



Hollins Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Lake Roland, presented this appearance in its heyday, about 1880. The station was closed in 1926 and then was destroyed by fire in 1933. The lower photograph shows its site today.

## ... Trains Stopped At Hollins Station

**I REMEMBER** when practically all of the women commuters who rode the trains to Baltimore were schoolteachers. At least that was the conclusion of the children in our family when we lived at the old Hollins Station, on the southwest shore of Lake Roland.

Our family lived at the station until I was 12. My father, Joseph H. Shamberger, was the station agent and postmaster. The earliest memory I have is that of sitting on those front steps with my brothers and sister watching the commuters come and go.

The commuters were, of course, mostly men. The only women we saw getting on and off those trains regularly were schoolteachers. At one time my sister and I resolved that when we grew up we would also teach school and make enough

By Mrs. Luella Hinkle

money to ride to and from work on the train.

The above picture of the station probably was taken about 1880. If I'm not mistaken, that man leaning against the lamp post in the foreground is John Lordon, who kept the station, ticket office and post office clean.

**T**HE post office was in that little wing of the building to the left. The ticket window was on the left side of the porch. The rest of the building was our home.

As well as I can recall, the railroad routes which divided to form the triangle where the station was located were the Green Spring Valley branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad and

the main line to Parkton, York and Harrisburg.

There are only two big happenings that I remember in connection with the station.

One of them was the time my younger brother Will disobeyed a rule of my father's. He left the steps of the station, went out to a train which had just arrived, and climbed upon the cowcatcher. The train started to pull out while he was sitting there. Several people shouted to the engineer to stop. Will had the seat of his trousers warmed that evening.

**T**HE other big event was the assassination of President Garfield. As station agent, father was also the telegraph operator. He was the first man in the

Hollins neighborhood to learn the news.

There was a great deal of excitement when he got word that a man had shot the President. For several weeks after that, while the President was in a critical condition, people gathered at the station every evening to see if father had learned anything new. Finally, in September, 1881, the President died, and father relayed the news to the neighborhood.

**L**AKE ROLAND was a popular summer resort while we were there. I think it became even more popular in later years. Most of the people who lived around Hollins Station were year-round residents. Summer homes in the area were just coming into vogue. Ruxton and Riderwood, north of Lake Roland, were only scattered settlements during that period.

There was quite a bit of boating, swimming and fishing at Lake Roland when I was a youngster, but my favorite memories of the lake are of the winter. Then the lake drew skaters from far and near. Most of the families living near by had sleds with push bars attached.

These sleds were loaded with children and pushed about the lake by the skaters.

**M**Y father was transferred to another town in 1885, and since that time I've lost touch with the station and with the people we knew around there.

(NOTE—An editorial in The Evening Sun, February 8, 1935, describes the last days of Hollins Station:

"... It served fewer and fewer passengers; it simply went to sleep, being awakened only when the Harrisburg Express shot past.

"Finally, in 1926, the agent at Hollins was transferred elsewhere and the station was closed. One February morning in 1933 it caught fire. Probably tramps had been sleeping in the station and a spark from their fire fell on the roof. That was the last of Hollins."]

