

CHAPTER 4.5

TIADAGHTON AND LEETONIA



Plamos Louck

The mill and pond. There being no kindling wood factory to use the slabs, a wood burner was built to the left of the mill. The locomotive at the pond is No. 202.

Throughout Pennsylvania the larger streams offer little feeling of remoteness. With fewer than a half dozen exceptions, they are all closely paralleled by some sort of road, and the exceptions are disturbed by important freight carrying railroads. One of these is Pine Creek from Blackwell north sixteen miles. The mountains thru which it flows are known as the Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania, and the creek is expected to be designated by the Federal Government as a "scenic stream."

While today the Grand Canyon is almost free of human habitation, it is only in recent years that this has been the case. Yesterday, several saw mills had their settlements, jobbers were busy cutting the pine and hemlock to float to Williamsport, and the railroad maintained section gangs and telegraph operators every few miles.

Near the center of the Grand Canyon, maps reveal a road plunging down the mountain to a place called Tiadaghton. The rough road is not for the faint hearted or for cars with poor brakes. The last half mile is on a 20% grade. Three or four cabins, one still inhabited

year round, are here. In actuality the village of Tiadaghton lay about two thirds of a mile north. This very remote spot on the Penn Central Railroad was a center for lumbering eighty years ago. Besides a saw mill, a logging railroad switchbacked up the sheer side of the mountain. For more than thirty years it operated, at first bringing down logs, then lumber.

One person to become involved in the area was Creon B. Farr. For many years he had been associated with the tanneries at Middleburg and Tioga. He was also a partner in the Wellsboro Leather Company. It had been formed in 1883 to take over the Stokesdale tannery, just north of Wellsboro. In partnership with him were E. G. Schieffelin, Leonard Harrison, W. Lee, and George Vail, the last named being from East Orange, N. J., the others being from the Wellsboro area.

Unlike most tannery men, Farr became interested in lumbering. He formed the lumber company of C. B. Farr & Co. At the head of Fahnstalk Run were three thousand acres of hemlock owned by James A. Drake and

Henry J. Landrus. Fahnestalk Run was little more than a dribble of water. The tract was more than a mile back from the edge and west of the canyon. Up to this time building log slides and attempting to splash the logs had not seemed economical. Drake and Landrus were willing to sell; Farr was willing to buy. In May, 1890 the three warrants of land changed hands for \$60,000.

Whether Farr had really concluded how he was going to get his logs and bark out of the Fahnestalk at the time he made his purchase is unknown. It was not until eleven months later on April 23, 1891 that the Wellsboro "Gazette" announced that Farr would build a railroad to transport fifty million feet of hemlock.

A week later it was reported that Edward Walker would saw his logs. Walker had a mill at Corning, New York. The logs would move by rail to it; the bark would move by rail to Stokesdale. This arrangement was carried out.

On the opposite side of Pine Creek at the same time, Leonard Harrison had different ideas for his timber. He would build a new saw mill at Tiadaghton on the east side of the creek, and use log slides to bring the logs into the mill. No railroad was needed. Hiram Austin constructed a band saw mill with a daily capacity of 35,000 feet.

Both the railroad and the saw mill were constructed during the summer of 1891. The railroad required a 240 foot bridge across Pine Creek to connect with the New York Central. According to Victor Gross, a hotel, two stores, a post office, and twenty or so homes were built near the mill. For many years Noble Kennedy ran the boarding house, a store, and the post office.

The side of the mountain was eight hundred feet high. To negotiate it the railroad zigzagged up four switchbacks. Three and a quarter miles of track were needed to climb the mountain. The grade averaged five percent, but was steeper in places. On the third leg of the switchback the roadbed had to be blasted out of a sheer rock wall. Ninety Italians worked on the project using black powder, picks, and shovels.

On February 29, 1892 Farr's railroad was incorporated as the Tiadaghton and Fahnestalk Railway. E. G. Schieffelin became President; Farr became Treasurer and General Manager. The railroad had been in operation for several months by that time. Farr had purchased a Shay locomotive, and had hired James Ramsdell and Stephen Andrews as engineer and fireman.

The next two years were relatively uneventful. The logs came down the mountain on the west side of the river by railroad and headed for Corning, the logs came down the east side by slide to the Tiadaghton mill, and each spring a flood of Pine Creek logs swept by on their way to Williamsport.

In 1893 the Wellsboro Leather Company became a part of the United States Leather Company. Farr was more active in the huge combine than many of the tannery operators who joined. When the Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company was formed by the Leather Company, in 1903, Farr was named vice president of the lumber company.

Early in July, 1894 Walker's saw mill burned, but

was not replaced. The Farr tract had just about completed its cutting. The Tiadaghton and Fahnestalk Railroad continued to operate for a short while bringing down bark; then it ceased operation. The Tiadaghton mill may also have shut down; at least it changed hands.

Between 1894 and 1899 there is little reference in the Wellsboro "Gazette" to Tiadaghton.

Early in '99 a decision was made to reactivate Farr's railroad by extending it to Leetonia. W. Lee's tannery at Leetonia was only five miles from the end of the railroad. He also had a small saw mill that he had converted from a shingle mill about 1893. Both were part of the leather combine, and were branch plants of the Union Tanning Company. With the railroad extended to Leetonia it could haul leather, hides, bark, and lumber which were being wagoned to and from Cedar Run, seven miles away.

The Leetonia Railroad was incorporated on March 3, 1899. C. B. Farr became president, and various members of the area tanneries were directors. To reach Leetonia the railroad ran from the top of the switchbacks down Slide Island Draft. The Leetonia Railroad was independent of the Leetonia and Tiadaghton saw mills which it served. This situation was unusual for a log railroad although the Tionesta Valley Railroad was similar.

Late in the following year, Brown, Clark and Howe of Williamsport purchased several warrants of land on the head of Four Mile Run from the Wellsboro Lumber Company. Wellsboro was composed of William O'Connor, W. D. Van Horn, and W. W. Miller of Wellsboro, and Charles H. Rexford of Gaines. Wellsboro had bought the land from the Billings Estate.

Logging along Four Mile Run posed a problem. A twenty foot waterfall about a mile from its mouth made it difficult, or maybe even impossible, to splash logs out. However, with the Leetonia Railroad only a few miles away, it could be extended to reach the logs. The logs would go all the way by rail to Williamsport. This added business required a second locomotive. A Heisler was purchased. The railroad grade from Leetonia to Four Mile is now used by the road between these points. It skirted several runs and was about a mile west of the canyon.

At the same time that the old T. & F. R. R. was receiving a new lease on life, so was the Tiadaghton mill. The Union Tanning Company purchased the mill in 1900. The Wellsboro Lumber Company, which formerly had been satisfied with Brown, Clark and Howe sawing their logs, now entered the sawing business. In 1902 they purchased the hemlock on about two thousand acres of Union Tanning Company lands. They then leased the idle Tiadaghton mill to cut it.

Wellsboro started sawing in January, 1903. The mill cut about 50,000 feet in a shift. Electric lights were added for night operation. C. M. Holford was made the mill foreman, and E. A. McEntee was the yard foreman. Albert Stetler became the sawyer; Henry J. Connelly, the saw filer; and William O'Connor, the jobber.

At the same time Wellsboro was also still shipping logs from their first tract to Williamsport. The Leetonia



This engine is believed to be the Tiadaghton and Fahnestalk locomotive. The picture was taken at a C. P. L. logging operation at Port Alleghany about 1911. After leaving Leetonia it was numbered 56, but the No. 1 on the front number plate was not changed.



The south end of the tannery with the bark stacks off to the left. Today, the entire area is overgrown, and there are no large open fields.



Cars of bark are being unloaded onto the giant bark pile that stretched in front of the school. Because the bark season was only four or five months, log cars were used for hauling the bark. A frame was placed on the car to hold the bark. Ten men appear to be involved with the unloading. Each piece, cut in four foot lengths, was handled individually, being given from one man to the next until it reached its storage place on the pile. Originally the bark was stored under great open sheds; but when these decayed, the bark was stacked with a peak so that water would run off.



"Tell the carpenter shop we need a few new log cars." A minor accident when a bark car being pushed by the locomotive derailed, and the engine kept pushing.



Leo J. Bailey

No. 2 brings the snow plow and a train of logs into Leetonia. The plow was raised and lowered by the block and tackle on the flat car to which it was attached. This picture was probably taken about 1902. Will Snyder, the assistant superintendent, wears the fur cap.

Railroad brought the logs from both locations down to Tiadaghton plus doing the tannery and saw mill work at Leetonia. However, the Leetonia mill was small, and the logs were probably cut close by.

The increased business for the railroad and the need to haul cars of coal up the switchbacks to the tannery necessitated a larger locomotive. A seventy ton Shay, No. 3, was purchased in April, 1902, and two years later a duplicate, No. 4, was purchased. The Heisler was then placed in storage for several years before going to another C. P. L. operation. Old No. 1 was similarly disposed.

At some time prior to 1903 the stock of the Leetonia Railroad was transferred by Farr, Schieffelin, and others to the United States Leather Company in exchange for stock of the Leather Company. The Leetonia Railroad was now a subsidiary of U. S. Leather.

In June of 1903 all the tannery lands were transferred to the newly formed Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company. More than 18,000 acres changed hands. Some of it, such as the three warrants Farr had bought in 1890, had been cut. The uncut lands were largely in Gaines Township between Lick Run and Pine Creek and in the southwest corner of Elk Township.

The Leetonia and the Tiadaghton mills also became the property of C. P. L. However, the Tiadaghton mill

could not be used until the lease to the Wellsboro Lumber Company expired.

In 1903 the railroad was extended four miles north to Bear Run. To reach there, the track switchbacked once down to the Left Hand Branch of Four Mile Run, ran around to the Right Hand Branch and followed up it for a mile before crossing and heading back to Colton Point. An automobile road is now on this old grade. At Bear Run tracks extended in various directions to reach the timber.

The Wellsboro Lumber Company completed their use of the Tiadaghton mill in February, 1905. Two months later C. P. L. commenced using it. Early in June, 1906 the Leetonia mill was closed. Henceforth all sawing would be done at Tiadaghton. This mill was larger and had a planing mill which Leetonia didn't have.

On June 21st these plans were abruptly changed — the mill burned. Within hours nothing was left and sixty five men were temporarily out of work. The Leetonia mill received a new lease on life. Operation was resumed, the mill was enlarged, and a planing mill added. A small hardwood mill, owned by A. J. Bond of Bradford and managed by Hank Dougherty, was built a little ways above the C. P. L. mill.

The settlement at Tiadaghton continued to exist for many years. Two section gangs of the New York Cen-

tral Railroad lived there. A small store and about six families were still there on September 30, 1936 when the post office was finally closed. Today it is hard to believe that a community at the bottom of the canyon existed so recently; the spot is so remote and isolated.

After the Tiadaghton fire the future lay at Leetonia. The history of the village dates back to 1879. Still earlier, Silas Billings had cut pine in the area, but in '79 W. Creighton Lee of New York erected a tannery where Slide Island Draft and Frying Pan Run drain into Cedar Run. Lee owned 4,897 acres just north of Leetonia and in the Slate Run-Kettle Creek area. Additionally, he purchased bark on more of the Billings land near Leetonia. The logs were splashed down Cedar Run to Williamsport. The Cedar Run Tannery, as it was named, was seven miles from the nearest railroad and remained isolated for twenty years.

At the turn of the century the top of the mountain west of the Grand Canyon was busy with lumbering for saw mills at Leetonia, Tiadaghton, and Williamsport. Different jobbers cut these tracts. A jobber working for one company this year might be working for another company next year. One of these men was James "Cap"



Leo J. Bailey

The teams and camp of "Cap" Bailey. Bailey is marked by the X. Unlike larger jobbers, he did not have a woods foreman, he doing the overseeing himself. He jobbed at Leetonia until about 1910 and then went to New York State. After World War I he returned to Leetonia and was night watchman at the time of closure.

Bailey. Starting in the eighties, he lumbered in the Slate and Cedar Run areas. One of his sons, Leo, was born in 1894. The family lived in the Leetonia area for a decade as Cap Bailey jobbed on Four Mile, Slide Island, and Lick Run. Many years later Leo Bailey recorded his impressionistic childhood years at Leetonia in a manuscript which he has kindly allowed portions to be reproduced in this chapter.

What was it like for a small boy to live in a lumber town at the turn of the century? What excitements were there? What happened when school was not in session? What? What? What? Mr. Bailey gives the answers.

CHILDHOOD AT LEETONIA

By Leo J. Bailey

What is the first thing that I remember? There are a number of small incidents which must have happened when I was around three or four. Somewhere in a lumber camp some of the lumbermen (hicks) persuaded me to try to milk a cow. I sat down on the cow's left side and was promptly kicked by the angry beast for this



The daily stage to Cedar Run pauses in front of Fahnestock (pronounced funny stalk) Mountain. The stage connected with the trains of the New York Central, and brought mail and passengers the seven miles up the mountain to Leetonia.



The winter version of the Cedar Run - Leetonia stage. Frank Kelley stands beside the sleigh.

error — and the hicks laughed heartily.

I began to imitate the life of the lumberman. Cousin Frank built a small dam for me, using a small tree trunk and barrel staves. One day someone found a louse on me, and then the hicks had a lot of fun and said that I was a real hick because I was lousy. One day Mother packed my dinner and I went to work like the men. I went as far as the barn, ate my lunch and returned.

At the upper camp the blacksmith shop was the center of my life and Ed Shobert, the blacksmith, was my hero. He allowed me to work about the shop. Ed made me a small peavy which I kept for many years.

A short distance below the lower camp was the splash dam. It was constructed across the narrow valley and was used to store the water of the small stream. When the dam was full, the gate was raised and the water rushed out and floated the logs downstream. The logs were brought down below the dam by means of log slides.

I remember a Christmas, maybe it was 1898. Someone took me to the exercises at the school house, and my present was a "jack-in-the-box." When I opened the box the Jack leaped at me, and they say that I swore — I must have learned young for I could not have been over four at the time.

Another day I wanted to make a book, and Grandmother was none to well pleased when I tore leaves from her mail order catalog and tried to paste them together with cough syrup.

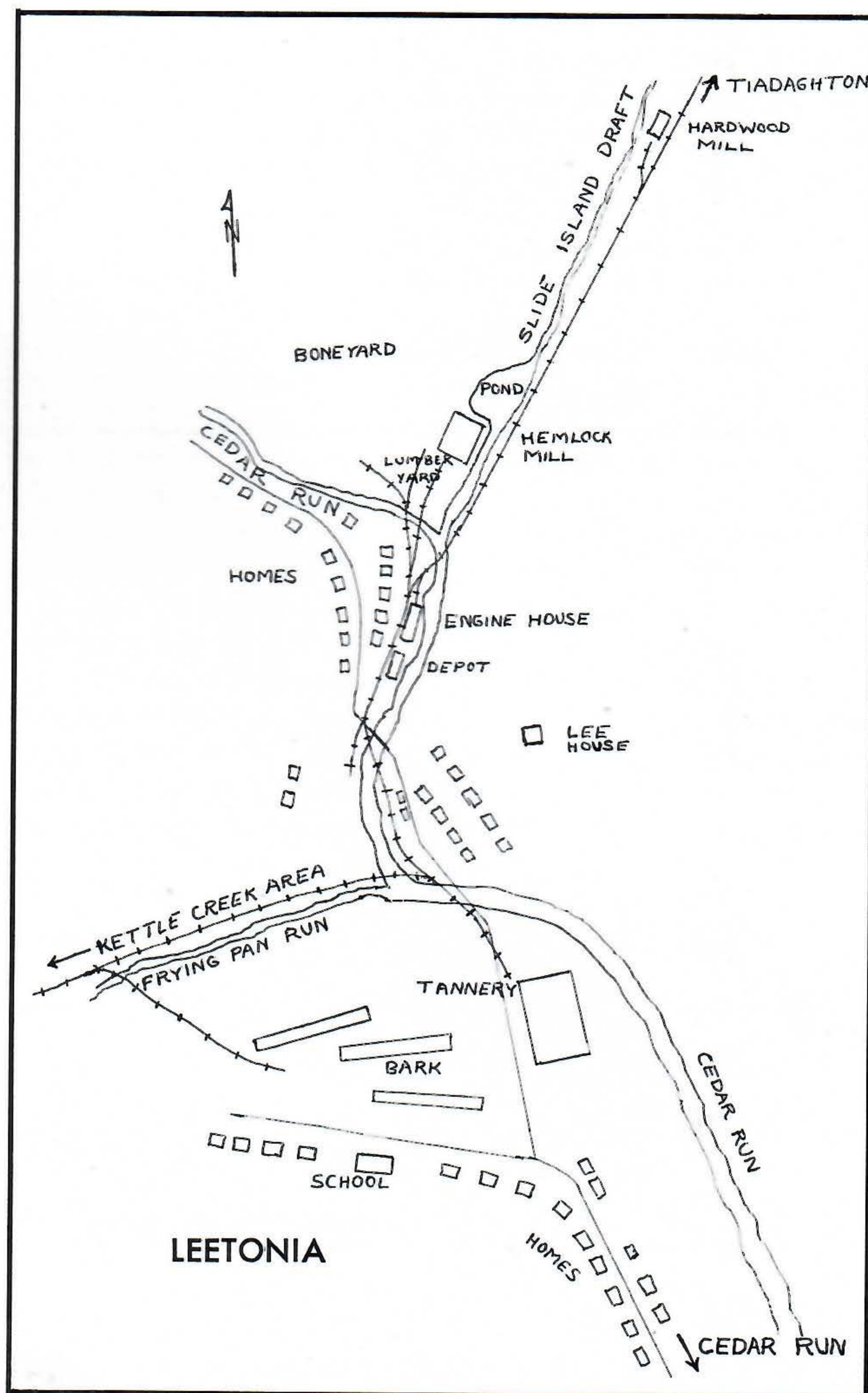
We left Leetonia in 1899 and went to New York State. Bryon Schoonmaker used to work part time for us. One day I visited his home, and he allowed me to play with his air rifle. That must have been the beginning of my desire for an air rifle which Mother took good care not to satisfy.

When in the following year we came back, we found that the back yard of our house had a railroad on it. They had built a railroad to Leetonia. Our house downstairs had a living room, (always called the front room), the dining room, one bedroom and the kitchen. Upstairs were two bedrooms. A narrow stairway led from the dining room to one of the bedrooms. The front bedroom was occupied by the girls and the other by my two brothers and myself.

There was only an outdoor toilet. So far as I know there was only one bath tub in town — that at the superintendent's house. When we bathed it was in a large wooden wash tub used other times for laundry purposes.

A fair size woodshed adjoined the house at the rear, and in this was kept a large supply of firewood which was the fuel used almost exclusively in town. Only the store, offices, and schoolhouse were heated by coal. Father used to have the men cut a carload of firewood in the woods and then it would be thrown into our backyard from the train. It was up to us boys to split and pile it in the woodshed. The slabs that could not be split for the kitchen stove were saved and used for the heating stove in the winter.

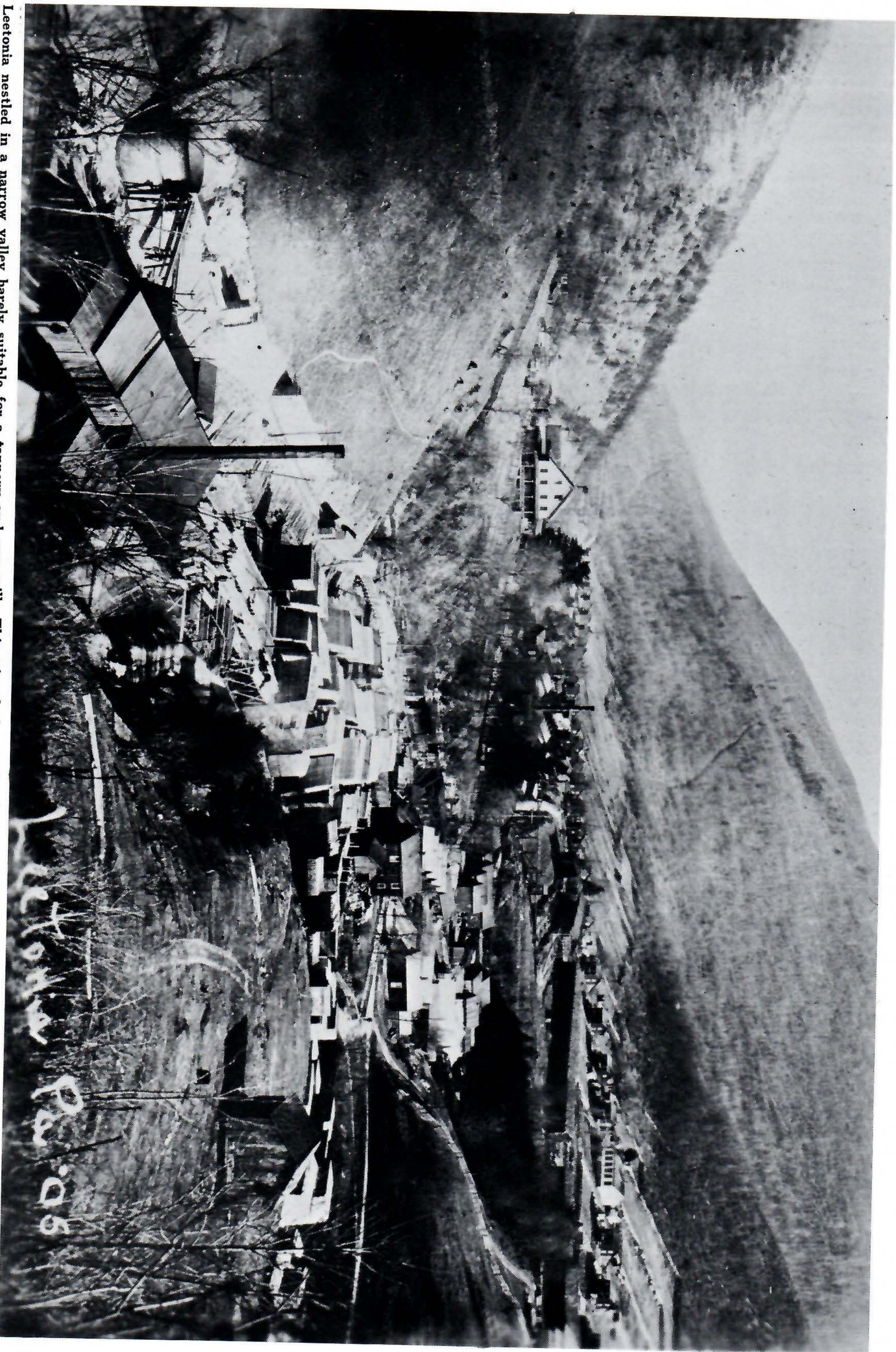
Water was secured from a faucet which was placed midway between our house and the next one. It had to be carried in pails up the stairs into the house. A



few years later I secured a piece of hose discarded from a locomotive. By splicing it with an old bicycle tire I was able to force water into a tub on the back porch, thus saving myself some labor. There were three sources of water in the town: The red row secured water from a spring up Frying Pan Run; the central part from two springs in Slide Island Run, and our neighborhood from a spring up near the Election House.

The houses were strung along the road for a distance of more than a mile. Those at the lower end of the town were occupied mostly by foreigners who had the lowest paid jobs at the tannery. The tannery itself, with its immense piles of hemlock bark, was situated in the middle of the town. Then came the offices and the store, the blacksmith shop, and at the north end of the village on Slide Island Draft the saw mill with its mill pond and large lumber piles.

The houses in the lower section of the town were originally painted red, but the paint was never renewed. The only other painted buildings were the store, schoolhouse, and the "White House" which was the residence of Mr. Lee.



Leetonia nestled in a narrow valley barely suitable for a tannery and saw mill. This view looks south. As is evident, the space for the lumber yard was too small, even when it extended around the bone yard and up Cedar Run. The fields in the rear were pasture, but the cows roamed anywhere in town. The large house on the left is the White House, the home of W. C. Lee. However, Mrs. Lee preferred New York City, and so it was used by the superintendents or as an apartment house. At the right rear can be seen the painted school house with the bark stacks in front. To the left is the smoke stack of the tannery, the only portion of that structure visible. Just beyond the lumber yard is the black engine house and the homes of the railroad men.

Our house was owned by the lumber company. Our furniture was comfortable but not at all elaborate. (Note: Cap Bailey, being a jobber, was better off than the average mill or tannery worker.) We had a parlor organ in an oak piano case. I remember only one piano in town. It was at the superintendent's house. Father had a large roll top desk. Our floors were covered with rag carpets most probably woven by Grandmother Bailey on her loom. Enlarged portraits of my grandparents were hung on the walls of the living room. We did not have many books. The ones I remember being a large dictionary and a history book. Also each year Father purchased a copy of The World Almanac.

I started school in 1900. The schoolhouse was a large white building located in the red row of houses. When I started to attend it contained two rooms and later it was increased to three. The building was located on the hillside. In back of the building was the long building which contained the fuel storage and the toilets for the boys and girls. On the hillside behind the school grounds was located the cemetery. There was no church building ever constructed, and the schoolhouse was used as a church. Across the road at the bottom of the school yard was a fairly level spot that was used as a baseball field when not occupied by great stacks of bark used by the tannery.

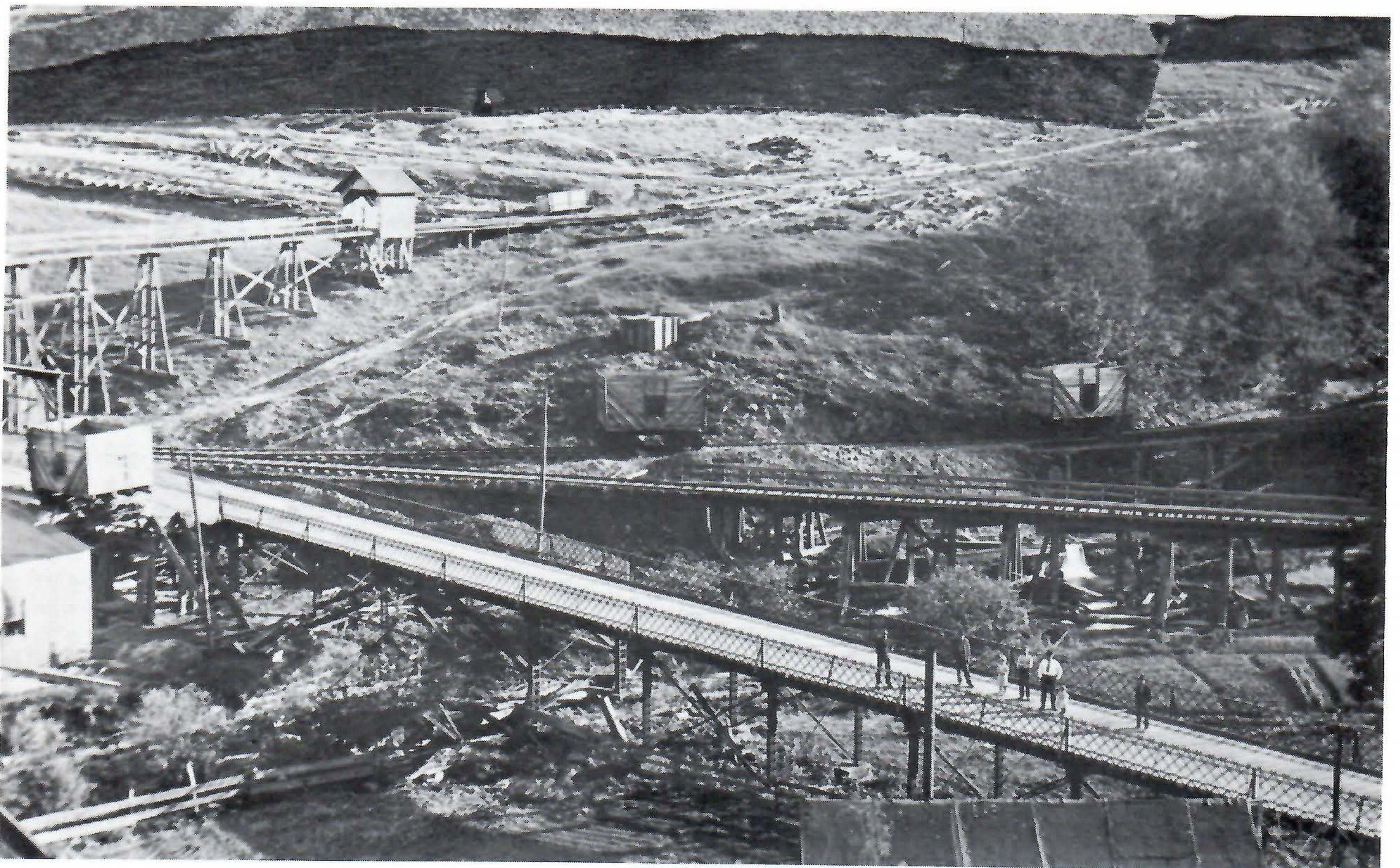
The Leetonia school had a nine months term which was more than the usual schools of the day. Most coun-

try schools had only seven and the rest eight. School started at nine and closed at four.

I do not remember my first day in school. I suppose that mother dressed me in every day school clothes: short trousers buttoned to a shirt waist. Also, we used to wear blouses which could be used for storage purposes — they would hold any number of apples and the like.

Miss Mills was the teacher of the "little room" where I went first each morning. Then we went to the "big room" where Miss Horton was the teacher. Here were held opening exercises, reading from the Bible, the Lord's Prayer, and a song or two. We then went back to Miss Mills' room. She was a fine teacher, but I remember little of her instruction. I do recall that at noon and at the close of the day, she appointed one of us to collect all the pencils. A series of holes had been punched in an empty pencil box, and beside each of these holes was the name of one pupil, and his pencil was inserted in that hole. The work of collecting the pencils was an honor award to well behaved pupils. At the close of the school day, good behavior cards were awarded to those deserving them. Another honor was cleaning the blackboard erasers at the end of the day.

We played many games. I remember tree tag and pull away. Tree tag was played by having one more boy or girl than trees. The extra pupil was it and he tried to reach a tree before one of two others could



Bridges seem to go in all directions in this picture. Note the passageway thru the bark stack. This leads to the school house, and was used by school kids and church goers. The trestle at the rear was used for taking bark over to the tannery. The small structure on it is the weigh house where the bark was weighed before going to the tannery. The road bridge and railroad trestle come down from the mill, which are to the right foreground and out of view. The two bark cars stand on the branch that went out Frying Pan Run to the Kettle Creek area. It also served as access to the bark stacks. All four trestles are now gone, and the road is down in the gully.

trade trees. If he succeeded, the one who didn't get to a tree became "it."

Pull away was somewhat rougher. One boy or girl became "it" and took his place in the center of the school yard. The others lined up on one side, and the "it" shouted "Pom Pom, Pull away. Come away or I'll pull you away." All would dash for the other side of the yard. The "It" had to seize one of the runners, tap him three times. He then had to assist in the capture of the others. And so on until all were caught. The excitement came in seeing who would be last to be caught, the roughness in the manner of capture. Many times clothing, especially blouses, was torn or dirtied.

For playing baseball our equipment was simple: one ball and two bats. The ball was made by winding a five cent ball of twine around a center made from a piece of a rubber heel. When the winding was complete, our mothers would sew the outside strongly, and we had a ball as good as a store bought one. Our bats were even simpler. We took broken peavy handles and cut them to the right length. They made fine bats.

During fall farm products were brought into town by the farmers. Apples and sweet cider were the chief of these. Also in the fall came the slaughtering time for the village. Almost everyhouse had a pig which was fed the household garbage which was supplemented by grain. In the fall the family porker reached the proper proportions, and his days were at an end. Usually a couple neighbors assisted each other in the slaughter. Of course the boys were called upon to help carry water, keep up the fire, and the like. As a reward they were given the pigs bladder which was blown up and sometimes used as a football. Also the butchers would sometimes present us with the pigs tail, and say that it would make a wonderful whistle, but they never showed us how to make the whistle. The Germans in the village were very expert at butchering and preparing the pork and by-products. They even used the blood for blood pudding.

Having laid in the winter's supply of meat, vegetables and firewood, the people waited for the arrival of winter.

After the close of the school year in the spring of 1901, the family went to the lumber camp that Father had built near Four Mile Run. We made the trip over riding on a flat car that had a rack on it for bark. My old hero, Ed Shobert, had become the engineer. The engine was a Heisler but we called it a Histler.

The railroad was a hastily constructed line and in no way smooth, but the speed attained was not great so that there wasn't much danger. But it always gave me a thrill of fear when we crossed "The Big Trestle" on Four Mile Run. It was perhaps fifty feet high and built in a curved shape. There was no railing and it was considered a thrilling feat to walk across.

At the camp my five brothers and sisters and myself were turned loose in the woods for the summer. The problem of clothing the younger ones was rather simple. Ed and I wore only overalls and a waist and the girls, too, as I recall wore no shoes. Going barefoot was always productive of stubbed toes. Most of the time one or both of the big toes was bandaged.

It was several miles from Dad's camp to the farming country, but there were three other camps within a mile or so. Two of them were subjobbers who had taken a contract to peel a few hundred cords of bark.

The Italian section men were building the woods railroad and there bosses were Mr. King and Tony, an Italian. They lived in a small camp that could be placed on a log car and moved when the work made it necessary. The section hands had a camp a mile or so down the stream from our camp. They did their own cooking, and it was interesting to watch them prepare individual dishes of spaghetti or macaroni. Even though I was accustomed to the rough table manners of the lumbermen, the hasty fashion in which the section hands put away their evening meal was a sight. They had a commissary. They even sold candy — rare indeed in the woods.

Also beer was sold there, and there I got my first "jag on." One evening Mother gave me permission to spend the night with Tony and Mr. King in their camp. I walked down with Tony and we stopped at the section camp. Tony bought me a bottle of beer, and I thought it smart to drink it although the flavor was not to my taste. Soon one of the section hands, not knowing I had had one, gave me one. That bottle was soon gone, but the effects lingered. I went and sat by the fire which soon began to revolve. Tony, seeing my condition, thought it wise to take me home. It must have been a terrible shock to Mother to see her seven year old boy brought home intoxicated. I woke up the next morning feeling ashamed.

We used to spend alot of time playing around the railroad tracks. This was not so dangerous as it sounds as there was only the one train daily which came in to take out the logs and bark. We waited eagerly the arrival of the train. It could be heard a long distance away due to the screeching of the wheels against the rails as the train rounded the sharp curves.

One day I was allowed to go down Four Mile Run to Pine Creek where some of the men had the day before set traps for eels. The valley of the Four Mile contains at least two very pretty waterfalls. That summer well drillers boarded at the camp while drilling for oil, but they found no oil. Sometimes one of the men from the upper camp would come down to ours. He was "the singing hick." The men would build a fire and gather around it to sing. To keep the mosquitoes away, from time to time green hemlock boughs were thrown on the fire and the thick, pleasant smelling smoke chased away the "skeeters."

At last the day came to return to Leetonia for school. We rode back in a small box car which was used to haul camp supplies.

Sometime before Christmas a subscription paper was passed around and the money thus pledged was used to finance the community tree. Small gifts were purchased for every child in town. The pupils went to the woods to get laurel, hemlock, and trailing evergreens to decorate the schoolhouse. On the day of the event a large hemlock was cut and hauled, much like the old yule log, to the schoolhouse and erected and decorated.

Came the joyful evening and the schoolhouse was



Penna. Historical & Museum Comm.
Conqueror of Mountains. Leetonia Shay No. 3 pauses at Colton Point, eight hundred feet above Pine Creek. Today, thousands of people stand at this exact point and look down the canyon. None realize that sixty years ago a log railroad once ran where they now walk. The lonely buildings shown along the New York Central tracks is Stone, a telegrapher's office and flag stop for lumbermen. Note the hand-some scroll work under the headlight.



The "narrows" — barely enough room for the engine house, Cedar Run, the main line of the railroad down to the tannery, and the homes of the railroadmen. The house on the right still stands. The frail looking road bridge also remains, and thereby helps a visitor to Leetonia get a proper sense of direction. This view is looking south with the bark stacks in the rear.

jammed with the entire population of the town. There was a program of songs, recitations, and plays. And then Santa came in to distribute the gifts. In addition to the regular gifts any one who wished to do so could place a gift on the tree for someone else. And every year I looked longingly at the one or two air rifles that were placed there and never gave up hope that some kind person had put one of them there for me.

During the holidays after Christmas we sledged and skated. The skates fastened onto our shoes. We skated on the mill pond, but sometimes we walked several miles to skate at the old splash dam on Buck Run. However, sledding was our favorite sport. We called it "riding down hill." We usually sledged from the top of tannery hill down the road thru town. There were no cars so that there was little danger. We rode mostly lying down and steering by means of the toes of our shoes — which was rough on the shoes. It was great sport on moonlight nights to ride with a crowd. And what yelling there was! We also sledged in the school yard. Some boys constructed "Yankee Jumpers." These were made by nailing a two by four upright to a strong barrel stave, and then nailing a seat across the upright. It required some skill to ride one of these wooden broncos, and I was never very successful.

Snow balling was also common but rough sport. The boys were always throwing something: stones in the

summer, apple cores in the fall, and snow balls in the winter. We had mimic wars and other matches, and many times just threw at anybody in sight.

We used to make money by selling junk. Old rubber shoes and boots were the most common forms. These were bought by itinerant peddlers. To make sure we were not cheated in weight, we inserted a stone in the toe of each boot. We held our breaths when someone casually examined some of the boots.

Alcoholic beverages could not be sold in Leetonia. People who wished to get some had to order it from Cedar Run or Galeton. The brewery at Galeton sent a salesman with a wagon load of beer to Leetonia each week. On the loaded trip he usually stopped at a lumber camp on Kettle Creek, a few miles from Leetonia. One night a few of the hicks tapped and drank one of the kegs of beer and then refilled the keg with pure spring water. The unsuspecting driver delivered it to a customer at Leetonia. The latter and a group of friends carried it some distance up on a hill to a spot by a spring of cold water. What language was used when it was found that they "had carried coals to New Castle" can only be imagined.

Sometimes the kegs were not returned. So he hired Clark to gather them together. After school each night that week we went around town gathering the kegs and taking them to some central point. When the "beerman"



Second, possibly, only to baseball in popularity in saw mill towns was the band. Many lumber towns had them. Leetonia was no exception. This photograph was taken about 1914 of the Hicks Cornet Band. Front row, left to right: Philip H. Dewey, conductor; Hugh Warren, Fritz Loper, Miley Herritt, Harold Felgey, Carland Mann, George Lloyd, Dr. Bingman, Merrit Smith, Harry Lloyd, Allie Halstead, Lean Campbell. Second row: George Whittaker, John Kilburn, Harry Briggs, Emmett Pratt, Lew Crum, Lucien Fegley, Charles Whitaker, William Huggler, Thomas Campbell, Walter Huggler. Third row: Herman Schwab and John Huggler. Emmett Pratt

came he gave the foreman, Clark, two cents and the members of the crew one cent for each keg.

Most of our play was influenced by the work of the town. We boys who lived near the engine house all planned to become engineers or trainmen, and considered it a privilege to be allowed to help the night watchman clean the locomotives. We also made small log slides and trailed our tiny logs made of sumac limbs.

In our front yard was a nice young maple tree. One day it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to chop it down and cut it up for wood. I had given the tree only a few clumsy cuts with a dull axe when Mom saw what was going on and stopped the operation. In 1971 the tree was still standing.

There were several types of socials given — usually to raise money for some worthy project, generally for the school. They were held in the Macabee Hall or outdoors. There was the box social where each young lady packed a lunch for two in a fancy box. The box was auctioned to the highest bidder who thus secured a lunch and the lady's company. Of course sometimes chosen ones were "tipped" to bid on the box of the young lady of their choice. If the others found this out, there was a contest to make the favored one pay well for the box.

At a shadow social the girls brought lunches, and when supper time came, they went behind a curtain and

their shadows were thrown on a sheet. The shadows were auctioned and the buyer had supper with the shadow.

For the elders there were occasional dances at the Macabee Hall. The music was furnished by an upright organ and a fiddle. The dances were all square dances. We youngsters who were permitted to attend sat sleepily on benches along the wall and wondered what sensible people could see in such senseless capers.

There was usually a "Thanksgiving Supper" at that season of the year. Everyone contributed food, and the proceeds went to the school or on some occasions to some unfortunate person in town.

The Fourth of July had dancing and firecracker shooting in the afternoon and dancing at night. One year the superintendent of the mill, Mr. Snyder, and the superintendent of the tannery each bought fire works and put on rival displays that night. The climax of the show was sending up large hot air paper balloons.

Halloween was a one night affair. On that night all the boys of the town, big and small, including some large boys who were already working, gathered into small bands and went about doing mischief. The prize fun was to overturn the outdoor toilets. I remember one night when some of the older fellows took apart a small wagon

and reassembled it on the top of the boarding house barn. There were no police and unless some officials of the tannery or the mill interfered, the mischief was uncontrolled. To my knowledge, no great damage was ever done. We also made "tik tacs." We cut notches in the edges of a spool and wound a string about it. Then we inserted a nail as an axle. When the spool was held against a window pane and the string pulled suddenly, there was a rattle that would startle any honest householder.

There was no regular milkman in Leetonia. Many families owned their own cow. We always had one. They were allowed to run at large and pastured on the hills about the town. The tinkle of cow bells was heard early and late. Usually the cows came home at milking time, but sometimes you had to go out and find your cow — which was quite a search because there were a lot of places a cow could feed. Generally, the cows were milked in the road in front of their owner's houses. At night they rested anywhere — many times lying in the road. When one walked about the town at night, there was always the risk of falling over a cow in the unlighted roads, or most certainly, of stepping in cow manure which was plentiful in the streets. In the winter we kept the cow in a small shed attached to the back of the company barn.

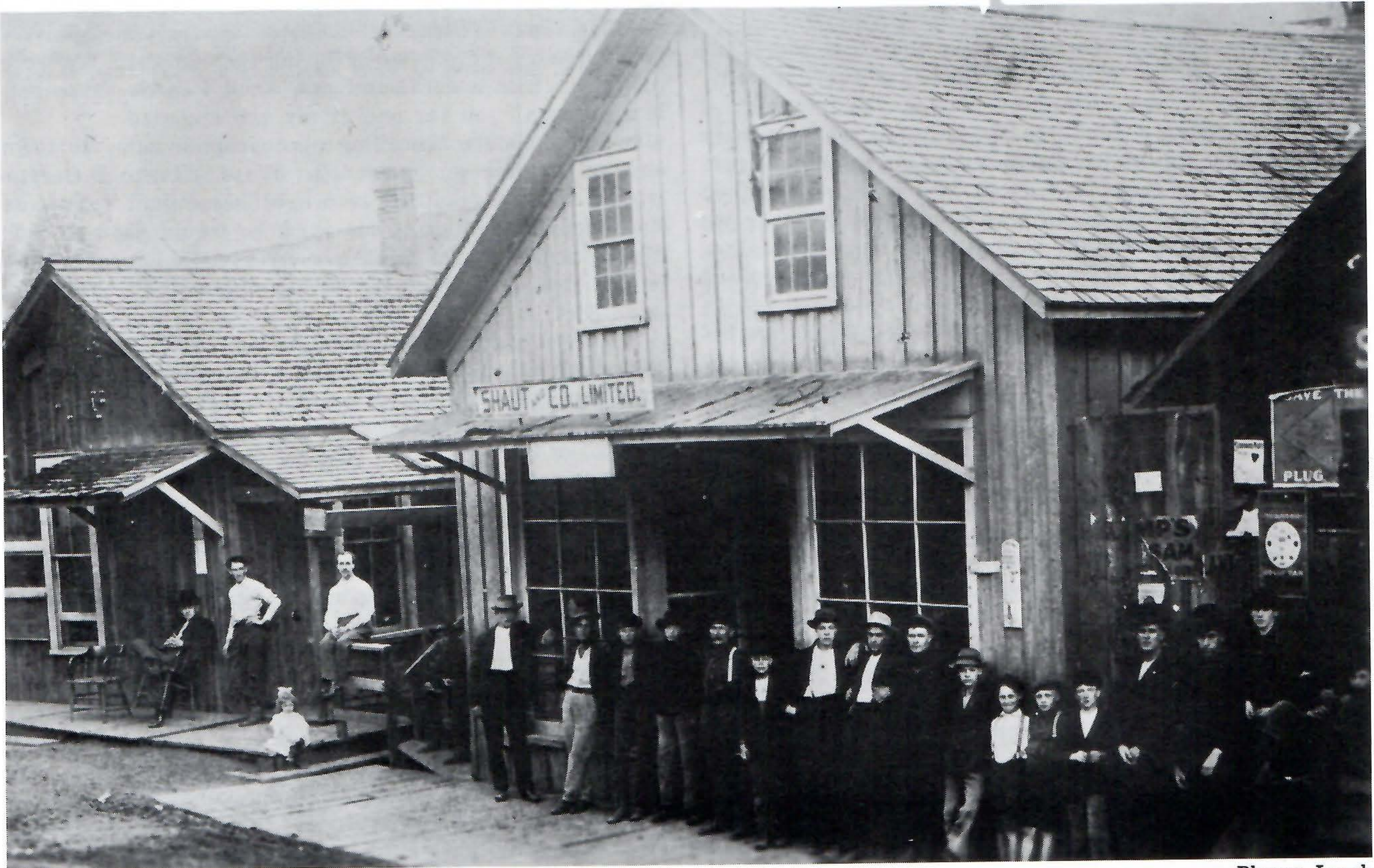
Every spring farmers from Cedar Run would drive their young cattle up to Leetonia to pasture. We didn't want them eating our grass. A dozen boys whooping and yelling assisted by as many barking and biting dogs soon educated the cattle to stay away from Leetonia.

For two summers I was sent to the farm of relatives who lived not too far from Leetonia.

The store was owned and operated by Mr. Shaut. It was not a company store, but there were no other stores nearer than Cedar Run, seven miles away. It was the social center for the men of the town. They gathered there after supper. It probably was not a desirable atmosphere for young boys and many of us spent too much time there. The butcher shop was in a separate building close to the store. (It is now a hunting camp). On Saturday the butcher loaded his products onto a small covered wagon and went about town peddling his wares. If a purchase involved fifty cents or more, the butcher made a present of a small piece of bologna which was a prime prize for the boys.

Most of the business was done on a credit basis. Almost every family had a "store book" in which were recorded the purchases. This book had to be presented when any of the children asked for anything.

"Pack Peddlers" used to visit our lumber camp. These ambulant merchants usually were Jewish. They



Plamos Louck

At the left is C. P. L.'s office with superintendent Frank Campbell leaning back in a chair. Dick Tracy, the tannery bookkeeper, stands beside him with John Matteson and his daughter adjacent. The tanning company used the same office. The building still stands. At the store the first three men on the left are unknown, then comes Walter Hugler, Plamos Louck, John Aimer, John Hugler, Jason Loucks, Tom Campbell, Charlie Wellshants, Ernie Robinson, George Lloyd, Harry Lloyd, Lew Crum, unknown, unknown, Rubin Hillard with Otto Shram. Charlie Whittaker ran the store for several years. The building to the right is the ice house.

plodded along lonely miles thru the woods to visit the isolated camps. Their merchandise was carried in a couple of packs suspended over their shoulders. Generally they had one pack of clothing and another of notions. At camp they would open their packs after supper, and the hicks would buy needed pipes, patented pants buttons, shirts, socks, and underwear. There was also one jewelry peddler who travelled thru the woods with hundreds of dollars of watches, rings, and the like.

One day when I was at the farm of Uncle John, he came home with an injured shoulder. He and some other men were in a gondola which they intended to coast from his camp to Leetonia, two and a half miles below. One of the men started to apply the brakes. The brake chain parted and the car began to run away. All climbed out but Uncle John hurt himself when he landed on his shoulder. The car roared down the rough track to Leetonia. The car leaped over an empty log car and struck the log loader, doing considerable damage.

One other day I saw a car of lath run away from a point above the mill. It came down and struck a car of grain that was being unloaded in the back of the store. Fortunately no one was hurt.

In the summer of 1904 Father bought the camp of Uncle John on Slide Island Run, about one and a half miles above Leetonia. John Bailey was also a jobber at Leetonia as were Perry Fillmore and Leslie Lockwood. The railroad was located just behind the camp and on the opposite side of the valley was the road which led up Slide Island. In places this road was "corduroyed," which means it was formed by placing small logs cross ways. This made a solid road bed, but it was not very smooth riding especially for a springless lumber wagon.

We lived at this camp about two years and walked down to Leetonia to go to school. In bad weather we generally walked down the railroad, but in good weather we used the road. At Johnny M'Hood Hollow we joined the children living there and made up a band to go to school together. Of course, we had lots of fighting, verbal and physical, on our way.

Father used a log slide from his camp down to the mill. The operation was dependent on the cold weather. When the ice was in the slide, the men and horses worked night and day to get the logs into the mill. If the logs were not gotten in, it was necessary to haul them to the railroad where they were loaded on cars.

During our first winter there the hardwood mill was constructed near the mouth of Johnny M'Hood. With the mill, grew a little community composed of a boarding house and a few rough board houses for some of the employees. A mill pond was built, but it did not seem to have the interest of the hemlock pond. We played on it often, jumping from one log to another, and sometimes falling off.

After our first year of school while living at Slide Island (when I was about ten) my brother Ed and I decided we should go to work. Some other boys had gotten work after school, one becoming a water boy at the mill at fifty cents a day. So one day we went out with Father to look over the work going on in the woods. We helped pile a little hemlock bark but our interest



No. 202 "stubbed its toe." Left to right are John Pratt, woods superintendent; Zanny Welch; unknown; Charles Schwab, conductor; unknown, on the wood pile; Ray Sherman; John Freeman in the cab; and the remainder are unknown.

soon lagged. About ten o'clock in the morning we knocked off work for the day — and for the summer so far as work in the woods was concerned.

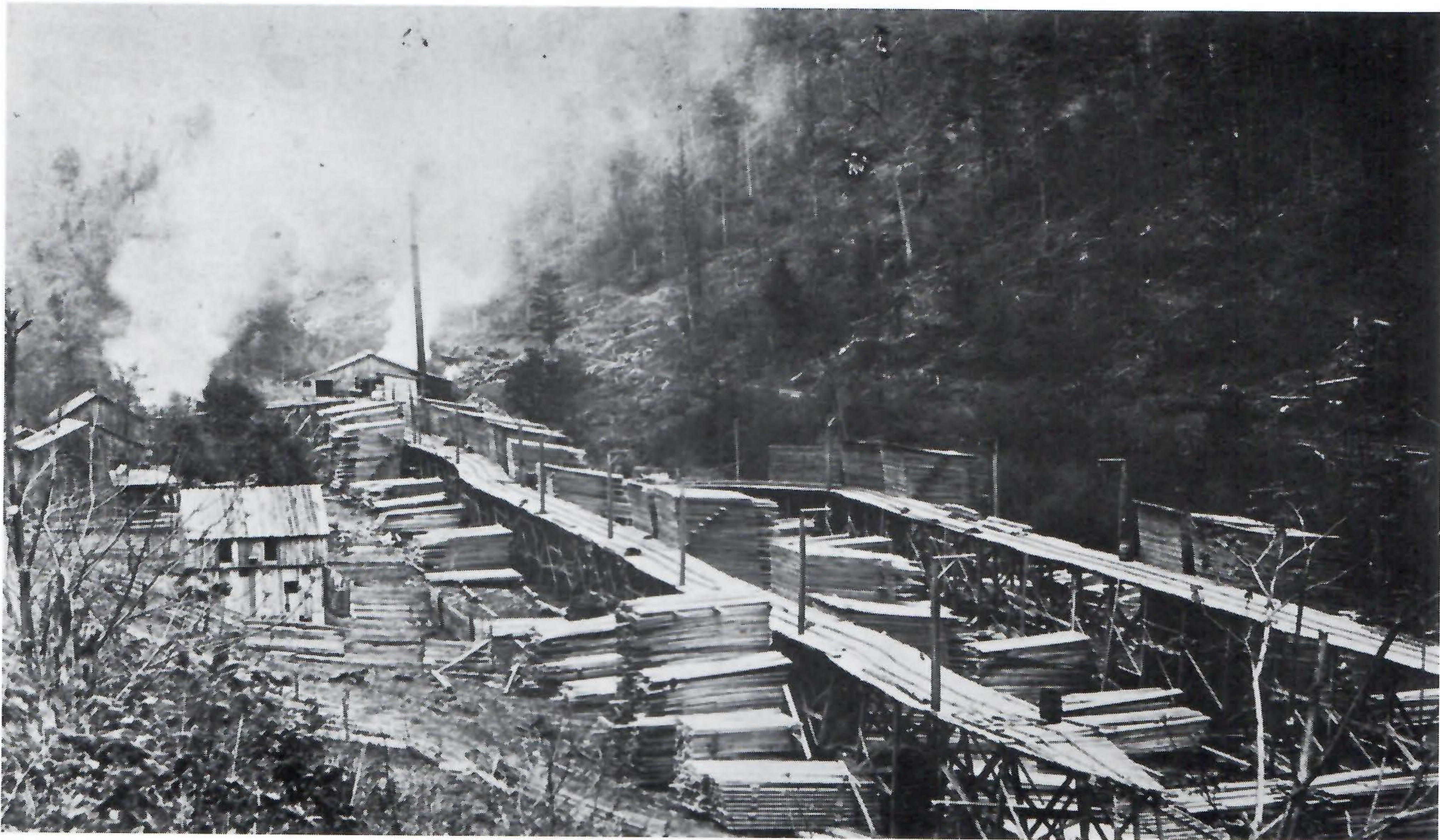
Ed and I did pile wood during the summer. We were paid ten cents a cord, and one week I made three dollars, no small job for one of my age and size.

One spring a travelling photographer came to town and set up his tent near our house. He told George Husted and me that if we would go around town and show people samples of his work he would give us each a set of pictures of ourselves. We visited most of the houses, but probably not the "foreigners" in the lower end.

In the spring as soon as the sap started to rise in the willow trees, we could make willow whistles. A small limb was cut with a curve for a mouth piece. A notch was cut for the whistle, and a couple of inches further along, the bark was girdled. By tapping the bark with the back of the knife, it was possible to slip the bark away. Then the wood was cut away from the notch toward the back to make a hollow sound chamber.

There were a few other forms of play. One ambition of each family of boys was to own an express wagon. These small carts had lightweight wire wheels and a box with metal sides and wood bottom. They were not strong but they served their purpose. Besides playing, we used them to carry groceries from the store. Sometimes two boys would be "harnessed" to a wagon by a clothes line, and then driven by a third boy as the teamster.

Some of the boys at Leetonia had bicycles. I had one that only had one wheel, the other one being missing. I put a small wheel from an express wagon on it, and had sort of a bicycle. I was able to trade rides with boys who owned two wheeled bicycles. The Mead Company of Chicago advertised good used bikes for three to ten dollars. I wanted to spend my three dollars for one, but



The Bond hardwood mill at the mouth of Johnny McHood (pronounced Mahood) Hollow. The mill is on Slide Island Draft above the hemlock mill. The mill had closed down by 1916, and is not remembered by many later Leetonians. The railroad track on the right is the main line to Ice Break Junction and Tiadaghton.

my Mother persuaded me to use the money to finance a trip to Coudersport. Nick Moran planned to go as soon as bark peeling season was over and he took us.

So one day we took the log train to the "Junction" and walked from there over the hill and down the switchbacks to Tiadaghton. Here we got a passenger train. With changes of trains at Ansonia, Galeton, and Newfield Junction, we arrived at Coudersport in the afternoon. The total distance travelled was about fifty miles.

Coudersport was the first taste that I had of real town life. We spent a great lot of our time playing baseball.

Many of the woodsmen were farmers from Elk Run and Stony Fork over towards Wellsboro. These men would work hard in the woods all week and then walk home on Saturday night eight or ten miles, returning Sunday night. Some of the men had a dangerous way of saving walking: on Saturday the train crew would leave a few log cars at the Summit three or four miles above camp. The returning men Sunday night would get one of these and give it a start, coasting rapidly to camp. There was one trainman in particular who let his car coast unbraked and on Sunday when we heard a car roaring for a long distance we knew that it was "Jap."

There usually was a copy of the "Grit" around camp. The Grit was (and is) a weekly newspaper published in Williamsport, and was the leading source of information and news for the town. It contained in addition to the news section, features, a short story on the misfortunes of Mr. Bowser, local news, and a small fiction magazine,

and of course some comics. The boy who had the agency for the Grit was able to make a fair sum each week.

There was a conveyor that carried scrap wood to the incinerator. One year I had scarcely gotten my new mittens, which Grandmother Bailey had made for me, when I went one Saturday to play around the mill. I was picking up sticks and throwing them into the incinerator conveyor when a stick pulled my mitten from my hand, carried it up to the end, and tossed it in the fire. I can't remember how I explained the loss to Mother.

The tanning and lumber companies owned all the property in Leetonia so that the only taxes that had to be paid were the poll and road taxes. The latter amounted to \$1.50 a year. But anyone who chose had the privilege of "working out" his road tax. He could work one day on the township roads under the direction of the road supervisor. In a few cases the tax could be worked out by the son of the taxpayer.

One summer Mr. Lockwood sent word that I could work out Father's road tax. I was to meet him and some other boys at Leetonia on a certain morning. I walked down from camp carrying a wooden garden rake and my dinner in a dinner pail. I found that I was late, and I walked on down the road toward Cedar Run until I met the group at the township line where they had started to work.

Our work was not hard. We raked the loose stones out of the road. Mr. Lockwood repaired the sluices as we went along. We got up as far as Mr. Lockwood's



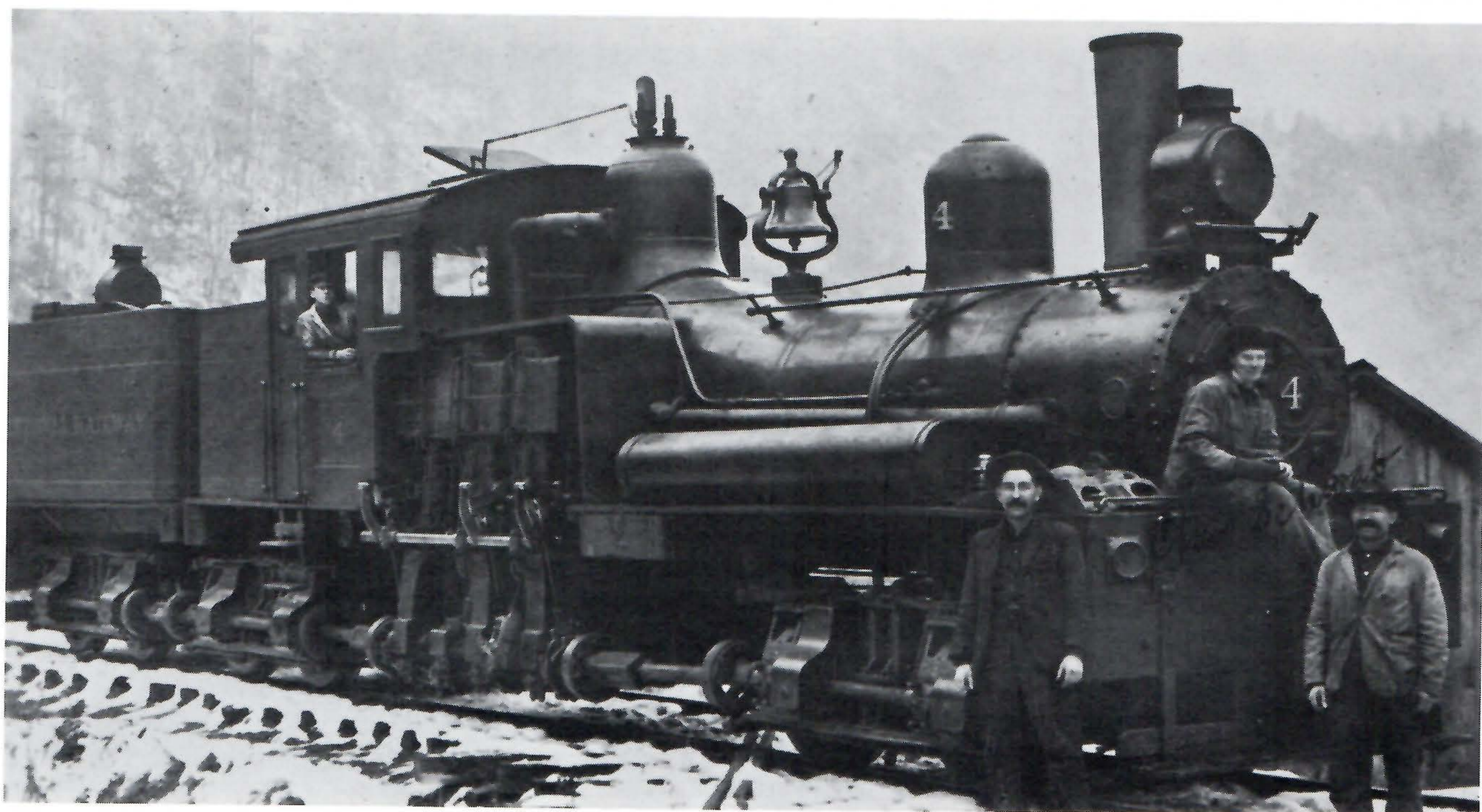
A nice summer's day on the Little Slate Run trestle. The bridge was curved like the Four Mile trestle, but was not as high. It was located just north of Ice Break Junction on the line to Four Mile.

Mrs. Edwin Muchler



The crew poses on Four Mile Run trestle. The train includes two cars of pulp wood, the snow plow, and cars of logs. This trestle was the largest one on the railroad.

Mrs. Edwin Muchler



Ed Muchler is in the cab, George Reif, superintendent of the railroad stands by the locomotive, and Charles Schwab sits on the pilot beam. The man standing in front is unknown. Schwab was later killed when the brake chain on a car he was setting the brakes broke, and he was thrown between the cars.



There were two runaways on the switchbacks. Both occurred on the first one as trains were approaching Pine Creek bridge. In September, 1899, locomotive No. 1 was badly damaged. At the time Steven Andrews was engineer; Billy Woodward, the brakeman; and Ed Schobert, the fireman. This picture is the second wreck which occurred on February 13, 1919 with No. 202. Ed Muchler was the engineer. According to Ernest Robinson, a leak in the water tank dripped water onto the sand pipes which then froze shut so that no sand could reach the rail. This, combined with the failure of the brakes on one of the four cars in the train, proved too much loss of braking power, and the train ran away. No one was injured, but it took close to a year before the locomotive was back in service.



About 1907/8 a fire burned the slashings along Painter Run. Engine No. 4 took a crew of mill hands to help get it under control. The locomotive became trapped and lost its wood cab. A steel cab replaced it. The locomotive was later renumbered No. 202. Harry Lloyd is the boy at the center of the photograph. A few years later a similar fire threatened Leetonia. Thanks to the pasture land around town and stationing men with water buckets on roof tops, flying embers were unable to do any damage.

house. I stayed overnight there, and the next day we walked to the top of Gaines Mountain and began working back toward Leetonia.

The town also had a boneyard. The dead cows and horses from the town were dragged up there and left unburied. One summer day the stink of an over ripe cow so distressed the mill men that the superintendent offered five dollars (no mean sum in those days) to anyone who would bury the remainder of the remains. The tannery superintendent and the bookkeeper performed the job and gave the five bucks to a poor family.

Every summer was berrying season for the boys of Leetonia. The first berries to ripen in the summer were wild strawberries which were not widely found. We would have to go two or more miles. It was slow, tiresome work to pick them, but there was no other berry that had a flavor equal to them, and strawberry short cake was certainly a treat.

The next berry to ripen was the red raspberry. It was hard work to pick a pail of them. But they were very good, and every family had many jars of them to preserve for winter.

Then came black raspberries, (black caps), huckleberries, and black long berries. They were fun to pick because your pail filled rapidly. The two blackberries were found in many places, but the huckleberries were in only a few places further away.

Four or five of us would go berrying. We were on our way before eight o'clock. Each of us carried two pails: a smaller one for picking and a larger one for carrying. We walked out to the old splash dam about a mile and a half from town and then up the hillside. We would pick all morning. We would then have our pails filled usually. We ate lunch and went down to the dam for a swim and perhaps smoked some cigarettes made from mullein leaves. Then we walked home.

It must have been during our final summer at Slide Island that the baseball fever returned to Leetonia. Years before they had an organized team among the men of the village, but the interest had waned. There was considerable playing early this summer, and soon two teams were organized: the one composed of the older men who were members of the Knights of the Machabees and the other of younger men known as the Town Team. A match game was arranged for the Fourth of July for a purse of ten dollars. The Town Team won thirty to eighteen. Then a team from Manhattan came over to play the Leetonia team. Leetonia won the game.

The members of the team were mainly employees of the saw mill. In order that they would not lose time from work the officials allowed the mill to be run about three nights a week so that all could attend the game.

While we were at Slide Island camp during the summer, three or four boys walked up one Saturday afternoon. We decided that we would walk up to the Junction and meet the log train coming in from Four Mile Run. The trainman permitted us to climb onto the tender, and then informed us that it was necessary to go to Tiadaghton before returning to Leetonia. We decided that we might as well go along as it was always interesting to watch the long freight trains on the rail-

road at Tiadaghton.

The railroad descended almost straight down into the valley on switchbacks. It took sometime to make the trip. By the time they were ready to start up, it was dark and starting to rain. It was no fun sitting on the tender. Nor was it any too secure a feeling to sit high in the air and know that the hill was high and steep. When we got back to the Junction, the fireman allowed us to come into the cab where it was warm and dry.

Then we began to worry about what kind of a reception awaited us when we returned home. It was late and we had not told Mother where we were going. At last the train stopped, and we slid down the steep path to the camp. To our pleasant surprise no questions were asked and supper had been saved for us.

During the spring of 1905 or 1906 Father moved his camp from Slide Island to Lick Run which was nearly ten miles north of Leetonia. One Saturday four or five other boys and Ed and I drove the young cattle and the hogs over to the new camp. It was a long trip for the pigs, especially, since there was the long, high Gaines Mountain to be crossed. We remained at camp overnight and walked home. The camp was located on Lick Run, three or four miles from the village of Manhattan where there was a tannery. Today there is nothing there except a house or two. Ed and I would walk down to Manhattan and then the mile to Gaines where we could buy ice cream sodas. Gaines had at one time had a minor oil boom. Many of the abandoned derricks were still standing on the hillsides.

During the summer of 1906 a large furnace was placed in the basement of the school to replace the three coal stoves. One morning the teacher smelled smoke. One of the boys went to see where it was coming from. He returned to report there was a fire in the basement. Instantly every child made a rush for the door.

The firemen came and broke out the windows and hurled out the seats and books. A wooden duct had caught fire. It was just a small fire, and properly handled would have caused no damage, but when the firemen had finished the schoolhouse was a wreck.

There was no school for two weeks while the school board prepared the Machabee Hall for a school building. Two rooms were arranged in the dance hall, and the kitchen served for the higher grades.

There were no ice boxes in town; everything being kept in cool cellars. However, there was an ice house where you could get ice without charge to make ice cream on a Sunday. The ice house stood between the store and the meat market. As I recall it, most of the ice was sawed into blocks and pushed to the bank where it was lifted by tongs onto waiting sleds and hauled to Leetonia. What fun it was to ride on the sleds, either empty or full! Saw dust was placed around the ice to help keep it from melting. One summer I carried saw dust from the mill and made a small ice house of my own at one end of the wood shed.

During all these years the trout fishing season always opened on the fifteenth of April, and it was a date eagerly awaited by the boys. In 1907 opening day fell on the Monday. It did not occur to us to skip school.



Ernest Robinson

The hemlock mill crew: 1. Hugh Warren, yardman; 2. Henry Campbell, mill pond. He always wore a derby hat, necktie, white shirt, and vest; 3. Smith, yard foreman; 4. Harry Preset, setter; 5. Ed Hatch, edgerman; 6. Lew Crum, sawyer; 7. Jake Muchler, edgerman; 8. Roy Kilburn, mill foreman; 9. George Kriner, yardman; 10. Jim Logan; 11. Ernest Robinson, yardman; 12. Ed Schwab, yardman; 13. Miley Herritt; 14. Denny Smith, dogger; 15. Fred Putman, lumber scaler; 16. and 17. unknown; 18. Harry Lloyd; 19. Walter Huggler; 20. Bill Kline; 21. Bert Preset; 22. unknown; 23. Tom Campbell, yardman; 24. Laughton; 25. Herritt; 26. John Huggler; 27. unknown.

We took school pretty seriously those days. Two of the boys made an arrangement with Mr. Ely, our teacher, to do their work in advance and thus be permitted to go fishing without being marked absent. When the rest of us learned of this arrangement, we began to howl that those boys were "teacher's pets." Finally Mr. Ely settled it by announcing that he and Mrs. Ely were going to visit her parents that weekend at Mansfield, and they wouldn't return until Tuesday.

In the summer of 1907 when I was twelve years old my parents decided the family should move to Mansfield so that the children could go to the Mansfield Normal School. My school days were over at Leetonia. In 1908 or 1909 Father moved his camp to Painter Run.

* * *

There are many persons still living who lived at Leetonia. Those who worked the log trains and the switchbacks include Victor Gross, Edward Smith, Ernest Robinson, and Norman Blackwell.

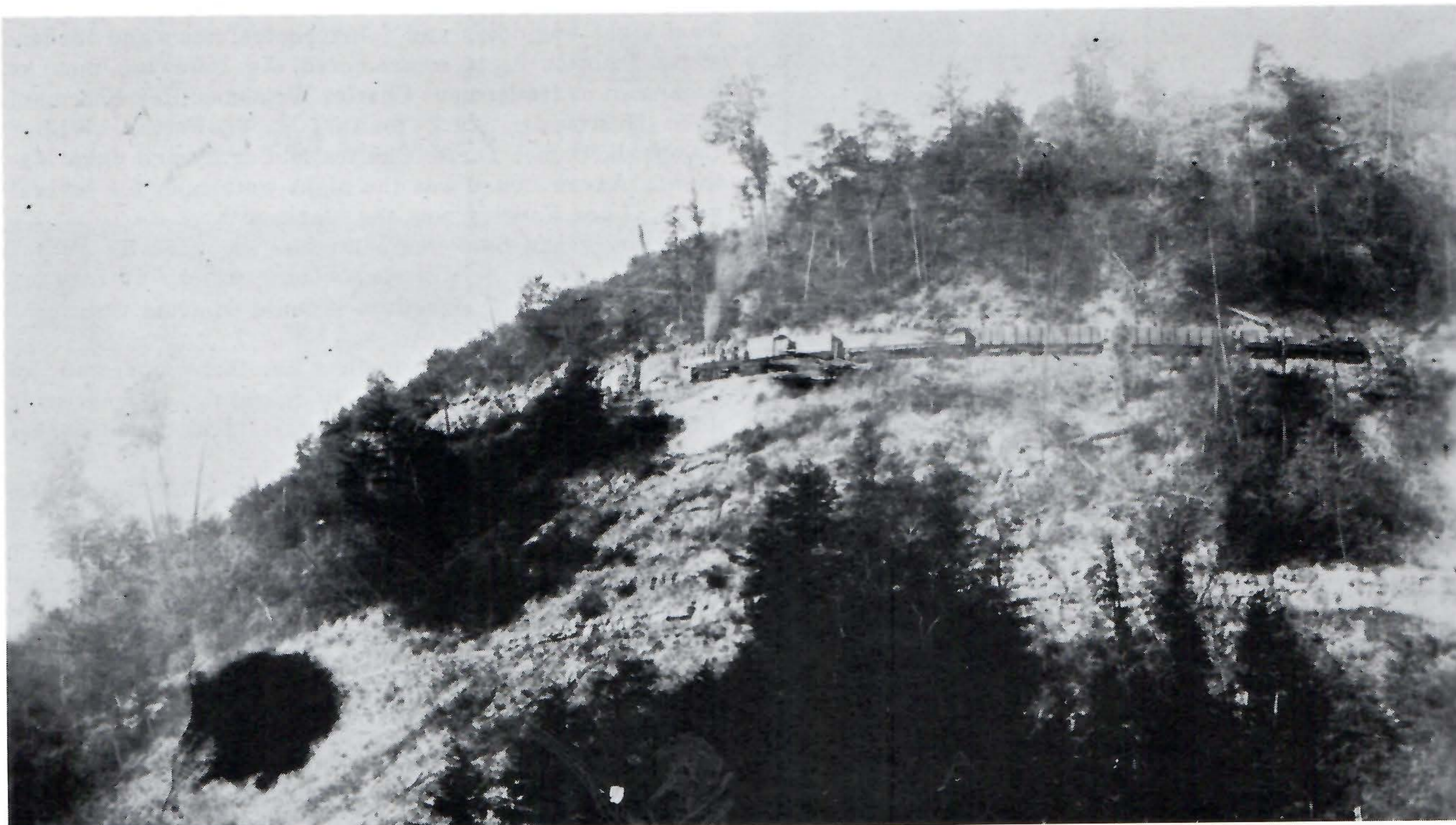
Mr. Gross was a fireman during the midteens. At that time, cutting was being done near Four Mile, and only one train was needed. Edwin Muchler was the engineer, Jack Smith was the conductor, and Charles McCarty was the brakeman. Their typical day started at seven. First two or three loaded cars of lumber were taken from the mill, and empties were spotted. A car of leather might be ready for shipment from the tannery, and it would be picked up. The loaded cars were coupled onto twenty two empty log cars and the train taken four miles north to Ice Break Junction. The cars for the New York Central were set off. The empty log cars

were taken to the jobbing site and exchanged for loaded cars. Returning to Ice Break Junction, the crew dropped the log cars, and took the other cars down to Tiadaghton. On the return trip up the mountain the train was likely to contain a car of coal, groceries and supplies, and empty lumber cars. Back on top of the mountain, the log cars were picked up, and the train drifted into Leetonia where the various cars were spotted at the store, tannery, and mill. Normally their day was finished between three and four P. M. During bark season a second crew worked during the night.

Mr. Gross recalled the names of different persons with whom he worked. "George Hoadley was the engineer of the Heisler in the early years (He also worked at Asaph as did some of the others), and later my uncle, Avery Francis, was an engineer. He left and went over to the Potato Creek Railroad. Charlie Schwabb was a conductor, John Freeman was a fireman for awhile, and William Sanders ran the loader."

"In the hardwood mill, James Kennedy was the foreman, Clinton Daniels was the sawyer and millwright, Ned Hatch was the edgerman, and George Lord fired the boiler."

"At the hemlock mill Lew Crum was the sawyer. He later worked at Galeton. His father, Ed, was a carpenter and repaired the log cars. Ralph Lyons ran the engine in the mill. At Tiadaghton Frank Osborn was the engineer and Bill Goodrow was the mill fireman. Osborn became the millwright at Leetonia. James L. Snyder was the first superintendent for C. P. L., and he was followed by Frank Campbell."



Four cars climb the switchback. The train pauses on the third level just as it reaches the rock ledge. Further down in the picture can be seen the second level of the switchback. To get this picture, the photographer must have climbed part way up the mountain on the east side of Pine Creek and used a special lens.

C. P. L. had several warrants in the southwest corner of Elk Township. The railroad was apparently built into there about 1915-16, necessitating adding a second train. All day was required for one crew to get and bring in the logs. The second crew switched Leetonia and went to Tiadaghton. The track to the Cushman ran out of Leetonia along Frying Pan Run and followed Indian Bill Hollow to the top of the hill. It then skirted north around Cushman Branch, Randall Hollow, Apple Tree Hollow, and Butternut Hollow, and switchbacked down into each one. The Randall branch ran down and along Slate Run on the opposite side from where the narrow gauge Slate Run Railroad had operated. The Butternut branch took the track almost to Kettle Creek. Only three cars could be brought up the switchback at one time because the grade was so steep.

Edward Smith started work about 1916 and worked as a brakeman. Trips over the switchbacks are vivid memories in his mind. He said that a trip down the mountain took about an hour. "The trip up, with a loaded car of coal and several empties took longer. The second switchback from the bottom was the steepest, and the third one had a rock ledge blasted out of the mountain. As the leads at each switchback only held six cars, it was often necessary to make a second trip. This meant an extra two to three hours of work.

"Ed Muchler was the best Lima engineer I ever worked with. Coming down the switchbacks, he could feel the slight jerk that a car would make when it jumped the track. Before he could look back and see it off the track, he would apply the brakes. A lot of engineers

would run two or three car lengths before realizing a car was off, but he could feel it as soon as it happened. He kept his engine up well. In switching he would never jerk you. He wouldn't even spill a cup of coffee. He had a brother, Emmett, who also worked on the trains, but he was killed when he fell between the cars on a bridge over Buck Run.

"In 1916 when I started, John Pratt was the superintendent of the railroad. He had replaced George Reif. Frank Campbell was the general superintendent. After him came Leo Williamson.

"They were running two trains. Ed Muchler ran the train down the mountain. That crew had a shorter day than the log crew. Del Speicher ran the log train until the flu epidemic in 1919 when he and his wife died. Jim Porter ran the night bark train. Oliver Hostrander was hired to take Speicher's place, but he didn't stay long.

"While I was there we always cut in the Cushman area. We loaded sixteen cars a day. It required three trips to bring the loaded cars up the switchbacks out of the Cushman."

During his last two years, 1919-1921, Mr. Smith worked with Norman Blackwell, who was a brakeman, Chan Hill, engineer, John Briggs, fireman, Earl Hostrander, brakeman, John Pheonix, loaderman, and Frank Hess, an extra loaderman.

Ernest Robinson worked eight years in the mill before he went on the railroad. He fired for Hostrander and Hill, and ran the engine after Hill was let go for always running the engine with full cutoff. He described the rock cut on the switchbacks as being "so narrow



Emmett Pratt

A portion of the rock ledge on the third switchback.

that the ties on the fireman's side overhung, and you could look down three hundred feet. On the engineer's side, you couldn't stick your head completely out the window."

The railroad had a large turnover of employees due to quitting, promotion, and death. During the twenty two years the Leetonia Railroad operated, it had at

least eight engineers and fourteen trainmen and loaders. Emmett Pratt remembered the following men as brakemen or loaders: Charles Welshans, Ray Sherman, John Hostrander, Jack Smith, Casper Person, Wilbur Campbell, Camel Tomb, Charles McCarthy and Jake Mathews. Aaron Louck was the night watchman for several years. Luce Faegley was the blacksmith.

During the final years the mill reduced its output to about 40,000 feet a day. Only sixteen instead of twenty two cars of logs were brought in from the Cushman area.

The mill was the smallest of those operated by C. P. L., which accounts for it operating as long as it did — until the summer of 1921. The tannery also closed and the railroad was torn up.

When the mill closed, one of those who had been around the longest was Burt Low, and he was to live there many more years. Now eighty nine he remembered when Lee converted the shingle mill into a saw mill.

After the closing most families dispersed. Some went to a big C. P. L. job just starting in Elk County at Bear Creek. In April, 1931 13,385 acres, that had been cut at Leetonia, were sold to the Commonwealth for \$40,155. A Civilian Conservation Corps camp at Leetonia during the Depression converted many railroad grades to roads and created Colton State Park. The railroad bridge over Pine Creek, which had been left in when the railroad was torn up, was removed. It had been possible to drive a car down the switchbacks and across the bridge into Tiadaghton. Ernest Robinson did it once. He never tried it again and never recommended anyone to attempt it. Today a forest ranger maintains his home and office at Leetonia, and keeps an eye on the five or six former homes that now serve as camps.