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The majority of the articles in this issue of the Journal have been supplied to us by Mrs. Edith Wright. Edith has been a life-long resident of the County, taught history for many years, does volunteer work in the Museum and serves as the Secretary to the Board of Governors for the Lycoming County Historical Society. The Susquehanna Junior Historians of Montoursville in 1964 researched the article entitled "They Also Served". Edith was advisor to this group. The two plays, "Tea or Coffee, Lady" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" were written by Edith Wright to be performed by her history classes in the Montoursville School District. We are sure you will enjoy Edith's recollections of the good old days.

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

April, 1981

Fellow Members:

The Society membership has continued to grow in numbers during the past year. We are always looking for new members, particularly more young people. Perhaps we need to encourage more youth to participate as junior historians and then actively recruit them into membership in the Society. One of the goals for the 1982 Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the Society might be to secure 75 new members under 40 years of age.

Our efforts to overcome our previous budget deficits have proven successful, at least to the point of operating on a very minimal budget. We will soon be faced with a staff decision at the Museum. When Patricia Kahle returned to college to work on her masters degree, we were fortunate to have Mr. Joseph Zebrowski working with us under a CETA program at no cost to the Society. He was able to step in and fill the position for the rest of the year. It appears now that it will be necessary to again include this position in the annual budget. Hopefully, our increased membership fees and other income will be able to support this position.

This will be my last entry in the Journal in the position of president. I believe that it is time for new leadership to bring fresh, new ideas and additional impetus for the growth and service of the Society.

I wish to thank the Board, staff and volunteers for their support and cooperation over the past two years.

Sincerely,

Kenneth E. Carl, *President*

CAPTION FOR COVER PHOTOGRAPH

A generation ago, when life was simpler and, according to those whose memory goes back that far, the better for it, a journey to Sylvan Dell aboard this stern-wheeler was one of the delights of the summer season. Sylvan Dell, to the south side of the river 3.5 miles below Williamsport, was the most popular spot for Sunday School picnics and other outings. Under the skilful command of Capt. "Jack" English, the shallow-draft craft, following a channel which shifted from season to season, made the downward trip from Market Street in 20 to 25 minutes and the upstream trip in 30 to 35 minutes. With an 80-foot length, 18-foot beam and two decks, it carried several hundred passengers, the fare being 10 cents for adults, children free. Its season opened about Memorial Day and closed with Dickinson Seminary's traditional "Chestnut Party" in October, the boat thereafter being taken to its Winter haven back of Goose Island. In the Fall of 1914 the trip to this haven was too long delayed. The craft was caught in Winter ice at its Market Street Bridge mooring. The Spring break-up spelled its doom. The faithful craft, after stout resistance, surrendered to the heaving, crushing ice and was carried away on the flood. In this picture, showing a gay picnic crowd aboard the steamer at the Sylvan Dell dock, there is also shown the gasoline launch which afforded speedier supplementary service, but which never won an equal place in the hearts of young or old.

BY-GONE DAYS

by Edith L. Wright

It seems to me that kids today do not have the fun nor the imagination to make their own fun as we did seventy years ago. I shall try to relate, at random, some of my happy memories of my childhood.

The house where I was born on Hastings Street, South Williamsport, is one of the oldest houses on the street, being almost 100 years old. Through the years I have seen houses built where we once played in the fields.

Hagerman's Run is back of the house, and what a beautiful mountain stream it had been before the United States Army Corps of Engineers built the dike in 1950. Every summer the boys would build a dam, but first we had to put on our old rubbers and clean it in case of broken glass or tin cans. Sometimes the water would measure two feet or more. That is where I learned to swim. There were many big boulders where we could sit and splash our feet. Many trees and bushes grew along the creek, which was a haven for all kinds of birds. We would catch polliwogs, pinheads and minnows. Sometimes we waded all the way to the River where there grew a huge elm tree with big roots that jutted out of the ground. It was fun to sit on those roots and splash our feet.

Hastings Street was not paved, of course, so we were free to play in the street. Many a good ball game we had going out there. The boys had to let me play on the team since my Dad furnished us with discarded balls, bats and gloves from his West End team.

Do you remember Fillman's farm on Main Street? That is where the Grace E. U. B. Church now stands. In the summertime we played cowboys and Indians in Fillman's corn field. In the winter we had great fun coasting down Fillman's hill all the way down Main Street to the railroad.

We hiked all over Bald Eagle Mountain. During World War I a flag pole was erected on top of the first peak, which now over-looks Route 15. The path to the flag pole led us back of the present motels and Hills Department Store and upward to the top. About half-way up the path there was a wonderful fresh spring of water, which was a delightful place to stop for lunch. In the hot summertime we picked huckleberries on that side of the mountain, too. Many times the mountain had been devastated with forest fires, which is where you often find the best huckleberries. I remember one time when my mother, aunt, uncle, a neighbor lady and I were gathering berries there. Suddenly, a terrific thunder storm came up and we made a dash down the side of the mountain without bothering to take the path. In those days the ladies wore long skirts, which were a handicap thrashing through the brush. Part way down my uncle spotted a rattlesnake. He directed us safely out of the way while he stayed behind to kill it.

Another favorite hike was up the Shafer Path (which some say was an Indian path) to the Fire Tower. Or we would go up the Sulphur Spring Road to the hairpin curve. There we took a path westward until we finally came out at the French settlement.

Speaking of Sulphur Springs, at one time there had been a hotel there with the idea of making it a health resort. The hotel was falling down, but we had fun exploring it and imagining it to be haunted. We tried to drink the sulphur water, but OH, how horrible!

We especially liked a place we called The Pines, opposite Mountain Beach, where there were huge table top rocks. We had many picnics and weiner roasts there. In back of the rocks there was a great mound of earth, which we imagined to be an Indian mound. My brother and I would dig and dig there, but we never

found any Indian artifacts. I guess our History and Geography lessons gave us some of these weird ideas.

Kids today don't know about going chestnutting. At one time there was a grove of chestnut trees at Sylvan Dell until the blight ruined them. We would gather loads of chestnuts there.

At the foot of Hastings Street, where the north-bound ramp to the bridge is now located, there had been a grocery store. Grandma would give me a little bucket to go to the store for a quart of vinegar or a quart of baking molasses, which Mr. Rickart would dip out of a barrel. Also, we would buy sugar or flour, which came in a huge bin. There was not much packaged or canned goods in those days. The grocery wagon was driven by Clarence Kahler. He would drop the tail gate down so we kids could jump on and ride along on his delivery route. Of course, all this was out of sight of Mr. Rickart, or Clarence might have lost his job.

The milkman came around with his horse and wagon. Mr. Augenbaugh would pound on the porch with his measuring tin and Grandma would come out with a quart pail for our milk. My father had just planted a little maple tree in front of the house, which the milkman's horse chewed on. Although the tree is now higher than the house, you can still see the scar that the horse made on the trunk of the tree.

Another wagon that delivered on our street was the ice wagon. We would hang around until the ice man would saw off a nice chunk of ice for us to suck on.

Sholders had the big ice house where Mountain Beach is now located. It was fun to watch them cutting ice on the pond and haul it up the incline to the ice house. In the summertime we went swimming in the pond long before they made Mountain Beach there.

We went swimming in the River at a place called the Catty Hole just below the dam. Not many of us had a regular

bathing suit, so we wore an old dress and our beach robe was a raincoat. Today the kids think nothing of walking on the street in their bikinis, but we made sure that we were well covered until we got to the River.

Near the Catty Hole was a place called Tietbohl's Pit where we went ice skating in the winter.

I remember my first auto ride. A neighbor lady hired a jitney to take all the neighborhood kids on a picnic to Mosquito Valley. Then in 1914 my Dad bought a seven-passenger Overland touring car. One time he took a load of the neighborhood kids for a ride to Cogan Station. He traveled at about 35 miles per hour, which we thought was just great! At that time the road was unpaved and we had five bridges to cross to get to Cogan Station.

I also remember the first airplane I saw. The newspaper had said that an airplane would land on a level stretch of land on the north side of the River (probably near the C. A. Reed plant). We went out East Mountain Avenue where a house was under construction. We went up to the second floor of the house where we had a good view of the landing. That was a thrill!

East Mountain Avenue had only a few houses and a couple of farms. We called it the Lane. We would walk out the Lane to the Swamp where we could gather a great variety of wild flowers. The Swamp would have been in the area of the Little League Field.

I remember going for a walk out the Lane one Sunday afternoon with my family. I was all dressed up in my new Easter coat, which had a red collar. As we cut across a field toward the Sylvan Dell Road, a bull came charging at us. We ran like mad and Dad hoisted me over the stile. Dad said it was my red collar that attracted the bull.

In the spring of the year we always went out Dangles' Lane (now Curtin Street) to gather wild crabapple blossoms.

We floated them in shallow dishes, and what a delightful odor they gave to the house. We also went out West Mountain Avenue, which was just a lane at that time, to gather clumps of forget-me-nots. The fields were blue with them.

You know there were very few cement sidewalks at that time. Instead there were boardwalks. There was one good cement walk on our street where we liked to roller skate. It was great fun until the lady who owned the walk would chase us with her broom.

Lutcher and Moore Park was at the corner of Market Street and East Second Avenue, near the old Market Street Bridge. We kids looked forward to the annual Easter egg hunt and the Firemen's Carnival there every year.

Many of you have, no doubt, seen pictures of the steamboat, Hiawatha, which traveled from the Market Street Bridge to Goose Island and Sylvan Dell. Goose Island was a bathing beach with a sandy shore, bath house and all. I liked to swim until I got a bad dose of poison ivy. Sylvan Dell was the favorite spot for our Sunday School picnic.

A nickel today doesn't go very far, but in my early childhood it would take me to the Saturday matinee at the Orpheum Theater, down on East Third Street. Week after week we watched "The Perils of Pauline" and each week we would see Pauline in some grave peril and we had to go back the next week to see if she survived.

A nickel would also take you for a long trolley ride. On a Saturday afternoon we could ride the South Side trolley to Market Square, get a transfer to the Vallamont trolley and ride to Vallamont Park. There, for another nickel, we could see the matinee of the summer theater.

A favorite trolley ride was in the open-air summer trolley to Indian Park or Starr Island. For a nickel we rode to the East Third Street junction and for another nickel took the Montoursville trolley

to the park. What a park that was with a roller coaster, skating rink and concession stands. We had a lot of Sunday School picnics there, too.

During World War I the little girls in my class were asked to join the Junior Red Cross. Believe me, we worked hard at it. We met at the Town Hall to cut and snip surgical dressings. I would have big blisters on my fingers from the scissors. Some of the ladies made us Red Cross caps. The Williamsport Sun had a picture of us parading up Fourth Street in one of the Victory parades wearing our Red Cross caps and carrying small American flags.

As youngsters we did our share for the war effort. It seems to me there was so much more patriotic fervor in those days. We all had Victory gardens in our back yards. We got the seeds at school and prizes were awarded to the kids for the best crops. My brother got a prize for his tomatoes. I learned to knit and some poor soldier probably wore the sweaters, scarves and wristlets that I made from that awful scratchy kaiki woolen yarn that was furnished to us.

Speaking of using your imagination to make your own fun, my girl friends did just that. We read a lot of books together, such as "The Automobile Girls", the "Rover Boys", The "Tom Swift" series, "The Motor Boat Boys", etc. For each book we read we were assigned a part and we lived and acted that character day after day. Then along came the Tarzan books and I tried to play Tarzan in every tree on our street.

I'm all for progress, but I can't help having a nostalgic feeling for the "good old days".



THEY ALSO SERVED

From the microfilm files at the J. V. Brown Library.

Grandma paraphrases the events of our local history from 1861 to 1865.

I can see it all now just like it was yesterday, altho' I was only twelve years old. Do you know that long before the firing had even started on Fort Sumter in April of '61 some men from Lycoming County had shed their blood in behalf of the Union? We had a fine militia company of volunteers here known as the Woodward Guards. Well, when the news came that Major Anderson had left Fort Moultrie and had successfully entered Fort Sumter down in South Carolina, the gunner of the Guards called his company together to haul their 12 pound Napoleon cannon to the top of Market Street hill here in Williamsport to fire a salute in celebration of the event.

Yes, I guess Williamsport had one of the first casualties of the war. That was a sad disaster in January of 1861. Sergeant Tom Wilkinson, who was responsible for placing the charge in the cannon, reported that his thumb slipped just as the charge was being rammed home, and the cannon went off prematurely. Private Joseph Bubb had his right arm badly mangled and was a cripple for life. Orderly Sergeant Edward Wilkinson was mortally injured. There was no celebration that day.

The little girls and the ladies were helping the cause here at home. Our boys needed socks and everything else we could send them. Those who remained at home did everything in their power to hold up the hands of the men in the field. There was a ladies' organization to see that the soldiers who were passing through Williamsport on the trains were well fed when they stopped off here. Whenever notice was received that a train was coming, tables were set up on Market and Pine Streets from the station to Third Street

and were loaded with all good things that might tempt the palate of a hungry soldier.

You ask, "What did the boys do?" You will be glad to know that we had some fine musicians in Williamsport in those days. Besides sending fighting men to the war, we also provided musicians who played marching music. The Repasz Band was already thirty years old when they went to war in April, '61. Its director, Daniel Repasz, was made leader of the 11th Regiment Band with 16 members from here. This is the oldest band in the United States.

We sent some nurses from here, too. There was no such thing as a Red Cross in those days. That came later. We had what was known as the Sanitary Commission. I remember that they held a Sanitary Fair in Philadelphia in 1864 to raise money for sanitary supplies. Every man, woman and child in Pennsylvania was called upon as their patriotic duty to spend a day at least in helping the work of relief for our soldiers on the field. Every working man and woman of our state was given the opportunity to contribute from the products of their farms, mine, or factories for this great Central Fair. They could give either one day's labor, a single day's income from the heads of such establishments, a day's income from those of great fortune or the products of a day's work. My father sent a load of farm produce. Pennsylvania was trying to exceed New York's contributions.

My aunt, Miss Snyder, who was secretary of our Soldiers Aid Society, received this thank you letter from Philadelphia:

"My dear Miss Snyder: We owe the kind ladies of your Aid Society our warmest thanks for the very nice contents of the box received March 25. They are all truly acceptable and collected with

an evident thoughtfulness as to the real wants of the soldiers, which greatly enhances their value. Those included were: 11 wrappers, 9 webbed drawers, 1 wool shirt, 11 handkerchiefs, 4 quilts and 10 pin cushions. (Signed) Helen Scott".

In 1864 Williamsport was the lumber capital. Oh yes, the lumber business was really booming. That is a pun on the lumber boom, because the first log boom was built in our river in 1864.

Lycoming County was a sort of arsenal for the North. We had several grist mills. There was the Herdic and Taylor Mill. The Slate Sons had a tannery at Government Place. Philip Moltz

had a machine shop at the corner of Basin and Church Streets. There was the Hall Foundry. The E. Keller Co. made boilers and engine supplies. E. Andrews Co. made saws, and there was the Demorest Iron Works. We had saw mills and planing mills. Fletcher Coleman had the first steam saw mill. The Herdic, White and Lentz Mill was producing 15,000,000 board feet of lumber annually. The log boom was handling 511,549 logs that year. Another thing, in spite of the distractions of war, a large amount of railroad construction was completed in this territory between 1861 - 65. Certainly all these industries were important to the war effort.



IN MEMORIAM

(To Bruce A. Hunt)

By Mrs. Louise Hockman, '49

You must have left so many things undone
 For you were always such a busy one;
 There was no cause too small nor problem great
 That you were not on hand to vindicate.
 You were an edifice, in your brief span,
 To all which is manliness, in man.
 There never would be time enough for you
 To finish all the things you had to do.
 How could you know how weary you had grown -
 A life can hold so much He must have known,
 And said, as all who ever knew you say,
 "It is enough, that he has passed this way."

TEA OR COFFEE, LADY?

A skit on the history of Montoursville, about 1850.

Characters:

Mrs. Nathaniel Burrowes
 Mrs. William Weaver
 Teamster
 Mr. John Else

Setting:

Street corner in Montoursville

• • • • •

Mrs. Burrowes:

Here comes the Teamster on the Great Road to Williamsport from down Muncy way. I do hope he stops, for there are so many things I'm needing.

Mrs. Weaver:

And I, too, would like him to get me a quarter of tea.

Teamster:

(Off stage) Whoa there! (Enter) Good day, ladies. Would you be wanting me to do a bit of buying for you in Williamsport today? I have to stop at Lloyd's Flouring Mill and at Emery's Lumber Mill, but I'll have room for a few articles. What will it be - tea or coffee, ladies?

Mrs. Weaver:

Now how did you guess it? I would like a quarter of tea, please. Here is the money, and I thank you for your trouble.

Teamster:

Ha ha! I should have known, since both of you ladies live in Tea Town. It seems as tho' all the housewives who live down below the run there are always wanting a pound of coffee whenever I go to town, and the housewives at this end of town are wanting a quarter pound of tea. Jest the other day I heard the Stage Coach referrin' to it as Tea Town and Coffee Town. They're callin' the run Coffee Town Run, which separates the two ends of the borough.

Mrs. Burrowes:

Yes, I guess this will always be Tea 'Town to us, even tho' they are talking of incorporating the borough as Montoursville. Here is a list of things I should like you to buy for me, please. I am Mrs. Nathaniel Burrowes, you know.

Teamster:

Oh, yes, Ma'am. Let's see; you live in that large brick house there on the corner of Broad Street, don't you? I've heard tell about your husband's pappy, old General Burrowes. About how he was a Post Rider and how he fought with General Washington in the Revolution.

Mrs. Burrowes:

That's right. General John Burrowes had many thrilling experiences in his day. He was one of the first settlers in Tea Town. He came here in 1813, and in 1820 he sold the town lots for \$50.00 a piece. When he came, the only cleared land was the Indian village of Ostuagy at the mouth of the Loyalsock. The rest was all forest.

Mr. John Else:

(Enter) Good day, Mrs. Burrowes and Mrs. Weaver. Fine day we're having. Did I hear you mention old General Burrowes? Devil Jack we called him, on account of he wasn't afraid of anything. I remember when he got that nickname. Word came that the folks at Wells Plantation, now Wellsboro, were sick and almost starving in the dead of winter and had no way to get supplies. The ice and snow were fierce that winter and the trail up Pine Creek was treacherous, but General Burrowes offered to go. At one place the horses broke through the ice as they were fording Pine Creek, and Burrowes waded into the icy stream so as to release the horses from the shafts and rescue the sledge load of supplies. He finally made it to Wells Plantation and just in the nick of time, or they would surely have all died.

Teamster:

Well, Devil Jack was a good nickname for him. I have to be moving along now, and I'll be returning about sundown. Good day, folks. (Exit)

Mrs. Weaver:

Mr. Else, I understand that you were the carpenter who helped to build our town. I think you should have something to say about naming the borough. You know, since my husband became postmaster last year, he says there has been quite a bit of arguing about choosing a name when the borough is incorporated this year of 1850. Of course, the Post Office has been named Montoursville since 1831, but he sometimes gets his mail addressed to Coffee Town and Tea Town. The Teamster was joking with us about that. What name might you suggest, Mr. Else?

Mr. John Else:

It certainly is gratifying to see how my town has grown. Why, when I came here in 1807 with my parents I was only a lad of ten, and there wasn't a house or street in the place. My Pappy cleared the first piece of land up Mill Creek way, about two miles above here. Then, when I learned the carpentry trade I built the first house in town here for old Tom Wallis, back in 1815. A name, you say? Well now, Coffee Town and Tea Town are all right, but since the borough will include them both, we should have a name that will satisfy everybody. I for one favor the name of Montoursville to honor the name of Andrew Montour, who must have been one of the best Indian friends the white man ever had.

Mrs. Burrowes:

They say our borough will be the largest borough in the state of Pennsylvania.

Mr. John Else:

Yes, there's about 13 or 14 farmers out that a-way who want to be inside the borough limits. Squire Starr is doing the surveying, and folks say he's running out the line by "Starlight". Ha ha! I reckon our town will be about two miles square when he's finished. The farmers think their taxes will be lower, but I says they're only jumpin' out of the fryin' pan into the fire, 'cause with a town that big we'll surely have to build a new schoolhouse and then the taxes will go up.

Mrs. Weaver:

That's right. The old octagonal schoolhouse will hardly do. Well, it has served as a church and a schoolhouse since 1818. I, for one, hope they build a good school. The old octagonal is so cold and drafty. In winter the children have to sit with their backs to the center of the room, and when the stove is hot their backs are toasted and their fronts are cold. It is such a queer looking building, too.

Mrs. Burrowes:

I must be going now. No matter what they name our town, it will always be Tea Town to me. Good day.

Mrs. Weaver:

And Coffee Town to the East of us. Good day.



WHEN JOHNNY CAME MARCHING HOME

Taken from the microfilm files of Williamsport newspapers of 1865.

Characters:

Johnny, a returned Civil War veteran
 Mother
 Father
 Sister
 Little Brother Buddy

• • • • •

Mother:

It is so wonderful to have you home and safe with us again, Johnny. I have saved all your letters and read them many, many times; and we know you will have a lot more to tell us of your war experiences, but we don't want to press you, son.

Father:

No, of course not, Mother. Let him get his sea legs again. John needs time to catch up with things that have been going on around home.

Johnny:

Your're right, Dad. I feel as tho' I have lost four years out of my life. What's new around here, Buddy?

Buddy:

Oh, Johnny, I'm glad you got home in time. Will you take me to the circus on Monday, will you, huh? You should see the posters all over town. It's Herr Driesbach's Extensive Menagerie and it says they have a collection of rare beasts and reptiles, performing elephants and hippopotamus. It's supposed to be the biggest circus troupe ever combined in one establishment. Oh, and there will be a world-renowned equestrienne troupe (that means horses, doesn't it, Johnny?) And the famous Washington Brass Band, too. We'll have to get up early, 'cause the circus will parade through town at 11:00 o'clock. The price is 50¢ for you, but only half-price for me 'cause I'm under ten. I've been saving my money.

Johnny:

Sure, Bud, we can't miss the circus. Say, Dad, I see they have the tracks laid for the street railroad.

Father:

Yes, the street railroad is completed and they have been running cars on it. Things are picking up around here since the war is over. The Bridge Co. has contracted for the erection of a new wire suspension bridge over the Susquehanna. The job is to be finished in four months, probably about December 1st, and is to cost \$32,750.00

Mother:

You know we had a disastrous flood last spring, son, and part of the canal was damaged, but they started to repair it last week.

Johnny:

Have you heard anything about Jim Jones from Jersey Shore, who was in my regiment?

Mother:

Yes, James Jones is back at work publishing and editing his new paper, which he calls "The Jersey Shore Vidette". His paper was suspended while he was serving his country. We received his edition last week and it will be a first class loyal paper. There it is on the table.

Sister:

Johnny, I have a surprise for you. I had my photo taken for you at the new photograph Gallery, which just opened in town. Mr. Gideon Smith has opened a sky-light photograph gallery at 96 Pine Street, and he takes your picture by holding a mirror up to nature, as he says. Does it look like me?

Johnny:

Thank you, Sis. Yes, it's quite good, but not half as pretty as you are. And what's now new with you, Sis?

Sister:

I am enrolled in the new Day School for Young Ladies, which will be opened this Fall by the Misses Wilson and Barber. The year will be divided into two sessions of twenty weeks each, and no one can enroll for less than one session. The tuition fees for English and Latin are \$40.00, and for Modern Languages it will be \$15.00

Johnny:

It doesn't seem possible that you were just a little girl when I went away and now you are a young lady, but don't try practicing your French and Latin on me.

Mother:

The Repasz Band is back in town and have reorganized. You know they volunteered with the 11th Regiment and then the 29th Regiment of the Pennsylvania Volunteers and served all through the war. Everyone is happy to have these fine musicians back with us to discourse their music on our streets. They gave a splendid performance the other evening in front of the City Hotel.

Buddy:

Gee, you don't let me get a word in edgewise. What do you know, Johnny? Some kids are awful lucky. There won't be a first grade in our school this year, 'cause the Board of Directors couldn't agree on a teacher from all the candidates, so they decided to not have any first grade.

Mother:

Well, I think it is a disgrace. The editorial in the paper said that this was typical of the inefficiency of the Board of Directors.

Father:

This will interest you, Johnny. They are planning a picnic for all returned soldiers on Thursday, August 31, to be held in the grove of H.B. Tate in Nippenose Valley. Mother will pack a basket and we'll all go by boat up the river. The soldiers of Jersey Shore, Williamsport, Lock Haven, Sugar Valley, White Deer and surrounding communities are all invited. You are requested to dress in uniform. We all feel we must do something to honor our brave and gallant men who have defended us, and by your valor and devotion have saved our country from ruin. We want to make the occasion worthy of the cause.

Johnny:

That was quite a speech, Dad, but let's not get sentimental. What's that you are making, Mother?

Mother:

Oh, my goodness gracious, we almost forgot to tell you about the biggest thing that has ever come to our town. The State Fair will open here on Tuesday, September 26, and will be here all that week. Everybody is getting ready for it, and this is a coverlet that I'm planning to exhibit. The Fair Grounds are being made ready at the west end of town. There will be a large building, 200 feet long, which is nearly finished for the exhibits and they plan to keep it as a permanent building.

Father:

Yes, and there will be a track for trial speed of horses which is said to be one of the best in the country. It has been prepared with great care and will be as smooth as a carpet. The whole circle is in full view of the stand erected for the specators. There will be exhibits from all the growing industries of our region. You know the E. Keeler Boiler Works started in business last year, and they will have some huge boilers on exhibition. The D. S. Andrus Co. will display some of their finest pianos, too, just to mention a few of our home-town businesses.

Sister:

Now that you have Johnny home, Mother, you can get him busy beating the carpet in the spare bedroom to get ready for some visitors. They are asking everybody with a spare room to take house guests.

Johnny:

And I suppose you are hoping that our guest might be an eligible young man, huh, Sis?

Buddy:

One of the main attractions at the Fair Grounds will be the famous Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, and their children. They haven't been in a show since their children were born. They are

supposed to be the greatest curiosity in the world, and I sure want to see them. It only costs a quarter.

Johnny:

You have my head so full of all this news that I can't digest it all, but I sure could digest some of Mom's good home cooking. When do we eat, Mom?



**LYCOMING COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
EXHIBIT OF THE MONTH
SCHEDULE**

| | |
|--------------|---|
| April 1 - 30 | Silver from the Museum collection |
| May 1 - 29 | Books from the Newman School collection |
| June 2 - 28 | Pattern designing (clothing) |
| July 1 - 31 | The United States |

LOBBY WALL EXHIBITS

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| Feb. 1 - April 30 | A longrifle shop |
| May 1 - June 28 | Children's clothing |
| July 1 - August 30 | Coverlets and homespun |

MEETING ROOM, LOWER LEVEL

July 1 - August 30 Quilts

**STARTING MARCH 8, 1981:
(1681 - 1981)**

The wall case west of the Lumber Gallery will be used for a series of anniversary exhibits in commemoration of the 300th birthday of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the 75th birthday of the Lycoming County Historical Society (1907 - 1982). Featured will be artifacts and documents concerning early Quaker settlers in Lycoming County.

TOURS PLANNED FOR 1981

| | |
|----------------|-----------------------------------|
| May 30 | Harrisburg - Hershey |
| July or August | Summer Theatre & Dinner |
| September 26 | Old Bedford Village |
| October 31 | Washington DC |
| December 5 & 6 | New York City weekend |
| December 12 | Longwood Gardens at Christmastime |

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Distance and Fare from Williamsport to Following Points.

| PHILA. & READING R. R. | | BEECH CREEK R. R. | |
|------------------------|------------|-----------------------|------------|
| EAST. | DIST. FARE | WEST. | DIST. FARE |
| Montoursville..... | 4 \$0 12 | Jersey Shore..... | 16 50 |
| Halls..... | 10 20 | Oak Grove..... | 19 55 |
| Munty..... | 13 27 | Youngdale..... | 23 58 |
| Montgomery..... | 18 36 | Lock Haven..... | 27 72 |
| Allenwood..... | 22 42 | Mill Hill..... | 30 80 |
| White Deer..... | 24 50 | Beech Creek..... | 37 97 |
| Milton..... | 30 60 | Snow Shoe..... | 62 86 |
| Leiburg..... | 33 66 | Peale..... | 74 88 |
| Northumberland..... | 40 80 | Munsons..... | 84 96 |
| Herndon..... | 42 84 | Phillipsburg..... | 91 99 |
| Trevorton..... | 48 96 | Morrisdale Mines..... | 87 96 |
| Shamokin..... | 68 132 | Wallaceton..... | 91 94 |
| Mt. Carmel..... | 70 140 | Bigler..... | 94 94 |
| Leonts Gap..... | 69 138 | Woodland..... | 96 96 |
| Shenandoah..... | 90 180 | Clearfield..... | 101 90 |
| Manly City..... | 90 180 | Porters..... | 106 90 |
| Cannons..... | 45 68 | Mitchells..... | 109 93 |
| Taunans..... | 101 84 | Olania..... | 112 96 |
| Poltsville..... | 110 90 | New Millport..... | 115 93 |
| Poltsburg..... | 141 96 | Gazzam..... | 120 96 |
| Reading..... | 150 102 | Bells Landing..... | 122 96 |
| Phenixville..... | 172 108 | Bower..... | 125 96 |
| Philadelphia..... | 199 118 | Mahaffey..... | 129 96 |
| New York..... | 236 144 | | |

WILLIAMSPORT & NORTH BRANCH R. R.

| | |
|--------------------|------|
| Pennsdale..... | 12 |
| Hughesville..... | 16 |
| Picture Rocks..... | 19 |
| Lions Mill..... | 20 |
| Chamouni..... | 21 |
| Glen Mawr..... | 24 |
| Eddies..... | 26 |
| Strawbridge..... | 27 |
| Muncy Valley..... | 30 |
| Sonestown..... | 32 |
| Nordmont..... | 37 |
| Laporte..... | 44 |
| Aglesere..... | 56 |
| Satterfield..... | 56 |
| Beice..... | 56 |
| Highland Lake..... | 1 24 |

| PINE CREEK R. R. | |
|--------------------------|--------|
| Newberry..... | 3 05 |
| Linden..... | 8 20 |
| Larrys Creek..... | 14 40 |
| Waterville..... | 25 50 |
| Cedar Run..... | 43 55 |
| Blackwells..... | 54 70 |
| Ansonia..... | 71 80 |
| Stokesdale junction..... | 78 85 |
| Niles Valley..... | 81 85 |
| Wellsboro..... | 81 85 |
| Tioga..... | 80 80 |
| Lavrenceville..... | 98 80 |
| Corning N.Y..... | 114 80 |
| Watkins Glen..... | 135 80 |
| Harrison Valley..... | 130 80 |
| Westfield..... | 124 80 |
| Oscola..... | 113 80 |
| Ekland..... | 111 80 |
| Geneva N.Y..... | 171 80 |
| Lions N.Y..... | 187 80 |
| Syracuse..... | 232 80 |

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PENNSYLVANIA GAME LAWS.

| | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------------|
| Deer | can be killed from | October 1 to December 15 |
| Squirrels | " | Sept. 1 to January 1 |
| Pheasants | " | October 1 to January 1 |
| Rabbits | " | Nov. 1 to January 1 |
| Duck and Geese | " | Sept. 1 to May 1 |
| Wild Turkey | " | Oct. 15 to January 1 |
| Woodcock | " | July 4 to January 1 |
| Quail | " | Nov. 1 to December 15 |
| Reed Birds | " | Sept. 1 to December 1 |
| Brook Trout, caught | " | April 15 to July 15 |
| Salmon | " | June 1 to January 1 |
| Black Bass | " | May 30 to January 1 |
| Pike or Pickerel | " | June 1 to January 1 |

"I GO A FISHING"

The following poems were given to Edith Wright by Mr. Charles Lose of Montoursville, who was at one time County Superintendent of Schools. As a group, these poems are called "I Go a Fishing".

THE ANGLER AND THE FISHERMAN

An Angler and a Fisherman
Went out one day together.
The Fisherman took pole and bait,
The Angler, rod and feather.

The Angler wore a sporting suit
With turned-down socks and knickers.
The Fisherman the sort of clothes
For which the rag man dickers.

For speckled beauties the Angler went
With reel and creel and cast.
To trout alone the Fisherman wished
To have his hook make fast.

The wind was south, the sun did shine
With not too bright a ray.
The Angler and the Fisherman
Could want no better day.

The Angler angled on ripple and pool
Where he often got a rise;
But he never more than snagged the fish
That leaped up at his flies.

The Fisherman fished riffle and hole
With his tackle good and stout,
And always when fish bit for him
He promptly yanked them out.

So when at last the day was done
Each man had had his wish;
The Angler he'd got lots of sport,
The Fisherman, lots of fish.

All men are Fishermen or Anglers,
According to my notions;
While some are busy sawing wood
The rest go through the motions.

This is a picture of the inside of a pamphlet done by George W. Harder "Leading Dealer in Guns, Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods, No. 248 Pine Street" for the Lycoming County Centennial of 1895. This was given to the Museum by Elsie Harding.

THE IRON TROUT

Hen English was a fisherman,
Trained to it from a child,
His home it was an English town
Among the mountains wild.

Hen sometimes fished the Block House Fork
And sometimes Little Pine,
And in Texas Creek and Otter Run
He often threw a line.

He was a strong and active man,
And did whate'er he could
At digging bait and catching fish,
But not at chopping wood.

Hen liked to meet the visitor
And talk to him of fishes
While in the kitchen hot and close
His wife did up the dishes.

And when she called to him for wood
Hen always yelled "All right!"
Then never made the slightest move
But just kept sitting tight.

Hen would grin and say to eat it
He had not been aspirin',
It was so full of hooks and flies
He'd sold it for old iron.

Hen always told the visitor
Of a big and lusty trout
That others hooked time and again,
But never could get out.

It stole the hooks from all the boys
And from the men their flies.
And on such hard, substantial food
It grew to monstrous size.

This trout it lived in Block House Fork
In a hole both deep and long
With a riffle at the upper end
That was both swift and strong.

At dawn, one day in June, Hen said
This trout had met its fate,
For he, himself, had yanked it out,
A young robin for a bait.

At this point the visitor would ask
As if a phrase repeating
"Could any trout as big as this
Possibly be good eating?"



WIN ELY'S TROUT FLIES

Win Ely fished the Loyalsock
From Plunketts Creek to Wallis Run;
He fished from time of morning star
Far past the time of setting sun.

He fished the riffle at the bridge
Where trees were in their light spring green;
He fished the riffle at Cold Watch
And all the water that ran between.

At dawn he heard the Wilson thrush
Sing sweet and clear in pipe and trill;
At dusk he heard the long complaint
Of solitary whip-poor-will.

All day the dove-like columbine
Looked down at him from rocky ledge;
All day the blue forget-me-nots
Looked up at him from water's edge.

At four o'clock that afternoon,
A bright new hatch of flies came out,
That were so luscious and so fat,
They tempted every leaping trout.

Win Ely made his own trout flies
Of tinsel, feathers, silk, and hair.
His gnats and quills, his kings and queens,
Were natural beyond compare.

He sat him down upon a rock
Where spring and tree gave drink and shade,
And while he rested there content
Three imitation flies he made.

Win Ely ne're in skill surpassed
His handiwork of that fair day,
For when his flies were all complete
They took to wing and flew away.



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN BASKETRY

by Sarah P. Turnbaugh

The following article is written by Sarah P. Turnbaugh, associate curator of the Museum of Primitive Man in Peace Dale, Rhode Island. Sarah is a member of our Society, and wife of William A. Turnbaugh of this area, who is now teaching archaeology/anthropology at the University of Rhode Island. Sarah was inspired to write this article by the late Willard "Chick" Schell, who was a director of this Society.

Pennsylvania German basket making is a tradition that truly has separated the men from the boys - and the women. On long winter evenings, the men often wove baskets while their sons tended to the laborious preparation of the basketry materials, and the women spun wool or flax and quilted. More than 95% of nineteenth and twentieth century Pennsylvania basket makers have been men. So, of the few women who also have practiced this traditionally male occupation, it is not too surprising to find that most have been either wives or daughters of men who were full-time basket weavers.

The majority of Pennsylvania basket makers were farmers and storekeepers who spent only their spare moments creating the many utilitarian baskets needed in nineteenth century homes, farms, and businesses. Fewer than 10% of all basket makers plied the trade on a full-time basis. Together, all of these part-time and full-time basket makers created most of the baskets that the Pennsylvania Germans used. The products of a number of successful basket making companies such as the Newton Falls Basket Company in Pittsburgh and the Diamond Basket Company in Philadelphia supplemented the supply created by these individuals.

In the early twentieth century, inexpensive imported baskets, tin cans, bags, and other containers became increasingly

available, and Pennsylvania Deutsch basket making traditions suffered as a result. Nevertheless, the skill has survived. Jeanette Lasansky, director of the Union County Oral Traditions Projects, has located more than 20 individuals who are still weaving baskets today. These individuals are listed toward the end of **Willow, Oak and Rye**. The majority of these modern-day basket makers live in Berks and Lehigh counties. Several others continue the traditions in Lebanon, Montgomery, and Snyder counties. At least seven persons in Lancaster, Lycoming, and Franklin counties are self-taught.

The Pennsylvania German "karreb" or basket is the product of ancient European basket making traditions that were transplanted to North America where they evolved into distinctively Pennsylvanian techniques. These baskets seldom have received the popular recognition they deserve, perhaps because most are fairly plain, undecorated utilitarian forms. Yet, these baskets were used in many contexts. They provide a unique glimpse of early farm life of the Pennsylvania Deutsch. Made in an unusual variety of shapes, the baskets include bowl and dish forms, hampers, lidded lunch pails, fishing creels and eel traps, distinctive bee skeps or hives, and "orsche backe" (buttocks) baskets and melon baskets. Many resemble baskets made in other German-American communities in Appalachia and the Midwest, but the techniques and materials used to create the Pennsylvania wares differ slightly from those found in the communities outside of Pennsylvania.

Within Pennsylvania, the four basic techniques that were employed to create baskets - either spaced-stitch bundle coiling or plain, spoked, or ribbed types of plaited construction - have added to the visual diversity of the wares. Certain Pennsylvania German communities or particular counties are often more strongly identified with one of the four basket

making methods than with the remaining three, because basket making was a tradition. Usually, each family or community concentrated on one of the four techniques, changed it slightly by habitually adding an innovative stitch or a new material, and handed down this adaptation to each following generation. As a result, many baskets can be attributed to a particular community or county simply on the basis of the basket's construction which, as with peoples' signatures, varied in identifiable ways.

Coiled baskets were popular in German communities throughout the Appalachians and the Midwest. Among the Pennsylvania Deutsch, coiled rye bee skeps or hives and bowls for raising bread dough were common. The Pennsylvania coiling technique remained basically the same as the earlier tradition from which it had evolved. A bundle of rye straw served as the foundation, and only the binding material was changed from the Europeans' willow or hazel to white oak (*Quercus alba*), which was a more prevalent material in Pennsylvania.

As a weaving material, rye straw was a good choice. Each long blade selected for use was easy to handle and required minimal preparation. Since rye straw is rot resistant and unappealing to rats and other vermin, it could be stored for months and then simply dampened to give it pliability for coiling. Rye straw was also economical. It was grown on the farm. By using this grass in basket making, after removing the head of grain, the Pennsylvania Germans could put the entire plant to good use. Its insulative value also made it a particularly good material for bee skeps, providing the bees with protection from temperature extremes.

In 1978, the Union County Oral Traditions Projects documented the makers of coiled basketry for the 19th century and for the present day. From their lists, included in **Willow, Oak and Rye**, 19th century coiled basket making seems to have predominated in Northumberland, Snyder, and Union counties. This basket making tradition appears to have died out in the early 20th century,

probably as other types of containers became readily available. Today, the skill is restricted to several self-taught individuals working at Ephrata Cloisters and the Pennsylvania Farm Museum in Lancaster County.

Most Pennsylvania German plaited baskets are made of flat oak splints and less commonly of rounded oak or naturally round willow rods. Considerable work and skill was involved in preparing flat oak splints for weaving. The Pennsylvania Germans were very particular about selecting the oak to be used as basketry splints. Not any oak tree would do. It had to be a tall, straight white oak, (*Quercus alba*) sapling, no larger than ten inches in diameter. When the appropriate tree was located, it was felled and hauled home where it was then stored in a moist place until the basket maker was ready to prepare his splints.

Rough splints were made by following a lengthy procedure. To summarize, the bark was removed, the logs were carefully split into sections, the tree's annular layers or growth rings were separated from each other, and these layers were split into long, thin splints by pulling with the grain. The basket makers then smoothed these rough splints with a draw knife (schnitzmesser) and shaving horse (schnitzelbank). Strong-handed boys often helped with this work, although it usually took the novices many months to master the woodworking skills needed to prepare a long, even splint that was both thin and smooth.

After these materials had been prepared, they were arranged in plain plaited, spoked, or ribbed configurations and were woven into baskets. The plain plaited types of construction consists of a parallel warp and a weft that intersects perpendicularly and is interwoven generally in the plain over-one/under-one interval. Flat oak splints were used to create these square and rectangular work baskets that were employed in laundering, marketing, and seed sowing, as well as in drying fruit such as apple slices or "schnitz".

Many of the 19th century baskets made here in Lycoming County were fashioned from oak splints using the plain plaited construction method. Jeanette Lasansky has found that the plain plaiting of oak splints was also practiced in 19th century Berks, Centre, Clinton, Lancaster, and Luzerne Counties. In Union County, black ash (*Fraxinus nigra*) splints were used instead of the more typical oak. Today, plain plaiting is still practiced occasionally in Berks County.

The second plaited construction type, spoked plaiting, differs from the plain plaited type only in the way in which the base of the basket is started and in the final shape of the basket. To begin the spoked plaiting technique, the centers of seven or eight splints are overlapped to create a radiating or spoke-like pattern. Weft splints are then plaited around these radiating elements, generally in an over-one/under-one interval, to form the base of the basket. New spokes are simultaneously added to increase the diameter of the base to the desired size. Once the base is tightly woven, these spokes are bent upward to form the verticle side ribs or warp elements, and plaiting continues as in plain plaited construction. This technique produces a basket with a round base and a round rim that obviously contrasts with the rectangular and square forms produced with plain plaited construction. These round baskets are often quite deep and were used when gathering berries, grapes, corn, or other farm produce. Rounded oak or willow rods were usually substituted for the flat elements when this technique was used to make large round or oval wicker plaited clothes and market baskets.

Willow, Oak and Rye lists indicate that this technique was very popular in Lycoming County, as was plain plaiting. During the 19th century, spoked plaiting was also a strong tradition in Berks, Clinton, Columbia, Juniata, Lancaster, Lebanon, Luzerne, Mifflin, Perry, Snyder and Union counties. The tradition varied somewhat from county to county; Union County basket makers generally used only rounded oak splints and basket makers in Mifflin, Perry, and Snyder

counties preferred to use willow instead of the flat oak splints that prevailed elsewhere. Today, spoked plaiting with flat oak splints survives only in Berks County.

Though plain and spoked plaiting are the simpler techniques to master, the ribbed type of construction was very popular in Pennsylvania. Two heavy flat splints, usually of oak, were formed into circles that were then put together perpendicularly, at right angles, one inside the other. The horizontal circle served as the rim of the basket while the vertical circle created the basket's bottom center rib and the handle. Other U-shaped ribs were then positioned in the base of the basket and were lashed to the intersection of the two main ribs to form the foundation of the hemispherical basket. Flat oak splints were then interwoven or plaited around these ribs using the over-one/under-one interval to create the completed basket. Most ribbed baskets are basically hemispherical, although each variant was given a different name - such as melon, cheek, or buttocks basket - depending upon its specific hemispherical shape. The sturdy rib in the center base of this basket made it especially durable, and it was often used for gathering eggs or carrying heavier goods such as potatoes.

During the 19th century, this tradition was practiced in Berks, Clinton, and Snyder counties. The Union County Oral Traditions Projects found that today this tradition survives primarily in Berks, Lebanon, Lehigh, Montgomery, and Snyder counties. The stitched finishes at the junction of the basket's rim and handle seem to vary from county to county, depending upon the particular finish each area has traditionally made. Today, ribbed basket making appears to be the most viable of the four basket making traditions in Pennsylvania.

These four basket making traditions epitomize many of the attributes of Pennsylvania German life. The basket makers wasted very little oak or rye, they worked hard to prepare oak splints and other weaving materials, and they selected only the most appropriate materials and techniques for weaving their baskets in the

traditional ways handed down through the generations. The integrity of their life style still persists through their basket making, and hopefully the renewed interest in this skill as a living tradition will help to prolong its preservation.

FOR FURTHER READING

Lasansky, Jeanette

1978 **Willow, Oak and Rye.** Lewisburg, Pennsylvania: Union County Oral Traditions Projects.

Stephenson, Susan

1977 **Basketry of the Appalachian Mountains.** New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold Co.

Teleki, Gloria Roth

1975 **The Baskets of Rural America.** New York: E. P. Dutton.



The above is an egg or berry basket of round peeled willow, wicker plaited in spoked construction. Spoked plaiting frequently was practiced in 19th century Lycoming County. But in Lycoming County, many basket makers preferred to use round oak splints instead of willow.

(photo by William A. Turnbaugh)

THE KOCH FAMILY

by Helene Ritter Snell

Upon hearing the name "Koch", Williamsporters think of beer and the well-built brick structure, Koch's Brewery on Main Street, South Williamsport.

The Koch family had a colorful and interesting background before coming to this lumber city in 1850.

For me, a great granddaughter of the original Kochs, the name of Augustinus (or later known as August Koch, Sr.) takes me to the quaint southern German village of Wurzach where he was born April 1, 1807.

Great grandfather grew to manhood in Wurzach. He became a designer and builder of large breweries and flour mills in Germany, Bavaria, Austria and Hungary.

Unrest in other parts of Europe was also found in Germany. Great grandfather enlisted in the Army for six years. After serving three years, he was discharged to design and build industrial buildings for the government.

Later he bought an island called Berg. It is located where the Neckar and Danube Rivers meet. It is near a suburb of Stuttgart. The purpose of this venture was to construct a foundry and machine shop for making parts for his water wheels and mills.

Quoting from a paper published June 23, 1833, "A mineral spring has been discovered by Augustinus Koch". This water was used in the foundry; but upon testing, it was found to have properties suitable for a health spa. Almost immediately a hotel-sanitorium with quarters for the family was built on the site. By 1842 seven hundred mineral baths a day were given in this establishment.

At this time the possibility of war was imminent. Three years in the Army were enough for great grandfather. He had

two sons, one thirteen and one aged four. He wanted to secure a place of peace where his sons and three daughters would not know the horrors of war.

The health spa was sold and plans made to go to Chili in South America. Only a few weeks before sailing it was decided to come to North America.

A ship was chartered and the Kochs sailed from Rotterdam June 15, 1850. The America-bound family consisted of great grandfather August, Sr.; his brother Franciscus; his daughter Caroline; great-grandmother Wilhelmina Ferber Koch; her sister Bernhadine (later Mrs. Erasmus Sauter) and the August Koch's five children. All set forth to the vast unknown - a new environment, strangers with a different language and customs and no assurance of livelihood.

August, Jr. was the oldest; next in age was Alvina, who became the mother of Dr. Albert Frederick Hardt, a prominent surgeon in Williamsport. Wilhemina, who was eight, later became an accomplished pianist and composer. Grandfather, Edmund, was four years of age and Rosa, who was three months old, died and was buried at sea.

Twenty-nine large wooden, iron-bound boxes, a small steam engine, a power lathe, planes, drills, machinists' tools, a piano and three violins comprised their freight on the voyage, which took 30 days to New York.

The family went to Reading, then Wilkes-Barre in search of water power for a grist mill. Finally, they came to Williamsport in November on the last canal boat trip before the winter freeze, where a large parcel of land in South Williamsport was purchased. It extended from Mountain Avenue to and included what later became Mountain Beach.

The brewing business was started before a

grist mill was constructed. Great grandfather knew nothing about making beer, except theoretical knowledge from studying technical books. Through perseverance and hard work by all family members, the brewery was a success until Prohibition.

The grist mill provided a fine recompense until the Williamsport Water Company was organized and built a reservoir about a half mile above the mill, which cut the water supply and it was the end of the existence of the grist mill. The tunnel with a brick vaulted ceiling, which used to divert water from what is now Hagerman's Run, still remains under Main Street.

By 1873 great grandfather was gone, so August, Jr. and brother Edmund were now responsible for the family. The brewing company became A. Koch and Brother and it still prospered.

August, Jr. was interested in taxidermy in Germany. He and my grandfather, Edmund, were collectors of small game, birds and insects, which they prepared and mounted. They spent many days in the woods and the collection increased; so August, Jr. had a small museum erected on Main Street in South

Williamsport. Many years later this structure was purchased and used by the Second Ward Fire Company. Uncle August's collection was sold to the Everhart Museum in Scranton after his death. He was among the world-known ornithologists and was a member of American and European scientific societies. The 1906 History of Lycoming County by Collins and Jordan states that the collection was the finest display of stuffed birds and quadrupeds in Pennsylvania.

Grandfather and his brother were both artists. Uncle August was a fine oil painter, especially of bird subjects.

Edmund Gustav, my grandfather, was educated at Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie along the Hudson River, New York. He was one of the original organizers of the Board of Trade. With Senator Charles Sones and D.W. Thomas, he established the Bank of South Williamsport.

This family sketch concludes with the story of the generation born across the sea. Their traits and talents have been passed on to their descendants in the form of writing, music, painting, dexterity and the appreciation of beauty found in nature.



GRAND JURY LIST SEPTEMBER 1816

| | <u>Occupation</u> | <u>Place of Residence</u> |
|----------------------|-------------------|---------------------------|
| Joseph Whitacre | Farmer | Muncy Township |
| John Austin | Farmer | Mifflin Township |
| William Miller | Farmer | Washington Township |
| Alexander Scott | Farmer | Loyalsock Township |
| William Tweed | Merchant | Dunnstable Township |
| John Parker | Farmer | Mifflin Township |
| Matthew Adams | Farmer | Mifflin Township |
| Thomas Mayberry | Farmer | Lycoming Township |
| Thomas Cumings | Farmer | Dunnstable Township |
| John Farnsworth | Farmer | Muncy Township |
| Edward McCreary | Farmer | Lycoming Township |
| John Millen | Farmer | Pine Creek Township |
| John Salmon | Farmer | Mifflin Township |
| Adam King, Sen. | Farmer | Mifflin Township |
| James Turk | Farmer | Washington Township |
| Elijah Johnston | Farmer | Muncy Creek Township |
| James White | Wheelwright | Muncy Creek Township |
| John Opp | Farmer | Muncy Creek Township |
| Oliver Watson | Farmer | Loyalsock Township |
| Fredrick Shick | Mason | Muncy Township |
| Abel White | Farmer | Washington Township |
| Samuel Shoemaker | Farmer | Muncy Creek Township |
| Joseph Warner | Farmer | Muncy Township |
| James Collins | Merchant | Mifflin Township |
| John Carothers | Farmer | Loyalsock Township |
| Anthony Moore, Esq. | Millwright | Lycoming Township |
| Cornelius Corson | Farmer | Loyalsock Township |
| Benjamin Shoemaker | Farmer | Muncy Creek Township |
| Peter Vandebelt, Jr. | Blacksmith | Williamsport |
| Christian Hollar | Farmer | Muncy Creek Township |
| John Bennett | Farmer | Mifflin Township |
| William Talbert | Farmer | Muncy Creek Township |
| John Uhl | Blacksmith | Muncy Creek Township |
| Reeder King | Farmer | Washington Township |
| John Hollar | Saddler | Muncy Creek Township |
| Samuel Donnel | Carpenter | Mifflin Township |
| Jacob Shoemaker, Jr. | Farmer | Muncy Township |
| Zacheus Lea | Farmer | Pine Creek Township |
| George Tome | Farmer | Mifflin Township |
| James Hiskey | Farmer | Loyalsock Township |
| Thomas Smith | Farmer | Moreland Township |

| | <u>Occupation</u> | <u>Place of Residence</u> |
|----------------------|-------------------|---------------------------|
| Nathaniel Hanna | Farmer | Dunnstable Township |
| Andrew Marshall | Farmer | Mifflin Township |
| William Starr | Farmer | Loyalsock Township |
| John Baker | Farmer | Muncy Creek Township |
| John King, Jr. | Farmer | Mifflin Township |
| Henry Bryan | Millwright | Lycoming Township |
| Leonard Pfoutz | Farmer | Mifflin Township |
| Sherer W. Montgomery | Farmer | Wayne Township |
| Adam Waggoner | Farmer | Loyalsock Township |
| Issac Bodine | Farmer | Mifflin Township |
| John Lusk | Farmer | Bald Eagle Township |
| Benjamin Pidcock | Farmer | Loyalsock Township |
| George Dyche | Blacksmith | Williamsport |
| Daniel Hill | Farmer | Muncy Township |
| George Derr | Farmer | Moreland Township |
| Andrew F. Laird | Saddler | Williamsport |
| Claudius English | Farmer | Brown Township |
| Thomas Pareson | Farmer | Muncy Creek Township |
| Thomas Hays | Farmer | Williamsport |
| Samuel Landon | Farmer | Loyalsock Township |
| John Keagle | Farmer | Lycoming Township |
| Alexander Beaty | Farmer | Nippenose Township |
| William King | Farmer | Lycoming Township |
| Benjamin Jones | Blacksmith | Muncy Township |
| Daniel Tallman | Shoemaker | Williamsport |
| Ebenezer Elliott | Cooper | Muncy Creek Township |
| William Chandler | Farmer | Loyalsock Township |
| Joseph King | Farmer | Lycoming Township |
| Samuel Morris | Farmer | Moreland Township |
| George Updegraff | Farmer | Lycoming Township |
| John Vandine | Farmer | Moreland Township |

Arthur McKesson, Sheriff
September 2, 1816



**PROGRAMME
MUSICALE**

Monday Evening, June 9th, 1884
- Residence of Mrs. Peter Herdic -

PART I.

1. Overture - Jubilee, Bach
Stopper and Fisk Orchestra
2. Solo - Amalie, Abt
James P. Herdic
3. Solo - Love's Delight, Abt
Mrs. Davis
4. Quintette - I Capuleti Bellini
Miss Hitchcock, Mrs. Starkweather,
C. Linn Herrick, Richard Young, J. Fred Chatham
5. Solo - The Winged Messengers, Fesca
Cora Ayres
6. Solo - Waltz Song, Blake
Mrs. Stowell
7. Selections - Ernani, Verdi
Stopper and Fisk Orchestra

PART II.

1. Anthem - Christ Our Passover, Hodges
Trinity Church Choir
2. Solo - Daisy Song, Gatty
Miss Hitchcock
3. Solo - 'Twas no Vision, I Lombardi, Verdi
Marion Ruch
4. Duet - 6th Variation (Piano and Violin), DeBeriot
Mrs. Herdic, Valentine Stopper
5. Quartette - Angels Roll the Rock Away, J. R. Thomas
Miss Ruch, Mrs. Stowell, W. T. Andrews, H. H. Cummin
6. Solo - "You", Steinhagen
Miss Dodge
7. Solo - I Will be True to Thee, Foster
Charles E. Gleim
8. March - Patrol of the Guard, Markstein
Stopper and Fisk Orchestra

Please maintain perfect silence during the rendering of the music.

**TO THE REPASZ BAND
1831 - 1931**

This poem was included in the Programme booklet for the 100th Anniversary of the Repasz Band. It was written by Clayton Spicer, a local artist and printer.

You who have heard on the distant air
A bugle's voice and wondered there,
Catch the first notes from the ancient hall
That down the length of a century fall.

Faint but clear as the notes of a fife,
Away back there in Thirty-one;
J. L. Mussina gave them life —
The martial tunes were then begun

That cheered the boys through the Civil War,
And helped to win the fuss with Spain,
Then in the midst of the World's distress
They served to defend the Flag again.

The sound of the music nearer grows —
Hear the pulsing throb of the eager drum!
Up to the curbstones the massed crowd flows
As swinging down the years they come!

Dan Repasz hearkens. His faith inspired,
And we hear him cheer with us to-day —
This is the glory his name has sired —
"The oldest, the best in the U. S. A.!"

To the tune of "Tannenbaum"

Land of beauty; land of wealth,
Native Pennsylvania.
Land of culture; land of health,
Native Pennsylvania.
With rivers broad and fertile dales
With mountains grand and beauteous vales,
Oh thy splendor never pales
Native Pennsylvania.

In the van thy soldiers marched
Loyal Pennsylvania.
Keystone of the Union Arch,
Loyal Pennsylvania.
With the field of Brandywine,
Valley Forge, the Nation's Shrine,
Gettysburg, all these are thine,
Loyal Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania, famous state,
Noble Pennsylvania.
God hath made thee strong and great,
Noble Pennsylvania.
Virtue be thy constant guide,
Liberty with thee abide,
Independence be thy pride,
Noble Pennsylvania.