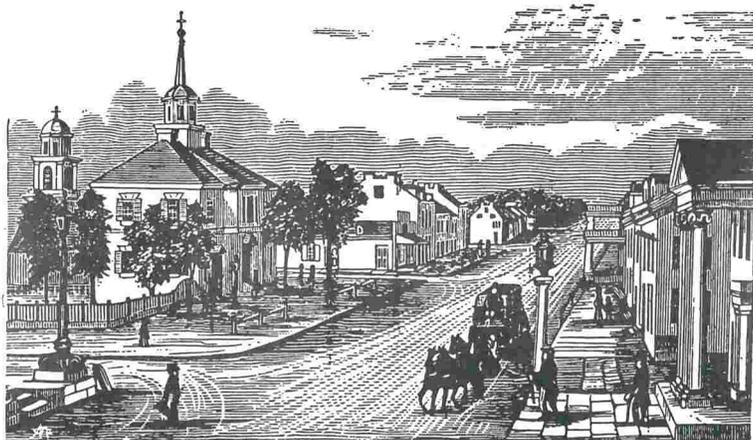


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Central Part of Williamsport about 1840 - 50

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WHEN WILLIAMSPORT'S STREETS WERE PAVED WITH WOOD

By Everett W. Rubendall

In the summer of 1868, Williamsport entrepreneur Peter Herdic proposed the paving of West Fourth Street, west of Hepburn Street, with wooden blocks about the size of bricks. They were called "Nicholson Blocks" and in the days when wooden roads, sometimes called corduroy roads, were popular, wooden bricks seemed ideal. Herdic, eager to improve lands he owned and had developed west of Hepburn Street, believed the Nicholson pavement was a good thing. Streets would be quieter, he reasoned, although many other cities had adopted the "Nicholson" with indifferent success. It was, at the time, the city's most ambitious attempt at street paving. Herdic was a young upstart in 1868 but already an influential person in Williamsport. He was not a member of either select or common council, but he had henchmen - called "boodlers" by the opposition — men who could be counted on to legislate his wishes. By hook or by crook the paving ordinance passed and thus began one of Williamsport's greatest financial problems that would take the city to the brink of financial disaster.

Herdic was elected Mayor in 1869 and was in the position to sign the bonds issued by the City of Williamsport for the paving. As others pointed out it put him in a position to expand his plans for what we now know as "Millionaires Row." Herdic, influential not only in Williamsport, but also in the state capitol, planned to personally take over the old debts of the city and have the city issue new bonds to finance the street paving.

What caused the financial dilemma was the fact that the city was obligated for more than \$600,000 to be financed by a 20-year bond issue. However, an act of the Pennsylvania Assembly limited such bond issues to \$200,000. Unfortunately, the streets wore out in eight years, long before the end of the bond issue. Ironically, when the blocks began to wear out, many of the residents along the street, insisted they be repaired using the same "Nicholson Block" idea.

When the street improvement ordinance was introduced during the summer of 1868, there was almost immediate opposition. Howls of complaint followed when it came time to repair the streets. Even later, some city officials reached a point where they refused to honor the bonds. The matter finally went to court and in 1887, after years of delay, the State Supreme Court ruled that although it may have been unethical, the City of Williamsport was responsible for the bonds, meaning the taxpayers would have to continue paying until the bond issue was completed.

Williamsport was a rapidly growing city of 16,000 in 1868. Its boundaries extended from Penn Street to Hepburn, and from the river to Rural Avenue. The Hepburn Street Dam was in place (1849) and the Susquehanna Boom Company (1851) provided the impetus to make the city the lumber capital of the world - its peak year was 1873. Canal boats were still docking at Market Street, unloading staples, coal, sewing machines, and travelers. Railroads, a much faster mode of transportation, were replacing the canals. West Fourth Street, considered out in the country in 1868, was a dusty lane with several small frame dwellings and scattered farms west of Hepburn Street.

Already there were glimpses of what Herdic planned for the street we now call "Millionaires Row." The brightest gem was the new Herdic House Hotel (4 stories) finished and opened in 1865. This gorgeous hotel would become the social center of the city. Equally as beautiful were several new mansions built by Herdic and some of the powerful lumbering families: the Mahlon Fisher home across from the hotel (YWCA property); Herdic's own home closer to town (Peter Herdic House restaurant); the John G. Reading home, 1025 W. Fourth Street; the William Emery house, 533 W. Fourth; and the Robert Fairies home, later called White's Castle (Ways Garden). These properties would increase in value if the street were paved.

Aside from cobblestone streets, street paving was comparatively new in those days. Canada was credited with a registered plank highway as early as 1836. By 1875 there was nearly 3,000 miles of wooden roads in New York State. At first, 20 inch wide planks were laid lengthwise, then later diagonally at a 45 degree angle. In the United States the first planks were laid across the roads, with every other board extending out four or five inches. This would allow a carriage to exit or enter the highway, and would also sound a warning for the wagons that got too close to the edge (rumble strips). The boards were sometimes laid on rails or *sleepers*; not so in the United States where they were laid on the ground or on gravel.

The Larry's Creek Plank Road Company built a road leading from Larry's Creek depot on the river, to Salladasburg, to Brookside, to White Pine, and from there down Lick Run to English Center. Hemlock logs left in the woods by crews debarking trees for nearby tanneries were cut into eight feet long and four-inch-thick planks and laid on ties resembling a wooden railroad bed. Traffic could pass in both directions with sidings for passing, according to Milton Landis and Carl Taylor in their account of *The Early History of Cogan House Township*.

Most popular of all wooden roads were the block pavements such as the Nicholson ones. First, good sound hemlock or pine boards, an inch thick, were laid lengthwise on the street. The wooden blocks were then laid across the street and separated by strips of wood and sealed with gravel and coal tar. "Wood is better than stone for pavement," wrote Frank Johnson, M.D. in a pamphlet for *Nicholson Pavement* in 1867, "for any pavement that increases the destruction of shoe, horse,

vehicle, chaise, or decreases comfort and convenience is not economical though it costs nothing and lasts forever" (Eric Sloane's America).

One should also remember that people were not really thinking about automobiles in 1868 although the first gasoline engine was developed in 1863. They had heard about the *snorting monster* steam-powered cars and the Stanley Steamer, but it was not until 1893 that Charles and J. Frank Duryea developed the first successful gasoline operated car.

With this background let's look in on city hall in June of 1868 when the *street improvement ordinance* went before City Council. Council was composed of two bodies - Select Council with one member from each ward, and Common Council, with two members from each ward.

It was said that Herdic could count on members of Common Council to approve his proposal but could not depend on Select Council. However, there were those who said the Nicholson pavement was laid "under Herdic's influence."

The council meeting was chaotic and seemed endless. There were moves to "lay on the table," moves to adjourn, moves to amend the wordings, and moves to lay over one month. Finally the ordinance was passed on first reading. There was more discussion, then a move to pass on second reading. Those opposed complained that it was contrary to rules of Ziegler's Manual, which unlike Robert's Rules were used prior to the Pennsylvania Manual for governing the Senate and House of Representatives of Pennsylvania. Finally, on June 3, 1868, the ordinance passed on two readings. Then the wrangling began and continued until June 29 when it was passed on final reading.

Those who opposed the idea claimed that paving 8,000 feet of West Fourth Street would cost the city over \$100,000, including the fee for the patent for the wooden blocks. Furthermore, they said, since Herdic owned the patent the contractor of his choice was assured the contract. (The patent office in Washington D.C. finds no such patent in Herdic's name or for Nicholson Blocks.) They also complained that the councilmen voting "for" the improvement were from the upper wards where tax assessments were very low. And if Herdic took over the city's current indebtedness, anyone who had claims coming from the city would have to go to Herdic to collect.

Those who favored the construction rallied around Herdic, saying the city of Williamsport was indebted to him more than any other man for its prosperity and growth, adding that he should be remembered as the man who had more energy and push.

A year later, in 1869, Peter Herdic was elected Mayor. His term continued beyond one year to May 9, 1871, because of a change of election dates by the state legislature. On October 12, 1869, the new bonds signed by Herdic were issued.

With the street paving completed, more residential building began on both sides of West Fourth Street. The Weightmann block, Herdic's business block at

Fourth and Campbell Streets begun in 1870, was completed in 1878. Many more Victorian mansions appeared in the 1880's and 90's.

The financial panic of 1873 brought with it the collapse of the vast and ambitious enterprises of Herdic. Caught in the ensuing depression, Williamsport found itself more than \$600,000 in debt at a time when business was slow and industry was lagging. Bankruptcy threatened the city as creditors closed in. Even the city's fire department was on the auction block. Some said the debt was one-fourth the assessed value of the city's property.

Little was heard about the bond issue until September of 1876 when council refused to provide payment of the interest on the bonds, over \$200,000. The Honorable Wayne McVeagh, city solicitor, H.H. Watson, and the Honorable H.H. Cummins argued in a hearing before Columbia County Judge Elwell that all bonds issued over \$200,000 were illegal. They also said that Herdic's action in buying up the old indebtedness below par and taking in exchange city bonds at par, instead of advancing money to pay off the old debt, was in violation of the terms of the improvement ordinance.

Despite all the evidence, the courts decided against the city and ordered that the interest be paid. The case was carried to the Supreme Court with the city hoping Judge Elwell's decision would be overturned, but by a narrow vote of 4 to 3 the court upheld the verdict insisting the interest be paid.

A rehearing was denied. Into this rather bleak picture entered Herbert T. Ames, a young attorney who later became Mayor of Williamsport. Mr. Ames was named chairman of the council finance committee and within a year's time worked out a debt funding plan which re-established the municipality's credit.

What happened to the Nicholson block pavement on West Fourth Street? As mentioned earlier, the wear and tear took its toll, together with frequent construction by repair crews. Many of the blocks were replaced after the flood of 1889 and the remaining ones were the casualties of the 1894 flood.

In June of 1895, George Snyder, city streets engineer, reported to City Council that "the greatest part of the city's debt was incurred constructing pavements" (of wood), saying "the city has nothing to show for it." The Nicholson pavement was good when it was constructed, but it was built in an era of expensive labor and materials, so that the rate of \$4.50 per square yard was until that time the highest ever paid. According to Snyder, wood was quietest and least expensive in installation cost but third in gross annual cost, being the most difficult to clean and least durable. The 1895 report showed that of five miles of paved streets in the city, 1.39 miles were of wood, 1.24 miles of brick, 1.04 miles of macadam, and .66 miles of cobblestones, leaving 45 miles of unpaved streets.

Had the city learned its lesson about wooden streets? Not entirely. On July 23, 1915, city council officially approved the "first ever" creosoted block pavement on Government Place between West Third and West Fourth Streets. Property

owners offered to reimburse the city for the difference in the cost of paving with wood instead of brick. Again, the reason for favoring creosoted block paving was that it was much quieter. The employees of companies along Government Place, namely the Northern Central Gas Company, Sweet Steel Company, and the Federal building (now City Hall) would benefit.



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EXCAVATION OF A SHENKS FERRY HABITATION COMPLEX ON CANFIELD ISLAND, LYCOMING COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

By James P. Bressler

INTRODUCTION

Early in May 1990, during top soil removal operations on upper Canfield Island, the bulldozer uncovered unmistakable signs of Indian activity from eighteen to twenty inches below the present surface. The area where this occurred is roughly 300 yards from the lower end of the island where North Central Chapter, Society for Pennsylvania Archaeology has spent eleven seasons excavating. The top soil represented the total accretion of soil deposited (alluvium) since the American Indian occupation. Its removal exposed a living floor in a most advantageous manner for observing the arrangement of various features as they relate to one another in a settlement scheme.

The discovery was a pure expression of a single culture — that of the Northern Phase (Stewart) of the Shenks Ferry people (c. 1250-1500 A.D.) — and undoubtedly related to the Bull Run stockaded village (located about a 1/4 mile away in Loyalsock Township and now covered by route 180), excavated by North Central Chapter in 1976-77.

The prospects of an excavation and subsequent study became all the more appealing in light of the poorly understood nature of the Shenks Ferry people as a whole, and their relationships to other Late Woodland groups that lived in the area before and after them. The problem of gaining insights into the Shenks Ferry enigma has been complicated by a lack of available sites where excavations might be conducted in a professional manner.

UNDERSTANDING THE SHENKS FERRY PEOPLE

It seems appropriate at this point to place the Shenks Ferry people within the greater framework of American Indian pre-history. Archaeologists divide American Indian pre-history into sequential stages beginning over 12,000 years ago with the Paleo-Indian period, followed by the Archaic period (c. 7,000 B.C. - 1000 B.C.), Transitional period (c. 1800 B.C. - 800 B.C.), and the Woodland period, beginning approximately 3,000 years ago. The Shenks Ferry culture and pottery type are found in the Late Woodland period (c. 1000 A.D. - 1550 A.D.).

The name Shenks Ferry comes from the location at which this particular culture was first discovered. The site was located near an old Susquehanna River

ferry crossing in Lancaster County. Shenks Ferry culture first appears in that area about 1300 A.D. By the end of the 16th century, the Shenks Ferry people no longer existed as a distinct cultural group. The Northern or Stewart Phase refers to a Shenks Ferry site in the West Branch Valley located on the Susquehanna River opposite the village of McElhatten excavated by T.B. Stewart in 1934.

The recognition of Shenks Ferry as a separate culture in the Late Woodland continuum is a fairly recent concept. The first serious work on the Shenks Ferry type site in the Washington Boro basin, Lancaster County, was done by Donald Cadzow in 1931-32. At that time, Cadzow concluded that the site represented an Algonkian culture influenced by a minor Iroquoian contact (The Algonkian Indians were coastal tribes connected by a common language. In the same respect, Iroquoian Indians were tribes located in up-state New York with a similar language connection). The many features, burials, and artifacts recovered were the basis for the first formal attempts to define these distinctive people. But in the context of his time, Cadzow assigned any American Indian remains as either Iroquoian or Algonkian. It appears as though archaeology in its formative years in Pennsylvania was content to back into prehistory from the historic period, using the two large linguistic groups then in occupation in the state as reference points from which any prehistoric site, no matter how old, could be cited as ancestral to one or the other.

It is not our purpose here to trace a complete account of Shenks Ferry archaeology but rather to create a minimal framework for understanding the nature and extent of Shenks Ferry culture and how Canfield, or for that matter the West Branch Valley, relates to it. It has only been since 1953 that John Witthoft finally gave the name of Shenks Ferry to distinguish them from the Susquehannock under whose rubric they were formerly known. This is not to say that differences were not observed between the two, especially in ceramics, for as we said Cadzow had made such observations during exploratory work at the Shenks Ferry and Schultz sites (Cadzow 1936:204). But Witthoft's work at other sites provided a base for recognition of the Shenks Ferry as a separate people.

WEST BRANCH SITES

The present site is part of the Bull Run Complex. One other large stockaded settlement of these people, the so-called Wolf Run Earthworks (near present day Muncy), was excavated by Clark Kahler in the 1930's. This large site was visited by Pennsylvania's agent to the Indians, Conrad Weiser in 1737, after it had been abandoned, as he put it, "beyond the memory of man." These two sites are the only known stockaded villages on the West Branch. Both were predominantly Stewart Phase, Shenks Ferry.

There is no general agreement as to the origins of the Shenks Ferry people. There has been speculation as to similarities to ceramic forms found in Virginia, and to settlement patterns in Ohio.

As matters now stand we can make two general statements regarding the

tenure of Shenks Ferry in the West Branch Valley, and by inference the entire entity known as Shenks Ferry. First, the terminal date for Clemsons Island phase of Indian culture (early in the late Woodland Period) interfaces with the earliest date for Shenks Ferry at around 1200 A.D. Second, at the other end, Shenks Ferry disappears probably around 1525 A.D. when the McFate-Quiggle culture appears in the West Branch and the Susquehannock infiltrate the Lancaster region. What really happened during these interfacing periods is by no means clear nor may that ever be known since the clues are too cold to permit many positive assertions.

Intensive work in the Lancaster area has led to the assumption that the West Branch Shenks Ferry retreated to the Lancaster County loci. In light of more recent work done in the West Branch watershed, the postulated sequence can be challenged. In his analysis of the stratified Fisher Farm site on Bald Eagle Creek, James Hatch makes a strong case for rethinking the existing chronology, especially since radiocarbon dates are now available from several stations.

Regrettably it is very late to do in-depth site studies in the upper Susquehanna Valley as elsewhere since the lush river bottom locales where these people chose to live are also the most intensively developed agricultural and industrial sites. Very few, if any, Shenks Ferry sites are available for study, making any undisturbed and available site such as Canfield an important resource.

SITE LOCATION

Canfield Island is really a modified peninsula formed by a small stream (Bull Run) that drained a former large swampy area east of Williamsport in Loyalsock Township. During the lumbering era of the late 19th century, Ezra Canfield built a large sawmill on the north bank of Bull Run. In order to make a catch basin for logs he opened a channel that connected Bull Run with the Susquehanna River near the head of the island. Before that, Bull Run flowed directly toward the river, but then veered sharply to the left to form a long peninsula before it joined the main stream. The island covers approximately 30 acres.

The upper portion of the island has been subjected to constant erosion where the river hits with undiminished force, while the tail end receives flood deposits that over the years have caused deep stratification of a number of cultural episodes found there.

To the south, directly across the river, the Bald Eagle Ridge rises to a height of over 2000 feet, while the elevation on the present site is around 512 feet. The present gradient on the island is very moderate with the removal of several feet of topsoil from the upper portion but none from the lower. Since the island floods at river readings in excess of 20 feet, the seasonal nature of any settlement becomes apparent.

To the north, a series of low lying hills, now largely covered with houses, served to funnel ancient human travel into the river corridor. One arm of the

extensive north-south Sheshequin Trail (an American Indian path) crossed the river near the site, suggesting that in ancient times a fordable riffle existed there. Since then, the crossflow of Loyalsock Creek coming from the north has deposited so much gravel into the main river channel that water depth has increased upstream where the fording previously existed. The east-west Shamokin Path ran in the general area of East Third street or partly in the same corridor as I-180.

Shenks Ferry sites are usually found, as this one is, on the best and deepest river bottom soil, for these people were essentially an agricultural folk. For similar reasons the early settlers sought out the rich floodplain along Bull Run and on down to the Loyalsock Creek as the first land to be cleared after the Treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768, when this land was purchased from the Iroquois. It was here that James Brady, son of Captain John Brady (a noted Lycoming County pioneer who served in the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars) was killed in ambush as a war party attacked a work crew of grain reapers in August, 1778 (Meginness 1857:222).

EXCAVATION RESULTS

What at first appeared to be an easy surface to work turned out to be a very difficult one. Upon exposure to the drying sun, the stiff clay subsoil in which the features rested became so hard that scraping was all but useless. Only after heavy rains or artificial wetting could any progress be made, but by then another limitation set in — that of ponding. The clay underbase did not allow rapid percolation so that some squares were inundated at times.

In spite of these conditions, a welter of features was soon encountered. Most of these were postmolds (places where poles had been inserted in the ground) that required careful plotting and analysis. As it turned out, our grid was well placed to accommodate most of the features present. The lower portion of the grid contained a house pattern and all ancillary features while the northern portion showed a more random scatter of specialized pits.

We shall first describe the lithic (stone) and ceramic recovery, followed by the various pit features, and lastly the dwelling to which all these elements relate.

LITHICS

Considering that this was an undisturbed site with an intact living floor, the amount of stone materials was very small. This is consistent, however, with recoveries from Shenks Ferry sites generally. They didn't seem to have participated very intensely in the stone age.

For example, only one of the notched stones described as netsinkers was found although the Indians lived on a stream bank which only a short distance away yields them in abundance. Nor were other means of fish catching represented, such as bone fish hooks or leisters.

Only seven projectile points, all typical isosceles triangles, were found, most of them in features. Knives or blades numbered five but no tools that could be called scrapers were located.

One common Indian tool is the celt. Celts are finely honed and shaped stones that come in a variety of sizes, each having a sharp cutting edge. Similar to axes, they could be used for many different purposes. Only one possible celt bit was found, which is most unusual in light of the amount of cutting that would have been involved in preparing the dwelling or in girdling trees for garden preparation. Even at Bull Run nearby, celts were rare. Drills were totally absent.

In the grinding-percussion tool category, two heavily used hammer stones/mullers were found. Mullers are flattened circular rocks. These showed heavy use on both the circumference edge and on the flat faces. Three bi-pitted hammers (stones with small thumbshaped depressions in the centers of the flat faces) and a pestle rounded out the heavy cobble tool inventory.

CERAMICS

No whole vessels, or even large sections of any, were found, but typical Shenks Ferry sherds were distributed over most of the domestic area, mainly in features. A total of 468 sherds was collected that included 11 fabric impressed forms, and a number of typical Stewart Phase, multiple-banded incised rims. Many of these sherds were so thin that we marveled at how so fragile a pot could be stabilized until it was dried or fired. Tempering was uniformly finely crushed Upper Helderberg chert, a fine-grained rock found locally in the Sand Hill area. It is a reasonable assumption that the hammer/mullers were used to crush the chert for these pots. These folks were especially skilled in the art of pottery making, as the quality and workmanship on these sherds shows.

Most of the ceramic pieces were found while investigating postmolds or domestic features, an indication of possible severe flooding of the abandoned complex that swept the exposed area clean or concentrated any loose objects into postmolds or other low pressure spots. Consequently there was a dearth of charcoal, as well as ceramics, on the exposed surfaces, but an abundance in features.

Another ceramic piece found in one of the postmolds was not a pot sherd but rather a right-angle incised pipe. In most respects, it differed from those found elsewhere in Shenks Ferry contexts. This pipe was of a dark raw umber color, baked of untempered clay, with a maximum length of 8 centimeters. The bowl was oval in shape with a maximum length of opening of 18 mm and a maximum width of 13 mm. While not fully right angle at the bowl it was nearly so, the bowl tapering somewhat toward the opening.

A plat of finely incised lines on the bowl, facing the smoker, was matched by a similar plat of ten very finely incised lines on the outside face. Below that was

a plat of vertical lines which were in turn stamped with short incisions to give each line the appearance of a feather. One lone vertical line on each side panel completed the decoration.

POSTMOLDS

A postmold or posthole is a feature found in archaeological excavations, usually evident by variation in soil color and texture, that indicates the former presence of a post inserted into the ground. A total of 152 postmolds is recorded at this site. At least 121, and likely more, are associated with the dwelling - a feature in its own right. A cluster of postmolds off the northwest corner do not form a meaningful pattern, but since some of these are slanted toward the hut, they appear to indicate that the poles may have been attached in some way.

An average postmold was 3 inches or larger. Where the original diameter exceeded around 4 inches, it is assumed the posts were inserted into the ground from a partially pre dug hole.

DOMESTIC USE PITS

Altogether, twenty six pits defined as larger than postmolds and containing evidence of domestic use, but smaller than the large specialized use pits, were excavated and recorded. Since it would be redundant to describe each one, we shall look at a typical one as descriptive of the rest. A bucket-shaped pit eight inches in diameter and six inches deep was revealed in one square. Lining its base was a deep residue of incompletely burnt pine bark chips. Some similar domestic pits were a bit larger or deeper but most were underlain with the bark chip residue. Wet screening of such features also yielded a few hemlock needles but no identifiable seeds. We believe the function of such features was similar to that of a dutch oven, with the pine bark as fuel. It is likely more than coincidental that the small cooking pots in use were about the same diameter as the pits. By placing the pots over the glowing coals, a very efficient method of heat transfer could have been achieved. All such features were located outside the dwelling in an arc around the presumed doorway in the north wall. The outdoor placement of these cooking features also points to a seasonal use (spring, summer, and fall).

SPECIALIZED USE PITS

Twelve features are larger than those described as of domestic use and probably served special functions, all of which are speculative. Some of these require special attention since their probable use helps to round out special activities associated with the building of the structure and the daily activities of the household. Several of these are herewith described.

FIRING AREA

In one square, a very large charcoal laden area was uncovered. While irregular

in shape, it was at least eight to ten feet in diameter and in a vertical cross section, seemed to contain several sub strata as though heavy burning occurred over a period of time. No artifacts, except a few fired cobbles, were in the feature, but the charcoal concentration was the heaviest of any encountered in the dig. We believe it to have been the shaping area for the production of the pointed poles for buildings and structures. This area was well away from any other activity. Several large postmolds nearby may be supporting features useful in the firing process.

ROCK HEARTH

This large feature was uncovered during clean-up operations in top soil removal after the main grid was considered complete. Located not far from the firing area just described, this feature was a large, cracked cobble fire area, somewhat reminiscent of the large cobble hearths or roasting platforms of other time periods. However, enough Shenks Ferry sherds were located among the ashes to place it firmly as part of the complex. Several cobble mullers (grinding stones) were among the 191 large and small rock fragments. The feature was bracketed by four large postmolds measuring about six inches in diameter and covered a rather large surface approximately four feet in diameter. With these meager clues, we can only guess that this might have served as a drying or meat curing rack.

COMPLEX FEATURES

Several basin-shaped pits containing cracked rock, some tools (hammerstones or mullers), pot sherds and charcoal were found adjacent to the living quarters. Associated with them were postmolds and connecting bowl-like pockets filled with light colored seeds, later determined to be raspberry seeds. Our guess is that each of these pockets contained at least a liter of fruit when first deposited.

A ready conclusion might be that these bowl appendages were rodent nests, and that the berries were stored provisions. The trouble with this scenario is that rodents are not known to store these most perishable of fruits in dens. Furthermore, in Shenks Ferry times, the only open space for growing these fruits would have been the river bank or field edge. Since this site is located a good distance from the river edge, it seems likely that only humans could have gathered and transported such quantities. We think, therefore, that these features were in some way associated with food preparation, but we cannot account for the large posts around which all this activity clustered. Since most raspberries ripen in July, however, we obtained some indication of the seasonal use of the feature.

THE DWELLING

A majority of the postmolds described a rounded-end dwelling (bread loaf shaped) oriented east-west with an attendant activity area in an arc around a north entrance. Maximum length was forty eight feet, maximum width near the middle

was seventeen feet, ten inches. There may have been other entrances both in the southeast and southwest arcs because unusual gaps occur at those points. Considering the size of the structure, several openings would have been possible for utility, ventilation, and to serve as windows. No central hearth could be located and therefore no roof opening for smoke exhaust was needed, however, the structure would have been excessively dark and poorly ventilated with only few openings.

Two special features were located near opposite ends of the dwelling. The first was a trench-like oblong affair filled with a soft, humus laden matrix and very little else. Alternate layers of light and dark fill suggest a refuse pit into which was swept lighter colored clay and sand from time to time. It was this feature that first caught the attention of the bulldozer operator that eventually led to the excavation itself. This feature was nine feet, four inches in maximum length by twelve inches maximum width by six to eight inches deep. Several pottery fragments, a few cracked rocks and some dispersed charcoal were found in the humus fill. It was not a fire pit. Its function is conjectural, but a primitive bathroom is not ruled out.

The other major feature was located on the opposite end of the dwelling in the northeast arc where a row of postmolds running from near the west end intersected a small fence-like structure running to the north wall. Here a seven foot row of small postmolds cordoned off a portion of the northeast corner behind which was located a burial. Only the long bones were fairly intact and no skull was visible. This contrasts with a pit burial found during the Bull Run excavation where only a large skull was present.

While no effort was made to extract the skeletal elements, it appeared to be a flexed or possibly a bundle burial that was placed in a shallow, nearly round depression consistent with all Stewart Phase Shenks Ferry interments so far found. This was likely a child or sub adult burial.

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

The excavation of a Shenks Ferry house site and associated features on Canfield Island, Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, provided further insights into the lifeways of the people who left them. While undoubtedly a part of the adjacent Bull Run stockaded village complex, this dwelling was a single component site, allowing a tentative reconstruction of their daily living activities.

That the Shenks Ferry people were essentially farmers of sorts is suggested by the lack of any substantial amounts of either hunting or fishing gear. The few arrowheads that were found were distinctive for Shenks Ferry; somewhat larger and broader at the base than the McFate or Susquehannock Madison points that followed, but not so large as those from Clemsons Island/Owasco cultures that predated the Shenks Ferry culture. Farmers or not, these folk must have depended upon hunting not only for high protein food but also for clothing and bedding.

The lack of large amounts of fire-cracked rock in the domestic pits points to

a change in cooking techniques from preceding cultures. Small pine bark coal beds furnished heat for cooking. These mini-furnaces were the approximate size of the pots and allowed for a dutch oven type heat transfer. At times, these delicate pots broke and sherds from such accidents remained in the ash bed.

The recovery of a right angle type ceramic pipe shows that at least this one differed from those found by Witthoff in Lebanon county and those found in Lancaster County at the Murry site. Ours was a pipe with a squarish bowl and finely incised with an extremely fine tool that allowed unusual detail.

Bowl rims were all classic Stewart Phase, usually found north of Sunbury on the West Branch and in the Juniata Valley. Body sherds at Canfield show an unusual delicate thinness, often only 2 mm in thickness, leaving us to wonder at their mode of construction.

Another important trait comparison involves disposal of the dead. Although few in number, the burials found at Bull Run and Canfield sharply contrast with those reported at the Lancaster County sites. In-house burials were found at both locales, but at the Murry site, mass burials were found and extended burial covered by large stones was practiced.

At the Blue Rock site (Lancaster County) from whose people the West Branch Shenks Ferry supposedly derived, burials were largely in slit trenches and in supine positions. Possibly, we have not yet located the main burial area at the West Branch site or this particular group of American Indians was not in the location long enough for many deaths to have occurred, but we find ourselves trying to reconcile the lack of deaths with the hostile environment (such as the stockade indicates here).

Nor do the carbon dates from the Northern Phase confirm the scenario postulated by Kinsey and Graybill when they stated that up-river sites were abandoned during the early phase (c. 1300) of Shenks Ferry occupation in Lancaster County. A carbon date for the Murry site in Lancaster County is c. 1410 A.D. Contrast this with two dates reported by Hatch for the Fisher Farm site (on Bald Eagle Creek) of c. 1520 A.D. and c. 1505 A.D.; and three dates from the Bull Run site complex of c. 1480 A.D., c. 1440 A.D., and c. 1230 A.D.; and from Canfield, a date of c. 1456 A.D. The Stewart Phase dates are all (except one) later than that from the Murry site. There is always the possibility that the hostility era for up-river folk occurred early in their history and that after the need for such defenses passed, life in Shenks Ferry assumed a more peaceful phase for a time.

The question of where the Clemsons Island Indians went remains as mysterious a problem as that as from where the Shenks Ferry people came. Since we are getting nowhere on origins, we must at least consider the Shenks Ferry demise. In Lancaster County, where they were highly concentrated, their disappearance is more readily explained. The Susquehannock could probably call that one. But in the West Branch, or wherever the Stewart Phase called home, it may be more than

coincidental that the appearance of McFate people (McFate-Quiggle as Dr. Barry Kent has named them) around 1525 A.D. also spells the end time for Shenks Ferry. There is a tradition, as documented by early historians and missionaries among the Iroquois, that a strong tribe, neither Iroquois nor Algonquian, occupied the West Branch who were called **TEHOTACHSE**. These were overthrown by the Cayuga who in turn claimed all this territory for the Five Nations. This episode supposedly occurred before the Susquehannock migration. Given the nebulous nature of such traditions, one cannot know truth from fiction, but in some of these handed down stories may be buried a few kernels of truth.

It remains for archaeology to try to put the known Indian groups into the most accurate time slot that such factors as carbon dates and observed cultural traits will allow. And that is about the way it is with Shenks Ferry. We know more than we did at the outset, but that is much less than we wish to know.



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JAY COOKE - THE TYCOON

By Meade Minnigerode

[Editor's note: Reprinted from Certain Rich Men by Meade Minnigerode, (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1927).]

Midas, they were to call him, and the Napoleon of Finance, and the Tycoon. He was born on August 10, 1821, "probably the first or nearly first boy born in Sandusky," the third child of Eleutheros Cooke, a prosperous lawyer and Congressman, and Martha Caswell. He was named Jay for the Chief Justice.

He grew up in a cheerful, well-bred, hospitable home always open to gatherings of friends, as well as to the Indian chiefs who frequently visited the village. His surroundings provided him with a happy, simple, open-air boyhood in the Firelands of Ohio. It was a typical American rural boyhood with horses to be watered and firewood to be chopped; he knew the village school, the private academy, candy pulls, rat hunts, swimming holes, little models of boats, fishing, hunting. There were sociables, pigtailed girls, a good boys' fight or two, new mown hay, ginger cookies, and sleigh bells. And at home, there was a fine library of history, science, poetry, romance, and "moral volumes on all subjects."

He was to have gone to Kenyon College, but by the age of nine, he had already worked in his uncle's store to earn spending money and had discovered he was quite a capitalist. So in 1835, he accepted a clerkship in a large new store, under a proprietor who taught him chess and double entry book keeping. In 1836 there was an opening in the Seymour and Bool store in St. Louis, and he went there.

Everything was "fine." He was going to writing and dancing school and learning to speak French. There were rousing hunting expeditions on the prairies and a fine gaiety of fiddles in the old French mansions. But the panic of 1837 put an end to it all, and Jay Cooke had his first association with failure. When the firm collapsed, he went back to Sandusky, saying that he had acquired southern habits and was a capitalist, a word frequently on his tongue.

He returned to Adam's Academy but not for long. His brother-in-law, William Moorhead, who was always interesting himself in railroads and canals, had just established the Washington Packet Line between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He sent for Jay to come to the Philadelphia office. He was to book passengers, insert press notices, and drum up trade at the steamboat landing.

Jay did not like it at all. The work was hard and disagreeable, and the city had

no charms for him like those of the deep silent woods, murmuring streams, and blue bay of his native home. He was homesick; he hated the "close, hot office," and the noisy town in which "fires and murders, mobs and abolition squabbles are every day occurrences." He was not sorry when the packet line failed. For a while he worked at the Congress Hall Hotel, but he disliked "counter jumping" and "polite and genteel employments." Mr. Moorhead had finally been able to pay him something, and in November, 1838, he returned to Sandusky with a trunk full of presents and plenty of cash in his pockets, feeling "as healthy as a rat in a granary," and planning to start a farm with his brother.

He was not to stay in Sandusky. Enoch Clark and Edward Dodge, founders of the banking house of E.W. Clark and Company, had noticed him at the Congress Hall Hotel and had been attracted to the tall, slender, light-haired boy with blue eyes and the cheerful smile which contemporaries spoke of as "radiant." They sent for him to give him a place in their office. He was not quite eighteen.

Brokerage and banking: it was the work for which he had been born. If ever a person was expressly put into the world to handle money, the actual currency and the far reaching negotiations arising from it, it was Jay Cooke. In only a few weeks, he became a good judge of bank-notes and could tell counterfeits at sight, and he knew nearly all the broken banks in America. In the office, they called him "the counterfeit clerk" and marvelled to see with what "lightning rapidity the notes passed through his delicate fingers." There were no mistakes, no recounts; clean and dirty, "wild cat" and "par," it was all "easily and gracefully done."

They kept him busy, thirteen hours a day often. "It was a grand time for brokers and private banking." The partners, he found, frequently went off to dinner after overdrawing the bank account \$80,000 or \$100,000, leaving him to make it up before three o'clock. But they made money fast as a leader in railroad organization, and during the Mexican War, as the foremost domestic exchange house in the country sharing with Corcoran and Riggs of Washington the task of financing the campaign. For young Jay, so capable and so trusted, it was a period of invaluable experience.

Philadelphia was now "really delightful," offering theaters, museums, dancing, some practicing on his flute, and a little "gallanting." He was also devoted to his work and he was learning to make money himself. Before he was twenty-two, he was made a partner first in the Philadelphia house, and then in the St. Louis and New York branches. In the midst of it all, in 1844, he was married to Dorothea Elizabeth Allen (Libbie) of Baltimore and Lexington, Kentucky.

So it went, until the panic of 1857. Mr. Cooke had thought of retiring after the death of Mr. Clark Sr. 1856, but he was still there when the crash came. This was the third failure in his career.

Mr. Cooke's father wrote to him, "Fight the battle out bravely and if all goes by the board come home and I will give you a house and farm, and fowling piece

and fishing apparatus, and wherewithal to live easier and happier than ever..." But all was not to go by the board. The firm was reorganized by Mr. Clark's sons, and securities regained their value. Mr. Cooke was then able to retire with a fair fortune, and once again his thoughts turned towards Sandusky.

However, his reputation as a promoting financier was too great, and while for a year or so he was "free foot" to hunt and fish, he was also engaged in "some vast and profitable enterprises." His business ventures included the putting to rights of the Vermont Central Railroad, the reorganization of the Pennsylvanian canal system, the rebuilding of the Franklin Railroad, and in January, 1861, he opened the banking house of Jay Cooke and Company with William Moorhead, who was President of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad.

It was a precarious time to start a bank. The secession of South Carolina had already occurred, and there was war in the wind. But his first important transaction was the successful floating at par of the Pennsylvania State Loan of \$3,000,000 in May, an undertaking the credit for which he shared with Drexel and Company, but the planning and execution of which were almost exclusively his own.

And for the next four years, aside from his ceaseless work in connection with lesser bond operations and his continuous effort to maintain the value of government securities in the New York stock market, Mr. Cooke was to be known throughout the country for his astonishingly successful handling of the great Federal loans which financed the Civil War. What Mrs. Cooke, with her Southern relatives, thought of it is not recorded, for he won the war for the North just as surely as the men in the field did. It was in the Treasury Department, a Confederate leader admitted, that the South was really defeated.

In the midst of Mr. Cooke's official activities one is apt, perhaps, to forget that he was primarily, after 1860, a private broker and banker. The Philadelphia bank had prospered. A branch named Cooke Brothers and Company, in which Henry Cooke and Harris Fahnestock were partners, had been opened in Washington in 1862. After the Civil War Mr. Cooke continued to interest himself in the national banks, in the maintenance of government bond values in the restive New York stock market, in the suppression speculation like the Black Friday gold corner of 1869, and in the Treasury's various funding operations. And in March, 1866, he established his New York house. He was now the foremost financier in the country. His prestige was enormous, and the reputation of his firm was unimpeachable. People came to him from all sides to solicit his financial interest. Those who came with railroads were the more readily welcomed, for there was in his mind a vision of two oceans linked by rail; thus, in the late 1860's, he was willing to listen when some gentlemen spoke to him most earnestly of a road to be built across the continent, to be called the Northern Pacific.

It had been started in 1864, with a charter granted to a group of New England capitalists, but the enterprise had failed. The franchise had been purchased by the so-called Vermont Clique, and now the directors wanted Mr. Cooke to sell the

bonds. For a long time he hesitated while his investigators travelled over the proposed ground and examined the resources of the section to be served, but their reports were all favorable, describing a region of superlative climate, vegetation, and opportunity. So on January 1, 1870, Mr. Cooke accepted the Northern Pacific agency and undertook the task of raising more than \$100,000,000.

Through lectures, inspection trips to the West for editors, and newspaper ballyhoo, Mr. Cooke made use of all his publicity methods. The project was a gamble. His partners were not in favor of the venture because railroads were a dubious speculation, but Mr. Cooke had set his heart and all his mind on putting through a road to the Pacific. It was more than just another "iron road." Involved were branches and mergers, land and colonization schemes, the development of Duluth, the importation of laborers and settlers from abroad, the sale of securities in Europe, and a labyrinth of Washington politics to be threaded. They sold some bonds, began to build, and completed some five hundred miles of line. It appeared as though everything was going well.

However, under the surface things were not going at all well. The bonds were not selling as they needed to be, and the company's funds were low. Mr. Cooke, with all his courage and optimism, was carrying more than he could hold and more than he had any right to attempt, as his New York partner Mr. Fahnestock so readily told him.

Conditions did not improve. The Franco-Prussian war had tightened money abroad, so that in Germany an American railroad bond would not sell "even if signed by an angel of Heaven." At home, the company's subsidiary St. Paul and Pacific Railroad was in trouble and receiving no help from its parent, which aroused suspicion over the latter's welfare as well; frequent gold speculations had disturbed the money market; the public disgust over the Union Pacific scandals in Congress was turning investors away from railroads at a time when Mr. Cooke was doing all in his power to raise funds through a syndicate; and interest payments were coming due, with the result that the Cooke houses were obliged to give constant cash advances to the company or see it collapse.

Mr. Cooke would not give in. He would not abandon the road or desert this national enterprise; he was responsible to all those investors. He believed there was no pressing emergency and something would turn up. September of 1873 came, and in New York money was "very firm, the stock market active and fluctuating, no immediate trouble apparently impending." Actually, they were all dancing on the edge of a volcano.

On September 8, there was a failure in New York. Two days later the stock market was "excited." It was "tremulous, uneasy, and quickly affected by rumors," and there was a disposition "to create panic at the expense of reputation." The names of respectable houses were being "bandied about" in connection with suspension and failure.

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On the morning of September 18 there was "a financial hurricane in Wall Street," a "thunderbolt," as though the "bottom of Wall Street had literally dropped out." Jay Cooke and Company had closed its doors, to be followed at once by the Philadelphia and Washington houses.

The crash of Jay Cooke precipitated the great panic of 1873. When he fell from the financial firmament, whole universes fell with him. On September 19, in the pouring rain, Wall Street was "one mass of men" from Broadway to Hanover Street. The scene in the Stock Exchange was "one of those wild, frenzied exhibitions that periodically occur in that remarkable institution." On the following morning the Exchange was closed, and it did not reopen until September 30. On September 21, fifty-six firms had already failed in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities.

At night the Fifth Avenue Hotel was jammed by "all the magnates in the commercial, financial, and political world," and there, on September 21, President Grant and Secretary of the Treasury Richardson decided on the measures which finally relieved the pressure and stopped the panic. They offered clearing house loan certificates and a liberal purchase of government bonds by the Treasury. "Calm and order" returned to Wall Street.

In Philadelphia the creditors insisted on involuntary bankruptcy. A receiver was appointed and the liquidation of Jay Cooke and Company ran its course. Mr. Cooke sold his estates, Gibraltar on Lake Erie and the country place at Ogontz, and retired to a small cottage. He was fifty-two and his business career was closed. It seemed as though he was a failure.

On the contrary, he was to live to see his road completed and Duluth become the industrial center which he had foreseen. He was also to engage in one more business venture and find success and final rehabilitation.

One day a friend told him of a mine in Utah, the Horn Silver Mine, the owners of which were in terrible distress. After a careful investigation, Mr. Cooke took an interest in the property and set out to raise the capital needed to extend a railroad to the mine.

When the road was finished, the mine prospered. It paid Mr. Cooke \$80,000 a year, and in 1879 he sold his share for one million dollars. In the space of five years he had lost one fortune and acquired another, somewhat smaller but more than adequate for his simple habits. It was his last financial transaction.

He bought back his properties of *Gibraltar* and *Ogontz*, but the latter, now too large for him, was eventually turned over to the old Chestnut Street Seminary for Girls at a nominal price. He then built himself a new house not far away, near the village of Ogontz. There, busy with his farm and absorbed in a thousand kindly acts, he lived until his death on February 16, 1895, at the age of eighty-four.

He was a courageous, far-seeing, patriotic financier, a magnetic and inspiring executive, and a warm-hearted, guileless, charitable man who bore no malice and

did not understand deception.

He lived to give pleasure to others. Riches, he had once said, were only the means "whereby one can display his social and generous spirit." In the palmy days at *Ogontz* the place was always crowded with guests, and he was known everywhere for the excellence of his good cheer and the cordial, unaffected quality of his hospitality which extended to the neighbor as lavishly as to the Presidents and Secretaries who so often claimed its bounty.

He did not care for race horses, steam yachts, or fine clothes. He preferred a rough coat, cowhide boots, and the open country. He liked to play muggins and above all he loved to hunt and fish whenever he could get away to his various lodges.

His charity was a constant, personal concern to him. Deeply religious, whenever he travelled he carried with him gifts of Bibles and hymn books reinforced with fruit and candy. The favorite recipients of this thoughtful benevolence were always the clergymen with whom he came in contact. For those who could not afford a holiday from their parishes, *Gibraltar* was open to them every summer for two weeks at a time, all travelling expenses paid and no families allowed. He offered a complete rest, and a long list of applicants always eagerly waited.

Perhaps the finest thing of all was *O.P.J.* The initials stood for Old Patriarch Jacob, and to him, during the entire course of the existence of Jay Cooke and Company, was given one-tenth of the annual profits of the firm before any division was made among the partners. It was a fund of many thousands of accumulating dollars which, supplemented by his own private contributions, financed the long list of Mr. Cooke's individual and frequently anonymous charities to needy persons in every walk of life.

"I'll be a friend, a man!" he had assured his brother when he was only nineteen and just beginning. In all his days, according to his means, he tried to keep that promise. In his last years, he was an old gentleman with a long white beard, in a big cape and a wide brimmed grey felt hat. He was a patriarch himself and much beloved.

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OGONTZ LODGE - A REMINISCENCE

By *Jacob Metzger*

[Editor's note: Ogontz Lodge was Jay Cooke's hunting and fishing domain on the First Fork of Larry's Creek, four and a half miles from Salladasburg. This article is taken from a 1964 letter written by the author.]

I can remember Ogontz Lodge as far back as I can remember anything. In fact, I was baptized in the "den" at Ogontz Lodge in 1895, at the age of four, when Jay Cooke Sr. brought with him as a guest his Episcopal rector, Dr. E. W. Appleton. As one grows older, he might forget where he laid his glasses while he's wearing them, but every scene around every bend in the road as it relates to Ogontz Lodge is as clearly etched in my mind as though it were yesterday.

Down on the main highway one and a quarter miles from the Lodge on the mail route, is a mail box where literally tons and tons of important mail from Wall Street and the banking and brokerage houses of New York and Philadelphia were deposited, both incoming and outgoing. That mail box was the end of civilization so far as the country beyond was concerned. It was all woods beyond for 10 miles to the limit of the Cooke fishing and hunting preserve. A mile and a quarter beyond the mail box, there is a confluence of two streams, an ideal spot for a cabin or lodge. The branch stream coming down from the right is a small "run", while the main stream continues on to the left. The Lodge is located here in a wonderful setting, on sort of a knoll.

From the veranda built around two sides of the lodge, one can look down on the waters of the dam, and at its farther side, the high mountain descends very steeply to the water's edge, a very beautiful and very rustic scene. Although the Lodge was owned by rich people, it has always remained very simple in its appointments. It was built and maintained with that in mind. Its purpose was to afford a few weeks of pleasure out in the woods, away from all the frills and anxieties the wealthy experience in the cities. During all the years my uncle worked there (fifty-one) they never had a telephone, for the simple reason that they came there to escape their regular daily routine.

All of the rooms in the Lodge were finished with pine, - no plaster - even the ceilings. The kitchen was large, with a pine floor, and equipped with a wood-burning range on which my uncle did the cooking. There was a pantry about 8 x 20 feet, which was kept well stocked. The bathroom was large, perhaps 20 x 20 feet, with a high ceiling. It had a wood-burning stove for heat. Water was piped

into the house from the "run" I mentioned. I never saw such soft water. The dining room was also large, with a massive table, and the walls were literally covered with pictures which the owners and sometimes the guests had placed there.

The "den", as it was called, was where the guests retired after dinner in the evenings to converse, play cards, etc. There was one note of style here; the floor was covered with an expensive Persian rug. There was also a small organ here, for Jay Cooke Sr. always observed morning prayers and singing. In the center of the room was a massive round table.

Here, also, were many pictures on the walls. On one wall was a series of pegs. On each peg was a broad-rimmed, low-crowned Stetson hat, perhaps a dozen of them. Usually one of the first things guests did, both men and women, was grab a Stetson hat for all outdoor wear. A person entering the den could not help but be impressed with the huge fireplace made of native stone. A woodbox beside it was kept filled with three-foot lengths. All of the sleeping quarters were on the second floor. There was also a huge attic, with several beds in it. Here, in the attic, the owners and several of the guests who came year after year kept their trunks in which they stored waders, heavy hob-nailed boots, fishing tackle, creels, hunting coats, etc.

About four rods from the Lodge, dug into the side of a hill, was a cave with stone walls and floor. It was perhaps 18 feet long and 12 feet wide. On one side of it was a large ice box, built of heavy plank and painted. It would hold half a ton of ice. Perishables and the fish they caught were kept here. On the other side of the cave were rows of 10-gallon kegs, containing various kinds of wine my uncle had made.

Then there were several buildings that were indispensable, such as the woodshed and the ice house, both large and kept well painted. I never worked there during the winter. My uncle had outside help in sawing ice from the pond and cutting dried and fallen timber to fill the woodshed. Sometimes when green wood was cut, it was thrown helter skelter in a large pile outside the shed to dry out more. Then in the spring when I went over there to work I had the task of carting it into the shed and piling it in ranks up to the ceiling. The long, heavy wood for the fireplace was piled outside in long rows.

There was a barn for the horses. My uncle always kept a driving horse and a good buggy and when fishing parties came from the city, a couple extra horses were hired. They would use these saddle horses in their fishing expeditions far up the creek, and sometimes simply to go horse-back riding. They had side saddles for the ladies.

One of the features on the grounds was a tank where large trout were raised. In fact there were two of them. They were built of three-inch planks grooved and water-tight. They were set in the ground about three feet and extended two feet above the ground level. Water was piped into them from the "run." They were each

about 20 feet long and 16 feet wide and so arranged that one was 18 inches lower than the other, so that the overflow from one was piped to the other. Thus the water level was kept constant in each tank. At the bottom of each tank large flagstones four feet across were placed, with smaller stones of five inches underneath them to give the trout a hiding place.

They were the biggest, fattest brook trout I ever saw. We fed them liver. Beside one of the tanks we kept a chopping block and a sharp hatchet. I would take a large chunk of liver and chop it up into small pieces, then take a handful and throw it into each tank. The instant it struck, water began to boil and splashed everywhere. One of my jobs was cleaning the trout after the fishermen came in with their creels loaded with trout. I always cleaned them with the heads and tails on. As you need lots of water to clean them thoroughly, a good place to clean them was where the water overflowed from the lower tank. As soon as I cleaned a trout I tossed the innards into the tank and that was that. They were simply wild inside the tanks, darting hither and yon and taking each throw as it hit the water.

I'd like to see all the trout I've cleaned in one pile. That would be something! Not very often did any of the people catch the big ones in the tanks to take back home with them; but I do remember the only fish I caught from the tanks. It was a whopper.

Hays Carstairs, the whiskey mogul and part owner of the place at that time, was eating dinner and was just about ready to go down to Larry's Creek station, when he asked me to catch him a trout from the tanks. He wanted to take it with him. Armed with a net, rod and line and hook baited with a piece of liver, I sneaked over to the edge of the box and tossed in the bait without being seen. It seemed that each of those big trout wanted to grab it before the others reached the spot. There was one grand rush with showers of water splashing the air as a big trout swallowed bait and hook. I finally worked him up near the edge of the tank, reached down with a net and lifted him out. That, we thought, was the end of this incident, but when Mr. Carstairs returned the next spring on the 15th of April, which was the first day of trout season, he unpacked this mounted trout and hung it in the dining room where it remained for many years.

The stream was regarded as the best trout stream in that part of the country. Of course it was a private stream and was kept well stocked with fingerlings every few years. There were eight miles of good fishing upstream from the Lodge and one and a fourth miles below. Five miles upstream from the Lodge was another building known as the Upper Cabin, which consisted of two rooms, a kitchen, and a bedroom with a large fireplace. During the summer months a watchman was stationed here. He patrolled the stream to keep poachers away. To make it a better stream for fishing - at least for fly-fishing - "man-made" pools of quiet water were built in the stream. During the slack season, when there were no parties at the Lodge, my uncle and I repaired these pools and sometimes established new ones when they were destroyed by high water.

The best fly fisherman I ever saw was Jay Cooke III, who was part owner of the Lodge when I worked there. He had been Fuel Administrator of the city of Philadelphia during World War I and became associated with the food administrator of the entire country, Herbert Hoover, who later made three fishing trips to the Lodge as Jay Cooke's guest.

Here is a typical fishing excursion for one day on the stream as I observed Jay Cooke III get ready for the occasion and assisted him. We'll say that he had decided to fish farther up the stream that day, while the others fished close to the cabin. All of the men donned their fishing togs in the kitchen, for they needed assistance. So Mr. Cooke seated himself in a rocking chair in the kitchen, while either my uncle or I helped him put on his hip-length waders, which fitted snugly around the foot. Next we put a very heavy pair of woolen socks over the waders and then put on a pair of very heavy leather shoes with hob nails on the soles. The waders were held in place by a belt around the waist. He had selected a rod for this day, a very expensive rod, light as a feather but strong and durable. He found his lines and leaders' hat to be just to his liking. He had a leather book of assorted flies and presumed a certain fly would be good for that day, because it was cloudy or else bright. We mounted our horses and rode upstream.

Three miles upstream he called a halt, instructing me to take the horses a half mile farther up, tie them and come back. Coming back I found him in the middle of the stream, knee-high in water, making long casts, his line at all times being over the water.

I remember the first time I observed him. It was a good lesson in showmanship. He placed that lead fly exactly where he wanted it—three flies used on his leaders spaced about 18 inches apart. Sometimes a big trout rose to the surface that he missed, but he eventually caught it or explained to me why he didn't catch it. If at times they rose to the fly lazily and the numbers caught were too few, he took a pen knife from his pocket and cut open the stomach of a fish already caught to find out what color or type of bug the fish were eating that day. His fishing was on a scientific basis. When he made such a discovery, he changed flies. Wading in the middle of the stream, he always observed the rule of fishing upstream—the trout are not scared by foreign objects carried along by current; whereas if one fishes downstream, water-logged twigs and leaves are stirred up by one's feet and are carried ahead, scaring the fish.

When he worked a large trout up near his feet, I netted it and placed it in a creel. When we reached the horses, if there was time for more fishing, I took both horses farther ahead and tied them, repeating the process until we fished that length of stream. Then we headed for the Lodge with an appetite that did justice to one of Uncle Louie's dinners that evening. But still there was a lot of work for me to do, such as unsaddling the horses and taking care of them, cleaning all the trout caught that day (the big ones in the tanks had a big "fighting" meal that evening), waiting table at dinner, and then drying clothes until 11 p.m.

Back as far as I can remember my father had several teams of heavy draft horses used to skid logs in the lumber camps and haul lumber, railroad ties and bark. He also had a couple teams of smaller horses and a three-seated spring wagon, hand-made by his uncle, Abe Metzger, who for many years owned and operated a wagon shop on Fourth Street, Williamsport, just across the Pennsylvania railroad tracks from the old Dickinson Seminary. He had the job of transporting the guests at Ogontz Lodge from the station at Larry's Creek over many years (my uncle having gone out to the Lodge as a young man of 18 in 1855). The guests had many trunks and bags which were hauled in separate vehicles. It was always known just how many were coming and how much baggage they were bringing, so that adequate transportation was provided.

After Jay Cooke Sr.'s death the Lodge was owned by Hays Carstairs, who owned several whiskey distilleries in Kentucky; Jay Cooke III, grandson of the original; and Horace Harding, who married a granddaughter of the original Jay Cooke. All of them were millionaires. Horace Harding was related to President Warren Harding, was a New York banker, and was a member of the New York Stock Exchange. Jay Cooke III was a Philadelphia banker and a member of the Board of C.D. Barney & Co., investment bankers of Philadelphia. Mr. Barney had married the daughter of the old man Cooke and all his children were daughters, about six or seven in number. These daughters were married and had children. Mr. Carstairs had two daughters and the Hardings had four children. These different clans with children and grandchildren, coming and going, provided the Lodge with plenty of excitement and hard work during their stay.

On the 15th of April, the opening of trout season, the three owners with a few guests, not more than six in number, came up to the Lodge to try their luck at trout. There were never any women along. Women, worries, and children were left behind them for another day. Getting out in the open and communing with nature was uppermost in their minds.

Their guests were also wealthy men in various lines of business and finance. I had supposed that millionaires accustomed to valets, chauffeurs and many servants would "high-hat" an ordinary mortal, especially a kid who waited on them at the table and did the menial tasks around the Lodge. There is, however, something about living in the wild that makes all the world kin, and when we analyze them, we find they are common people after all.

I can't begin to name all the guests that came to the Lodge the years I worked there. There was Fred Chandler, owner of the Phillies baseball team at that time, a jolly 350-pounder with three chins, who sported diamonds on his fingers as big as horse chestnuts. For exercise he walked the veranda for hours, his shirt opened at the neck and his belly protruding over his belt. He liked the product Hays Carstairs manufactured, several cases of which were on the baggage wagon at these stag parties. D.C. Moody was interested in Pittsburgh steel. He was an elderly, sophisticated man with a keen sense of humor, but not much on fishing. Sam

Stintson came so often he had a trunk in the attic where he kept his fishing togs. He was a prince of a fellow, as common as an old shoe. Robert Stark made his wealth in Australian gold. He was rather portly, about 60, with a mop of white hair. He liked to play poker and sometimes indulged too freely in Carstairs's product.

Horace Harding was a quiet, handsome man who seldom took a nip. A boulevard in New York City is named for him. The prince of princes was Hays Carstairs. I really liked that man. I liked all of them but he was my favorite. He often talked with me about going to school and other subjects he had on his mind. He was very common. One evening while they were seated at the dinner table discussing something, and I was in and out, he suddenly asked me to spell "hellgrammite". I was simply floored but collected my wits long enough to spell it for him. He had found a hellgrammite down along the creek that day and they were talking about it at the table.

Laura and Barclay Harding now own Ogontz Lodge. Kathryn Hepburn, the movie actress, and Laura are good friends. In fact, she had Miss Hepburn as her guest at the Lodge several times before Uncle Louie's death.

Before the arrival of any party, my uncle was notified about how many people to prepare for. He made a list of things in the grub line that he wanted: chickens, meats, bread, buns, and everything under the sun. The perishables were put on ice in the cave. Fresh cream and butter were brought over daily from the Metzger farm by one of my cousins. But there were many items of food that the owners brought with them - for instance, leg of lamb and delicacies that weren't obtainable at Salladasburg. I got many a lesson in cooking by watching him perform at the kitchen range, and I made a discovery: most anybody can cook palatable food if he uses plenty of cream and butter and has his eye on the business at hand.

During these stag parties my uncle and I did all the work, including making beds, cooking, sweeping, scrubbing, and everything else that was done. We got up early in the morning and didn't get to bed until 11 at night. We ate at the dining room table after the others had eaten. They always left in the evening and went southward on the night train. After they had gone we sat down at the table and the silence was oppressive after so much activity. The next day we started on the second floor and removed all the bedding and gave everything a good cleaning to put it in shape for the next party. I got down on my hands and knees and scrubbed the hallways and stairs with a scrubbing brush until you could eat off them. Then we began on the lower floor and did the same. When that was done we closed the shutters and closed the door to the main part of the house, using only the kitchen, pantry, and our bedroom above the kitchen.

Theodore Roosevelt Jr. had a taste of kitchen living while a guest at the Lodge. He came there with Jay Cooke III one fall to hunt for a few days. It was soon after World War I and after he had helped organize the American Legion in Paris. He liked it so well he decided to stay with Uncle Louie two or three weeks after the others had gone back home. My uncle told me about it afterward. I was in South

Dakota then. He simply insisted that Uncle Louie close the rest of the house, so they lived and ate in the kitchen. T.R. Jr. had thought of entering politics, so he told my uncle. He practiced orating in the kitchen before a mirror, Uncle Louie told me, and he also said he was one of the nicest men he had ever met.

When they (the guests) were gone, quiet reigned supreme over Ogontz Lodge and the place was singing with loneliness, quite unlike the day of their arrival when little Curley, an old shaggy watch dog, would sniff the air knowing something was afoot and would wander around aimlessly, keeping a sharp eye on the road leading to the Lodge. No matter what we were doing, Curley always announced the arrival of guests by her tiny bark and running down to the unloading platform to greet the visitors with wagging tail, knowing she would be greeted in return. All of them had a gentle word for Curley, who was part of the Lodge for many, many years.

There were other parties coming to the Lodge. The women folks were not to be denied the pleasure of a few weeks in the country. They came to stay more than two or three days as their business wasn't so urgent. And they came in quantity, too. Sometimes there were 16 or more including children. When they came they nearly always brought maid-servants with them. However, the place was in turmoil throughout their stay. I spoke of Marie and Barclay and the other Harding children. Then there were more than a dozen cousins of the Harding children. A batch of 16 would come to the Lodge and stay a few weeks. It would then be followed by another group of women and children, most of them related to the Cooke family. Some of the kids got into mischief as kids are prone to do and they had my uncle and me going in circles. I remember a six-year-old boy, Rodney Bennett, who had a terrible case of adenoids that affected his speech, and perhaps his mind. But he was very observant, taking particular notice of how my uncle cracked the shells of eggs in making an omelet. A pan containing a couple dozen eggs was sitting on a table on the back porch to be used for the evening meal. When nobody observed him, Rodney got a table knife from the kitchen, cracked each egg and emptied its contents on the ground and threw the shell into the drain.

When these parties contained women, their servants took care of the second floor, making beds and keeping the rooms in order, but we still had more work to do because there were mountains of dishes and all the other work that children cause, and we always breathed a sigh of relief when they departed. But still we missed them when they were gone and profound silence enveloped the Lodge. There is a quality about the merriment of children out for a lark in the country that is refreshing and heart-warming to older people.

Any story of Ogontz Lodge would not be complete without mention of its founder, Jay Cooke Sr., who was born in 1821, at the present site of Sandusky, Ohio, on the lake front at Put-in-Bay. The Wyandotte Indians had a village on the lake front, their chief being a big, swarthy Wyandotte named Ogontz. Ogontz and his Indians were removed to a reservation about 40 miles south of town and Jay Cooke's father built the first house in the town on the very spot where the chief's

wigwam stood.

Cooke tells of Ogontz in his memoirs. "At my birth in the town now called Sandusky, the place was frequently overrun with Indians. Old Ogontz did himself and us the honor of occasionally sojourning for a few days on the spot where he had once dwelt in his wigwam. On such occasions, he was allowed to camp in our barn and my mother fed him bountifully at our kitchen table. I was his favorite and occasionally was mounted on his shoulders for a ride."

Through his friendship with the old Indian chief, Mr. Cooke named the Lodge on Larry's Creek "Ogontz". Later he founded a girls school on the outskirts of Philadelphia, which was known as Ogontz School, and eventually the town itself was called Ogontz with a post office of that name. Here he spent the remainder of his life at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C.D. Barney.

As stated elsewhere, Uncle Louie went out to Ogontz Lodge in 1885 at the age of 18. He had been sickly for a number of years which prevented his attendance at school and it was thought the work at the Lodge would not be as strenuous as that on the farm. He took to that sort of work like a duck to water and remained a loyal and faithful worker for the Cookes for fifty-one years, to the time of his death.

For twenty years after 1885, Mr. Cooke continued to make visitations to Ogontz Lodge, two or three times a year, bringing with him his cronies of the fishing world. In his great cape cloak and his wide-brimmed, light-grey, soft felt hat set over a gentle face adorned by a long white beard, he looked like the patriarch that he was. He reminded me of the pictures of Moses that I had seen. He dressed in plain clothes and paid no attention to changing styles, although his clothes were of costly make, especially the hat, which was a product of his neighbor, John B. Stetson.

Each spring he came from Philadelphia with fishing guests and my father met them at Larry's Creek Station with his spring wagon and other vehicles for the baggage, which always included a large trunk filled with gifts for the children. Most of the young fry at Salladasburg and nearby farms trudged over to the Lodge to "see Mr. Cooke", as they expressed it, having heard that he had arrived. They came in small groups from two in number to six or eight and when they departed, the contents of the trunk was considerably diminished.

The trunk containing gifts was always placed in the large pantry just off the kitchen, where distribution did not disturb the guests. I well remember an incident that caused Mr. Cooke much merriment.

One day Curley's bark announced the arrival of visitors — a delegation of small children from the farms down in the settlement. I was dispatched to the den to let Mr. Cooke know he had visitors. He came out into the big kitchen to greet the kids warmly, inquiring their names, where they lived, and generally breaking the ice to persuade them to talk freely. One of the boys was named Dan Kuhn, a lad of nine, perhaps, whose dog had followed the group to the Lodge. The dog had

followed the kids into the kitchen, as it was summer and the kitchen door was open. Mr. Cooke made a great fuss over the dog, a small shaggy animal, who responded by wagging its tail and jumping up at Mr. Cooke to receive a gentle patting on the head. "Whose dog is this?" inquired Mr. Cooke. Dan Kuhn readily announced that the dog belonged to him. "Well, what kind of dog is it?" he continued. With a broad smile Dan summoned up enough courage to reply, "It's a black dog, Mr. Cooke." White beard and stomach shook as Mr. Cooke laughed. "That's right, Danny, he certainly appears to be a black dog."

He then led the way, followed by the group of children, to the pantry and the trunk. There were good pocket knives for the boys, books and picture books for both sexes, boxes of candy, the largest oranges in the world, toys, and other gifts appropriate for children; last but not least a New Testament was given to each child along with some kindly advice — that they should read this New Testament and study its teachings, attend school and church regularly and study hard, obey and honor their fathers and mothers, and grow up to become good men and women. A final handshake and the group went slowly down the road, already tasting some of the goodies within the large paper sacks.

The Ogontz Lodge estate was also the scene of a great tragedy in my life. During the summer of 1912, my sister Catherine and I were attending the Muncy Normal School and my sister Carrie was at the home of the Barney's in Philadelphia. My father and mother and my brother Louis, 12, were living at the Upper Cabin on the Cooke estate, where my father was watchman guarding the stream from poachers. They liked living up there in the woods. My brother had taken along my 22 rifle. He was skilled in using it and could shoot the eye from a chipmunk at twenty-five paces. We had just finished taking our final exams for the term on the afternoon of August 29th. I walked down the steps to go to my boarding house at Manville's and was met on the street corner by Professor Dunlap, who gave me the sad news that my brother had been accidentally killed. He had tripped on a stone and the bullet entered his forehead. My father ran frantically to the farm home of Henry Limbaugh to summon help while my mother held his head in her lap, listening to the slow breathing which continued less than an hour. The world as I knew it came tumbling down around my ears, but time is a great healer of heart-felt wounds.

In going to school and studying about the Civil War, it seemed to me at that time I was reading about a war that was fought way back in antiquity. Still, when I think of knowing old Mr. Cooke and the four generations that followed him, and his acquaintance with President Lincoln, Generals Grant and Sherman, and all the cabinet members of that day, I am reminded of just one thing — the fact that I am getting old.

In looking back over the past, I have often thought that if Mr. Cooke had looked the world over, he couldn't have selected a man who would better care for his interests than Uncle Louie. Sometimes people at Salladasburg would suggest to

him that in as much as the stream was alive with trout he had all the fish he wanted to eat. Nothing filled him with such indignation as an insinuation that he was unfaithful to a trust. To such questions he always replied that he was a caretaker of that stream and those fish belonged to the owners of the Lodge to be caught for their enjoyment and not to be caught by others, including himself. In all the years I worked there, never once did we go out and catch a fish to be eaten by ourselves. And he had another redeeming virtue, much appreciated by the Cookes and their guests — he kept his mouth shut. What they did on their visits to the Lodge was their business, not his. There was mutual respect and confidence. When Jay Cooke Sr. died, Uncle Louie went down to Philadelphia and saw him laid to rest in his marble mausoleum. When Uncle Louie died, the present owners of the Lodge, Jay Cooke IV and Laura and Barclay Harding thrust their busy schedules aside and came from more than two hundred miles to attend his funeral. They thought a lot of him and he stood high in their affections, as well he might, having spent 51 years in their service.

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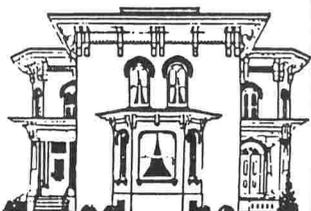
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OUR FAMILY OF REVOLUTIONARY AND CIVIL WAR ANCESTRY

By Walter R. McHenry

[Editor's note: This article was submitted by Robert McHenry of Montoursville, Pennsylvania, son of Walter R. McHenry and Nellie Shellenberger McHenry, formerly of Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania.]

Having read the articles in the Jersey Shore Herald, "Shore Lines", relating to Jersey Shore and vicinity, I thought I might make a small contribution of more recent happenings, particularly in the upper Pine Creek District.

After the 1889 flood, the sawmill of Wood and Childs was moved from Broad street to Utceter, two miles from Slate Run. My family moved to the village in 1892 since my father was a band saw filer at the mill. The site where the mill was located was owned by the Daniel Callahan family. When the mill was moved, some of the land was leased to workmen who built small homes there.

Utceter consisted of a mill, Callahan's house and barn, a large boarding house, operated by Lawn Hostrander and wife, the homes of Mr. Ives, Walter Wood, Harry Childs, William Rollins, John Calehoof, David Crist, my father Morris McHenry, and others. Many employees resided at the boarding house, where on Saturday nights, square dances were held. Music was furnished by Art Callahan at the organ, and Max Badgley and Bill Maffet on the fiddle and accordion.

Children walked to school in Slate Run part of the time and the remainder of the term to Ross, three miles south of the village. Residents attended church and Sunday school at Slate Run or at the school house in Ross, sometimes driven there in Callahan's Carry-all with horses Pete and Duke. However, Bible readings and prayer meetings were held by my mother at our home.

The surrounding mountains were covered with virgin timber, consisting of hemlock and white pine, with very little underbrush. The ground was carpeted with deep moss, interspersed with small yellow flowers and violets — breathtaking and entirely of "God's own creation".

There were wild flowers, trailing arbutus, wild honeysuckles, laurel, rhododendron, and others growing in profusion; also trees like chestnut, hickorynut, walnut, and butternut; and animals like the grey fox and coal black squirrels, which have greatly lessened in number. However, the memories of them linger.

A dam was built at the lower end of the village and the water was backed up

to a point surrounding the large trees at the base of the mountain across the creek, making the area beautiful.

My dad started work at 6 a.m. and often I would be up before he left. Looking out of the kitchen window, I frequently saw many deer wading in the water across the creek from our house. The country abounded in wildlife like bear, deer, small animals, game birds, and bob-tailed wild cats, whose cries could be heard all over the mountains in the early evenings.

The dammed up creek contained many species of fish, including small mouth bass, blue-nosed white chubs, brook trout, sunfish, suckers, mullets, and various others. During the spring, the suckers coming up to spawn were held back by the dam and easily caught with nets and rods, thus supplying the village with fish.

Many incidents occurred during our three years at Utceter; one was the forest fire. The timber on the mountains east of us had been felled and the limbs, which had been cut off, tumbled down the mountain's steep side into a hollow. They caught fire, causing water impregnated boulders to explode, sounding like the firing of cannons. Frightened animals rushed past our house to the creek.

Since my father and mother had gone down to the lumber yard to help keep the fire from igniting the lumber piles, I was alone in the house. In the early evening I heard a horrific screaming, like some giant baby in distress. Frightened, I crawled under my bed. Before long my parents returned and the sound of the animal could still be heard. My dad, with an old, single barrel shotgun, Art Callahan with an axe, and Bill Rollins with a lantern, went up the mountain to try to kill or capture it. It retreated, still screaming. It was one of the now extinct panthers that inhabited this part of the country and was probably the last of the species.

Another incident pertained to Art Callahan and his brother-in-law, Lou Raemore. They were cutting timber near the top of the rugged mountain across the creek when their attention was called to the baying of Rat Bonnell's bear dogs. Art, knowing the habits of bear, and assuming the dogs were after one, figured it would come up the narrow pass near where he was working. He stood at its entrance and as the bear passed him, he attempted to hit it on the head with his axe. But, the bear dropped its head and the axe sunk deeply between its shoulder blades. It turned on Art and lacerated his leg muscle, clawing him badly. Art said he could have thrown the bear, but the injuries he received and the stench of the bear's breath was too much for him so he dropped down and rolled against a log. The bear sniffed him, then disappeared in the woods. Later, Art's brothers, knowing of a den near there, went up to it and found that the bear had backed part way into the den. They shot it and brought it home. Callahan was in the Williamsport Hospital a long time recovering from his wounds.

During the 1894 flood, the water in the stream behind our house rose within a foot of exceeding the bank. My sister Beth, a very little girl, fell into the raging stream and was carried down with the current. My grandfather, Mark Keyser,

living with us at the time, saw her floating down the stream. He ran to an apple tree, which had fallen into the water, climbed out on a limb, and caught her, saving her from drowning.

The engineer of the mill, Bill Miller, had a toothache and since no dentist was available, he asked my dad to pull the tooth. Dad heated a pair of pliers and bent them to the contour of the tooth. Mr. Miller said it was very painful. I believe, he is the father of Edwin Miller, now living in Jersey Shore.

To get a doctor was difficult. Dr. Delaney at Slate Run, when called, would come by horse-back or train. Consequently, we reverted to home remedies for many illnesses. "Ma" Callahan had herbs of every description hanging from her kitchen rafters that she used in making different concoctions and brews to relieve or cure lesser illnesses. Patent medicines such as Thompson's Diphtheria Cure, Shilo's Consumption Cure, and others were used for the more serious illnesses, but it is surprising how effective "Ma's" remedies were.

I recall one very painful thing that happened to me as a child. We loved to ride the logs floating in the creek and Walter Wood had made me a pike pole with a large screw pike in the end. One day I was hopping around and jabbing the pole in the ground and accidentally jabbed it into my foot. I couldn't pull it out! Mr. Wood, who was nearby, had to unscrew it from between the bones. Mrs. Wood washed the wound and bound it up with bandages containing a large piece of pork fat, which in time, turned a greenish color. I was laid up for a long time, using a couple of broomsticks with a flat piece of wood nailed across the top as crutches.

Our musical entertainment at home consisted of a hand organ with wooden rolls and steel pins. When the rolls were revolved by turning a crank handle, tunes like "When The Campbells Are Coming To Town, Tra La La" were heard. We also had an auto harp. This instrument had three bars across the strings whereby we could play different chords and provide instrumental music for singing the old time songs.

We earned a little pocket money in various ways. The Williamsport *Grit* supplied us with the news and I was the newsboy, distributing it to the home and lumber camps. In addition to selling the *Grit*, I made from three-to-five-cents a bucket for delivering ice water by boat to the woodsmen across the creek. After the Saturday night dances at the boarding house, I would pick "joy juice" bottles out of the trash barrel, clean them, put them in a bag and take them to Slate Run on my way to school. I sold them to Benny Wolf of Wolf's Hotel, half pints were one cent and pints were two cents. Boys would also catch pitch pine slabs floating down the creek from Wood and Company's Mill at Slate Run, saw them into proper lengths and split them into kindling to be sold for 15 cents a wheelbarrow load.

The Callahans raised wheat. This was cut using a cradle scythe. First, the wheat was threshed with flails on the barn floor and later by a tread mill operated by a horse continuously walking on an incline until the threshing was finished.

In the winter, when possible, children would skate to and from school. In the shallow dead water, where the ice was clear and not too thick, we were able to stun fish with a wooden stomper that had an iron ring around the stomping end to keep it from splintering.

There were plenty of brook trout in Callahan Run. My dad made a twisted patent thread line with a small hook for me, and I made a rod of water birch. I remember one time catching 44 trout, from six-to- nine-inches in length. They were excellent eating and we always kept fish of some kind in the ice house.

The Callahans had all kinds of domestic fowl, like chickens, geese, turkeys, and a beautiful peacock. The old gander disliked me and chase me whenever he could. One evening when he was swimming with his flock, I threw a stone and hit him on the head. His head dropped down on his back and he floated down the creek. Dad saw what I had done and gave me the only spanking that I remember.

The turkeys usually nested in the woods, and wild gobblers enticed domestic hens to join the wild flock. That is why wild turkeys, later killed by hunters, were not the true strain of the original wild turkey.

The complete operation in converting the trees to lumber began first with the felling of the trees. They were trimmed of limbs and the bark removed. The bark of hemlock trees was used for tanning purposes. It was hauled down the mountain in large wagons.

The logs were hauled to the log slide by the use of a grab hook driven into the log and attached to the horse's harness. Many logs were so large or inaccessible that they could not be moved.

Transporting logs to Pine Creek was accomplished by use of log slides. These slides were made of logs split length-wise and banded together to form a cradle-like arrangement. Iced in the winter and oiled in the summer, 30 or more logs would come down the slide to the landing at the creek where they were piled up awaiting flood stage. However, if the creek was high, they were permitted to shoot into the stream and thousands were floated down the creek to the Susquehanna River to their various destinations such as Williamsport and even the Chesapeake Bay. They were identified for consignment to the various locations by using a sledge with a special raised design on its end (marking or branding iron). Each end of the log was stamped to denote its destination. There were rustlers in those days who sawed off the identifying mark, then resold the logs.

The logs belonging to Wood and Childs were held at the dam and channeled to their mill. For the mill operation, the logs were moved up an incline by a chain with grab hooks. They were anchored to a man-operated carriage which was propelled back and forth to and from the band saw after adjustments had been made to cut the desired board or squared timber thickness. There was considerable loss of lumber due to the outside cut or slab thickness. These slabs were returned to the creek and floated away to some unknown destination. The lumber was laid in neat

piles to permit seasoning before use.

Later when the lumbering operations were finished, the mill was moved to Cammal. The houses were eventually torn down and the Callahans were left alone with their farm. Two years ago [1962] when we visited that vicinity, we found the old Callahan home still there. While the area appeared lonely and deserted, our fond memories still lingered.

I might add that while living there, my dad purchased a single "B" air gun for me and we amused ourselves by shooting at marks on the front door. Years later when my very good friend, hunting and fishing partner, Clarence "Cub" Masters (now deceased) and I were hunting in that vicinity, I found our little cellar and in it was the front door with the shot marks.

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