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OF THE

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LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Last month the Lycoming Historical Society celebrated (without celebration) its fiftieth birthday.

The scheduled meetings, to be held Thursday, April 4th, will end the activities of the Society for the present season.

June 19th is the tentative date for this year's Summer outing, plans for which are in the making; Mr. Morris H. Housel is in charge.

As we, Members and Friends of the Society go into our beautiful Museum, may we pledge to each other, and to our Patriotic Ancestors our best efforts to build bigger and better in the years to come.

When this Society celebrates the end of the next fifty years, may our Posterity look back with pride on the work we have done.

As your President, I pledge to you my very best efforts in the days ahead. Will you, as Members and Friends, give of your best to make our dreams come true?

Sincerely,  
Gibson G. Antes,  
President

## EARLY LUMBERING IN COGAN HOUSE TOWNSHIP

by Milton Landis, Local Historian

Many years before the first pioneer made a settlement within the present borders of Cogan House Township, three important roads had been constructed through the wilderness of the township and two of them were to play an important part in the settlement of Cogan House Township and also of other townships to the West and North of it.

The first road was the Williamson Trail, built in 1792, and it extended from Williamsport to Bath, N. Y. It crossed the north-eastern portion of Cogan House Township for a distance of three and one-half miles and, as that part of the township

is composed of rugged mountains with deep valleys, it presented such a formidable appearance to the traveler that not one cared to settle on its steep hill-sides.

The second road was built across the center of the township and became the great highway of its time. It was called the State Road. The State Road was built in 1799 from the Lycoming Creek at Newberry via Wellsboro to Painted Post. Many of the early settlers in the township came in over the State Road.

The third road, the Larry's Creek Road, was built prior to the year 1806. At May Sessions 1806, the Court received and con-

Vol. I No. 5

THE JOURNAL

April, 1957

firmed a report of the laying out of a road from the mouth of Larry's Creek to the State Road. It extended through the townships of Piatt, Mifflin, Anthony and into the southern reaches of Cogan House. This road followed the main branch, or the first branch, as it was sometimes called.

These three roads passed through vast areas of virgin timber. There were sections of the township covered by great, tall trees of white pine intermingled with a scattering of hemlock and a variety of hardwood trees. In other places there were whole mountains and valleys covered with hemlock and a scattering of other species of trees, and other areas were mostly of hard woods with a scattering of pine and hemlock.

The first lumbering operation in Cogan House Township appears to have originated along the Larry's Creek Road. In the History of Piatt Township, it is stated that vast amounts of logs, lumber, and bark came over this road to the village at the mouth of Larry's Creek, where, until 1834, it was rafted down the river to the markets on the lower reaches of the Susquehanna River. The names of the first lumbermen were not preserved in the early records. In 1834, the West Branch Canal was completed as far as Lock Haven, and from that date the lumber was loaded on canal boats at the mouth of Larry's Creek and shipped to the southern markets. In 1899, the June flood destroyed the canal, but by this time the Fall Brook Railroad had been built—it was completed on June 4, 1883—and the products of the forest were then shipped out on the railroad. No record was kept of the logs, lumber and bark that came out of the Larry's Creek region, but the old timers said it was millions upon millions of board feet. As a goodly share of that lumber came out of the southern part of Cogan House Township, we can only wonder as to just how many millions of feet of lumber our whole township did produce.

The rugged terrain of Cogan House offered little inducement, at first, to the early pioneers as a favorable region in which to carve out a farm and a permanent home. To clear the land of the great tall trees appeared to be a Herculean task, and so it was that the forests first attracted the lumberman to this area. The first pioneer to settle in the township was David Cogan, in 1825. He built a log cabin and cleared

a small plot. Soon after, a man named Carter made some improvements nearby. The lonesomeness of the dark forests, the howling of the wolves and panthers at night and lack of neighbors caused the two men to abandon their improvements. Cogan's cabin stood near the State Road, and hunters coming into the neighborhood to hunt often used it for a hunting cabin. Stewart, in his history of Lycoming County, printed in 1876, gives this account of the first permanent settlers: "No effort was made to settle the country until 1842, when Charles Straub, Joseph Stryker, Adam Fausnaught, Benjamin Quimby, John Akin and John Weigel located in the western part of what is now Cogan House Township, and made quite extensive improvements. . .

a petition to set up a township organization was granted and confirmed Dec. 6, 1843."

The first written record of lumbermen, their names and an account of their operations begins with the year 1844. In 1844, Mr. James Wood and his son, Robert, began to manufacture lumber in a crude saw-pit. The power to drive the pit-saw in this primitive arrangement was furnished by Mr. Wood at one end of the saw, and Robert at the other end. Sometime after 1850, he purchased a steam saw-mill from Peter Herdic up on Buckhorn Mountain, and still later he moved the same mill down on a four hundred acre tract near the Summit Church, where he cleared considerable land and spent his remaining days.

Peter Herdic came from New York State to Cogan House with William Address in 1846. Here, near the Beech Grove School, they purchased a "shingle interest" from Hubbard Webster and started in to manufacture shingles. It is supposed that they made the shingles BY HAND. They worked here three years, and at the end of that time, each had earned \$2,500. In 1850 Mr. Herdic and Henry Hughes bought a tract of pine timber from Mr. Hayes and erected thereon a steam saw-mill. We are quite sure this tract was on Buckhorn Mountain. . . Hughes sold his share to Herdic. From this tract, Mr. Herdic realized about \$10,000. He afterwards sold his saw-mill to Mr. James Wood, who was still using the same engine and boilers in the year 1876.

Isaiah Hayes purchased land in Cogan House, near the old Maxwell Store, in 1839 and hauled logs over the State Road to a

saw-mill in Perryville. In 1845, he built a saw-mill in Cogan House, and in a few more years he had four saw-mills in operation in the township. One mill was in partnership with Martin Meyer.

The first mill run by water power, of which we have any account, was started by Mr. Schuyler, and we presume that it was located near the old Buckhorn schoolhouse. This was in the year 1844. Isaiah put in a water-power mill in 1845, and the same year F. Witlock started a steam saw-mill.

Charles Persun purchased the old David Cogan tract and several other large tracts of land. He built a water-power saw-mill near the old Cogan cabin, but we cannot give the year he started his mill.

Coleman L. Weigel and Casmer Wittig were also saw-mill operators, but no date is given when they started.

In 1852, a road was opened up from Liberty by way of Steam Valley to Trout Run. Isaac Werline came to his death by a falling tree while he was working on this road. Soon after the opening of this road, R. F. Weed built two steam saw-mills along this road in Cogan House Township. The place was known as Steam Mills but, in later years, was changed to Steam Valley.

A map of the township, printed, in 1873, notes the following saw-mills: F. R. Weed, two mills; Meyer & Eisenhart, two mills; A. L. Conn, one mill; Christian Breining, one mill; Cornelius Garrison, one mill; C. S. Larrison, one mill; R. & J. Wood, one mill; A. Hayes, one mill; Casmir Wittig, one mill; J. Gilbert, one mill.

In the year 1876, Stewart, the historian, made a survey of eleven saw-mills in Cogan House Township and gave the following:

F. R. Weed, two steam mills, 3,000,000 board feet per annum; Meyer & Eisenhart, one mill, 600,000 board feet per annum; David Conn and Charles Persun, one each, 600,000 board feet per annum; R. & J. Wood, one steam mill, 2,000,000 feet per annum; Cassimer Wittig, one mill, 800,000 board feet per annum; Gilbert's Estate, one mill, 2,000,000 board feet per annum; Isaiah Hayes, one mill, 600,000 board feet per annum; Charles Lansom, one mill, 600,000 board feet per annum; Christian Breining, one mill, 1,200,000 board feet per annum.

Stewart states that lumber production that year was 12,000,000 board feet, the product of eleven saw-mills, some steam and some water-powered mills.

In 1839, a railroad was completed from Williamsport to Ralston. From that date much lumber was hauled over Buckhorn Mountain to the railroad to a station called Cogan Station, which was so named because so much lumber from Cogan House was shipped from there.

As has been already stated, the road to Trout Run had been opened in 1852, and much lumber was hauled to the Trout Run railroad station.

In 1851, a plank road was started and extended from the canal at the mouth of Larry's Creek to Salladasburg and later was extended up the second fork of Larry's Creek to Brookside and White Pine in Cogan House Township and into English Centre and still later on up Little Pine Creek almost to Buttonwood. It was a toll-road and, although not a good paying proposition, in its day, it became quite a famous highway and was much talked about. The June flood of 1889 destroyed much of the Plank Road, and it was never repaired.

Jerry and Robert Landis, brothers from Liberty Township, Tioga County, often related that in their youth they drove team for Robert and James Wood and hauled lumber over the Plank Road for their board and six dollars a month.

There was much rivalry among the teamsters as to who hauled the biggest load of lumber out of the township, and probably that dispute was never satisfactorily answered to everyone's satisfaction.

One may wonder why the logs were sawn into lumber and then hauled to the canal and railroads, while in other regions logs were sent on a log-slide to a large stream and in the spring sent on the "log drive" down river to Williamsport. Only two streams in Cogan House emptied into a stream large enough for a log drive. They were Bear Run and Flooks Run, which empties into Little Pine Creek. There the logs were sent over slides to Little Pine Creek and floated down to the river to the saw-mills in Williamsport. For the rest of the township, it was more economical to haul the boards after they were stripped of their slabs and saw-dust, and the hauling continued the year around.

The great panic of 1873, which lasted six years, caused great distress among the saw-mill operators and their workmen and among the log jobbers and their woodsmen. The price of lumber and logs fell sharply,

and many operators went bankrupt. Many a crew left the woods in the Spring with not a penny in their pockets, and all they had to show for their year's work was their board and the clothes on their backs. Probably the first lumberman in the township to send logs out on the log drives to the saw-mills in Williamsport was Bill Howard. He took off some pine in Flook's Run and drove it down Little Pine Creek to Big Pine Creek and on down the river. Daniel Landis and Bill Yoder worked for Howard in 1849. Nothing else is known of his lumbering activities.

Whiteman, the "Quinine King of United States", a millionaire of Philadelphia, owned a large tract of timber in Bear Run. His daughter, Ann, inherited this timber-land. She married Pennfield, and after his death she was married to R. J. C. Walker of Phila. Daniel Cavanaugh of Williamsport became her partner in lumbering off the timber in Bear Run. Much of the woods work was let out to jobbers, and Mr. Cavanaugh had a wood's boss to look after the jobbers and other activities, although he spent most of his time on the job. One of the jobbers, Lee, had his camp down near the mouth of Bear Run. Further up stream at the mouth of Crawford's Hollow was the main camp, known as Cavanaugh's Camp. John Fitzsimmons, the woods boss for some years, lived here. Other jobbers who worked for Cavanaugh over the years were: Harrison Dodd, "Bulldog" Charley Brown, Nate Hinkle and many others now forgotten. A log slide was built up Bear Run to the main camp and up Crawford's Hollow. The last log drove from the Bear Run region was probably in the Spring of 1899. Many of the local men from the township worked down Bear Run. Mr. Cavanaugh was one of the few lumbermen who never went

bankrupt. He always paid his men to the last penny. His men worked all year and got paid in full at the end of the year. The yearly output of logs from Bear Run ranged from 15,000,000 to 31,000,000 board feet per year.

The work was hard, and the hours were long. The woodsmen had their breakfast and were out in the woods on the job before daylight broke. They came back for supper after dark.

After the 1870's, tanneries began to make demands for hemlock bark, and from then on to about 1913, the hemlock forests of the township were stripped of their bark, and most of the logs were left to decay in the woods, as there was little demand for hemlock lumber. Hundreds of thousands of cords of bark were hauled away. Some of it went to Trout Run to the Extract Works, but most of it was hauled to the English Centre Tannery and the McCullough Tannery at Salladasburg. Some was shipped by railroad to more distant tanneries. By 1900 the last of the original hard wood forests were being harvested, and by the 1920's the great days of lumbering in the township were over. Since that date small saw-mill operations continued until the present time, and quite a quantity of mine props, railroad ties and paperwoods were shipped out. It is not idle speculation to estimate that Cogan House Township, sixth largest in the county, has since 1844 produced over one billion feet of forest products.

It is natural to lament the passing of those once mighty forests, but in their stead now stands the prosperous farms and homes of a happy and contented people. It is God's will that these things should come to pass.

## NEW MEMBERS

William Gibson, III, Jean A. Gibson, Mrs. Katharine L. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph R. Cranmer, Miss Susan Kiess, Miss Emma M. A. Kiess, Mrs. Matilda R. Saxton, Mr. and Mrs. Harold D. Hurshburger, Mr. John G. Detwiler, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence E. Krimm, Mr. and Mrs. Chester J. Brooks, Harry P. Lunt, Mrs. W. F. Coleman, Mrs. George Lentz, Mr. John E. Anstadt, Mrs. W. J. Devaney, Mr. and Mrs. H. J.

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## Lycoming Historical Journal Contributions

Mrs. Frank S. Gates, Mrs. Bertha M. Maxwell, Mrs. Margaret C. Lindenmuth, Mrs. Mabel A. Slack, Samuel J. Dornsife, W. Van Person, Miss Caroline E. Stabler, Mr. Robert A. DeVilbiss, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis W. Bluemle, Mr. John H. Foresman, Miss Elizabeth L. Gaus, Miss Edith Gaus, Mr and Mrs. C. M. Williamson, Miss Mary Young, Mrs. A. Lawrence Miller, Dr. Berton E. Beck, Miss Mary E. Duitch, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Stroehmann, Miss Marguerite I. Quigley, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Snell, Miss Ethel C. Ertel, Mrs. Helen T. Rupert.

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R. Manson, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Stahlnecker, Miss Zella Pepperman, Miss Florence A. Youngman, Rev. Malcolm D. Maynard, Mrs. Marilla E. Leinbach, Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Seely, Miss Mary G. Mosser, Mrs. Ruth G. Page, Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Fischler, Mrs. Eleanor A. Parkman, A. L. Pepperman, Mrs. Mary M. Hill, Capt Walter A. Maloy.

Misses Martha V., Florence C., Ida May Dittmar, Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Huling, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Rush, Mrs. Laura G. Janney, Mrs. Josephine W. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson C. Antes, Paul M. Heilman, Miss Ethel Peters, Mr. M. Wayne Carson, Mrs. Margaret Humes Collins, Mr. and Mrs. G. Earle Blair, Miss Catherine E. Thompson, Miss Minnie L. Beck, Mrs. May Heilman Spangle, Miss Sara C. Morrison, Mr. Susby Youngman, Mr. Frank S. Carothers, Mrs. Katharine Mosser, Mr. C. Stewart Coryell, Harriet L. Grove, Mr. Chas W. VanDusen.

### WHEELMEN

The Annual State Meet of the L. A. W., at Wilkes Barre, July 2 and 3, and the Diamond tournament, held by the Scranton Wheel club, at Scranton, July 4, were both a big success. Almost every city in the state was represented. At Wilkes-Barre the Williamsport Wheel club received the prize offered for the club having the largest number, and headed both the lantern parade on Monday evening and the one the next morning, July 3. They were complimented for their fine appearance and were credited by the judges with keeping the best line of any club in the procession.

They attended the Minstrel show in the Grand Opera House, Wilkes-Barre, given by the Century Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, on the evening of July 3, and all say the performance was as good as any they ever saw of a similiar character.

The twenty-five members of the Williamsport club that took in the meet were as follows: W. F. Updegraff, W. H. Bentley, G. M. Robinson, A. D. Knapp, F. O. Emery, Lyman Pray, Chas. DuFour, C. R. Jones, Joe DuFour, E. Silverman, Harry Diemer, John Irvin, G. M. Lewis, Frank Breese, F. W. Vandersloot, A. L. Rinard, U. G. Elder,

H. M. Otto, Albert Bower, J. H. Bubb, Grant Sweer, Harry Stead, H. N. Rothrock and Dan Clark.

Williamsport, Pa., July 7, 1894

### EDITORIAL

Williamsport continues to keep time to the music of advancement and march of the nineteenth century. The formal opening, last Wednesday, of the magnificent new City Hall, marks an epoch in the history of the most important city in the state between Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

Thirty years ago this city was a struggling lumber village. The town through the enterprise of Peter Herdic, was just beginning to reach out beyond its original limits and take on metropolitan airs. From a lumber camp, Williamsport has developed into a city of nearly thirty-five thousand population.

A grand Opera House, two immense hotels, a magnificent new club house, paved streets, electric lights and cars, five railroads, mills and factories and handsome residences by the score adorn miles upon miles of busy thoroughfares. Floods and hard times make no detrimental impressions upon Williamsport.

## EDITORIAL

HISTORY IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

by Dr. L. E. Theiss

Again and again I used to say to my classes at Bucknell University, "Education is where you find it." I was trying to break them of that silly habit that is all too common, of thinking that education is in the library, the text book, or the class room. To be sure, some of it is. But there is perhaps more that never saw any one of those three places.

Well, history is also where you find it. Assurdely I have no objections to books, museums, or historical pilgrimages. All should be educational. But if a person looks for history only in those places, how much he misses, how historically poverty stricken he is, and what joy and happiness he has missed as he went through life! For we ought to be soaking up history unceasingly.

For those who really do not understand that history is everywhere, let us look for some of the sources of history. We might turn first to sources where we would naturally expect to find it. Let us start with books. Among books, perhaps, we should first turn to histories themselves. Then we have historical novels; and in a good historical novel we should learn more history than we can ever hope to get out of a text on history. The latter is, often times, a pretty limited source. It tells you what happened, but where it happened, who the actors were. But it is often quite difficult to gain an intimate knowledge of an event from such data. You want to know more. Where did the actors come from? What was their background? How did they dress? Why were they in the action? What was the end result of the thing? And so on.

Details like these have the greatest meaning. They help one to realize why men fight or do this or do that, how they fought, what the struggle was like, and so on and on. The writer of the historical novel has spent months and untold effort in trying to ferret these things out. He gives you not only facts, but color and atmosphere as well.

Then there are historical spots or places. Take, for instance, Washington's crossing area, on the shore of the Delaware.

Once you have been there and seen Bowman'd Hill, and the site of Coryell's ferry, and the topography at the point of embarkation, and the islands that hid the Durham boats that were used in the crossing, and the site at Trenton, and so on, you know more about that midnight adventure than you can get out of a dozen books.

Further, there are the names on the land. How in the world did Jersey Shore—away up in central Pennsylvania—ever get such an odd name? What is behind the name Northumberland? Why is a street in that town named Orange Street? Why is there a little thoroughfare in Milton called Ferry Lane? Look at the word Montour—plastered all over this part of Pennsylvania, with Montoursville, Montour Mountain, Montour County. Or Buffalo Valley. What is behind the name Buffalo Cross Roads, Buffalo Township, Buffalo Creek, Buffalo Mountain? If you don't know, you've missed a lot of exciting tales. And there are all the Fishing Creeks, and Turkey Run, and Panther Valleys, and so on. Why were they so named? And there is Bald Eagle Mountain. Naturally, you say it was named for a bird. Well, it wasn't. It was named for an outstanding Indian chief. And Logan's spring. And the town of Harmony. And why such names as Bala Cynwid, Bryn Mawr, and the like? What is behind them? No matter where you go, you bump into history.

And there are the forts, or the sites of forts. Do you know the real story of Fort Necessity? Do you know that George Washington himself started the French and Indian War right there—really in that near-by forest glen where Jumonville was killed in the initial struggle between French and British forces in that region. And Fort Bedford. Why was it named Bedford? What part did it play in our history? What famous men acted leading parts in the struggles thereabouts? And Fort Augusta, at Sunbury. Do you know of the decisive part it played in determining that this land should be English instead of French? And Forty Fort? What do you

know of the awful tragedy enacted in that region?

We could go on and on. The point is that, no matter where you go, you are seeing history. That is, you are if you have your eyes open and have taken the trouble to acquire a little background. No matter where you travel on main roads in Pennsylvania, you are probably following an early Indian trail that existed long before the white man ever saw America. So there is one thing to think about. Why does the road follow the course it does instead of some other? And all along the road things happened. Here some militia were ambushed by Indians. Here the earliest grist mill in all the area was erected. Here—as at White Deer—that devoted woman, Catherine Smith, bored gun barrels for the ragged Continentals under the most distressing circumstances. Here—as at Fort Rice, near Turbotville—valiant Captain Rice and his handful of men erected this stone stronghold in the depth of winter and fought off all attackers.

Williamsporters have one of the finest opportunities in existence to see history. Go to the Lycoming Museum and spend some time in the lumber room. You of course know that Williamsport was the world's lumber center about 1865, but probably you have little idea of how the millions of logs that filled the boom were turned into lumber. Well, that museum exhibit will tell you the whole story. And what a story it was!

So we could go on and on. You've probably got a lot of history in your own attic. More than likely your dwelling is full of history. What are antiques but specimens of history?

Probably the greatest pleasure I have had in the pursuit of history is in following up a subject to which my attention has been

called. For instance, Sunbury recently celebrated the 200th anniversary of the erection of Fort Augusta. For the commemorative publication that was to be printed, I was asked to write about the significance of Fort Augusta. It was a pretty large order, for to understand the subject one had to know much about the background of the struggle for North America. Well, I read all of Parkman's eight or ten volumes that cover the 150 year struggle between Britain and France for North America. Never did I enjoy a course of reading more. It was like seeing a slow movie of the long struggle. Years ago I became interested in the Sullivan Expedition. During the years since then, I traveled over every foot of the territory traversed by Sullivan, and a lot beside—all of it having a bearing on that historic conquest of the Six Nations. I have done the same thing concerning other topics. The pleasure in such an effort can not be described. It may be years, but each step is revealing and adds to one's background knowledge.

Think of the things one can follow up. Take the Susquehanna and its bridges. Nowhere is there a bridge tale like that of those old Burr bridges that were so notable—the McCall Ferry Bridge, the Camel Back Bridge at Harrisburg, the bridges at Northumberland. Or take the floods. If you want exciting reading, delve into history for material about our floods. And so one could go on.

The point of all this is that history is where you find it, and more than that, it is the most fascinating study in the world. For it is *real*, you can actually see where things happened and how they happened, and what effect they had on the future. So don't forget that history is where you find it—and that is everywhere.

vantage in its present location. Had it been placed in Brandon Park, a resort which is but in its infancy, not one person in one hundred would see it as it is located at present. The Monument will greatly beautify Pine street as well as the city hall and the surrounding neighborhood.

#### ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

The Monument Committee undoubtedly made a wise selection for a location for the new Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument when they placed the beautiful structure in front of the City Hall. It shows off to great ad-

## THE FAIRY BASKET

by Clair Robbins

In this era of prosperity and plenty of waste, of throw it out and buy new, it is impossible to realize the scarcity of materials along in the 1870's. Every patch and scrap was saved, used and made to give the full service of its resistance to the wear and tear of its various uses.

Decorations and ornaments developed almost hand in hand with necessities and utilities. As soon as the vital needs of food, clothing and shelter were cared for, the need for "nice things" expressed itself in quilts of exquisite stitchery, floor coverings of rag carpets, hooked and braided rugs, corn husk door mats. All sorts of fancy things. Often out of most unpromising materials. Then came the traveling craftsmen and "art" teachers, cobblers, mending and making new boots and shoes, tailors fitting the family with new suits, coats and mantles, tin smiths to solder up the holes in the pots and pans. There also came teachers of painting—sometimes artists of note, giving lessons and painting portraits, often as pay for their 'bed and board', preserving the features of many an historically eminent to posterity person; photography was not yet born.

These men traveled in horse drawn covered spring wagons, sometimes specially planned and built, often staying in a home weeks at a time. Tinsel picture painting was very popular. Teachers gave two or three lessons, furnished a few sheets of glass, bundle of patterns drawn in India ink on heavy parchment-like paper, a few tubes of paint, a bottle of turpentine, a couple of brushes and plain, gold leaf frames. The pictures were painted on the glass and were transparent. I haunted the Sammy Williams and Bill Alexander stores in Montoursville to be on hand when the tea chests were emptied. The sheet lead was used to "back" the painting and give it the glitter that gave this form of painting its name of tinsel pictures. Our house was full of them, alas, with other treasures, sold at auction when we "went west".

Making wax flowers, often really lovely, was the most popular of all the decorative arts, besides giving lessons, the teacher furnished supplies, wax, coloring, centers

and wire stems for the flowers. Molds for the leaves, glass domes and shadow boxes for the preservation and display of the flowers. Fascinating work. Every girl and woman in any community where a teacher appeared conged fiercely to "take wax works".

There were feather flowers and wool flowers—generally ugly—but requiring deftness—frames and shadow boxes.

The most skilled work of all was hair work made as a memorial from the tresses of a dear one gone on to the realms unknown. This work required a critical eye and great delicacy of touch. It was too difficult for any but those with sensitive finger tips. Watch chains, bouquets, wreaths and elaborate jewelry were made. The teacher gave lessons and sold frames, shadow boxes, beautifully engraved gold mountings for jewelry and did right well for himself. I have seen wreaths two feet in diameter of all the colors of hair there are, all made from the hair of the family. These memorials, could they be read, would be a good genealogical chart. I could not say it was beautiful, but one could not help but feel a great admiration and respect for the patient industry and highly specialized skill that involved the intricate loops and frills of these etching-like creations.

Now in all this teaching, there is never a word about fairy baskets. But I know there were fairy baskets, for we had one. My sister and I helped make it. Ours was the only one I ever saw or heard of. The materials and the makings were so simple—an old sheet and a yard or two of wire. There was no reason for a teacher and no material to sell. Where did mother ever hear of one? Who taught her how to make it? These questions did not occur to me until years later when I wrote many letters to collectors, magazines, antique columns and hobbyists. But I never found any one that had ever heard of a fairy basket.

One day, not so long ago, I started to make one with a little help, it took me a week to make it. I showed it at several clubs and no one ever heard of such a thing. But when I showed it at the Lycoming

County Historical Society, a woman told me she had once read a book where a fairy basket was mentioned, but she did not recall anything but its bare mention.

A muslin sheet that had become too thin to hold mending stitches was washed and bleached. This meant spreading it on clean grass, not dried brown or sparse grass, keeping it wet and exposed to the sun. When the proper dazzling white was achieved, it was torn into strips an inch wide. These were raveled out on each side, leaving only three or four threads in the middle. The raveled threads were saved, and if they didn't break off, were used as bastings.

From an old hoop skirt wire for three rings had been salvaged. The top one five or six inches in diameter, the middle one eighteen or twenty and the third eight or ten. Suspend these rings by means of thin cord from a shelf or low ceiling after wrapping around them strips of the sheet. Cover them well. Then sew a raveled strip to the top one and turn or twist it into a fringy spiral and sew, allowing 18 or 20 inches in length to the middle ring. Then allowing 8 or 10 inches, twist a length again and sew to the third ring. Keep repeating until the skeleton frame you had hung up is well covered with the raveled and twisted strips, gather and sew the hanging ends at the bottom together forming a tassel and your fairy basket is ready to hang from the center of your parlour or "front room",

#### PERSONAL

Messrs. Jim Gibson, Chester Ayres, Leslie Lyon, and Harry Allen have returned from Eagles Mere where they were the guests of Stephen Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Slate were the guests of Miss Carrie O. Dove over the Fourth.

Harry and Russell Hill are rustivating at Paducohi.

Van Brown spent the Fourth with "Dute" Otto.

Hal Brown has accepted a position in the business office of the GAZETTE AND BULLETIN. THE REVIEW wishes the young man a successful career.

The Misses Davidson, of West Fourth Street, have returned from an extended trip along the coast from Boston to Baltimore.

or any place you wish to put it.

Flies abounded. The life history of the common fly is a closed book. Screens were not yet heard of. Plates of molasses, jars with sugar water, reached through a hole in a paper cover and once in, hard to get out, were used to uselessly combat the fertility and seeming undestructibility hordes of the common house fly.

Our "front room" was kept closed against the pests, but I recall hearing the fairy basket spoken of as "a place for the flies to light on".

Do children have play houses any more? I know that Elinor Anspach had a very lovely one, but I mean the kind made of junk and that imagination is the main furnishing. We had scrubbed a deserted chicken house and furnished it with a strip of old carpet, some really nice pine boxes, broken dishes and other trash, and I made a fairy basket for our playhouse. It was about two feet in length, and I recall sitting on one of my pine box chairs, lost in admiration of its delicate air and its white purity in the somewhat dingy checkered house atmosphere.

After the playhouse era, I did not think of a fairy basket for many years. Mother was gone and all those neighbors and friends that took an interest in one another's work and play.

It is not important, but I have a curiosity about the origin and reason for a "Fairy Basket".

John Reamer spent a few days of this week in Philadelphia.

Miss Katherine Lawson has returned from a visit to Hazelton.

Miss Laura Deemer has returned from an extended visit to York.

Miss Emily Sanderson came down from Jersey Shore to attend the boat ride to Mountain Grove.

J. Henry Cochran, the Williamsport lumber magnate, who is to be sent to the State Senate, is at the Continental with his son, Charles.

(Philadelphia INQUIRER — Wednesday)

The many friends of Charles H. Bates, of 333 Park Avenue, will be glad to learn that he has so far recovered from his last severe illness as to be able to once more enjoy the fresh air. He made his first attempt on the morning of the Fourth.

## APPLE BUTTER BOILING IN EARLY DAYS AT BLOOMING GROVE

by Susan H. Little

When we see in the stores today the small jars with fancy labels marked "Home-made Apple Butter", we think, "What do you know about *real* home made apple butter, such as we had stored away in large gallon crocks in our childhood days"—and a memory picture comes to me. How was it made?

Well, there was, of course, preparation for the making of it: First of all, the apples were gathered for cider and taken to a cider press, sometimes five or six miles away. Other times a hand press was used for small amounts. If possible, only sweet apples were used, the best ones being put aside for cutting into "snitz" for the apple butter. There were the "Rambo", the "Sheepnose" or "Gilly-flower", the "Seek-no Farther", the "Smokehouse" and the "Bell-flower".

For a large kettle of apple butter, a barrel of cider was used, which was boiled down about one third, until it was strong and clear. Usually this was done in a large copper kettle placed over a furnace in the basement or wash house, on the same evening while the apples were being cut. If there was no furnace, it was done out in the open, in a kettle hanging from chains in a frame over the fire, and many smoky tears were shed till the work was done.

The evening of "apple cutting" was enjoyed, especially by the young people. It was a social event in the neighborhood. Early in the evening, relatives who lived near and neighbors, came in to help. Grandfather and Grandmother never missed one such gathering. They did their full share of work, as well as adding to the general fun of the evening. At our house we had a long table in the kitchen, and all sat around it, with dishes for the apples in front of them. For one barrel of cider, they used two and a half bushel of "snitz" apples, pared and quartered, always saying "Five half bushels of snitz". We had what was then considered quite a modern convenience—an apple peeler—now this same apple peeler is found in the museum, as an antique. The peeling was done by the older

boys, my brother and a cousin. The girls who were old enough to cut apples usually gathered about one end of the table, while the older folks had the other end, and conversation was of a more serious nature. Sometimes there was singing. The new songs then were "Twilight is Stealing" and "Over the Garden Wall". When we could sing "Nellie was a Lady" or "Tavern in the Town" we were considered quite modern. Hymns, too, were sung, such as "Bringing in the Sheaves" and "In the Sweet By and By". The younger girls—I among them—were kept busy bringing the apples to the table and emptying the "snitz" into tubs on the porch.

When enough apples were cut, it was nearing midnight. By this time the smaller children were asleep in the bedroom, and grandfather and grandmother went home to bed. Then came the midnight lunch—bread, butter, coffee, new cider—possibly, gingerbread or pie. After this came the real work of boiling. When the apples had been washed, they were put into the boiling cider, just a few at a time. Then began the stirring with a broad stirrer having a long handle. This had to be kept up steadily till the apples were all boiled fine and smooth. When it was nearly done, it was rather hard work, and it required two people to use the stirrer, and I think some of the young couples rather enjoyed this opportunity for a little chat. From midnight on, I can't say I was an eye-witness, for we too, were sent to bed. In the early morning, the apple butter was done.

The last thing done before taking it from the fire, spices were added and sugar if apples were not sweet enough. An expert knew just how much cinnamon, cloves or "fernil" to use. Sometimes they waited till morning to begin boiling and worked most of the day.

It always tasted the same, and we knew the taste all too well, for it was a regular dish on our tables and found its way into school lunch. After the apple butter was pronounced done, the fire was drawn out, and gallon crocks brought out to be filled.

Whenever I see an old gray and blue crock marked with trade-mark "Couder and Wilcox" or "Sipe & Son", it suggests apple butter to me. These crocks, too, find their place in the museum.

Next day when they were cool enough, they were covered with white paper and stored away. It was common to make 20 to 30 gallons in a season if apples were plentiful. One boiling, such as I have described, would make from twelve to fourteen gallons. Some was sold to customers in Williamsport, for as much as fifty cents a gallon.

This was one of the common practices in the Blooming Grove settlement, not a family but what boiled their apple butter in the fall. A few details might differ in the various families, but in general this would fit any of the Heims, Ulmers, and Shafers or any of the other families then.

Gone are those days, gone the methods and gone many of those who were with us then—we linger on, and memory weaves many happy recollections for us which we want to have and pass on to those coming after us.

## ACCESSIONS TO THE MUSEUM

Plaque of Incorporation of City of Williamsport, January 15, 1886; Gift of James E. Gibbons, South Williamsport, Pa.

U. S. Army Sword and Belt, property of H. L. Beck, N. G. P. Sword of Capt John Beck; Gifts of Mr. Jesse Bell, Williamsport, Pa.

Ladies Black Velvet Shoulder Cape, Red and Green Paisley Shawl, Red Feather Fan; Gifts of Mrs. Carl Hall, Williamsport, Pa.

Sampler of Margaret Clark, daughter of Col. Robert Clark of Rev. Fame; Gift of Mrs. Laura Litchard, Williamsport, Pa.

Ladies Writing Pens, Mother of Pearl Handles and gold pen points; Gifts of Mrs. Ann Roberts Davis, Williamsport, Pa.

White Feathered Hand Painted Fan; Gift of Miss Mary Roberts, Williamsport, Pa.

Fairy Basket; Gift of Mrs. J. Robbins,

Montoursville, R. D. 2, Pa.

Civil War Gun; Gift of Lester Hill, Williamsport, Pa.

Shutter fasteners (or contraptions to hold shutters open); Gift of Mrs. Myles Santschi of Salladasburg, R. D., Pa.

Book on Nippenose Park; Loaned by Mrs. Myles Santschi of Salladasburg, R. D., Pa.

Scrap books and case, books compiled by Miss Lucy Scott; Gift of Great-nephew, Mr. James Scott Clancy, Jersey Shore.

Set of Music Books which belonged to Mrs. Paul Brook's father, who played in different bands in State of Pennsylvania; Gift of Mrs. Paul Brooks, Williamsport, Pa.

Collection of Postcards of City of Williamsport and surrounding country of City of Williamsport; Gift of Mrs. Laura G. Janney, Williamsport, Pa.

19

### INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS:

Annual .....	\$ 2.00 yearly
Contributing .....	\$ 5.00 yearly
Sustaining .....	\$ 10.00 yearly
Life .....	\$100.00 yearly

To the Officers of

The Lycoming County Historical Society:

I herewith accept your invitation to become a .....

Member of the Lycoming County Historical Society.

Full Name .....

Address .....

Please mail to HOWARD J. LAMADE, JR., Treasurer  
254 Lincoln Avenue, Williamsport, Pennsylvania