



THE
JOURNAL
OF THE
LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOLUME II
NUMBER SIX

SPRING
1963

the JOURNAL of the
LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY IN WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

MR. JAMES P. BRESSLER, PRESIDENT
DR. LLOYD E. WURSTER, 1ST. VICE PRESIDENT
MR. RICHARD L. MIX, 2ND. VICE PRESIDENT
DR. R. MAX GINGRICH, 3RD. VICE PRESIDENT
MR. W. CLYDE HARER, TREASURER
MRS. HENRY P. PERCIBALLI, SECRETARY

DIRECTORS 1962-1964
MR. WILLIAM R. SIMS
MR. KENNETH D. RHONE
MRS. JAMES B. HUFFMAN

DIRECTORS 1961-1963
MISS MARGARET B. CORYELL
DR. LEROY F. DERR
MR. SAMUEL DORNSIFE
MR. GIBSON ANTES (ADVISORY)
MR. MORRIS H. HOUSEL (ADVISORY)
MISS MARIAN MAYNARD (REPORTER)

EX OFFICIO
MR. FRANK W. BRUNNER

EDITOR
MR. L. RODMAN WURSTER

ASSISTANT EDITOR
SUSAN E. DAVIS

Extra Copies of The Journal Fifty Cents Each

C O N T E N T S

President's Message 3
History of Reno Post No. 64 4
The Little Red Schoolhouse — by Kathy Hagen 6
Stump Pulling in Cogan House Township — by Berton E. Beck, D. D. S. 7
Unveiling of Little Red Schoolhouse Museum 18
The Newman School — by James Bressler 19
Our Lack of Civic Pride in Pennsylvania. Especially in Lycoming County
and the Susquehanna Valley — by W. B. Emery 21
Junior Historians Aid in Preservation of Newman School 23

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Although we had hoped to be well along in a fund raising campaign by this time we believe everyone will understand the decision to postpone this drive until next year. This was done with reluctance but also upon the advice of our fund raising consultants who are experienced in such matters, and who realize the possibilities of failure in light of the current campaign by the industrial group. We need to take as few risks as possible, for once committed to a fund campaign, our plans can be realized by no other means, and to be only partially successful is no success at all.

In this impatient waiting period our membership has maintained a virile and going organization under great handicap. For help in these trying times we thank among others, the Brown Library and the Acacia Club for providing meeting places. Our indoor meetings and board meetings go on as always to keep the organization intact and readied for the job ahead.

Our journal has been a coherent influence as the voice of the Society. It gives permanence to many of the historical traditions of Lycoming County for which our group and our sister Society at Muncy have taken a responsibility. Rod Wurster and his staff are doing a service through the journal for which there is no substitute.

In plotting the direction for the Lycoming Historical Society to take to achieve our goal, we might give thought at this time to these needs as being most urgent.

1. To marshal our community leadership behind our fund raising appeal next year, and to dedicate ourselves to this same cause. Now is the time to begin.
2. To create a permanent trust fund, even with modest beginnings, for the new building and the activities it will make possible.
3. To present opportunities for creative activities within our organization for such youth groups as the Junior Historians, and to encourage their membership in our society.
4. To revise and adopt a constitution geared to our enlarged responsibilities.
5. To put on our overalls and begin restoring and repacking our museum assets now stored in the barn to prevent deterioration. Moths and rust can cost us dearly.
6. To build the image of what the new Lycoming Historical Museum can mean to our county so that the people generally will want this facility as badly as we do and will be willing to support it.

Judging by the devotion and enthusiasm of our officers and membership, there is little doubt about the willingness to assume this responsibility.

James P. Bressler

HISTORY OF RENO POST NO. 64

Department of Pennsylvania G.A.R. as prepared by Past Post Commander Frank J. Burrows and read at a meeting of Reno Post and others at the Court House, Williamsport, Pa.

April 6, 1891, the 26th Anniversary of the G. A. R.

The active campaigning of the great armies of the Union, which had been created for the purpose of subduing the rebellious element of our country, preserving intact our Republican institutions, and Union of the States, closed with the exciting and victorious results at Appomattox in April 1865. Our immense armies composed of volunteers from the North, embraced men of all classes, in all walks of life: The laborer, the farmer boy, the minister, and, in fact, of all professions.

These men varied in age from the reckless boy of seventeen, and the more mature of forty years, but all were animated with the same loyal determination to do their best in maintaining the Supremacy of the Stars and Stripes.

The exposure of camp life, the weary march and deadly battle, drew these men toward each other, and formed friendships and attachments that will be severed only when the last of those who participated in these memorable army scenes shall have been summoned to answer to the last roll call.

During the summer of 1865, when peace had been conquered, and the starry emblem of our country, again proudly waved over every part of our preserved country, the many thousands of soldiers who had participated in the thrilling scenes of four years of gigantic war, were mustered out of the military service and the great armies dissolved.

Warm friendships and strong ties still existed among these men who had shared a common danger. For the better preservation and continuation of these warm attachments and social inclinations a few genial companions, who one evening had gathered in a comrade's office in the central part of Illinois, conceived the idea of forming an association to be composed of soldiers and sailors who had served in the Union army during the war of the great rebellion, and who had been honorably dis-

charged from the service, said organization to be known as the Grand Army of the Republic.

The announcement struck a responsive chord and soon the response was sent back; this little band was to go ahead with the work. Rapidly local organizations known as Posts were organized throughout our Northern States. Now there are but few localities within the United States that do not have a local organization. Even Alaska, Sandwich Isles, and Australia have G.A.R. Posts.

Early in the year 1867 a number of comrades of this city, deeming it not only their privilege and pleasure, but their duty, applied for and obtained a charter for a Post. June 5, 1867, the comrades composing the membership of the new post were mustered by Comrade W. W. Seitzenberger, division mustering officer. Among the comrades who were charter members appear the names of W. M. Jones, James Corcoran, William Slack, J. W. Parsons, G. W. Collings and Frank J. Burrows. Comrade T. L. Case was chosen first commander, and the Post was numbered 64; at that time names were not given. For a short time the meetings were held in the Red Mens room, in the building owned by J. B. Wall, at the corner of West Third and West Streets, but soon removed to Good Templars Hall, in the DuBois building opposite the jail.

One of the most positive principles of the order, was that it should not as an organization, participate in politics.

Comrade G. W. Perkins succeeded as Post Commander in 1869 and during this year, when political clouds obscured the sky, when President Johnson occupied the White House, and our lamented Comrade U. S. Grant, General of the Army, was acting as Secretary of War, much bitter political feeling existed. Unscrupulous persons endeavored to use the Grand Army for selfish political purpose, creating a disturbance among the comrade, and a lack

of confidence with the citizens.

Many Posts throughout the country disbanded at this time, and among the number was Post 64, which surrendered its charter October 15, 1869.

In the Spring of 1873 the interest was again revived when Chas. W. Wall and Joseph Andrews called around them another party of veterans, the charter of Post 64 was renewed, May 5, 1873. Comrade R. B. Beath Department Commander mustered the new Post, which then adopted the name of Teno's in honor of General Jesse S. Teno, killed in action at South Mountain. Joseph Andrews was chosen Commander, and was succeeded by Stuahton George, who served one year and was succeeded by W. Ted Teeles, who was Commander January 13, 1876, at which time the Post disbanded the second time.

The desire among the many earnest veterans was still strongly evinced to continue a G. A. R. Post in this city. Comrade J. J. Galbraith interested himself, and after untiring effort the charter was again renewed, and the charter members of the present Reno Post No. 64 were called together in the law office of Comrade James B. Denworth, corner of Third and Market Streets, and were mustered by Frank J. Burrows, then Inspector of the Department of Pennsylvania. A. W. Stead was selected as first Commander.

Recruiting for a time was slow and frequently members were induced to attend post meetings through personal solicitation of officers, in order that a quorum might be secured to transact necessary business.

In a few months recruits began to seek admission, and the meetings were held a few times on third floor of Powell Bank, Northwest corner Market Square, from which it moved to Third floor in the building now occupied by The Wire Buckle Suspender Co., opposite the Court House.

Comrade W. C. Sprague was Second Commander and served three years, during which time many recruits were added, and the Post became firmly established. Comrade I. N. Kline wielded the gavel as Commander during the year 1881, at which time Post was meeting in the O. U. A. M. Hall on Market Street. Comrade James B. Dentworth as Commander, presided at the meetings during 1882 and was succeeded by Comrade Silas Macey Smith in 1883.

Comrade David R. Foresman assumed the duties of Commander in January 1884.

Previous to this time the matter of burying indigent soldiers in Potters Field had attracted the attention of Comrades of the Post. A resolution was passed asking the Trustees of Wildwood Cemetery to donate a plot of ground in said cemetery for the purpose of providing a last resting place for such soldiers.

The resolution was kindly received, and the Trustees generously agreed to donate a plot, of certain dimensions to the Post. The gift was accepted, but not deeming the lot of sufficient size for the large number that might be buried there, additional lots were purchased, resulting in a need for a circular plot one hundred feet in diameter. During 1884 with Comrade D. R. Foresman as Commander, it was published that the Post desired to remove from Potters Field all soldiers who were buried therein, and for the purpose of defraying this heavy expense a Fair would be held. Appeals were made to our citizens, who responded cheerfully, and through our merchants and others, many valuable articles were received.

The Fair was a success, our citizens contributing liberally, and all seemed anxious to contribute their mite. Nearly \$5,000 was the result of this undertaking, and the work of removing the dead soldiers from Potters Field and lot in Wildwood Cemetery was completed in 1885, at an expense of several hundred dollars. The Cemetery lot was graded, requiring between 400 and 500 wagon loads of earth hauled some distance. Frank J. Burrows was elected Commander in January 1885, and during this year over one hundred recruits were added to the membership including many of our most prominent professional and business men. The Post for three years had been meeting in a building on Market Square owned by A. S. Rhoads. The increase in membership demanded increased room, and April First 1885 the third floor in Jamison building was occupied. The room had been fitted up and furnished at an expense of \$1,000 and was pronounced one of the finest and handsomest Post rooms of the country. The Post had now become a chartered organization. During the year a contract had been made for the erection of a soldiers Monument in Post lot at Wildwood Cemetery. Company "G" Twelfth Regiment

N.G.P. very generously donated \$500 toward this object. The foundation for a monument was constructed. Comrade William Seveeley took command of Post during 1884. May 30th of this year, the handsome granite monument which adorns the Post burial lot in Wildwood Cemetery was unveiled with impressive ceremonies. With the erection of head stones to the many graves, the work on burial was now complete. The cost of the lot, including purchase of space, grading, flag stone walks, foundation for, and erection of the monument was, in round figures, \$5,000.

1887 found Comrade William N. Jones, past Senior Vice Department Commander, occupying the office of Commander, and additions to membership continued. Comrade Daniel Seongrdorf presided as chief officer during 1888 and was followed by Comrade Thomas Dinan in 1889. Comrade William M. DuForr called the Post to order during the year 1890, and in January last, the present active Commander Comrade David Bly was installed as Commander.

The membership of this Post includes many of our most respected citizens and active business men, soldiers whose service, represents the various military branches, campaigns throughout all Departments and many of the most saryurnay battle, fought by the different group Military Divisions of the Army and Navy.

The Department officials have frequently honored the Post by appointment of comrades to membership on important committees.

In 1882 Comrade W. M. Jones was

chosen to the second position in the Department, that of senior vice Department Commander. Five hundred and twenty three comrades have been mustered, and the Post now has a membership of three hundred and sixty. While it is not a beneficial organization, much relief has been extended to unfortunate comrades. Since organization of the Post, \$3000 has been expended from the Post Relief Fund. In addition to this a series of "Pound Parties" have been held, at which large quantities of supplies have been received and distributed to those who were worthy. In this way it is estimated that at a low figure, one thousand dollars in groceries has been distributed. In all these entertainments the public has been most liberal. In the Post room many articles of value and beauty have been collected and adorn the surroundings. The Post points with pride to the soldiers monument in the Post Section at Wildwood, and feels that if nothing more had been accomplished, that of itself is much. While much has been done much remains undone, it has always been a cardinal principle to act honestly and in good faith with the public, to fulfill all promises made, and to conduct ourselves and business of the Post in such manner as to command the respect and confidence of our citizens.

During the twenty-five years of the organization of the G. A. R. and fourteen of the present Reno Post, many of our comrades have pitched their tents on the silent camping ground, and when we look into the future twenty-five years hence, we pause in silence.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

By Kathy Hagen

The little Red Schoolhouse, like the horse and buggy, is becoming a dim historical memory. Once upon a time, it was the hub of the community, the haven of learning, and the wellspring of all the virtues. Our forefathers there learned the three R's, and the lessons of life that made them the leaders of America for a century and a half.

Unforgettable was the long walk through winter rain and snow over miles of muddy roads. These were some reasons why the products of the Little Red School House were often so successful. Education came the hard way, you didn't take it lightly, and it stuck with you.

STUMP PULLING IN COGAN HOUSE TOWNSHIP 1890 - 1930

By Berton E. Beck, D. D. S.

The removal of the large stumps on the farms in Cogan House Township between 1890 and 1930 was the last episode in converting the virgin forest into arable land. When the fields were cleared they were full of stumps of all sizes and the ground, instead of being smooth as we see the fields today, was rough and uneven with many knolls and hollow places. Beneath the surface of the ground, the many roots of the stumps were intertwined, making a veritable network.

Within five years the natural process of decay had destroyed many of the smaller roots and decayed the tops of the smaller stumps. By burning these stumps and pulling the remaining roots with a team, the smaller stumps could be gotten out of the ground.

By 1890, many of the fields had been cleared twenty years and more, and the small stumps were gone, leaving the very large stumps of hemlock, chestnut and pine. It would have required another twenty years to decay the hemlock and chestnut stumps so they could be gotten rid of by the former methods. The white pine stumps seemed to never decay and would have remained there for many more years.

An idea of the size of pine and hemlock stumps when virgin forests were cut may be had from the following pictures.

Picture No. 1 shows the roots of one large and several newly-pulled pine stumps that were pulled on the farm of Oliver Brewer about 1920. A few years before his death, Mr. Brewer lent me the picture so I could have this copy made. Mr. Brewer is shown perched high on the roots of the largest stump with a big root extending above him. To one with a lurid imagination, the sight of a field full of pulled stumps might be a suitable subject for a nightmare.

Pictures No. 2, 3, and 4 of stumps in the woods were taken in August, 1962.

Picture No. 2 is of a pine stump in the woods of Stanley Livermore, where it has been a stump for about seventy-five years.

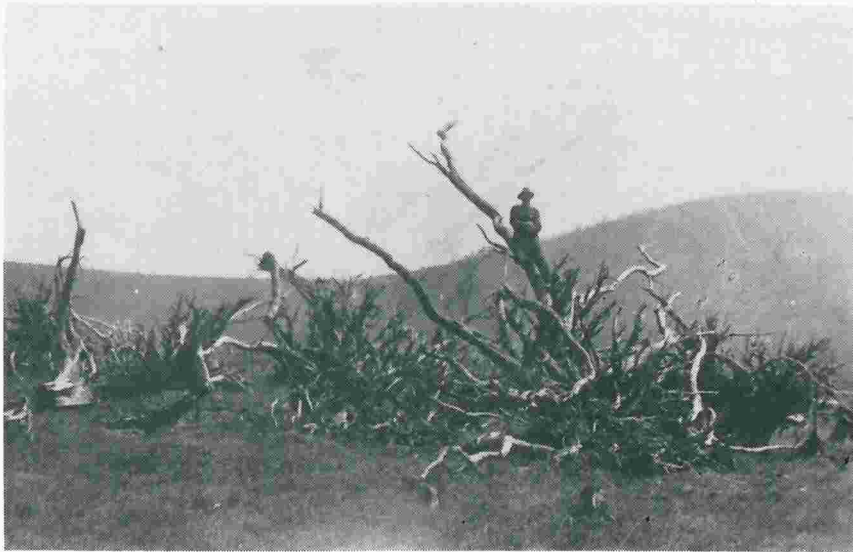
Burned in numerous forest fires and ravaged by time, it still is a big stump measuring fourteen feet in circumference. How much bigger it was when the tree was cut is anyone's guess.

Pictures No. 3 and 4 are of two hemlock stumps in the woods of Allan Taylor, cut about 1940. Since that time the stumps have not decayed very much, as the bark is still intact. These two stumps are each three feet and three inches in diameter, and years ago they would have been considered about average in size. I have been told that occasionally hemlock stumps are six feet in diameter, and I would not dispute the statement.

I have no idea of the number of large stumps on an acre, but to the farmers of 1890 there were far too many for the efficient use of the newer farm equipment. Coming on the market were better plows, harrows, and cultivators, as well as grain drills for sowing small grains such as wheat, oats, and buckwheat. These new drills had three compartments, one each for grain, grass seed, and fertilizer. Formerly, sowing these three items was three operations, but now they could all be sown simultaneously. The self binder for harvesting the grain was perfected, as well as bigger and better mowing machines, a side delivery hay rake, and a hay loader. To use this new machinery those big stumps in the field would need to be gotten out of the way.

In an early period of civilization, men had learned of the power of levers and were also aware of the great force derived from ropes running through two sets of pulleys as in tackle blocks. These principles were used in two different stump pulling machines, known as the lever and upright machines.

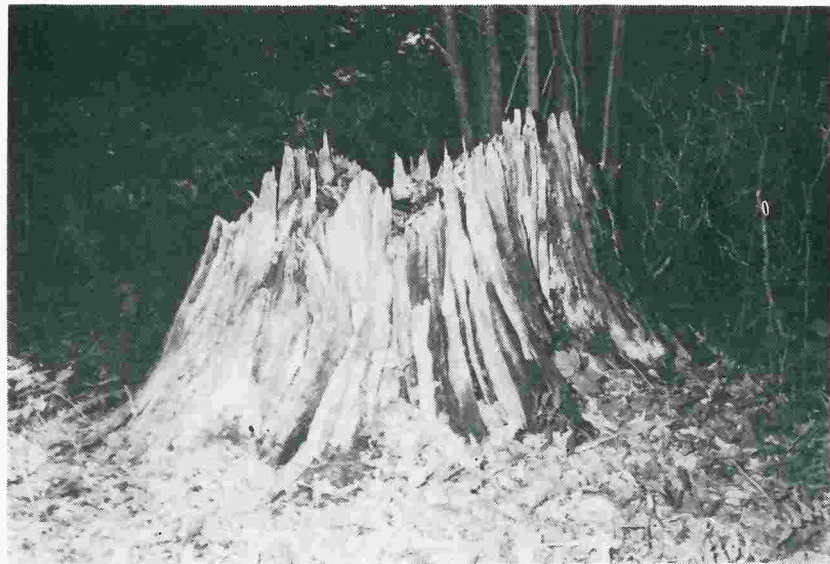
I have not been able to learn when and by whom these two types of machines were devised, but both were used in Liberty Valley before being used in Cogan House Township, about 1890. I personally know of three lever machines owned by Michael Mitstifer, Ira Persun, and Jeremiah Alex-



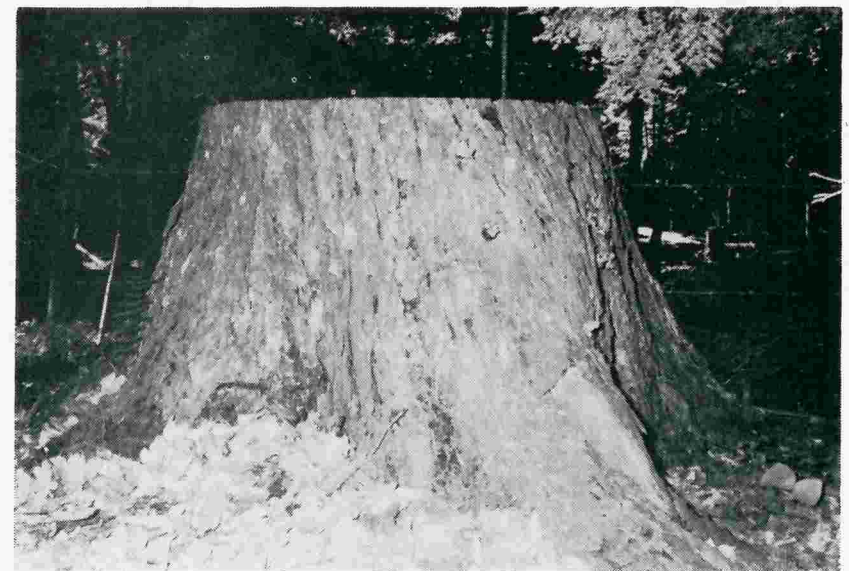
Picture No. 1



Picture No. 3



Picture No. 2



Picture No. 4

ander, and I have been told that Charles Williamson of Salladasburg used his lever machine to pull stumps on some of the farms at Brookside.

Upright machines were owned by Charles Messner, George Whittig, Robert Caldwell, Christian Ducotey, Samuel Litzleman, Rudolph Christ, and Bud Baumgartner. Parts of the latter's machine are stored in the barn on the farm of Robert Shoup, formerly owned by Mr. Baumgartner.

There may have been other stump pulling machines in the township, but at present I do not know of them. These eleven machines pulled a lot of big stumps, not only on their owners' farms, but on their neighbors' farms as well.

About 1900 dynamite came into common use in the township, and many big stumps were removed by blasting. Frequently dynamite was used in conjunction with the machines, as a small charge exploded under a stump loosened it, making its removal much easier.

The use of the lever machine required an anchor stump, and since the overall length of the rods and chains would determine the working area of the machine, a centrally located stump was selected as the anchor stump, with the lever attached to it by a heavy chain. The chain fitted around the stump loosely to give some free movement to the lever.

The lever, sawed from the bole of a white oak tree, was thirty feet long and eleven by fourteen inches square at the big end, but tapered to five by six inches square at the small end. Four feet from the big end was the fulcrum point, where on the back of the lever a ring was attached by which the chain fastened the lever to the anchor stump.

On the front side of the lever were six take-up links, with three links on either side of the fulcrum point. The two center links were spaced eighteen inches apart, each one being nine inches from the fulcrum point. The other take-up links were all spaced twelve inches apart. Using the two center links gave the greatest leverage, and using the links farthest from the fulcrum point gave the least leverage.

A chain about twenty feet long, made of large links and called the take-up chain, was attached to a take-up link on the lever by a take-up hook.

The take-up hook was really a device ending in two hooks. A rectangular piece of steel ended in a hook to engage a take-up link on the lever; the opposite end of this rectangular piece of steel had a short rod about two feet long connected to it by a swivel joint. This short rod ended in a hook to engage a link of the take-up chain. There were two of these take-up hooks, used alternately, as the lever moved forward and backward. These hooks were very heavy, and a man was needed to change them as the lever reached the end of its progress forward or backward. This man had the most dangerous job of all the men working in the crew.

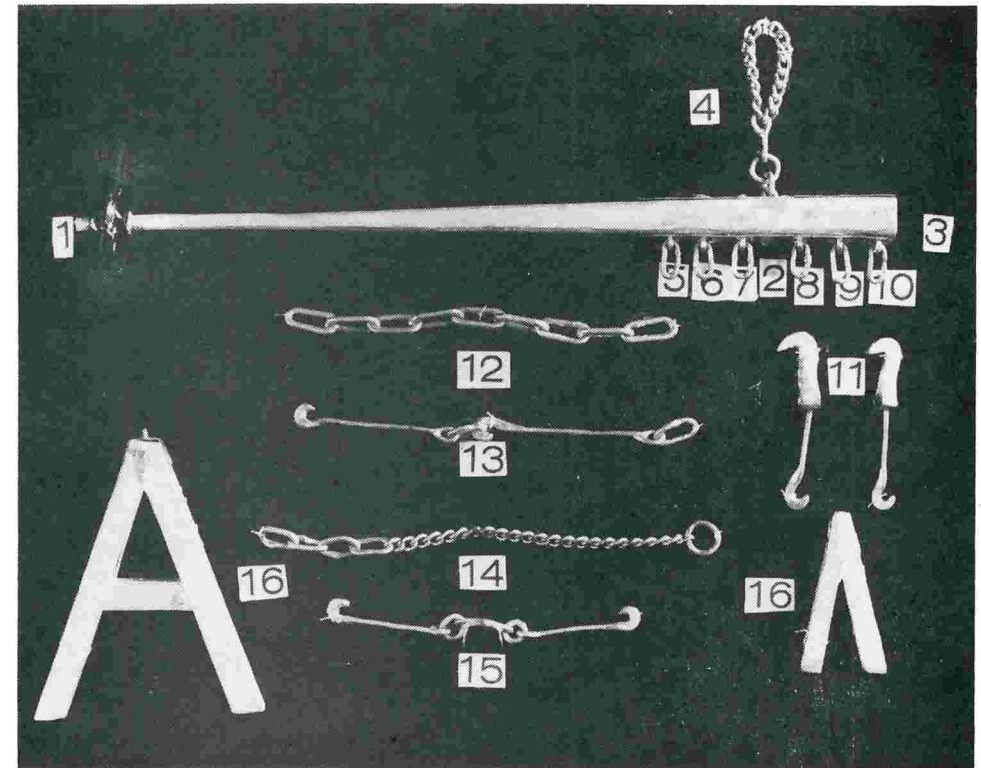
To complete the connection from the take-up chain to the chain around a root of the stump to be pulled, there was a series of steel rods, varying in length from four to sixteen feet. Each rod ended in a hook, with an eye and an eight inch link at the opposite end. The hook engaged the last link in the take-up chain, and the hook of the second rod engaged the link of the first rod, thus making an extended connection from the lever to the chain around the root of the stump.

To give the machine vertical as well as horizontal force, the rods were elevated at the stump by passing them over the top of an A frame of wood, set directly in front of the stump. The top of this A frame was covered by a steel plate with a steel pin an inch in diameter and a couple of inches long extending upward. Over this steel plate was placed a saddle, having a hole in it to fit over the extended pin. On each side of the saddle was a short rod ending in a hook, one rod to engage the link of the long connecting rod, and the other hook to make the connection to the chain around the root.

On a large stump the best results were obtained by exposing a root, digging a hole under it to place a chain and connecting this chain to the saddle. A small stump that was not too badly decayed might be removed by encircling the stump with a chain attached to the saddle. But often this was not successful, and then a root would have to be exposed and the chain attached to it.

The rods and chains were made of steel one inch and a quarter thick, said to be Swedish steel.

On the front end of the lever where the



Picture No. 5

team was hitched, there was a wheel to keep the lever from rubbing on the ground as the lever was dragged forward and backward.

There was an assortment of hand tools with the machine, such as an axe, shovels, grubbing hoes, picks, and a number of crowbars. Some of the crowbars were made of light steel about three quarters of an inch thick, and ending in a wide chisel-shaped blade. A couple of these light crowbars had the end shaped like a spoon and were called spoons. These spoons were useful in digging holes under the roots, but all these hand tools were used in digging the earth from the roots of the pulled stumps.

Picture No. 5 shows the working parts of a model of the lever machine, and picture No. 6 is of the model assembled and in working order. None of the parts of the model is made to scale as to length of parts or thickness of materials, and most of these metal parts are made of copper wire.

Following are the names of the parts shown in picture No. 5.

- 1-3—the thirty foot lever
- 2—the fulcrum point of the lever
- 4—the chain around the anchor stump
- 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10—the take-up links
- 11—the two take up hooks
- 12—the take-up chain
- 13—two connecting rods
- 14—the chain to place around a root
- 15—the saddle to fit over the A frame
- 16—two A frames, a short and a longer one

Picture No 7 is of a model of the upright machine using the principle of force derived from the tackle blocks. My model is not perfect, for I do not have sufficient mechanical ability to make a replica accurate in every detail. However, I hope the picture will enable the reader to visualize and understand the working principles of the machine.

I remember seeing an upright machine in a field but never saw one in operation.

The little I know of them I have read or been told by people who had helped in their use. I know there was a tripod made of heavy timbers with a set of tackle blocks suspended from the apex of the tripod. Three pulleys were in each block, with a chain rather than a rope running through the pulleys.

Two of the legs of the tripod rested on a long skid, and the other leg rested on a short skid. With a team hitched to the long skid and a single horse hitched to the short skid, the machine could be moved about the field. In this manner it was dragged astride the stump to be pulled.

A large root of the stump was exposed, a hole dug under it, and a chain placed around the root. This chain connected with a hook on the lower block of the tackle block set.

Between two legs of the tripod, in a horizontal position, was a shaft with a reel at one end. On this reel a rope was wound, and when a horse pulled on the rope, the reel and shaft turned, winding on the shaft the chain coming from the tackle blocks, thus lifting the stump from the ground.

With this machine was a set of hand tools like those with the lever machine to remove the earth from the roots. On a large stump, one side was raised high enough to remove the earth from the roots on that side; then the stump was lowered to the ground and the other side raised and the roots cleaned.

The force of the upright machine was dependent on the size of the pulleys, the shaft, and the reel. I have not been able to learn what this lifting force was in pounds or tons, but it must have been very great for there were many exceedingly large pine stumps removed by the machine. The force exerted by the lever machine as described above is determined by an engineering formula to equal seventeen and one-third tons, and I would presume the force of the upright machine was the same. I know both were very powerful and both removed many big stumps. I imagine the initial cost of the lever machine was considerably more than that of the upright machine, and this may have been the reason there were more of the latter machines in the township.

Blasting was used only occasionally before 1900, exploding a few sticks of dynamite under a big stump to loosen it before using

either of the two machines. After 1900 dynamite was often used to blast stumps where they were scattered in the field. Frequently roots and pieces of the stumps remained and these were pulled out with a team. If a large part of the stump was left, another charge of dynamite might be needed.

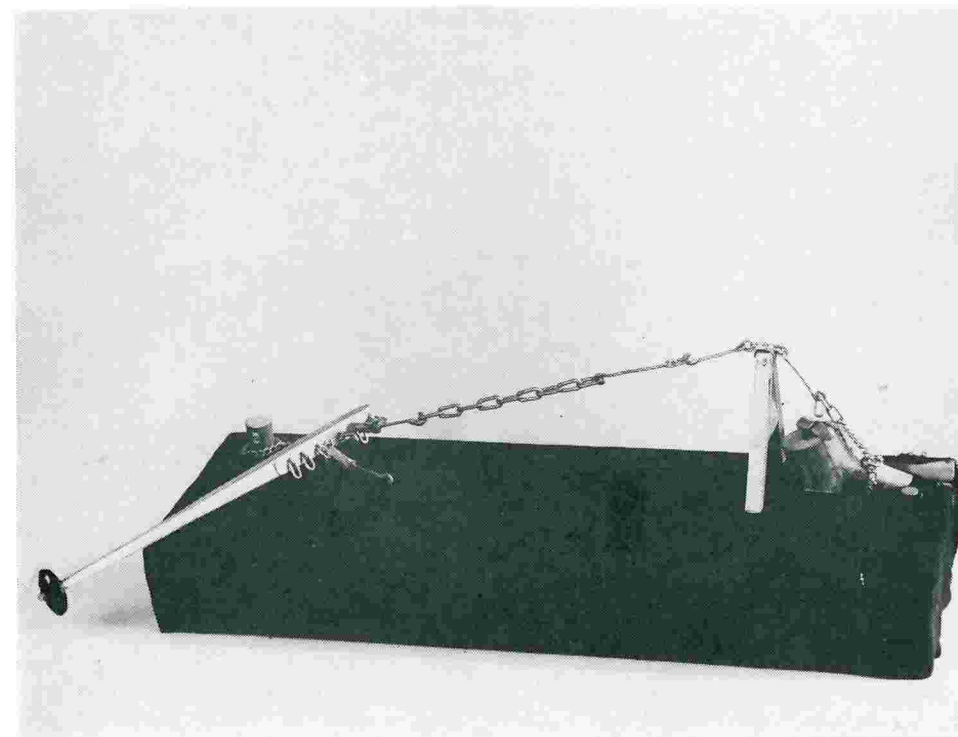
The dynamite was a yellow granular compound, with a binder incorporated in it, wrapped in a tough oiled paper to keep it in the form of a cylinder about an inch thick and six inches long. To place a charge under a stump, a crowbar was used to make a hole under the center of the stump. The hole went down on a slant, five or six feet deep. It was very discouraging to get the hole almost finished only to be stopped by a stone or a big root. In that case another hole was started.

If there were to be four sticks of dynamite in the charge, three were carefully placed in the bottom of the hole, and the fourth stick was specially prepared by having a detonating cap and fuse attached. The cap was a copper tube about an inch long, but closed at the base where the explosive was located. The burning fuse ignited the explosive in the cap, causing the whole charge of dynamite to explode.

To attach the fuse and cap together, the open end of the cap was slipped over the end of the fuse, and to hold it in place, a pair of pincers was used to crimp the sides of the cap tight to the fuse. I have often heard men kid each other about using their teeth to crimp the cap, but never saw anyone do it that way. To fasten the fuse and cap to the dynamite, the paper that was folded over the end of the stick was opened and a knife blade used to make a hole in the dynamite. The fuse and cap were pushed into this hole, the paper adjusted and tied around the fuse with a piece of string.

This stick of dynamite was then placed in the hole to rest on the other dynamite, with about six inches of the fuse extending from the hole. Damp fine earth was packed in the hole around the fuse to make a tight seal. Once the charge was loaded, everyone got far enough away to be safe; the operator lit the fuse, then he too scampered to safety. There was really no need for him to hurry for it took several moments for the fuse to burn down to the dynamite.

Apparently large stumps were a prob-



Picture No. 6

lem to farmers from Maine to Washington, and other types of stumping machines were used in various places. Frank Flaugh of Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, told me that his father in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, hired a neighbor with his stumping machine to pull a lot of pine stumps. This machine, in the form of a large jack, was made of heavy timbers and set up over the stump. The frame was a tetrapod, with a platform of heavy beams placed on top of the four legs. A steel rod, possibly four to six inches thick and six to eight feet long, was square threaded the entire length. This rod extended down through a hole in the top platform and ended in a flattened piece with a hole in it to engage a chain around a root of the stump. A large nut was placed on the end of the threaded rod extending through the top platform; by turning this nut, the rod was raised, lifting the stump. The wrench for turning the nut was made from the bole of a small tree that had a natural curve in it. At the thick end was an iron receptacle to fit over the nut. The curved bole allowed the small end to hang

down within a few feet of the ground, and here a horse was hitched to travel in a circle around the jack.

Another type of machine made use of a capstan set on a frame of heavy timbers and anchored to another stump. The barrel of the capstan had an arm to which a horse was hitched. When the horse walked in a circle around the capstan, the cable coming from the stump to be pulled was wound around the barrel.

Mrs. William Cockburn of New York City recently told me she had been reared on a farm in Washington, and her father used a capstan to pull stumps and also to move his house to a new location.

About 1916, Halbert Powers Gillette wrote *A Handbook on Clearing Land* to prepare cut over land for agriculture during the first World War. He cites the use of the lever stumping machine and capstan using the wire cables for all connections.

Mr. Bert Mase of Tioga County showed me a stone or root hook that was apparently made by a local blacksmith. It was made from a rectangular piece of steel, and shaped

like the letter "J", with a chain attached to the top of the "J". When I asked him about the hook, he told me it was not for sale at any price. Though he no longer had any roots to pull, he found it useful in removing large flat stones from the ground and rolling them onto a stone boat. Now instead of using horses to pull the hook, he uses a tractor.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the farmers did not have to rely entirely on their own ingenuity, for commercially manufactured implements and tools of all kinds were on the market. The annual catalogue of "The Albany Iron Works" listed root hooks for sale. The *Farm Journal* about 1890 advertised a tripod arrangement for pulling small stumps. It was hand operated, and as near as I could tell, it worked on about the same principle as the modern bumper jack. Richard English of Mifflin Township showed me a tool he had bought that worked on the same principle as the lever stump pulling machine, but the lever was only six or eight feet long and was hand operated. He said he sometimes fooled this tool by using his tractor to work the lever.

There was always some danger involved in the use of explosives and heavy machinery such as stump pulling machines. The only local incidents I ever heard of were with the lever machines. Gibson Antes told me of the time he was helping to pull stumps and a hook was broken. He said the flying piece of steel missed his head by inches. While pulling stumps on the farm of Ira Persun, Daniel Kinley was handling the take-up hooks and suffered a fractured leg when the take-up hook broke. Ralph Neinheiser told me that he and his father were once pulling stumps; he was handling the take-up hooks when he saw the lever was splitting and a take-up hook was pulling loose. With a loud "whoa" to the horses, he jumped over the lever as it was coming straight at his legs. He said they never did find that "missing link."

Mrs. Cockburn, who told me of her father's using the capstan device, also told me of a man whom she knows who was blinded by an explosion. He had loaded a heavy charge of dynamite under a stump, lit the fuse and waited what he thought was a long time; becoming impatient he walked up to the stump just as the dynamite exploded.

In 1875 my father purchased one hundred acres of heavily timbered land from William Bache's "thousand acre tract," and began at once cutting trees to be sawed into lumber to build a house. A few years later he had some cleared land, a plank house, and a small round-log barn. By 1886 he had cleared more land and built a large frame barn. After that he sold the best of his timber as he cleared the land.

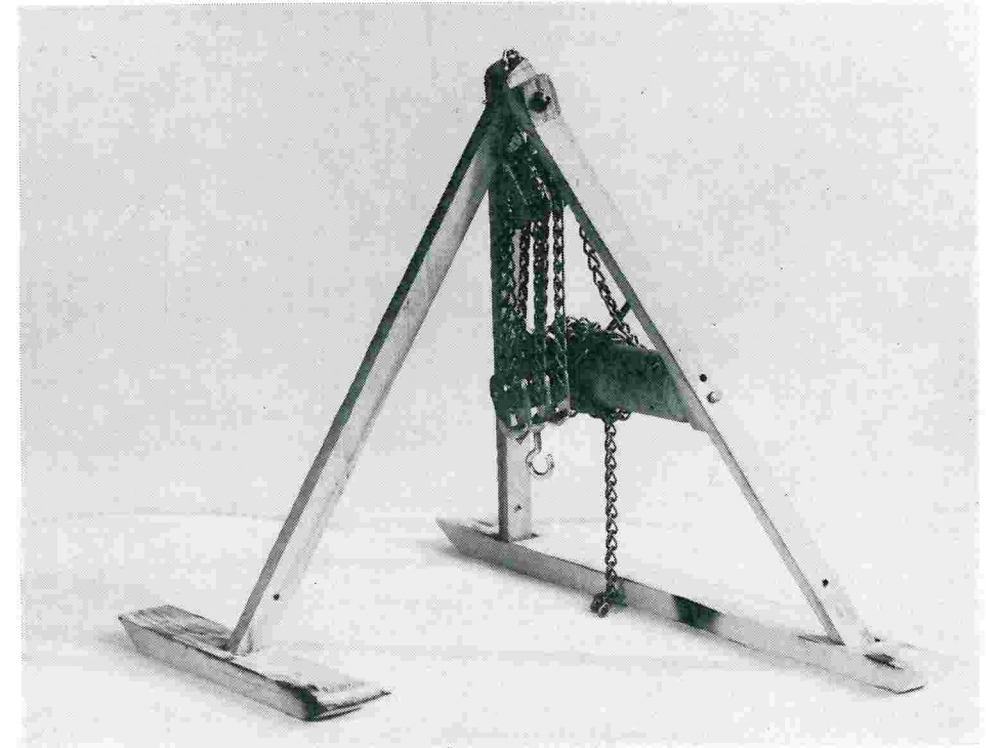
Four years later he had about seventy acres cleared and the fields fenced with the conventional "stake and rider" rail fences. In the fields he was actively farming, he had removed the hardwood and small hemlock stumps by burning them as they decayed, and pulling the roots with the team. But there still remained the many large hemlock, chestnut and pine stumps he had to "farm around." To prepare the fields for the use of the new farm equipment he wanted to buy, those big stumps had to be removed.

About 1890, Michael Mitstifer sold his farm in Jackson Township and purchased the place adjoining my father's. Mr. Mitstifer brought to his new farm a lever stump pulling machine, and a couple of years later my father hired Mitstifer with his machine to pull the stumps in a ten acre field. There were a lot of hemlock, a lesser number of chestnut, and four or five big pine stumps.

The crew consisted of Mitstifer, one of his sons, another man, my father, and my brother. I too "helped," but I was only eight or nine years old, I may have been like the proverbial "fifth wheel" on the wagon, more or less in the way. Nevertheless, the event is still fresh in my memory.

The morning the work was to begin we Becks arrived in the field and found the machine had been hauled there the day before. The hand tools were in a neat pile, and the rods and chains were placed beside the lever. The rest of the help arrived about the same time we did, and Mitstifer took charge of the work. A centrally located anchor stump was selected, and the lever was dragged into place by the team and fastened to the anchor stump with a heavy chain.

The long take-up chain and a number of the rods were dragged to where they were needed. To accustom the horses to working on the lever, it was decided to pull a couple of the smaller stumps before start-



Picture No. 7

ing on the big pine stumps. The take-up chain was attached by a take-up hook to take-up link No. 10 on the lever, and stretched out on the ground towards the stump to be pulled. The rods connected the take-up chain to a chain around the stump. (See picture No 5.)

All was now ready and the horses pulled the lever forward so the second take-up hook engaged take-up link No. 5 and reached to the third link in the take-up chain. After this the short hitches of take-up links No. 7 and No. 8 were used. The removal of the small stumps was without incident, so it was decided to try one of the pine stumps.

While part of the crew worked on the smaller stumps, two men were digging around the pine stump to find a root and dig a hole under it so as to pass a chain around the root. The long A frame was set up in front of the stump, the saddle placed over it, and the rods and chains connected from the root to the take-up link on the lever. Two turns of the lever, using the long hitches of links No. 5 and No. 10, took up

all the slack in the rods, and after this the short hitches were used. The object of using the long A frame instead of the shorter one was to give a greater lift to the stump.

In setting up, the A frame had been placed too nearly perpendicular and was soon leaning so far forward that it fell to the ground. Reset, the frame leaned more towards the stump, and everything was working as it should.

The rods were stretched taut and if a link moved a fraction of an inch, it gave a sound not unlike the "ping" of a piano wire. Being of a curious nature, I wanted to hear more of those musical notes so I gently tapped the rods with a shovel. In no uncertain terms I was told to keep away, for if anything should break I stood a good chance of getting hurt. I then noticed the men were all standing away, especially from directly back of the stump. Whenever one of those musical notes sounded, they usually took a step or two backward.

By now the going was really tough. The

horses strained in their collars but patiently obeyed my father's softly spoken commands. This was where the horses needed a steady driver, no yelling or cracking of a whip. My father coaxed the team along, moving, it seemed, only inches at a time. With the continuous, slow and steady pressure on the lever, the take-up hook finally was moved far enough forward to reach the next link in the take-up chain. The horses were now given a few moments of well deserved rest.

The old pine tree had sent its roots deep into the earth, and the stump was reluctant to give up its hold. The rods seemed as tight as they could be, but there was no sign of the stump's moving.

The sun had risen so high it seemed directly above me, and my shadow pointed straight north. Long in the early morning, my shadow was now so short I could step over my head. This, and an empty feeling in my tummy, told me it was nearly noon. I kept my ears open for the ringing of the noonday dinner bell. When the glad sounds came, one of the horses neighed his answer. He was hungry too. Soon we were all on our way to the house and dinner, leaving the old stump "hamstrung" to the anchor stump.

Returning from our meal, we found considerable slack in the rods and the ground showed cracks over the surface roots. The lever was again worked forward and backward, and soon the top roots broke through the ground. The work progressed until the back part of the stump was raised several feet. Now everyone began digging the earth from the roots with some kind of hand tool. Again the lever was worked, and the stump was soon turned over on its side. By this time, the A frame had fallen; but its work was now finished on this stump, so it was gotten out of the way. The big stump had left a hole in the ground close to fifteen feet in diameter and in places four or five feet deep. Work with hand tools continued so that as much of the ground as possible would fall back in the hole whence it had come. Once again the rods were connected, and by using the long hitches of the take-up hooks, the stump was dragged clear of the ground.

Dynamite was not in common use at that time, but it was being used in the lumber woods to blast rocks and stumps in road building. One of the men in the crew poin-

ted out how much easier the work would be if they had a few sticks of dynamite to explode under the big stumps before using the pulling machine. He said it would loosen the stump and make the digging of the ground from the roots much easier. My father wanted to know who would do the dynamiting, and he said he was not afraid as he had helped some in its use in the lumber woods.

The next stump they selected was even larger than the first one and was destined to give more trouble. The rods and chains were set up as before, and the lever worked to stretch the rods very tight. Frequently one of those musical notes sounded as a link moved ever so little. The horses were working slowly, steady on the lever, and doing all they could but with no apparent success.

As the afternoon work was about over, it was decided to leave the rods stretched tight until morning, hoping we might have the same success with this stump as with the preceding one. But by morning there was no evidence of the stump's loosening, and the work was resumed. With the third turn of the lever, the horses seemed to be thwarted in their efforts. The man handling the take-up hooks pleaded, "Only a quarter inch more." Urged on by my father, the team leaned into their collars to move the lever the few feet it would require to make up that quarter inch at the take-up chain. But the strain was too much, and the take-up hook broke, leaving the A frame and rods to fall with a loud clatter.

My father had his light spring wagon in the field and he had us boys hitch the team to the wagon. He placed the broken parts in the box of the wagon and directed us to take them to the blacksmith a mile or so away to have them welded together. In the meantime, the men were discussing the merits of using some dynamite, so my father said we were to go to the store and get some dynamite, caps, and fuse.

My brother and I drove away, and when we arrived at the blacksmith shop, the smith carried the broken parts to his forge to weld them. The smith was a large man, and I thought he must be awfully old, for he had a long beard. It was a hot, sultry morning and this, with the heat of the forge and the heavy hammer he used in pounding the heated parts, caused the sweat

to gather on his brow and run in rivulets down into his beard.

While the smith was doing his work, my brother went to the store for the dynamite, which was packed in a box with some sawdust. My brother handled the box with great care, holding it on his lap all the way home, thinking it would get less jarring that way than if it were on the floor of the wagon. When we arrived home, the fellow who was to use the dynamite said it would not have exploded unless hit with a blow equal to sixty pounds, and that caps exploded only when heated. I never tried to verify his statements.

While we were gone, the men used a crowbar to make a hole under the stump, and at once the work of loading the charge was started. Two sticks of dynamite were pushed down the hole, and the third one had the fuse and cap attached; then it too was put in place and moist earth packed around the fuse.

They were now ready to blow the charge, and everyone retired to a safe place. The operator lit the fuse, and he too sought safety. It took a few minutes for the fuse to burn down to the cap, when the explosion came. The stump had received a good shaking.

The rods and chains were again connected and soon the stump was being pulled from the ground. Digging the ground from this stump was much easier than it had been on the first one, and the dynamite had proved its usefulness. After that, dynamite was used on any stump thought likely to give trouble, whether it was hemlock, chestnut or pine. As I recall, it took two weeks to pull all the stumps in that one field.

Getting rid of pulled stumps was quite a task. Some farmers used pine stumps to make stump fences, and fifty years ago there were many such fences in the township. Today the stump fences are practically all gone, but I know of three more or less abandoned farms where such fences still remain. When pine stumps were not used for fencing, they had no use at all so were placed in great piles and burned. A burning pile of these stumps made a very hot fire with great clouds of black smoke billowing high in the air.

To get rid of my father's four or five pine stumps, the long roots were cut off, and the stumps, one at a time, were rolled onto the

stump boat and hauled to the edge of the field; there they were used to build the only few rods of pine stump fence on the farm. Though this was close to seventy years ago, there are still a few pieces of the old stumps remaining. The other stumps in the field were placed in piles and burned; it was often necessary to repile and burn them several times before they were entirely consumed.

Mitstifer's stump pulling machine was used several times to pull stumps in other fields, but after 1900 my father became used to using dynamite, and then he depended on it entirely for stump removal. By this time he had the stumps removed from the fields he was actively farming, and fields with stumps in them were pastured longer so the stumps were more fully decayed before he removed them.

After the stumps in the township were removed from the farm land, the stumping machines were useless and obsolete. I do not know what became of the upright machines but presume the metal parts were sold for scrap iron and the wooden frames allowed to decay. However, I have been able to reconstruct the story of the demise of three lever machines.

The machine owned by Ira Persun became the property of his son Carl; part of it was sold to a house-moving concern and the rest sold for scrap iron. After the death of Mr. Mitstifer, his machine was purchased by Stanley Livermore who used it to pull a lot of pine stumps on his farm. Most of this machine has been sold as scrap, but there still remain the long lever and a few of the steel rods. Mr. Livermore has the only remaining blacksmith shop in the township, and he said he kept a few of the rods for he occasionally finds use for some of that good steel.

Mr. Alexander's machine was bought by Ralph Nienheiser who used it to pull the pine stumps on his farm. It was there about 1937 that a lever machine was last used to pull a pine stump in the township. During the second World War, this machine was sold for scrap iron, thus ending the careers of the three lever machines.

During its period of usefulness, the Livermore machine had moved a couple of houses and was once used to pull from a stream and to set upright the large steam boiler for a portable sawmill that was lying on

its side. The boiler was being moved over the public road when it broke through a wooden bridge and turned over on its side in the water.

The story of the last use of this machine ends with a bit of humor. When the macadam road from White Pine to Steam Valley was built, many local men were employed on the project. Once the brakes on a steam roller ceased to function, and the roller ran backwards off the road into a wet swampy place. They tried to pull the roller out with a tractor but had no success.

The foreman became excited and "sputtered" around about having to get a big tractor equipped with a winch to pull the roller out of the mud and back onto the road. He was sure it would cost at the least twenty-five dollars to bring one from Williamsport.

Stanley Livermore and Luther Berkheiser, two of the local men, decided it would be easy to pull the roller out with Stanley's lever stumping machine.

Luther approached the foreman and said, "If I just had my horses here, we could soon get that roller back where you want it."

The foreman replied, "Heck, no team of horses can move it."

Luther asked, "If we pull it out, do we get the twenty-five?"

The foreman agreed and the two set off, returning soon with the team and a wagon loaded with the lever and some rods and chains of the stump pulling machine.

Setting up the machine, the two farmers soon had the roller back on the road and collected their reward.

The removal of those large stumps from the arable land in Cogan House Township allowed the farmers of that day to take full advantage of the new farm equipment. True, their new machinery did not relieve all the backaches nor eliminate all physical labor, but it did allow them to increase their acreage under cultivation. But by the end of the third decade of the twentieth century, that "new" machinery was rendered obsolete by greatly improved machinery and methods.

However, when the last of the big stumps was gone, the farmers felt they had really tamed the land they had with so much labor wrested from the forest.

Unveiling Ceremony at Little Red Schoolhouse Museum

Route 220 — 1 Mile West of Hughesville — Sunday, October 21, 1962 at 2:00 P. M.

2:00 — MUSIC — by Members of Montoursville Area Joint High School Band

- (1) Introductory Remarks — Mrs. Edith Wright, Chairman of Program
- (2) Invocation — Rev. Chas F. Himes
- (3) Musical Number — Band Members
- (4) Ceremonial Address — Mr. James P. Bressler, President Lycoming Historical Society
- (5) Unveiling Ceremony and Remarks — Dr. Amos B. Smith — Representing Family of Charles F. H. Smith, Teacher of Newman School 1912
- (6) Dedication Prayer — Rev. Chas. F. Himes
- (7) Acceptance Responses:
 - (a) Miss Kathie Hagen — Representing Lycoming County Chapter of Pennsylvania Federation Junior Historians

- (b) Dr. L. E. Wurster — Representing the Lycoming County Historical Society Trustees
- (8) Song — "Hail Pennsylvania" — Members of Susquehannock Chapter Pennsylvania Federation Junior Historians
- (9) Recognitions:
 - (a) Gift of Evergreens by Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Lughart, Hepburn Township
 - (b) Grading of Grounds — Mr. Ralph W. Price, R. D. 1, Hughesville
 - (c) Mulch and Ground Cover — Mr. Daniel McConnel, Hughesville
- (10) Musical Number — Band Members
- (11) Benediction — Rev. Chas F. Himes
- (12) Visitation of School Museum

THE NEWMAN SCHOOL

By James Bressler

At the outset, let me express the appreciation of the Lycoming Historical Society to Mr. McConnel and his Junior Historians for their vision and foresight that has made the Newman School project a reality. We can now be assured that the memory of the one-room school will not be erased from our county, and that its historical significance will be preserved. As time goes by this will indeed become a historical landmark; a milestone and a symbol in the evolution of our educational system.

We all know why the one-room school became outmoded, and a few can question the need for consolidation as we know it today. While our country was largely rural and roads and transportation uncertain at best, a school within walking distance of the pupils served the needs of the people. For many, this was the only education they ever knew. In order to expand the educational opportunities that our highly industrialized and mobile society demanded, larger consolidated schools were built, and the small social world of the one-room school yielded to a more complete and complex environment of the middle twentieth century. Time cannot be turned back, and in spite of the fond memories and nostalgia for our childhood experiences, few would really wish to trade the new for the old.

But when we lock up the last one-room school, and the bell peals no more, let us not lock up with it the lessons it taught. The one-room school was more than a frame of wood and brick—it was a great American institution. From it came some of the great men and the near-great of our age—men whose devotion to God and country could not be questioned; the fathers and mothers of our community and their fathers and mothers before them. This was the common ground that prepared them well to think and to behave. America hasn't done too badly by them.

While today we are dedicating the Newman School as a fond memorial to those who once knew it either as pupil or teacher, let it now and henceforth stand for the age of the one-room school. It now becomes a page of history that will speak for its

times to generations yet unborn.

What are some of the lessons it might teach us; what did we lose when we snapped the lock for the last time?

First, is the virtue of simplicity. This school, as did all others of its kind, stood for one thing, learning; simple, basic and direct learning. Missing but never missed were all the trappings and trimmings that our vast and modern schools must have to keep the children happy (and the parents poor). Our million dollar gymnasium consisted of the school yard equipped with four pieces of square kindling wood for bases and a whittled down slat for a bat, and a ten cent rubber ball that some kid was able to bribe from mother for being good. That same ball, if we were lucky enough to keep the owner in good humor, came in handy for playing "Dog and Deer" or "Barley Over". We had no gym teacher to tell us what or how to play—we didn't need any. Walking to and from school gave us all the exercise we wanted, and farm chores gave us lots more. No children lacked for good, wholesome exercise, no children were ever happier, and it cost nobody anything.

In the simple one-room school no time was lost moving from one class to another. No maze of halls and corridors; all were together; all with the same teacher. We learned to love and respect our teacher for what he was, our friend in joy and sorrow.

The distractions of today were not to be found there. The pupils in one class knew the work of the next higher grade from observation. No system ever devised since can match that for easy transition from one grade to another.

As a natural consequence, learning became a virtue, and oh how we wish we could return to that simple principle of education. With so little to entertain us, no psychologist, no guidance counselor, no social adjustment program, no cafeteria, no plumbing, no thermostatically controlled heating; how did we ever survive? How is it possible that this environment produced some of the best adjusted men and women

this country has ever known? As we look to our own one-room school days in retrospect, it is just barely possible that the lack of distraction allowed us to become adjusted to one dedicated teacher and to put the value of learning above all else? What a marvel of efficiency our modern schools would be if we could recapture that same will to learn that we took for granted then. The will to learn was further backed up by a yard stick that was used for more than measuring, so there was really no choice. But it worked.

The *second lesson* that speaks to us from this silent hall is *dedication to principles*. This was a mold of character and patriotism. Self reliance became the hallmark of the one-room teacher. None other could last for long. Because the poor or inept teacher could not find refuge behind anyone else, he became by nature a good teacher. (I say "he" generally for some of our best teachers were women).

The average day began in the best American tradition. The teacher read the scriptures and we prayed the Lord's Prayer. For some, this was the only link with God they ever knew. How lucky it was that no one knew then that according to an all-powerful court we were violating the constitution—that sacred document that cast the basic form for the greatest nation on earth, a nation whose very roots lie in the freedom of worship. Our generation was lucky, for we took that to mean freedom to worship—not freedom from worship.

On the walls hung two pictures—Washington and Lincoln. There was majestic George silently watching our every move with an air of approval. His image served to remind us of sacrifice and dedication to freedom.

From the opposite wall honest Abe stared in stoic silence through the years to tell us of a government of the people, by the people and for the people. He too stood for sacrifice and devotion to a principle. I do not see Washington and Lincoln very often in our school. There are times when I doubt whether either would feel quite at home. A picture of Mickey Mantle, Gregory Peck or some mythical character from foreign literature would do better. We must wonder sometime how simple patriotism, love of country, and the virtue of work and

sacrifice can compete against the entertainment our schools must often furnish to keep the pupils happy. This nation sorely needs the simple and undiluted dedication to the principles of Washington and Lincoln that our one-room school stood for.

We learned music too. Just a battered old piano, and of course the teacher had to play that too. But we sang as best we could and liked it. We couldn't read music but we learned the tunes for most of the old songs so familiar to childhood. Some sang well, some in monotones; some sang poorly, but we all loved to sing.

Then there were spelling bees; penmanship practice too. Now we graduate them by the hundreds who can neither spell nor write legibly, and we wonder what happened to the pride of accomplishment that we once knew there so far removed from all the modern techniques of teaching.

There is yet a third virtue that our little red school house stands for—*local control*. Simple as its offerings were, it was close to the people. It was part and parcel of the neighborhood where it stood. Everyone knew the teacher and everyone knew the school. Little changed through the years except the pupils.

Now none of us can deny that all this had to change in time with our population explosion. Even now our school buildings are often overcrowded almost from the day they are built. All this demands planning, and above all, consolidation. Let us not forget, however, that as we string our schools together in larger units, we move farther and farther away from the people whose children are served. This too seems to be inevitable; it is the price of progress.

But as the size of our districts increases, and as their numbers decrease, we must at least be conscious of another danger. While bigness can make for efficiency and the offering of a maximum of opportunities for all children alike, there is at least the possibility of local control slipping away to an all-powerful state bureaucracy. This is not meant in any way to doubt the excellent leadership and organization of our schools today; we simply point out that one loses something to bigness in return for efficiency, and that something we may someday wish we had back. Bigness is too easily controlled by a few people, and those few

may someday not be friendly to our best interests.

In conclusion, if we sound biased in favor of the little red school house, let it be only for today to give this museum its proper perspective in history. We are intensely proud of our present schools. They are good—both in children and in those who teach them; They will even be better if we do not forget the simple lessons that

we learn from the one-room school. Communism can only bury us if we turn away from the stern, rock-ribbed principles that once ruled at Newmans.

As this school takes its place in history, the thinning ranks of its alumni can be assured that it is not yet done teaching. With our help, some of its greatest triumphs may yet lie ahead.

OUR LACK OF CIVIC PRIDE IN PENNSYLVANIA ESPECIALLY IN LYCOMING COUNTY AND THE SUSUQUEHANNA VALLEY

by W. B. Emery

It has been a hundred years since there has been any history written pertaining to this part of Pennsylvania, and naming people and places of historical interest; therefore, I would like to bring to the present generation the names of some of the outstanding people and places of historical significance.

It has been truthfully said that we even neglect to claim the honors that are due our military heroes, of which there are many from our immediate vicinity. The historical places in this section of Pennsylvania are numerous, yet we have, and are continuing to neglect them to the extent that few of our children and the coming generation know anything about them or where they are. I would like to call attention to a few of them, with the thought in mind that we will tell our children and neighbors, and always have before us those immortal words from Abraham Lincoln, when in his Gettysburg address he quoted the following, "Our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." With those thoughts in mind we should always remember we are a part of this great country, and it behooves us to do our part, in maintaining historical monuments, and outstanding leaders.

It is a well known fact that all that section of the West Branch Valley lying west of Lycoming Creek, and North of the Susquehanna River, was not included in the purchases from the Indians, therefore, it was not open to settlers, and as it contained some of the most valuable farm land in the

valley, the more venturesome of those hardy pioneers proceeded to stake out claims, erect cabins, and occupy the land. Thus, they were called squatters. As this part of the valley did not come under the protection of the provincial government, these settlers organized their own government, and set up a code of laws. They called themselves the "Fair Play Men". They made their own laws, and enforced them. They were governed by three commissioners who heard all evidence, and passed sentence from which there was no appeal. It is a well known fact the commissioners for 1776 were Bratton Caldwell, John Walker, and James Brandon. Brandon lived on Lycoming Creek, Caldwell on Pine Run, and Walker on Pine Creek. It is said they met quite often at John Chatham's mill on Chatham's Run, where they held their court. It is generally known, owing to his representative character, Bratton Caldwell, served during the entire period of the occupation. Bratton Caldwell was a native of County Kildare, Ireland, and emigrated to this country about 1770, landing at Philadelphia, where he met some of his old friends the Toner and Hughes. About 1772 they came to the West Branch, and settled west of Lycoming Creek. Caldwell located on the Indian path on a beautiful flat east of Pine Run, near where the public road crosses that stream. He erected a cabin on his claim which was afterwards burned by the Indians. In 1775 he married Elcy Hughes, as there was no public officers north of the river, they crossed the river on the ice to Nippinose Township, where they were married by a Justice of the Peace.

They were the first couple married west of Lycoming Creek. The Caldwells had eight children, the sons were James, who died on Pine Run, David, and John, who went west. Of the daughters, Elizabeth married Adam King, and they went west. Margaret married William Pearson and settled near Cincinnatti, Ohio, Nancy, the oldest, never married. Susan died young. Mary married James Watson, and lived in Jersey Shore, where he became one of the first merchants of that place, transporting his goods by wagon from Philadelphia to his store. As Level Corner has a large extent of land along the river and is known to contain some of the finest farm land now in Lycoming County, it was of the first to be occupied by the squatters. An early settler on this bottom land was Isaac Smith. He was born in 1760, and came from Chester County; he married Sarah Brown, whose parents were early settlers in White Deer Valley. The Smiths had two sons and five daughters. One son was drowned when young, and Isaac Jr. became the owner of the farm, and afterwards sold it to David McMeken. Isaac Smith was one of the useful men of this section, before 1800 he was an elder in the Pine Creek Presbyterian Church. In 1813 he was chosen a member of Congress from this district, serving two years. He died April 4, 1834, at the age of 74 and is buried in the old Davidson Cemetery at Pine Creek. Robert Covenhoven, was another early and worthy settler at Level Corner. He was born December 7, 1755. He came to the Loyalsock with his father in 1772; at the breaking out of the war he enlisted, and was very active. In 1777 he returned home and was actively engaged in scout work under the command of Colonel Huntley. February 22, 1778, he married Miss Mercey Kelsey, soon after his marriage he purchased a farm at Level Corner from James Hepburn, where he and his wife lived and raised a family of eight children. One daughter married Pfouts, one married George Crane from Nippinose Township, one must have married a Sanderson, as George L. Sanderson was his grandson. The only surviving son bought the homestead for \$5,500; later he sold it to William McGinness. Another prominent and early settler was Samuel Stewart. Born December 4, 1770, when Lycoming County was organized, he was elected the first sheriff

October 16, 1795, and served three years. He had eight children, among them was Catherine, born April 27, 1780, she died January 5, 1842. She married John Knox, and they settled on Larry's Creek. John Knox was born in County Antrim, Ireland, and came to America about 1779. He was a millwright by trade, and in about 1799 he built a grist mill on Pine Creek, now known as Safe Harbor, at the mouth of Furnace Run. In 1800 he assisted in building the state road from Newberry to the New York State line. In 1808 he rebuilt the mill at the mouth of Larry's Creek. He and his wife had three sons and one daughter, Jane; she married E. H. Russell, they had three sons and six daughters. Captain Evan Russell, who was captain of Police for Williamsport, was one of the sons. In naming some of the early settlers of this section, we must not forget the Kings at Level Corner. The widow King came from Ireland with five sons; on arriving, two went to Virginia, and she and the other three came first to Pine Creek and settled on what is known as the Simmons farm. As they thought the land was not fertile, owing to the amount of brush growing on it, they left and settled at Level Corner, where they remained. John served in the war, and later he received a grant for 500 acres upon which he spent the remainder of his life. Another useful and early settler was Col. John Henry Antes, who built the first grist mill in these parts, also the first fort for the protection of the inhabitants.

As there were any number of worthy, and outstanding settlers along the river and Pine Creek, it is impossible to mention them all. I will therefore mention only a few. Alexander Hamilton, who came from the Juniata in 1772, proved to be a worthwhile citizen. It is said he was educated in England, and was a very worthwhile man to the inhabitants. He is supposed to have written the Tiadaghton Declaration of Independence, and from its wording, he was someone with more than a common education. When he came to the valley he bought from the Indians, a mile square west of Pine Creek. Later he sold, or gave to John Jackson, one half of his plot. Later the Hamiltons and Jacksons intermarried and left a long line of outstanding citizens in this part of the state. The Jacksons came from Orange County, New York. Some of the

outstanding soldiers of the Revolutionary War settled on Pine Creek, and among them were the Ramseys, Tombs, Callahans, Boatmans, Englishes, and Gambles. We are told the two English brothers, James and John, were scouts and aides to General Washington. It is said they were at the execution of Major Andre, and took more than a spectator's part. They were called in 1792 to be honorary pallbearers at Washington's funeral. Danial Callahan was another trusty in Washington's army. We have talked about the early settlers, now let me say something about our historical sires; take for instance Horns Fort. It has never been cared for and few people know where it is located. Then coming down the river one comes to the mouth of Pine Creek; about a mile from where it empties into the river is the celebrated "Tiadaghton Elm", which should be to us one of the most historical markers in this valley, as it was under this tree the "Tiadaghton Declaration" was signed by the following "Fair Play Men": Alexander Hamilton, Adam Carson, Peter Pence, Thomas Frances, John Crawford, Jacob Pfouts, Thomas Clark, Frances Clark, Phillip Quiggle, Thomas Nichols, Robert Love, Samuel Horn, William Campbell, Henry McCracken, Simon Kurtz, Peter Grove, Hugh Nichols, Adam Dewitt, Robert Covenhoven, Hugh White, John Jackson, John Clark and Alexander Donaldson.

Junior Historians Aid in Preservation of Newman School

Sunday, October 21st, 1962 marked the completion of a project of the Lycoming Historical Society and the Lycoming County Junior Historians under the direction of Mr. Daniel McConnell. At an impressive unveiling ceremony, the "LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE MUSEUM" located on route 220 one mile west of Hughesville, was dedicated.

The program, under the direction of Mrs. Edith Wright, opened with musical selections by the members of the Montoursville Area Joint High School band. The invocation and the benediction were given by Rev. Charles F. Himes.

Mr. James P. Bressler, President of the Lycoming Historical Society was the main speaker. His address cited the things that should be considered when comparing the one-room school house with present day facilities. He stated three virtues of the old time school that often appear to be

About a mile below the mouth of Pine Creek, is located one of the oldest burying grounds in this section of the valley, it is located on what was the Dr. Davidson farm, now owned by Clarence Hurr. Dr. Davidson was a physician in the Revolutionary Army and obtained the rank of Major for his valuable services. After the close of the war, he married the daughter of Robert Allen of Northumberland and emigrated to his farm a few miles west of Jersey Shore along the river. There he erected the first birch house in these parts, and donated the ground for the burying ground, which is known to this day as the Davidson, or Pine Creek Cemetery. Here reposes many of the "Fair Play Men", and Revolutionary War soldiers. About a mile below this historical cemetery is the Antes Fort, built by Col. John Henry Antes, for the protection of the inhabitants in time of the Indian raids upon the settlers. Much could be said of this historical place, and much could be done to restore it to its original state. As there was much history connected to this fort and the surrounding territory, I think it would be well to publicize this historical place, and invite our friends to visit it, and tell them something about it. It would make a book within itself to relate all the facts pertaining to this fort and the great Antes family.

forgotten in modern school systems: simplicity—direct and basic learning, dedication to principles—molding patriotism and character, and local control—consolidating the neighborhood.

Dr. Amos B. Smith, representing the family of Charles F. H. Smith (a Newman school teacher in 1912), officiated in the unveiling ceremony. Rev. Himes gave a prayer of dedication.

Miss Kathie Hagen representing the Lycoming County Chapter of Pennsylvania Federation of Junior Historians, and Dr. L. E. Wurster representing the Lycoming Historical Society trustees, accepted the dedication.

Members of the Susquehannock Junior Historians sang. Recognition was made of those who gave their time and energy to this worthy project.

Visitation of the SCHOOLHOUSE MUSEUM concluded the program.

SINAI

Our safeguard has arrived,
And why are we standing
or sitting
or running
laughing, spitting, coughing
or dying?

Be born!

As it was then, so it is now —
The calf, the bread and fish, the sow.

The great worm went from Migdol on the sea
Unto the foot of Sinai; in the storm
The people watched great Moses turn it back.

From Jordan to the land of Galilee
The shadow of defeat again took form.
The people watched great Jesus turn it back.

From Mecca to Medina over land,
The prophet holding destiny in hand—
Mohammed turned the worm a third time back.

Hydrogen
Hydrogen Deuterium
Hydrogen Deuterium Tritium

All these are one.
And one, they can create.
But what?
Where is our next Sinai?

Our safeguard has arrived.
Be born.

Jay Harris