. Francis P. Farquhar’s annotated Selective Bibliography of The Books of the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon lists two of Frank’s works in this elite compilation: *By the Rim of Time: Being the Diary and Impressions of Frank E. Masland, Jr., a Member of Norman Nevills’ 1948 Colorado River Expedition*; and *The Goat Run*, a San Juan river trip that ended at Lees Ferry. Special Collections and Archives, Cline Library, Northern Arizona University, has copies of most, if not all, of Frank’s publications. A few hours reading them would be time well spent.

Also instrumental in establishing and protecting areas of the National Park System, Frank “received the National Parks and Conservation Association’s Marjory Stoneman Douglas Award for his ‘awesome’ contributions over a period of 50 years to the national park system.” He was also honored by having an arch he discovered named after him while he was still alive, contrary to rules of the Board of Geographic names. To bypass the rule disallowing the use of the name of a living person for a geographical feature, the euphemism “Fisheye Arch” was suggested. Today the roar of the Colorado may be implied in the name of this delightful arch in the south end of Canyonlands National Park.

On behalf of the entire Grand Canyon river running community, our condolences are extended to the family of Frank E. Masland Jr., ‘Fish-Eyes.’ His river running style will oft’ be remembered around the campfires of our lives and minds.