

THE
JOURNAL

OF THE

Lycoming County Historical Society

VOLUME XXIII
NUMBER ONE

SPRING
1986



JOURNAL
of the
LYCOMING COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Published Semiannually in Williamsport, Pennsylvania

Museum Office - 858 West Fourth Street

Telephone (Area Code 717) 326-3326

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MUSEUM ENDOWMENT FUND

A long planned project was launched in 1985 with the creation of an Endowment Fund for the Lyscoming County Historical Museum. This fund, administered by Commonwealth Bank, will insure the continuing operation of the museum by creating operating monies not dependent on government grants or outside funding sources. Monies will be deposited in a secure account and only the interest from the fund will be used. The endowment is being created by donors who may make a cash gift to the fund (all gifts are tax deductible), or by Will bequests. The following is a list of donors to whom we owe our most gracious thanks. Won't you pitch in and join them in this worthy project?

1. Clarence R. & Evelyn Antes Mutchler - \$5,000
This gift to be listed as the Gibson G. Antes Memorial Fund in the Lyscoming County Historical Museum Endowment Fund and shall be a continuing memorial to him. (Mr. Antes was a past president of this Lyscoming County Historical Society.)
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ABOUT THE COVER: Carl Stotz, founder of Little League Baseball. Photo taken in 1940 with two nephews Harold "Maj." Gehron (left) and Jimmy Gehron (right), for whom Little League was started.

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Dear Members:

As this Journal goes to press our annual meeting at Warrensville is only weeks away, so again I think it a good time to review the past year at the Museum.

First, of course, is our beautiful new meeting room with storage below. I don't know which is more important, the room or the storage. We needed a meeting room desperately but we were even more desperate for space in the work and storage area. For all this we owe thanks to the Williamsport Foundation.

The Foundation also helped with the parking lot and the elevator, which will be installed this summer, but only after you members saw both funds well started.

Everything I have asked for - and I have asked for something in almost every letter - has been forthcoming - except the horse work harness. Everything from old boots to tablecloths. It was wonderful; thank you all.

There has been a great deal of activity throughout the Museum all year long. First we lived through the dust of the jack hammers and that was awful, but there has also been exhibit construction, and it is still going on. The Ralston Store, the Lumber Gallery, the School Room and the Luppert bedroom have been redone and the new Greek Revival Room is in the process. For the Greek Revival Room we were given \$1,000.00 by the local chapter of AARP.

It has been a wonderful and busy year. I see the Museum becoming important to the whole area and an attractive tourist attraction. Going through the Museum will be a true learning experience as well as a lot of fun.

Sincerely,



Jane W. Ingersoll,
President

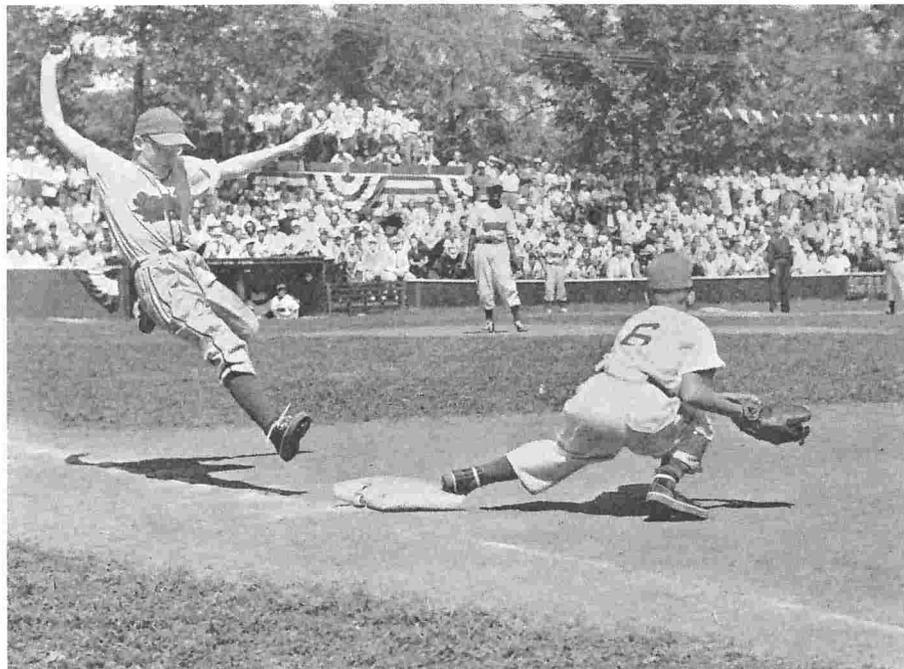
BASEBALL FOR BOYS THE EARLY YEARS

by David L. Richards

Spring is upon us and around the world are heard cries of, "Play ball!" Indeed, the words are almost synonymous with spring. Seeking an opportunity to play baseball, youngsters of all age groups flock to various organized baseball leagues (midget, little, senior, intermediate, pony, Babe Ruth and American Legion). Today, we (both kids and adults) take these leagues for granted; however, this well-organized, highly competitive structure of baseball for youths wasn't always available. Indeed, the concept of highly organized baseball for kids is less than 50 years old! We can thank Mr. Carl E. Stotz, longtime Williamsport area resident, for the foresight, inspiration and perseverance in originating the concept of Major League-style baseball for kids. To allow the younger kids (eight to 12 years old) an opportunity to play was especially important to Stotz. In the era of unorganized baseball, these tender youths (so eager to play) had most often been pushed out of the line-up in favor of the more physically mature teenagers. Stotz saw the need and wisdom in organizing baseball for boys in the pre-teen years, and moved decisively to correct this problem.

To fully understand the role and impact of Stotz's program, it is essential to take a brief look at the history of baseball itself and trace its development into "The Nation's Pastime."

Since the origins of the game we know today, sometime back around the Civil War (no, apparently Abner Doubleday did *NOT* invent the game), baseball quickly spread across the country like a wildfire. With the possible exception of bicycles, baseball was the biggest sports craze of the late 19th Century. People flocked from miles around to see their local team play the rival neighboring community's team. Beginning in 1903, two well-established professional baseball leagues (American and National) began their ritual fall classic for baseball's supremacy - the World Series.



Just a Step Too Late

The World Series greatly enhanced and helped to consolidate baseball's position as "The Nation's Pastime." In addition, the World Series quickly became baseball's showcase for talent and competition. It was at approximately this time that the first truly great stars of the game emerged. Cy Young, Honus Wagner, Christy Mathewson and Ty Cobb all became household names during this period. These stars quickly became the stuff of legend, and for decades to come were the heroes of the younger generations. As a boy, who hasn't dreamed of facing a Cy Young or Babe Ruth in real competition?

Between the turn of the century and World War I, organized baseball for adults (pro and semi-pro) grew in leaps and bounds. The Tri-State League, which prospered here in Williamsport in the 1900's was an example of this growth. For young boys in this era, however, the playing opportunities were just the opposite and the options left much to be desired. Baseball teams were invariably neighborhood "gangs" loosely organized into a playing unit. These teams would compete with other neighborhood teams in a very unorganized manner - no one kept statistics - the score was all that mattered! The ball field was any available empty lot or pasture and any convenient object or landmark served as bases. That was the easy part. For equipment, the boys relied on ingenuity and makeshift repairs. Balls, gloves and bats were almost always old, discarded relics given to the boys by an understanding older brother, cousin, uncle or father. The bats were usually broken; the balls always lacked their horsehide covers. And it was a rare and lucky boy indeed who could sport a brand new, store-bought baseball glove! These equipment problems encountered by the boys would only grow worse with the coming of the Great Depression in 1929.

One of the few organized baseball opportunities for young boys at this time were the Sunday School leagues, first organized in 1923. In these leagues, the church naturally took the leading role in organizing and providing financial support. The church leagues provided good, wholesome family entertainment; however, only the older, more physically mature boys got to play. The eight-to-12-year-olds rarely had the opportunity to get into the game. By allowing youths of all ages to play, the competitive considerations alone quickly squeezed the small fry out of the line-up in favor of the older boys. This evil would not be corrected until after 1938 when Carl Stotz hit upon an idea that, with persistence and support, would work. Though simple in concept, his idea of Little League Baseball for boys had vast consequences to young boys around the world.

I recently had the good fortune to interview Mr. Stotz and from him I obtained a wealth of information about the origins of his Little League program, the difficulties encountered and the methods employed to overcome these problems. I was very pleased to find Mr. Stotz not only courteous and unassuming, but very cooperative and eager to share his story.

The history of Little League Baseball rightfully begins with Carl Stotz. He was born in Williamsport on February 20, 1910, the son of a railroad employee who often took young Carl, his brother and neighborhood friends to New York City or Washington, DC just to see a Major League ball game. From his early grade school days, Stotz looked to baseball as a release for his youthful energies. Stotz admitted that he was always a baseball fan. "Baseball was *the* thing when we were kids," he fondly recalled. As a young boy, Stotz had the same strong desire to play baseball as kids do today; however, the opportunities for boys to play in the post-World War I years were slim at best. As stated earlier, the Sunday School leagues did flourish at this time, but for various reasons, the younger boys seldom had the opportunity to actually play. Eventually, as he reached adulthood, Stotz got his chance to play regularly on a Sunday School team for a few years. By then, however, romance and courtship came along to distract young Carl. As a result, baseball as an active pursuit took a back seat to mar-

riage, children and career considerations. In the back of his mind, however, Stotz never forgot his childhood dream of there being an organized baseball league for young boys with all the trappings of the Major Leagues.

Then, one fateful evening in August of 1938, an incident occurred at 1108-1110 Isabella Street that would forever change the outlook of baseball for boys. While playing catch with his nephews Jimmy and Harold (Major) Gehron, aged six and eight, the idea came to Stotz. One of the boys threw the ball back a little wide. Stotz, in an effort to catch the errant ball, stepped into Mr. Flickinger's clump of pruned down lilac bushes and injured his ankle. Stotz hobbled over to the back porch steps and sat down to examine his injuries. Almost immediately Uncle "Tuck" was surrounded by his concerned nephews; "How bad are you hurt, Uncle Tuck?" After a quick moment's reflection, Stotz asked the boys a question, "How would you like to play on a regular team, with uniforms, a new ball for every game and bats you can really swing?" The boys immediately replied, "Who would we play? Would people come to watch us? Do you think a band would ever come to play?"

The promise had been made; an idea was born.



1947 NATIONAL CHAMPIONS
Maynard Little League, Williamsport, PA

Who will we play? That question alone provoked a great many problems. Stotz desired a program whereby the kids could play in a real Major League model environment: new equipment, uniforms, a regulation field, fences, bleachers, dugouts, scoreboards, etc. There was a problem in this, however. Should he be fortunate enough to organize and equip a team, they could not go out and play "sandlot" teams like the "Scott Street Sluggers." As good as these teams may be, it would just not be proper for his uniformed and equipped team to play a team not as fortunate. To correct this problem then, it was essential to organize a league to provide fair, unbiased competition.

Stotz also envisioned his program as a grassroots organization: the Little League would merely serve as an apparatus in which to assist in organizing each of these local neighborhood programs and to oversee the conduct of operations to ensure fairness. This was the hallmark of Stotz's theory - "Give the kids a chance to play ball." The adults, Stotz insisted, should remain in the background as much as possible.

With these basic principles resolved, Stotz began a long search for a financial sponsor. Balls, bats, uniforms and maintaining a field all cost money, and that was a problem in depression-ridden Williamsport. Stotz reasoned that local established businesses would gladly underwrite the necessary funds to uniform and equip a team in exchange for the advertising that would result. He felt certain that four sponsors could be found, thereby ensuring a good, competitive four-team league to develop his program.

To his utter amazement, he had 56 consecutive businesses turn down his requests to sponsor a small boy baseball team. Most men would have given up all hope, but not Carl Stotz. Perseverance finally paid off. On his 57th attempt, Lycoming Dairy (where Floyd Mutchler was manager) donated \$30.00 and said, "We'll go along with the boys." Soon after, Jumbo Pretzel and Lundy Lumber Company came through with lesser amounts of money. Though it was a small total sum, it was the catalyst that "got the ball rolling."



1947 Little League Personnel who created the first successful program and provided the Little League pattern for the nation.

FRONT: Oliver Fawcett, Howard Gair, Clyde Clark, Bert Haag and Vance Gair
BACK: Martin Miller, Carl E. Stotz, John Lindemuth, William F. McCloskey

Nearly 48 years later, Stotz fondly recalls, "They were just feeling the way I always felt. That's what caused me to ask that question." The remainder of 1938 and early 1939 saw Stotz consider and resolve many fundamental problems encountered in organizing a baseball league for young boys. A major concern was one of size. Employing folded newspapers for bases, Stotz coordinated various tests to see how far young boys could throw accurately, hit and run effectively. After a few nights of this, it was determined that a diamond $\frac{2}{3}$ the size of a standard Major League diamond would suit the youngsters perfectly. The playing rules remained the same as regulation baseball except for some minor changes to enhance competition.

The first Little League game was played unceremoniously on June 6, 1939 with new equipment and uniforms - as promised. The new league quickly caught on in Williamsport; by the end of the season hundreds of fans would come to watch the boys play. Tommy Richardson, popular president of the professional Class "A" Eastern League (The Williamsport Grays was a franchise in this League) saw the great potential of Stotz's program and quickly became a strong and vocal advocate of the Little League. Demand for the Little League grew in the following years, but the war put a temporary hold on the expansion of the program primarily due to problems in procuring equipment.

With the end of hostilities, however, Little League rapidly spread across Pennsylvania and into New Jersey. Indeed, by 1947 it had grown so large that Stotz organized a Championship Tournament in which All-Star Teams from leagues in New Jersey and Pennsylvania competed. Stotz got so carried away with its possibilities as an organization that he even considered expanding Little League to include a variety of other outdoor sports out of his concern for boys who did not prefer to play baseball. Unfortunately, this was later deemed impractical and forgotten.

By 1947, the program had grown so big that Stotz could not continue to operate it on a spare-time basis. He realized that the financial resources of some large outside concern was necessary in order to cover the costs of the Championship Tournament. With this in mind, Stotz approached The United States Rubber Company (now Uniroyal) and "... got them to agree to pay for the teams from the time they left their home community until they returned home." (In order to go to Williamsport to play in the Championship Tournament).



SPORTSMANSHIP

Final Game - 1948 Little League World Series

The catcher for the Lock Haven team greets St. Petersburg, FL batter with congratulatory handshake after the two consecutive home runs in the first inning.

The influence and promotion resulting from the Championship Tournament enabled Little League Baseball to grow at a phenomenal rate and Carl Stotz was the

driving force behind this incredible expansion. More importantly, the Little League served as a model for a variety of other leagues which now cover the entire age spectrum. Today, youths of all age groups (boys and girls) can enjoy an opportunity to play organized baseball, thanks largely to the inspiration of Carl Stotz.

Stotz served as commissioner of Little League Baseball through 1955, when major philosophical differences and a well-publicized court battle resulted in his severance from that position.

During the intervening years, Little League Baseball has grown somewhat out of proportion to what Stotz had originally envisioned. Big business and "World Series" competition have replaced "grassroots." Stotz is delighted, however, that so many kids have a chance to play baseball today - an opportunity he never had as a youth. All differences aside, we now have a truly remarkable institution that affects millions of youngsters each and every year. One of the most beneficial aspects of Little League has been its role in deterring crime among youths - this alone justifies the program. Perhaps Carl Stotz himself best summed up the impact of Little League Baseball:

"Now, if a kid has a chance to experience having everything a Major Leaguer does . . . and is able to gauge his ability by what he sees in his peers and recognizes that he'll never be a ball player, . . . that would justify Little League, because the boy forgets about being a ball player . . . and . . . puts his interest in something else in life."

Today, there is no individual monument to the local founder of Little League Baseball; however, the thousands of Little League Baseball fields around the world are permanent memorials to the man, and I think Carl E. Stotz would prefer it that way.

In 1939, the first season of Little League competition, each of the three teams playing boasted identical won and lost records for the season.

George Bebble and his brother Bert served as managers for the first and third teams. Howard Gair umpired his first Little League game in the play-off series.

At midseason, permission was granted to develop a playing field on the vacant lot at the northeast corner of Memorial Avenue and Demorest Street. This field was completed and used for play in 1940 and 1941. It was here that William F. McCloskey began his remarkable scoring record of 1,189 consecutive games which is still increasing; Vance Gair umpired the first of over 637 games and John Lindemuth became a manager. The construction of the Avco Building eliminated that playing field after the 1941 season.

In the early spring of 1942, permission for the use of this original site was granted; the former playground having been moved when the dike was constructed.

The present playing field on the "Birthplace" site was developed through the period 1942 to 1945 and rebuilt after the damaging flood of 1946. This work was done after games in the evenings and on Saturdays by the volunteer league personnel which had grown by the addition of Marty Miller, Ollie Fawcett, Bill Falk, Clyde Clark and Bert Haag.

The clubhouse was erected in 1948-49 with financial help from the Williamsport Wheel Club and manpower furnished jointly by the Williamsport Building Trades Council and league personnel.

...a spot in Lycoming County



CRAWFORD'S MILL/
WARRENSVILLE

Located on the right through Warrensville coming from Loyalsockville is the remains of the mill of J.K. Crawford, one of the earliest inhabitants of the area and builder of the mill. It's water source came from the adjacent Mill Creek, half a mile away. Working with Crawford's Mill was the Aderhold Mill, these two mills sawed wood, ground grain, pressed cider & were feed mills

sketch & information by Mike Maietta
Cogan Station

Editor's Note: During the 1870's the penetration by railroads into remote areas such as the Lycoming Creek Valley opened these lands to vacationers. Campers, hunters and fishermen were able to discover the beauty of our wilderness and did so in increasing numbers. Thad. S. UpDeGraff, a doctor residing in Elmira, NY was one of these early campers. He was so enchanted with what he saw that he recorded his observations. Read on and enjoy the outdoor life of the 1870's.



View of Lycoming Creek at Trout Run. - D. Vincent Smith Photo.

"A native fisherman who takes 'em on a fly."

Every neighborhood possesses its "character" — a chap who from some peculiarity, some oddity in dress, manner, habits, or style of speech, renders himself conspicuous among his fellow men, so that he stands out in bold relief, a target for the ridicule of all with whom he comes in contact.

Such a man is Shorty — additionally styled the "Shark of the Stream." So ostensible are Shorty's traits of character that he is perhaps as well known, by name at least, as any denizen of the Lycoming valley. Where he originally came from the Lord only knows, for his own version of his life is so conflicting and crammed so full of startling incidents and blood-curdling situations, as to more than occupy the full measure of time allotted to any half-dozen of the long-lived backwoodsmen of this epoch. Had he never existed at all, much less in the lively manner we are forced to acknowledge, he does disport himself, the streams of the Lycoming region would be far more populous with trout, and afford a correspondingly increased amount of pleasure to the true sportsmen who seek these waters for recreation.

We had heard of Shorty and his depredations upon Pleasant Stream, with nets, set poles, outlines, and other abominable contrivances for slaughtering the fish of this most delightful of all trout streams; but it was years before we encountered him face to face in our excursions thither.

One day in early June, Hamlin and I were casting the fly upon its banks, being bountifully rewarded, not only in the large number of trout taken, and in their gamy quality, but also by our picturesque surroundings. The stream is broad, clear of brush,

and comes tumbling down between two lofty mountains, whose moss- and fern-covered rocks, and immense hemlock, pine and beech trees, are a sight to behold, while its cool, crystal waters sparkle and ripple over many little cascades in a manner that would at once delight the eye of any lover of nature and make him bless the day that brought him to the spot. Hamlin and I were casting our flies over the same pool, and my rod being rewarded with a fine, large fish, we were both devoting our energies to land him. My companion was in the pool, waist-deep, seeking to thrust the landing-net under the fish that was calmly floating on the surface of the water, an indication that he had abandoned the struggle and was ready to be lifted into the creel. But, just as the net touched his silver sides, a spark of electrical energy seemed to be imparted to him, when away he dived again, this time making toward Hamlin's legs for a harbor of safety, causing that individual to make sundry comical plunges to escape from the entanglement. The fish was soon reeled in again and quieted down, the net once more placed under him, only to stir him up to renewed exertions of sprightliness. This time he got the best of Hamlin, tangling him up in net, leader, and trout in such an indescribable manner as to tax our ingenuity to the utmost to unravel him.

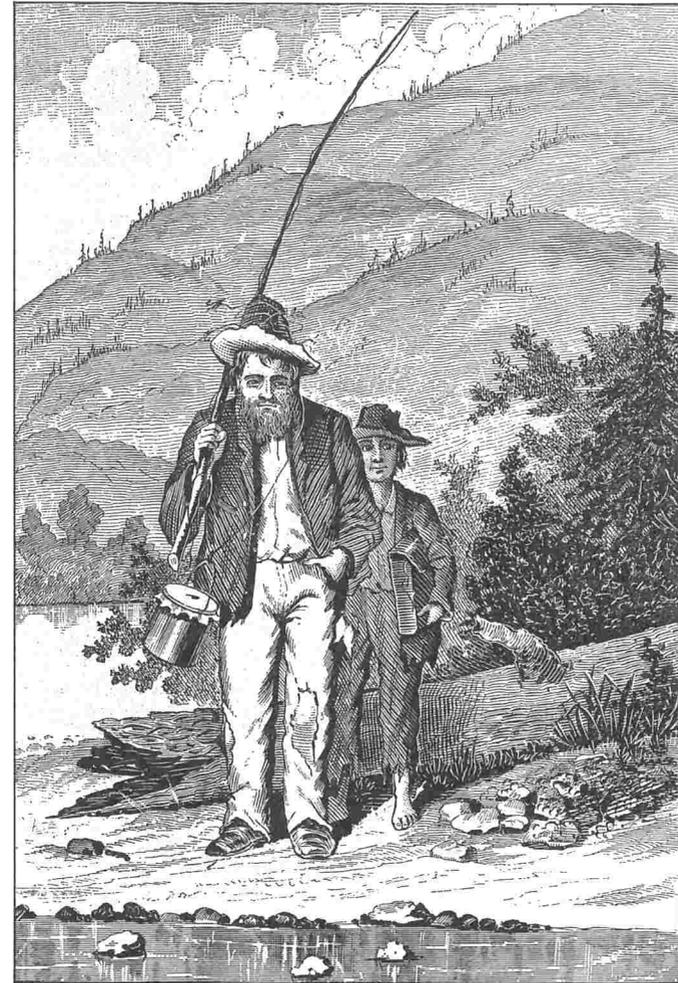


THE SLOPE WALL

"I place my landing-net under him and carry ashore the trophy."

The trout was darting hither and thither, between Hamlin's legs, then my own, while both of us were diving for him with our landing-nets in the most frantic manner, when with one last desperate effort, in which he seemed to bring the force of all his previous jumps into one, he made a leap clear over my net, and landed safe and free in the pool beyond. Hamlin looked at me, I looked at him; and before either of us could make an exclamation, the bushes suddenly parted on the bank and a voice, followed by a man, greeted us, saying —

"I knowed you'd lose 'im. I caught one bigger'n him, over on Pine Creek, once, and he mixed three of us up just as this'un did you fellers, and jumped clean over my head and knocked my boy down. That'un there" (pointing to his young hopeful of about thirteen years of age, who sat shivering and grinning from the bank on the other side).



SHORTY AND BOY

As the fish had departed, we turned our attention to the newcomer, who presented himself so mysteriously and unannounced in our presence. He was a man of about fifty years of age, short of stature, with a small, round head, densely covered with long, shaggy, unkempt hair — an equal mixture of auburn and gray — while whiskers

of the same bountiful supply and of like hue, almost concealed a pale and plump face. His eyes were blue and bright, mouth large, and well filled with tobacco-stained teeth that were exposed by the broad grin wrinkling his cheeks. He wore a black coat, threadbare, and abundantly patched, while his trousers (what was left of them) exposed a once white shirt, from front and rear, and a well-bronzed skin at the knees. This uniform was topped out with a black slouch hat, profusely ornamented with artificial flies, which seemed to have been collected from the back leaves of the fly-books of all the fishermen who had visited this stream for the past two years. On his shoulder rested a pole that evidently had been cut in the woods, while in his hand was an old, six-quart tin pail, covered with a dirty rag, a hole cut in the center, through which to thrust his trout, when captured in the mysterious manner known only to himself and the boy on the other bank; and this was "Shorty." We knew him from the description given of him, from his introductory story, from his tin pail, and boy with the plethoric black bag, which he said contained lunch, but which we suspected was the receptacle for his most taking fly — a net.



The wind was blowing from the north somewhat cold, and, it being about time to take our nooning, we concluded to build a fire, cook our trout, and in the interval interview Shorty. He watched our preparations, divined what we were about, and, catching up his pail in one hand and pole in the other, exclaimed —

"Oh, if you'r'n want of a fire, one that'll cook yer fish and toast yer shins too, jest cum this way, and I'll show ye un. Ye see, I allers starts *my* fires jest off ov the stream

a ways, so I won't be bothered with nobody that happens along."

Following him through the dense underbrush for a few rods, we came to a bright, glowing fire, built under an old hemlock stump, that was fanned into a glowing coal in the brisk wind that was just then blowing. While preparing our fish for the roast. Shorty watched the proceedings, and, with mouth watering at the prospect of so luscious a meal as seemed to be in prospect, observed —

"I reckon them trout'll be mighty good cooked that there way. I never seen it done so afore. That buttered paper is to keep 'em from burnin', I s'pose. Now I calkerlate that's a heap sight better way than to cook 'em on a stick, and burnin' ov 'em."

"Yes, trout are very delicious when prepared in this manner, Shorty. Do you fish upon this stream much?"

"Do I? Why, Lor' bless yer soul, I've fished this yer stream from top to bottom for nigh onto twenty years now, and I knows every rock on its bottom, and every stump and root on its shore."

"You catch many fine fish, no doubt; take them all on a fly, I suppose?"

"Indeed I does. Nobody on this 'ere stream has no bisness with me a-fishin' with flies. Why, ye only jest oughter a-bin up here this mornin', afore the wind got to blowin'; why, I ketched — well, ye kin see" - (uncovering the six-quart pail for our inspection, revealing it more than two-thirds full of trout, from one inch to twelve in length) - "I ketched every blessed one on 'em in less'n a hour. I never seed 'em jump so; why, I took 'em four and five at a time."

"Four and five at a time!" exclaimed Hamlin, who had just lighted his pipe, and was holding a burning ember aloft, to catch the direction of the wind. "Why, man,

how many flies do you usually attach to a leader?"

"Oh, sometimes ten and sometimes twelve, accordin' as to how they're bitin'!" "Ten and twelve flies at a cast! Hail Columbia! Why, you must throw a whole out-line," observes Hamlin, with a sly wink and a characteristic spit over his left shoulder.

"How many fish can you take here in a day?" I inquired, while carefully covering the roll of prepared trout with the burning embers.

"Well, the biggest hull I ever made was three years ago, out o' that ere hole ye see yonder. I jist looked into it off ov that rock that hangs over it, and counted one hundred and twenty-two busters, every one on 'em weighing mor'n a pound. Now, thinks I, them there trout are mine, every one on 'em; so what does I do but jest throws the hole full of brush, so as no other feller could see 'em or ketch 'em out, and then went to feedin' ov 'em."

"Feedin' them? What for, pray?"

"Why, ye see, I wanted to git 'em all, so I feeds 'em to make 'em kinder wanted to the place, ye see. Well, I fed 'em every night and mornin' fur —"

"What on?"

"On - on - let's see; what *did* I give 'em?" (scratching his head and looking into the fire, as though in search of something to feed those trout upon.) "Oh, I fed 'em on chicken innards, and mighty fond of 'em, they wus, too. Ye would o' laughed yersels nigh unto death to see one big feller tackle one ov them long innards and start to runnin', with about fifty more a-pullin' at the t'other end of it to get it away from him, jist like I hev seed a parcel ov pigs a-doin' manys the time."

"But it seems to me you must have slaughtered a good many chickens to have fed your trout twice a day in that manner."

"Yes, I did; but ye see we live purty much on chickens in the summer, does the old 'oman and me and the six childrens, and then we raised 'em on purpose."

"Oh, I see."

"Well, as I was a-sayin', I fed 'em twice a day, and after they got so they knowed me, I would feed 'em up stream a little higher, every day, until I led 'em 'round into that little run ye see a-comin' in jest 'round yender pint. I built a brush dam acrost the mouth ov it, and put in a board to shet the water off wen I wanted to. After I got 'em in there, don't yer see? I had 'em tight. I jest shet down that board, and picked out every blessed one on 'em with my bare hands!"

"But I cannot see any fun in that sort of fishing, Shorty. Why did you not catch them on a fly, and so enjoy it?"

"That's all werry well for you fellers what's got lots o' money and nuthin' to do to talk about. But when a poor feller like me, with a big family a-dependin' on 'im for sumthin' to eat, why, he's got to —"

"You don't mean to tell me you ate them?"

"No, ye didn't let me finish. I sold every one on 'em, alive, to Mister Drake what's got a pond down the road, and he give me a hundred and fifty dollars for 'em in cash!"

"Pretty good price that, Shorty."

"Well, I dunno; one on 'em what weighed nigh onto four pounds had only one eye, and that 'un was right in the middle of his forrid — jest as true as I'm a-settin' here — and it did make him look mighty comikel, I can tell ye."

"A regular Cyclops," we interposed.

"Yes, he was a sly chops, for a fact; why, his mouth was bigger'n that," placing the palms of his two hands together, and separating them as far as the wrists.

"Shorty, what fly are they taking today?" inquired Hamlin, who seemed inclined to divert him from the stories that were becoming somewhat of an infliction.

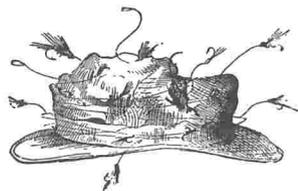
"Well, I dunno, but 'pears to me the great dun is as good as enny," at the same time removing his hat and passing every fly with which the band was covered, between

his fingers.

"Of whom do you purchase your flies? I see you have quite a collection," was the next query.

"Oh, my 'oman makes all *my* flies."

"Indeed, let us look at them," we both replied in chorus.



He passed over the hat, and, taking a seat nearer, commenced expatiating upon their relative value, as he pointed out each fly with a long, bony finger.

"That 'un there," he said, pointing to one of McBride's grizzly kings, "that 'un she made yesterday, and I reckon on its bein' first-class, 'cause I took a whopper with it this mornin' already."

"Where did you procure the feathers?" we ventured to inquire.

"Them speckled ones?"

"Yes, and the hackle, too."

Reaching down into his dirty pocket, his face assuming a somewhat puzzled expression, he took out a quarter of a yard of the most villainous-looking plug-tobacco, placed one corner of it between his strong teeth, yanked it back and forth, much as a dog would a woodchuck, until the desired quantity was secured within his mouth. Then, after working his jaws vigorously for a few moments, expectorated a quantity of black-looking fluid over Hamlin's leg into the stream beyond, and, slapping the plug upon his thigh, replied —

"Them purty little speckled uns I got offna woodpecker, and that what you calls a hackle offna woodcock."

"Good gracious, doctor, do let him alone! He'll try to make us believe this stream will reverse its current by tomorrow, and that we must stand on our heads to fish it; come, let up," observed Hamlin, while he rose and scratched among the coals for the package of trout placed there twenty minutes before.

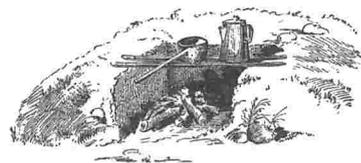
"Come," he further added, "the trout are done by this time, the tea cool enough to drink, and I'm as hungry as need be for the occasion."

So we spread our luncheon upon a log that lay conveniently near, using clean, flat stones for plates, and fell to eating. Shorty watched the proceedings, as did his boy, who deposited his black bag on the bank across the creek and drew nearer, wiping his mouth with his hat and looking wistfully in the direction of the edibles. I could not resist his imploring gaze, but took a slice of bread, bountifully covered with butter and garnished with a steaming trout, and held it toward him, saying —

"Come here, you young scalawag, and have a bite."

He approached shyly, bending his body forward and, reaching as far as his ragged-clad arm would permit, grabbed the morsel, much as a trout would have taken a fly, and disappeared into the brush.

"Hev ye forgot yer manners?" Shorty observed, looking after him; but it was too late, the boy had gone out of hearing, and was doubtless satisfying his hunger unseen. Hamlin supplied Shorty with a like piece, which he devoured ravenously, grunting his satisfaction between each mouthful.



"Shorty, where do you live?" I asked, after an interval of quiet.

"Jest down here aways; ye see them pine trees down there about a mile?" using his pants and sleeve for a napkin, as he rose, pointing in the direction indicated. "Well, right there's a bridge that goes acrost the creek; my shanty's there, in the clearin'."

"What do you do for a living?"

"In summer I raises pertaters and corn, fishes, and sells my fish to city chaps what comes here a-fishin' and ketches nothin', and shoemakes in the winter."

"You make enough to support yourself and family, do you?"

"Oh, yes, easy. Why, I makes as high as twelve dollars a day sum days, a-fishin'. I keeps all the fish me and the boys ketches, and when I can't sell 'em to the city fellers, I jest runs down to Williamsport, and gets fifty cents a pound for 'em."

"What, such little ones as you have there in your bucket?"

"Yis, sir; they all counts in a pound."

"It's a shame, Shorty, to take those little fish from the stream; you will soon ruin the fishing."

"Yes, you city fellers all says that; but I allers notices that you never throws 'em in yourselves. They all says them little uns is so sweet to eat, you know."

"But no *true* sportsman will do that, Shorty."

"Well, I dunno; it 'pears to me what you calls yer true uns never comes this way, then."

"I'm sorry our city sportsmen set you so bad an example, Shorty, but tell me, do you never fish with anything but a hook and line? For, you see, I'm a little skeptical about your being able to catch a hundred of those little trout — less than two inches in length — upon a hook. I have always found them the hardest to capture with flies the size of those you wear on your hat."

"That may all be, but me and my boys ketches 'em easy enough." Then, twisting off another chew from his enormous plug, he stowed it away under his cheek, giving his face the appearance of a person suffering from *ranula*, and prepared his mouth for another squirt, at which symptoms Hamlin shifted his seat, fearing, doubtless, that the aim might miss and the shot bespatter his legs. He then added, "Oh, sometimes we puts out a few set-lines at night, and ketches some nice ones that way."

"Indeed! How do you set them?"

"Why, I takes a line about *so* long," indicating three feet between his extended hands, "and ties it to a branch of some tree that hangs over a deep hole, and puts a live minney on the hook. His wiggling is too much for a big trout: he just goes for it, and swallers 'im hull. Then I has 'im, 'cause the limb bends just like a pole, and he can't tear hisself loose, ye see."

"How large a trout did you ever catch in that manner?"

"It is nigh onto five years now, I reckon, since I ketched a reg'lar wallop that way. He weighed three pounds fifteen ounces and three-quarters! By golly! I *did* want to make him weigh even four pounds, but Squire Bodine weighed him and shaved him clost. It was a dark night, and the eels were a-runnin' powerful strong. I set a hook on a riff near my house, and along came a eel, just thirty inches long, and swallowed the hook, and a while afterward that big trout tackled Mr. eel and swallowed him, so next mornin' I had 'em both."

"Was the eel alive?" I innocently inquired.

"Alive! In *course* he was; and the way he must o' stirred up that trout's innards was a caution! I reckon he was awful sick to his stummick."

"Well, I should say so. You do catch eels here, then?"

"Oh, yes, frequent. I ketched one last fall that weighed four pounds, and I swar to goodness if a big trout didn't try to swallow him, and got ketched at it hisself. He



took Mr. eel tail on, and the minnit the eel felt sumthin' a-ticklin' of his tail he just curled it around so" — indicating the bend by a crook of his finger — "and ketched him through the gills, and held him there till mornin', when I got the two of 'em!"

"If I were you I'd keep a lot of eels on hand, Shorty, and set them every night; they beat the 'eagle's-claw trap' all to pieces," Hamlin observed.

"Well, I was a-thinkin' o' that there myself, but the're so blessed slippery a feller can't do much in the way of a-trainin' of 'em."

At this, Hamlin looked at his watch, remarked that it was three o'clock, that the wind had gone down, and if we desired to catch any fish that day we had better be at it. So, I rinsed out our teapot, hung it to my creel strap, lighted my pipe, and was ready for a march down the stream. At this demonstration Shorty also rose, looked up and down the stream for his boy, and, not seeing him, gave a peculiar whistle through his fingers. Presently the lad, with the black knapsack on his back, broke covert, but seeing us, retreated into the bushes again.

Hamlin and I entered the stream, unreeled our lines, and, with a good-bye salutation to Shorty, passed on, leaving him watching us from the bank. After turning the first bend in the creek, we were surprised to see Shorty there, and when we came within hailing distance he shouted at the top of his voice, so that he might be heard above the roar of the cascade.

"Say, you uns, I forgot to ax ye, doesn't ye wanter buy my trout?"

"Buy your trout! You whimpering, shivering scoundrel, what do you take us for?" Hamlin cried, with supreme disgust depicted upon every line of his face. "We are not pot-hunters, you miserable shark; get out!"

"Well, ye needn't git mad about it; I didn't know but what ye *might* buy 'em; but I didn't see no flask a-hangin' over yer shoulder, I must say, but thought, maybe, ye carried it in yer basket."

"Flask! flask! What's that got to do with it?" Hamlin inquired.

"Oh, a heap. I allers notices that them fellers whot carries their basket under one arm and a flask a-hangin' under t'other have more luck a-drinkin' than they do a-ketchin' ov fish, so I allers sells 'em my trout, and gets a good price for 'em, too.

"That's all right, Shorty, but we have no use for your fish; we are out for sport only, not to see how many trout we can destroy. Bye-bye."

"Good-bye, surs. When ye cum this way agin ye will most allers find me here on this stream, sumwheres about, a-ready to build fires or do any other work ye may stand in want of." Then, with an awkward flourish of his gayly-trimmed hat and an attempt at what resembled a bow, he quitted us; and as the willows closed behind him we heard his voice above the roar of the rapid — "Y-o-u John-*nee!*" to which a ghostly response came from somewhere up the stream — "Hal-*loo!*" We passed on down the cascade and left father and son to the contemplation of nature — and the defenseless fish.

From a volume of outdoor stories titled "Bodines" or Camping on the Iycoming by:

Thad S. Up De Graff, MD (Elmira, NY).

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia 1879.

MY MEMORIES OF THE FLOOD OF '89

(As recounted by William W. Champion, of Williamsport, to Margaret C. Lindemuth sometime after the March 17, 1936 flood.)

My two brothers and I were boarding up in a little house on Pine Street, in the immediate neighborhood of "Grafius Run."

It was Grafius Run that first got us out of bed at about 4 o'clock a.m. It was then careening on Park Avenue and all the neighborhood terrain.

Having taken up the carpet and made preparations for an overflow of the run, we returned to bed, remained perhaps a half hour, got up a second time, dressed and started for the river to see what was happening.

In order to get down it was necessary to follow the Pennsylvania Railroad to Mulberry Street and then backtrack to the river bridge at Market Street.

The big boom was shedding its logs and the river "algerines" were busy salvaging timbers and other things. But the river was still within its banks and we stood in the middle of the bridge watching them. Logs were getting thicker and thicker in the river and the water rising a foot or two every few minutes so that we left the bridge and went up to the Reading Station on the river bank at the foot of Pine Street. Here there was a passenger train with "steam up," ready to make the early morning trip. Freight trains of coal with their engines ready to be taken down the river as ballast for the company's bridges should they be menaced (by the flood).

By this time, the water was over the banks and started to come around the floor of the station, so we returned up the street, stepping over a rivulet that was running in front of the station, and when we got to the swinging bridges over the canal, they were just about afloat. Ten or fifteen minutes later would have been too late.

When we got to Market Square the early market men from over the mountain had packed their market stuff and were beating it down Market Street, which was already carrying water from the Grafius Run overflow across the river bridge. It was then about six o'clock.

I was anxious to see whether the expectant flood would reach the status of the famous "'65 Flood", (1865) which was reputed to have covered the lower portion of the Court House pavement, and so one of my brothers and I went into the office and the other went to our boarding house. Soon West Third Street was aflood and the water was seeping its way up all the streets and alleys rather slowly. While I was looking out the window, watching the fun that was going on in the watery streets, with saloons in full blast and the merchants salvaging the stuff from cellars, the water flooded into the cellar at the old Meyers Building, none too substantial at that time. It was at this time, probably between seven and eight o'clock, that the rumor came down the street that Johnstown had been washed away and everybody drowned.

It was probably eight o'clock when the brother who had gone back to the boarding house, came in with a market basket filled with provender to last over the Sabbath, and I salvaged a half dozen rolls. He then went on and reached the boarding house through a very considerable flooded area. I had a couple of biscuits and offered some to my brother Joe who said he couldn't eat that kind of dry stuff and didn't take any. Along about 11 o'clock he asked, "Are there any more of those biscuits left," and I said, "Yes," - so he ate his share of them.

The water not only got up to the Court House pavement shortly, but soon was over the coping and around about nine o'clock Mayor Keller, who was then our chief executive and leading hardware merchant, rode by in a boat with a couple of his bibulous friends and just as they got over the Court House lawn one of them gave the boat a rock and the Mayor went in up to his neck, but it was a good natured

bunch. They rescued the boat and the Mayor went on over to his place of business and then home.

During Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Howard Zerby, whose husband ran a little hotel in a two-story wooden building, came up on our roof to take a look at the river. I asked her if they were serving meals and she said, yes, and that we should come in for supper, and so we did, paying twenty-five cents for supper Saturday night, breakfast and dinner Sunday. But the water was almost up to the dining room floor and any minute I expected the building to raise up and move out, but it didn't, and it was through this building, about four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, that we left and made our way to Court Street, which was then free of water, and from there to our boarding house up on Pine Street, where they were beginning to sweep out.

The weather continued to be scowly and you scanned the sky at every down-dash of rain with a palpitating heart. The water kept on rising steadily and some time about 12 o'clock I had gone into the hall and stuck my finger into the water on the second step from the top. About an hour later, when I went out again, I slipped my finger under the step and found a little line of slime that told the water was falling.

I don't think I ever had any experience quite so comforting as that was; it was slight, but it was evident that the water was receding.



Some time during the night a couple of men in a boat came rowing by. We hailed them and they said they had come from up on Second Street, and where they were going I never was able to determine. By four o'clock people living in the rooms on the south side of Pine Street and in front of the Court House began to appear on the roof, and old Sam Wagner, the daddy of all expressmen, was calling with his loud voice from roof to roof and congratulating the neighbors on their escape.

About eight o'clock Sunday morning John F. Heddon, chief clerk and superintendent of the Reading (RR) and a friend of ours, came down Third Street in his boat, hailed us and wanted us to go along with him to the Reading Station. We went down the steps and he drove the boat into the landing which was three or four steps above street level. We got in and he took us up Market Street to the Reading Station. It stood like a monument of desolation. Water, water everywhere. There wasn't a thing left but the four walls of the building.

We then rode up Front Street toward William Street and in the second or third house, a small frame structure in which the water was more than half way to the ceil-

ing, was an old gray-haired lady looking pensively out of the window. I asked her how she had gotten back, and she said she hadn't gone away; she said she was born on the river and it took more than that to scare her. Later I found that several attempts had been made to rescue her, but she had refused to go. Just a couple of squares above, at the foot of Hepburn Street and the dam where the old flouring mill stood, there was a pile of logs drifted probably forty feet high. It was this that had saved part of the city between the canal and the river from water destruction, but above William Street were a number of frame houses moved out into the street, standing upright, and others turned over on their sides.

We went up William Street where the people were in the second stories looking out the windows - the saddest sight you could imagine. They had been marooned there in this awful danger zone since Saturday morning.



We then came back to the office and remained there until about four o'clock on that afternoon, when we made our getaway, but just before we left the building, businessmen began to wade down through two feet of water still in Third Street, with brooms on their shoulders.

James B. Krause's mother and father lived at the Stuempfle Coal Yard at the foot of Academy Street and Reading Railroad, just inside the embankment, and early in the morning he had secured a boat and had gone down to get his parents out. His mother was a large woman and had gone to the second story and had to be brought down over the porch roof into the boat and then rowed up to the home of her daughter on Washington Street. It was a very ticklish job, but he succeeded in getting them out safely. He then started home afoot, wading, climbing fences and swimming where he couldn't get across the street intersections any other way, reaching home about 11 o'clock.

My uncle had a horse and they were afraid he would be drowned, so they took it out and tied it to a telephone pole in the alley. As the water became higher and higher and got over the horse's back, he became very distressed and restless, so Mr. Krause climbed over the garden fence and sat on his back for hours in order to keep him company.

Anxious to see the results of the flood and busy attending to the salvaging of the stock, the late Hiram Ulman, of Moses Ulman Sons, at that time the leading clothing merchant, stood on the Court House steps until it was too late and with about a



hundred other people he had to spend the night and the greater part of the following Sunday in the Court House where they had neither heat, light, nor water. By 11 o'clock the clerks in the stores and proprietors, and the people in the saloons were wading out trying to reach home and then it was no longer funny.

By going out of the third story window onto a flat roof, we could go to the top of the Meyer's store building and survey the river and the valley all afloat and adrift.



We saw great piles of lumber, great masses of logs and even the old Beaver saw mill, the largest mill ever erected in Williamsport, go sailing down. In some manner, the Beaver mill got by the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge at the east end of the city and stranded at Canfield's Island, about three miles down the river, practically intact. I saw it, and yet I don't know to this day how it got around or under the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge and remained intact.

Soon there was a rumor that the Maynard Street bridge had gone out and a man drowned. The bridge, an iron structure, had gone in and a man was thrown into

the river, but some "algerine" rescued him.

A Jersey cow came swimming down the street, but was carried by the swift current at the corner of Market and Third, towards the river and probably drowned. And the Minnie HaHa, an excursion steamer that carried people to Mountain Grove and back, came up Market Street, coasted over top of the Pennsylvania Railroad to the foot of the hill and made another trip Sunday, just before noon.

The windows of the stores were filled with merchandise for the holiday and little by little the water kept rising higher and higher and higher, and you could hear the shelving toppling over. Great logs and all sorts of debris came swirling down Third Street. It would strike a plate glass window and there would be a boom like a Fourth of July firecracker.

In the small creeks, like Lycoming, Pine, Larry's Creek and all up the river, the height of the flood came in the night time. At Larry's Creek, just east of Jersey Shore, Joseph Gray, father of the late Sheriff Thomas M. Gray, had a grist mill and had just completed a new house; the water became so terrifically high and so terrible that the mill was swept away, and finally the house. The family spent the night, some nine or ten of them, in the apple trees, which every moment bid fair to keel over into the flood. The next morning the neighbors rigged up a wagon box with ropes, etc. and eventually succeeded in rescuing the family from the trees. It must have been a terrible night.

So far as I can recall there were no deaths from drowning or any other source in and around Williamsport, although there were a number of miraculous rescues. But, at Antes Fort, or Antes Creek, just south of Jersey Shore, the Youngman family had a cabin. This creek, as I recall, is less than a mile or two miles in length, and runs out of a great spring on the old George Sanderson place. Mr. Youngman, himself, was in New York; the wife and two sons, I believe, were drowned when their home was washed away. (John Youngman says this is not quite correct, that there were two Youngman families, both homes were washed away along with the families, including a governess; they were all drowned but the two men, William L. Youngman and George W. Youngman, Jr. and two of their sons.) There were no other fatalities that I can recall.

Sunday afternoon the country people began coming to town to look up their friends and bring them food. By Monday morning the matter of taking care of the people was well under way and contributions of a limited character came in, and people began repairing the damages. First on the program was the pumping out of all the cellars by the fire department, then, as now, a paid department.

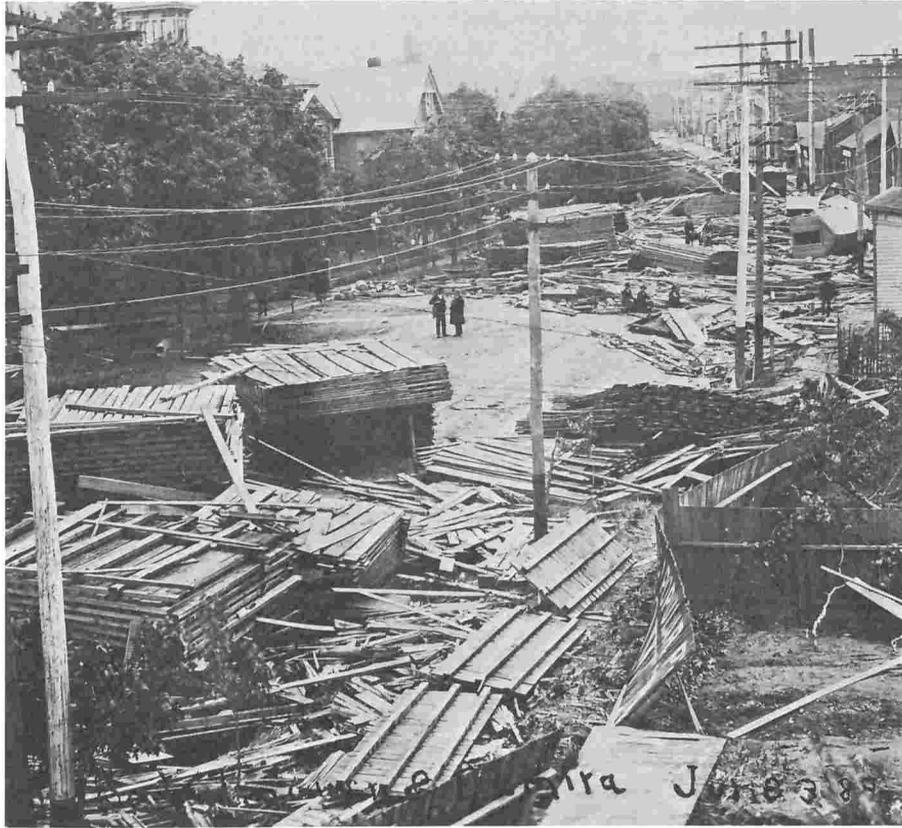
Merchants began sorting out the stock from the water and mud and soon the sidewalks were lined with clerks offering bargains in goods of all descriptions and kinds.

The remarkable part of it was there wasn't a single sheriff's sale or a failure immediately following the flood or due to the flood. Credit was no doubt extended and eventually the city worked its way out. There were no trains, no telegraph, no telephone, no means of communication except by country roads to the north and east.

Tuesday afternoon the *Sun* issued a half-page extra and on Wednesday morning the *Bulletin* had a half-page issue. A friend of mine and I bought five or six hundred of these half sheets, in some manner had them conveyed to the Reading bridge over the Loyalsock, which had not gone out though it was badly damaged, where they were taken across on a handcar and loaded into a horse and buggy and we started to peddle these papers down at Pennsdale and Hughesville, and finally disposed of what was left to some venturesome soul at Milton. I think we paid five cents and were supposed to receive ten cents for them.

Up to this time there had been no Philadelphia or other papers received in town and what had happened was entirely a matter of rumor, mostly shouted across the river.

There wasn't a bridge left from one end of the Susquehanna to the other, this side



of Harrisburg, I believe, but the railroads went immediately to work putting in temporary trestles, some of which were out, but they kept at it and in a few days the trains were running again - after a fashion.

For several years you could see on the bridges, marks and plates saying "high water mark," but these soon came to grief and one by one were removed or erased, and so far as I can recall there isn't a single one or any permanent one remaining at this time.

During the Revolutionary War, salt was an expensive luxury in our valley. A law prevented any family from possessing more than one-half bushel at one time. The going price was 15 shillings per bushel — when it could be had.

Did you know . . . that the Vandersloot Music Publishing Company of Williamsport, Pennsylvania published a tune called "Halley's Comet Rag" in 1910, the year the comet made its last appearance?

After 76 years, both the comet and "Halley's Comet Rag" are back again.

Halley's Comet.

Rag.

HARRY J. LINCOLN,
Composer of
Key Key Rag, Peppercorn Rag, etc.

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<p>1. THE VANDERSLOOT LIST THAT MADE UP THE VANDERSLOOT Mand & Guitar Folio No. 1</p>	<p>2. THE FOUR ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>3. THE FIVE ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>4. THE SIX ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>5. THE SEVEN ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>6. THE EIGHT ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>7. THE NINE ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>8. THE TEN ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>
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<p>1. THE VANDERSLOOT LIST THAT MADE UP THE VANDERSLOOT Mand & Guitar Folio No. 2</p>	<p>2. THE FOUR ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>3. THE FIVE ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>4. THE SIX ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>5. THE SEVEN ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>6. THE EIGHT ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>7. THE NINE ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>	<p>8. THE TEN ANGEL BARK THE WIND</p>
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AN INDIAN SITE IN THE BOROUGH OF MONTOURSVILLE

by Robert M. Higgins

QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF THE NORTH CENTRAL CHAPTER NO. 8
SOCIETY FOR PENNSYLVANIA ARCHAEOLOGY - Fall 1964 - Vol. 8

Since the time of Conrad Weiser, much has been said and written about the Indian occupation of the broad flood plains formed by the Susquehanna River and the Loyalsock Creek. Over the years many people have spent countless hours collecting and studying implements and tools long discarded by these ancient people. Artifacts of many kinds and in great abundance have been and are still being recovered every year by sharp-eyed students of Indian lore. However, as well known as the general area of occupation has become, specific locations of actual habitations have seldom been studied.

While I was surface hunting with my son Ronald in the late summer months of 1963, the site to be discussed was located quite by accident, as I suppose many other sites have been. The first noticeable signs of Indian occupancy were small sherds of pottery protruding from a bank of earth formed from stripping operations which had been conducted in the area. Closer inspection revealed that in some places the bank also included flakes of charcoal. By vertically scraping the exposed bank with a trowel, more pottery and charcoal were exposed, and the disturbed area began to suggest that the remnants of a long abandoned fire pit were being uncovered.

At about this time, having a very limited knowledge of archaeological procedures, I enlisted the aid of my very good friend, Mr. William N. Hutchison of Montoursville, who has for many years been active in the North Central Chapter. As further study of the area began to indicate a find of some importance with the discovery of a human burial by Mr. Hutchison, it was once again apparent that more qualified help was needed. Shortly thereafter, the site was inspected by Mr. Clark B. Kahler and Mr. James P. Bressler, two of the area's foremost archaeologists. Work on the site continued under the very capable direction of Mr. Kahler until late November when winter finally made any further excavation impossible.

Although the exploration of the site is not complete, the following is a summary of our findings to the present time:

Site Description and Location

The site presently being explored is located on the north bank of the old Pennsylvania Canal approximately 2,900 feet south, 8 degrees east of the administration building of the Williamsport-Lycoming County Airport, on the upper terrace of the Susquehanna River, which flows along the foot of Bald Eagle Mountain 1,000 feet to the south. For many years this land had been under cultivation as part of the old Tomb farm. It is presently being prepared for sand and gravel quarrying by the owners, the Lycoming Silica Sand Company of Montoursville. The entire area is within the corporate limits of the borough of Montoursville.

The area of this occupation which appears to have been both Algonquian and Iroquoian, is believed to have been quite extensive. Post molds were observed during stripping operations well over 100 yards north of the present site. It is also quite possible that this settlement could have extended west to the banks of the Loyalsock Creek. Being on the upper terrace, this site would have been ideal in times of high water.

The topsoil over the entire region has been removed to a depth of approximately eighteen inches. On the portion of the site which existed on the airport property, the soil has been stripped to the depth of the gravel beds and was used in making fill for the western extension of the runway. The soil remaining on the present site consists of a layer of sandy loam, reddish brown in color, and having a depth of from one foot to two and one-half feet. Between this layer of soil and the underlying gravel

is a layer of hard pan eight inches deep. This type of soil readily absorbs moisture but becomes quite hard upon drying, making excavation somewhat difficult.

Pits

A total of five refuse and fire pits have been mapped and excavated on the site. These pits range in diameter from three to six feet and have a depth varying from ten to thirty inches. Depth measurements have been taken from the surface of the existing ground and are not to be considered true depths. As previously stated, the earth has been removed over the entire site to a depth of eighteen inches and sold as commercial topsoil. While this disturbance of the area resulted in partial destruction of the pits, it also greatly simplified the problem of location. Upon removal of the light covering of weeds, the darkened area of the pits contrasted sharply with the reddish-brown hue of the surrounding soil.

Each pit was carefully excavated and the contents recorded. The following is a brief description of each pit along with its content:

Pit #1

Diameter 6'. Depth 10".

Medium charcoal and ash content.

Numerous body and rim sherds of definite Iroquoian pattern.

Small fragments of animal bone, many too badly decomposed to remove or identify.

Four small net sinkers.

Two concave-based triangular points.

One flint scraper.

Several small balls of red ochre.

Mussel shells, very difficult to handle.

Numerous flint chips and spalls.

Fire-burned and cracked river gravel.

Pit #2

Diameter 3½'. Depth 5".

Numerous small body sherds. No rim sherds recovered.

Small segment of clay pipe.

One spinning stone.

Three net sinkers.

Flint chips and burned stone.

This pit was difficult to define, having been almost entirely removed by stripping.

Pit #3

Diameter 6'. Depth 2½'.

Light amount of charcoal.

In excess of five hundred pot and rim sherds ranging in size from one square inch to twenty-four square inches, mixed through the entire depth. Algonquian pattern.

One-half pitted hammerstone.

Two small net sinkers.

Four spinning stones, two broken.

One broken celt.

Three triangular arrow points.

Numerous small food bones, possibly squirrel or bird.

Large animal molar, possibly deer.

Numerous small balls of red ochre.

One ball of blue clay.

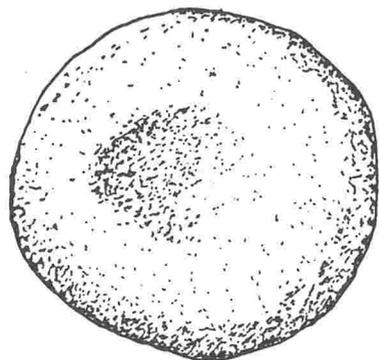
Mussel shells.

Many large pieces of black flint.

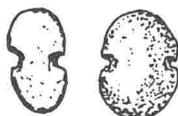
Small flint chips.

Very few pieces of fire-blackened stone.

Editor's Note: Illustrations are from "Man, Land and Time" by William H. Turnbaugh. Unigraphics, Inc., Evansville, Indiana, 1977. Artifacts illustrated were not recovered during this excavation but rather are of the same general type as those described.



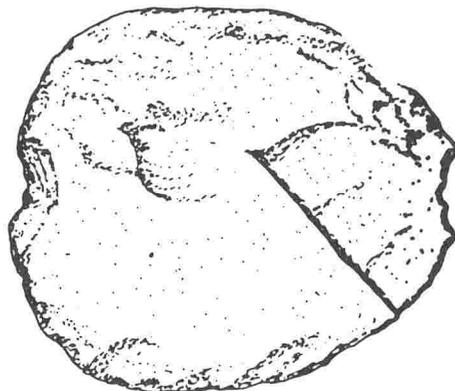
Pitted hammerstone



Side-notched net sinkers



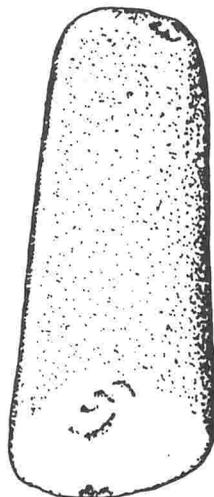
End-notched net sinkers



Chipped and notched shale disc spinning stone



Woodland chipped and polished celt



Woodland pecked and polished celt

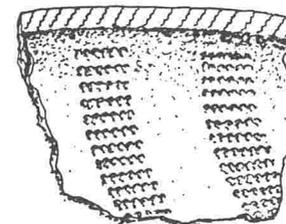
TRIANGULAR POINTS



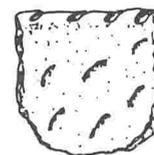
COMMON POTTERY TYPES



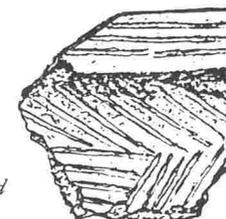
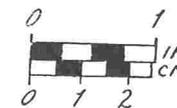
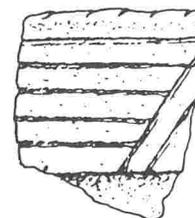
Clemson's Island



Owasco Platted



Susquehannock sberds of Schultz incised type



Shenk's Ferry incized

Pit #4

Diameter 4'. Depth 10".

Numerous food bone fragments, some recoverable.

Small animal mandible with teeth. Bone segment disintegrated upon exposure.

Body and rim sherds. Appear to be Algonquian.

Small balls of red ochre.

One triangular point.

One small, tapered, grooved stone; unknown use.

Large fire-cracked sandstone pebbles.

Near or upon several levels where pottery was found, sandstone pebbles of about four or five inches in diameter were found, giving the impression that the pottery had been deliberately smashed.

Pit #5

Diameter 8'. Depth 11".

Very few pot sherds.

Heavy charcoal content.

This pit was unusual in comparison with the others because of the total lack of fire-burned stone, bone, flint chips or any other artifact. All the pottery recovered was of Iroquoian pattern and was gathered from the very surface of the disturbed area.

Pottery

Both Algonquian and Iroquoian types of pottery have been recovered and studied. For the most part, pottery recovered from the surface was of Iroquoian origin, while that found deeper in the soil, with the exception of the first pit excavated, was Algonquian. A representative sample of each type will be discussed briefly.

From Pit #3 an Algonquian rim sherd has been selected for examination, one of about sixteen square inches in surface measurement, and three-eighths of an inch in thickness. The outside of the sample is a light yellowish-brown in color and the design can best be likened to the appearance of a corn cob. About one-quarter inch down from the rim, a series of small raised knobs appear laterally across the sherd. These probably have been formed by pressing a small twig nearly through the pottery from the inside. The vessel from which this sherd was long ago broken was nearly straight-sided having only a very slight outward flare near the top. Around the inside edge there is a lip three-sixteenths of an inch wide. The pottery itself seems to be of a well-fired, grit-tempered clay, with no visible air bubbles in the mixture. Another intriguing aspect of this sample is that the outside color matches perfectly the color of the layer of hardpan found just above the gravel layer beneath this site.

A sample of Iroquois pottery taken from Pit #1 is decidedly different from the Algonquian ware. It is much darker in color and vastly different in design. The collar of the sherd is slightly over two inches in width and is inscribed with both horizontal and oblique lines. The body of the pot had a marked flare away from the collar; i.e., the body would have been about two inches larger in diameter than the mouth. This pottery is much thinner in construction, tapering from a thickness of one-quarter inch at the body edge of the sherd to one-eighth inch at the rim. The material used appears to be well mixed and well fired. Tempering grit used is somewhat coarser than in the Algonquian sample.

Burials

Three burials were discovered during the course of the excavation. Grave #1 was located by Mr. Hutchison while he was carefully exploring the face of the bank formed by stripping operations. After he exposed several long bones to view, excavations were halted by darkness. Unexpectedly, stripping operations were resumed the following morning and the grave was completely destroyed before any further study could be

made. However, a small fragment of skull and two fragments of long bone, possibly the femur, were subsequently recovered and preserved. While the general condition of these bones was poor, some pieces solidified sufficiently to be handled upon being air-dried. There appeared to be no visible indication of this grave on the surface of the ground and the disturbed area in the bank itself was difficult to define. Some small flakes of charcoal were noted in the soil, however.

Grave #2 was discovered by Mr. Clayton Gower of Montoursville, an employee of the Lyscoming Silica Sand Company while operating a loader during stripping. Mr. Gower immediately stopped work in this area and consequently this grave, while somewhat disturbed was excavated more completely. The skeleton as found appeared to be that of a child, possibly ten to twelve years of age. The body had been buried in a tightly flexed position resting on the right side, facing north and headed east. Portions of the skull, pelvis and femur were the only bones remaining and were in poor condition. One thing about this grave which has mystified us, is the complete absence of the rib cage, spinal column and teeth. Close examination of the soil failed to uncover any trace of these features. No artifacts of any kind were found in this grave.

Grave #3 was discovered by Mr. Hutchison and Mr. Robert Miller while excavating in late November. Since I have little firsthand knowledge of this grave, the following account is from the report of Mr. Hutchison and from study of photographs he had taken.

This grave evidently had some surface indication in the form of dark soil and charcoal. At the direction of Mr. Hutchison, Mr. Miller began excavating in this disturbed soil. About eight inches below the level of the present ground, bone was encountered. After carefully removing the soil to a greater depth, it was determined that this had been a bundle burial. All the long bones recovered were standing on end with the remains of the skull on top. Some of these bones were in fair condition and have been preserved. They consist of the femur and the bones of the forearms. As in the other burials no trace of a rib cage, teeth, or spinal bones were discernable and no artifacts were recovered from the grave. This appears to have been the burial of an adult.

Post Molds

Probably the most interesting phase of the exploration to date has been the number and arrangement of the post molds which have been found. The blackened areas occupied by the posts are easily discernable due to the contrast in color of the surrounding soil, and a total of 457 of them have been located and mapped. They are aligned in the form of a large rectangle ninety feet by thirty feet with the length running east and west. Their diameters vary from two and one-half inches to five inches and are spaced from four to twelve inches apart. The depths of the molds cannot definitely be determined. Three to four inches below the surface of the present ground many of the molds disappear. However, one mold, on the north edge of Pit #3 appeared in cross-section to a depth of sixteen inches.

Several larger molds were inadvertently destroyed in the beginning of the exploration due to the fact that the extent of the find was not immediately recognized.

Conclusions

Upon close examination of the pottery recovered, three distinct components appear to be represented. The Clemson's Island (so-called Algonquian), the Shenk's Ferry (so-called Iroquoian), and the Susquehannock type. These three components span nearly the entire Late Woodland period — from somewhere around the year 800 A.D. to 1675 A.D. Food bones, pottery and stone implements found in the pits and scattered over the surface would indicate also that this site was one of some permanence and not one of mere periodic occupation. During recent years, floods, cultivation, stripping, and the construction of the Williamsport-Lyscoming County Airport have

altered the general profile of the entire region. That this site was at one time much larger is evidenced by the fact that post molds have been noted well over one hundred yards to the north of the present excavation, and the entire area west to the Loyalsock Creek has produced artifacts for the surface hunter for many years.

The burials encountered have proved to be somewhat of an enigma. The complete absence of some parts of the skeletal remains may be attributed to decay, although careful scrutiny of the earth fails to indicate this is so. Graves #1 and #2 were most probably associated with the earlier occupation period, and #3, the apparent bundle burial, with the latter. No mortuary offerings were found with the remains, and this fact may also point to an early period. Whether these graves were isolated remains or part of a larger burial ground has not yet been definitely determined.

The rectangular form outlined by the post molds indicates the existence of a long-house type of structure. However, the absence of any visible partition posts and interior fire pits strongly suggests to Mr. Kahler that the structure was a Mandewen, or House of Worship. Among other things, the large, and only, central fire pit would tend to support this theory. The due east and west location of the building also conforms with known ritual practice.

At this time, although neither the excavation nor this report can be considered complete, we would like to express our gratitude to the officials of the Lycoming Silica Sand Company for their cooperation in this project and for arranging their stripping operations so as to safeguard the remainder of the site as long as possible.

As for myself, this first season as an amateur archaeologist has been a very satisfying one. I am deeply indebted to both Mr. Kahler and Mr. Hutchison for their very willing guidance and assistance. Without their counsel, this site may very well have never been explored and much information forever lost to all of us.

We have spent many fruitful hours in the attempt to unravel some of the mysteries of time and we feel that this site has added much to the knowledge of the Indian in our area.

Much more can be learned.

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A most unusual geological discovery was made during the 1960's on Loyalsock Creek near Montoursville during gravel excavations by a contracting company. Bill Hutchison reported a submerged forest at least 20 feet below the present level of the creek. Since such a depth would place the forest below the level of the river (approximately) this presents a true enigma. Walnut trees replete with numerous walnuts, and oak trunks were among the specimens brought up. We have no explanation for it.

During the early years of the American Civil War stringencies caused by that conflict and the natural habit of hoarding coin resulted in a shortage of hard money.

To ensure the continuation of business, the city fathers of Williamsport authorized the borough council to print \$5,000.00 worth of paper money.

The script was designed by a committee that comprised of Louis Schneider, Peter Herdic and J. Walker Hays. It was printed January 27, 1863.

Even though Abram Updegraff, treasurer of the borough, wrote his name across the face of much of the script, and the authorization to circulate it was issued, most of the script never found its way into the hands of the public.

For those who missed it in 1863, the Lycoming County Historical Museum has reprinted the series of four notes and these sets of Williamsport money are for sale in the museum gift shop.



JOHN F. MEGINNESS - 1894

Historical Journal - Williamsport, PA

A SNAKE IN A PIE

The following singular circumstance is related in the *Sunbury American* of July 1842 and is well authenticated:

A most singular incident recently occurred at the table of one of our most respectable farmers (Jacob Ruch), in this neighborhood. The family had baked some pies early in the morning, and had set them in the cellar to cool for dinner. It was observed, before the pie was cut, that it appeared very full; and no sooner was the knife thrust into it, than a snake issued out, to the utter amazement and terror of all at the table. This was a kind of dessert as unwelcome as unexpected. The snake, it was supposed, had got in between the crusts while the pie was cooling on the cellar floor.

Jacob Ruch, at whose house the above exciting incident occurred, was a farmer and resided on the Tulpehocken road, about a mile and a half east of Sunbury. Little Shamokin Creek ran past his dwelling, and his spring house stood on the bank of this stream. Dr. R. H. Awl, the oldest practicing physician in Sunbury, knew Ruch well, and says there is no doubt of the truth of the statement. There are others also living in Sunbury who vouch for the accuracy of the story.

Ruch was a German, a very conscientious man, and somewhat odd in his manners. He was ponderous in size, weighing considerably over two hundred pounds, and possessed great physical strength. When the canal dam was being constructed in the river at Lock Haven he was employed as a rough stone mason, and became involed in the riot of 1833. The Irish rioters attacked and beat him severely. Owing to his great weight he could not run, and would have been killed but for a friend—an Irishman—who discovered him in his sad plight, and throwing himself on his prostrate body, shielded him from the blows of his enraged countrymen.

When Ruch grew old he sold his farm on the Tulpehocken road and emigrated in 1844, with his children, to Indiana and settled near Fort Wayne, where he died many years ago at a ripe age.

