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CITY OF WILLIAMSPORT

Williamsport is, with a single exception, the most important business place on the Susquehanna River, and justly takes rank among the first inland cities of Pennsylvania. It was laid out in 1795, by Michael Ross, a German, who owned the land upon which the original town was built, and was adopted as the county seat at the time of the organization of Lycoming County. The plan of the town was well designed, embracing wide, straight streets, and generous donations of land were made by Mr. Ross for public purposes. This liberality contributed materially to its early prosperity, and has caused it to develop into a city of unsurpassed attractiveness. From time to time additions have been made to the original plan until the space survey by Mr. Ross forms but a small portion of the present area of the city. A spirit of enterprise has, from its foundation, characterized it, and stagnation has never been permitted to find a resting-place within its limits. For many years Williamsport has had more than a State reputation, and the wonderful progress made within the last decade leaves no room for doubt as to its future. Every requisite of city comfort and convenience has been introduced. An abundant supply of the purest and best water is brought from mountain springs; gas is liberally used for public and private purposes; many of its principal streets are paved with wood, affording delightful drives; street railways are in operation; and to these may be added well stocked markets, superior facilities for intercourse with the surrounding country, and lovely scenery, all combining to make it a delightful place of residence or sojourn.

The principal business of the city is lumbering, and this is carried on to an extent calculated to surprise any person not familiar with that important industry. About twenty-five years ago this business was practically established at Williamsport by the construction of the first boom on the Susquehanna River, and its growth since then has been marvelous. Fifty steam-mills are now in operation, sawing and preparing lumber, in different ways, for distant markets, and the annual shipment averages not less than two hundred millions of feet. During the ten years ending with 1872, the

boom handled eight million three hundred and twelve thousand logs, aggregating one thousand, six hundred and forty-two millions of feet.

Among other prominent industries may be enumerated an axe factory, several foundries, a furniture factory, a boiler factory, paint-works, and a manufactory of match-sticks, which turns out one hundred and seventy-two thousand eight hundred sticks per minute, ten million three hundred and sixty-eight thousand per hour, or one hundred and three million six hundred and eighty thousand per day. Opposite Williamsport on the south side of the river, are large iron works. The mercantile trade is very extensive, and is conducted with much enterprise. The city contains thirty-two churches, seven newspapers, a seminary, a commercial college, a superior system of public schools, an academy of music, an opera house, six public halls, twelve national savings and private banks, and six hotels, one of which will compare favorably, in all its appointments, with any in the country. Within the city limits is Herdic Park—a magnificent race-course and exhibition ground—embracing thirty-five acres, on which are erected suitable buildings of superior construction. In connection with the park are hatching-houses and trout-ponds, where at least half a million of the "speckled beauties" may at any time be seen in all stages of development. Population, 18,634. A semi-weekly stage runs to Dushore, distant fifty-seven miles. (Junction of Northern Central Railway, Elmira Division,—running north, via Elmira, Havana and Watkins' Glens and Seneca Lake, to Canandaigua, where connection is made for Niagara Falls and all other points on the lakes and in Canada.)

The city is celebrated for its immense trade in the manufacture of lumber, and has the reputation of being the third in rank, perhaps in the country, for this branch of industry. Of late years she has made great and rapid strides in the establishment of large factories, foundries, and machine shops and furniture manufactories, one of the most extensive in the country being in operation here. Her streets are wide and well-planned and as a retail com-

mercial centre, few cities in the State of her size, rival her in her elegant stores and the display of merchandise. Williamsport possesses unsurpassed advantages for every branch of manufacture, being surrounded by immense coal beds, iron ore and lumber, and provided with every facility for import of her own and others' products from the markets of the entire country, and no city on the West Branch offers greater inducements or safer ones, for the investment of capital, from the fact of Williamsport being the great centre of trade to which most of the west and north-western counties of Pennsylvania look for their supplies. Wil-

liamsport has rapidly followed in the line of metropolitan cities, and has street car railroads laid through her chief streets.

Williamsport City and County Officers—Mayor, F. H. Keller; City Treasurer, Daniel Longsdorf; City Controllor, Charles Nash; City Attorney, H. C. McCormick; City Recorder, S. M. Smith.

Lycoming County Officers—President Judge U. H. Cummin; Sheriff, Samuel Wilson; Treasurer, Nelson R. Keys; Register and Recorder, Thomas Johnston; District Attorney, John J. Reardon; Prothonotary, Wm. Follmer.

“WRAK” news of Williamsport

Michael Ross Donated Site of Court House

It was Michael Ross who owned most of the land in Williamsport when the town was plotted. It was Michael Ross who donated the land for the Court House, and the plot of ground for the county jail.

He also donated the plot for a cemetery on Pine Street, at the site of our present City Hall. Michael Ross and his family were buried in this cemetery plot. Later, before the City Hall was built, their remains were transferred to the Washington Street Cemetery.

The original Court House in Williamsport was built by contractor John Turk in 1801. The brick used in that structure was made by William Hepburn, who later became Judge of the County. The old court house was completed in 1803. At that time, it was considered to be “a model of architectural beauty and skill”. Jacob Hyman was the boss carpenter on the job.

Earlier courts had convened at different locations. The first Court of Quarter Sessions convened in a log house occupied by John Winter, on the Ross Farm, near the Old Lycoming graveyard. Judge William Hepburn presided, with Dr. James Davison, Robert Fleming and John Adlum as his associates.

Later, courts convened in the old log buildings on the northeast corner of Third and Mulberry Streets. When that building was destroyed in the big fire of August 2, 1871, the courts were transferred to an old log building on the southwest corner of the present court house yard, at Third and Pine Streets. On the southeast corner of the same yard stood a log house in which—at one time—Apollos Woodward taught youthful future citizens their three R's.

Correction: History of Otstonwakin Farm—by Mabel Eck
in Winter issue of 1960

LUMBERING DAYS

By Clark Kahler

Every man had his special place at the table, and it was considered an insult to that man to take his place unless he gave permission to another.

A new-comer into camp was not permitted to sit down at a table to eat, until all others were seated and he was then given his place.

No stranger was turned away hungry, nor was he denied overnight lodging, after darkness fell. He in turn was supposed to offer a service in return, such as helping with the dishes or cleaning the table. If he lodged over night, he was supposed to help police up the lobby before leaving.

It was considered an insult to the cook to complain of a meal or the cooking.

The only way to complain of meals or conditions, was to speak to the camp foreman directly, and state reasons.

No man was considered worthy to remain in camp if he refused aid to a sick or injured man, or fail to contribute to a man's family if the man was killed in the woods, if he was asked to do so.

It was taboo to step ahead of another man, who was getting ready to wash his hands and face.

Each man had his individual axe or saw, and no one was supposed to handle it unless permission was granted.

Every man was supposed to keep his own axe and saw in working condition and keep it sharpened.

Each man was required to be in the woods at the place of work by daylight. Sickness was the only excuse.

Every man was required to wash his hands and face before he sat down to eat a meal.

When anyone at the table asked for something, the nearest man was supposed to pass it toward him; it was also an insult to him if anyone took from the dish before it reached him. The exception to this was on the first round, when it was to be passed from one to the next man to him.

Any man who had been insulted was permitted to ask the offender to step outside and settle the same with his fists. Difference in size or age made no difference. To refuse the challenge was considered an act of cowardice.

No fighting was permitted inside the camp lobby, nor was any man allowed to interfere in a fight on the outside. To do so, the fight was declared to be unfair, and that one was subject to the same challenge, either by the one who made the original challenge, or by another standing by. In such an event, refusal was a dishonor and the party was not made welcome in the camp any longer.

A constant complainer was asked to leave the camp.

While at work in the woods, if a man was undesirable or disagreeable to work with, they had a custom to let the man know it without ever telling him to go. It was known as giving him the card. It was simple but effective, for as he was working someone took their axe and hurled it at the tree he was working on, sticking the axe into it just above his head. It never failed to produce results, and he usually went immediately, nor did the foreman ask any question about it.

Every man was required to shout the warning, Timber, in a sufficient time to allow a safe retreat, before he toppled a tree. If he failed to do so, he was classed as a killer and run out of the woods.

During a legal fight, it was permissible to kick, bite, strike or strangle, even gouging. Anything was fair until the man shouted, Enough and admitted defeat. If the man did not admit defeat and was seriously injured, he was considered to be at fault.

When a man was buried in the woods, every man present was supposed to uncover his head in respect to the dead.

A common practice by a man, who was disgruntled with the company or his fellow workers and show his contempt toward the same was a dandy. He would wait until after payday, the next morning he would not say a word about quitting, but would take his dinner-pail and axe and go out with the crew as usual. Once there he would select one of the largest and nicest trees to be cut, then he would set his pail at the base of the tree. This done he would then step back, start his axe to spinning and hurl it as hard and as high into the trunk as he could, and then return

to the bunkhouse, take his belongings and leave. It thus made the tree into a hazard, and no one would ever attempt to cut the tree until the axe was struck down, which was really a difficult and dangerous task.

Another custom of the woods was known as, Traveling. It was a type of courtesy shown to a passing woodsman, enabling him to earn his way from one place to another. He was required to call upon the foreman on the job, state that he was traveling, state where he came from and where he was going. If he did not carry an axe, he was given one and put to work. The man then acknowledged his thanks and stated the number of days he expected to remain with them. It was then the foreman's job to see that the man had a meal and arrangements made with the cook and the bunkhouse foreman, to provide for the same. This entitled the man to the same consideration as a regular camp member. This type of courtesy was respected by both parties during his stay, and he was paid when he was ready to go.

The reputation of a camp was generally judged by the type of meals served and the amount of food. Information of the nature was spread far and wide among camps.

If a lumber company was slow or irregular about their payday, the information was spread afar, and it was hard for them to hold or hire men.

Woodsmen were paid by the day, and it included board and bunk. The men worked together in groups, each had his own type of work or operation, such as saw, chop, trim or draw. Each had a foreman over it. Each group had a certain area to work and assigned to them. A certain number of logs were required to be cut each day in order for them to qualify for the day's pay. If they fell short they were docked for the same until the quota was fulfilled. This was counted by the log tally at the end of each work day. If they over-cut the quota they were given extra credit.

Lumbering was a real specialized operation and required definite men for each phase of the work. A good woodsman was a very able and desired fellow to any company, and was given foremanship generally for which he drew extra pay. They did not acquire the skill in any short time, so it was a case of experience and not obtained from a book.

There were more than fifty different types of tools employed by the woodsman in his work, and it took skill to use them efficiently. If a man was not proficient, he was a drawback to those with whom he worked.

Lumber operations differed in types of working. One was a logging operation, where the trees were cut into logs, which were then sold to a mill for sawing. Another was a bark operation, the trees being barked only, and the bark sold to the tannery.

Another form of lumber operation was the mill, where the trees were not only cut but sawed into lumber too. This was sold to factories.

On level areas, the logs were skidded. This was accomplished by drawing the logs by horses. Hooks were fastened to the logs and drawn or bucked into the level slides. The slide was made of logs, which were barked and made smooth, and were so spaced and spiked to make a trough. This was often greased or watered in the winter to make it freeze. This was done to cut down friction and make the logs run more easily.

The most common slide was constructed on the slopes, but built along the same principle, and the logs ran down the slide by gravity. The hardwoods were generally used for this purpose on account of durability. At times the logs would run too fast, and would then jump out of the slide. When this happened it made extra work, and the stray logs had to be recovered by men with teams of horses, which would then draw the logs back into the slide and send them on the way. To overcome the condition, drag-spikes were inserted into the slides at certain points, where the protruding heads would cut deep into the log and thus reduce the speed.

At the bottom of the slides, ponds were formed by dams formed with logs to retain the water. When the ponds were filled with logs and enough water stored behind them, the dams were dynamited, thus releasing the water and floating the logs down the stream.

The wet-slide was another form of slide used. They were built in a portion of the streams, so that a portion of the water was diverted into it, thus the logs floated down by the force of the water behind them. This kind of slide was only possible where such conditions were available.

Another form of slide was known as the Tumble slide and only used along streams of some size. The use of a dam was not necessary, as they waited until the streams were in flood before the logs were released into the stream. Here they built a tramway with heavy timbers, somewhat like a bridge, which ran to the edge of the stream to be used. The end of the tram was then blocked solid with log-works, so the logs could not roll off the end of it. Then the logs were rolled against the buttress until the entire tram was filled with logs. When flood conditions were favorable, dynamite was put beneath the buttress work and exploded. When this broke it allowed the logs to fall into the stream and float down the same.

Lumber horses were the heavy draft type, large and very well muscled. They were trained to pull uniformly together. Each knew the right position to hold, and which side of the log to stand by. They could sense danger far better than the drivers, and when logs began running wild would withdraw to a side at a safe distance. The drivers usually watched them carefully and depended more on their sense of danger than they did on their own senses. It was seldom that a lumber horse was caught or killed by wild logs, and when it did happen it was generally caused by the stubbornness of the driver.

Log driving was mostly a water operation. The logs were floated in the streams, on the way to the market. This was mostly done in the springtime floods, when there was plenty of water. Men with pikes or hooks rode the logs to keep them on the move and prevent them from sticking or piling up, or becoming lodged in the stream. Along shorelines, other men kept a lookout for stray or stopped logs along the edges of the stream, pushing them out into deep water and kept on the move. This was a dangerous and cold operation, as often the men had to jump into the stream with all of their clothes on to do the job required.

Rafting was another lumber operation, where the stream was used for the transportation. Here the logs were spliced into raft formations and floated down the stream. In this type of work fewer men could handle more logs. The rafts were guided by a sweep or oar at the rear of the raft, and at times poled along the sides by others. Quite often they built a cabin

on them, where they ate and slept, and at night they would hitch near the shore to some tree. This kind of work was quite specialized, and the timbers were usually known as squared timber. They were mostly select material and the most valuable, generally used in ship building. Mast timbers were the most valuable of all and required a real art in handling. They had to measure at least eighty feet in length, and had to square at least twenty-four inches at the small end of the log. They were never barked until they reached their destination, and did not dare to be scarred nor did they dare to have a split or weak spot on them. Their average was around one hundred dollars a piece delivered at point of destination, usually Philadelphia or at Baltimore. Square timber was usually taken by Water to Columbia or Harrisburg, where it was paid for, and then shipped by rail.

Nearly every logging area had known a person called a Bully. This kind of a fellow was the top man scrapper, and he took pride in fighting, especially every newcomer into his area. Whatever he demanded or took had to be put up with unless you wanted to fight for it. You either had to fight him or get out of the territory. Somehow they were respected in a rough way, but mostly by fear. They often went out of their way to pick a fight, sometimes even going into some other territory to do it. If the winner, his prestige increased. Often camp bets were placed upon them, or the outcome. When a Bully was defeated, the news was carried far and near, and quite loudly, and he left the area immediately, never to return in a kind of disgrace.

Abner Campbell witnessed the defeat of the Bully of the Pine Creek area, and he gave the following account:

"He and his brother, Ambrose, were filing saws on the job, operated by their uncle, William Campbell, on the mountain at Cammal, Pa. Uncle Billy was out in the woods with his crew and we were busy with our work on the saws, when a fellow by the name of Benny Brown, came up the mountain to them. He first asked where Billy was and they told him "out in the woods." Then he tried all ways of insulting them and the work they were doing. Ambrose finally got a bit riled up and wanted to fight, but Abner told him to quiet down, that this was the Pine Creek Bully and was only wanting to fight, and that he was too

strong for him to tangle with. When Brown could not get the thing started, he picked up a new saw they had just finished and started sawing the edge over a big rock beside them. Thus he deliberately ruined the saw, but they held the peace. Then Brown jumped on the saw to spring it out of shape. Finally he threw it on a pile of rocks and left, telling them to tell their Uncle Billy, Ben Brown was there and that was his card, and with that he started back down the mountain. He had not gone out of sight, when Billy appeared on the scene and they reported what had happened.

Uncle Bill ran down the road until he could see Brown, and called to him to come back and pay for the saw he had destroyed. Brown shouted back he did not intend to pay for the saw, and if he expected to get anything out of him for it he would have to take it out of his hide. Campbell accepted the challenge and started walking toward Brown, and they knew that Uncle Billy meant business, although he was never known to fight in his life before, and was known as a quiet man. However Billy Campbell was a strong man and quick on his feet.

When he came to Brown, he again demanded payment for the saw; and again Brown told him to try to get it out of his hide, in other words fight for it. Uncle Billy told him his whole body was not worth what the saw cost, but he would take out as much from his hide that he could get.

Then came the clash between them. Brown rushed at Campbell with a mighty lunge, and Billy turned aside. Brown charged again and attempted to grab a hold, and again failed as Billy turned aside, catching Brown in the face with a good right. Brown finally made a hold on Billy and started to crush his chest, but his hold was broken. As Brown was off balance for a second, it was all that was necessary, for Billy took the advantage and drove a couple of heavies into his face and upset him. As he was getting up more caught him and he tumbled over backward. Billy was really mad by this time and pushing the fight, telling Abner and Ambrose to get a couple of men from the mill to act as a witness. They soon had them and they stood by as Billy completed the affair by jumping on Brown's face with his hobnails, kicking in his ribs and finally jumping up and down on his chest, until Brown yelled that he had enough and

was defeated, and would pay for the saw. Letting him up with a few more in his face, Brown staggered. He then reached into his pocket and brought out his pay, which he handed to Campbell. Uncle Billy told him he did not want all of it, but only the price of the saw. Brown then started to leave, but Billy asked him if he had not forgotten something? Brown told him that he had beaten him and that he had paid him for the saw. Uncle Billy told him that when he sold a man a saw he expected him to take it with him when he left. Brown said he did not want the saw, that he was getting out and leaving. At this reply, Billy Campbell told him to go back up the mountain and get the saw and be sure to take it with him, which he did immediately. He left Pine Creek and was not heard from until some years later the two met near Renovo. There they had a friendly chat and a drink as if nothing had ever happened between them."

Mr. Joseph C. Budd related how the Bully of the Loyalsock Creek area met his defeat:

"Big Bob Gowdy was the Bully of the Sock, a powerful built fellow with great chest and heavy arm muscles like steel. He was what the woodsmen called a crusher. His method of fighting was to grab hold of a man and squeeze and crush in his chest, or break his back. Another tactic was to rush at a man then lower his head and crash in, knocking the breath out of the fellow and putting him to the ground, where he delighted to kick in the ribs and trample the man with his steel corks. Gowdy had a contemptible streak in him, and would pick on a man for no reason other than his own dislike.

I had a store at Slabtown and sold supplies of all kinds to the lumber camps and the men along the creek. Gowdy had a job and a large account on my books at the time he got his beating, and he sure got a dandy one from a little man, who was a veterinary. The veterinary was a little man, from England and graduated from Oxford. He was a pleasant fellow and a very fine doctor. He rode a dandy horse and had a saddle bag to carry his medicines and tools in, and was proud of his horse. The very first time Gowdy saw him he took a dislike to the guy and told him to get out of the Loyalsock. Well the little Doc paid no attention and went about his own business,

for he was in great demand, since horses in the woods were very valuable and a good veterinary was hard to find. One day while Doc was in the store and his horse tied to the rail out in front, Gowdy spied the horse, came up and cut off the reins, slashed the bag and straps, hit the horse and sent it running down the creek road. Somebody caught the horse and brought it to the Doc, and he was mad when he saw the damage, but he ignored the insult of Gowdy. It only added fuel to Gowdy's hatred, and he called him all kinds of foul names at every chance. Another time he took a chestnut burr and put it under the horse's tail, and then jerked the tail down hard into it. The horse screamed and reared in pain, and later it got infected. Gowdy laughed at the Doc and did everything to irritate the fellow.

One day in early spring, the Creek was high and the logs were on the drive, and men were busy on both sides of the stream. Gowdy and his crew were on the opposite side and Doc was coming up the other side, when Gowdy spied him and started to yell across at him and call him vile names. Finally having taken enough, he told Gowdy he was ready to put him in his place. He came up to the store and tied his horse to the rail and then announced that he was going to square accounts with Gowdy. We tried to disuade him from the attempt, as nobody thought he was equal to such a big man as Gowdy. He walked down along the creek until he was opposite Gowdy, and then shouted to him that he was prepared and ready to fight and settle the matter. Gowdy yelled back for him to come down to the bridge, but the little Doc told him to stay right where he was, as he was coming across to him. Before we realized what was happening the Doc was into the stream, filled with icewater and logs, making it toward the other side. We tried to call him back, but he just went on going, and none of us thought he would ever make it. As he reached the other side and was trying to get out, Gowdy ran to him and gave him a kick in the face sending him in again. Everytime he tried to get out Gowdy would kick or jump on his hands, but at last he finally got on the bank. He shouted his challenge at Gowdy and told him to fight like a man and not as a skunk that he was. Gowdy lowered his head and came charging at the little Doc, who sud-

denly jumped aside, which left the Bully go crashing his head against a tree. A big cheer went up on both sides of the stream for the Doc. Gowdy changed his tactics, and again came rushing with head uplifted this time. Doc changed position too, and no tree was in line now, and Gowdy came fast at him. As they came together, Gowdy made a grab to take his famous squeeze hold, but he did not make it; for the Doc made a quick step aside and swung a mighty fist to his jaw which dazed the mighty Gowdy. Before he could recover the Vet followed with more, sending the man to the ground in a sprawl. With Gowdy upon the ground, the Doc now took over in lumberman fashion. He jumped and kicked Gowdy in the face, blood poured over it, and he proceeded to batter his head against a big stone and finally kicking in his ribs. Again and again the Bully shouted that he had enough, but the little doc told him to yell it louder. When the men on the opposite side confirmed that they could hear him there, Doc gave him the final kick and walked away, the man who defeated Gowdy. Nobody had ever known that the Doc could fight or that he had taken fencing and boxing lessons back in England.

Bob Gowdy left the Sock as soon as he could, and on my account book he left a charge of more than twelve thousand dollars. This was a big blow to me and I thought it all lost, as Gowdy had left and gone. Then one day, about six years later, who should walk into the store but Gowdy. He looked fine and came right up to me and said, "Mr. Budd, I come to pay off my bill to you, how much do I owe, so taking out the book gave him the amount and got the account file. He never looked it over and said, Budd your figures are correct, but you forgot the interest at six percent for the time you waited. No, I do not want interest, I am glad to get the principle, we will let the interest go. He settled the amount in full and included the interest too.

I invited him to come over to the house and visit with us, but he declined. He told me he wanted to get away from the area as soon as he could, and that the only reason he returned was to pay off his debt to me. He had gone into Virginia after his beating, taken on a lumber operation and been successful in business. He always remembered his obligations and paid them, and

even in the Loyalsock, where he was licked, he did not want any one to say that Bob Gowdy owed them money. He then departed and never returned to the Sock area."

Mr. Milton E. Reeder related a rather unique happening, that occurred in his camp at Hunter's Lake:

"A young fellow came to my shanty-office and asked for a job, stating that he was traveling. When asked what he could do in lumbering camp, he replied, Any damn job that you have to do. Telling him that covered a big territory, so looking him over as he appeared to be pretty young, I further questioned him as to his ability. Well he certainly knew the answers, so I went to the door with him and pointed out my foreman. Go to that man and tell him to put you to work and that I sent you. As I watched him from the doorway, he did as was told. The next thing that happened surprised me; for the foreman punched him in the face and knocked him sprawling to the ground. I left out a bellow and ran to them, but by then the young man was up on his feet and calm as could be. Since I never knew my foreman to ever strike a man before, I asked him why he had done it, as I had sent the fellow to him to go to work. The foreman told me that the newcomer had started the thing. When I asked the lad what he had said or done, he assured me that he did not know. He had done what was told and when he came to the foreman he said Good Morning, when the man hauled off and gave it to him. The others verified the lad's word and so did the foreman, so I wondered just why he had hit him. Then the foreman said to me, look at that beautiful sun, is there anything ugly about it? No, I replied, but why did you strike him? Well when he came up and said Good Morning, I just thought he was some damned hitch that was looking for trouble or a dispute, so I left him have it to get it out of his system right away. We all had a good laugh then over it, both of them shook hands and assured that there was no hard feelings and the lad went to work. Well you know those two fellows became inseparable buddies and the fellow stayed on with me, and I am damned glad that he did. He could do any job in the woods or office or mill, and helped me out of many a difficulty. He was well liked by everyone and later became my top foreman over the woods and my mill. That

fellow knew more about lumbering than any man I have ever known, and he and my woods foreman became the best partners a lumberman could hope to have. If it had not been for them, I would not have a penny of my own today. I had lumbered for some years back, some jobs cost me money, others I was lucky enough to break even. That young fellow knew contracts and the lumber market, and showed me how for the first time in my life to make a reasonable profit. What the woods foreman did not know that lad told him, and what I lacked he pointed out to me and gave the best advice I ever had; so that is how I became successful in my lumber operations. But let me tell you this, from that day on, no one has ever heard me use the phrase of Good Morning as a greeting and never will. Now it is always How-do-you-do or else hello." Mr. Reeder and I were closest of friends, from a kid up until the day he died, and I can never recall of him saying Good Morning, in all my years. He was highly respected and a very able businessman, and did a lot of good in this area, where he spent his lifetime.

Log Jams, were a nightmare and a panic to lumbering; to some it meant loss and destruction, or heavy damage claims. No time could be lost with them, as they always grew worse and never better. Very few men knew how to unscramble them, once they got started, so that such a party became well known in the field and were regarded highly. They were the Jam Busters. It was very dangerous work, to say the least. It always meant the taking chance on your life, so it brought high rewards, if you could call it that, for the price was generally one hundred dollars, plus travel, board, find and all the whiskey you wanted. That is upon the condition that you broke the jam and then lived to collect your money. Yet there were some who did really do it, which created them fame among lumbermen.

Log Jams were usually started by a key log getting stuck, which in turn stopped others and thus caused the jamming. The others built up and piled behind them, while a dam formed and built up water pressure. It was a terrible menace to all from the very first, which grew rapidly worse all the time. Every means and method was used as soon as possible, and word sent out to Jam Breakers right away, and to get there fast. Here are a couple of cases, which

the men who broke them related:

The great Jam at Renovo, which is very well known, was one that had defied all comers for four days. It was a mountain of logs across the Susquehanna, and reached far up the river. It was growing worse and had been washing out and destroying the trackage of the Pennsylvania badly. Night and days had been spent and no expense had been spared, yet no success. Word was sent everywhere to find men to combat it, and the Railroad Company offered rewards to find men to break the jam. Finally two young men were found and contacted at Cammal. They were working there and asked to come immediately to Jersey Shore, where a locomotive was waiting to speed them on the way. As soon as they were told the amount, they decided to take the job and went along, riding horses as fast as they could to Jersey Shore. Here they took the engine and sped to the scene. It was getting late when they arrived but still not dark. They were briefed upon what had been tried, given a meal and a room at the hotel arranged. Their names were Abner and Ambrose Campbell, brothers and very able men. They did not know what the word fear meant; and being concerned at the big job before them, went immediately out over the jam to inspect it, even though it was then gathering dusk at the time. They had been urged not to do it until next morning, but out they went to see. On the banks were crowds of lumberjacks watching their every movement and safety. Back and forth they ran over the logs, with the agility of a cat. Finally they asked for a lighted lantern that they could see better, which they were given immediately. Ambrose was the keener of the two and did the inspection work, and all the time advising Abner of the situation. At last they came to a spot where they thought was the key log position, which was then marked plainly; and they went on to the shore; and announced that the trouble spot was located and they were going to try to break it. Again they begged them to wait until next day, but they insisted on trying it out that night. The Railroad brought them dynamite, but Ambrose refused it, saying, I'd rather take a chance on my life with a log, than to be blown to pieces with that damned stuff, I'm afraid of it, and I know more about logs. Build me up some fires along the bank as we'll

need lots of light to try to get back to shore. Taking his special prying hook, he and Abner went back to the spot they had marked. Testing it out gently to get the feel, he told Abner this is it. Shaking hands he instructed him to take the lantern and start toward the shore, and when he got about twenty yards from it, he was to make a signal with the lantern, run like hell and to pray he would get through all right to the shore himself. If I fail tonight, then you try it tomorrow. With a lantern hanging to a log, to give him light, he waited for the signal. As it was given, Ambrose plied more pressure and started the log to turn, another twist and it began to tremble. Other logs began trembling too, so that was the one. With a heave he tore at it, and then the whole mass began to move and tremble, as he ran over the logs as fast as he could. The entire mass was grinding and groaning; logs were flying high into the air and a deafening roar was increasing. On the shore they were watching a jam breaker jumping logs and trying to save his life. He was still a long way from shore when the mass seemed to give away in a mighty heave, and he disappeared under the logs and water. Frantically they tried to see or locate him, and at last he was discovered holding to a log going down stream. They followed him, but it was not until he had gone down the river for more than a mile, that they were able to get to him and rescue him from the waters. Half-drowned and badly bruised and bleeding, he was taken to his room, amid cheers and elations of the railroad and lumbermen. A doctor gave him the best of attention and care, and by morning he appeared none the worse except soreness. Both he and Abner were raised upon the shoulders of men and then carried from bar to bar, for all to see. They were immediately paid five hundred dollars by the lumber companies. The Railroad paid five hundred dollars to each one, asked them to stay over for one week, for which they were paid at the rate of ten dollars a day and all other expenses and their return to camp.

When I asked them about being afraid, they told me that the only time that they felt any fear, was when they were riding up in the railroad engine. They had a clear track and opened up the engine, which rocked and rolled till they thought it would leave the tracks. Abner said he grew con-

cerned when Brose went under, but felt all the time that he would make it out all right, as he knew all the tricks of safety in the water with logs. Ambrose said he was kind of surprised that the logs gave away so soon, and that when he tumbled in he dove under them so that he would not get crushed or caught by them. After he had gotten some water down him, he picked a good log and hung to it, for he knew he was then safe and it would run toward shore; but that the men got to him before it went too far down stream.

They later helped break a Jam at Slate Run, which had them baffled for a while, since the job had been bungled before they took it over. Dynamite had been used several times and made it difficult to locate the key logs. This jam was a double as they called it, having two different points of jamming. The jam itself was on Slate Run, had piled high up with logs as the water rose higher and spilled down over the front. The low ground was covered with logs that had gouged into the dirt, and behind them was fast piling other logs. There was not safe ground to run to once things started to move, since they were on the low side and no banks could be made use of. After locating the keys, they asked for the dynamite and men used to handling it. They told them where to place it, and the men attached the dynamite where it would give the greatest power. When set they put long fuses to it and set them to burning, climbing then up and over the huge mass to a place of safety. When it exploded everything tore loose at the same time, hurling logs over forty feet into the air. They said the roar was terrific and heard for many miles around far up and down the creek. Pine Creek was a swirling and boiling mass of logs and rushing water, and it was feared that much flood and destruction might develop further down the stream. Warnings were sent out right away to those parts, but all passed away safely. For the work they received one hundred dollars and free drinks through out the area, and the thanks of many lumbermen. It was the only time that they resorted to the use of dynamite to break a jam, and the only time they employed other men to help.

They explained to me how dynamite was used to break open the dams in splashing down the logs, but they told me they did not help do it, since both were afraid of the

stuff, as they had witnessed many accidents and failures where it was not handled properly. They feared the caps worse than the sticks, and would not go near where they were around. They knew how and did use blasting powder, by drilling a hole into a log and tamping it with powder and squibbs, but dynamite was taboo.

Emery Townsend told me much about camp life in the woods, of their fights and much about barkworking. Most of his time was after the pine had been taken off, so did not get much of a chance to cut pine, except for the strays which were cut later along with the hemlock. He and all of his family were brought up in the woods, so he got very little education in school. All of them worked at lumbering, and he started to swing the axe and cut at the age of thirteen years old. He stayed with lumber until after most of the pulp was first taken off then went to factory work. Most of the time was spent in the woods in Potter and upper Lycoming Counties. He stood over six foot four inches, and his smallest brother was only six foot two, so he was called Shorty by all of the others. All of them were very soft spoken men, very quiet, but hardheaded. Once riled they were not to be fooled with, and when they said no, they meant it. Some of the interesting things that he told me were as follows:

"Gambling was never permitted in the camp or lobbies, so if you wanted to play cards it was done outside, mostly on an old stump or on the bare ground.

A man who stole in camp was beaten up badly, and then he and his belongings were both thrown out of the door.

Since lice and bedbugs were common, a newcomer was asked if he was lousy or had bugs; if he replied no, he was promptly given some, so he would be like the rest of the gang. It was merely a custom, but no one could remain without them in the woods, as so many were foreigners and did not know what it was not to have them. But that when the men went to their homes the first thing that they did was to strip off and take a bath and boil their clothes to get rid of all lice and bugs, before going into their homes.

Past time and entertainment in the camps depended entirely upon the men themselves. Many would sing and play instruments, while others performed stunts of various

kinds. No one worked on Sundays, unless absolutely necessary. If the weather was nice, they would wrestle outside the camp just for the fun of it. Of course in the evenings they would play pranks on each other.

One thing that he demonstrated to me was axe-throwing. It was a game of skill and must have required lots of practice. A cross or "X" was marked upon the trunk of a tree, the height of a man's head. Each man stood away from it for a distance of thirty paces, in line and facing the mark. He then took an axe and started swinging up and down, until he had momentum to cause the axe to spin as he hurled it at the mark. They would often bet on the thrower, or he would sometimes make the bet, that he could hit the mark. In case of a tie, each was required to throw again, and the closer one was the winner. The mark on the tree was only two inches square and was only a charcoal line, but I saw Emery do this five times in a row without a miss; yet he had not done it in over five years.

Chopping contests were popular, each selected a tree of the same kind and diameter. At a signal each started to chop and the first to fell his tree was the winner.

Log spinning and rolling was another sport, but could be done only on a pond. The idea being to out spin the other man or to reverse it quickly, tossing him into the water."

A bunk was only a board nailed along a frame, the bottom being slatted or poled. This was then filled with clean straw upon which they slept. They went to bed with their clothes and shoes on them, whether they were wet or dry. Belts were loosened and shirts were opened to permit air to circulate; and they covered with a heavy blanket. Sometimes two tiers of bunks were built, one being about ten inches off the floor, the top one about thirty inches above the other. The bunk was about forty inches wide.

There was a special traveler, who visited the lumber camps and entertained them. He was known as a Bard, he carried a musical instrument, and sang songs to them. These songs were of ballad type, and usually songs about woodsmen or about the news events of the day. The Bard was a paid entertainer and sometimes stayed for a couple of days. Most of the songs were corded affairs, and the Bard sang from memory. It was a unique style of music. The Bard was not

a lumberman, but did go from camp to camp, playing and singing to the men. Many of the ballads were made up by the Bards, each singing them in his own fashion. Some were humorous, others rather sad or of a romantic or sentimental nature. Each one seemed to have its own effect or purpose.

One of the Ballads, which I heard sung by a Bard, was a rather touching one. It came from a woods accident that happened in Sullivan County. I do not remember all of the words of it, but do recall the theme of the story it told about. "Two brothers had left their home near Laporte, to work in the woods together. They worked side by side and got along fine, until one day they quarreled over a girl. They had a terrible fight over it; and both vowed never to speak to one another as long as they lived. Each brother then worked by himself, or had a different pardner. In falling a tree the one failed to heed the call of timber, that the other shouted, and was crushed to death by the falling tree. Immediately the other brother ran over to him, but he was dead. Thus realizing what had resulted from their foolishness, the remaining one carried his body to the camp, built him a pine coffin and dug his grave. It went on to tell of the brother's remorse and finished with The Lord's Prayer."

"Another ballad related about a log drive on the Sinnamahoning. It described the details of the drive and the many difficulties encountered. How another lumber crew refused to start their drive or open their dam. A fight ensued and of how the dam was broken. It then went on to describe the legal troubles that followed, and the contempt of other lumbermen toward the ones who refused to let them pass."

I knew one of the last Bards of the Loyalsock and Muncy Creek areas. He was in his early eighties and played an accordion, and could remember and sing over a hundred ballads. He used to go among the farmers doing chores and at night would then sing to them. He was referred to as old Bill Brenner. If you gave him a quarter he would sing until you stopped him.

One of the important men in the lumber industry was the Timber Cruiser. This man was trained and experienced in the estimating of the amount of timber or lumber, that was contained in a given area of woodland or tract. Before an area was purchased

or contracted to be cut he was sent to look over it and give his estimate of the amount it would produce. He would measure the base of the tree and judge the height and scale the amount. He generally counted the trees on the average stand and then computed the extent of the area. If it was to be a mixed stand cutting, he then had to estimate the amounts of the different kinds of trees contained in it. A good cruiser was a well paid man, and upon his judgment rested the amount to be paid, and often the difference between a profit or a loss on the deal. Most of them could tell by a glance what a tree would produce without measuring.

There were two different methods of buying and cutting timber land. One method of purchase was made by Contract, and in this form the land owner was paid a given amount for the timber rights. The purchaser taking the risk of the profit or loss to be made. The owner received less money generally, but was guaranteed on his amount. The other way was by Stumpage, in which the owner participated in the risk. Here the cutter was to pay on a tree basis, and only on the amount it would produce, and the owner was not guaranteed any set price, but did receive his share of what the lumber was worth; while the cutter was protected and did not have to buy all of the trees, of which many would be worthless as lumber. In this manner the owner usually got a higher price, but was subject to his share of a risk.

Some of the contracts were broad and liberal, while others were just the opposite, being confined and definite. It took a sharp man to understand the exact meaning, and many a man lost his shirt, so to speak, on this account. Often they were quite involved, since one man would purchase the rights and then resell to another party, thus three parties became involved. Another situation often took place too, for at times the cutter would start a job and figure it a loss so would sell his contract to still someone else to finish.

When they were cutting the pine, a great deal of it was wasted, for there was so much that they thought it would never play out. It was the finest kind of timber and was the virgin stand. Many of the trees were more than a hundred feet high, and five, six and more feet in diameter. The trees were cut breast high, so that a man did not

have to stoop as he was cutting. At first they would use only the very best part of the felled tree, usually the part as far as the first or lower limbs. This was known as panel pine, and did not have any knots, except for a very few tiny ones; the upper parts were left to rot or were burned. The average log was about twelve to sixteen feet in length, and was later sawed into board lumber or square timbers. Later years they were a bit more conservative, and cut more logs from the trees. The cutting operation was conducted upon a mass production basis. First were the choppers who fell the tree; then the trimmers, who cut off the limbs to let it rest on the ground; then the peelers, who stripped off the bark; then the sawers, who cut it into proper lengths; then the skidders, who pulled the logs into piles for loading, and so on down the line.

Before a tree was cut, it was topped out. This was done to make falling easier. The topper climbed the tree and cut off the top portion, which they considered as worthless. It was a dangerous task so was a rather specialized operation.

After the pine was cut off, another lumbering form of operation was followed up at a good profit. This was the shingle making. What was left as worthless, such as the stumps and topplings were bought for nearly nothing. These were then cut to shingle lengths, split down and then formed into shingles. These made the finest kind of shingles, since they had few or no knots and the best of pine. The clear pine would split easily and straight. After being split they were then put in a shaver, which smoothed the sides and made it shed water and added life to the finished shingle. Afterwards they were made into bundles, ready to be sold.

The hardwoods were the last to be cut, these were the oaks, maples, walnuts, etc. By this time the value of lumber began to be realized and appreciated, so it was cut with consideration and not wasted. Much of this was sawed by a mill in the woods where it was cut from, and then hauled by wagons or it was shipped by rail. Much was sawed into heavy timbers, while the rest was made into board lumber of various lengths. It was used for framing timbers, general lumber for building and furniture use.

The stave mill generally followed up

after an oak area was cleaned off. The stumps and smaller stuff being used to make staves. Staves were used for Cooperage material; so it was sawed and shaped to various lengths and widths, as used by the trade. It was quite an operation itself.

Since the biggest of the trees had been removed, the lumber industry changed too. With only the smaller trees left they began to cut poles, railroad ties and mine props. Lumber standards were established into lengths and widths, which has permitted further cutting and minimum waste. Today all of the tree is used to full advantage, for the cut-off edgings and waste is cut into lengths and sold as cord-wood, for fuel. Even the sawdust has a commercial value, and is manufactured into hundreds of useful items.

Lumbering soon became a big and competitive business, and it was not long until it was invaded by the crooks and unscrupulous operators. This type of fellow was himself a lumberman, and would steal logs on the way to the mill, during the drives, and sell them as his own. To identify logs, each lumber company devised a mark of their own, which was then stamped on the end of the log. These designs were then registered at the various courthouses and mills under the name of the person or firm; and it became a legal mark of ownership. It was like a brand mark. The marker was made like a sledge-hammer, with the design raised upon the striking faces of the tool, which had a long handle on it. To mark a log the man merely hit the end of the log a blow, thus indenting the design upon it. Log stealing was a serious offense and carried a heavy penalty. Yet, in spite of the marking of logs, some would saw off the end of the log and put their mark upon it; which made lots of legal trouble and hard to prove in the courts.

During the big lumber drives, many problems developed, both legal and otherwise. A few illustrations were holding up the drives of others, disputes of trespass, mixing of the logs of others while enroute, and the loss of time sorting out logs at the mills. Soon the lumberman realized that what was badly needed was an understanding, which resulted in a great mass of legislation. Probably no other business succeeded in having more laws passed into legislation, than the lumber industry.

Many, who became interested in the lumber game, developed a new kind of business; which helped the lumberman and the millman too. They formed a company, built and operated what was known as a Lumber Boom. They contracted with the various lumber companies or persons, to take care of and sort the logs, as they came down the streams, before going to the mill. This was a big help to all, as it speeded up the time of delivery to the mills or markets. For this service they were paid per their contract price. The Boom was built into one side of the stream, near the mills or railroads. They were really log-pens, being constructed of piers in the water with chained or pinned logs attached to them, with the upper end opened to run the logs into it. Thus trapped in the boom, they were then sorted by the boom crews, and delivered on to the place as designated by the lumberman's order. Thus the number of logs were tallied and accounted for to the owner. The boom crews were generally skilled lumberjacks, who were able to ride the logs and place them rapidly. They too were a rough and ready outfit. They could fight, drink and swear as any of the best woodsmen that ever stepped up to them.

Pay Day was a special event to the lumber jack. In fact it was really a holiday for most of them, for as soon as the pay was drawn, they hit for home, town or the nearest bar room or hotel. Those who went home to their families were the best of the run; and those who took to the hotels and bars the rowdies. The latter usually took on a big jag of booze and returned to camp broke, badly beaten up or perhaps not at all, but locked up in jail. If he was a real good worker, the boss bailed him out or paid his fine and took him back to the camp.

Some of the Bar Fights were dandies, resulting in free-for-alls. This generally resulted when different camps were paid off at the same time, and landed at the bar together. If some hick got to boasting or perhaps insulted someone from another crew, then real trouble started. Usually the bartender just gave up or tried to get out of it alive, so that he could collect for the damage done to the place. In case of a free-for-all, each crew took care of their own; but if it was a personal fight, then each crew stood aside to see that neither man was interfered with, and a fair fight

was conducted. If it resulted from an insult, even the bartender was not allowed to interfere. Once in a while the fight did not end in a decision, because the men were evenly matched in strength and neither of them would give up in defeat. They would fight until both became exhausted, then each crew would take his man back to their camp. It usually meant a future fight the next time the two men met. Here is such a case:

"Two different crews met at the Blackwell Hotel, at the town of that name, on Pine Creek. Brose Campbell asked for a drink, and when he reached for it Len Childs, a man from another crew picked up his drink and downed it. Again Brose requested a drink, which was set before him, and again Len repeated his act. Brose ordered another drink, and the men in the bar all stood back from the bar, for they realized too well what was going to take place. This time when Len took the glass to drink it, Brose's fist shot to his mouth, breaking the glass and cutting his mouth and face. That was the start, as they tangled into each other. The bar was cleaned of all bottles, mirrors broken, the stove upset, the bar-rail torn off, windows all smashed out and most of the chairs broken. The pair then worked on each other on the outside and fought to exhaustion, but neither gave in. Neither was able to stand, but continued the battle from his knees. Neither of the crews made any move to stop them, until the men would crawl near the other and then kick out with his foot and then lay sprawled upon the ground. Finally both crews decided it had gone as far as it could so each took their man with them, but before departure both Brose and Len vowed they would fight on next sight and meeting.

Their next meeting happened in the Sanbach House, in Wellsboro, Pa., two and a half years later. Both men were dressed in their best clothes, Len was boarding at the Hotel, while Brose was in town on business. Both were in the bar to have a drink, when they recognized each other. Each finished his own drink and then announced to those present at the bar that they had a fight to settle once and for all. They selected the stable yard, back of the hotel as the place, made it known that neither wanted any outside help or interference, and then took off their coats and went to it. They drew a

big crowd, and again fought until both were exhausted and lay on the ground. It was rough and bloody for the both of them, and at last they agreed to call it a draw and shook hands. Then the two of them, with assistance, went into the hotel to wash and clean up. They became the best of friends, which I can personally vow for. About thirty years or more after that fight had taken place. I was visiting Brose at his home, when a man came to visit him too. Brose introduced him to me and they then related the incident, and of how they became such good friends.

Another pay roll incident was related to me by Christ Beilhartz, which had a funny angle to it:

"They were working for the Sones Lumber Company, which also owned and operated the Williamsport and North Branch Railroad. This was operated for lumber purposes, but also ran a couple of passenger trains through the same track. On pay day they used a car to carry the pay to the various camps along the line, and paid the men in cash from the same. If a man was not there to receive his pay, then he was required to go to their office at Sonestown to get it. One man was not at the camp at the time, and being broke needed his money badly. So he got on the passenger train, without a fare. When they came to him and no ticket, they stopped the train and booted him off. When they started up again he caught the last car and sat down. The next stop passed, they came through for the fares. Again he produced no fare, so they booted him off again only a bit harder boot in his rear. Again he caught the back car and seated himself, and after the next stop was passed he was found on the train again. By this time the conductor was well fed up and demanded to know of him, just where in the hell do you think you are going and who do you think you are? To this he replied, that he worked for Charlie Sones, that he had missed the pay-car, was broke and if his rear end held out he expected to get to Sonestown, where he would get his pay. Well he made it there O.K., but they all got a big laugh over it.

Days on the Farm - Parts II & III

By Mabel Eck — (Continued from Winter 1960 issue)

Part II

Between the time of the confirmation of the purchase of 1768 and the opening of the Land Office, a number of special grants to various individuals for valuable services rendered the proprietary government were made. Among these grants was one to Andrew Montour on the twenty-ninth day of October 1768. This was perhaps the first made within the present territory of Lycoming County and was located on what is now the site of the borough of Montoursville. It took in lands lying on both sides of Loyalsock Creek. According to the survey it contained 880 acres and was called "Montour's Reserve." This fine grant took in both the Indian villages of Otstuagy and Otstonwakin.

Montour did not retain the land very long. Whereas the said Andrew by the name of Henry Montour by deed dated 12th August, 1771, conveyed the same to Robert Lettes Hooper, who by deed dated 27th February, 1773, conveyed to Joseph Spear, who by deed dated 9th December, 1773, conveyed to James Wilson, Esq'r., who by Deed dated 26th June, 1777, conveyed to Mary Norris who by Deed 27th June, 1777, conveyed one moiety thereof to Peter Zachary Lloyd, Esq'r. and the said Mary Norris and Peter Zachary Lloyd have paid the purchase money at the rate of five pounds Sterling per hundred acres, with the interest thereon due, agreeable to an Act of Assembly passed the ninth day of April 1781, entitled 'An Act for Establishing a Land Office etc.

Whereas the Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania by their letters patent under the great seal bearing the date at Philadelphia the 20th of June 1785 did grant and confirm unto Mary Norris and Peter Zachary Lloyd in fee simple a certain tract of land called Montour's Reserve situated at and on both sides of the mouth of Loyalsock Creek on the north side of the West Branch of Susquehanna River, then in Northumberland

and in Lycoming County containing eight hundred and eighty acres and allowance.

Part III

The said Mary Norris and Peter Zachary Lloyd by their indenture having date the 23rd of June, 1785 did grant and convey the same in fee simple unto Samuel Harris. And the said Samuel Harris and Margaret his wife by their Indenture bearing date the 24th of December, 1785; did grant and convey in fee simple unto the said Samuel Wallis in his life time all that part of the said tract lying eastward of the west bank of the said creek which is contained within the lines of boundary hereafter mentioned containing by late and accurate survey thereof five hundred and thirty-five acres and thirty-three perches and allowances.

The administrators of Samuel Wallis, John Wallis, Daniel Smith, William Ellis, and John Adlum deeded it on the 11th of June 1801, to Colonel Samuel McLane. He in turn conveyed it on the 27th of June, 1803, to Abraham DuBois. In turn sold it to Samuel Denman, who on the 1st of November, 1811, conveyed it to Thomas Cadwalader. He conveyed it on the 4th of April 1815, to John Cowden. Cowden had entered into articles of agreement with John Faransworth on the 13th of May 1813, for the sale of the tract and agreed upon the payment of one-half of the purchase money to execute the same to Faransworth. The latter died without having received his deed, but left a will dated April 5, 1825, in which he gave full power to his executors to sell and convey any part or all. John Burrows and Charles Lloyd were his executors, but Lloyd was afterward relieved from serving by the Court. Burrows then entered into articles of agreement on the 8th of August 1830 to sell to Shulze and the deed of transfer, in consideration of \$12,000 was duly perfected and signed by Cowden and wife on the 18th of April, 1831.

JAMES M. BLACK

By Mary Landon Russell

It has been recorded that Pennsylvania was the "fountain source, the kindergarten of gospel hymody," having turned out more gospel hymns than any other state in the Union. Williamsport played an important part in supplying strong and sincere talent in this field in the person of James M. Black.

Mr. Black spent the greater part of his life in Williamsport, having come in 1881 from New York State where he was born in 1858. He had studied harmony and composition with John Howard of New York and Daniel B. Towner of the Moody Bible School. He began writing gospel songs in 1900 and has written some 1500, both the words and the music.

Mr. Black is known throughout the country for his work; particularly for his hymn, *When the Roll is Called Up Yonder*, which has been sung by all denominations all over the English speaking world and translated into fourteen different languages. Sung in great churches and little rural chapels, this hymn is as firmly established as any of the great hymns of Christendom. The Salvation Army has had a large part in carrying it to the far corners of the world.

As it often happens that there is a story behind the writing of many of the time-honored hymns of the church, so there was an inspiration for the writing of *When the Roll is Called Up Yonder*.

Walking home from church one Sunday morning Mr. Black's heart was heavy because one of the young members of his Sunday School class had not answered the roll when her name was called. Someone said that Bessie was very ill and that the doctor held little hope for her life. Mr. Black had found Bessie one day neglected and in rags sitting on the steps of a broken-down house "on the other side of the tracks" of the town. The little girl hesitated at first to accept the invitation of the tall white-haired man to come to Sunday School because of her ragged clothes, but after someone left a box of new clothes

at her house the next day Bessie never failed to answer the roll call. Every Sunday James Black would look up and smile when he came to her name.

As he walked home that day in 1893 he was thinking that maybe the next time Bessie answered to her name it would be at the great roll call. The words for the hymn seemed to come to him spontaneously and he wrote them down that afternoon. That night he set them to music.

Others of his best known hymns are: *I Remember Calvary*, *Where Jesus is 'tis Heaven*, *We Shall Reign With Him In Glory*, and *When the Saints are Marching In*, the latter having taken on a tremendous burst of popularity in recent months as it has become a favorite hit with the Dixieland bands.

In one or two of his hymns Mr. Black made use of words written by a Williamsport woman, Mrs. Kate Purvis. Mrs. Purvis, a member of a prominent family, was active in civic work and a very gifted poet. She was an assistant vocal instructor at Dickinson Seminary in the late eighties.

Mr. Black was editor of several gospel song books published by the Methodist Book Concern at New York and Cincinnati, the McCoke Publishing Company of Chicago and the Hall-Mack Company of Philadelphia. Appointed by the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church he was a member of the committee which made up the Methodist Hymnal of 1905. He was also a noted gospel worker, acting as song leader of gospel meetings all over the country.

At the time of his death in 1938 it was said that "the country lost one of its most outstanding composers of church hymns."

Source: A HISTORY OF THE MUSIC OF WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA; a thesis by Mary Landon Russell; Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts August, 1957.

HANGINGS IN LYCOMING COUNTY

By Charles F. Greevy

It was first suggested that I talk on "Murders in Lycoming County"; but when I discovered that there had been 100 some murders in this County from the time it became Lycoming County on April 13, 1795, to the present date, I thought I had better confine it to "HANGINGS IN LYCOMING COUNTY", of which there have been 11, or we might be discussing murder here until the fourth of July. My neighbor, Marshall Anspach, tells me in presenting the Earls murder case before the Muncy Historical Society, it took an entire evening or something over an hour.

However, I would like to call your attention to the Indian Massacre at the corner of West Fourth and Cemetery Streets where the Calvary Methodist Church now stands, which took place on June 10, 1778. And to several other cases which might be of interest. One, the case of Stephen Lee, who shot and killed another Negro on Market Street and was tried in January of 1821, found guilty of second degree murder and sentenced by the court to "Undergo a servitude of thirteen years from this in the jail and penitentiary house of the City and County of Philadelphia, and that he be confined and kept to hard labor, bed and clothed as the Act of Assembly directs, and be confined one-fourth part of said period in the solitary cells, and that he pay the costs of prosecution, and remain committed until the whole sentence is complied with". The first penitentiary in the world was erected in Philadelphia. The Eastern Penitentiary was not ready for occupancy until October 25, 1829, so Stephen Lee was very likely committed to the old Walnut Street Jail and Penitentiary, which was erected in 1773 and abandoned in 1835. In 1820 it was recorded that it cost 18c per day to feed a prisoner there. Another interesting note is on the trial of Charles Smith in 1834, who was charged with murder, tried before Judge Ellis, found guilty of voluntary manslaughter and committed to Eastern Penitentiary for three years—he was "held under a thousand dollars bail for his good behavior through life".

I thought too that you might be interested to know that there are four rather recent murder cases remaining unsolved in Lycoming County. That of Anthony Hoffman of Nisbet, R. D., who was found dead near the Bastress Hotel on Memorial Day of 1933; Aaron ("Tim") Day, who was found shot to death on the kitchen floor of his home in Cogan House Township on April 1, 1934; Lewis A. Nelson, of Plano, Illinois, whose body was found on the mountain side of Montgomery Pike on June 18, 1938, and Albert M. Lessick, who was found dead in his two room shanty at the foot of Rose Street, on December 2, 1947. While Arthur Kuster confessed to the murder he was found not guilty by the jury drawn for the trial of the case. You may recall having read about these murders in the local papers.

The first hanging in Pennsylvania was that of Judith Rose of Kent County, now a part of Delaware, on March 15, 1688. She was publicly hanged for murder but the victim, motive and weapon are not recorded. William Penn, president of the Provincial Council, but out of the country at the time, refused her a pardon because she was a "murtherous woman and her crime notorious and barbarous". Whether this woman was really the first person to be executed in the Province of Pennsylvania cannot be accurately ascertained but so far as the data available indicates she holds this dubious distinction. From that date down to April 10, 1834, when public executions were abolished, slightly more than 250 persons were taken from county jails to some local spot and hanged before large crowds of spectators, and by large I mean 20 to 30 thousand people in a city like Philadelphia. Though it is recorded of a hanging in Bucks County in 1693, "that there were too few there to make the affair enjoyable".

An account of one of the early hangings reads as follows: "The scenes attending hangings were frequently degrading and disgraceful. They were made occasions for large gatherings from far and near, mostly bent on idle curiosity, or for a grand jollification and some even bent on attempt to

rescue the prisoner. They came by wagons, on horseback, and on foot, and the procession continued in constantly increasing proportions down to the moment of the execution. Many came long distances, arriving the night before, crowding the taverns the preceding evening, or sleeping in the wagons in which they had come to town, and in which also they proceeded the following day in gay procession to the place of execution. On the road to that place booths were erected for the sale of confectioneries, eatables and intoxicants . . . The presence of the military was always required to prevent turbulence, or possible rescue of the condemned".

Of an execution that took place in July of 1784, it was noted that 15 to 20 thousand men, women and children attended, completely covering the hillside near the gallows. Further, that "An old woman walked near 70 miles to see the execution. Being fatigued, a little before the execution, she fell asleep and did not wake up until it was over, when she cried most bitterly".

There is also record of a Catherine Bevan of New Castle, who was the only woman "burnt" in the Province. She was "burned alive in flames" for the murder of her husband, in 1731.

It has been noted that the rope often broke and in one case, in Bellefonte in 1802, this happened when a man by the name of Dan Byers was about to be hanged. When the rope broke the crowd shouted, "Dan's free", but a man standing nearby took Byers by the arm and said: "Dan, you've always been a good boy; go up now and be hung like a man". And, the historian reports, "Dan obliged."

Pennsylvania was the first state to abolish public executions or, rather to insist legally that they be held within jails or prisons.

Most of the victims in these early public executions were taken from the jail to the scaffold or "tree" in a cart accompanied by one or more ministers as well as by those officials who were required to attend. Who they were, aside from the sheriff or the executioner, we do not know. There was nothing in the law up until the Act of April 10, 1834, that stipulated who should be present, nor do news accounts throw any light on it. We find no record of a physician being present or of any autopsy performed. One Philadelphia historian re-

lates that victims "were taken to the gallows tree seated on their coffins in carts surrounded by jeering crowds amid tolling of bells", but most of them either stood up in or walked before or after the cart. Generally the criminals were blindfolded with their hands shackled behind them. The identity of the executioner was usually kept anonymous. They had their faces blackened or wore masks, some of which were hideous. They were furnished with "toddy" or "punch" either before or after they performed their grisly work.

Now the first hanging in the Lycoming County jail yard was that of John Earls of Muncy Creek Township, on May 24, 1836. The last hanging was that of John Erble on February 3, 1914. You will note that they both had the same initials—J. E.

Before we get into the story of the hangings something about the hangman's rope and the gallows. The hangman's rope was made of four strands of hemp, one strand of which was used as the heart and the other three were twisted around it. When finished it was about 9/16ths of an inch in thickness and from 25 to 40 feet long. The knot was tied by the man who made the rope so that the executioner had only to slip the rope over the victim's head. It sold for a dollar a foot. The first real gallows we are told of were built in 1873, for the hanging of Nelson E. Wade, about whom we will hear more later. A man named Gibson took the contract but the actual work was done by William Rissell, who also built our court house, and Jacob Hartman. It was built of the best white pine, without a knot, the cross arms at the top, from which the rope was suspended, was of the best oak. It was painted by Harry Slack. It did duty twice in other counties, once at Lock Haven and again in Allentown, and was erected in both places by Jacob Hartman who had charge of it until the Erble hanging, when it was erected by his son, Jacob Hartman, Jr.

Since you now know what was used in the process of hangings, we will get into who, when and why.

As I said before, John Earls was the first person to be hanged in Lycoming County. He was born in Loyalsock Township and at the time of his hanging on May 24, 1836, was 34 years old. He lived in a house about five miles below Muncy but

the house was swept away in the 1894 flood. His wife, Catharine had given birth to a child on a Wednesday, and on Thursday night she died under very suspicious circumstances. An autopsy was performed in the Baptist Church in Muncy and showed conclusively that she had been poisoned with arsenic. John Earls was indicted for the murder of his wife. On Monday evening February 15, 1836, the bell on the court house was rung at 6:40, indicating that the jury, which had retired at 5:30 p. m., had brought in a verdict. It was "guilty". The sentence of the court reads: "That you John Earls be taken hence from whence you came, within the jail of the County of Lycoming, and from thence to the place of execution, within the walls or yard of said jail, and that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God have mercy upon your soul". Earls then confessed that several times before he had tried to poison his wife, but on this occasion he put arsenic in hot chocolate, sat at the foot of her bed while she drank it and when she complained of feeling ill he prepared some mint tea in which he put more arsenic. He had endeavored to throw suspicion on his mother, who was living with them at the time. His reason for murdering his wife? He was in love with another woman. Earls was buried in the afternoon after his hanging outside the walls of the jail lot, but on the following night several local physicians disinterred his body and took it to the upper floor of a stable owned by Joseph Hall, who also kept a tavern on the southwest corner of Third and Mulberry Streets, where they dissected it. The story goes that the skeleton was preserved for many years in the upper room of the building that stood in the rear of the Crawford House.

William Dunlap was a very heavy drinker and noted for his jealous disposition. His wife had taken their child and gone to the home of her uncle, Joseph King, in Jayesburg, where the door had been closed and bolted against her husband. This didn't stop Dunlap, however, because he battered down the door with an axe and while his wife ran from the house into the garden he overtook her there and killed her with repeated blows from the axe. He then ran into a neighbor's house, seized a table knife, returned to the garden, threw himself on the body of his wife and attempted to cut

his own throat. He didn't do a very good job of this though and was taken into custody, brought to Williamsport, then a borough, and placed in jail. Dunlap was executed on March 29, 1839. He said on the scaffold that he had killed his wife "because he loved her, and for nothing else". So apparently love isn't always the thing to be desired.

William Miller was hanged by Sheriff Lloyd on July 27, 1838, for the murder of Solomon Huffman, a peddler. Some years ago Ben Hirsh gave a talk before this Society, in which he mentioned these early peddlers. This murder occurred in February of 1838, on Laurel Hill, near what was known as the old Bastian Tavern, on which site the Laurel Hill Hunting Club now stands. Miller was a cabinet maker by trade. He lured the peddler into the woods under the pretext of making a purchase, and as Huffman stooped over to open his pack and arrange his wares, Miller struck him from behind with an axe—the axe seems to have been a popular murder weapon in those days. He then hid the body behind a hemlock log as the ground was too frozen to bury him. It was not long after the crime was committed that a brother of Huffman started out to look for him and traced him as far as the Bastian Tavern. He stayed in that vicinity for a time and discovered that Miller had a watch that had belonged to his brother. With this information he came to Williamsport, swore out a warrant for Miller and although Miller protested his innocence, he was held for trial on a charge of murder. Miller was, and I quote—"given a fair trial by 12 good and lawful men of his own choosing". He also had three spiritual advisers to whom he made a confession in which he stated that he had made no less than ten successful robberies besides countless petty thefts of cigars, lumber and so forth. He stated that he had made up his mind to murder four other persons whom he named, including his own brother and a stranger whom he was going to murder for his money, "unless he turned out to be a Methodist preacher". There was no explanation as to why he wouldn't murder him if he turned out to be a Methodist preacher, but apparently he thought more of Methodist preachers than he did his own brother. Miller and Huff-

man had occupied the same room at the tavern the night before the murder and Miller stated that he had stayed awake all night scheming how to commit the crime. In his confession he stated that he had robbed and stole every chance he got from his cradle to his imprisonment; that his mother had died when he was eleven years old and he had never received any religious education. He was 23 years old when he was hanged.

[On February 11, 1861, Barney Hindley, a tailor in this city, killed his wife, put her body in a barrel and buried it in the garden. This crime would have probably resulted in a hanging except for the fact that while Barney was in jail awaiting trial, he committed suicide.]

Then in 1864, Jacob Lowmiller shot and killed his sister in Woodward Township near Linden. Afterwards no trace of him could be found. Several years later his remains were discovered in the woods nearby, where it is supposed he went after the crime and shot himself, thereby saving the county some money.]

The next murder to be hanged in Lycoming County was Peter Bota, a Norwegian, who killed his wife with a hatchet in September of 1866. Their home was located along the Montoursville Road and the neighbors reported that quarreling and fighting was a common occurrence between Bota and his wife and they frequently heard sounds of domestic strife. Bota's story, which he stuck to almost to the last, was that his wife had fallen downstairs and struck her head on the hatchet. It was later learned that they had been indulging in one of their numerous quarrels and Bota had used the hatchet with deadly effect. Several weeks prior to his execution he expressed a wish to have his photograph taken, which was permitted by Sheriff McCormick. He was taken to Trapp's Photograph Gallery on Pine Street by Samuel Coder and James Buck, where the picture was taken. He was hanged on December 4, 1866, before a large crowd of spectators, including Dr. W. F. Logan and James M. Wood, Esquire, who was Mayor of Williamsport at that time. It was the belief at the time that had Bota admitted the crime, he would never have been hanged as he was well and favorably known by the leading citizens of

Williamsport and the sympathy of the public was with him.

Listed as the most diabolical crime recorded in Lycoming County is that of John Fields. Fields was an Englishman, born in London in 1820. He came to this country in 1852 and worked in Dauphin Co. where he was active in church affairs and Sunday School work. In November of 1857, he brought his family to Cascade Township, where he purchased two tracts of land about two miles from Bodines. He worked in the mines at Ralston, Fall Brook and Morris Run. He was a man of frightful temper and of late years had forgotten his early piety and treated his family with great harshness. Fields' victim was George Matthews, a brother of Mrs. Fields. An argument over money occurred between the two men on May 18, 1869, at which time Fields became violently angry, seized a double-bitted axe—the axe seems to be getting more popular as we go along—and struck his brother-in-law a blow on the head one and a half inches deep. When Mrs. Matthews ran to assist her husband, Fields turned on her and she was obliged to run to save her own life. Matthews was attended by Doctors Thomas and Edward Lyon, great-grandfather and grandfather of our present Dr. Edward Lyon, who tells me that Dr. Thomas, his great-grandfather, started to practice in 1839, and his grandfather somewhere around 1867 or '69. Everything possible was done to save Matthews but he died May 31, 1869, 13 days after the attack, at the age of 36, leaving a wife and three children. The day after the attack Constable Charles Gray, Dr. Lyon and Justice Bodine passed the Fields house on their way to see Matthews and on the way back Constable Gray, on trying to arrest Fields, received a severe blow on the head and one on the shoulder from an axe Fields used to prevent his arrest. Constable Gray lingered between life and death for many days. That same day a party of six heavily armed men set out to capture Fields who had fled to the mountains, but that evening he returned to the house and at five o'clock the next morning he surrendered, was placed on an ox cart, carefully guarded, taken to the station and brought to Williamsport by train. Twice while he was in prison Fields attempted suicide, once by tearing a piece of pipe

from his cell and cutting an artery in his wrist. And again using a towel with which he tried to strangle himself. Once, while Sheriff Piatt was taking him from the jail to the court house, he broke away and started to run across Third Street. The street was crowded with people and the sheriff, in drawing his gun, discharged it prematurely, inflicting a painful wound in his right arm. However, Fields was tripped and captured before he got very far. Fields was sentenced on September 4, 1869. Governor Geary, in the death warrant, fixed December 7, as the execution date. Dr. William Paret, rector of Christ Church, was his spiritual advisor, ably assisted by the Reverend Charles T. Steck, and the account says that "they faithfully performed their duty". December 7, 1869, at eight minutes past one p.m. the sheriff slipped the bolt and the soul of John Fields "was launched into eternity".

Lloyd Britton, a colored man, was accused of the murder of Jacob Bay on the night of November 16, 1870, outside the saloon of William Haas, near the County Fair grounds on North Market Street. There was no motive shown for the crime and the evidence against Britton was the dying declaration of the murdered man, the testimony of a Mrs. Thompson, and the nature of the stab wound in Bay's abdomen. Bay was treated at the saloon by physicians, then removed to his home on Washington Street near St. Boniface Church, where he lingered until November 23, when he died. On December 2, the accused was brought before Judge James Gamble and pleaded "not guilty". However, after trial the jury being out just one hour, returned a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree", and while Britton maintained his innocence to the last, even on the scaffold, he was executed on March 22, 1871. Many people were inclined to believe he was innocent. Several years later it was rumored that a mullato named Thompson, husband of the woman who swore that Britton had threatened to kill Bay, and who had had a barber shop under the American Hotel which stood on the site of the present Lycoming Hotel had made a death-bed confession that it was he who had killed Bay and not Britton. Thompson had left the country shortly after the execution of Britton and went to Canada, where he died after making the alleged confession.

The next hanging in Lycoming County is of particular interest to me because it involved what later became the Greevy homestead on Washington Boulevard. In fact until the house was torn down recently it had been thought that the money obtained from the robbery, which was the motive for the murder, had been hidden somewhere in the house. On the afternoon of July 23, 1873, Abraham Newcomer, while passing the home of John and Isabella Lusk McBride on the south side of the public highway near Linden, noticed that the cattle were still penned in the yard. Thinking this rather unusual at this hour of the day he went up to the house and found Mrs. McBride lying dead near the cellar door from what appeared to be a pistol wound just back of the right eye. He ran to the neighbors to give the alarm and along with them entered the house where they found Mr. McBride on the floor with several large gashes on the top of his head. He died July 27, four days after the attack. Both were buried in the Lycoming Presbyterian Church Yard in Newberry. The McBrides were elderly people, they lived on what was known as the Lusk Farm, a plain old-fashioned log structure built many years before, surrounded by trees and high weeds. They were reputed to have a large amount of money about the house, though they lived in abject poverty and want. In 1859 an attempted robbery had been made at the house and from that time on a light could be seen burning in the house at night and it was said that while one of the McBrides slept the other remained on guard, always fearing another attempt to rob them. After the discovery of the tragedy, the coroner was notified and Dr. Crawford and Dr. Nutt arrived at the scene. The record states that a coroner's jury was impaneled right on the scene and an examination of the house was made immediately. It appears that there was money hidden everywhere, in every conceivable place. In all several thousand dollars was found. Wade, in his confession, stated he had learned from the Glossers, who lived nearby, that the McBrides had their money hidden in a trunk upstairs and this is what Wade had taken when he committed the crime. Wade's downfall resulted from his having visited a bawdy house on Washington Boulevard, which as I said before later became the Greevy homestead, where he gave some gold pieces to one of

the "girls" and when inquiry was made as to where she had obtained it, she said that Wade had given it to her and that she had gone out to a house on Bloomingrove Road with him where he had taken two bags of money. Wade, in his confession, said that he had gotten between 60 and 70 thousand dollars, but wouldn't tell where it was. He said, "there are two bags buried in the city, 2 above and 2 below". When he was arrested he had about \$100 on his person and the officers found one bag containing \$400 in silver, but nothing else. While he was incarcerated Wade boasted and bragged of the other murders he had committed in other parts of the country and on the frontier. The jury was out 22 hours and returned with a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. He was sentenced on September 6th, before a densely packed court room "to be hanged by the neck until dead". The streets too were thronged with people trying to get a glimpse of him. Wade was an extremely powerful man physically. During the time he was in jail he broke no less than 7 pairs of handcuffs and finally the Sheriff made a large iron collar to go around his neck, with a chain fastened to a ring in the floor. On one occasion he told a visitor that he had gold enough buried to make a chain longer and heavier than the one he was wearing. It was impossible to keep handcuffs on him, so he was placed under guard night and day. On Thursday, November 6th, Wade was executed, but not until a second attempt had been made—the first time the knot slipped and it was necessary to bring him back to the scaffold. His body was sent to a relative near Dewart, where it was buried in a cornfield.

The next murder in Lycoming County which brought a death sentence resulted in a double execution. The victim was Andrew Miller, aged 58, who with his wife, Catherine, lived about a mile west of Jersey Shore. On the morning of March 19, 1880, one of Miller's three children notified Samuel Gray that her father had hanged himself in the barn. An investigation made the hanging story look very suspicious as he had bled profusely from cuts on his head, there was dirt and blood on his clothing, his body was suspended from a cross-beam by an ordinary clothesline, with his head only a few inches from the timber. Under a plank in the barn floor was a bunch of

bloody straw and a child's apron soaked with blood. At the suggestion of C. B. Seely, editor of the Jersey Shore Herald, Squire McGowan ordered the arrest of George W. Smith and the victim's wife, who rumor had it were having an affair. When Smith saw the constable approaching the house he tried to escape but was captured while running from the house. A post mortem examination by the coroner revealed that Miller had not committed suicide but had been murdered. Both Catherine Miller and Smith tried to throw the blame on John Brown, a colored man, whom they alleged was prowling around the Miller home the night before the murder, but all evidence pointed to the victim's widow and her boy friend Smith. The trial was before the Honorable Hugh H. Cummin, with District Attorney W. W. Hart conducting the prosecution and O. H. Reighard and James B. Coryell the defense. On May 8, 1880, the jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. While motions for a new trial were made and a petition to commute the sentence was taken to the governor, they were of no avail and on February 3, 1881, George W. Smith and Catharine C. Miller were executed within the walls of the jail yard by Sheriff Samuel Wilson. Smith made a brief statement on the gallows in which he said he did the deed himself but that Mrs. Miller laid the plans. The story goes that while final preparations were being made Mrs. Miller "uttered such piercing shrieks that the stoutest hearts were melted". This was the first and only double hanging in Lycoming County, and Catharine Miller was the last woman to be hanged in Pennsylvania.

What has been termed as the bloodiest murder in Lycoming County was perpetrated by William Hummel, a rag peddler, on November 16, 1899, in Black Hole Valley near Montgomery. Just one week before the crime Hummel had married a widow, Mrs. Ollie Delaney, who had three children. These were the four people he murdered—one of them a baby. While he denied the crime at first and told various stories as to what had happened, soon after his conviction he stated he would like to tell his life's story in exchange for a burial lot, a tombstone and a coffin as he had a horror of burial at county expense. The manager of a local theatre got the bright idea of paying for these items in exchange

for Hummel's body to be put on exhibit in his theatre, but the authorities refused his request. On March 19, 1900, the Williamsport Sun published Hummel's confession and while I was getting information for this talk, Arthur Ohl, who is on the staff at the Sun, recalled that he remembers his father having pointed out the Hummel house near Montgomery and telling him that sometime before the murder Hummel had stopped at the old County Home on the Sylvan Dell Road where Art's father was superintendent, and inquired whether or not they had a woman there who might be suitable for a housekeeper. In Hummel's confession he stated that the night of the murders he and his wife had a bitter argument until near three o'clock in the morning, at which time she threatened to take his money and leave the next day. He went downstairs to find out if the money he had hidden in a clock was still there and when he discovered that it was gone he got awfully mad, took a short handled axe—here we have the axe again—went back upstairs and killed his wife with it. He killed the baby next, and then the other two children who were both awake. He covered the bodies with quilts, went down stairs, ate his breakfast, got his horse and wagon out of the barn and took a load of rags to Montgomery to be shipped. When he returned to the house around noon he sat down and planned how to get rid of the bodies. It was after dark when he put the bodies in gunny sacks, placed them in his wagon and drove away from the house. He first thought of throwing them in the woods on Penny Hill, then of throwing them in the river, then he saw a straw stack where he finally disposed of them, pulling the straw over them. This was about 11 o'clock that night. When he got pretty near home again his foot touched something on the floor of the wagon and he discovered that he had forgotten to throw the baby's body out at the straw stack, so he buried it under some cornstalks and manure in the stable under the back feet of the horse. After the confession appeared in the Williamsport Sun the sentiment became so great against Hummel that he was hanged in effigy by the employees of E. Keeler Co. at the corner of Government place and West Third Street. Sheriff Gamble stated that he had received at least a thousand requests from

persons wishing to see Hummel executed, but an Act of Assembly provided for the presence of the district attorney, a physician, a jury of 12 reputable citizens, and at the request of the criminal, such ministers of the gospel, not exceeding two, as he might name, and any immediate relatives of the criminal, together with such officers of the prison and such of the sheriff's deputies as in his discretion he might think expedient to be present, and it shall be only permitted to the persons above designated to witness the said execution. On June 5, 1900, Hummel's execution took place. He was buried the following day in Black Hole Valley within 100 yards of the house where the murders took place. Montoursville had first been suggested as the burial place but about a hundred citizens of that borough threatened to use arms if the plan went through, so Hummel was returned to the scene of his crime for burial.

The last person to be hanged in Lycoming County was John Erble. The Commonwealth showed that Erble had shot Grace Stidfole three times on the morning of November 8, 1912, at the Mame Irvin bawdy house on Canal Street between Market and Mulberry—I have been informed that this house still stands—and that she died on March 20, 1913, at the home of her mother on Reach Road in Newberry. Coroner A. F. Hardt, Drs. Charles Adams, V. P. Chaapel, G. Franklin Bell and Ferd E. Weddigen, who attended and examined the victim testified that death had resulted from gunshot wounds. It appears that Erble and Grace had spent the night at the bawdy house of Mary Bowes on Academy Street and early in the morning went to the Irvin house. Here they quarreled because Grace refused to go some place out of town and live with Erble as his wife, and he shot her. When she cried for mercy, he shot her again. There also was evidence that Erble, who had been intimate with Grace for some time, had frequently abused and beaten her and at times accepted money from her. Erble's story was that he was so under the influence of liquor that he did not realize what he was doing when he fired the fatal shots. He said that he had been born in Germany 29 years before, had come to Newberry from Syracuse where he had left a wife and two children; that he had lived in various degrees of intimacy with Grace, often spending nights with her

in houses of ill repute, and that finally when she refused to go to Ohio with him, he shot her. He testified that when he realized what he had done he attempted to commit suicide but the revolver didn't work. After the jury read a verdict of guilty in the case, Thomas Hammond and Charles Reilly filed a petition for commutation of sentence which was refused by the Board of Pardons. Later these same attorneys, along with C. Larue Munson and several ministers who had become interested in the case, took a second petition to Harrisburg but this petition was also refused. Erble's

execution took place on February 3, 1914, with Sheriff W. J. Tomlinson springing the trap.

Under the Act of June 19, 1913, all persons convicted of murder in the first degree were sentenced to be electrocuted at Rockview Penitentiary. However, Erble's crime was committed before the law was passed, so he was still subject to hanging. After this hanging the County Commissioners instructed the Sheriff to remove the gallows from the jail yard and burn it.

Thus ended the era of hangings in Lycoming County.

MEMBERSHIPS

NOVEMBER 1960 — NOVEMBER 1961

1. Ade, Dr. Lester K.
2. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Richard
3. Allison, Mrs. Josephine
4. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. John D.
5. Anspach, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall
6. Antes, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson
7. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Guy
8. Baskin, Miss June
9. Bay, Mr. and Mrs. Howard O.
10. Bay, Mrs. P. A.
11. Barker, Miss Carol
12. Barker, Miss Margaret
13. Beck, Dr. Berton E.
14. Beck, Miss Minnie L.
15. Beeber, Miss Margaret
16. Bell, Mrs. Eva F.
17. Bell, Mr. Jesse S.
18. Bennett, Miss Katharine
19. Barclay, Mrs. Katharine L.
20. Bitner, Mr. and Mrs. J. W.
21. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Garret Earl
22. Breese, Miss Edna
23. Brickley, Miss Grace O.
24. Bluemle, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis W.
25. Blumberg, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander W.
26. Bower, Mr. William M.
27. Bone, Dr. and Mrs. John H.
28. Bressler, Mr. and Mrs. James P.
29. Brock, Mrs. Henry
30. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Chester J.
31. Brown, Mr. J. Clyde
32. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Harold A.
33. Bruch, Mr. John L., Jr.
34. Brunner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W.
35. Burkhart, Miss Mabel
36. Busey, Mrs. David
37. Buzzard, Dr. and Mrs. Harry
38. Calvert, Mrs. W. E.
39. Candor, Mr. and Mrs. John
40. Campbell, Miss Ruth
41. Carson, Mrs. Jesse F.
42. Carson, Mr. M. Wayne
43. Case, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest M.
44. Castlebury, Dr. G. D.
45. Clinger, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph, Jr.
46. Cochrane, Mrs. Catharine W.
47. Colvin, Dr. and Mrs. Merl
48. Collins, Mrs. Margaret H.
49. Colley, Mr. G. Walter
50. Coleman, Mrs. Bern
51. Confair, Mr. and Mrs. Zehader
52. Cooney, Mrs. Olive M.
53. Corcoran, Rev. Frank P.
54. Corson, Mr. and Mrs. C. E.
55. Coryell, Mr. Clement
56. Coryell, Miss Margaret B.
57. Cochran, Mrs. J. Henry
58. Cox, Mr. Joseph
59. Cranmer, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph
60. Creamer, Mr. Warren M.
61. Crist, Mrs. John M.
62. Cook, Dr. Archibald
63. Crooks, Mrs. Kenneth
64. Davis, Mrs. ohn A.
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66. Derr, Dr. Leroy F.
67. Devaney, Mrs. William J.
68. Devaney, Mr. and Mrs. William, Jr.
69. De Vilbiss, Mr. Robert A.
70. De Remer, Dr. Barbara E.
71. Dice, Mr. and Mrs. Willis
72. Di Censo, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A.
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74. Dittmar, Mr. and Mrs. Albert L.
75. Dittmar, Mrs. Helen E.
76. Dittmar, Miss Ida May
77. Dittmar, Miss Martha V.
78. Dittmar, Miss Florence
79. Dornsife, Mr. Chester
80. Dornsife, Mr. Samuel J.

81. Dodson, Miss Della G.
82. Donarchy, Mr. and Mrs. D. S.
83. Doeblar, Capt. Valentine S.
84. Downs, Miss Elizabeth R.
85. Duitch, Miss Anne Louise
86. Duitch, Miss Mary E.
87. Durrwachter, Mrs. and Mrs. Edward J.
88. Douglas, Lyman C.
89. Eck, Mr. and Mrs. W. A.
90. Emery, Mr. and Mrs. W. B.
91. Ernsberger, Miss Edna W.
92. Eschenbach, Mrs. Vivian C.
93. Ertel, Ethel C.
94. Eckert, Mr. and Mrs. John A.
95. Eckert, Miss Ruby
96. Faber, Miss Pauline
97. Faber, Miss Elsie
98. Fearar, Mrs. Ruth Ayers
99. Fearar, Mr. and Mrs. Robert
100. Felix, Mr. Richard H.
101. Finster, Mrs. O. J.
102. Fischler, Mrs. Harry A.
103. Flesher, Mrs. Mary Lucy Wise
104. Fleming, Miss Mildred
105. Foresman, Mr. John H.
106. Foucart, Miss Helen
107. Freed, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C.
108. Furst, Sidney Dale Esq.
109. Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Edward M.
110. Gates, Mrs. Frank B.
111. Gault, Mrs. John
112. Gaus, Miss Edith
113. Gaus, Miss Elizabeth
114. Geiger, Mr. and Mrs. George A.
115. Gerber, Mr. John A.
116. Gerber, Mr. Thomas P.
117. Gearhart, Mrs. Callista W.
118. Geisewhite, Mr. Ernest H.
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120. Gibson, Mrs. Anna K.
121. Gibson, Mrs. Edith V. D.
122. Gibson, Miss Clara M.
123. Gibson, Mrs. Margaret B.
124. Gibson, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart
125. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. William, Jr.
126. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. William, III
127. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry
128. Gingrich, Dr. and Mrs. R. M.
129. Gingrich, Mr. Ralph C.
130. Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Paul G.
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132. Gleason, Mrs. Mary F.
133. Good, Mr. and Mrs. O. W., Jr.
134. Gooding, Mrs. Etta N.
135. Goldenberg, Miss Blanche M.
136. Grammer, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph B.
137. Green, Miss Helen M.
138. Green, Mr. Charles E.
139. Greevy, Hon. and Mrs. Charles F.
140. Greevy, Mr. Lester L.
141. Gstalder, Mr. Malvin F.
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144. Harrar, Miss Mabel
145. Hassenplug, Mr. and Mrs. George
146. Harrengton, Mrs. Helen
147. Haijs, Mrs. Sylvia B.
148. Haijs, Mr. and Mrs. William H.
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153. Hasting, Mrs. Glen
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160. Heim, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J.
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162. Heller, Mr. Christian
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165. Hunter, Mrs. Floreeta J. S.
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167. Herman, Mrs. F. P.
168. Herz, Mrs. Anna H.
169. Herz, Mr. and Mrs. Robert
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174. Hollenbeck, Mrs. Catherine
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181. Hurr, Mrs. Margaret
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191. Kiess, Miss Emma M. E.
192. Kiess, Miss Susan, M. E.
193. King, Mrs. Layton Ellsworth
194. Klepper, Mr. and Mrs. John W.
195. Knight, Dr. and Mrs. John E.
196. Knights, Mr. Edward G.
197. Knittle, Miss Barbara Jane
198. Kramer, Rabbi Emanuel
199. Krimm, Mrs. L. E.
200. Krimm, Mr. Richard W.
201. Krause, Mr. Mark C.
202. Laedlein, Mr. John and Miss Emily
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204. Lamade, Mr. and Mrs. Howard J. Jr.
205. Lamade, Mrs. Rosina J.
206. Lamade, Mr. and Mrs. George R.
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210. Leutze, Mrs. Minerva B.
211. Lewis, Mrs. Mae I.
212. Little, Mrs. Susan H.
213. Little, Dr. and Mrs. Robert
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216. Logue, Mrs. Sara C.
217. Losch, Miss Lenore M.
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 228. Maulen, Mr. and Mrs. Carl W.
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 230. Maynard, Rev. Malcolm
 231. Maynard, Miss Marian
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 235. McHaffu, Charles E.
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 239. Meginness, Mrs. John
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 242. Midaugh, Mrs. Jessie
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 244. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Earl
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 247. Mix, Mr. and Mrs. Richard
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 250. McCrea, Mrs. Mary
 251. Moon, G. Stanford
 252. Monks, Mr. Louis P.
 253. Monks, Mr. and Mrs. John L.
 254. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Neafie
 255. Morin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Matthew
 256. Morin, Mr. and Mrs. James W.
 257. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Earl H.
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 259. Mosser, Miss Mary G.
 260. Mosser, Mrs. Katharine
 261. Mosteller, Mr. Clyde O.
 262. Moyer, Miss Olive
 263. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde
 264. Myers, Mr. Charles
 265. Mussina, Mrs. Clyde
 266. Mutchler, Mrs. Evelyn A.
 267. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. C. L.
 268. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, Jr.
 269. Neff, Miss Blanche M.
 270. Neff Mr. Harry E.
 271. Nicholson, Mrs. Frances Rosser
 272. Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry S.
 273. Noll, Mr. Charles M.
 274. Ohl, Mr. Arthur
 275. Ott, Mr. Harry M.
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 277. Page, Mr. and Mrs. Harold M.
 278. Page, Miss Jennie M.
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 280. Parkman, Mrs. Eleanor A.
 281. Parsons, Miss Dorothy
 282. Paulhamus, Mrs. Ethel R.
 283. Pautz, Mr. Herman A.
 284. Pepperman Mr. Arthur L.
 285. Pepperman, Mrs. Emily G.
 286. Pepperman, Miss Zella G.
 287. Peters, Miss Ethel
 288. Person, Mr. and Mrs. John E.
 289. Person, Mr. and Mrs. W. Van
 290. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Willard
 291. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Birch
 292. Phillips, Miss Patricia M.
 293. Phipps, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold
 294. Pickelner, Mr. William
 295. Piper, Mr. H. Beam
 296. Plankenhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F.
 297. Potter, Mrs. Charles
 298. Present, Mrs. Mabel E.
 299. Quigley Miss Marguerite I.
 300. Ramsey, Miss M. Elizabeth
 301. Ranck, Mr. Edward
 302. Raker, Mr. and Mrs. J. E.
 303. Raker, Mr. John F.
 304. Ratke, Dr. and Mrs. Henry V.
 305. Rathmell, Mrs. Hazel N.
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 308. Reedy, Mr. John N.
 309. Rhone, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth D.
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 311. Rhicks, Miss Minnie
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 313. Riddell, Miss Mary E.
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 315. Rider, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J.
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 317. Rote, Miss Helen A.
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 324. Seely, Dr. and Mrs. Charles B.
 325. Scott, Miss Mary W.
 326. Shadel, Miss Lois R.
 327. Shannon, Mrs. James
 328. Shannon, Rev. Lester
 329. Shaffer, Mrs. Margaret W.
 330. Sheehan, Miss Mildred E.
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 333. Simon, Mr. and Mrs. Carl H.
 334. Smith, Miss Olive E.
 335. Smith, Mr. Preston H.
 336. Snell, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick
 337. Snowden, Hon. John G.
 338. Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. Abram Miller
 339. Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. Willard L.
 340. Snyder, Mrs. Helen Gann
 341. Soars, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Marshall
 341. Spangle, Mrs. William
 343. Spuler, Mr. Charles W.
 344. Stabler, Miss Caroline
 345. Staver, Mrs. Julia Merril
 346. Stoeber, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S.
 347. Stearns, Mr. Thomas L.
 348. Stern, Mr. William
 349. Stover, Mrs. Kathryn
 350. Stockwell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles