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History of Town of Callicoon

by

Charles S. Hicks

from

SULLIVAN COUNTY RECORD JEFFERSONVILLE, N. Y.

December 18, 1941--June 4, 1942

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Jeffersonville

Mr. Hick Digs Up More Interesting Material—Flood of 1855 Shifted Stream and Mills at Youngsville.

Sullivan Co. Record Dec. 18, 1941

Editor Record:

In my work of assembling material relating to the history of the town of Callicoon, I have during the past week obtained the loan of an old map of Sullivan county published in 1839. No town of Callicoon is shown on this map. The town of Liberty extends clear across the western part of the county to the Delaware river; this was before the towns of Callicoon and Fremont were taken from it. This map shows the location of sawmills, gristmills, villages, manufactories (so spelled on the map), roads, turnpikes, post offices and churches. The area which is now the town of Callicoon shows two saw mills, but nothing else. One of these sawmills was near Andrew vonBergen's, the other at Youngsville. The first must have been that of Jacob Quick and the second that of Sam M. Young.

Another interesting item showed up in my search of the records in the county clerk's office. Charles W. Meyers built a gristmill east of Youngsville previous to 1855. In the great flood of that year the brook changed its course and Meyers found he had a gristmill and a dam but no water in the dam, for the stream was nowhere near it. It became necessary for Meyers to either change the stream or his mill. He chose the latter and made an exchange of land with Michael Fitzgerald (father of the Mike many of us knew). Meyers traded Fitzgerald eight acres for 2.2 acres. On this 2.2 acres Meyers built a new dam and moved his gristmill. This mill passed on to Himmelreich, Schwab, Collins and finally to Louis Manny, who coverted it into a summer hotel.

This grist mill was more than a flour mill. It was also equipped for processing barley and oats for human food and thus served a large part of the western Sullivan county for many years. Previous to the building of this gristmill it had been necessary to take grist to Liberty or even Neversink. The map I mention shows that in 1839 there were two grist mills at Pike Pond (Kenoza Lake), but there must have been no road to these at the time from the Callicoon area. I hope later to write a special article on the early roads of the township of Callicoon.

The change in the course of the stream in 1855 that left the Meyers gristmill high and dry can today be traced on the flats now owned by Jacob Menges and formerly owned by Nicholas Vollertson. The stream before the change in its course entered this flat just up stream of the bridge just over the town line.

After crossing the flat in winding fashion it ran close to the home of Edward Deutsch and hit the hillside just back of the home of Mrs. Julia Vollertson Bryan. Meyers's dam and mill were built down stream at that place and the driveway into the mill was beside this house. The flood of 1855 cut a new channel on what is now the south side of the state road, somewhat further away from the highway than the present stream now is. It has been told me that Peter Dessecker and family were awakened from sleep by the flood to find that part of the foundation of their home had been washed away. They expected the house to fall in the stream and be carried away. Grabbing part of his bed and a few other belongings Dessecker took for the hills back of his home and waited for morning. Daylight showed his home still in its place and the water gone down. He returned to the house. This Dessecker house was located directly across the stream from the home of Jacob T. Menges. The outside cellar that was in those days common is still in evidence and I can remember this cellar before the logs that served it as a roof had rotted down.

The direct cause of the change in the stream was due to a log jamb, which were common in those days. Every stream was full of fallen trees. These always served to slow up the flow of the stream and often made small jambs which resulted in small eddies which became the delight of the fishermen of that day.

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WHO WAS SOLOMON ROYCE?

Sullivan Co. Record Jan 1 1942

By Chas. S. Hick, Historian.

Solomon Royce is a name that appears on the records relating to the town of Callicoon more than any other—many times more than any other. I have diligently searched for information about him but desire more—and a photo of him, if possible. Who can help me?

Few are the land deeds of this town that do not trace back to Solomon Royce, either as an owner or agent. There is a rule among lawyers in making searches of land titles in this and surrounding towns that when they reach Solomon Royce they go back no further.

The western part of Sullivan county was for fifty years a German speaking community because Solomon Royce was able to attract German immigrants to come here to buy homes from him. This he did by sending his agents with circulars and handbills printed in the German language, setting forth many good reasons why these Germans should buy land in Callicoon. Frank Breiner, a German who settled north of Jeffersonville in 1842 on a farm adjoining Peter Weber, was one of these agents. This colonizing scheme of Solomon Royce was highly successful, enabled him to dispose of his land and brought wealth to him. Solomon Royce goes down in history as more than a land agent. He took an interest in the welfare of his clients and was always on hand to help out when a family he had brought in had exhausted its resources and faced starvation.

The record of the land deeds shows that he lived in the town of Thompson and that he was twice married. The first wife was Nancy and his second Sarah. Quinlan, in his history of Sullivan County, makes mention of him—that he came from Connecticut in 1804 and was a surveyor and a land agent and that four sons settled in the town of Callicoon. I cannot find that he ever held public office, but he was a member of the first grand jury drawn in this county after it was organized in 1809. I assume that John F. Royce, who lived on the farm now occupied by Fred Roemer, was one of his sons.

Last week while serving as a juryman at Monticello I had a thought that I might find his grave and get some information from it. I tried St. John's cemetery and found what I sought almost immediately. From the tombstone I learned that Royce was born in 1788 and died in 1859 at the age of 81. The inscription shows his first wife was Nancy, daughter of Captain Alpheus Billings of Norwich, Conn. She died in 1847, aged 63 years. A marker some distance away from his bears an inscription, "Sarah Royce, widow of John J. Stewart, and relict of Solomon Royce"; she died in 1873, and was the second wife of Royce. An entire section of the cemetery is taken over with tombstones of members of the Royce family. Two of these were doctors and I assume they may have been brothers of Solomon. One was Dr. Thomas Royce, who "was born in 1779 and came from Mansfield, Connecticut, and was a son of Solomon and Lydia Royce." The other doctor was Dr. Rhoderick Royce, who died in 1861. An inscription on the same stone shows that his son named Rhoderick died in 1832, aged twelve years. I assume that the Solomon and Lydia Royce, mentioned on the stone over Dr. Thomas Royce, were parents of our Solomon and the two doctors.

More light is thrown on the Solomon Royce ancestry by a letter now in the possession of Attorney Fred W. V. Schadt, a great-grandson of John F. Royce. This letter was written by E. Jenner, the celebrated English physician who gave vaccination to the world and received a grant of 30,000 pounds (English money) from the English Parliament. The letter follows:

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"Chittenham, Jany 16, 1807

"Dear Sir,

"I congratulate you and Mrs. Phillips on the addition to your flock. It is my intention to be in town soon but how soon I cannot at the present moment positively say. My movements will be regulated by those of the College of Physicians and the House of Commons. The former have not yet finished their inquiry, which will when completed be laid before the house. This inquiry will lay all those troublesome ghosts which have so long haunted the metropolis with their ox faces and dismal hootings against vaccination. However, 'tis all for the best—you may depend upon it the new investigation will prove the touchstone of the vaccine discovery.

"I have not yet seen your monthly mag. for the present month. Probably you may not have inserted the very curious and interesting piece of intelligence I received from Madrid. This supposition induces me to enclose it. What a glorious enterprise! I have made peace with Spain and quite adore her philanthropic monarch. Could not this be touched upon by some of those who through you introduce pathetic stories into the world?

"A word more respecting your little one. Although I should be happy to shield in myself from the speckel monster, yet I would advise you not too long to risk my coming to town. I will just add that I consider the vaccine lancet in the hands of John Ring just as safe as in my own.

"Pray present my best wishes to Mrs. Phillips and tell her I have not forgotten her civilties.

"Yours very faithfully,

"E. Jenner."

Name Callicoon Derived From Cackle of the Wild Turkey, Which Fed on Beechnuts.

Sullivan Co. Record Jan 8, 1942

(By Chas. S. Hick, Historian)

The name Callicoon is derived from the stream that drains this area. Because it abounded in beaver, which the colonial Dutch came here to hunt for their pelts, it was first called Beaverkill (kill is the Dutch word for river or stream) and was indicated on a map made in 1779 by a surveyor named Claude Joseph Sauthier. This name became confusing because of other streams by the same name, and no one knew which stream was meant. Since wild turkeys abounded on the beech ridges along the stream, where they waxed fat and delicious in the fall and winter, the Dutch dropped the old name and called it Kollikoon Kill, which their English speaking companions nicknamed Turkey Creek. Literally in Dutch it meant cackling hen, referring to the wild turkey hens feeding on beechnuts.

Immense stands of beech trees covered some of these ridges, and some of these trees stand to this day. A great crop of beech nuts resulted in good years. Beechwoods, nearby in the town of Delaware, and Beech Ridge, just across the Liberty town line, are reminders of the forest trees that once abounded in those sections. The now extinct carrier pigeon shared the crop with the wild turkey. Neither remained for the entire year but migrated here to feed. Pioneers too made good use of the crop of beechnuts. They turned their hogs under these beech trees to fatten on the nuts. What flavor this would add to our hams and bacon today!

The spelling originally was Kollikoon or Collikoon. It appeared Collikoon on the town records until in 1852 the town of Fremont was created out of this town, when the clerk of the board of supervisors deemed the spelling too angular for beauty and changed it to Callicoon, which it has ever since remained.

The territory of Callicoon as referred to in the early records roughly is the area drained by the Callicoon Creek—east branch and north branch—and extends beyond these limits. Definitely much of the town of Fremont was included in this Callicoon area in the early ref-

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erences, though only a small portion is drained by the Callicoon creek.

Roughly it began with Beechwoods in the town of Delaware and extended almost to White Sulphur Springs in the town of Liberty and also extended east into the town of Bethel.

The DeWitt family of Newburgh were big land owners in this area and it is evident from a report of a meeting to organize the first church in the township at the home of George G. DeWitt that his home was known as Callicoon. This is borne out by the heading of the report which is Collikoon, May 7, 1844. This house is near Youngsville.

There is some confusion because of the fact that the postoffice and railroad station in the town of Delaware is named Callicoon; but it wasn't always thus. All that area along the Delaware river from Ten Mile river below Narrowsburg to above the mouth of the Callicoon creek is shown on early maps as Cushetunk, or Cochecton. This would definitely place the Callicoon of the present day in the early Cochecton area. The Erie railroad brought the depot for Callicoon (as the hinterland was known) and the local postoffice was named Callicoon Depot. The Callicoon postoffice of that day was nine miles inland on the north branch of the Callicoon creek. It remained thus until one day in 1905, when a federal order came out of the postoffice department changing Callicoon Depot to Callicoon and Callicoon to Callicoon Center. Callicoon Center did not take kindly to the new name for its postoffice, but so it has remained ever since.

Callicoon, the word, must be associated with beech trees growing on ridges along the stream, bearing plentiful crops of beechnuts which were the delight of wild turkeys that came to feed on these nuts and that were so overcome with joy at this fine food to forget all caution and cackled, or made such noises that wild turkeys make when pleased with a choice meal—to the delight of the Hudson Valley Dutchman who had no trouble getting his turkey, or as many as he wanted to take home. Because of this, Callicoon came into being.

Mr. Hick, Local Historian, Tells of Highways Now Obliterated.

(By Chas. S. Hick, Historian)

The first road into Callicoon township entered from the east over East Hill into the flats, ever since known as DeWitt flats, along the stream near Youngsville. This was opened in the summer of 1807 and connected with the Newburgh-Cochecton turnpike near the Mongaup creek. The exact location of this road is not known but can be assumed to have run through or near the settlement of Hurd in the town of Bethel because it is known that the men who helped John DeWitt (the man in charge of opening the road) had residents of Hurd help in the work and he paid others at Hurd for board and horse-keep. John DeWitt's object in opening this road was to make a home on his Callicoon lands. The following fall (1807) he had a hundred acres of land cleared by Curtis Hurd and J. S. Jackson, also of Hurd, but his death in 1808 put an end to this enterprise. John DeWitt's son, Andrew, must have been favorably impressed by his father's venture and employed Captain Abijah Mitchell, also of Hurd, to build a log cabin on the clearing cut in 1807, the roof of which was never finished because the supply of shingle nails became exhausted, as a letter dated April 19, 1813, indicates. This first house stood below the state road opposite the home of Frank LeRoy, this side of Youngsville, and its old frame was removed only within the past few years.

This first road is at variance with all routes of travel in this area at present and we may wonder why this course was taken. Two good reasons existed why John DeWitt should follow the route he

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did. First, the Newburgh-Cochecton turnpike was the only avenue of travel that existed at that time in the county. John DeWitt was one of its stockholders. Second, DeWitt and four associates were big land owners along or near this route. To make this land saleable a road to it was necessary and this is what DeWitt and his associates sought when it was cut out in 1807.

It might be well to explain that a turnpike as referred to in early records was a privately owned road—the ownership vested either in individuals or a company. Such a road was open to the public travel for the payment of a toll. Toll roads and turnpikes were almost identical terms. The word turnpike does give us a picture of a fine road, but the poorest of our present day macadam roads is far superior to the best of the old-time turnpike.

In the present day town, county, state and federal governments spend large sums in public road construction. Not so in the early days. If the land owner wanted a road he could not look to the government to build one for him. He needed, of necessity, to build it himself, either alone or with associates—or depend upon a turnpike which was financed by tolls paid by patrons. The Newburgh-Cochecton turnpike came to be known as the Great Turnpike because it flourished financially and paid a good return to its stockholders. This was because it was much traveled by traffic moving to points along it between the Hudson river and the Delaware river. Much of its traffic also crossed the Delaware river at Cochecton and went into the Wyoming valley on the Susquehanna river. An earlier road, known as the Sackett road, was opened from the Mamakating valley to the Delaware river but was abandoned when the superior Newburgh-Cochecton turnpike was completed.

I have made mention of this highway because it was the only avenue open for travel to and from the town of Callicoon (or all the western part of Sullivan county for that). In 1818 the Ulster and Orange branch turnpike was built from Orange county through Burlingham, Phillipsport, Fallsburg and to Liberty and beyond to the Rockland town line. It never reached Ulster county near Lew Beach, as planned. This provided a second route over which people could reach the town of Callicoon.

The Delaware and Hudson canal, finished in 1828, passed through Sullivan county, and the Erie railroad in 1851 added two further means of travel open to the public. Callicoon was an inland town. None of these roads passed through it. Roads were needed to connect with these lines. The early DeWitt road opened in 1807 was one such road—the first one—but long since obliterated.

The first road across the town connected Liberty and Callicoon. Much of this road has now been abandoned and the routes originally followed have been greatly changed. It crossed the town in almost a direct line from Youngsville to North Branch, passing a mile or more north of Jeffersonville. The nearest point to Jeffersonville is the corner at Likel's where there is a little cemetery. At that early date, to go to Youngsville from Jeffersonville, a man needed first to go to the cemetery corner and turn right and follow this early road into Youngsville. Much of this old road is now abandoned. It turned sharply to the right at this cemetery corner, passed between the Sheridan house and barn (now the Pramberger place) and met the present highway at George Eagin's and followed this highway toward Youngsville past the Sid Brown place but left the present highay again and entered Youngsville through the pasture of William Spielman, coming out near Sid Cooper's gas station. This first road left Youngsville at the Grange Hall, where it went up the steep hill and crossed on the north ridge of East Hill, coming out past the George Hector place and joining the present highway at the junction of the present road past Lesser Lodge.

To follow this old road toward Callicoon from the Likel corner it crossed the fields north of the buildings of Andrew vonBergen and Wilbur Myers in the direction of the old Peter Wormuth place, thence to the Olney Borden place (now the Esselmann homestead) and on to North Branch past William Schaefer's and John Poley's and into Callicoon over the hill, coming in past the Callicoon hospital. The dugway from Hortonville to Calli-

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coon on the north side of the Callicoon stream had not been constructed.

The date of cutting out this old road has not been definitely fixed, but it is known that John Hankins, who lived where Hankins now is, went to town meetings at Liberty over this road. This was before 1842, when Callicoon became a town and included Fremont. Mr. Hankins crossed the river at Hankins, traveled on the Pennsylvania side as far as Callicoon, recrossed to the New York side and traveled on to Liberty over a road from Callicoon to Liberty. It must have been this road Quinlan tells in his history of Sullivan county of an effort in 1831 on the part of Lucas Elmendorf and others to have the state legislature authorize the construction of a "Branch turnpike from the First Great Southwestern Turnpike at the east bounds of the town of Liberty to the mouth of the Callakoon stream." This was not successful, but since Elmendorf had large land holdings in Fremont and Hancock I am under the impression that the construction of this road had been privately undertaken by him and others who were then living along the route it followed—the Wood families, George DeWitt, Peter Wormuth, Olney Borden and others. It is fair to assume that Jacob Quick came from Pennsylvania over this road to start his saw mill at the Likel place. I might state here that the common pactice in building all pioneer roads was to stay on top of a ridge or along its side. The reason for this was because all valleys were swampy. A road on a ridge or along the side of a hill could be more easily kept free of mud holes. It must be remembered that every main stream has dug itself a channel several feet deeper than it followed a hundred years ago. Some places this is as much as twenty feet deeper. This is true over the entire country. These early roads would wind in and out around a low spot and when that was impossible a hole was filled by use of logs, often referred to as corduroy. Such sections of corduroy have until recently been visible in the pasture of Wm. Spielman, where this first road crossed. John Poley tells me of finding an old crowbar left by workers on this early road on his farm. Following the ridges in early road building can well be illustrated in the placing of the first road to Shandelee. It ran from the Lagerman farm to Frank Eagin's, past the Stoddard farm (now owned by Walter Lare), past Robert Yaun, on past Julius Samman, then past Stump pond, past David Wehner's farm (formerly called Crary farm), then along the south side of Sand Pond to the home of Francis Biffar, who was the only resident there in 1856, as indiicated on a map of that date.

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Other early roads across the town were those along the north branch and the other up Buck brook. The one up the north branch followed the stream past Callicoon Center as far as Weissmann's and then went up the west ridge past the George Snow and Dominie Young places over what is called Swamp ridge to join the Fremont road at Lakewood. A map shows that this road followed the west bank, as now, with two exceptions —at Ernest Dorrer's and at the Ballard farm where it crossed and followed the east bank for short distances. The road up Buck brook went over the ridge and joined the same Fremont road. The road past the home of John and Chris Bornmann and past Fred Hubert was an early road that connected with the DeWitt road that led to and past the DeWitt home (now Sam Miller's) from the early road that came into Swiss hill from the east past Carl Eltz.

The road following the north branch of the Callicoon creek through Callicoon Center was an early road; likewise was the branch that goes along the Buck brook. These roads connected with the Fremont road into Rockland. The road through Callicoon Center followed the west bank much as it does today excepting south of Ernest Dorrer's above North Branch and a portion at Ballard's, the old Becker homestead below Callicoon Center. At both these points it crossed the stream and followed the east bank. When the change came and the road shifted to the west bank at these places it proved embarrassing to some of the home owners whose houses, because of this change, found the porches of the houses on the rear of the house. The new section of the road had been built behind their houses which were faced the other

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way, toward the old road. This road proceeded up the valley to the Weissmann place above Callicoon Center, where it crossed Swamp Ridge past the George Snow place to reach the Fremont road. Much of the early hauling to and from the Rockland tanneries to connect with the Erie railroad came over this road until the turnpike through the Gulf (gulch) came into existence.

First Schoolhouse and Church.

The fact that the first town meeting was held at the home of George G. DeWitt near Youngsville (where Sam Miller now lives) indicates that the road past his house was an important road, although it is now abandoned from the state road at the home of Charles Danzer to the upper road, where it joined this at the sharp turn south of the Sid Brown farm. This corner was an important corner in the early days, and if any proof is needed it can be found in the fact that it was here that the first schoolhouse and the first church in the town were erected; both have long since been removed. This road went east over East Hill, where a road crossed it coming past the Cape farm on the north and going past Fred Hubert's and the Bornmann brothers to the south until it reached the early road entering from the east past George Taylor's and Carl Eltz's. This East Hill road was important in its day and some of the first settlements in the town were on it.

Another road that crossed in the east-west direction of the town was the one from Youngsville to Callicoon Center. The Kastners and the Graffs and other early families at Callicoon Center came by way of Liberty over this route. The original route is generally still in use.

First Catholic Church.

Another east-west road went past the Philip Hust farm and this connected Jeffersonville with the west side of the town at the old Becker home. Coming from the west this road branched part way up the hill and the south branch went past the Peter Weber farm, joined with the Liberty-Callicoon road near the Alfred Wahl farm, where Frank Breiner, agent for Solomon Royce, the land dealer, lived in that day. At this junction of the roads the first Catholic church was erected about 1850. A few foundation stones and a cemetery containing forty-five bodies and a few grave stones mark this spot. From here this road crossed the field to Clara Dorrer's (the Glasser farm) and past the Voegtli farm, now owned by Judge Owen W. Bohan of New York, to the top of the hill at Charles Scheidell's and into Jeffersonville that way. The road past Jacob Yaeger's and Charles Wagner's and connecting with the Youngsville road at the Wm. Hessinger place was also an early east-west road. The main roads at present followed from Jeffersonville to North Branch and from Jeffersonville to Youngsville were later roads.

The coming of the Erie railroad in 1851 afforded the town of Rockland and adjacent sections of the state an outlet much nearer than the Delaware and Hudson canal, on which they needed to depend and which could not be used in winter when frozen over. To reach the Erie from Rockland meant crossing the town of Callicoon. The exception to this is the overland route to and from Hankins from Cooks Falls over which much hauling was done even to the coming of the Ontario and Western railroad, when material for the construction of this railroad was shipped to Hankins by Erie railroad and hauled overland to Cooks Falls. Medad T. Morss, the tanner, with a tannery at Morsston, near Livingston Manor, hauled through Egypt in the town of Liberty to connect with the Callicoon road over which he went to Callicoon depot. The Swamp Ridge road was the main one to serve Rockland as a route to the Erie railroad. All three of these roads had bad grades that made hauling heavy loads difficult.

Pioneer Bridges.

There was a demand and a need for a road with an easy grade over which the heavy traffic from the town of Rockland, parts of Ulster and Delaware county and from Willowemoc in the town of Neversink could travel. Three such roads were undertaken. To begin at the one furthest east, this followed up the Shingle brook valley, crossed the land of Henry Kempf, passed on the east side of Pine Swamp, through the Catholic Protectory lands and into Livingston Manor. This old road crossed

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my father's land and at one place considerable work was done to build a dugway road along a bank, which is easily pointed out today and is still in good condition. I can remember three old bridges over the stream. These were made by rolling hemlock logs into the stream until these formed a bridge. The water passed through the openings between the logs and the top was smoothed off with an ax or by throwing smaller timbers between the larger ones. This was the manner in which small streams were bridged in pioneer days. Large ones were often forded. This road was used very little, probably because much of it was swampy.

The second of these routes was along the Panther Rocks stream coming out on the north side at D. E. Eastman's. This route has an easy grade and almost in a direct line from Youngsville to Livingston Manor. Henry Homer, who had built a saw mill on the property now owned by Fred Frey, and who owned considerable land along the Panther Rocks stream, promoted this road. It was finally abandoned.

Engineers surveyed this route for the Erie railroad about 1840, seeking an all New York state route over which to build the railroad to meet a condition set up by the New York state legislature in granting aid in the construction of the railroad. Whether the route was very seriously considered for use by the Erie I don't know, but I do know that more than twenty years elapsed from the time the Erie was started until it was completed and one serious handicape to its construction was the finding an all New York state route. When it was finally built it crossed into Pennsylvania below Narrowsburg. The Delaware and Hudson canal had the right of way on the New York side of the river.

The route that finally came to serve this Rockland area was known as the Callicoon Depot and Rockland turnpike, a toll road constructed at a cost of over $40,000 and financed by selling stock to men with money to invest. This became an important road. My article in the May 4, 1939, issue of the Record gives a full account of it. In its heyday as a turnpike, when great wealth in hides and leather passed over it, the road was so narrow that teams could pass only at special points where the road had been widened to serve such a purpose. This Gulf road has now been improved as a fine county macadam road that would be a real surprise to any of the old teamsters who in tannery days went over this route with a team of mules hitched to a load of hides or finished sole leather. None of them would (or could) believe it to be the same road.

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MODEL TOWN RECORDS.

Large Quota, With Many Officers, in Civil War—Census of 1865.

Fortunately, the records of the town of Callicoon are in excellent form and condition—a credit to the officers that have served the town. Particular credit must go to the various town clerks who have served the town and it has been this town's good fortune to have been served in that office by men who were eminently qualified for such service. The first such town clerk was George G. DeWitt, the man who figured so prominently with his family in the early history of the town. The pages written by Mr. DeWitt are so splendidly done that I believe a page or two should be photographed and produced in print that every one might have the opportunity to view his handiwork and see the fine penmanship and English he commanded.

In 1857 William J. Harding was elected town clerk and for several years thereafter his penmanship and English grace the pages of the town records and add lustre to them. Beginning in 1857, Mr. Harding served the town for more than sixt years. For many of these years he was justice of the peace but always supplied counsel and guidance to the town officers in the conduct of the town's business.

Other very good penmen as the records show, were Fred Hessinger (grandfather to the pesent Fred) and Charles A. Ranft. Other very efficient clerks in the town were Edward Homer, who served for many years and later became supervisor; Louis P. Faubel and Mrs. Katherine Sohl, each of whom served for several years, and the present clerk, Miss Mabel Stoddard, who has of late years been elected to the office as the candidate of both parties.

I believe it can be said without fear of contradiction that no town in the county has a better set of records or in better condition. We have a right to be justly proud of them. I have searched records in many towns in the county and can speak from experience.

Fire has taken its toll in many towns, and often the officers have not appreciated the value of such records. I know of one instance where the town clerk was instructed to destroy papers in the clerk's office merely because they were old. The town of Mamakating is an exception. These go back to the time when this town was a part of Ulster county and contained all of Sullivan county excepting Neversink and Rockland. These Mamakating town records are valuable research material for Sullivan county.

Another town record is the record of the men in military service during the Civil War. This was made in 1865, by William J. Harding, then town clerk, and written in his perfect penmanship (the town possibly never had a better penman). This record contains the names and records of the 192 men who went forth from the town of Callicoon to join the colors during our Civil War. This number surprised me. It is far larger than you and I would have estimated. Many of these men were boys who had quite recently arrived from foreign lands and spoke little English. This record of our soldiers makes fascinating reading. Many of them served in the 143rd Regiment under Captain Edward H. Pinney, lawyer of this town, and the record mentions with pride (so it seems) that these men were with Sherman in his "glorious march through Georgia." This record was written shortly after Sherman's march and it would seem to indicate that the county valued that campaign, or march.

Captain Pinney, who was mustered out with the rank of major, was not the only captain the town of Callicoon furnished to the armies of the Civil War. The record gives the names of three other captains —Tunis Hardenburgh, William Henry Newman and Alanson Chittenden. Five are also shown to have been lieutenants—Allyn S. Rose, Marcus Fraser, Melvin Becker Laird, William Thomas Morgans, who started the Local Record, and Francis Knemm, a brother of William H. Knemm, who served the town as highway superintendent for many years. Lieut. Knemm was "shot in the battle of Spottsylvania Court House and buriad on the field of battle." Ten men are listed as sergeants, two as musicians—Philip Jacobs and Jacob Lawrence. Charles Baird is listed as a drummer.

This record stands as proof that

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the town of Callicoon gave a very creditable account of itself in the service of the country during the Civil War and supplied more than its share of leadership needed to officer the army—a record of which the town can well be proud.

Census of 1865.

I have been afforded an opportunity to examine the census taken in the town during the summer of 1865 by John C. Mall, known for many years as 'Squire Mall. This was carefully made and well written and gives some understanding of the attainments of Mr. Mall and why he served the town so long and ably as justice of the peace. I have copied every name on this census and have a long list of the residents that then lived in the town. This list I hope will help us to locate the whereabouts of the sons and daughters of the town, so that we might convey to them the information that the town is this year having a celebration of its hundredth birthday. Many of them will want to come back to see the place of their birth or to visit the land where their forefathers settled when they first came to this land. I have prepared a list of the heads of these families as they appeared on the 1865 census and ask any one who reads these lines to help us locate the present whereabouts of these sons and daughters of the town of Callicoon. I shall mention just a few of the most numerous families that appear on this census. There were five Bogart families, headed by John, Peter, Effie, James and Peter J.; the Wagner families were everywhere, two Adams, three Peters, a John, a Philip and a George; the Beckers were plentiful, a Jacob, a Nicholas, a Ludwig, a Conrad, a Henry and a Christian; the Hardenburghs were four in number—Milo, Andrew, James and Tunis; the Schmidts can show but three, two Martins and a Wendelin; also three Calkins, James, Isaiah and Calvin; the Reinheimer families numbered four, Jacob, Peter, Henry and George; Rose was a common name—John Henry, Henry Jr., Henry Sr., William, Peter M. and Sarah; Weyrauchs were plentiful, Philip, Lewis, George, Jacob, Martin and John; the Hahns had Mary, Daniel, Ferdinand and Philip; four Newmanns are listed, Jacob H., Jacob, Jacob and Henry (they must have liked the name Jacob; the Thumans showed three, Ulrich, Frederick and Charlotte; Hess had three, Margaretha, George and Adam; only three Seiberts, Adam and Joseph Jr. and Sr.; the Knacks had four, John, Frederick, Peter and Philip; Smith was right in front, as always; Samuel, Eunis, Richard, William C. Josiah, Edward and Christopher; Wormuth (the original) had five, John, Joseph, Grace, James H. and Peter; Sander (later there were many more) showed only four, Theobald and three Daniels, one of these was Daniel J.; Hust showed three, Jacob, Philip and George; Inderlied (now about gone) had four, Hermann, William, Frederick J. and Henry; and Hammers (must be Hemmer now) had a Michael, a Philip and a Francis. These and many, many more are listed in columns on sheets. Will you ask for one and help us locate (with addresses) as many of these people as we can? They are scattered all over the globe and surely most of them want to know about the coming centennial. We urgently want to enlist every person who has any information to contribute. With their help we can make our celebration the success we hope it will be.

Feb. 19, 1942

GERMANS AND THEIR DANCES.

The Poke in the Ribs, The Rutsch and Other Folk Movements.

(By Charles S. Hick)

The early German settlers in the town of Callicoon were a hard working lot, but when they played they put the same energy into their play. They loved to sing and dance. I am writing about their dancing—though singing and dancing were generally joined in their merry-making. Certain of these dances were very picturesque and attractive. At the time when I first saw these dances they had disappeared from the floor of the public dance hall but made their appearance at house parties when some older couple responded to coaxing from the younger dancers to do one or more of these dances. In essence this amounted to an exhibition—or I might say, a demonstration. Usually the older couple that accommodated were good dancers and some of the onlookers were willing to venture a try at the old dance.

The "dreher" (called "twister" by the English speaking persons) was one of these and called for considerable skill. I remember that if Hugo Hauschild and Mrs. Mary Bruetsch were at one of these house parties the crowd would insist that they dance the "dreher" for them. It started in a chassé across the floor and broke into a spin or whirl. The dancers came out of the spin and returned to the chassé and again broke into the spin. A dancer who easily became dizzy could not continue the dance long, and presumably the object of interchanging the chassé and the spin was to give the dancer an opportunity to get free from dizziness. It was a strenuous dance and one that I, as a little boy, enjoyed seeing, and it always brought forth the applause of the crowd.

Two other dances, which were clearly folk dances, were "ich stoss dich in die ripp" (I poke you in the ribs) and "rutsch hier und rutsch hin" (slide here and slide there). In these the dancers would face each other on the floor and go through certain definite motions with their hands and feet and break into a waltz until the music would indicate to them that they should again face each other and repeat the first part of the dance. In the first of these (as I remember it) the first part of the dance went thus: The dancers faced each other on the floor. Each dancer with his hands hit the sides of his legs, brought his hands up before him and clapped them together and then slapped palms with the partner in front of him. This was repeated three times and then with increased tempo slapped the partner's palms three times (the legs were not slapped here nor the hands clapped) at the same time with last three slapping of palms the feet were stamped three times with a rocking motion of the body. From this the partners swung into a waltz until the music indicated the dancers should again go through the figure with which the dance started, and so on and on. The second of these dances was much the same. Instead of using the hands the dancers when facing each other would slide their feet, alternately the right and left, increasing the tempo just before they broke into the waltz. This was repeated again and again, as the dance described above.

Another dance that I remember and always thought very graceful and pretty was called the Spanish waltz. This was danced in groups of two couples. It started with a waltz for a certain number of measures when the two couples stopped on the floor opposite and next to each other. The distinctive part of the dance started here and consisted of exchanging of the lady partners. This permitted graceful and stately patterns. This was repeated again and again—starting with two couples waltzing, breaking into the figures by the two couples.

Another old time dance and very catchy was the seven step. The distinctive part of this dance was done in seven steps (how, I am unable to tell); some straight ahead in a straight line and then directly back as if the dancer had changed their minds and planned a new start. After they had gone through the seven steps the couple broke into a round dance until the music again indicated the seven step figure.

The schottische and the polka were quite as common as the waltz

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and the two step. The waltz is still with us, but the old timers say that today no one waltzes but walks to the music.

I would like the first five of these dances and the schottische and polka revived as a part of the program of the coming celebration. If any one who reads these lines can provide me with help either by providing the tunes used for these dances or the steps used, I would appreciate it very much.

These German pioneers got right down to work in their dancing. It called for exertion of a strenuous nature. They actually sweat—perspire is not the right word. Reproducing these dances would be something novel in town history.

Back to Childhood Scenes.

Guernsey Myers of Youngsville tells me of two cases that express just what I feel the coming Centennial Celebration will do for many persons. The farm, now occupied by Julius Samman, was at one time the home of a family named Fries, in which there were several sons, some of which went to St. Louis, Mo., where they prospered. After an absence of many years one of these returned to have another look at the scenes of his childhood. He came to Youngsville, stopped at the Myers hotel but did not make himself known to any one. The next day he hired a horse, drove up to the old farm, walked over it and stood for long periods in one place looking the place over, to observe every rock, tree or other object he had known in his boyhood. All these were now friends to him—good old friends. The air was finer—in fact everything seemed so much finer than it did in any other place he had ever been. He was loathe to leave. He said nothing to any one at the farm; neither did he go into any of the buildings. This was a personal matter with him and he did not now want to share it with any one. He returned to the hotel with his horse. That night Casper von Weisenfluh walked into the hotel and recognized Mr. Fries after nearly 40 years. Fries, with much emotion, reviewed his trip during the day to the old home of his boyhood and told of the yearnings he had in St. Louis for one more view of his childhood home. This now had been satisfied and brought him great pleasure and contentment. He seemed many years younger.

Last summer a man, advanced in years, who introduced himself as a doctor from Ohio, came to Youngsville and stopped at the home now owned by Ralph Bryan. He explained that he had played in that very yard when a child and had driven east to get another look at the place where he spent his childhood with an uncle named Olmstead, who owned that property at the time. I have no statement that shows the pleasure this trip brought him. I venture to say it did him more good than any medicine he could prescribe.

Henry Maurer, an old-timer who recently died in Fremont, was born on the place that later became the Geib farm and is now owned by Lexa and lies across the pond from the Phil Hust farm north of Jeffersonville. During the last year of Mr. Maurer's life he begged to be taken to his boyhood home—he would like to see it once more before he died. The opportunity was afforded him. This satisfied the one, big, last desire of his life. Would that I might know and be able to express the thoughts and emotions that filled the heart and mind of Henry Maurer on this visit! Still he lived but a few miles away. How different the man who lives hundreds or thousands of miles from the home of his birth and which he may not have seen for many, many years!

Rare is the man that is not thrilled by a return to his boyhood scenes and can bask again in the memories these recall. His boyhood returns to him and brings the joys of that happy period in retrospect. The greater his early hardship and sufferings, the greater the joy in his return to the scene. That's one reason he likes buckwheat cakes and salt pork. They are associated with the place of his birth.

These incidents will be reproduced many a time this summer if we can get the information to every son and daughter of this town of Callicoon that this is the time of the town's Centennial. It will be their excuse to have one look at the place of their birth. We need every one's help.

Feb. 26 '42

CIVIL WAR BOUNTY SYSTEM OF ARMY RECRUITING.

Town Paid $900 For Enlistments—No Deferments—Racketeers and Bounty Jumpers.

(By Charles S. Hick)

While the town of Callicoon established an enviable record in the Civil War, as shown by my recent article, further search of the town records give some very interesting sidelights. The records of the town clerk also show that the town issued bonds totaling $33,475 to pay bounties to secure men for the United States Army. Strangely, too, this was paid off in three years. These pioneers did not believe in remainng in debt.

In my thirty-six years of school teaching I had often met in the classroom the fact that New York city had its difficulties with raising its contingent of soldiers in response to the call of Abraham Lincoln, then president, for troops to put down the "rebellion"—the term "Civil War" was not used in that day, and every man in the Confederate Army was a "rebel."

Our present method of drafting men had not come into use, and in fact had not been considered. The country had always depended upon volunteers to supply men for its army. Because the volunteer syster had failed to produce the required men needed to meet the call of President Lincoln, some means of drafting men was devised. I want to state at the outset that I am not too familiar with the details of the system used for drafting men at that time. I know that the local town was called upon for a certain quota and the town authorities were faced with the duty of recruiting men to fill this quota either by enlistments or by draft. The provost marshal for the town was Victor Hofer.

A drafted man had the privilege of sending a substitute in his place. The bounties provided by the town might be used by the man who enlisted or might be used by a drafted man to aid him in providing a substitute to go in his place. It is quite evident that the bounty system was devised as an aid to the local officers in meeting the demands on the town for its quota of men. It must be remembered, too, that in that day there were no deferred classes—every man (excepting the blind and one legged) was in what today we would call class 1-A. Because a man had a family dependent upon him made no difference. The records show that John Hess, grandfather of John, Roy, William and Frank Hess of today, was taken, although he had nine children ranging from four months to sixteen years. He died in the service. Frederick Whitendale had a wife and six children, but had to go, and Philip Fritz had a wife and five children to support and was not exempt. Many more similar cases appear on the lists. The bounty system provided money that such a man might use to attract a man to go as his substitute. Martin L. Calkins of Youngsville, a boy of 17, went as substitute for James Hardenburgh. For this he received $800. Martin came back and later was a postmaster at Youngsville. David Wood was drafted and offered Jacob Rogler a farm (on which Ezra Calkins now lives) to go as his substitute. Rogler accepted the farm, went in the service and made it his home on his return from war and on it raised a fine family. The provision whereby a man might sent a substitute to take his place in the army was meant to serve a good purpose, but under it any man was privileged to send a substitute, if one was obtainable, in his place. A racket (as we would call it today) was made of this provision. Brokers, so called, existed who were ready to supply any drafted man with a substitute. I assume that such "brokers" proceeded with about the same ethics that guided bootleggers during the prohibition period. The drafted man was bled for all he would pay, and the substitute received as little as he could be induced to accept. This produced another racketeer called the "bounty jumper." This was a man who would receive money to go as a substitute and at his first chance desert and appear in some other section and look for another chance to go again as a substitute, possibly under another name. Billy McDermott tells me that John Ludwig told him that a group of men of military age in and around Callicoon Center at the time of the Civil War made a pool into which each man put $50 (the amount may not be right) to be drawn up-

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on to provide a substitute in the event any of their number should be drafted. If the pool was drawn upon it was again replenshed with additional contributions. This was lawful and they were within their rights. John Ludwig at the time was a young married man about thirty years of age and living at Callicoon Center. He later owned the Mansion House at Jeffersonville and sold out to William Knell, the present owner.

The voting of bounties by the town was authorized by an act of the New York State Legislature, passed on February 9, 1864. The matter of having the town provide bounties was held on July 28, 1864, "at the house of Jacob Hust." The minutes of the meeting as written by W. J. Harding, with the resolution adopted, are as follows:

Minutes of the Special Meeting.

At a special meeting of the legal voters of the town of Callicoon, held at the house of Jacob Hust on the 28th day of July, 1864, for the purpose of voting on a resolution to raise a bounty of four hundred dollars for every man who shall respond in person or by proxy to a late call of the president of the United States to troops to serve in the army of the United States and to authorize the board of town officers of said town to raise moneys on the credit of said town to pay such bounties and to appoint recruiting agents to recruit men for the benefit of said town, there were one hundred and fifteen ballots cast in favor of said resolution and no other sort or kind of ballott was cast.

Board of officers presiding:
E. Morgans, Supervisor.
Frederick Thuman, J. G. Shindler, John C. Mall, Justices of the Peace.
W. J. Harding, Town Clerk.

Resolution Passed.

Whereas a call has been made by the President of the United States of America for Five Hundred Thousand Men to serve in the Army and Navy thereof for one year or more and, Whereas we are desirous that said call shall be filled, and whereas a special town meeting of the electors of the town of Callicoon has been in all respects regularly and legally called under and by virtue of and in conformity to an act of the Legislature of this State passed February 9, 1864, for the purpose of raising a bounty for each man who shall for himself be mustered into the service of the United States and credited to the town of Callicoon or who shall furnish a substitute and have him mustered into the service of the United States and credited to the town of Callicoon, Now, therefore, it is hereby resolved by a majority of all the electors present and voting at this meeting, that each man who shall for himself be mustered into the service of the United States under such call for the term of one year or more by or before the 5th day of September next and be credited to the town of Callicoon, and each man who shall procure a substitute by or before that time and have him mustered into the service as aforesaid and credited to the town of Callicoon, shall receive a bounty from said town of Four Hundred Dollars, unless the quota of said town shall be sooner filed;

That for the purpose of carrying this provision into effect the Supervisor, Town Clerk and Justices of the Peace or a majority thereof shall issue bonds or certificates of indebtedness for and in behalf of and upon the credit of said town of Callicoon, payable in not more than three years, with interest for such sum as shall be sufficient at the par value thereof, to pay each man the sum of Four Hundred Dollars who shall for himself be mustered into the service of the United States or who shall furnish a substitute and have him mustered into the service as aforesaid and credited to the town of Callicoon.

That the said Supervisor, Town Clerk and Justices of the Peace or a majority thereof shall have a right and power to continue to issue said bonds and pay said bounty or cause it to be paid to men who shall be mustered into the aforesaid service or who furnish substitutes as aforesaid in their discretion after the 5th day of September next until the whole quota of the town under this call shall have been filled, and they shall also in their discretion have the right to employ not more than two agents to go into the rebel States to recruit for this town but at no expense to the town except such as will be necessary to defray expenses of said agents and pay the bounties aforesaid and shall have the power to issue bonds for

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the purpose of defraying such expenses;

That each of said bonds or certificates of indebtedness shall be numbered and shall by the Town Clerk be registered in a book prepared and kept by him for that purpose; that each of them shall be signed by a majority of all the officers aforesaid in their official capacity and when so prepared shall be delivered to Egbert A. Clark who is hereby authorized to sell, negotiate and dispose of the same at not less than par value of each and is authorized to apply the proceeds to the payment of the bounties and expenses aforesaid.

Recorded July 29, 1864.

W. J. Harding, Town Clerk.

This meeting was followed by a second town meeting on September 10, 1864, held also at the house of Jacob Hust, which amended the resolution of July 28, 1864, to provide that the bounty shall be $900 instead of $400. 161 votes were cast in favor of this resolution. The total bounty paid under this amended resolution was $23,785, paid to thirty-five men listed on the records, and bonds in this amount were issued against the credit of the town at seven percent interest.

Another call for troops by the president (300,000 this time) was followed by a third town meeting "at the house of Jacob Hust" on January 14, 1865, which was adjourned to January 28, 1865, to vote additional funds for bounties. On January 28 the resolution was defeated by 112 to 104. The resolution was apparently defeated because it provided for only $400 bounty. So a fourth meeting was held at the house of Jacob Hust to vote on a resolution to provide for a $500 bounty and this was carried by 149 to 121 votes. Mention is also made in the resolution of a bounty of $350 promised by the county. A total of $10,200 was paid to twenty-five men who are listed on the records, plus two extra $100 bonds issued to "Bearer."

That the town of Callicoon did employ two agents to go into the states in rebellion to recruit men to serve in the United States army and have them credited to this town, is shown by the minutes of the town board of auditors on November 10, 1864, when Isaac Anderson and John Lamb presented bills of $188 and $112 respectively for expenses incurred in making the trip into the states in rebellion to recruit men. The town board allowed both claims and paid the same by issuing a bond to Isaac Anderson for both amounts.

I am certain that all this, taken from the town records, is news to a great many of the town residents. It makes very fascinating and interesting reading.

March 5 '42

THE BLACKSMITH IN THE EARLY COMMUNITY.

Lockhart Stewart, Pioneer, Was a Scotch Distiller.

By Charles S. Hick.

The blacksmith was an important man in the economic life of every pioneer community. All other craftsmen depended upon him. He made their tools to a great extent and supplied the efforts of his skill to much of their product. The carpenter's tools to a great extent were handmade by the local blacksmith; likewise the wagonmaker, who usually worked in a shop adjoining, had tools made by his blacksmith neighbor. John B. Spencer, who was the first postmaster at Youngsville when it was established in 1851, had opened a blacksmith shop when he settled there in 1836 and specialized in making augers. Augers were a more necessary tool for carpenters in those early days than they are now, for it must be remembered that wooden pegs were used in many places where later nails replaced them. A look at the frame of any old barn is the best proof of this statement. Some of the covered bridges that existed in many parts of the country were built without the use of a nail in the framework.

When a house was built, the blacksmith had to supply the hardware—hinges, latches, etc. Handmade nails are often found in old buildings. Locks were handmade, too, but that was another trade. Hinges and hasps on barns and stables always came from the blacksmith and many such hand made hinges and hasps are in use today on barns in this town. Horses and oxen were shod by iron shoes handmade by the blacksmith. While yokes were often made at home, they were brought to the blacksmith for the iron parts that were needed. This included keys for the bows.

The wagonmaker (who also made sleighs) needed to have his vehicle "ironed off" in the blacksmith shop. I have an old spoke shave—a wagonmaker's tool——and it is evident that the knife in it is handmade, even to the screw that adjusted the knife.

The census of 1865 shows the town of Callicoon to have had fifteen blacksmiths at that time. I'm moved to ask where would fifteen blacksmiths find work in the town today? It must be remembered that in that day there were little or no factory-made iron goods.

The old-time blacksmith did much more than work at his forge. Many other duties were forced on him. He set broken bones, pulled teeth, laid out dead bodies, and was about the only horse doctor.

His shop kept on hand a turnkey which was supposed to extract a tooth when all attempts with forceps failed. That made him doctor, dentist and undertaker.

The blacksmith was always a man of standing in every community—even when he had weaknesses that might have been damaging to any other man. This standing accorded to the blacksmith by his neighbors has often been commented upon. It is generally believed that the very work that he did all day long accounted for this. He was generally credited with good judgment and this came to him, it is supposed, by the fact that in his work at the anvil he was exercising his judgment continually throughout the day. Every stroke of his hammer must have followed the exercise of judgment on his part. The exercise of this function of his mind resulted in its development. His judgment, then, like his right arm, grew strong by the use he made of it, and his neighbors came to depend upon this trained judgment of the local blacksmith.

The old-time blacksmith shop was a meeting place for men from the entire community. Here all types and classes came and talked among themselves or with the blacksmith. It might readily be expected then that all he needed to do was to keep his ears open and he became well informed on local problems and politics. As a result the blacksmith had a thorough understanding of the economic, social political and every other thought of his community. The smith, a mighty man is he, Longfellow has said.

Lockhart Stewart, Scotch Distiller.

Lockhardt Stewart, who settled near North Branch, brought with him the only Scotch family to the town, and strangely enough Stew-

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art was by trade a distiller. It is assumed that he brought his family to America to improve his condition, for every immigrant believed the road to wealth here was much easier than it was in Europe. This was even more true of the thrifty Scotch, who were thrifty of necessity. Stewart's migration to America has an element of irony in it, however. Could he have looked into the future and foreseen the importance that Scotch whiskey was to attain in America he would have remained in Scotland and shipped the product of his still across the sea to America and enjoyed the wealth that came to so many Scotch distillers through the taste Americans developed for Scotch whiskey. No name smacks more of Scotch than does the name Stewart, and this alone would have given out townsman Lockhart an initial advantage over other Scotch distillers.

As it was he settled among German neighbors who preferred beer —even though they consumed some "schnapps." The taste of Scotch whiskey was repugnant to them for it made them suspect medicine or poison. Lockhart Stewart guessed wrong.

March 12 '42

THE FIRST TOWN MEETING.

George G. DeWitt, First Town Clerk and Leader in Town's Establishment.

(By Charles S. Hick)

"By virtue of the foregoing act of the honorable legislature of the State of New York, the first town meeting of the town Collikoon was held at the time and place described in said act and the following are the minutes of said town meeting:

"At the first town meeting held for the Town of Collikoon on the first Tuesday of May in the year of one thousand eight hundred and forty-two at the house of George G. DeWitt in said town,

"John B. Spencer, Esquire, was chosen chairman for the purpose of presiding at the ballot box while choosing a board to preside over said town meeting and George G. DeWitt was chosen clerk, protem.

"The votes having been taken and canvassed by said chairman, the following appeared to be the result, to wit:

"John B. Spencer, John Hankins, Jacob Quick, Rollin Stoddard and George G. DeWitt were chosen as a board to preside over said town meeting;

"The said board having been duly organized and the polls opened in manner prescribed by the law the votes were received and canvassed by said board, when it appeared that the following officers were duly elected by the people of said town as officers thereof, to wit:

"For Supervisor, Olney Borden.

"Town Clerk, George G. DeWitt.

"Justices of the Peace, Rollin Stoddard, John Hankins and Jacob Quick.

"Assessors, Rollin Stoddard, Thomas S. Ward and William P. Main.

"Road Commissioners, Peter Wormuth, John B. Spencer and Henry Cannon.

"School Commissioners, James Cannon, Austin W. Blackman, Levi Kimball.

"School Inspectors, Rollin Stoddard and George G. DeWitt.

"Overseers of the Poor, Jacob Quick and Peter I. Bogart.

"Collector, David Wood.

"Constables, David Wood, Henry Wood, William Marsh and Sylvanus Kimball.

"Town Sealer, John R. Schermerhorn.

"1. At said town meeting it was resolved that twice as much money be raised by the town as is provided by the state for supporting the public schools of the town and be appropriated for said schools.

"2. Also that one hundred be raised and appropriated to the repair of roads and bridges.

"3. Also that hogs, sheep and horses be described being common in said town.

"4. Also that division and other fences be four and a half feet high and be made of good materials.

"5. Also that a map of the town be procured by George G. DeWitt.

"The above certified by me,

"George G. DeWitt, Town Clerk."

—

The above has been copied for the town record. The town was created by an act of the State Legislature and the time and place of the meeting was contained in the act as passed by the legislature. Nothing in the minutes states the number of voters present and voting, but from other sources I have ascertained that forty-six votes were cast and this is given as the total of voters living in the entire town which at the time included all of what is now the town of Fremont. John Hankins, who was

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at the time elected a justice of the peace, became the supervisor two years later. He lived at Hankins in Fremont. Austin W. Blackman, one of the school commissioners elected, was a resident of Fremont Center. It is interesting to note that Rollin Stoddard was elected to three offices on that day, while George G. DeWitt and David Wood were each elected to two.

John B. Spencer was a blacksmith living at Youngsville and later became the first postmaster there. Jacob Quick was the sawmill owner just north of Jeffersonville.

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George G. DeWitt, who was instrumental in the establishment of the town of Callicoon, and probably the main mover to bring it into existence, was an exceptionally able man, well educated, well bred and a country squire of the finest order. He came from a wealthy and influential family in Dutchess county. Some one in the

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town of Callicoon must have been influential enough to get the state legislature to establish the town, and from the contacts Mr. DeWitt had outside the town it can readily be assumed that he was the man who brought it about.

The records he left behind him and the story that can be pieced together about him and his relations to the political and other affairs of the town give him intellectual stature and make him stand out above the other men with whom he associated in town affairs. He was the man whose counsel was constantly sought and who gave guidance and direction to the town and its development and its business. Many of the other men who served the town in those early days were also men of exceptional ability. That George G. DeWitt should be accorded the leadership among men such as Olney Borden, John Hankins, Rollin Stoddard, Thomas Ward, Samuel M. Young, Jacob Quick, Victor Hofer, Thomas Brown, William J. Harding, Aaron Fraser and Egbert A. Clark is evidence of outstanding ability. Among these George G. DeWitt labored and by them was ranked as counselor and advisor.

I was interested to learn more about him and his family and about his early training. I find that George G. DeWitt graduated from Yale University—one of the few men who were college trained in that day. Two of his sons, George G. Jr. and William Gillespie, became prominent New York city lawyers. George G. Jr. is credited with being the author of the charter of Greater New York city. Another son, Julian Foster DeWitt, married a Tiffany, one of the family of the famous jewelry house of Tiffany in New York city. Julian lived for a while at Fremont Center, where his son, Edward G., was born and who later joined the law firm of DeWitt, Lockman and DeWitt of Wall street, and who died recently. Julian Foster built the house between Jeffersonville and Youngsville now occupied by Henry Schmidt. But for ill health in his youth George G. DeWitt would have likely become a great civic leader elsewhere. Thus this town profited by his character and influence.

Olney Borden, the first supervisor in this town, was described, with portrait, in a former article in the Record.

March 26 '42

SCHOOL DAYS— GAMES AT RECESS

Some Simple Recreational Activities by the Boys and Girls More Healthful Then Than Today.

(By Charles S. Hick)

In the school days of old—those were the days of the one-room school with hardly an exception, even when the registration went ninety or even more with hardly standing room for all the pupils in the school room—there was no organized play under the direction of a teacher specially trained in physical education. Neither was physical education in any way a part of the school's business. However, there were recess periods during which the children played and it was wholly proper for them to play, and because it was wholly spontaneous it may have been more enjoyable. My recollection of the games played makes two outstanding, "I spy" and "Hee-lee over." A granite boulder in the front yard where stood the schoolhouse I attended (the boulder is still there) always served as the goal and I never look at this boulder now without thinking of my boyhood days and the games of "I spy" I played and I can imagine some of my classmates yelling "home free," which meant that they had touched the goal before the "it" had spied them and done so. The "hee-lee over" was played by throwing a soft ball over the roof of the schoolhouse and calling "hee-lee over" as it was thrown. This gave a warning to those playing at the game on the opposite side who got set to catch the ball as it rolled down the roof. If it was caught, the catcher had the right to go on the side from whence the ball was thrown and tag a player by throwing the ball at him. The player thus tagged went with the player to the opposite side. As the catcher came around the building from one side all the players on the opposite side would scurry around the building, and once they were around they could not be tagged. Eventually all the players would be brought to the one side by the tagging process and the game ended.

Then we played ball games which were called one old cat and two old cat. In the former there was a batter, a pitcher and a catcher. In fact it was necessary to have the three players, but any number could play because all but the catcher and the pitcher would rotate in the batting. If the batter hit the pitched ball he ran to a goal some distance from home plate and back if he could. He may run to the goal and wait for the next player to hit before he started home. If a batter was put out by being tagged between bases or by catching a fly ball, he became the pitcher, the pitcher advanced to the catcher position, and the catcher became a batter, and so on and on. In two old cat two batters stood facing each other at a distance varying according to the field and the players, usually more than fifty feet. The goal at the side of each batter was a flat stone (the same in one old cat). Behind each batter was another player who was alternately pitcher and catcher—that is these two would throw the ball back and forth and the batters were expected to hit it if they could. If the batter hit at it and missed and the ball was caught behind him he was out, or if he hit a fly or a foul ,and that was caught, he was also out.

If the ball was hit the two batters had to exchange goals and if the catcher-pitcher could tag him with the ball between the two goals he was out. When a batter was put out he lost his rank as batter and had to pitch and catch. His place was taken by the player who put him out. Usually only four players played at this game, but by rotating the batters any even number of players could play.

Another very popular game was that of fox and goose. This was played on loose snow or snow that packed. A ring was tramped in the loose snow and lanes were tramped to the center much as the spokes of a wheel. There was never less than four such lanes and generally eight. In the center was a goal which was a safety zone where the fox could not touch the goose. The geese ventured on the circle and in the lanes and if the fox appeared and was fast enough to run down a goose, the latter automatically became the fox and went out in search of a goose to catch. If the goose was pursued by the fox and able to outrun him, he just kept away from the fox

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by speed; but if the fox was speedy the goose sought safety in the inner ring if able to get there. It was largely a running game and provided plenty of good exercise in the open air.

There were different tag games. I remember "squat tag" best. If "it" approached a player and the player could get into a squat position before being tagged he was safe. If he could not he became "it" and would need to go out and try to pin it on some other player by tagging him before he got in a squat position.

Other games were largely individual sports. I remember the one of trying to jump through a broom stick held in both hands before the performer. Not every boy could do this. It required suppleness and co-ordination. Many a boy practicing alone caught his heel on the broom stick and suffered a fall in his effort. Chinning the horizontal bar had plenty of advocates, but the usual school had no bar. The upper jamb of the door provided a substitute and called for both grip and strength of shoulders—grip to hang on the door jamb.

Kicking to see how high a boy could kick was a skill at which there was much practice. Girls did not do it much then because of the skirts and petticoats they wore. Today it might be a much different story. There was considerable pride in one's ability as a high kicker and I knew men who could extend the clenched fist over the head to indicate the height they could kick. Three particular stances were used in kicking. Each had its advocates. One was the standing kick, in which the man kicked from a standing position. The other was a running or walking approach. In both these, as one foot went into the air the other lifted on its toe to get distance. The third stance was a jumping approach. In this the kicker ran to the place, jumped in the air and kicked while both feet were off the ground—the one foot shot up for height. This was a technique hard to master, but some could do it.

Wrestling (pronounced "rasslin" then by every one) was very common but was not at all like that sponsored by high schools and colleges at the present time. There were two common holds (as they were called), a side hold and a jerk hold. In a side hold the wrestlers stood beside each other. The two outside arms were in front with hands clasped. The inside arms were clasped around the bodies of the opponents and at the word "go" they tried for a fall. In the "jerk" hold, the opponents faced each other and grasped the arms of their antagonists just below the shoulders. At the word "go" there was much jerking to throw the opponent off balance and thus get him down. In either style the shoulders had to be pinned before there was a fall.

Coasting was a popular winter sport in and out of school. Coasting by moonlight seemed most delightful to me. This was done on hand made or home made sleds; there were no factory built ones. Some were the product of the local wagonmaker and had knees, raves, braces, etc., and ironed off by the local blacksmith. Often the sled runner was a hardwood board with a curve cut on the front.

Those who hadn't a sled of one kind or another had skippers (that was what they were called) made out of barrel staves and they served their purpose well. I have known where boys went in the father's granary and got the wooden grain scoop and rode that down the hill over the snow. Snowballing and the building of snow men and forts and then battles with snowballs to storm these snow forts completed the winter snow sports. There was some ice skating on skates that clasped on the leather soles and heels of the heavy shoes and boots that all boys and girls wore. These clamps were operated by a lever near the middle of the skate.

Today we have organized play under expert supervision and I am pleased to know that this is true. Personally I should like to see more of the snow sports today, in shcool and out. It could easily be made a part of a school program. Why play gymnasium games indoors when the snow outdoors beckons and the snappy winter weather and finest of fresh air would do much to invigorate our boys and girls and result in better health? Health is the big objective in every physical education program. It seems to me we are missing a big opportunity when our schools fail to take advantage of the snow to get our children out in the air to harden and invigor-

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ate them. It has been claimed by many experts that we are getting soft. Maybe we are, but we need not.

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FLAIL-THRESHED RYE STRAW.

An Important Product in the Early Days— Great Care Used in Preparing It For Market.

(By Charles S. Hick)

The hemlock forests of Callicoon seemed inexhaustible, but in a little over twenty years from the time the tanneries first came the supply of hemlock bark was exhausted and the tanneries either closed down or moved away to other sections where hemlock bark was still available. The forests, or the hills and valleys where the forests had been, were strewn with giant hemlock trees just as they fell but stripped of the bark. Even at this day, after a period of seventy and eighty years, some of these old hemlocks may be seen where they lie rotting. The tanning industry had afforded a money income for all settlers who came. This, with the food and other needs that these pioneers could secure from the farm lands on which they lived, provided a comfortable living—at least far superior to that which they had left behind them in Europe. There was a type of worker who lived in the tannery houses and did not make an attempt to farm. Many of the Irishmen that came here to work in the tanneries were of this group. Another group was those men who came in with the tanneries from Schoharie, Ulster and Delaware counties. A great number of these and the Irish left here with the tanneries to work at the tanning business in the new locations in western Pennsylvania. A few of the Germans and Swiss did this too, but the great majority remained on the lands they had purchased and improved. The records of the town show that many of the young men of these German families followed the tanneries for a season or two. It was usually referred to as going to Pennsylvania and working in the bark woods.

With the cash income that the tanneries afforded gone, these settlers sought a new source of revenue. One such was afforded by the paper mill at Hortonville. The paper mill was owned and operated by the grandfather of Henry F. Gardner, prominent western Sullivan attorney of this day. Rye straw was used by this mill to make paper called butcher paper. It was rough, brown in color, and pieces of the rye straw could be seen in its texture. It came folded in bales, not on a roll as paper comes today. I have searched for a sample of this paper and have found carpenters that have torn pieces of it from old buildings where it had been pasted to close cracks through which the wind had blown, but so far I have been unable to find a sample, though many men living today have seen it. This paper, while coarse, was not very strong. The grocer of that day had no paper bags and when he sold sugar or spice he had to improvise a bag out of this paper. Sometimes this was done by a process of folding and sometimes, particularly with small amounts, by making a cone out of the paper. These tore easily and many a child that went to the store for his mother found that his package of sugar or spice had torn before he got it home. This was the day of the cracker barrel (on which the men sat around the stove in the store) and crackers and every other commodity was handled in bulk. The supply of tin cans did not worry the grocery trade in that day. Those who today have to worry about tin cans might go to the records of B.C. (Before Cans).

Rye, because the straw could be sold for cash, became a main crop on the farms of this town. The census of 1875 goes to show this in a vivid manner. Peter Brown, who lived on "Sixteen" on the farm where Arthur Brey now lives, had seven acres of rye, while John Graff and George Walter, two farmers near Sand Pond, had six acres each. The grain was a by-product of the straw crop. This was of course converted into flour for bread for the family. The five gristmills in the town were well equipped for this job. Everybody had all the rye flour they wanted and more than they liked. A change would have been a delight, but they had the surplus grain and what could be done with it? The animals preferred corn, and it was commonly believed that horses got the itch when it was fed to them. The surplus grain was an urgent problem, but it was straw that brought in the money and that got the most attention. This was handled with extreme care and according to the best known methods

to produce a good straw, free of weeds. The standing grain was cut with a cradle. This was the accepted way of cutting the grain and because it was essential that the individual straws had to lie regularly in the swath to produce the finest, straightest straw. It was gathered into sheaves and bound by hand with a band made of the grain straw. The women of the family helped in this and haste was essential that no rain hit it before it was stacked in the field. After a few days in the air it was taken to the barn and stored on the scaffold to await the hand threshing. The term scaffold here refers to the space over the barn floor above the beams. It was the dryest place in the barn and the best place to store this unthreshed grain.

The threshing was done with flails on the barn floor. The sound made by the flails pounding the grain out of the heads of rye was a merry sound with a varying rhythm depending on the number of men at work. This was true when two or three men were at work with the flails. A lone man threshing was a rather mournful rhythm which even tired the thresher. Three men at work on the threshing floor produced a quick tempo which helped to make the work easier because it stimulated the worker. Back and forth over the unthreshed rye laid in even lawyers on the barn floor went the men with their flails until it seemed necessary to turn the straw. The threshing was then repeated on the other side. This turning was done with care to keep the straws straight and to make certain that heads that had been threshed were turned under. When a batch was threshed the straw was first shaken free of any weeds or short or broken pieces and tied in large bundles with straw bands and it was ready for the market—a clean, sweet smelling product. Large loads of this straw passed over the roads on their way behind ox teams to the paper mill at Hortonville, where it was stacked in huge stacks to be used as needed by the mill. I have been unable to learn how much was paid a ton for this straw by the mill. The old books containing the accounts of the paper mill were stored over the store at Hortonville now owned by Koons and Jones, but when it passed into the hands of John Gottschalk from the Gardner estate they were taken out and destroyed with other rubbish, so called. Thus went up in smoke some valuable records that might have told a fine story in the history of the section. Various prices paid for this straw have been given me by persons whose families sold it, and from these sources I learn that the price varied from six to eight dollars per ton. It meant a lot of work to get ready a ton of straw and deliver it to the paper mill, but cash was scarce and this was one source of it.

Livery stables, and they were many in those days, demanded this flail threshed straw in large quantities. These would use no other. The flail threshed rye straw "wore" longer. Harnessmakers used small quantities of the choicest for filling horse collars, where it is used today. Cider mills of that early date pressed th e cider through rye straw. The burlap "cheese" cloth of today had not come into use. The straw tick filled with fresh threshed rye straw delighted the sleep of every one. There were no inner spring or beautyrest mattresses in those days. Everybody slept on a rye straw filled straw tick—unless it was one filled with corn husks. This rye straw in the straw ticks wore out and broke into small pieces, which made emptying the straw tick an unpleasant job. Rye straw had a real job.

April 2 '42

OUTDOOR DANCE PAVILIONS.

Mr. Hick Uncovers Interesting Tales of the Various Picnics Held in This Town and Area.

(By Charles S. Hick)

No where in the county was there the outdoor dance pavilions that existed in the town of Callicoon and nearby. No less than four such outdoor pavilions existed within the village of Jeffersonville. The main one of these was called Union Park and was owned by the Bietzes. This was a complete layout, fitted and equipped to serve picnic dinners and all. This property is now owned by William Reznicek and is part of the Hotel Jefferson property. On the property to the east and back of the hotel stood the dance floor and other stands and buildings. The dance floor was covered with a roof, but the sides were open. The tables on which the dinners were served were also covered by a roof and flanked by an enclosed kitchen. These tables were three or four in number and were the full length of the shed and benches served for seats along these. Your feet kicked the sand under the tables. There was no floor. Many of the picnics were church or Sunday school benefits. Three other dance pavilions have existed in Jeffersonville. One was Faubel's grove on the flat now owned by Roy Mall back of the John Hubert house; another was Reichert's grove back of the Lutheran church; and the third was Columbia grove on the land of Mike Eggler near his sodawater cellar. Youngsville had its outdoor picnic pavilion in Inderlied's grove, and at Callicoon Center two have existed—the first in Wenzel's grove in the woods back of the old Wenzel home just across the highway from the parsonage; the second was built on the flats of Jacob Dietz west of the stream and was approached from the highway west of the bridge as Callicoon is entered from the east. This picnic ground was a well equipped place prepared to serve hot meals, etc., and was used by the village church and the Sunday school. At North Branch there was a picnic ground in Baker's grove north of the village, but there was no dance pavilion, and the Huffs had another at Buck Brook. The Odd Fellows at Hortonville had a fine picnic ground in a grove there and the picnics held there were popular for many years. This too, was complete with kitchen, tables, etc.

I am told that the Beechwoods picnics were renowned. They were held in the Weber grove by Andrew Bietz, who built the pavilion. The great amount of beer consumed at these picnics is given as evidence of their success. Another standard by which some picnics were gauged was the number of fights. Philip Bietz, son of Andrew, insists that there were no fights at the Beechwoods picnics but on the contrary they were a "hurrah" affair to which people went to visit with friends and neighbors under conditions that promoted the best of fellowship. The tops on the number of kegs of beer sold was thirty-four kegs, as Phil Bietz remembers. Other sources place the top figure as high as seventy-five kegs. All reports agree upon the great social event afforded by the Beechwoods picnics. The amount of beer consumed was a large quantity to dance off and often manifested itself as a disturbing influence by promoting the fighting instinct in the German element—beer in fact came to be nicknamed "German disturbance." Quite likely the reason there was no fighting at the Beechwoods picnics was the efficient policing of Bill Allgeier, the Beechwoods butcher, a large powerful man, who was on hand to take charge of any would-be belligerents and bump their heads together. If that failed he grasped one under each of his massive arms and started for the small stream that flowed through the picnic grove where he ducked them in the water to cool off their tempers. His treatment was effective.

The grove surrounding this pavilian did much to promote romance, so I am told, and many a successful home grew out of a romance that had its start in moonlight walks along the paths in this grove. It attained a considerable reputation in the promotion of romances and every girl looked forward to her chances at the next Beechwoods picnic.

Guernsey Myers tells me that the measure of the success of some picnics depended upon the answer to two questions: 1—How many kegs of beer were sold? 2—How

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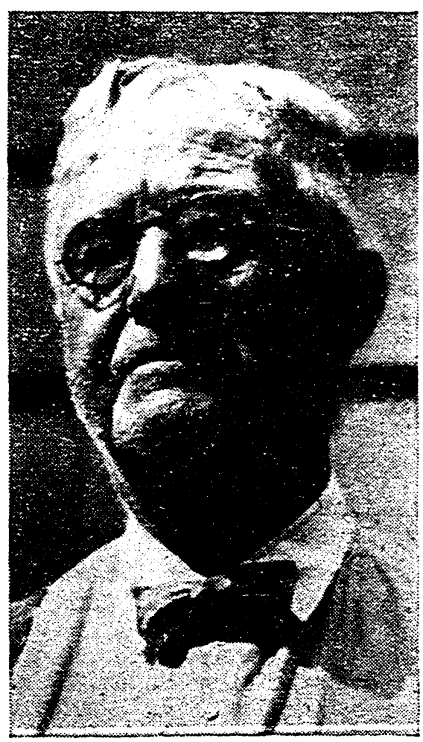
many fights were there? I am not certain just what standard had to be met, but one picnic was mentioned to me where thirty kegs of beer were sold and there were twenty-one fights. This was listed as successful.

Fist fights were common and it was indeed an unusual event at which there was no fist fight. Such fights were of many kinds. Some were private affairs between two individuals to settle accummulated grievances. Sometimes the crowd would let such a fight go to a finish in an improvised ring provided by the surrounding onlookers. More likely they would be pulled apart and the fighting stopped. Then again there was the fight of one gang against another gang. Such gangs may be built on relationship or on geography. The Smith gang might fight the Jones gang, or the hollow gang fight the hill gang. Such fights were never ended but were continued at each succeeding "doin's". Then there was also the public fight in which any one could enter. The bully was never popular at any of such fights. The crowd would gang up against him and take all the fight out of him.

Philip Bietz, who in his day supplied many of these picnics with the dance music, gave me much of the information I am using here. He tells me that the picnic that beat all others was the Obernburg (or Dutchtown as it was called) picnic. This was first organized by Father Delveaux, pastor of the Catholic church there, and who was well and favorably known in all the countryside.

Mr. Bietz tells of this first picnic when he and the men of the band waited at Kille's just outside the church grounds at about eleven o'clock in the morning for the people to come out of the church where the day was started with a high mass. They formed in ranks in front of the church and marched to the picnic ground in Kille's woods, led by the band playing a lively march. Here the crowd was soon swelled by many others that joined them in the afternoon and evening and all danced that could find space to do so or made merry in other ways and constantly disposing of the refreshments and eats. Horse-drawn wagons brought the crowds, for it was long before autos were even known. Teams and single horses were tied to every tree and post in the place. The picnic was advertised to close at midnight and it did, though many longed to continue. Phil Bietz says that the band had its orders to stop at twelve and it did. This stopped the picnic and there was nothing for the crowd to do but go home and wait for the next one. The first Dutchtown picnic was a huge success and a profit of nearly $800 was realized—a big sum in those days. These continued for many years and drew immense crowds from far and wide.



Philip Bietz

Heiner's picnics were the last of these old-time affairs and many a person today smiles when Heiner's picnics are mentioned. These were held in a private grove near Sand Pond by Henry Reinheimer, who is living today and was distinguished from the other Henry Reinheimers (there were three) by the title "Picnic Heiner." Picnic Heiner was not too good a business man. If he had been he would have made a little fortune out of his picnics. He attracted the crowds and sold plenty of refreshments, etc., but too many of his patrons delighted in defrauding him. When a picnic was in progress Heiner was always nervous—rattled is possibly a bet-

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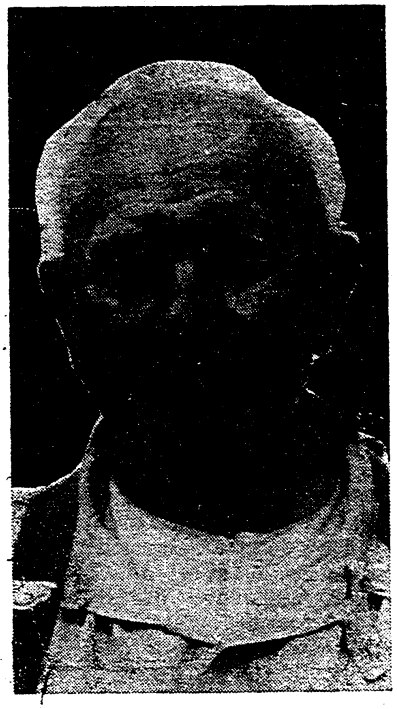
ter word. Some of his patrons took mean advantage of this condition. I heard of many fellows who accummulated all the counterfeit money they could to take to Heiner's picnics and pass it. It was always accepted. Even revenue stamps off beer kegs were tendered as money. Another trick pulled on Heiner was to give him a dollar bill and as he passed the change for the dollar insist that it was a five-dollar bill that had been given him. Heiner wouldn't argue and wanted no trouble, so handed out the extra four dollars. Heiner had little knowledge of geography and one fellow appeared at his picnic early in the evening and told him that he had picked a poor night because on the same night there was a big dance advertised at Syracuse. Heiner became depressed and said that he supposed that his picnic would amount to nothing then.



William A. Allgeier

Picnic Heiner made the space under his dance pavilion serve him as a roost for his chickens and a shelter for his cattle. These chickens were no different from other people's chickens and in like manner suffered from mites and lice. These refused to remain under the platform on dance nights but, possibly attracted by the bright lights above, came to the dance floor level where they made explorations by intimate visits to the dancers, at the dancers' annoyance. Thus the dancers at Heiner's were impelled to extra movements by the mites and lice that should have remained below the dance floor.

These picnics bring to mind some observations to write down here. Few of the dancing pavilions were covered with roofs. Even those that were did not protect the floors from the elements. It is quite evident that these dance floors were no smooth ballroom floors. The rains, snow and weather caused the edges of the flooring strips to turn up and the floor was actually rough, as standards today go. When a strip broke through a board was nailed over it, with little inconvenience to dancers. There were no sanded floors in those days. Still the floor was filled with dancers and they enjoyed themselves. The men often came in leather boots with hob nails in the soles, but these seemed little or no hindrance to the dancers.

Beer and soda water (all soft drinks were called sodawater) provided the refreshments. The beer keg, after being tapped, was rested on a saw-buck and the beer drawn directly into glass steins from the wood. It did not go through a cooler—which never cools beer at a picnic anyway because it does not remain in the coils long enough.

The "hot dog" had not made its appearance, but they had their ring bologna. This was not made by a packing house in some distant city but was made locally by some butcher who had carefully planned to have the needed beeves ready in time to use in its manufacture. Fred Bietz, Casper Fuhrer and Bill Allgeier had reputations as makers of good ring bologna. Allgeier is still living and he can tell interesting stories of how he supplied ring bolognas for the picnics in the countryside in his day. The ring bologna was served in five-cent cuts with two soda crackers. Personally I prefer the cut of ring bologna and the two crackers to the hot dog, if the ring bologna was made by the right bologna maker. Phil Bietz tells me of a picnic he held. He had laid in a supply of this ring bologna made

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by his brother Fred and Casper Fuhrer. He had the Fuhrer bologna in reserve to use if needed, with the privilege of returning it the next day if it had not been sold. Several Swiss cheese from Swiss Hill were also on hand. During the afternoon Frank Allgeier came with a grain sack full of ring bologna from Bill, his brother. Phil Bietz had a plentiful supply, so he thought. Frank Allgeier stored his grain sack of bologna in the Bietz cellar to take back home with him after the picnic. In the meantime the run on ring bologna had used up all that Phil Bietz had provided from the shops of Fred Bietz and Casper Fuhrer and called on the Allgeier supply in the grain sack in the cellar and before the affair was over even all of this was gone and the Swiss cheese, too. It had been a big picnic—or the bologna was unusually good. We still have good bologna makers with us.

The music for dancing at these outdoor pavilions was generally a brass band. For a picnic this music started in the afternoon and when this band music was carried by the breezes over the countryside it was a signal to stop work and start for the picnic. For the young (and many of the old) there was nothing else that could be done. The urge to make merry brought on by this band music overcame every other need or want for the time being. It was the signal to come out and have some fun—and that is what became the business in hand.

April 16 '42

THE TANNING INDUSTRY.

Hemlock Forests Supplied the Bark For Numerous Tanneries, Long Since Gone.

Nowhere in all the land did hemlock trees grow in such grandeur and abundance as in the town of Callicoon. Because the hemlock is a slow growing tree it is never favored for reforesting purposes. Many of the hemlock trees growing here when the tanneries came measured more than four feet across the stump. These must have been hundreds of years old and growing here when Columbus discovered America. Persons still living have seen these immense hemlock forests. The tanneries were gone before I was born, but here and there remained a few patches of the original stand of hemlocks. These have given me some idea of what the countryside must have looked like. One such stand left by the tanneries was on the lands of Jacob Bardenstein on "Sixteen." His son William married my aunt and as a small boy I visited her on the Bardenstein homestead by walking there over the hill then owned by "Pen" (Spencer) Hardenburgh. This took me over a road through this stand of hemlock. The trees were large and stood closely together. No sun ever pierced the tops to reach the earth under them. I remember a wild grape vine in this woods with a trunk six inches through and a top that covered an acre spreading over the tops of the trees. I fear this is "some" grape vine, but it is the way it seemed to me. "Chet" Yager bought these trees from Bardenstein's daughter Matilda and put a saw mill in the lot to cut them into lumber.

Milo Hardenburgh, north of Youngsville, had another stand on a back lot. These he gradually converted into lumber.

The largest stand was in the Egypt section of the town of Liberty, just east of the Callicoon town line, owned by Hiram Lindsley, who loved each tree much as he might love a child. I remember taking Artist Will Rau to visit this hemlock forest. We first called on Hiram, who seemed quite as rugged as his hemlock trees. He delighted to learn that we had come to look at his hemlocks and these were our common interest for the time. As he went from tree to tree and affectionately stroked each one, or at times placed his arms partly around a favorite to show us its immense size, it seemed as if he were showering his affection on them. Mr. Rau and I compared our observations on our way home after leaving Mr. Lindsley. Both felt we had been in close contact with a soul such as must have been that of John Burroughs, John Audubon or Henry Thoreau, for had Hiram Lindsley been gifted to write as were these men he would have been a contemporary. This stand of hemlocks was finally sold to the Wayne Lumber Company and converted into lumber by a mill on the grounds.

With such an abundance of hemlock trees it was only natural that the tanners should come to this section. The bark of the hemlock trees is rich in the tannic acid needed to tan animal hides to convert them into leather. It was cheaper to bring the hides to the source of the hemlock bark than it was to take the bark out to an industrial center.

Five large tanneries were erected and operated in the town of Callicoon until the hemlock bark was exhausted. These were E. A. Clark & Co. at Jeffersonville, Hoyt Bros. at Callicoon Center, Henry Inderlied at Youngsville, F. J. Inderlied & Co. at North Branch, and A. E. Babcock below North Branch near the town of Delaware town line. The Inderlieds of North Branch and Youngsville were of the same family, which was numerous in tannery days. A private Inderlied cemetery at North Branch bears testimony to this. The E. A. Clark & Co. of Jeffersonville comprised three partners—Egbert A. Clark, John S. Tuttle and Jacob VanWagener. Clark and Tuttle lived here. The Clark home was across the Callicoon creek from where Segar's feed store now stands. The land is now owned by John C. Beck. The barn on this site was erected by Clark. A large metal tank, or the remains of it, on these grounds bears evidence that the Clark home enjoyed gas lights. Two abutments in the Callicoon stream near this Segar feed store which are even today in good condition supported a foot bridge leading from the highway to the house. The home of J. S. Tuttle (known as Sidney Tuttle)

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stands today, but the Mansion House is built on to it. The part that had served Sidney Tuttle as a home can be determined from the inside of the Mansion House. It was the west part. The Clark tannery ranked second in the county in output in 1865, when it produced 600,051 pounds of sole leather. It contained 182 square vats and consumed 5,000 cords of bark a year.

The tannery at Callicoon Center was originally built by Frazer & Co. made up of two partners, Aaron Frazer and Aaron Hoagland. It burned in 1862 and was rebuilt by Buckley and Lapham of New York city, leather merchants, who sold it in 1863 to Hoyt Bros., who never moved to Callicoon but managed the tannery by a local superintendent. This tannery had 116 square vats and consumed 3600 cords of hemlock bark a year. I have been unable to learn much about A. E. Babcock or his tannery, but the records show that it did considerable tanning.

There were a few small tanneries operated, three of these around Jeffersonville. One such was operated by a man named Gabel on the property recently owned by Henry Kettig on the Youngsville road just east of this village. Another, just across the town line near the stream, was owned by John Schaefer, who lived where the Misses Mary and Anna Wilfert now live. The third was on the North Branch road just below the Behnken bridge near the central school site. This was owned by Philip Faubel.

When E. A. Clark & Co. closed down in 1866 quite some bark was left in the yards. The McDermott brothers bought this with the plant and continued for a few years. Edward V. McDermott, retired high school principal and present justice of the peace, is of this McDermott family. His grandfather had served Clark as tannery boss for many years. As a rule the boss in the tannery was an Irishman.

The Callicoon Center tannery had an Irish boss named Costello. This happens to be the family name of my wife and I remember when I was first married her father came to visit me and his name appeared in the Record. An old man who read it and worked under Costello at Callicoon Center saw me a few days after and told me that he knew my fatherinlaw and had worked under him at Callicoon Center in the tannery. Of course it was not the same Costello. The boss at the Wales tannery at Pike Pond was named Daley, and at the Horton tannery at Hortonville it was Sweeney. While Irishmen were chosen for the job as boss, the technician was invariably a German skilled in a special trade in keeping with the apprentice system of training skilled workmen in Europe.

Philip Seelig operated a tannery on the Clark tannery site within quite recent years in a building erected and attached to the huge smoke stack of stone that had been left by the original tannery. Here Seelig tanned calf skins into leather but a big part of his work was custom tanning of beef and horse hides with hair left on to be converted into robes. Such robes were often elaborately lined with flannel or woolen felt and made an excellent water and wind proof protection for the traveler in an open rig in stormy or cold weather. Sheep skins were also tanned with wool left on. These were used as cushions on chairs and benches. Every lumber wagon seat and mowing machine and horse rake seat had on it a sheepskin with the wool on it. These have all but disappeared today and their places taken in homes by pillows and cushions while on the farm equipment an old bag is made to serve as a substitute. All of these substitutes lack much of the comfort that came from sitting on the wool side of fine sheepskin. Billie Mack tells me of seeing the bales of buffalo skins arrive at the store of Krenrich years ago. I assumed that these, too, were tanned after they reached here, but Billie says they were treated in some way and did not need tanning. Such buffalo robes were shipped in from the western plains at a time when the American bison was slaughtered just for the hides and were all but exterminated at the time. Every barn that boasted a fine carriage had its buffalo robe. It was quite as essential a piece of equipment as was the buggy whip of that day. Some of these buffalo robes still exist. Billy Mack tells me that his store has one in stock that has never been used but it has suffered from the ravages of the moths which got into it in spite of four pounds of tobacco he had rolled in

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it to protect it against them.

The five large tanneries mentioned above produced sole leather exclusively. The Civil War brought a boom to the tanning business in this town because of the need of leather for boots for the soldiers.

April 30 '42

CHANGES IN THE FORM OF GERMAN AND SWISS NAMES.

By Charles S. Hick.

The town of Callicoon was settled very largely by Germans with a sprinkling of Swiss. Before the Germans and Swiss arrived several families of Connecticut Yankees and Hudson river Dutch stock had come to the town.

Many of these original Germans and Swiss have experienced a change in their family names and in some cases today the name might hardly be recognized as German or Swiss.

The most outstanding of these changes (so it seems to me) is in the name of Cape. As a boy I had often seen the late Fred Cape and heard him talk. His speech clearly indicated him a German to me, but his name certainly was not. Here was a contradiction—so it seemed. When his sister, the wife of the late Peter Menges, died I read her obituary and learned from it that her maiden name was Kaab. Kaab and Cape sounded somewhat alike and some research on my part gave me the explanation. The name came to America as Käb. This would be translated as Kaeb. I have found it in the land records spelled Kaib. So when young Kaeb enlisted at the outbreak of the Civil War the sergeant that took his name placed it on the records as Cape, believing that to be the proper way to spell it. So far as young Fred was concerned, the spelling of his name was settled for him for the rest of his life. He needed, perforce, to spell it Cape in order to draw his pay in the army, and no pension would be paid to him if he used any other. Here the mistake of an enlisting sergeant changed the names of generations by a simple mistake in spelling a family name.

My own name came to America as Hück, which would be translated Hueck. I have seen it written this way but once on old papers. However, for more than twenty years a double i was used in spelling this name. I have my aunt's school books used in the late 1860s in which her name is written Hiick, using a double i. Some of my cousins have added an s and made the name Hicks—which makes it English and not German. I have been taken for an Irishman many times. I prefer, however, to be just a Hick—which is interchangeable with hayseed, rural, rube—distinctly of the country.

The name Manny (which is Swiss) came to America as Mani. William Lieb, whose grandfather was a Mani, has the passports issued to the original Mani—and the spelling in every instance was Mani.

There were two Mani brothers who came to this country, John and Felix Sr. John settled in Jeffersonville and spelled his name Many. Felix settled at Youngsville and that family spelled it Manny. Anthony Manny, a son of Felix, after blacksmithing for some years in Pennsylvania, became a bluestone dealer at Hankins, where he came in contact with many Irishmen, some of whom tried to make an Irishman out of Manny by spelling it Mahany.

The name Schmidt seems to have become Smith very easily—possibly because the meaning is the same. Wendelin Schmidt, one time a prominent German settler at Youngsville, has two great grandsons now living in Delaware county near Long Eddy, George W. Smith and Milton Smith, who did not know until quite recently that the name had ever been Schmidt. Henry Schmidt (our Hank) has two sons who write their name Smith and many of his brothers and their families have done the same.

The name Whitendale came here as Wichtenthal; Shuman came as Schulmann; Wingert came as Weingart; Likel as Leukel; Knise as Kneis; Wehner as Woehmer; Graby as Grebe; Newberger as Neuberger; Newman as Neumann; Miller as Müller, and Baker as Becker.

Then some names underwent very little change. Fuchs became Fox; Gartner became Gardner; Fischer changed to Fisher; Broun to Brown; Lang to Long; Schneider to Snyder; Bauer to Bower; Jung to Young, and Leins to Lyons.

The name Yaeger or Yager, as now spelled, was Jäger for a generation. The original Michael Jäger settled on the farm now owned by Chas. Heitman on Sixteen, where he built a stone house, and he and his sons appear on all the early records as Jäger.

The Swiss names that are today spelled with a y, used an i in the

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original. Thus Reyman was written Reimann, Bossley as Bosli, Manny as Mani, and Thoeny as Thöni.

The name Myers, one of the earliest German families to settle in the town of Callicoon, was originally spelled Meier. It later became Meyer and then Myers. I have an early record that shows the name Boxberger spelled Bachsberger. Since the letter x was not used in the German as it is in this name, it is likely that the early spelling was Bachsberger. Frank Laufersweiler told me one time that his brother's family, living in Pennsylvania, had dropped part of the name and made it Weiler—a distinct advantage if it needed to be signed often.

It cannot be said that these names were changed deliberately by the persons themselves. Usage had much to do with it. In my name the public seemed to think that the extra i was surplus and never used it; hence it was lost. Then again there has been a notion among some people that the change is merely using the English form of the same name. There might be some ground for this assumption. The law provides a way a family name should be changed. Otherwise it might be difficult to trace a family record, as is sometimes desirable.

May 7 '42

CAPT. EDWARD H. PINNEY

One of the Most Outstanding and Beloved Men in the Town's History—Had a Bright Civil, Legal and Military Career.

By Charles S. Hick.

It would be extremely difficult to select any man who was more deeply respected and in whom the people had a greater confidence and whose friendship was more cherished than was Captain Pinney, whose full name was Edward Harvey Pinney, and who actually had the military rank of major, though he was never known by any title other than captain. It had been my good fortune to know Captain Pinney, though not intimately, but I could not help to observe the delight that every one seemed to take in his company. Every one seemed to love the man. He lived to reach the ripe old age of 89, and to judge by the reputation he left behind him, all these many years must have been spent distributing good cheer among all with whom he came in contact. The town of Callicoon had the good fortune to have benefitted by the most fruitful years of his life.

Captain Pinney was born at Hurd in the town of Bethel on October 4, 1823, the son of Harvey Pinney and Margaret Everard, pioneers in Sullivan county.

The old Pinney home was torn down within the last few years by Granville Prince, who now owns the homestead and has built a modern home on it. The wrecking of the old Pinney house proved that it had been constructed to serve as a fort. It was built of heavy hewn timbers in which loop holes had been notched after the manner followed in building blockhouses on the frontier. Through these loop holes muskets and rifles could fight off a hostile force—for danger of an Indian attack was still imminet when this house was erected. A large fireplace of local stone was constructed in this building.

My neighbor, Charles Wilfert, tells me of boarding with William Henry Pinney, a younger Pinney brother, who remained on the home farm and operated it. Often during evenings William Henry would speak of the past and mentioned the devotion of his two older brothers (Ed and El.) to their studies. This was before kerosene lamps, and the best light for their use in studying was that supplied by the burning fire in the fireplace. These two boys would lie on the floor after the manner in which Abraham Lincoln is often pictured studying when a boy before a fireplace. Their feet were toward the fire and heads away and the books were held so the light from the fire place lighted up the printed page. Abraham Lincoln was but fourteen years older than Captain Pinney.

After attending the local district school at Hurd, where his father taught, the captain entered the old Liberty Normal Institute and came forth to teach in the public schools. In his day these were all one-room schools, for there were no others. He taught in the Upper Beechwoods district, where the Anderson boys were his pupils. Of these Isaac and John F. became prominent lawyers and remained his warm friends as long as they lived. From what I have learned I conclude that it was Captain Pinney, then a young school teacher, that aroused the latent talent in the Andersons and stimulated them on the road that made them the noted lawyers that they afterwards became. It would appear that Pinney was a first rate teacher, even if he became better known as a lawyer and public official. He also taught at Callicoon at the time when the Erie railroad was under construction, and later at Pike Pond and on Chestnut Ridge in the township of Liberty, where he met Harriet Hill, daughter of Nathaniel Barlow Hill, and married her on Christmas day, 1849. For the next year he ran a hotel at Liberty with his brotherinlaw, Nathaniel Hill. Then he settled on a farm on Chestnut Ridge and in 1851 was elected justice of the peace for the town of Liberty. This was the beginning of his career as a public official that was to extend over more than sixty years—for sixty years later he was again elected as justice of the peace for the town of Delaware. This was in 1911, when he was making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Lauretta J. Wales, at Kenoza Lake.

He became more and more interested in law, largely through his association with his two former pupils, the Anderson brothers. After studying law for three years

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he began its practice in the law office of Isaac Anderson in Jeffersonville in 1861 and brought his family here to live. He was now thirty-eight years old.

The Civil War broke out and Lawyer Pinney went out to raise a company of volunteers. His company was known as Company F of the 143rd Regiment, Volunteers, and he was mustered into the military service as a captain. The records show that he and his company were constantly in the thick of the fighting and saw much action. This is shown by a recital of the battles in which he and his company saw action. He was in the following battles: Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Pine Knob, Culp Farm, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Savannah, Averysboro and Bentonville. He was in Sherman's march through Georgia and to the sea.

A history of the 143rd Regiment published in 1892 gives the following facts: It went into camp at Camp Holley near Monticello, where Kiamesha now is, early in September, 1862. On October 8, 1862, it was mustered into service and on October 10 it started to the front by marching to Middletown, whence it was taken by train to New York city and two days later went by train to Washington, where for a year it was assigned to the defenses of the city. This confined them to various parts of Maryland and Virginia, nearby the city of Washington. The regiment was then sent under General Hooker to relieve General Rosencrans in Tennessee. Next they were sent to the army of General Sherman, who after routing Bragg's army moved on to relieve General Burnside with a battle at Missionary Ridge. Here the men met extreme hardship. They had been sent in light marching order, leaving knapsacks, etc., behind. It was cold weather and rain and snow were falling. The men lacked sufficient protection and the only thing that kept them from perishing from the cold was the building of huge fires of logs in parallel lines and sleeping between them in double rows with their feet toward the fire and their heads together. Again at Louden, Tenn., on December 4 and 5, 1863, the regiment was detailed to bridge the Little Tennessee river, a swift river some three hundred yards wide. This was done between 7 p.m. and 5 a.m. and most of the bridge was made with wagons with two planks from bolster to bolster, excepting where the water was deepest. The men had to get into the cold water to work, and on leaving the water it was impossible to reach the river bank before the men's clothing were frozen stiff.



Capt. Pinney, as Soldier.

After this relief to General Burnside, the regiment moved to Bridgeport, Ala., and went into winter quarters until the campaign against Atlanta began in May, 1864. Here again the 143rd Regiment was in the thick of the battle and was con-

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stantly exposed to the enemy's fire. The men were again called upon to bridge a stream, this time the Etowah river. After the surrender of Atlanta, the regiment advanced with Sherman against Savannah, Ga., where skirmish and picket duty was assigned to it.

The last hard battle for the 143rd Regiment was at Bentonville, N.C., where its brilliant service secured it the commendation for "its staying qualities." After Gen. Lee's surrender, the regiment moved north with General Sherman to intercept Johnston's army and then came on to Washington, where it rested for two months and then was sent on to New York city, where it was paid off and disbanded on July 20, 1865. The regiment was reviewed in New York city by General Joseph Hooker, who made a little speech to the men, part of which I quote, "It can be said of this regiment what cannot be said of many regiments—I do not know if it can be said of any others—the Johnnys never seen their backs; but if they had at Peach Tree Creek, God only knows what the result would have been." Captain Pinney and his men were a part of this regiment.

I find that two of the Anderson boys were in his company—John F. and George H. John F. was Pinney's lieutenant and was promoted November 1, 1863, to the rank of captain and assigned to a command in Company E of the same regiment. A great many town of Callicoon boys were in Company F under command of Pinney. I shall mention some of these—John Hofer, Lewis Huff, Sid Pendell, Francis Biffar, David and Marcus Fraser, Herman and Rudolph Von Arx, Aaron Hoagland, Mark and Henry Williams, John Wingert, John Gilbert, Abraham Palmatier, three Miller brothers, George, Henry and John, William Thomas Morgans, (who founded the Record in 1868), John Breiner, Cyrus Quick, Lewis Short, Theodore Lieb, Alfred, Isaac and Stephen Wormuth, four Lent boys, Joseph, Henry, Thomas and Charles, William and Caleb Rose, and a long list of others.

When peace came it was only natural with such a military record behind him that Captain Pinney should be sought out for political honors. He was hardly discharged from the army when he was nominated for the office of district attorney for Sullivan county and easily elected.

In 1869 he was elected supervisor for the town of Callicoon and when he entered the board of supervisors in 1870 he was elected its chairman. In 1875 he was elected special county judge and surrogate, and in 1881 became the assemblyman for Sullivan county to serve several terms. In 1892 he was again the town's supervisor for one term. He followed Fred Hessinger's long tenure and preceded the Scheidells, Frederick and Valentine, father and son. Then he was postmaster four years under President Cleveland's first administration.

The captain was now seventy-one years of age and began to take life a little easy and devote more of his time to pinochle and fishing—both of which were favorite pastimes of his. However, in 1911 he was again nominated for justice of the peace in the town of Delaware and elected. It was significant that he was first elected to the same office sixty years before in the town of Liberty. He was now eighty-eight and did not live to complete his term, but his public life thus was extended over a period of sixty years.

Captain Pinney's home in Jeffersonville was across the highway from that of Judge Alpheus Potts and has long since been called the Attila home and is now owned by Charles Doetsch, whose wife within the past year found two wooden legs stored under the roof—reminiscent of its occupation by the Pinney family. These artificial limbs had been the personal property of Harvey Pinney, a son, who had the misfortune to lose one of his legs. Here the captain and his family of wife and five children lived a happy life. The eldest, Lauretta J., who married Blake G. Wales, son of the Pike Pond tanner, is still living at Fairfield, Conn., and today at an age of over ninety, still has much of her father's keen sense of humor.

After selling his home in Jeffersonville, he and his wife went to live for a time at the Eagle Hotel, operated by Charles Homer, where he enjoyed many a game of pinochle with his friends. He then went to live with Elle E., a son at Liberty, but he longed for his old haunts. So in 1900 the old couple came to Kenoza Lake to live with Mrs. Wales, the daughter, whence

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the old captain could more easily go forth to locate his pinochle partners and entertain his friends with his wit and fund of good stories which he could tell so ably. His wife died in 1907, and he followed in 1912 at the ripe old age of 89.



Capt. Pinney, Assemblyman.

I have longed to know if Captain Pinney learned the German language while living and practicing law among his German neighbors, for the community was almost completely German in his day and no other language was much spoken. His daughter tells me that he did and so did his family. Mrs. Wales recalls that he read jokes in a German almanac and called his neighbor Von Arx to translate them into English for him—possibly to add to his store of available stories to use among his English speaking friends.

I wish I might give my readers more of Captain Pinney's stories. These express better than my words can the character of the man and his sense of humor. I do remember one day when he stopped at the Mansion House with his horse and buggy waiting outside. The horse was not tied. A game of pinochle got under way. The horse grew tired of waiting and started out. Some one came in and reported to the captain that his horse was running away. The captain shook his head and said that he didn't believe it. His horse, he said, might be walking away but he knew he wasn't running. The captain was right.

Another of his stories is a classic among fishermen and I have heard it hundreds of times. The captain went fishing with his brother, who was a minister. In addition to bait, the captain took a bottle with him. As the two sat in the boat waiting for the fish to bite, the preacher brother began to lecture the captain about the danger that lurked in the bottle. The captain countered with the statement that he drank only on two occasions—when he went fishing and when he didn't.

The captain always could see the bright side of life. This is very graphically illustrated by a story told about him and his last illness. In his last years a heart condition developed that required frequent tapping. At one of these operations the captain looked at the doctor and asked him, "Doctor, what is that you are drawing out of me?" To this the doctor responded in good faith, "Why, captain, that's water—just water." To which the captain responded slowly, "Now, how do you suppose that ever got in me. I never drank any." The captain was jokingly referring to his taste for something stronger than water.

But let it be said here that the captain never was a heavy drinker and that his indulgence never caused him to lose his keen wit and wisdom and self-respect or the respect of his hosts of friends. He left behind him a reputation of honor and service in civil, legal and military life that has provided a bright spot in the history of the town of Callicoon.

May 14 '42

CENTENNIAL EXHIBIT.

Tools and Implements Showing How Our Pioneers Lived and Worked—Have You Any to Loan?

By Charles S. Hick.

Sullivan's Record, May 14, 1942

The centennial committee at one of its meetings received a suggestion that a museum (so called) be assembled as a part of the centennial celebration. Space for this exhibit was provided in the Masonic Hall building and articles for the exhibition have been coming in increasing numbers and many more have been promised. These exhibits portray in a way impossible on the printed page how our pioneers lived and labored.

An old lantern loaned by Thomas C. Brown, in which a candle supplied the light that shone out through small holes punched through the tin sides of the lantern making it look very much like a nutmeg grater, gives a vivid idea of the contrast that now exists in lighting. Imagine a man lighting his way on a dark night through a forest, as existed at the time this was constructed, following marked trees (a blazed trail). Another old type lantern loaned by Otto Bollenbach and which had been the property of Professor Josef Stuehler, a music teacher and composer who at one time had a conservatory in Jeffersonville, has four glass sides but drew its light from a candle. Another exhibit is a candle mold used for making candles at home. More of these have been promised.

Victor Hofer's tripod, used in surveying much of the land in this and surrounding towns, is of real historical value. The surveying instruments used by him exist and I hope that they may also be loaned for the exhibit. This tripod is a fine example of handicraft and made entirely by hand with hand tools.

A yoke for use in working an ox singly is shown—also a yoke known as a patent yoke, loaned by Henry Kempf. Generally an ox was worked singly to cultivate corn or other crops; still some pioneers had but one ox and made him serve for all work. I have been told that my paternal grandfather did his farm work with a cow broke to the yoke. This practice is common in Europe.

Several farming tools no longer in use are shown, though many are by no means rare. A grain cradle is among these; it was used for cutting grain. Men in the past boasted of their skill in handling this tool. The American Agriculturist published recently an account that claimed that a man in the past one day from sun up to sun down cut eight acres of rye with a cradle. I have no way of verifying this claim. I am able to swing a cradle myself and know that a good cradler could walk right along doing the job, but it was very heavy work. If the man who cut the eight acres in a day got to bed that night he was ready for his sleep. Cradling was a highly specialized skill, (of which the pioneer farmer needed many) that is of little value today with machine tools, reaper and binder to do this work.

Butter bowls and ladles bring to mind a big home industry on the farms of the town when there was no sale for fluid milk and the milk was converted into butter which was either bartered at the country store or shipped to a commission merchant in New York city. An old type cream dipper, hand made, is also in the exhibit. The remaining skim milk was often made into hand cheese (hand kaess), which looked like big snow balls when first made but smelled like limburger (or worse) when ready for the table. Caraway seed (kümmel) which was grown in every yard was often mixed with the cheese Personally I am very fond of this cheese.

One interesting exhibit is an old cutting box used for cutting corn stalks, straw, etc., into short lengths to feed to the cattle. This was necessary especially when the hay crop was light and the hay had to be rationed to the cattle to insure it lasting throughout the winter season until pasture time. The cutting box converted into fodder everything that otherwise would not have been eaten by the stock and which, augmented with browsing, provided sufficient bulk to bring the cattle through the winter.

This cutting box on display is the property of Arthur Luchs and has been in use by John M. Eggler

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from whom it was obtained. My father had one like it when I was young. Many others exist. Examination of this box will show that it is hand-made, with the use of very little steel or iron. Wooden pegs are used in many places. The cutting knife is made from a scythe meant for a grain cradle and made over to serve its purpose on the cutter. To look at this cutting box and then at the modern ensilage shredder and cutter, of which it was the forerunner, shows a great change and improvement in this phase of farming.

The old threshing flails, pancake batter crocks and the old pioneer mortar remind us of grain, pancakes and flour—pancakes in particular. The old mortar on display is over 150 years old and served the pioneer as a mill in which he ground his grain into flour at home. This particular one is mine and served some pioneer in Onondaga county. When it first came into my possession I showed it to the late William Bollenbach, the local miller. Mr. Bollenbach took one look at it and told me what it was. He called it "the first mill" and added, "they weren't as particular then that their flour be fine," and proceeded to bring out from a shelf in his office in the mill a volume that pictured the development of the modern flour mill. The original mill shown in the pictures in his book was almost identical with the one I had—hence his description of it was "the first mill." Flails were everywhere used to thresh grain. Various methods were used to fasten the flail to the handle. Other exhibits of flails will illustrate this. The pancake batter crocks were very essential in the pioneer home. Buckwheat cakes made the chief breakfast food—though in many homes they were eaten two and sometimes three times a day—and relished. I must add that no breakfast of orange juice, toast and coffee would have enabled these pioneers to clear the land, improve it and dig a living out of these hillsides.

We have no spinning wheels but are promised several. I desire some of the German type which was treaded and also some of the New England type which had a large wheel five feet or more in diameter. The first type was operated from a sitting position, but the New England type was operated by remaining in a standing position and the wheel was kept in motion by regular strokes from the operator's hand. I hope, too, to have a flax wheel and a reel, or reels, that every spinner needed to get her yarn into skeins or hanks. Flax spinning was quite common in this section in pioneer days. Fine pieces of linen made by hand from local grown flax are still in existence. Many a person can remember seeing the spinning of wool.

Guns are always interesting in an exhibit. A Swiss target rifle, once the property of Victor Hofer, a Swiss pioneer, now in the exhibit, is an exquisite piece of workmanship, all hand work and very skillfully done. Several designs are inlaid with gold while the stock and ram rod are tipped with horn. It bears a date of 1840, and I would estimate it must have taken a year to make and adorn it. The trigger is pushed forward to fire the rifle, instead of pulling backwards on it. The trigger guard when in place will not permit the firing of the gun, but when unscrewed it serves as a rest for the rifle for aiming and firing. Another gun is a crude affair with a barrel about four inches long and a stock made of a natural growth from the forest on which there is still some of the bark. This was loaned by Arthur Luchs and was once the property of Louis Hauschild, local gunsmith and locksmith of long ago and who may have made it. A navy musket made at Springfield with a date of 1835 has been loaned by Theodore Bollenbach. Bullet molds, lead ladles, powder horn and powder and shot pouch are also in the exhibit. Several more old guns are expected.

The only tools we have that are associated with the tanning industry are two spuds—a special tool for peeling bark, and a flesher or beam tool that was used to remove flesh and hair from hides before they were tanned. A V-tooth crosscut saw is also in the exhibit—the kind in use in bark peeling days.

Two interesting exhibits are bear traps. One is credited with having caught a bear and the other is said to have caught a man.

The legendary Tom Quick drinking cup has come in for the exhibit. Tom Quick was the noted Indian slayer who roamed these

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hills and whose exploits were written by James E. Quinlan and published at Monticello in 1852. Tom Quick stopped frequently at the Coger tavern on the Neversink river, where he had his favorite drinking cup which he hid away when he left. Years later, when the Coger tavern was remodeled, a wooden drinking cup was found in the frame of the building. This cup has become the legendary Tom Quick drinking cup. It was cut out of a birch knarl by hand and will hold more than a pint.

Practically all exhibits show the skills brought in use by the pioneers to fashion tool and equipment for their own needs. A fine basket on exhibit shows this. It is made of rye straw and splits made from a birch stick. It is loaned by Mrs. Val Keim and was made by her grandfather Miller. Although made from the simplest materials obtainable, the basket is sturdy and strong and of excellent craftsmanship. Practically every tool is hand-made. Two large augers were made by John Spencer, the Youngsville blacksmith who specialized in augers and became the first postmaster there in 1851. Other handmade tools include Dutch hoes, braces, bits, drills, adz, nail hammer and cleaver. Hand-made nails, hinges, locks, latches, sausage stuffer, cream dipper and dinner horn are also in the lot.

Edward Kastner has loaned a leather shoe for a small girl. It has wooden pegs in the soles, is hand sewed and has a copper toe plate. He also loaned an account book written by the late William J. Harding in 1864-65 when Harding clerked for Maria Hoagland, his motherinlaw. This book is what is known as a day book or journal and its entries convey a lot of history and give a view of storekeeping in that day.

Elmer Ostrum has brought in another very interesting book. It is a hand written textbook, very neatly and ornamentaly done in ink with a quill pen. I have known of one such book before made by Rollin Stoddard, late of Youngsville. I assume that time was more plentiful then than money and so the time was used to write out the textbook. E. V. McDermott has promised me some interesting schoolbooks which he has.

The exhibit promises to become very interesting and it is surprising to learn of the great number of things of interest that can be acquired. Everybody seems glad to contribute whatever he or she may have that will serve the purpose. Many of these articles are considered priceless by the owners and could not be bought; yet they are glad to loan them if assured that they will be protected. A keen interest is displayed by the public in the exhibit and no better means exists to portray the life of yesteryear to the people of today.

May 21 '42

A CENTENNIAL PROGRAM.

Revival of Old-time Crafts and Industries—Yankee Pioneers Learned to Speak German From Their German Neighbors.

By Charles S. Hick.

Sullivan Advocate May 21 '42

The committee's concept of celebrating the Centennial of the town of Callicoon is that it should aim primarily to make people bring to mind the past of the town and its people. Particularly do we feel that any program should make an effort to reflect the lives of its people—how they lived, worked and played. Much of the material that has gone into the articles that have so far been printed in the Record have served to do this. We are quite convinced of the success of these writings to accomplish this purpose. Our judgment is supported by statements by people from far and wide who have been reading these articles. I hope to continue to write these articles, as I have plenty of material at hand. My aim is and has been to give my readers an actual picture of the men and women who preceded us in the town. We feel that this town has much of which it can be justly proud—a record which all the sons and daughters of the town will want to see in print.

In some few ways this town's history is different from other towns. Outstanding in this difference is the fact that the town was settled by a large number of Germans, who came here as refugees at the same time and in the same manner as did Carl Schurz and Franz Sigel, German refugees who have been ranked as great American national leaders and patriots. The census of 1865 shows 316 German families living in the township, and the great majority of these came to America immediately following the German Revolution of 1848, many leaving everything (often even their families) behind. This German immigration was so complete that for nearly fifty years the German language was spoken almost exclusively within a large part of the town. The spoken German language so completely dominated the every day affairs of the people throughout the town that the non-German families learned the language by their association with their neighbors. Maurice Borden, former supervisor of the town of Liberty, and father of Sheriff Harry Borden, though of New England Yankee stock, speaks German fluently because he grew up among neighbors that spoke little else. Thomas Brown, a Callicoon pioneer, came from England and settled west of Youngsville. He and his children learned to speak the German language in the same manner. Many an Irishman became German speaking by the same route.

A sprinkling of Swiss (the 1865 census shows 25 families) settled in the eastern part of the town. These were German speaking Swiss, but their spoken German was a dialect hardly understood by the Germans that had come from Germany. These Swiss brought customs and skills with them from Europe that must be considered in assembling the town's history.

The Connecticut Yankees and Hudson river Dutch preceded the Germans and the Swiss into the town. These had generations of pioneering behind them and they were thoroughly at home in the "busch." But for these Yankee and Hudson river Dutch neighbors, the suffering of the early German and Swiss pioneers would have been far greater than they were. The Germans and Swiss had been village dwellers and every man a craftsman or artisan. None were woodsmen.

The museum (as I prefer to call it) in the Masonic Hall store window has exceeded our expectations and has attracted exhibits that I hardly thought could be procured. These exhibits serve very graphically to give the observer a picture of the life of our forefathers. The committee is pleased with the response that came from so many people to loan articles in their possession and in other ways to aid in making this museum a success. We expect considerably more exhibits.

The committee feels that on the day of the celebration there should be a revival of all the old-time crafts and industries, so far as can be. The following have been listed and will be shown if possible:

Spinning.—We hope that we can get some woman to operate a

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spinning wheel in the same manner as done by our grandmothers, so that the public may see it done. This would be spinning wool, though flax was spun in this section, too.

Weaving.—Several old-time looms exist that in days past were used for weaving cloth but for many years now have woven only rag carpet. Many of these looms were constructed by use of the ax mainly, as an examination of one will show. One of these in operation at the time of the celebration will be interesting and instructive and at the same time convey a fine bit of local history.

Making Soft Soap.—Every pioneer home had a leach stone as an essential part of its home soap making equipment. The hardwood ashes were carefully saved over the year, placed in a barrel where it was packed over a small amount of straw in the bottom and the potash extracted from the ashes by leaching. This was done by placing the barrel filled with the ashes on the leach stone, hot water poured slowly over the ashes until the ashes were thoroughly saturated and the lye containing the potash ran out of the bottom of the barrel through gimlet holes on to the leach stone and followed the grooves chiseled in the stone into a container placed in position to catch this lye. The lye was then placed in a big kettel hanging in the yard under which a hot fire was kept to boil down the lye until it was sufficiently concentrated; then fats were added and the soft soap resulted. This was stored in a barrel in the cellar and dipped out with a dipper as needed. The whole process might be difficult to show, but a barrel of ashes placed on a leach stone would give a picture of how soft soap was made in the days past.

Flail Threshing.—Three men working together threshing grain as was done in the old days would be a fine exhibit. We believe that this would be a fine exhibit of the manner in which grain was threshed in the old days. Some of the men in the Youngsville fire department will make an effort to stage this on a float on an auto truck. The Youngsville firemen are an active group and this should be a fine display.

Making Pump Logs.—Metal pipe was never used by the pioneers when it was necessary to lead the water from a spring to the buildings. Instead, logs were bored out by the use of a special auger and these fitted together to convey the water from the spring to where it was wanted. In times past several such pump log boring machines were owned by different men who followed this kind of work as a business. I have located one such outfit and hope to have some one set it up to afford the people an opportunity to see how this was done. These were called "pump logs," but when used to lead water they were not pumps. The term was applied, however, possibly because the same machine was used to manufacture a pump out of a log. In making a pump the part that showed above the ground was made out of cherry, turned on a lathe and fitted with a pump handle and plunger fitted with leather valves. No part was factory made, but instead all was made out of local material on the job. Some of these old pumps have been in service until quite recently.

Wooden Scoops.—Wooden scoops or shovels at one time were in use on every farm and became an article of trade and were received by local stores in barter. Large quantities were shipped out. At the present time there is a big demand for these wooden scoops for use in powder mills, and Martin Hamilton has been producing them in large quantities for this demand in his shop between Eureka and Sundown. There are men in this section who know how to take a piece of a log and with an ax and a few other simple tools produce a scoop from it in a surprisingly short time. All but the younger men in the town can remember Joe Conklin, who made a home in a shanty near the farm of Supervisor Walter Weiss. Joe was the best-known scoop maker in the town. He owned no timber and never bought any. When he made scoops he "borrowed" his timber, but that seemed a practice quite common among scoop makers. We expect to have some one on the job to demonstrate the making of a wooden scoop—though it will not be Joe Conklin, for Joe is now making scoops inside the Pearly Gates, we hope.

Hand Shaved Shingles.—Until recent years many of the buildings in the town were roofed with hand-shaved shingles made locally. At one time there were no others used, and shingles were offered in bar-

ter at the local store. To make shingles it was first necessary to select a tree that split straight and there were men who could go in a growth of hemlock and select the trees that would make shingles by the appearance of the bark on the tree—and never make a mistake. Sometimes today a man with a reputation for good judgment is referred to as "a man who can pick trees that make shingles." The trees were cut into lengths of eighteen inches and quartered by the use of a frow. These quarters were then split into sections that tapered to a point at the heart of the tree. These sections were then held in a bench where they were shaved and shaped by the use of a drawing knife. This bench served many purposes in the pioneer home and is in fact the "schnitzelbank" of song fame. We believe many will want to see how shingles were made on the old schnitzelbank.

Wooden Hoops.—Coopers in times past used wooden hoops exclusively—metal hoops had not come into use. Such wooden hoops were split out of small trees or rather from poles. It generally became a winter job that could be done under shelter when the weather was too severe to work outside. Records show that these hoops were also bartered at the local store and I can remember seeing a large shed at Livingston Manor piled full of bales of wooden hoops ready to be shipped away. We have not yet found a man who can make hoops for us at the celebration, but hope to find one. Possibly some one reading these lines can help the committee find such a man.

Wooden Troughs.—In the past wooden troughs were everywhere and served a multitude of purposes. The watering troughs that lined the highways to afford the traveling horses and oxen a place to get a drink, those needed on the farm for watering the stock and feeding the hogs, and those used in the sap woods where today tin buckets are in use, were all made by chopping them out of pieces of logs by the use of an ax and adze. When a pioneer prepared to tap his sap bush he needed to go in the woods a month or more before and get his troughs ready into which the sap from the maple trees was caught from sap spiles made out of sumac. One or more such sap troughs was set under each tree that was tapped, and gathering the sap was done by means of a dipper with which the sap from the trough was dipped into the pail used for gathering the sap. Sap yokes were used to carry the heavy loads of sap gathered in this way. Another and much bigger trough, often two or more, at the sap place served for storing the sap until it could be boiled into maple syrup or sugar. These storage troughs were often large enough to hold two, three and four barrels of sap. Troughs chopped out by an ax and an adze are distinctly a part of the past. We expect to have a man doing this work as a part of the celebration.

Hewing Timber.—Shaping a timber out of the woods to be used in a building is by no means a lost art, but in the past it was an everyday affair. We believe we can get a man or two men to hew a timber with an ax and a broad ax and smooth it off with a slick for a part of our celebration.

Making a Wax-End.—Every home needed to sew leather either for the harness or the boots and shoes and each home was equipped to do this. All country stores stocked the linen thread that was needed and the necessary shoemaker's wax needed to make the wax-end that was used. The making of a wax-end was quite an operation. First three or more strands of the linen was wound into a tight thread (more strands were used if a heavy thread was needed). This was coated with the shoemaker's wax by pulling the thread over the ball of wax. A hog's bristle was then fitted in each end of the thread in lieu of a needle. In the sewing a hole was first made with an awl and the bristle pushed through the awl hole and the thread pulled through after it. Fastening the bristle in the wax end was a special technique that I do not know. This should be an interesting display for the celebration.

Joseph K. Strawbridge and myself have gone over the pageant he has outlined, and it seems very good to me. I had hoped to be able to give more detail of it in this article, but it will be ready for next week.

May 28 '42

A PAGEANT FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

J. K. Strawbridge Is Preparing Scenes of the Town's History From the Frontier Wilderness, Where Indians and Wild Turkey First Abounded, to the High Spots of Development.

By Charles S. Hick.

Fortunately for the Centennial committee, the Jeffersonville central school has on its faculty an unusually able young man, who has attained national recognition for his work in the forensic arts. I refer to Joseph K. Strawbridge. He has undertaken to stage a pageant for the coming Centennial celebration. This pageant will present scenes from the history of the town of Callicoon for the entertainment of the people, with a hope that some of the high spots in the history of the town of Callicoon can thus be shown.

Haunt of the Wild Turkey.

The first scene would be one in the wilderness frontier when the forest had still been untouched by the white man's ax and huge beech trees grew on the ridges bearing a wealth of nuts to the delight of the wild turkey that came here to feed—wild game of all kinds abounded in the forest and the streams were filled with the choicest trout. The only human that had trod these lands were the Indians. This was the home of the Lenape Indians, a branch of the Delawares that belonged to the Algonquins who inhabited much of the North American continent. The Iroquois nation of Central New York, a war-like group, challenged the claims of the Lenapes and in this very territory gave them battle and finally conquered the Lenapes. This land, then, was the battle ground between two Indian tribes, the Lenapes and the Iroquois.

Indians Were Here.

Indian villages existed at different places about us. Several families lived in one long house in a sort of communal life and in it carried on the various industries that fell to the lot of different members of the community. In and around this long house the various games and sports of these Indians were played.

The First White Men.

The showing of the Indian village will be followed by a showing of the white men who came to the area in the very early days to trap and explore. These came mainly from settlements along the Hudson river, but many a Connecticut Yankee came, too, for Connecticut claimed its territory extended through here and beyond the Delaware river. It is evident from early records that the territory here was quite well known to men in Connecticut. The early Swede in New Jersey also came in here to hunt and trap and explore, as did some of William Penn's colonists. These appraised the land and found profit in the good hunting and fine trapping. Beaver and other valuable fur bearing animals abounded, were easily taken, and the pelts were readily converted into wealth. And what could be more welcome for the table when the hunter reached home than a brace of wild turkey fattened on the beechnuts that were so plentiful here and imparted such a delicious flavor to the bird's flesh? Bringing home the wild turkey, thus, from the hunt in these parts caused this land to be known as the land of the turkey. This is where Callicoon received its name—from the wild turkey that fed on its beechnuts.

Land Grant From Queen Anne.

In 1707 Major Johannes Hardenburgh, a merchant of Kingston, N. Y., bought of Manisinos, a sachem of the Esopus Indians, at a cost of 60 pounds (English money) all the land ever since known as the Hardenburgh Patent. This was at a cost of less than one-tenth of a mill per acre. This deal with the Indians was required before a grant of land could be made by England. On April 20, 1708, Queen Anne of England made, for an annual payment of $7.50, a grant of this land to Major Hardenburgh, Leonard Lewis, Philip Rokeby, William Nottingham, Benjamin Faneuil, Peter Fauconnier, Robert Lurtig and Augustus Graham. These eight men did not divide their land. They could not. It had not been surveyed and without

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a survey there was no way to make a division. Many of the original patentees sold or traded their interests. In 1749 the land was finally divided into eight portions and partitioned among the individuals and the Hardenburgh Patent was no longer under the common ownership of the heirs and assigns of the original patentees. Until now it was quite impossible to sell any of this land to colonists or other persons who might wish to purchase it. After this partition the individual owners sold large blocks of lots. The new owners were likely land speculators. Among these new owners were the DeWitts, the Broadheads, Ruggles, Elmendorf, Kiersted, Livingston and many others.

Arrival of DeWitts.

The next scene in the pageant shows these new land owners coming into the town to look over the land they had bought. John DeWitt, one of these, is seen making an appraisal of his holdings. John had been one of the organizers of the new Newburgh-Cochecton turnpike and was now one of its largest stockholders. His investment in the turnpike was bringing him big returns. The impression he received on this trip of his lands near Youngsville was most favorable and he definitely made up his mind to settle on it and make his permanent home there. He laid out a road to this choice land, had over a hundred acres cleared, but died before he was ready to come here to live.

The Wood Family and Burial.

In the scene that follows we see the first permanent settlers come to the town in 1811 to live on three farms bought of Ruggles. These settlers were the Woods—one old man, William Wood, a widower, and his three sons—Garrett, David and Edward. Each son was married and brought his wife. The three farms that had been bought by the Woods and on which they now undertook to build log cabins and make into homes are now occupied by Leo Hemmer, the one next to him called the Royce farm and on which Earl Dibble now lives, and the Lagerman farm about a half a mile further north. While erecting shelters on their own farms, the Woods occupied the log cabin that had been erected by Captain Mitchell of Hurd for Andrew DeWitt but never completed for want of shingle nails. This cabin stood east of the present state road quite near the stream across the highway where Frank LeRoy now lives. Looking into the homes of one of these Wood families we can see how simply they lived. History gives us a pathetic picture of the funeral of the wife of Garrett Wood on the Lagerman farm, who died shortly after they settled in their new home. A shroud was bought at Buckley's store at Liberty where the brother-in-law's wife walked to obtain it. The husband's two brothers undertook to make a coffin. There was no lumber, though timber was everywhere in abundance. A straight grained tree was selected and felled, cut in proper lengths and split into strips by use of a frow and then pinned together with wooden pegs. Thus with an ax, a frow, an auger and a good pocket knife a suitable coffin was made in the wilderness and decent burial given to the brother's dead wife on the home farm where today the grave of this first white person exists.

The tools mentioned above are about what the pioneer had when he entered the wilderness—and he knew how to manage with these few. His cooking was done over a fire in a stone fireplace. The furniture—what there was of it—was made out of timber at hand—a table made with an ax, blocks of wood for chairs, and hemlock boughs served for a bed.

Solomon Royce, Colonizer.

The next scene brings in Solomon Royce as a young man who with his half brother came from Connecticut to survey the Newburgh-Cochecton turnpike. He came into possession of a large tract of land in the township and was agent for large tracts of other owners, such as the Denning tract. He traveled extensively over these lands, visited such settlers to whom he had sold land and his visits were always welcome. He did not forget his patrons after he had sold them land. Many of these were often in dire need and relief came to them through Solomon Royce. These settlers knew no other source of relief and many of them were kept from starvation by his bounty, which was never left unpaid.

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First Town Meeting.

This brings the pageant to the first town meeting and it is expected that the present town board will dramatize this first town meeting. This meeting was held on May 3, 1842, at the home of George G. DeWitt, at the same place and in the same house where Samuel Miller lives today. George G. DeWitt was the dominating force behind this first town meeting. He belonged to the same family of DeWitts that had cleared the first land whose head was John. George was a grandson of John's brother Peter. George DeWitt was here because of ill health. The climate here and the smell of the evergreen trees had a healing effect on him, and his old ailment gave him no trouble here.

Bringing in the Germans.

After the scene of the first town meeting we bring back Solomon Royce meeting his German settlers who had become his devoted friends. Royce recognized in these Germans the type of tillers of the soil that would prosper on his land. If he could attract enough of them he could build a prosperous farm community and at the same time sell the land he had held so long, for Solomon Royce was now an old man. He selected two of these Germans (possibly more) to become his agents to go among the German immigrant refugees who were arriving in large numbers in New York city during the latter part of 1840s and attract from them settlers for Royce's acres. These two agents were Francis Breiner and Francis Biffar. Handbills printed in the German language were distributed among these immigrants. These handbills must have been a good piece of advertising. For these with the work of Royce's agents produced results and in the census of 1865 the town showed a total of 326 German families settled in homes in the town. As a result, Solomon Royce, in his old age, became a wealthy man.

The First School.

A typical frontier school will be shown in the pageant. The first town meeting voted twice as much money as was required for the use of the public schools of the town. This shows that the schools got off to a good start from the friendly hands of the first settlers. George G. DeWitt, who presided over this meeting, was a graduate of Yale University in 1826. Another influential man in this meeting was Rollin Stoddard, a Youngsville school teacher (and grandfather of the present town clerk, Mabel Stoddard), who came from a family of educators. This first school, long since disappeared, stood on the turn in the road about one-fourth mile east of Leo Hemmer's home where the road starts north to go past the Sidney Brown farm. The old building has for many years served Samuel Miller as a hen house. There was no modern furniture in any such pioneer school. The benches had no backs. Along the walls were boards fastened at a slant which served the pupils as desks where they needed to stand up to work. Few books existed, none suitable for young children. When not at their desks or in class the "scholars" (as all pupils were called) were to remain in order on the benches, which must have been very tiring. The birch or waterbeech "gad" (as a whip was called) was always within easy reach of the teacher and was freely and savagely used on unruly boys and girls alike. I am sure the fear of the water beech gad was quite necessary to compel order on the hard benches with no place to rest the back. The dunce stool stood in the corner and the dunce cap nearby. The wooden water bucket with dipper provided the water supply and at regular intervals some one was designated to pass the water. All drank from the common drinking cup and the water that remained in the dipper either was returned to the water bucket or thrown on the schoolroom floor. Slates and slate pencils served for writing. A small sponge was the proper means for cleaning a slate, but the most common way was to spit on the slate and wipe it off with the shirt or dress sleeve. School books were scarce and difficult to learn from.

Tanning Business a Lost Art.

The tannery business was the big business, but nothing remains by which it can be portrayed. However, the pageant can bring the business to mind by showing how the men went to the bark woods with axes and spuds to peel the bark off the hemlock trees. If it

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were possible to reproduce the smell that must have been ever present around that tannery and on tannery workers, it would be something that would be remembered but probably not relished.

The Old Country Store.

The typical country store came to each settlement with the tanneries. A scene showing such a country store gives a good picture of olden times. Here the crowd gathered and sat on the proverbial cracker barrel and exchanged news and opinions, and the state of the nation was discussed at length together with views of local politics. Those men who could not find cracker barrels to sit on sat on chairs, blocks of wood taken from the wood box or any make-shift that could be found, or sat on their haunches or even directly on the floor. Whittling and tobacco chewing became fine arts with these store groups. The shavings that resulted from the whittling must have provided the storekeeper with plenty of fuzz to use in building his fire the next morning. The tobacco chewing developed spitters. A fellow who could not center a knot hole at six feet was not an expert spitter. In the country store during a cold evening, when a good fire was raging in the wood burning box type chunk stove, the spitter aimed at the hot sides. The sizzling down the hot stove told him if he made a hit. The remains dripped into a sand filled box under the stove,but with no delight to the storekeeper.

The country store was a general store and always called itself so. It sold everything and bought everything or exchanged it with the customers in barter. The country store was possibly an essential in the development of the democracy. Its passing has taken away a valuable avenue for shaping public opinion. Today not even a single seat can be found in the modern country store, and the cracker barrell is gone forever.

An Outstanding Townsman.

Many individual men stand out in the town's history, but no one of them stands out in so many ways in the development of the town as does Captain Edward H. Pinney. He had hardly settled in the town when he gathered around him a company of volunteers to take them to the front in the defense of the country. On his return he practiced law for many, many years and because he was one of the town's best loved and ablest men, he was called to public office and served up to the time of his death. We see Captain Pinney as three different men—soldier, lawyer and public official.

The Old-time Picnic.

The final scene and the climax of the pageant is that of one of the outdoor picnics when everybody dons his best clothes, whatever the best might be, and goes out to make merry. Since Gilbert's band was the real thing for picnic music we find it here. The dancing starts early and lasts late. We see the old-time German dances revived; we see groups of Germans singing German drinking and love songs, with now and then a group of Swiss breaking in with a typical Swiss song that required parts to be yodeled in true Swiss falsetto yodeling—not the modern cowboy imitation. About 1880 the city boarder began to appear at these picnics because he was vacationing on the farms and the summer boarding business had made its start. The city boarder brought with him modern dances from the city which finally crowded out the old-time schottische, polka, dreher, ich stoss dich in die ripp (I poke you in the ribs), rutsch hier und rutsch hin (slide here and slide there) and the old-time square dances and lancers. The desire to "go modern" had taken hold of the native. This brought a change from the old to the new which increased in momentum as the number of farms taking boarders increased and enlarged their houses to take more and more summer guests until this came to be the main cash crop on most of the farms and a new prosperity was here. The old days were gone and a new epoch was present. This new epoch changed all of life in the town. The mail order house had replaced to an extent the country store, which too grew modern.

June 4, 42

PREPARATIONS FOR THE CELEBRATION

Addresses of Natives and Friends of Town Wanted—Job of Reception Committee—Old Costumes Wanted—Museum Growing Big—Exhibits Still Wanted—History Articles to Be Continued.

By Charles S. Hick.

Callicoon Sullivan Co Record June 4 1942

In this space this week I desire to promote the celebration of the town's centennial on June 27, 1942, and I want to appeal to all readers of these lines to help spread the news of the coming celebration. The committee needs the names and addresses of all persons to whom letters should be sent—letters in which the information about the celebration on June 27 is given so that all sons, daughters and friends of the town of Callicoon might know about the centennial and plan to return to the town for the occasion. Miss Martha M. Scheidell is in charge of collecting such a list of names and addresses as a mailing list and has done a good job at it. However, no one person can gather all the names that the committee should have and it would be a sad thing if any person failed to get the information telling of this celebration, particularly if such a one were anxious to return to the town for the centennial celebration. To have such a man learn of the affair after it was over would be pathetic. It would be regrettable that any person living at some distant place failed to get the information because some one had failed to supply the name and address. It can be understood that compiling such a mailing list is not an easy job and the committee must ask the help of every one that can do so. So you who read these lines are hereby asked to write down the names and addresses of all persons whom you feel should receive one of these letters that has been prepared by the committee. Use your own judgment as to whose names should be on this list. We hope that we might get the names of all persons who call the town of Callicoon his or her home town, or adopted town, so that no one will be missed. If we had them all we would have a perfect job. In particular we desire the names and addresses of the descendants of pioneer settlers in this town, even if such descendants have been born elsewhere. Could it be possible to reach all the descendants of the original Wood families or the Hemmers or the Seiberts or the Weyrauchs, or the Husts, etc., etc., the Centennial Celebration would then be a real home coming—for the committee wants this to be a real homecoming for all those who love the town of Callicoon. Any list of names and addresses that any reader will be good enough to prepare for us should go to Miss Scheidell.

The readers of these lines can help in another way. This is by writing to friends and relatives who have moved to distant parts and tell them about this coming celebration. A personal letter from some one back home will be better publicity than a printed letter and will bring results. This would make certain that they know about it. We believe that many of the readers of this column will be glad to do this. We judge this from the response that has met other requests made through this space. We are deeply thankful for the keen interest that so many persons have shown in the preparations for this centennial and for the help received from them.

A reception committee has been named to be on the job at the time of the celebration to help the visitors meet old friends and neighbors. Many of the persons who return to this celebration will meet childhood friends and acquaintances whom they have not seen for thirty and forty years, and such meetings will provide the main satisfaction to many of the persons who come back for the day. This reception committee will make it a business to help such persons meet such old-time friends. Every person will be asked to register and these names will be used to help our visitors locate the persons they may want to meet. Often persons who have not seen each other in thirty or more years will not recognize each other. The reception committee will be on hand to help out in these cases. The success of the celebration will depend on this phase of the contact among visitors, and the committee believes it can be done effectively.

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Old Costumes Wanted.

The committee has need for costumes such as were worn long ago. I am informed that some suits of men's clothes and women's dresses, such as were worn in the long, long ago, are hidden away in trunks and attics in the town or nearby. Such costumes are needed to aid in staging the pageant. If you know where such old-time clothes are in hiding kindly let us know. Joseph K. Strawbridge, who is in charge of the staging of the pageant, is the person to whom the information should go.

The Museum Growing.

The museum started two weeks or so ago has far exceeded the expectations of any one—thanks to the fine help of a great many persons who have volunteered their help. The original space in the store windows in Masonic Hall has proven quite too small to display all the exhibits. The store windows in the Winfield Hessinger and the Otto W. Meyer buildings are also now used for exhibits, and Fred Kispert has equipped his show window at his own expense to display the old-time guns and pistols. The display to date fills seven show windows, and more and more exhibits are coming in every day to attract the interest of all passers-by. This fine spirit of co-operation is appreciated by the committee.

Some exhibits that have so far not come and which we would like are implements used for cooking over a fire in a fireplace. Such utensils were in use in this town. For instance, a frying pan which had three legs under it that permitted it to be set over coals in the fireplace was one such utensil.

Where can we get a corn husk mattress? Before the factory mattress made its appearance most people slept on straw ticks filled with flail-threshed rye straw. A deluxe edition of such a bed was a tick filled with corn husks. A corn husk mattress must have been an aristocrat in pioneer bedding. Where is there one?

We have a fine rope bed, but can any one locate a trundle bed? A trundle bed was a small edition of the big rope bed and was slid under the big bed during the day and brought out at night to provide the sleeping space for the little ones who were too large for the cradle and yet too small to join the older children in their beds in the loft. Can any one locate such a bed for us? Then we would like, too, to have an old-time baby cradle or two. One type was a low box-like affair and another was high with slat sides. Usually these were made out of good wood, often walnut. Both types were on rockers, to rock the baby to sleep.

We have no old soapstone griddle, used to bake pancakes before the iron griddle came into use. Is there one around for our exhibit?

We have one old plow—an old-time corn plow, so called—but would welcome other old-time plows to our exhibit. Old-time plows had wooden beams—iron was scarce. One type called 2½D was in common use. Who has one? Who has an old-time cultivator? I can remember seeing one old one that had a wooden frame with the shovels faced with iron. Others were fitted with spring teeth, such as today used in a spring-tooth harrow. Harold Reinheimer tells me he has one of the first threshing machines stored in his hay mow. This had no fanning mill attached. That will make a good exhibit. I can remember that "A" drag—so-called because the frame was of wood and shaped like the letter A. This frame had peg teeth driven through it and served to cover seed. A harrow was used for no other purpose in the old days because the soil contained plenty of leaf mold and was mellow and did not pack as it does now. Plenty teeth from these A drags are around, but does anybody have one of the drags?

An old-time tread horse power seems a thing of the past, as is the sweep power. The coming of the gasoline engine took their job away from them and they went into the discard and into decay. One may be stored some place and it may be secured to be placed on display. Who knows of one?

Louis Bayer tells me he can provide a tread dog power. Another type of dog power was in use. This was in the form of a disc built of timber and boards about eight or nine feet across, centered on a spindle on a slant so that when the dog trod it the disc would revolve and supply the power that churned

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the butter. I have seen one of these on a hill above Sundown in Ulster county, but it was fastened to the building and could not be removed.

We haven't any old-time up and down saw blades such as were in use in the many saw mills in the town. One such to place on exhibit would be a real contribution.

We have no flint lock guns and we would like at least one. Who can find one for us?

Who has any home-spun and home woven cloth? This is likely made up in blankets or sheets. We would like to locate enough of this to make up an exhibit for the day of the celebration. We do not think it wise to exhibit such material in the windows with the other exhibits, but would like it for the day if the owners would be kind enough to loan them. On the day of the celebration we would be prepared to care for and guard such an exhibit. Help us locate such homemade cloth.

History to Be Continued.

Further installments on the history of the town of Callicoon are forthcoming. I have plenty of material assembled of sufficient interest, I believe. For instance, I have not covered the music in the town, and no town can boast as many bands in its history as this town; besides the orchestras, choirs, singing societies, etc. I have made no effort so far to make mention of the town's churches or schools, its sawmills or turning mills, the growing of apples (and for many years the choicest apples in the country were grown here), and along with the growing of apples the dried apple industry and the cider making business. Apfelschnitz and cider are two things that make people through the country think of the town of Callicoon. Then there are stories about the growing of grass seed in the town to be shipped to the new West in the 1870s, to use on the new land there; the laying of stone wall fences by stone bees; barn raisings and fallow cutting; the country store; home grown food for the family; home and herb remedies for man and beast, and the "hex" beliefs among the immigrant pioneers. These are only side lights on the full story of the town of Callicoon and its people that it is my hope to complete.