

Leaves of History



Historic Area : **Mc Kim Ridge ~**
Morton Hill



LOVINGLY CREATED

by

KATHRYN CAMPBELL SLASOR

and

JUNE CAMPBELL GROSSMANN

WITH THE HELP OF MANY OTHERS

Dedicated to the Preservation of Local History

FOREWORD

The history of a region as large as that of the McKim Ridge- Morton Hill area, must, of necessity, have some parameters placed on its scope. The following is a brief explanation of what this issue of Leaves of History encompasses, and what it does not.

There were eleven major families on Morton Hill by 1850, as evidenced by the Brooke County Map of 1852. In this history, an attempt has been made to give a brief sketch of each, which includes: 1) a genealogical outline of the first and in some instances, the second generation descendants of the first settlers, 2) family legends which have come to light, and 3) a documentation of when these settlers arrived on the hill. Family genealogies and histories, court house deeds, appraisals, inventories, wills, birth, marriage, and death records have been consulted. (Unless otherwise stated, these have been Brooke County documents.) Well over one hundred persons have been interviewed who have some insight into what life was like on the hill. Their memories, where possible, are presented throughout.

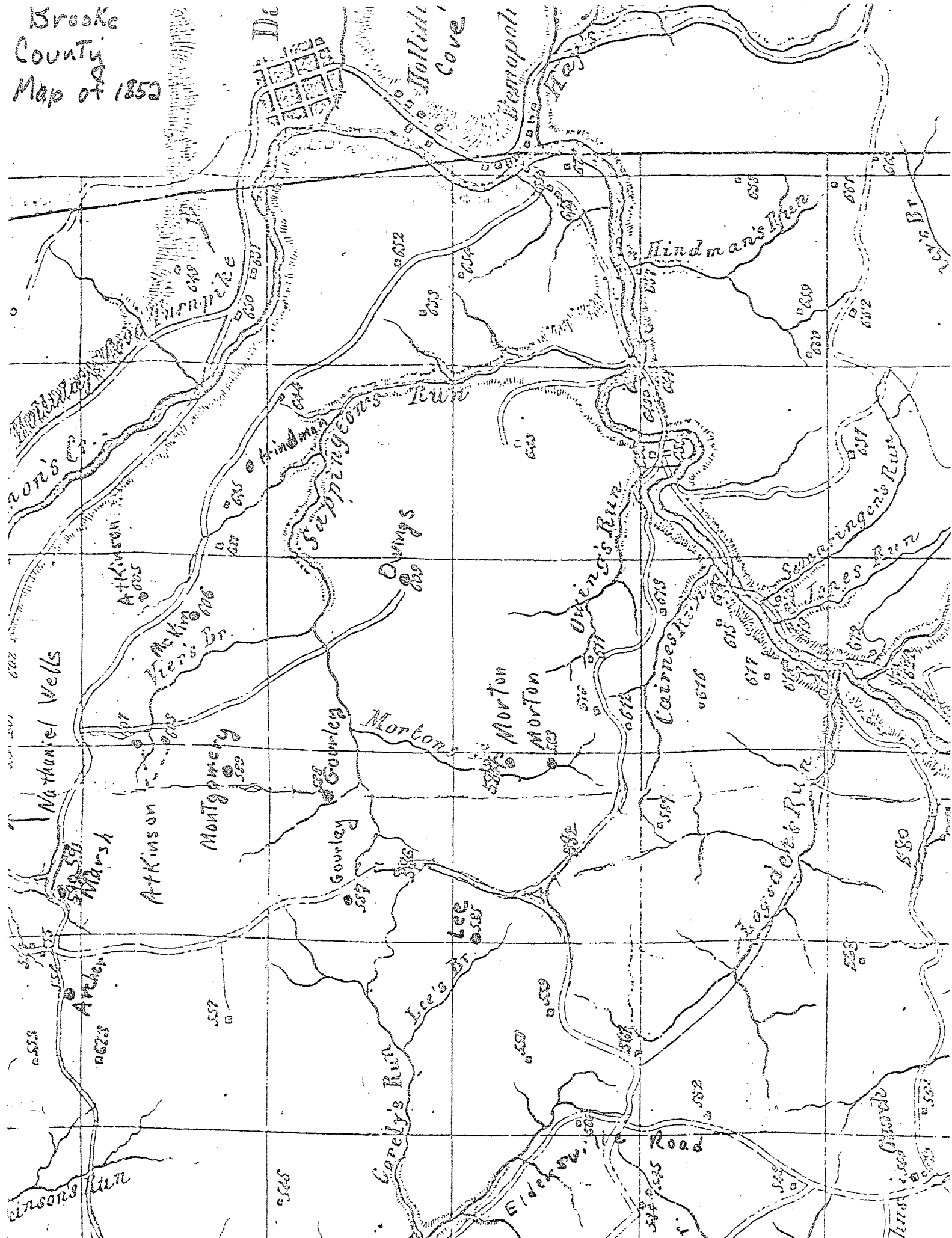
The time period since these first settlers came, and the present time, encompasses two centuries, thus no attempt has been made to discuss or even to mention ALL of the families who at one time or another lived there. Because land grants in the beginning for properties on the west side of the hill were ususally worded to include the Ohio River as the western boundary, and NOT the top of the cliffs as we think of it today, we have included stories of life along that narrow strip of land where Route 2 stretches today. We have not, however, included the area of Sondag or Lo-Grow, primarily because they are not really "on the hill". The number of later families who lived in those areas is far too numerous to include in this type of history, most of which came with the mining boom, and were not among the "early" settlers which is the focus of this writing. Another group which is mentioned but not included in any in-depth coverage, is the very first wave of land holders. These included, Edmund Baxter, John Sappington, John Alexander, William Greathouse, Nehemiah Viers, Thomas West, and others. These men took up large land holdings, but more for speculation than for settlement. In nearly all cases, after making the necessary "improvement" required by law to obtain a patent, they sold to the first buyer and moved on west or south. Many ended up in Kentucky or the midwest, where they made permanent homes. So it is the second wave of settlers - the Atkinsons, Archers, Gourleys, Owings, Lees, Hindmans, and Mortons and those who followed them shortly after 1800, who are the major concern of this endeavor. They are the real beginning of the history of Morton Hill - because they came to STAY !

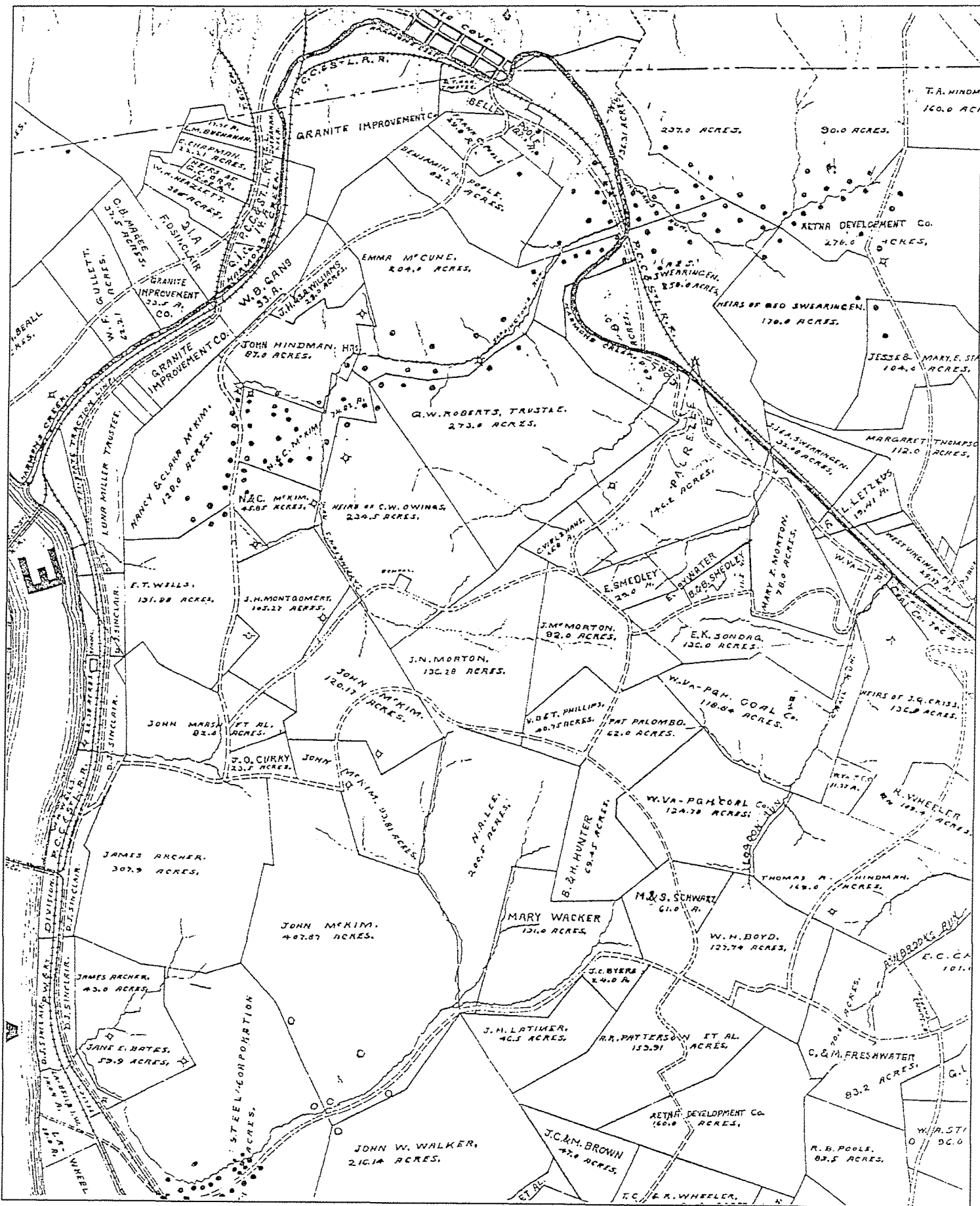
NOTE: In addition to persons named on the page of Acknowledgements at the back of this issue, there are a few persons who are SPECIAL. Their contributions to this work in time, materials, interest, and support have been overwhelming. Without them, it could not have been done. A special "Thank You ", therefore to:

- 1) David and John Velegol- our indispensable guides and greatest source of information and support since DAY ONE.
- 2) George Chapman - supplier of a huge volume of data and pictures with promptness and generosity.
- 3) Dorothy Morton - who supplied not only pictures and data, but a wealth of "nitty-gritty" material which helped reconstruct "who lived where, when".
- 4) Lawrence and Betty Latimer - who answered the door each one of the 157 times we knocked to ask them something else.

We have done our best to assure that this brief sketch of the McKim - Morton Hill area is as accurate as it is possible to make it with materials available. We hope you enjoy it. See you in 1998 between the mouth of Cross Creek and Virginville!

Brooke
County
Map of 1850





Morton Hill Area-Sometime after 1905

Courtesy of Fort Vance Historical Society

The Atkinson Family

Thomas Atkinson came to America from northern Ireland in the early 1700s. After spending a few years near Baltimore, Maryland, he moved to the waters of Ten Mile Creek in Washington County, Pennsylvania. About 1796, four of his sons came to Ohio County, Virginia, (now Brooke Co.; WV) to what was later known as the Morton Hill area. Thomas, Jr., the eldest of these four sons of the pioneer, floated down the Ohio River with his family on a flatboat and settled in Kentucky. William remained unmarried and eventually lived with his brother John and family. Thus it was that George and John became the progenitors of the Atkinson descendants in the Morton Hill area of Brooke County.

In February of 1799, George Atkinson purchased 384 acres from George and Elizabeth Edgington. (Elizabeth may have been the daughter of William Greathouse who first patented the land inasmuch as she and her husband were deeded the land as heirs of William.) This land, according to John H. Atkinson, grand-nephew of George, in his "History of the Atkinson Family", 1898, was later known as the James Archer and John McKim farms. Meanwhile, George's brother, John Atkinson, who was the grandfather of John H. Atkinson, purchased land from John Henderson who had bought it from the original patentee, John Sappington. (William Greathouse and John Sappington were probably the first to take up land on this hilltop and had huge parcels of land surveyed and patented in their names.) In 1803, John Atkinson bought another 100 acres from Nehemiah Viers. At one time, John owned about a thousand acres of land. By 1898, his land had been subdivided into the following farms: Ephraim T. Wells, Samuel Hindman, John Hindman heirs, Thomas McKim, John Marsh, and Daniel Montgomery. A quick look at an early map will make clear the vast land ownership of this early family.

When they first came across the mountains from the east, the Atkinsons were members of the English Episcopal Church. It is therefore little wonder that the names of George and his brother, William, are listed as subscribers in the St. John's Episcopal parish in the year 1800. The first St. John's log church stood just a short distance from where the Follansbee-Eldersville Road intersects with the Morton Hill Road today (1997). (This information was supplied by the late Ewing Shirley Carter who told this writer that it was handed down by word of mouth from the families who had first founded the church.) The Atkinsons thus did not have an unreasonable distance to travel to church services in the early days.

George Atkinson and his wife, Sarah Criss Atkinson, raised a large family of seven daughters and two sons. One son, James Archer Atkinson, never married, but Thomas married Anna Holmes and had at least eight children. Two of Thomas and Anna's sons married Crall girls, and Sarah Ann married James Elliott Marsh. Thomas became a Presbyterian and served as an elder in the Three Springs Church. He died at the age of 46 and is buried in the Three Springs Cemetery. His father, George Atkinson, died on his 71st birthday, 14 March 1822, and is buried in the Olde St. John's Churchyard.

George's brother, John, married Elizabeth Poole and together they raised a family of twelve children, two of whom died in childhood. Some married and moved from the area, but four chose mates from the hilltop on which they were raised or very nearby. James married Aletha Swearingen, Nancy chose Thomas McKim, Eliza wed Thomas Marsh, and William went just next door to marry Amelia Owings.

It was said of John Atkinson by one of his grandsons that he was a grand specimen of the early settlers of this country - six foot tall, broad shoulders, of great muscular power, weighing about 180 pounds. He could take a sack of wheat containing three bushels and easily lay it upon a pack saddle. He was overflowing with fun, and

delighted in the company of little children. His barns and cribs and purse were always full, and when crops were short, he often loaned wheat and corn, to be paid back, bushel for bushel. He never sued a man in his life and often loaned money without interest. Yet he was always accumulating and always had money to spare.

The first home of the John Atkinson family was a rough log cabin, later used on the farm as a storehouse for farm implements. John soon erected a two-story hewn log house which was later used as a washhouse and storage room for cider and vinegar. The sale of his cider and vinegar was a considerable source of income for him from his constant stream of customers from Steubenville. Eventually this hewn log house gave way to a good substantial frame house. Ephraim T. Wells later built his house on the site of this Atkinson frame house, which was destroyed by fire after the deaths of John and Elizabeth. With the passage of time, the old log houses were removed. And as John's grandson, John H. Atkinson so aptly put it in his address at the first Atkinson reunion in 1898:

" A fire some years since destroyed the home in which grandfather and grandmother lived and died, and the removal of the old log houses, only left their existence in the memory of his grandchildren, as they come back to the old home."

In the present year (1997), the 100th anniversary of the first reunion of the descendants of these Atkinson brothers, George and John, was held. It might well have ended with the closing words of John H. who spoke at that first reunion a century ago - namely, " As we come one by one to put off the cares of earth, may we all meet in a glorious reunion in heaven."

William H. Atkinson



Hannah Jane Hunter

Wedding Clothes 1865



Pictured above is William H. Atkinson, son of William A. and Amelia Owings Atkinson, and his wife, Hannah Jane Hunter Atkinson. They were married 23 February 1865 and were the parents of seven children. They are buried in St. Johns Cemetery. William pictured above was the grandson of the pioneer, John Atkinson.

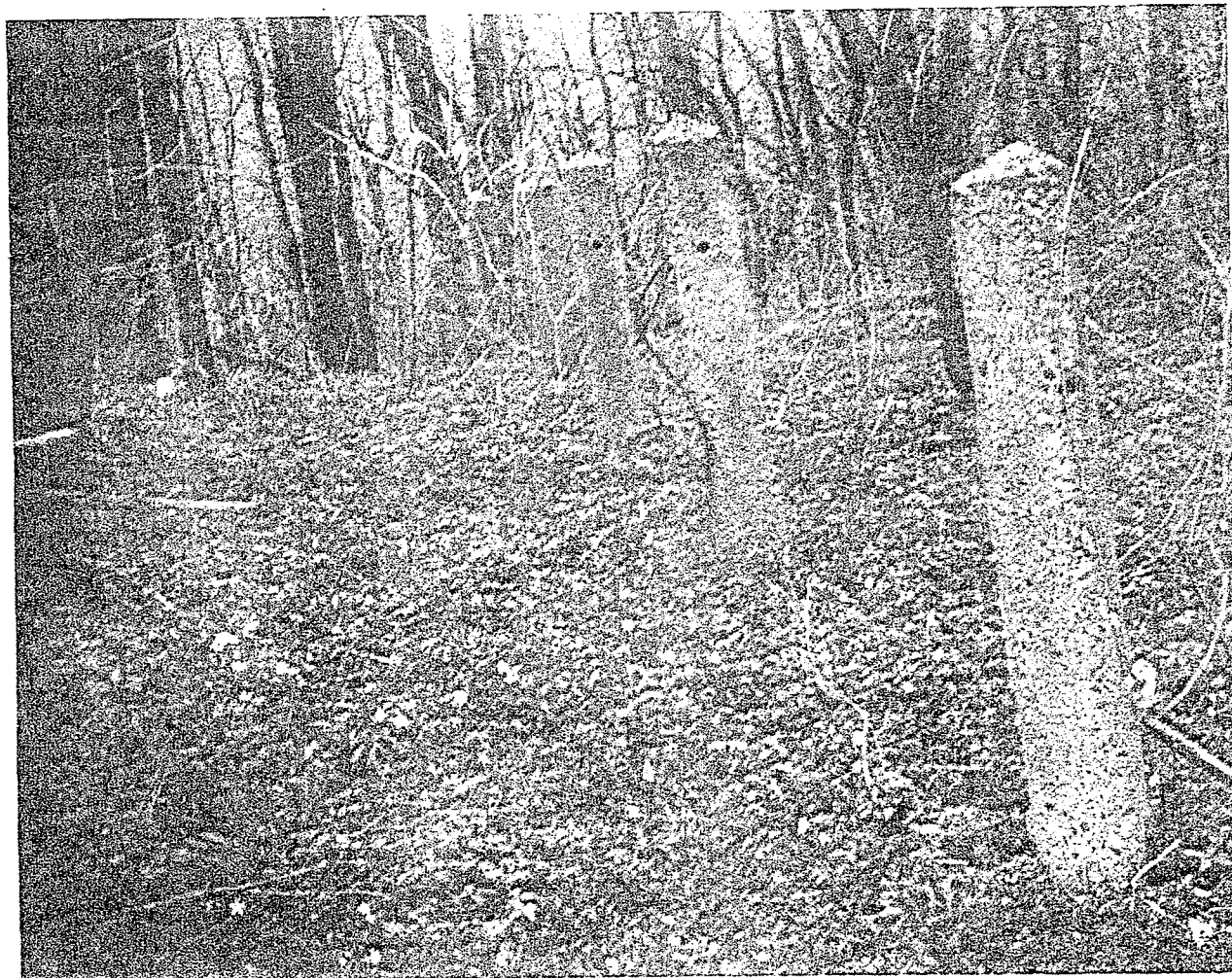


This is the tombstone of one William Atkinson, who died in 1872, and is buried in the Marsh-Atkinson-McKim family cemetery.

To the right is the home of William and Hannah Jane Hunter Atkinson located below Colliers, WV. at the foot of Colliers Way. William was a veteran of the Civil War. He died 21 February 1906. His wife, Hannah, passed away 29 June 1919. Their son, Lucian was killed in a railroad accident in 1907. His older brother, Oliver, was a carpenter and well known in Colliers as a 50 year member of the IOOF.



THE MARSH-ATKINSON-McKIM FAMILY CEMETERY



These cement posts, thirty in all, mark the bounds of the Marsh-Atkinson-McKim family cemetery.

John Atkinson chose the highest point of his farm overlooking the Ohio River to set aside a parcel of land for burying his dead. His bachelor brother, William, had made his home with John and is believed to be the first person buried in this family graveyard. William died in 1825.

Here interred also are the remains of John's two infant children, Rhoda and John, as well as his sons, George and James, William and his wife, and daughter, Elizabeth and her husband, Thomas Marsh, plus a number of grandchildren.

Neighbors also came to this quiet sanctuary to bury their dead. It was here in 1841, that his children laid John, himself, to rest, his beloved wife, Elizabeth following him in a few short months. They had seen over fifty years of marriage together and it seemed fitting that they should lie together in death on this Mecca of a hilltop where they had shared so much of life.

The burial ground measures approximately eighty by forty feet.

The Lee Family

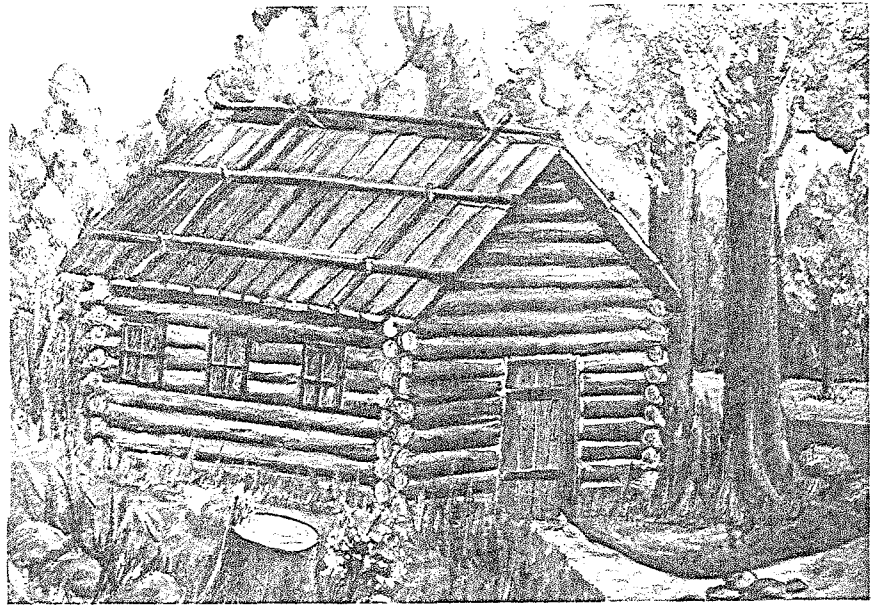
William Lee was born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1767. He came with his parents, Hugh and Mary Elliott Lee, to America about 1790, and settled in Cross Creek Township, Washington County, Pennsylvania. His father's parents, James and Isabelle Boscawen Lee, were among the forty-two members of the Lee family who drowned in the shipwreck of the Faithful Steward on September 1, 1785. Also losing their lives in this famous tragedy were three of Hugh's brothers, two sisters, three uncles, three aunts, and twenty-nine cousins. Hugh was not on the ship inasmuch as he had remained behind in Ireland with his wife and children, planning to emigrate at a later date. Only five of the Lees on board the ill-fated vessel are reputed to have survived the wreck which took the lives of 360 persons aboard. This information was copied from the original account of the Public Archives Commission, Hall of Records, Dover, Delaware, by Mrs. Walter B. Forbes of Cypress, California, in 1970.

While still in Ireland, William was betrothed to Jane Elliott, probably a relative of his mother. He rode across the mountains on horseback to meet her when she came to America about 1792, and they were married soon after. In March of 1796, while still living with his parents in Washington County, Pennsylvania, William purchased from Thomas Creighton, a tract of land in Ohio County, Virginia, on what is today the Morton Hill- Archer Heights area of Brooke County, WV. This tract had been originally patented by Thomas West in 1785. West was one of the earliest land owners in the area. By 1799, William and Jane Lee had moved to their new home on the hill. This fact is attested to by the courthouse records in Brooke, Deed Book 2, page 84, which states that on December 24, 1799, William Lee of Brooke County, Virginia, purchased an additional 59 and three-quarters acres on the waters of Mahans Run from Benjamin and Nancy Davis. This same property, according to Book 9, page 240, was sold on 4 September 1829 by William's heirs to Andrew Lee. Andrew, a son of William, apparently bought out the other heirs. The Brooke County Map of 1852 lists the property as being owned by the heirs of Andrew Lee. Elizabeth, one of the descendants of Andrew Lee, married William Pettibon. Thus it is that in more recent times, although still in the Lee name, it came to be known as the Pettibon farm.

According to Lawrence Lattimer, nephew of William Pettibon, there were three houses on the Lee property at one time, two of which were log. As of today (1997), all have been removed.

William Lee, the first of the Lee owners of the land, was a staunch supporter of the Three Springs Presbyterian Church. According to History of Washington Presbytery, William Lee was "on the first bench of elders, and a strong pillar in the church". Sometime prior to 1812, he accompanied Rev. Elisha Macurdy on a mission to the Indians at Sandusky, Ohio. He represented the Three Springs Church fifteen times in Presbytery and three times in Synod. He died 27 August 1819 at the age of 52 and is buried in the Three Springs Cemetery.

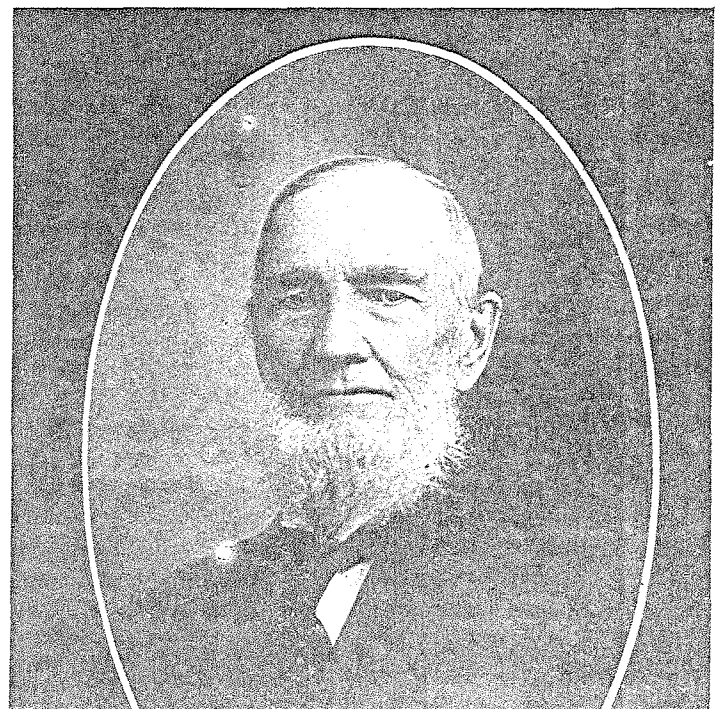
The first log Three Springs Church was built on Campbell land by Pioneer James Campbell of Kings Creek area. His youngest son, Robert, was among the first elders. The sketch at the right is a copy of one made by James Campbell's great-grandson, John Purdy Campbell, in the 1830's, just before it fell into ruins.



The second Three Springs Church was a stone structure located where the present Three Springs Cemetery stands. It is believed to have been built about 1802 or 1803 and was an outgrowth of the Great Revival. The log church was located on what is now Weirton Heights, a couple of miles from the stone church which is pictured on the left. The Morton Hill people who were of the Presbyterian faith in the early days, attended the Three Springs Church whose pastor at that time was the Rev. Elisha Macurdy.

William McMillan Lee

The William Lee pictured here was the grandson of William who settled on Archer Heights. Although he was raised in Washington County, PA, and there married Caroline Patterson of the old William Patterson family, he came to Brooke County not too far from where his grandfather had settled many years before. He lived on what became known as the Silas Farnsworth property in Hollidays Cove, and like his grandfather, was a staunch supporter of the Three Springs Church, now Cove Presbyterian.



Caroline Virginia Lee



Caroline Lee, pictured on the left, was the youngest of the seven children of her parents. She and her sister, Venie, planned all of the days of their youth to become missionaries in China. Venie went off to college and completed her life dream. But Caroline, after being graduated from Peabody Normal College in Nashville, returned home to care for her aged parents. The eldest sister, who had remained unmarried, died in 1897 at the age of 46. At that point in time, Caroline abandoned her plans for China and returned home to become the care-giver. After the death of her mother and father, she went to China to begin her life's work. She died while on furlough in 1931 and is buried at Three Springs.

Jane Varenia Lee

Jane and her sister, Caroline Virginia, were great-grand daughters of the William Lee who settled on Archer Heights in the early days. Their parents were William McMillan and Caroline Patterson Lee. Their mother, Caroline, lived to the age of 103 years and is the oldest person ever to be buried in the Three Springs Cemetery. Venie, as Jane Varenia was known, received her medical degree from the University of Nashville Medical College. In 1899, she set sail for China where she practiced medicine and number of years and served as principal of a girls academy. She died in China on 19 April 1937.



The Owings Family

Asa Owings, the progenitor of the Owings descendants in Brooke County, was born near Baltimore, Maryland, in 1766. In the fall of 1792, he appeared on the waters of Harmon Creek with his saddle bags full of gold and silver. The story which has come down by word of mouth is that he could not make up his mind whether or not to purchase the farm he had come to buy which was located high on the hill above the Ohio River. During his sojourn in Ohio County he stayed with the William Griffith family. Bill Griffith lived in the first stone house in the area. It had been built as a federal arsenal for storing weapons and ammunition for the settlers to use against the marauding Indians. (This large stone house was demolished only a few decades ago to build the Weir High football stadium.) Not wishing to burden his horse on the return trip to Baltimore with the weight of the gold and silver he had so laboriously carried over the mountains coming west, Asa, with the help of William Griffith, buried the money deep in the ground under the hearthstone in Griffith's home. There is much discrepancy in the dates given for the construction of the stone house, so it is possible that the Griffith family was still living in their original log cabin when Asa made his visit. At any rate, he went home to Baltimore for the winter, retracing his steps the following spring. This time he had made up his mind to purchase the land he had examined the previous fall. He and Griffith dug up the coins, and court records of Ohio County, Virginia, show that on the 7th of May, 1793, he purchased from the estate of John Baxter, Jr., 407 acres which Baxter had named "Rich Hill Plantation". The next fall he took for his bride his second cousin, Mary Wells, daughter of Charles and Michal Owings Wells, of Buffalo Creek. In the Draper Manuscripts Collection, Lyman Draper states from his interview with Caleb, youngest brother of Charles Wells:

" The family (Charles' parents) moved in the fall of 1782 and settled on the hill back of Buffalo CreekCharles.....came out four years before and settled.. nearby."

Mary Wells, Charles' daughter, was therefore living in Ohio County, Virginia, in 1778, sixteen years before her marriage to Asa Owings. (The farm on Buffalo Creek on which Mary was raised is today owned by Glenn Mains.) Rich Hill Plantation was to be the home of the newlyweds and together they set about to make the wilderness a home.

In all probability, Asa did not just "happen" to come to the Morton Hill area that autumn season in 1792. The man whose patent he purchased was also from Baltimore County, Maryland, and the families may have been friends as well as neighbors. The parents of Asa's wife, Mary Wells Owings, had been married in St. Thomas Episcopal Church. In those very church records are many entries of baptisms, marriages, and deaths of the Baltimore Baxters of whom John Baxter was one. John, a Revolutionary War veteran, had married Elizabeth Sappington. The Baxters, along with Elizabeth's brother, John Sappington and his wife, were in Ohio County, VA, before 1778. This is evidenced by the fact that Ohio County records show John as one of the appraisers of the estate of Daniel Greathouse on 25 March of that year. John, however, did not live long enough to enjoy the fruits of his labors. Records show that John died at about the age of 35, leaving a wife and at least 7 children. His widow, Elizabeth, now totally responsible for her family of small ones, soon remarried. She and her new husband, William Tippings, moved to Kentucky in the company of her brother, John Sappington, and other Baxters who had patented the Morton Hill area. No doubt they were anxious to sell John Baxter's property and to get on with their new lives. It seems quite plausible that Asa Owings, through John Baxter's family back in Baltimore County, knew all about these happenings and came prepared to buy out Baxter's holdings, if he liked the lay of the land.

John Baxter had lived in the Morton Hill area long enough to have certainly built a log cabin for his family and possibly a larger hewn log house. In fact the wash house which stood near the large brick house later built by the Owings family, may have originally been just such a home for the early Baxters. The inventory of John's estate as listed on Page 24, Book 1, in Wheeling, WV., is indicative of a man who had acquired a considerable amount of this world's goods for that day and age. It seems, therefore, quite likely that Asa found a livable shelter already on the land and no doubt a part of it cleared for cultivation.

Asa and his wife lived together for 26 years on Rich Hill Plantation, there on the north side of the Morton Hill area of Brooke County. There they built a gorgeous brick house, reputed to be the first house, other than the log structures, on the hilltop. It was a mansion unexcelled for beauty and spacious living. Those who, in later years occupied the Owings mansion house, describe it as follows:

" The first floor was an exact replica of Drovers Inn located on Washington-Wellsburg Pike. There was a large central hall with a winding stairway and two large rooms on each side of the hall, with a kitchen added on in the rear. The second floor was a half-story with sloping ceilings where the roof came down, and contained two very large rooms, one on each side. The fireplaces were identical to those in Drovers, as was the entrance-way and windows."

Here were born the 10 children of Asa and Mary, and here it was that they grew to adulthood. Life was no doubt good to the Owings family until May 19, 1820. Asa, less than a month after his 54th birthday, was called from his earthly labors, leaving Mary with a family of 9. The eldest daughter, Amelia, at the age of 17, just 7 years before, had married William Atkinson. But the other 9 children, from John, aged 22, to little Rebecca, not quite 2 years old, were left in their mother's care. High on the hilltop with a breath-taking view of the surrounding area for miles upon end, they laid Asa to rest. The stone which marked his grave is still legible.

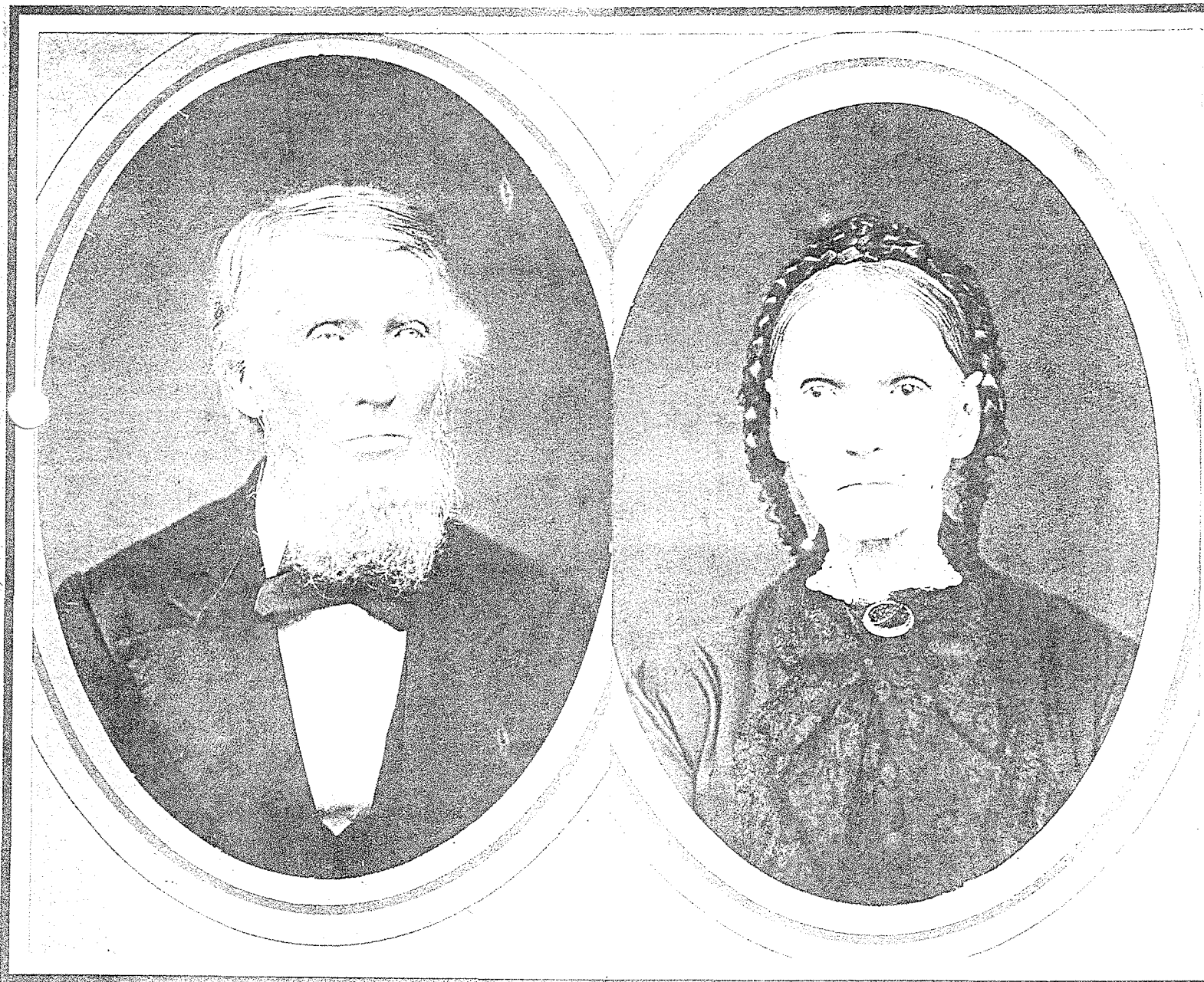
For Mary, widowhood was to extend for nearly 30 years, marked perhaps by more than one woman's share of joys and sorrows. Her eldest son, John, died at the age of 27, five years after his father's death. He is probably one of those buried at the Owings Graveyard where impressions for 14 graves with only 4 readable stones exist. In the first 6 years after Asa's death, the 5 oldest children married and left the nest. John had married Olivia Coulter four years prior to his death. Ephraim married Blanche Swearingen and built a house on Owings land overlooking what today is Police Lodge Road, Colliers. Absolam married Sarah Swearingen and Michal married Nicholas Dawson Swearingen. Michal, however, died just two years after her marriage. Thus it was that Mary buried her children, John and Michal, just four months apart.

Mary's daughter, Catherine, married Thomas Donovan, Jr. on 19 October 1826. Thomas built a mansion of a brick house just off the Tent Church Road only a few miles distant from Catherine's old home. Here in the quiet beauty of this old countryside, they raised their 10 children. Catherine died in 1852 at the age of 45, and Thomas lovingly took her back to her old home to lay her to rest beside her parents in the Owings graveyard. Her headstone, although badly deteriorated, remains today.

In 1830, Asa, Jr. married Ruth Donovan, a sister of Thomas. Mary married John Elson, grandson of Richard Elson who was one of Brooke County's first settlers, having received 400 acres of land for his Revolutionary War service. The youngest,

Charles Wells Owings, named for his maternal grandfather, married Honor Wheeler and remained on the old Owings farm with his mother. Little Rebecca, just shy of two years of age at her father's death, married Nathaniel Wells in 1842. Eight children blessed this union. Their oldest son, Edwin Wells, was taken prisoner during the Civil War and died in captivity. A daughter, Catherine died at 19 months, and a son, George, at age 17. The other children grew to adulthood and married. It was their son, Ephraim T. Wells, who occupied the beautiful house on McKim Ridge-Archer Heights Road known until its demolition as the E.T.Wells house.

The descendants of Asa Owings are scattered far and wide. But whether they remained nearby in the Brooke and Hancock County areas or moved to the far places of the nation, they have much of which to be proud.



Pictured above is Ephraim Owings, the second son of Asa and Mary, and his wife, Blanche Swearingen Owings. Ephraim was born 16 January 1801, on the old Owings farm. He and Blanche had ten children. He died 12 July 1884.

THE OWINGS FAMILY BURIAL GROUND



This is the Owings Cemetery as it looked on April 24, 1993, when family members and friends visited the old burial ground atop one of the highest hills in Brooke County.

The split-rail fence was installed a few years ago to set apart the remaining graves from the Brooke County Landfill which surrounds them. The entire area has been stripped for coal. It was once lush farmland. The big brick house, the barn, even the lane that led in to it, have been obliterated.

However, it is through the courtesy of the Landfill management that those interested in the perpetuation of the final resting place of their ancestors are permitted access to the area. Here, one can look out over the panorama of the Weirton and Steubenville areas to distant horizons, as did Asa Owings nearly two centuries ago, before either city was so much as a dream.

In the picture, the two men on the left are Albert Miller and Daniel McIntosh. Center, facing the camera, is the late Max Grossman. Right, in white, is June Campbell Grossman. The others are direct descendants of Asa Owings, including Patricia McIntosh, (obscured by the umbrella), and her granddaughter, Ashley.

THE BRICK HOUSE BUILT BY THE OWINGS, FAMILY



Part of the Welshans family are shown here in front of the Owings house where they lived in later years.

Amelia Atkinson McWha

Amelia Atkinson McWha, pictured here, was the granddaughter of Asa and Mary Owings. Her mother, Amelia Owings, was Asa's oldest child, having been born in 1797. Amelia Owings married William Atkinson, son of John and Elizabeth Poole Atkinson, on 25 May 1813, and to this union eight children were born. Asa died in 1820, living to see only two of his grandchildren, Mary Ann and Ephraim. Eleven months after Asa's death, Amelia gave birth to her third child. She named him Asa Owings Atkinson, in memory of her father. The Amelia pictured here was not born until 29 May 1833. She married George McWha and was the mother of four children.



The Archer Family

Ohio County court records show that on 6 April 1795, Samuel Archer bought 202 acres of land high above the Ohio River on the heights that were to bear his name. The land was purchased from Benjamin Naylor whose father had been the original patentee. Samuel had been born in Scotland in 1745, and emigrated to Ireland because of religious persecution. There he married Nancy Thompson who was probably the daughter of David Thompson inasmuch as the name David Thompson was used as a given name through several generations of her descendants. The marriage took place about 1768. By the fall of 1770, he and his family came to America, landing near Baltimore, Maryland. At that time, he separated from his two brothers and moved to near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, there taking up a tract of land. While building a house on his property, which was remote from the settlement, a blinding snow came up, filling the paths and making it impossible for him to find his way back. He was forced to remain all night in the woods, where his faithful dog lay down across his knees. His feet, however, were so badly frozen that it was necessary to amputate both of them above the ankles. It was two years before his limbs healed. Eventually Samuel moved to Brooke County, Virginia, where he planted and cultivated a nursery, walking forever on his knees.

The writer has no definite knowledge of the number of children born to the Archers. It is reported that his wife and two daughters died after he moved to Brooke County, and were buried on the farm. A daughter, Nancy, married a neighbor, William Goorley, by whom she had seven sons and two daughters. Nancy and William are still living in Brooke County in 1840 according to census records, appearing to have then moved to Ohio where apparently Nancy died. William's marriage to a second wife is recorded there. There is a David Thompson Archer living in Hopewell Township, Washington County, which is probably a son. Another son, Ebenezer, stayed in Brooke County and raised a family, but died very young, before his father. It is reputed, that after the death of Ebenezer, Samuel moved from Brooke County and went to live near Independence, Pennsylvania - probably with the David Thompson Archer previously mentioned. There he died in 1819 and is buried at Mount Hope Cemetery.

Ebenezer Archer, Samuel's son, married Elizabeth Jordan. Ebenezer was a ruling elder in the Cross Creek Associate Presbyterian Church at the Tent, Brooke County, and is buried in the Tent graveyard. It is said that he was a man of peace and great piety, always setting a firm example for his children. He died at the age of 44. Elizabeth lived to rear their children to adulthood, seeing their seven daughters and three of their sons married and established on their own. Two sons died in youth - John at age 13 and Eleazor at 17. They are buried beside their father at the Tent. The oldest son, Samuel, married Mary Lee, who was the daughter of their neighbor, William Lee. Samuel bought the George Atkinson farm and there they raised their five boys and one girl. The daughter, Elizabeth, married George G. Orr of Hollidays Cove and to him she had six children. One would expect that having five sons, this line of the Archer family would surely leave a number of descendants in Brooke County bearing the name of Archer. Such, however, was not the case.

Of their five sons, David Thompson Archer died at age 21 and Ebenezer at an even earlier age. Samuel married Mary Wylie and moved to Missouri. William Lee Archer moved to Jefferson Township, Washington County, Pennsylvania, where he and his wife had five daughters, three of which died before reaching adulthood. This left only the son, James, to take over the home place. This he did in fine fashion. The farm, during the lifetime of James, was considered to be of number one quality. His wife, Susan Crawford, was of the old Hancock County family of Crawfords. The census records, however, do not show any children born to this union.

Thus it was that although the pioneer, Samuel, whose son, Ebenezer, had seven daughters who produced for him a large number of heirs, the lack of males producing children has all but removed the Archer name from the Morton Hill area. As a matter of fact, the name exists today (1997) as a sign on a map, marking the spot known as Archer Heights. But on the high plateau with its commanding view of the river and eastern Ohio, the Highland Hills Memorial Park occupies this desirable site. Here area residents lay their loved ones to a quiet rest from the labors of earth. Old Samuel Archer, who came here before 1800 and walked for 50 years on his knees, would no doubt approve.



Pictured above is the home of William Lee Archer in Jefferson Township, Pennsylvania. It was here that he and his wife made their home during the hectic years when they lost their three oldest children to various ailments. Eventually they were able to raise the last two girls who became lovely young women, highly educated for their day. They had no sons. William Lee was the son of Samuel and Mary Lee Archer and a great-grandson of Samuel, the pioneer.

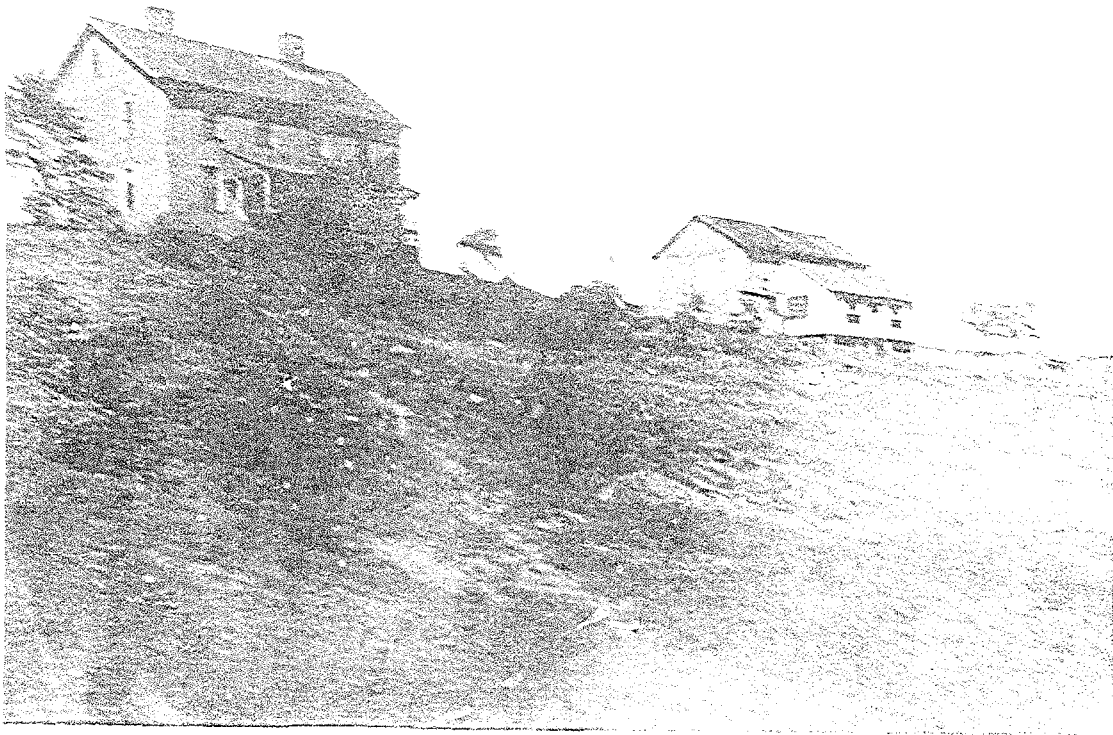
The Gourley Family

Brooke County court records show that on 7 August 1814, John Gourley purchased 100 Acres of land on Morton Hill from James Hunter. Hunter had bought it from John Henderson, whose grantor was the original Virginia patentee, John Sappington.

John Gourley was born in 1755 in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. There in about 1781, he had married Hannah McDonald. They were the parents of at least five children. An indenture made 5 April 1831 in Brooke County names their three daughters and sons-in-law as follows: Sarah, wife of Stephen Liggett; Jane, wife of William Robison; and Isabelle, wife of Joseph Stephenson. The document was issued for the transfer of John's land to his sons, John, Jr. and William. Their sisters and husbands conveyed their share of their father's estate to their two brothers. John, Jr. had married Hannah Strain, daughter of William and Hannah Glass Strain, on 15 August 1815, while William had married Nancy Archer, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Archer, on 12 February 1822.

John Gourley, Sr. had been a captain in the Pennsylvania militia, 7th company, 5th battalion, 5th regiment in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. He was a Presbyterian by faith and attended the Three Springs Church. At his death on 14 February 1831, he was buried in the Paris Cemetery. An unusual tombstone marks his grave. His wife, Hannah McDonald Gourley, is shown in the Brooke County 1840 census as a female between the ages of 90 and 100, living with her son, William, his wife, two daughters, and seven sons. She died 16 June 1842 and is buried beside her husband.

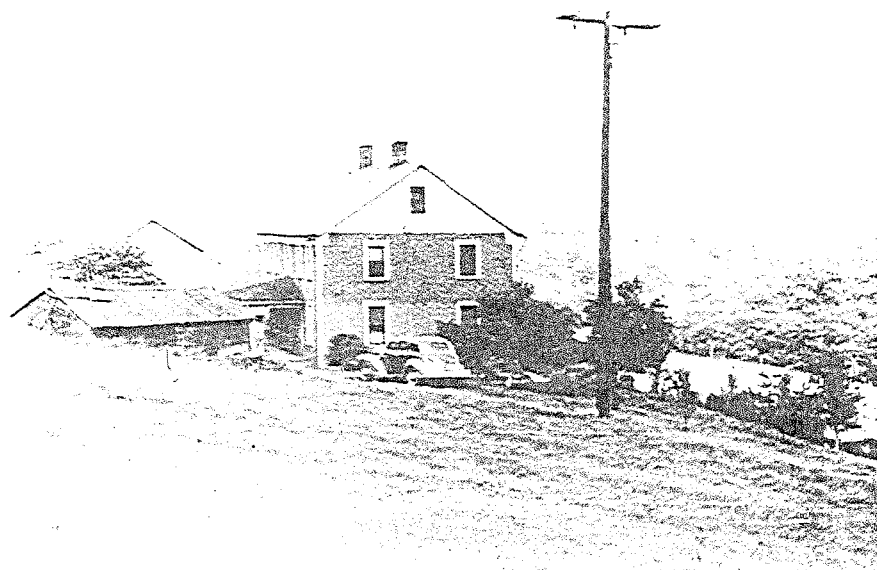
The will of John's father, also a John Gourley, is recorded in Will Book F, pp. 339-340, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. It reveals the fact that John was an only son, having six sisters and no brothers. Fortunately for the perpetuation of the Gourley name, John's son, William, and his wife, Nancy Archer, had seven sons. William and Nancy, however, disappear from the Brooke County scene after the 1840 census. It appears that they moved to Ohio, but regardless of this fact, their sons did not grow up on Morton Hill to continue the name. Any one bearing that surname in this section of Brooke County, therefore descends from John, Jr. and his wife, Hannah Strain Gourley, if they are offspring of the first John who bought land in 1814. John, Jr. and his wife had seven children which one would presume should populate the Morton Hill area with the Gourley name. Such, however, was not the case. The eldest son, William Strain Gourley, was a bachelor, and the second son died at birth. Their only daughter married James Smith and had six children, but with the surname of Smith. The third son, John, died at age five. Son #4, Eleazer Glass Gourley, married Margaret Geddes, but had no issue. The only male child out of six sons to pass along the Gourley name in Brooke County was the fifth son, James McDonald Gourley, who married Catherine Walker. But as fate would have it, James and Catherine were the parents of two daughters and no sons. The sixth and last son of John Jr., George Buchanan Gourley, remained a bachelor. So with the deaths of these six sons of John and Hanna Strain Gourley, the Gourley name disappeared from this area. John, Jr. and his wife and five of their children are buried in the old Strain family graveyard on St. Johns Road. Most of the current residents of the Morton Hill area never knew that a family by the name of Gourley once lived and loved on the old farm just off Archer Heights Road. For many years after the Gourleys disappeared, the Roth family made their home on Gourley land. Today, after decades more have gone by, even the house and farm buildings have vanished. It is the end of an age.



ABOVE: The John Goodrley homestead as it looked
in the early days.

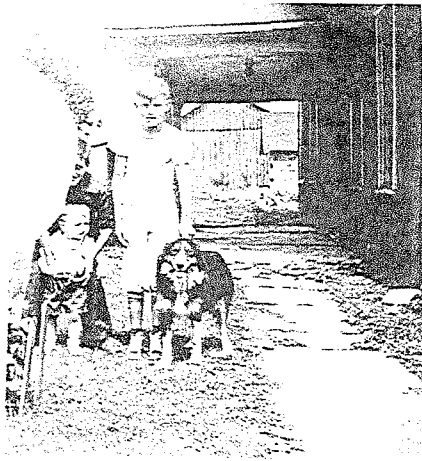
BELOW: The same house after the Roth family
made improvements.

The farm is located on Archer Heights, Brooke County.



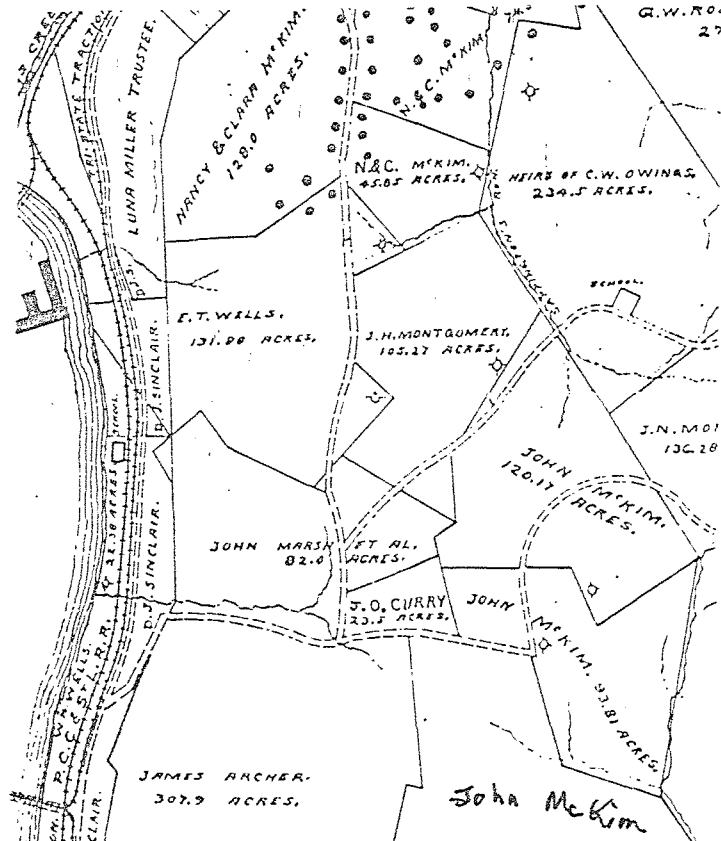
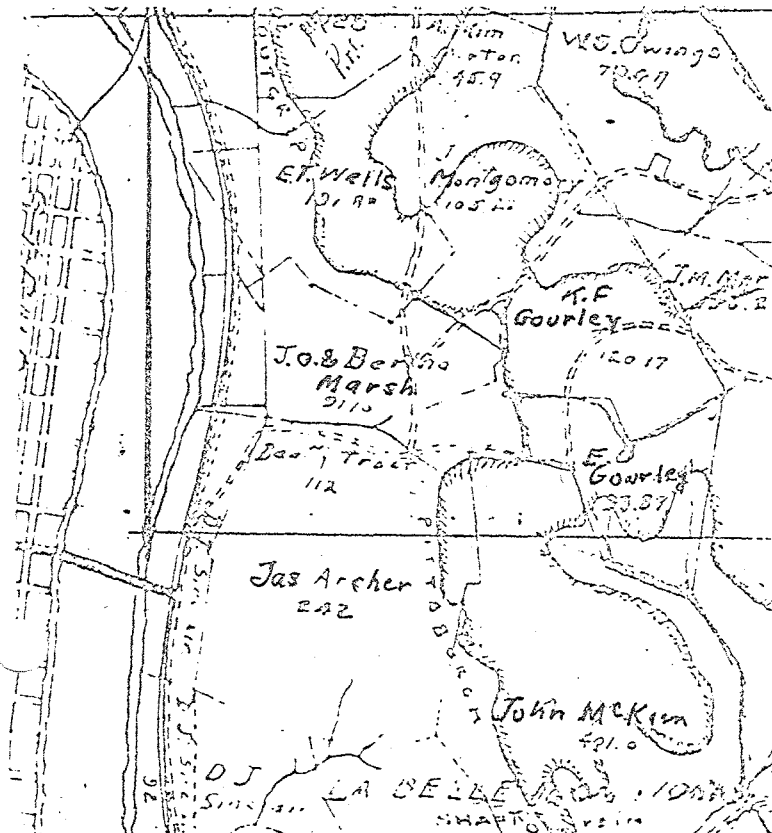
Pictured at the right is Eleazer Glass Gourley, son of John Gourley, Jr. and his wife, Hannah Strain Gourley. He was born 4 February 1824, and died 13 September 1906. Eleazer was said to be six foot seven inches in height.

Below is a closeup view of the walk leading to the back of the old Gourley house on Archer Heights.



Below left: Gourley land on Archer Heights after the death of John Gourley.

Below right: Gourley land after the name disappeared from the area. Notice it has been purchased by John McKim.





Strain Private Burial Ground, St. Johns Road

DATES AND INSCRIPTIONS FOUND IN THE STRAIN BURYING GROUND

Nov. 29, 1911, by Paul R. Strain

Sacred to the memory of infant son of John and Hannah Goorley who died July 27, 1818 aged 24 hours.

Sacred to the memory of John, son of John and Hannah Goorley who died August 9, 1827 aged 3 years 5 months and 26 days. "Behold our day is but a span; alas how frail a thing is man."

Wm. S. Goorley born Oct. 7, 1816 Died July 11, 1888. "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as you think not the Son of man cometh."

George Goorley died Oct. 21, 1850 aged 21 years, 3 months and 15 days.

John Goorley. Died Feb. 3, 1857 in the 67th year of his age. "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

Hannah, wife of John Goorley, died Sept. 30, 1839 in the 49th year of her age. "Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is."

Condition of the Burying Ground at the Strain Graveyard as noted by

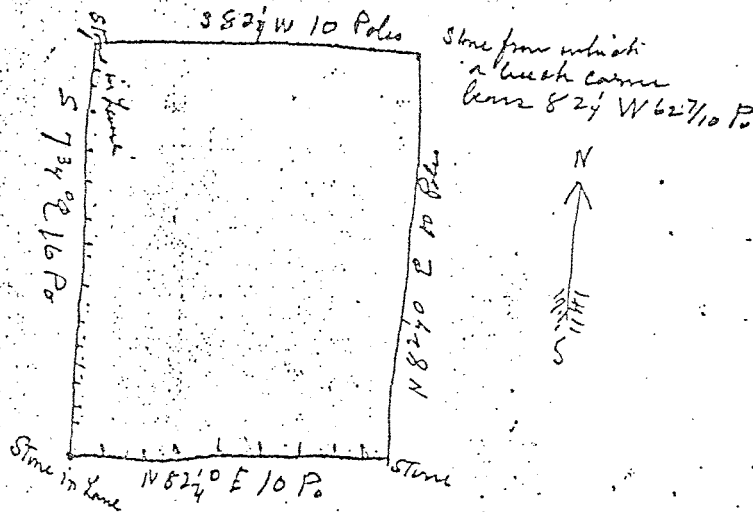
Paul R. Strain, November 29, 1911

Ground thickly overgrown and deep bedded all over the graves with a creeping ivy, or myrtle; considerable wild roses also grow on the ground. No other growth is in the fenced enclosure. All trees having been removed by T.H.Strain several years ago. It has been mowed regularly by T.H.Strain up to the present year.

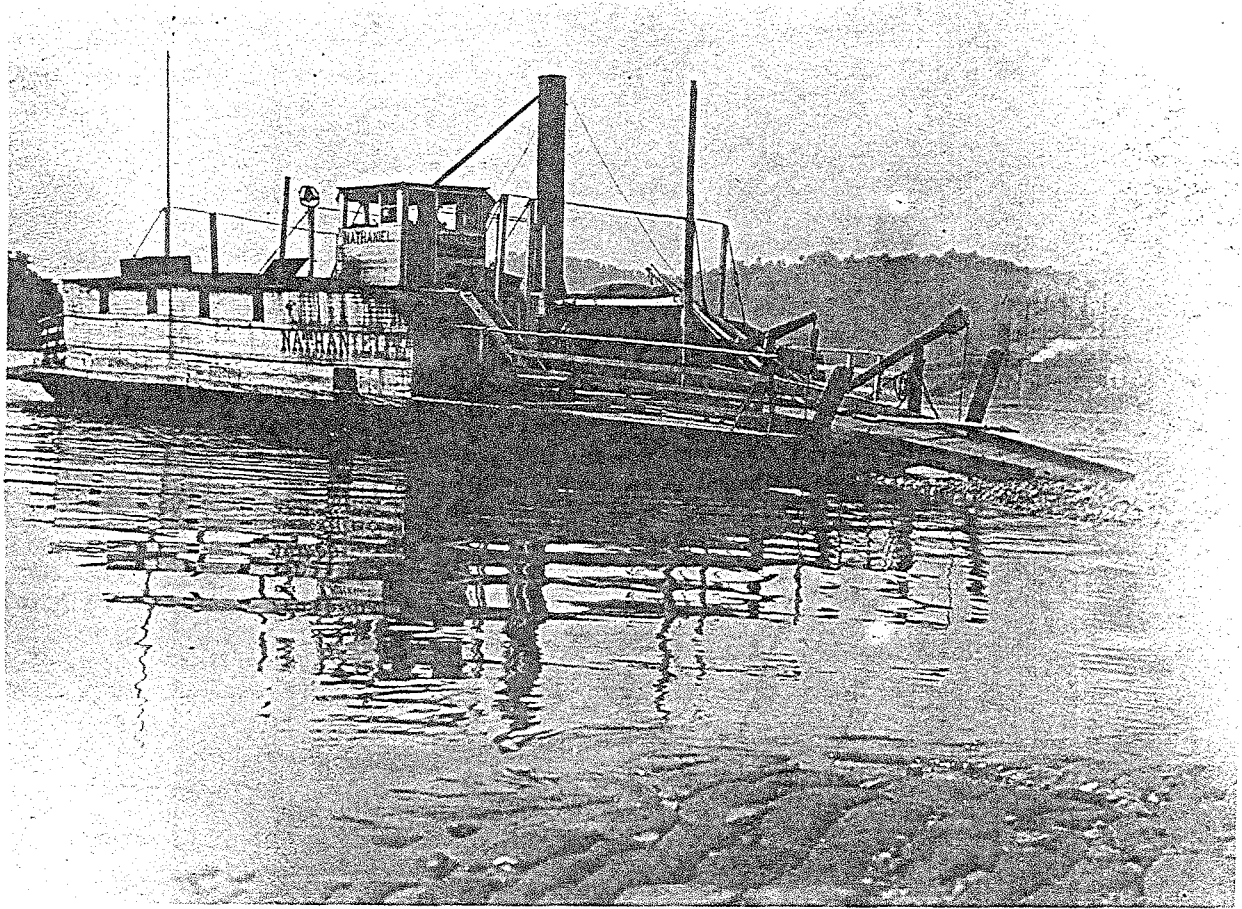
The board fence surrounding the graves is in good repair, with a small gate leading into the enclosure and a large gate leading from the public road into the large reserve.

The entire acre is enclosed with a rough fence of rails and is with the exception of the burial lot, grown up in a thicket of trees, mainly locust, some of which are large enough for small fence posts. One of the original corner stones remains in view. The public road probably encroaches a little on the south-west corner.

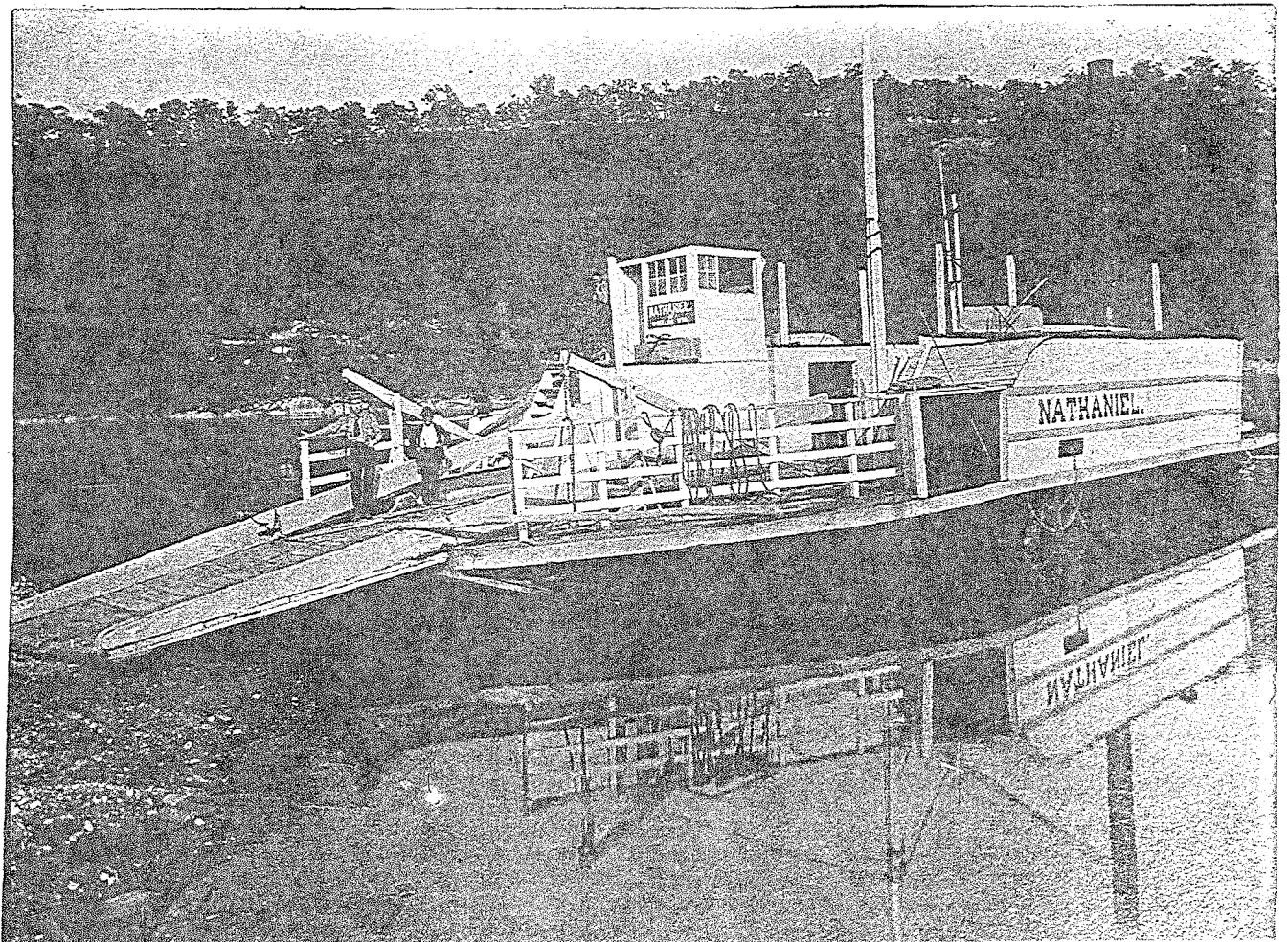
NOTE: There were 32 graves in evidence at the time.
Below is a copy of the survey made August 28, 1850, and a section extracted from the will of William Strain.



. my will is that the remaining parts of my lands be sold except one acre that is the graveyard and one acre around it that no man may occupy for ever and I leave the care of it upon Ebenezer and his heirs to keep it in good repair as it needs it and then my will is that the remaining parts of the plantation

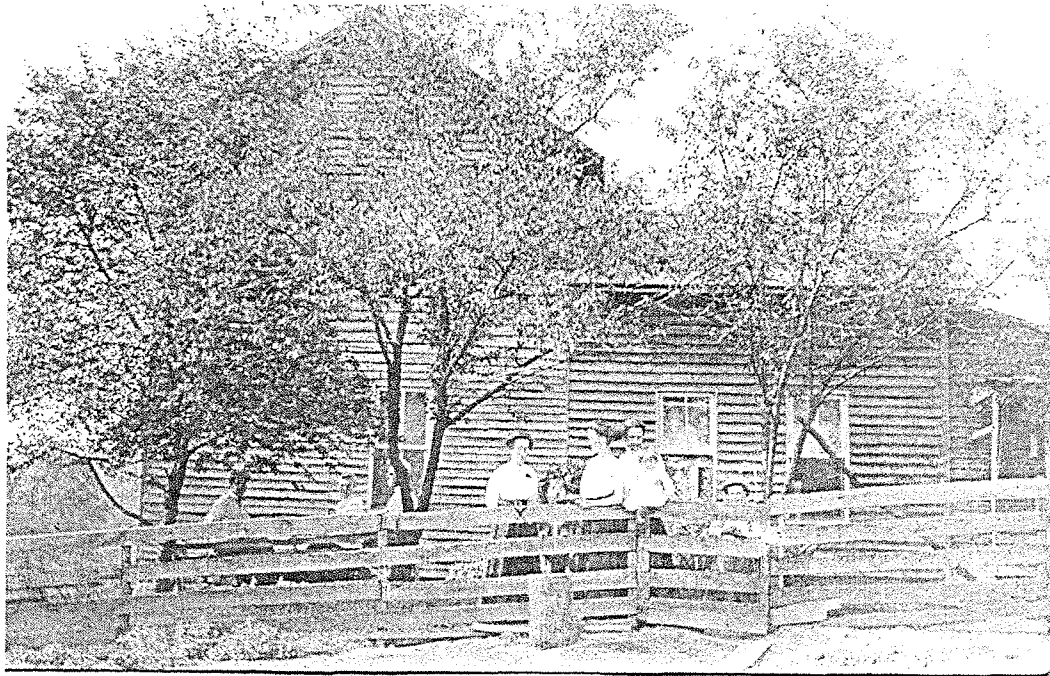


The ferry was a common sight along the Ohio River in the days before bridges were built. The ferries in these pictures were owned by Nathaniel Wells, and, appropriately enough, they were both christened, "Nathaniel." A number of ferries were in service in the upper Ohio Valley.





James Wells Family. James was the son of James and Margaret Crall Wells. He was the brother of Susan Wells who was the mother of Nannie and Clara McKim, and the brother of Jesse Wells, whose picture appears on another page. Picture taken about 1900.



The Ephraim T. Wells home on McKim Ridge as seen in the early days.

The Morton Family

The Mortons came to America from Northern Ireland circa 1765 and settled in Southwestern Pennsylvania. Joseph Morton, sometime prior to 11 October 1796, had contracted to buy 470 acres of land in Ohio County, Virginia, from John Lee Webster of Harford County, Maryland. Webster, however, died before completing the sale, but his heirs consummated the deal on 22 February 1802. The Ohio County court records of 1796 list Joseph Morton as " a farmer in Ohio County, Virginia ". This 470 acres is described as bordering Bethuel Baxter, John Alexander, and John Sappington. It most certainly was land on what today bears the name of Morton Hill.

Three of Joseph's sons, John, Joseph, and Thomas, are listed in the Morton family records as coming to Brooke County, Virginia, in 1823. However, the Brooke County census of 1820 shows a John Morton aged 26-45, with a female aged 16-26, and a female child under age 10 living in his household. John is known to have had a son and a daughter, both of whom died in youth. After John's death on 6 October 1861, his wife sold the farm and moved to Hollidays Cove. Thus the John Morton line came to an end.

The Brooke County Map of 1852, shows Thomas Morton's farm on the "Old Morton Hill Road" which went almost directly north from where the road bends westward today at Welshans, and continued down over the steep hill, meeting the Colliers Road at Snyder's Mill. (Petrelli, in 1997) This section of the road no longer exists. Thomas died in 1872 at age 68 without a male to carry his name. His only son died in youth, leaving him with four daughters. Thomas and his wife, as well as his brother, John and his wife, are buried at Three Springs. The information above substantiates the sad fact that of the three Morton brothers who came to the hill in the early 1800s, any descendants bearing the surname Morton are from the Joseph Morton line.

Joseph and his wife, Ruth McIlvaine Morton, were the parents of five children. John, the eldest son, married Margaret Smith, but at the birth of their child, both she and the baby died. John remained a widower for a number of years and then married Harriet Marsh. Of the six children born to them, only three lived to adulthood: Ida Jane who married James Loughhead, Joseph Frank who never married, and Ruth Ann who married James Williamson.

The second son born to Joseph and Ruth Morton was Rezin McIlvaine Morton. He married Mary Jane Morton of Bentleville, Pennsylvania. Their first two children died with diphtheria and a later son, Rezin Springer, died at the age of six. Five other children lived to adulthood. They were: Viola who married Wiggins Magee, Elmira who married William McWreath, and Flora who married Joseph Nicholl. Their two sons were James Newkirk and Joseph McIlvaine Morton.

Joseph McIlvaine Morton became known as "Mac". He married Mary Wright but had no children. His father, Rezin, split the original Morton land holdings into two farms. Mac was given the part that is still known today as the Mac Morton Farm.

Rezin's other son, James Newkirk Morton married Mary Etta Marsh and raised a family of nine children. Eight of them lived to see their parents celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary in 1938. One son, Wallace, had died in 1919.

Most of the children left the immediate local area, but the best known among them on the hill was Ralph Morton who retained the old Morton farm for a number of years. He married Clara Velegol but no children were born to them. Ralph was thought to be a gentle, considerate person and highly respected in the community.

The third child born to Joseph and Ruth McIlvaine Morton was Cyrus who married Mary Elizabeth Marsh. She was married the same day that her brother, John O. Marsh, married Cyrus's sister, Mary Jane. Mary Jane was the fifth child of Joseph and Ruth. Cyrus and Mary Elizabeth moved to the west where they raised their two sons, Cyrus Mark and George Thomas Morton.

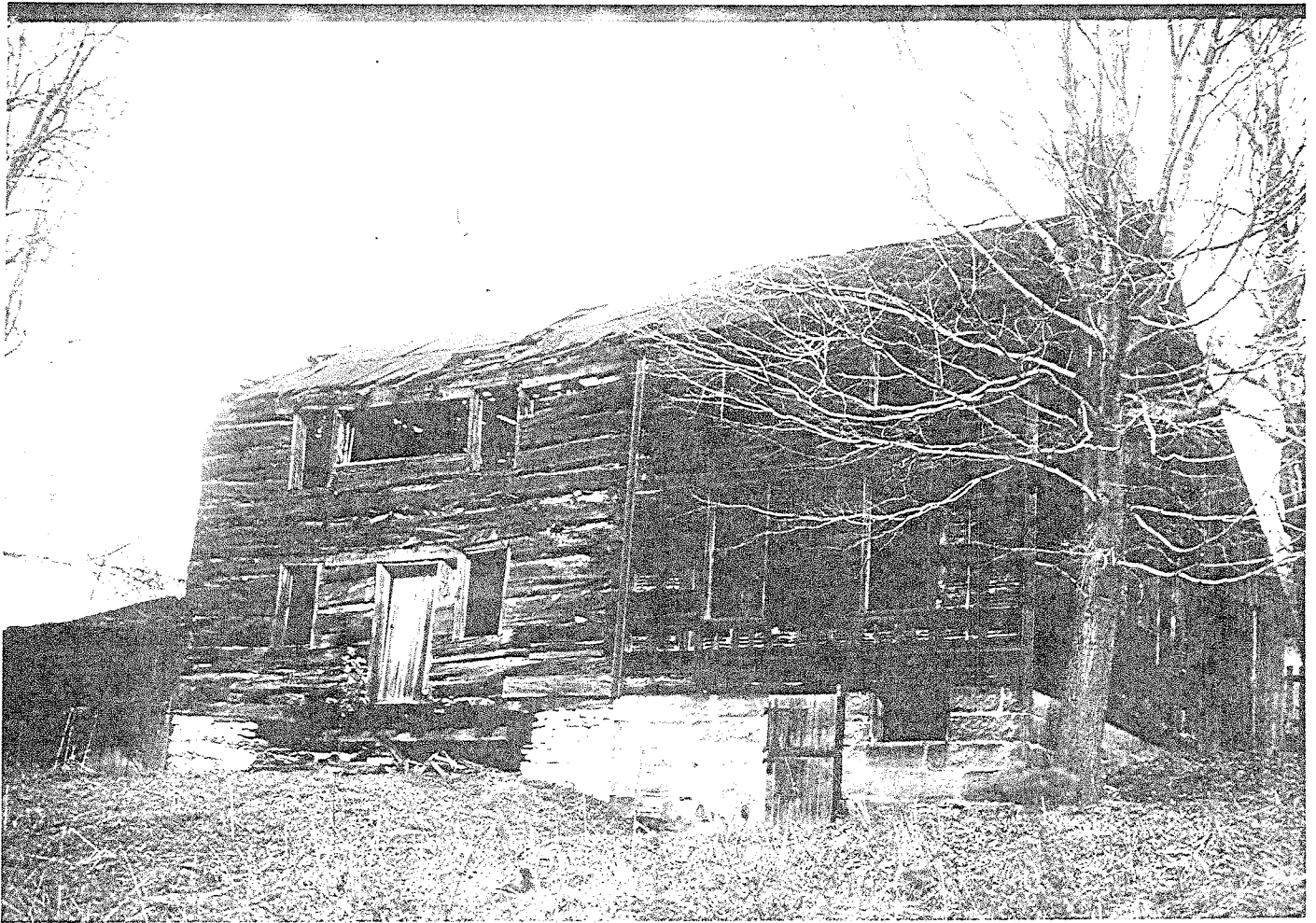
The fourth child of Joseph and Ruth was Elizabeth who married Greer Campbell and moved to Cross Creek Village, Pennsylvania.

Joseph Morton, the pioneer and father of Rezin, was a staunch supporter of the Olde St. Johns Episcopal Church. He died 13 September 1869 in his 73rd year and is buried in the graveyard beside his beloved church. Not far from his grave are those of his son, Rezin, and several of his grandchildren. He was, as has been said, the progenitor of the Mortons who bore the family name on the hill for at least four generations. From every indication explored by this researcher, he was a hard-working, God-fearing man with whom his church and family were top priority. It makes one rejoice to know that, long after he and most of his descendants have gone from the land to which he came when the forests must be cleared and a cabin must be built, that land still bears his name - MORTON HILL.



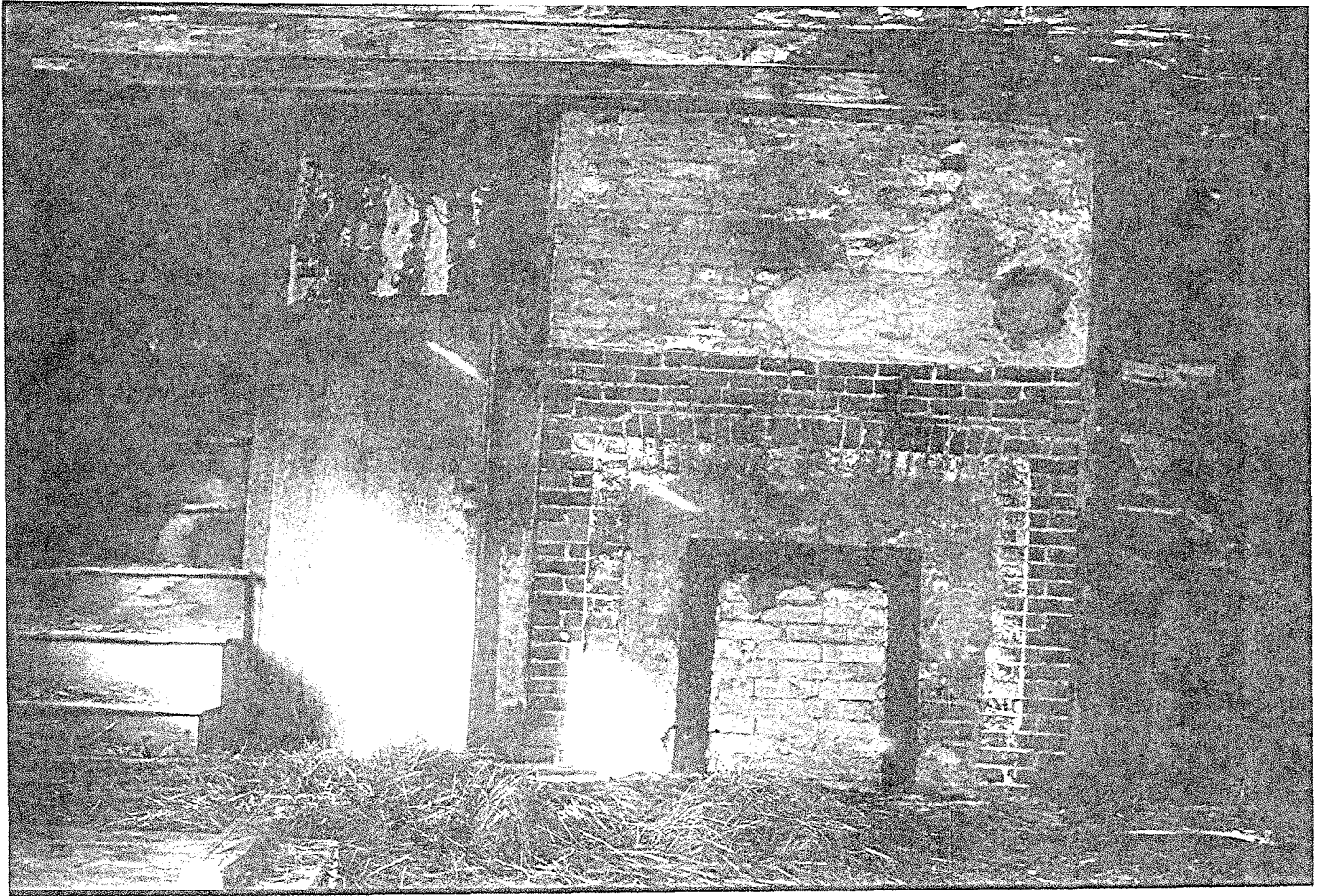
MORTON SCHOOL 1917

Center Front: Ralph Morton
Second row, second from the left: James C. Morton
Center Rear: Mary Etta Morton

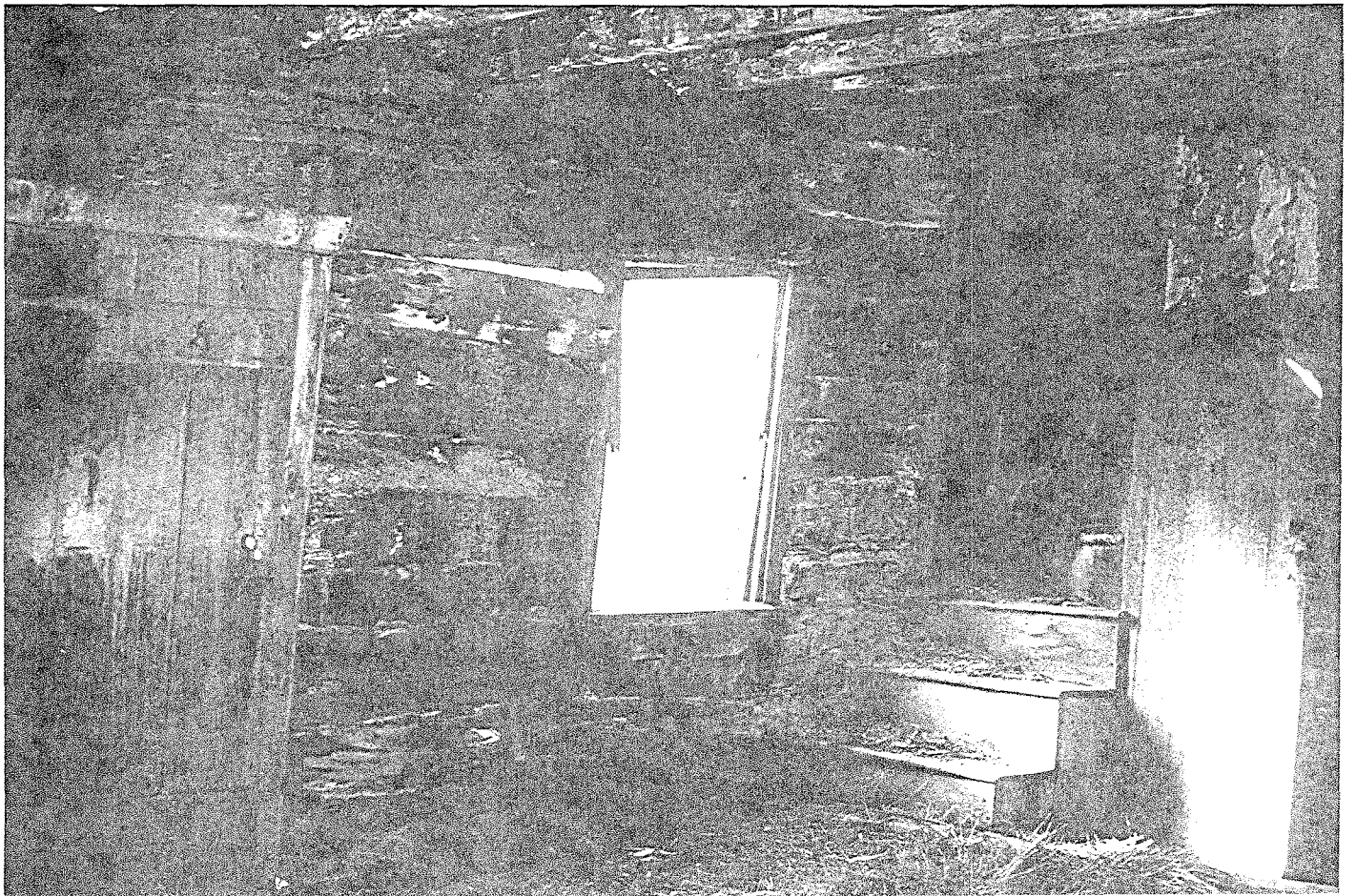


This Morton log house stood behind and around the hill from the present "Mac" Morton house. Fortunately, Jack Mazeska had presence of mind enough to take these excellent shots of it. The interior views on the following pages are also those by Jack.





Interior views of the old Morton log house, just before demolition.



To
Mr. and Mrs. James N. Morton
on
1938 Their Golden Wedding Anniversary. 1938

Their Golden Wedding Day is here
For Mother and Father Dear;
It was fifty years ago to-day
They promised to love, honor and obey.

How nice, as the years come and go
That they still love each other so.
And many friends they have made on their way
Nothing ill of them they would say.

When the years were troubled and weary
They always kept things bright and cheery.
And we come this Christmas Day
To help them to be glad and gay.

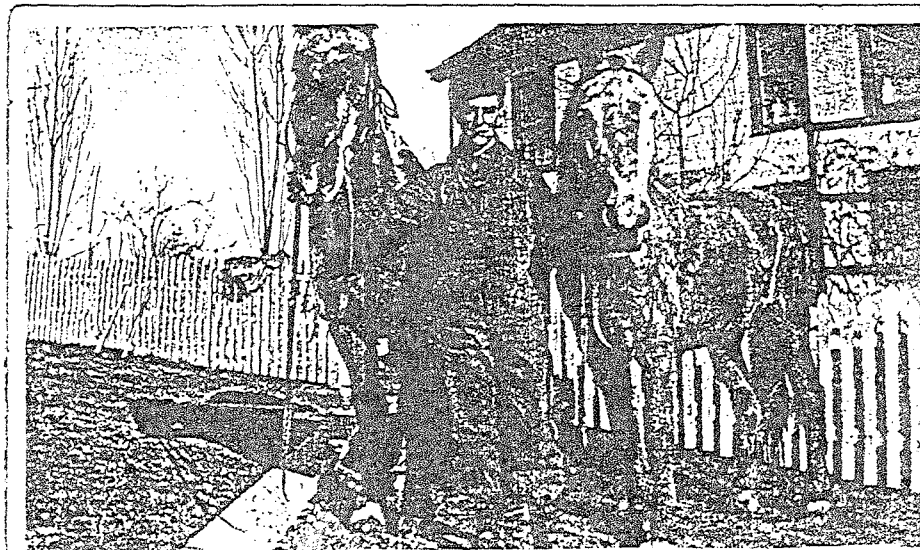
On Sunday evening when the work was done
Together we would come at set of sun.
Father would read from the Bible and say a prayer
To teach us children that there's a God up there.

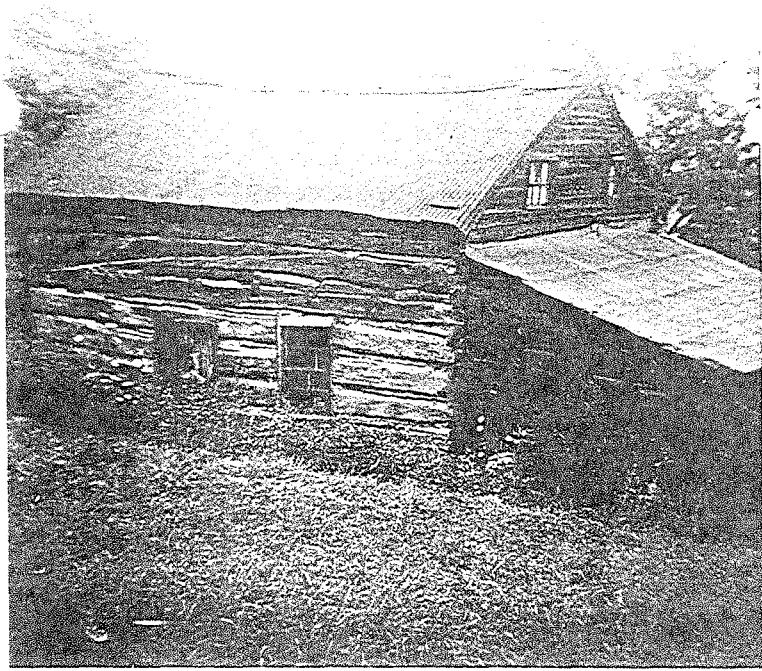
We wish them many more years to-gether
and happiness in all kinds of weather.
If we could be as good as they
The World would be better in many a way.

composed by Joseph R. Morton.

Above is a tribute written to his parents on the occasion of their
50th wedding anniversary, December 25, 1938, by their son, Joseph R. Morton.

Below is a picture of Joseph N. Morton with his team of horses, down on the farm.





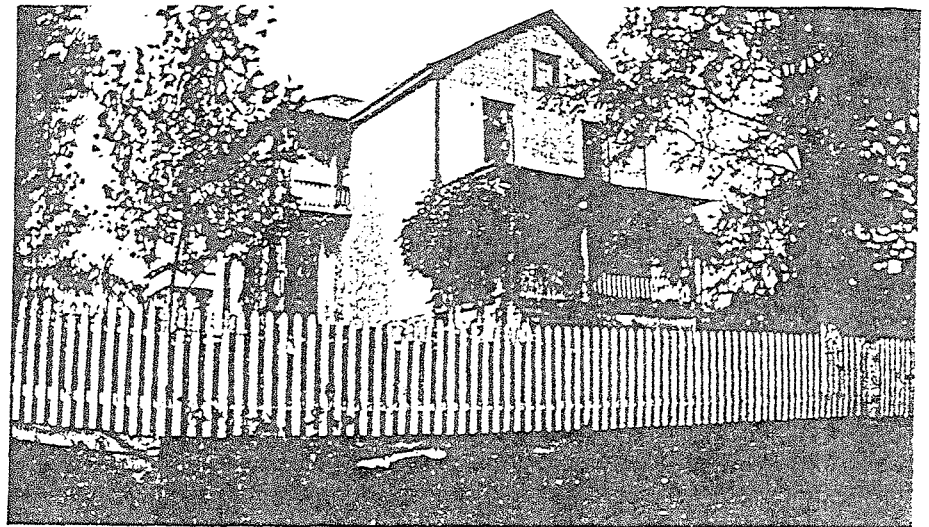
This Morton log house was known on the hill as "The Mary Morton House". It sat near where Dwight Welshans now lives.



Left: Joseph McIlvaine Morton
"Mac"
Right: James Newkirk Morton
"Jimmy"



Mary Etta James N.
Dec 25, 1938
50th Wedding Anniversary



The James Newkirk Morton House

The James Newkirk Morton Family



Rezin Joseph Margaret
James, Wallace, Ralph, James, Mary, Nettie

In their youth.

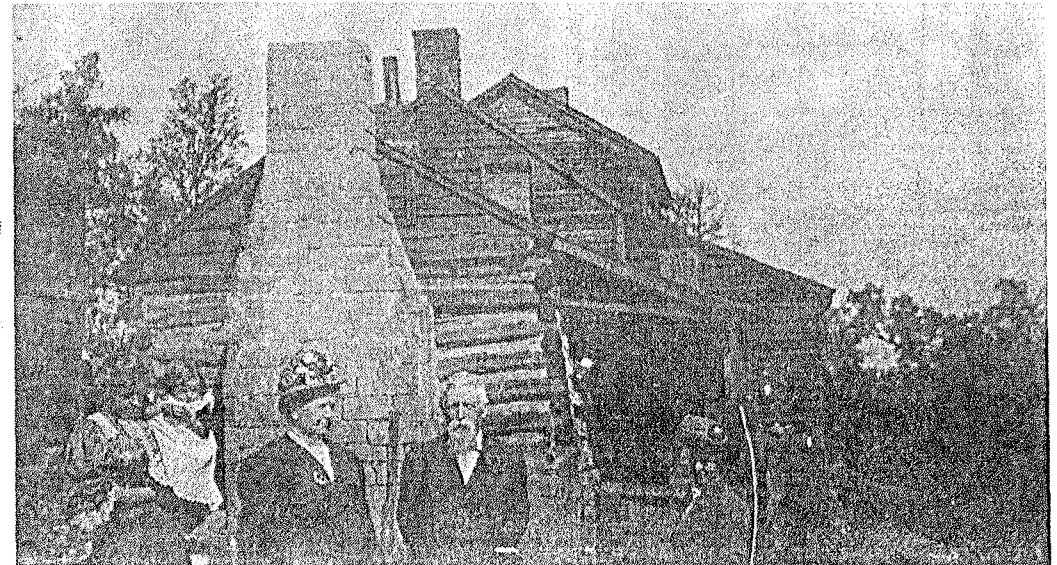
This log house is believed to be the one known as the "Mac" Morton house. It has been added to and remodeled so many times over the years that today, as it nestles in its quiet beauty in the "bowl" in which it was first built, it is not recognizable in its early stages. The gentleman standing in front of the house is John O. Marsh. His wife was a Morton and it would not be at all unusual for him to have been visiting there when this picture was taken. No one consulted has been able to positively identify this shot, but the general consensus of opinion is that this is the Mac Morton house. We include it for interest and welcome any positive identification any one can offer.

Children



Joseph James Rezin Ralph
Margaret Nettie Mary Pearl

On the occasion of the 50th anniversary
of their parents, December 25, 1938.

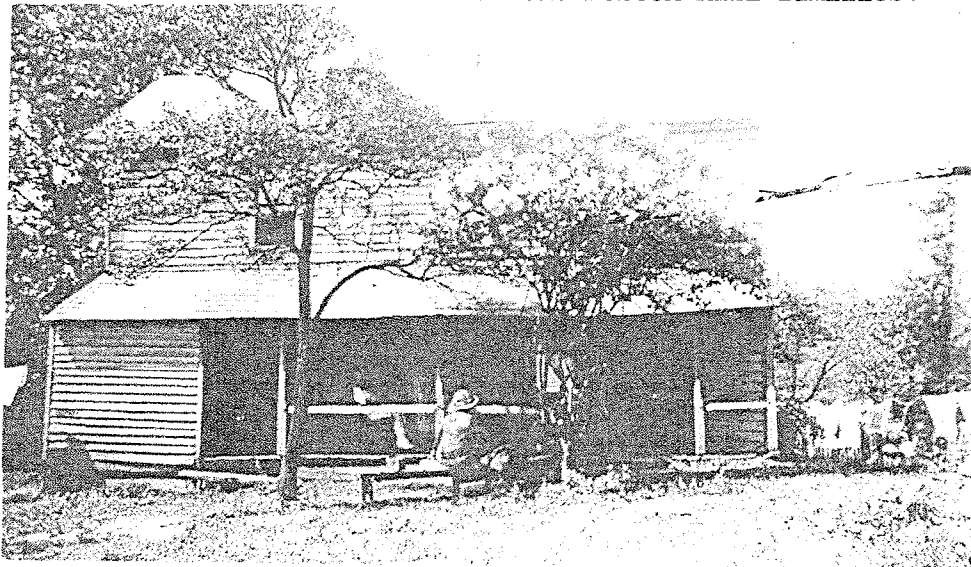


was one week old in 1897, but the other six lived to adulthood. Rezin died 29 September 1900 at his home in Colliers and was buried in St Johns Cemetery beside his infant son.

The fourth child of Clement and Jemima Marsh who came to Brooke County was Mary S. Marsh, lovingly known as "Aunt Polly". Her life was one of service to others. She kept house for her mother's bachelor brother, William Elliott, who came to Brooke County with his neices and nephews and was affectionately called "Uncle Billy Elliott". Mary, with the help of Uncle Billy, raised an orphan child of her dead sister, Elizabeth. She died in November of 1882 and is buried at Olde St. Johns beside Uncle Billy. He had died a number of years previously in his 93rd year.

The youngest of the five children of Clement Marsh to come to Brooke County was Elizabeth, born in 1812. She married her first cousin, James Elliott, in 1829. Tragedy struck this family early in 1846 when Elizabeth and James died within three months of each other, leaving eight orphaned children between the ages of fifteen and two. Various family members stepped in to rear the children. James's father and mother took the two youngest while Aunt Polly took the eleven year old. It is not known who raised the others, but their lives were filled with heartache and tragedy. The eldest, Jemima, died at the birth of her son. Rachel's marriage ended in divorce. Mary Ellen married John Gorsuch and had twelve children, nine of whom died as infants or small children. Catherine had a child, Alice, and died a month after the birth. (George Benedict and Ruth Marsh, who had seven children of their own, took this child and adopted her.) Thomas died at age nine, just two years after the deaths of his parents. The three youngest boys all served in the Civil War. George died in a Confederate prison.

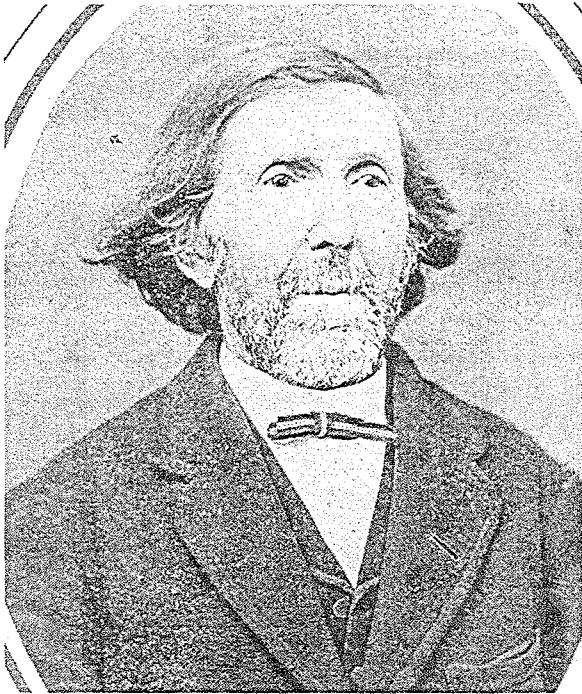
In spite of tragedies and heartaches, the Marsh name is still prominent in the area. Marsh Hardware is a household word in Weirton, where Bill Marsh and his sons very capably hold fort. The business, organized by Bill's father, Milton Roscoe Marsh, and his brother, Harlan, has been in operation over 85 years as the third generation of Marshes continue to provide service to the people of the area. Milton, Harlan, and their sister, Laura, were children of Rezin Marsh. Laura's son, George Chapman, is a proficient genealogist and family historian to whom the writer is deeply indebted for sharing his storehouse of pictures and information on a number of the Morton Hill families.



John O. Marsh Home

AS SEEN IN THE EARLY DAYS

George Benedict Marsh



Ruth Brown



Children of George Benedict Marsh

John Oswald

Mary Elizabeth

Rezin Baxter

The John Oswald Marsh Family



Bertha



John O.

Mary Jane



John Oswald

Rezin Marsh

Ella May Atkinson



CHILDREN OF REZIN MARSH



Olive
Ross

Harlan
Anna

Laura
Mary



George Thomas Marsh



Mary Katherine Latimer



About 1891

Frank

Hugh

Florence

Luella

Edgar

James

Ross

CHILDREN OF GEORGE THOMAS MARSH

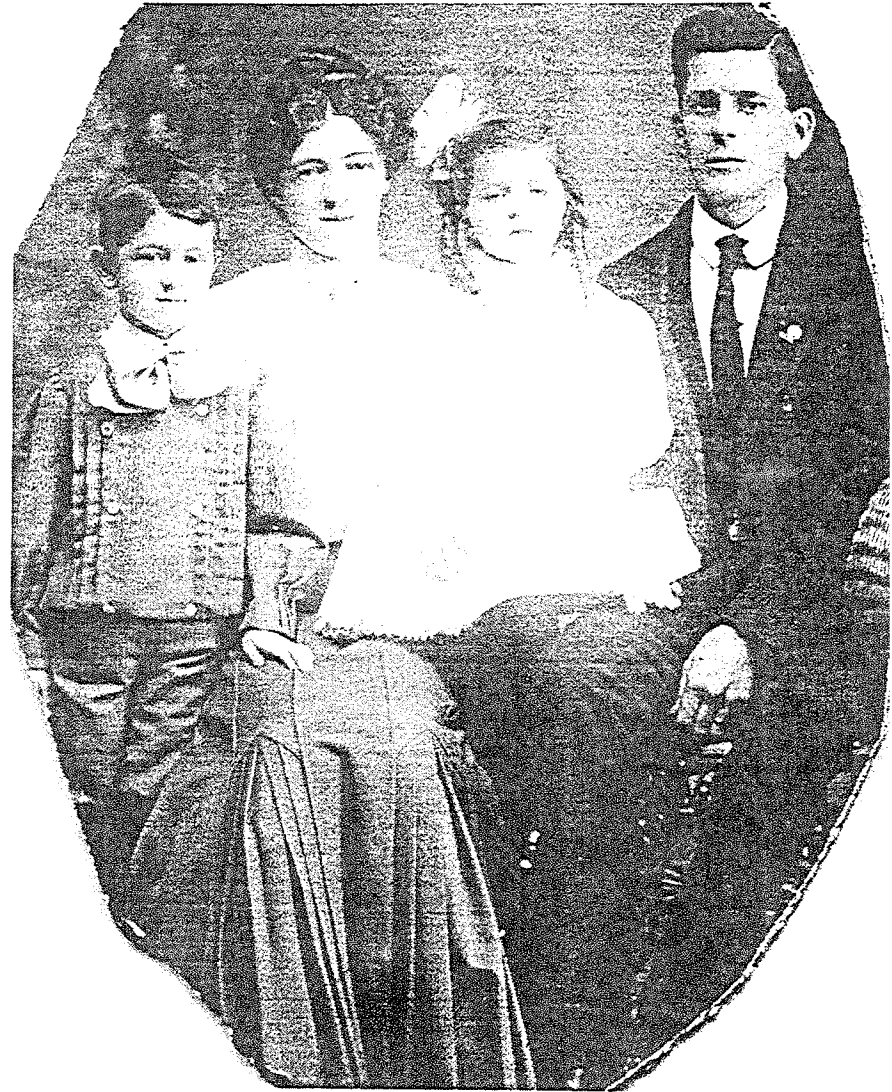
The Ross Robert Marsh Family

First five children of
Flossie & Clarence Barnett



Mary, Katherine, Robert
Clarence Paul

Flossie (Florence) was
the daughter of George
Thomas and Mary Katherine
Latimer Marsh.



Anna Ross
George Leonard Katherine Ella



George Atkinson Marsh at Colliers. W.Va. Railroad Station

The McKim Family

Just when Thomas McKim came to America from Ireland is not known to this writer. What is known, is that on 16 March 1826, he married Nancy Atkinson, daughter of John and Elizabeth Poole Atkinson of the Morton Hill area. Since Thomas is the only McKim to come to the hilltop, every MCKim descendant is also a descendant of John Atkinson. There were five known children born to this union: John A., Elizabeth, Thomas Jr., Sarah, and Joseph.

The census records of Brooke County do not show a McKim in 1810 or 1820, but Thomas must have arrived on the hill sometime before 1826 when he married Nancy Atkinson. The first two children, in later census records, gave their birth place as Virginia. But the second two said they were born in Ohio, while the last child, Joseph, was born in Illinois in 1840. From birth years given in the family genealogy, it would indicate that after spending the years from their marriage in 1826 until after Elizabeth's birth in 1830, on the Morton hilltop, they moved to Ohio where they were living when Thomas was born in 1833 and until after Sarah was born in 1835. They apparently moved on west during the next few years and were in Illinois by 1840 when Joseph was born. It was in Illinois that Thomas died and is supposedly buried, leaving Nancy with the five children under the age of 13, one of whom was either a babe in arms or not yet born. When the 1840 census was taken, there were no McKims in Brooke County, but sometime after Thomas's death in 1840 and the taking of the 1850 census, Nancy brought her little brood with her and returned to her old home on the hill.

Nancy's daughter, Elizabeth, married Eleazer Strain in 1854 and to them were born George and Florence Strain. The other daughter, Sarah, married George Horton, but nothing more is known of her. The youngest son, Joseph, married Elvira Crall, daughter of James Crall. To them were born six children. Jefferson County, Ohio, census records and Steubenville City Directories show some of these children living in that area as late as 1899. Joseph and his wife, Elvira Crall McKim, are buried at Union Cemetery, Steubenville, Ohio.

The descendants of the other two sons of Thomas and Nancy are those remembered by the old timers of the hill. The eldest, John Atkinson McKim, married Martina Beatty and to them were born seven children: Sarah Alvernia, Emma, Mary, Elizabeth, Thomas, John, and Wilbur. Sarah Alvernia married Anderson Justus and is buried in St Johns Cemetery beside him. Emma married Ben Hunter. At her marriage, her father bought for them one of the old Morton farms as a homestead. It is believed that neither Sarah nor Emma had children. Mary married Robert Patterson. A picture of her and accompanying sketch can be found on another page. Elizabeth married Harry Brown whose people lived on the old Gourley farm. Wilbur was a bachelor and moved to St Louis, Missouri. The other two sons, Thomas and John, are the "Tommy" and "Johnnie" McKim remembered by the old timers on the south end of Morton Hill. It was there that their father, John A. McKim, owned extensive acreage, and here a number of beautiful McKim homes were built for his children. It is believed that Old John and Martina lived in the huge red brick house at the end of the long lane, just before the world drops into the Mahan Lane valley. It was constructed of brick made on the property and was of outstanding beauty. When John Jr. married Nettie Wheeler, or soon thereafter, it is believed that his father built the giant frame house which once sat near what is today the McAlister house. It was ornate and very large for its time. John Jr. and Nettie

had an infant son who died in 1896, and a son, William, born a few years later who never married. John Jr. built the house now owned by the McAllisters for William.

John A.'s brother, Thomas, lived in the "Tommy McKim House" farther north than the other houses. Tommy married Martha Elizabeth Scott by whom he had four daughters. Martha died and Tommy married for a second time. With the death of John A.'s son, William, the McKim line from John Atkinson McKim and Martina Beatty came to an end, so far as the McKim name was concerned. Only descendants of daughters exist today.

The early life of Thomas McKim, Jr., son of the first Thomas and Nancy Atkinson McKim, is somewhat of a mystery. Family records show that he had a son, Joseph, born in 1845 who died in 1850. But according to all statistics available, this would necessitate that Thomas was only twelve years old at the birth of Joseph. 1850 census records show him living with this Joseph who is listed as age 5, and a Sarah who is 25 and could most certainly have been his sister, Sarah. We do know that at some point in time he married Susan Wells, daughter of James and Margaret Crall Wells and to them were born Nannie in 1866 and Clara in 1867. Joseph is listed with these two girls as a brother in family records. The writer has been unable to locate the grave of little Joseph, but since his grandmother, Nancy Atkinson McKim is buried in the old graveyard on the farm, it may be that Joseph also is buried there. Nancy died in September of 1864. Regardless of whether or not Joseph was a son of Thomas, the fact remains that with only Nannie and Clara to grow to adulthood, Thomas was left without a male heir. Neither of the girls married and both lived very long useful lives.

Although neither Nannie nor Clara McKim ever found a suitable mate, fate smiled on them. When the oil boom of the 1920's hit Morton Hill, Nannie and Clara hit oil big time. Their father who died in 1917 willed his entire estate to his daughters, but little did he dream they would find it a mere pittance in comparison with the wealth they achieved when the first oil well on McKim Ridge was drilled. They later sold the coal for stripping. The mansion house they built with their new-found wealth still stands. As time went by, the McKim girls added extensively to their land holdings not only on Morton Hill but near Halls Road as well.

Today (1997) the high ridge once lined with oil derricks still bears their name. But the descendants of Thomas Jr. are no more. With Nannie's death in 1963, the only McKims left on the hill were the descendants of Thomas Jr.'s brother, John A. McKim. The wells drilled on the property of John A. were dry holes. But a quick look at any map of the area at that time will reveal that the land holdings of John A. were quite extensive.

Down the gentle slope behind the mansion house of Nannie and Clara, stands the original log home where the first Thomas and his bride, Nancy Atkinson, went to housekeeping. It was moved a short distance from its original location and a second addition was attached to it. Its walls are deteriorating and the quietness inside of them makes the casual intruder pause and consider. From such humble beginnings - what tremendous financial gains! But with no one left to whom it could be bequeathed, it makes one wonder. Perhaps the Biblical scribes of old were correct when they wrote, "Vanity, vanity! All is vanity!"



NANNIE MCKIM

born: 28 May 1866
died: 27 March 1963
(taken 1887)



CLARA MCKIM

born: 23 January 1867
died: 1961
(taken 1891)

Direct Descendants of:
Thomas McKim, the pioneer
Greybeard Wells
William Crall
John Atkinson

Pictured at the right is Mary McKim who was born in 1857, the daughter of John A. McKim and Martina Beatty. Her grandfather was Thomas McKim, the first McKim on the Morton Hill area. Her grandmother was Nancy Atkinson, the daughter of John and Elizabeth Poole Atkinson. On the 22nd of November in 1887, Mary married Robert Patterson of the Patterson Land family on the Eldersville Road. They were the parents of two sons, John Woodward and Wilbur. Wilbur married Helen Ludwig and had three children: Lois, who married a Barnes; Ronald, who remained a bachelor; and Elaine, who married a Hibberts.



Mary's eldest son, John Woodward, married Lucy Gibson. To them were born four children: Chester Gibson who died recently; Martina, who married C.E. Kessel; Robert McCready Patterson who married Inez Dellacrose; and John Woodward, Jr. who married Gene Potter. John and Gene had four children, including John Woodward Patterson III who is an avid family genealogist.

Two of Mary's brothers remained on Morton Hill and are the Tom McKim and John McKim known by the older generation of the hill as "Tommy" and "John". John married Pattie Wheeler and had a son, William. Tommy had four daughters. Mary remained in the local area all of her life, as did one of her sisters, Lizzie, who married Harry Brown and stayed on the hill. Their two sons were well known in the area. John Brown married Mary Latimer and Raymond married Marie Amspoker - both from old pioneer families in the area.



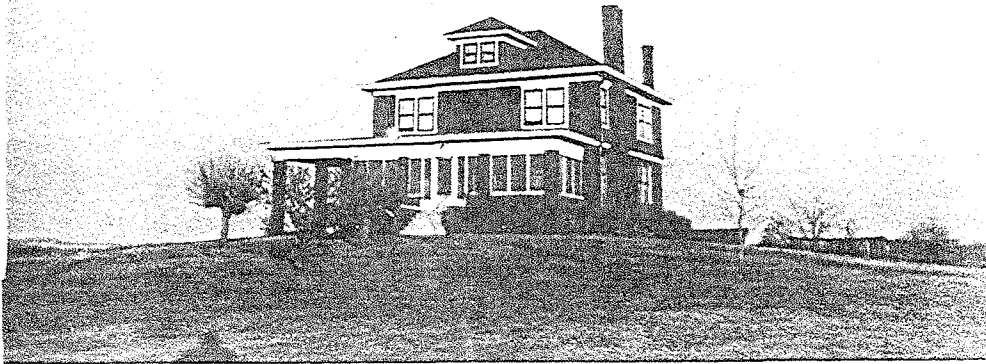
Scene showing the McKim sisters large homestead, the barn and three of the five tenant houses which once stood nearby. The old log house is beyond the mansion house and cannot be seen in this picture.



"The McKim Log House" - Taken April, 1994.



Tenant house on the McKim farm located near the log house, pictured above.



High on the ridge stands this lovely home, once occupied by the McKim sisters, Nancy and Clara.

This picture was taken in 1958.

This is the same house as above, less than forty years later, October, 1996. It still stands, but is owned by the Brooke County Landfill.



memories...

.....Gina Parr

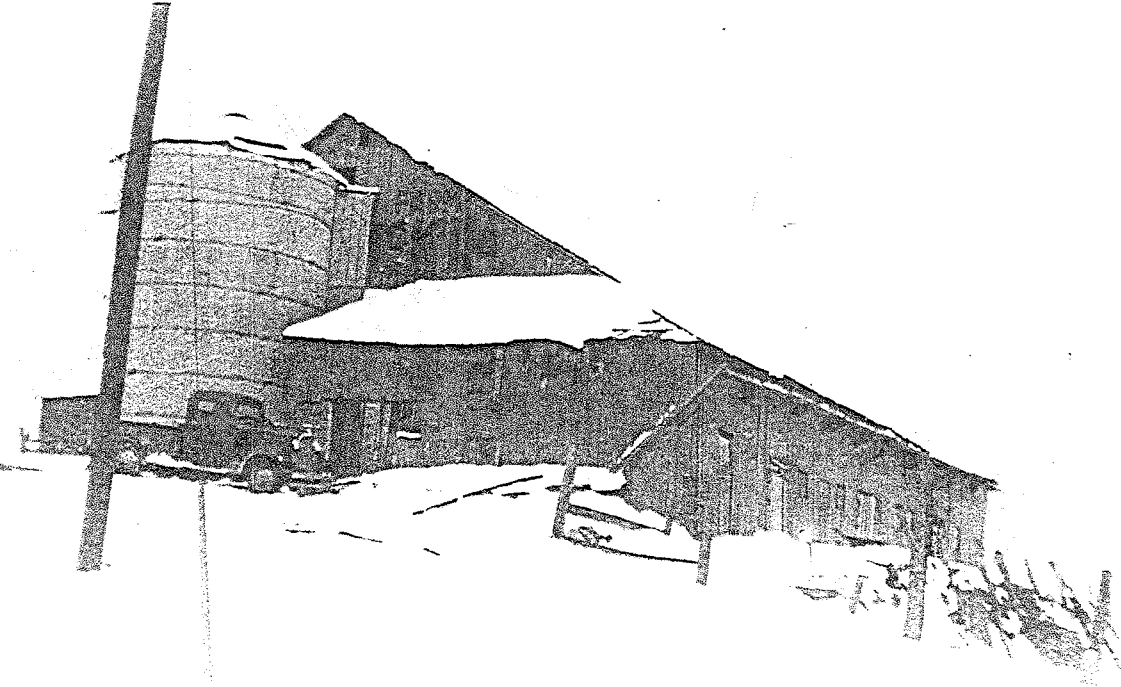
"I live on a part of the McKim farm that my husband, Dale, bought seven years ago. The landscaping is not as yet completed around our new log home. I like it here very much.

"We have cattle and Belgian horses, and are in partnership with a friend who lives on Tent Church Road.

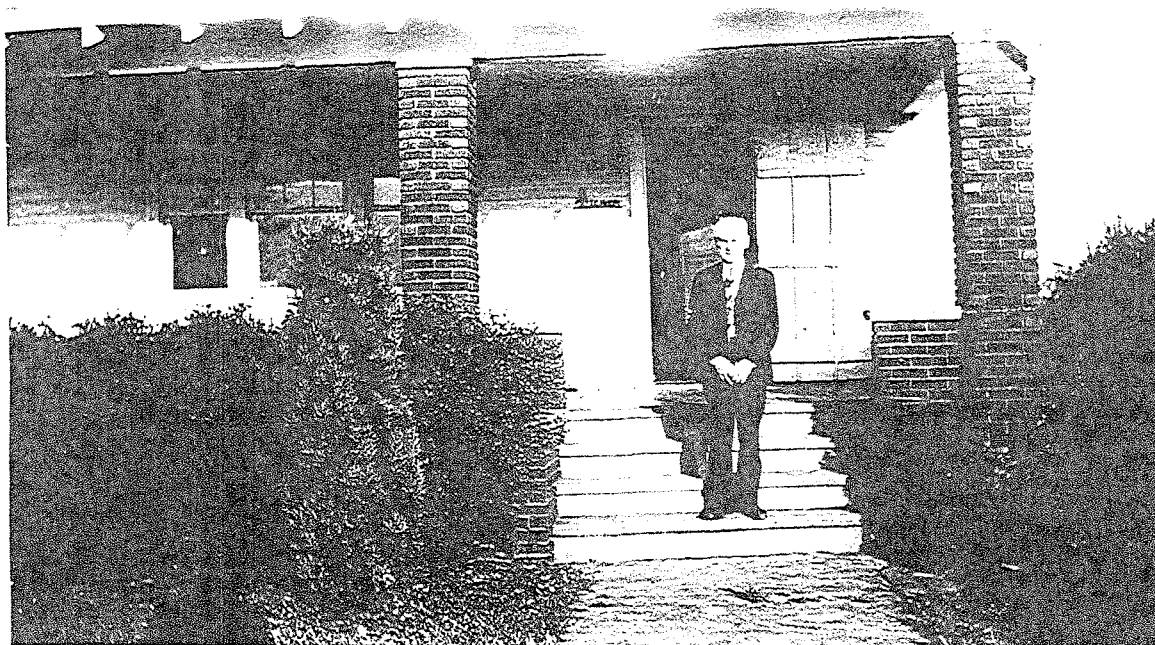
"When we came here, this whole area was woods. We cleared it, back to the way it might have looked when the McKims owned it. There are a few apple trees here and there. I am told that the McKims had many acres in orchard.

"I often wonder if it could be one of the McKim gentlemen who appears to me in shadow form occasionally. Most people do not believe in ghosts, but a psychic friend tells me that this shadow is a distinguished looking elderly gentleman, well dressed, with white shirt and black vest, and is someone who has been deeply affiliated with this land. She says that he is at least one hundred years old.

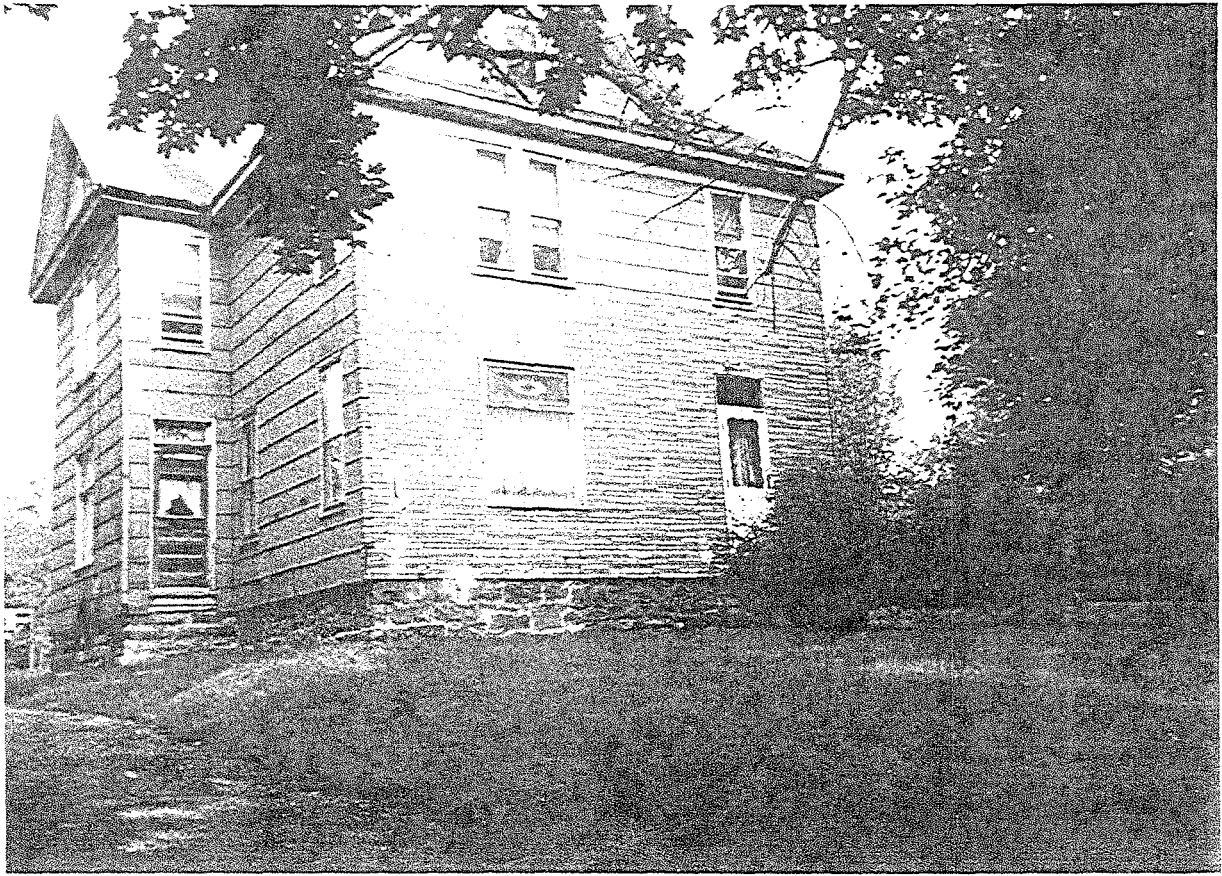
" But even though I feel and can sense this shadowy presence, I am not afraid. He will not hurt me. And I like it here on this McKim land."



The big McKim barn where John and Thomas McKim made their living in the dairy business for many years. The site where the barn stood is only a guess after the coal stripping operations.



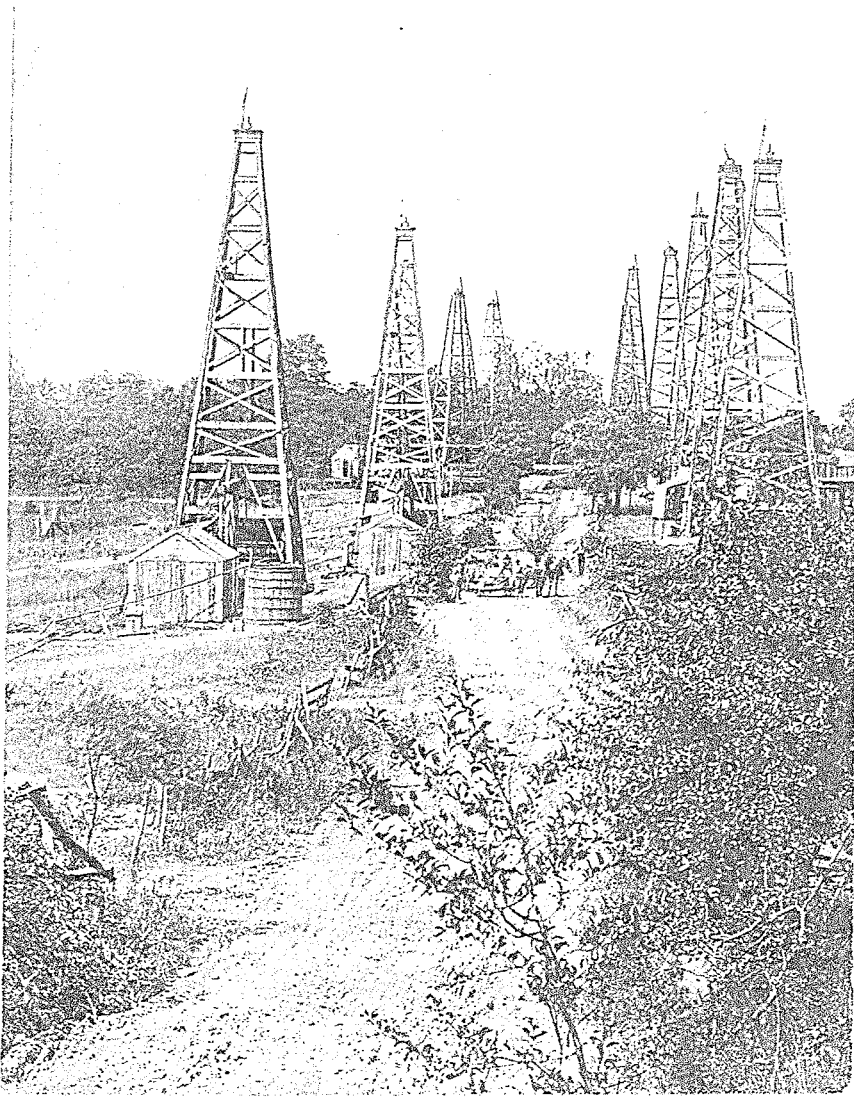
Thomas McKim stands on the steps of his front porch.



This is the John McKim house as it is today. The road that leads to this house has always been known as a lane. It was never a public road. It went only into and past the farmhouses that were here on the McKim farm. Today it resembles a vehicle path through woods and roadside weeds. Helen McAllister lives in the house today.



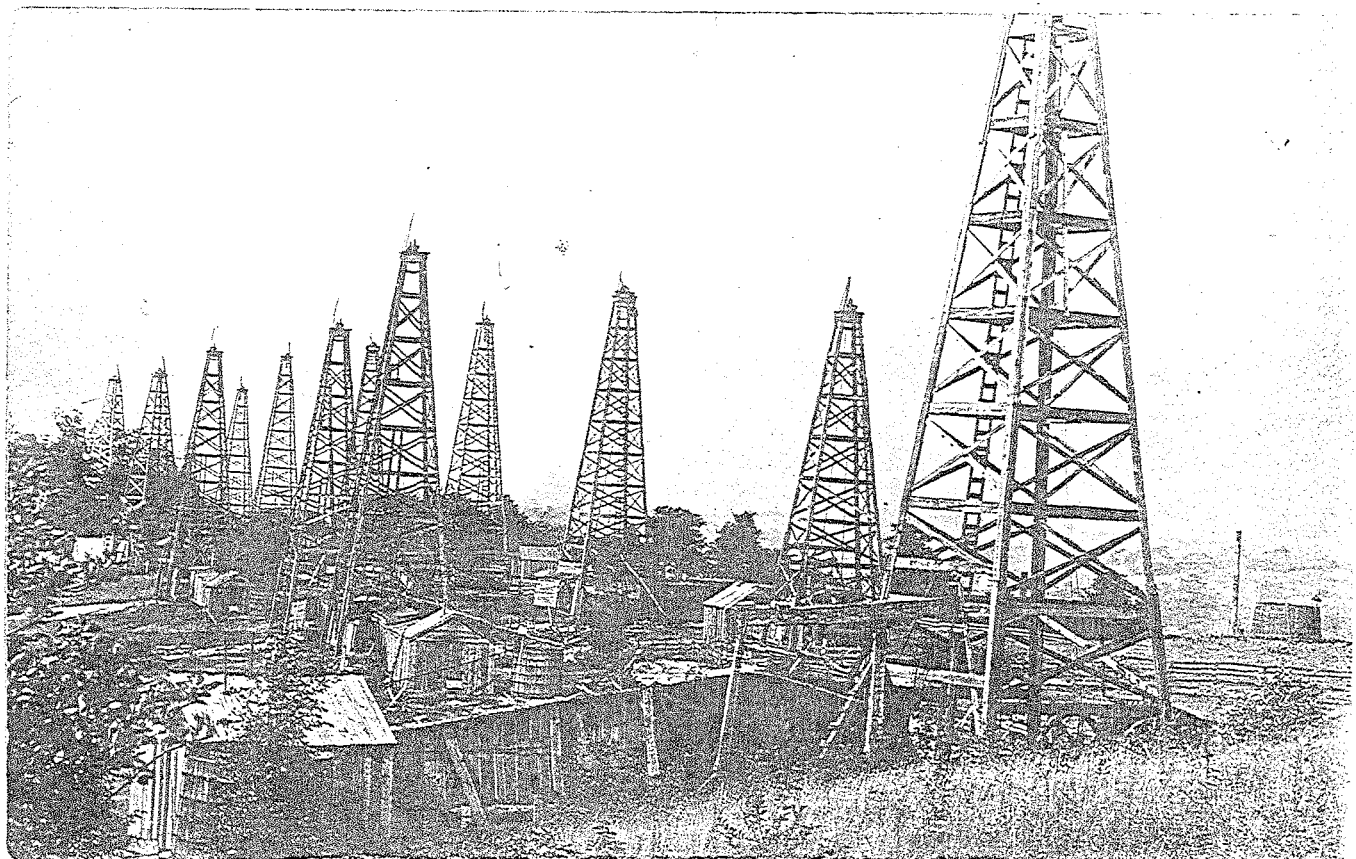
This is the John McKim home when the family owned it many years ago.



McKIM OIL FIELDS

The great oil well derricks on the McKim sisters' farm presented quite a spectacle in the nineteen twenties. As seen in these pictures, the wells were all along McKim Ridge, both sides of the road. Men and teams together did the work.

It has been said that at one time, one hundred teams could be seen on the McKim hillside. They hauled anything pertaining to gas and oil.



The Montgomery Family

It was summertime. The year was perhaps 1833 or 34, and the water level of the Ohio River was at an all-time low. It took a skilled skipper to bring a flatboat or keelboat loaded with cargo to avoid running aground in the shallow stream. It was an unusually dry season, but still it was somewhat of a disgrace, to an experienced riverman like Daniel Montgomery, to get stranded on a sandbar. But run aground he did, just opposite what would one day become the rivertown of Follansbee, West Virginia. Montgomery and his brother had made many trips from Rice's Landing on the Mon River to the mouth of the Mississippi at New Orleans to sell their wares. The boat also must be disposed of for there was certainly no way possible to get it back up the long river path. There was nothing to do except begin the long walk home which would take upwards of three months.

The Montgomery boys knew nothing of their ancestry. They were orphans who had been reared by a loving German family who had graciously taken them into their home as very small children. All they had was each other. But the day came when Daniel's brother, whose name has been lost over the years, failed to return. Along the Natchez Trace, the path homeward from Mississippi to Kentucky, bands of robbers always waited in ambush. They were aware that the rivermen were carrying the gold with them from their sales at New Orleans. Anxious to share in the unearned profits, they would waylay these men, taking their earnings and killing them if necessary. Daniel's brother met such a fate.

Daniel was totally alone in the world now. His only known blood relative lay buried in an unmarked grave hundreds of miles from home. He must have been very depressed at the turn of events which stranded him not quite within sight of the old Decker Fort. What he may not have realized is that the universe has some strange ways of bringing into play some very positive things for us. For there on the Virginia shore, within sight of the stranded Montgomery, Juliet Mahan sat on the sidelines and watched the proceedings. She could see the young riverboat captain, and she must have liked what she saw. This is evidenced by the story handed down to her daughter, who in turn passed it to her great-grandson, Ewing Shirley Carter. The tale as related to the writer was that she "reasoned as how he might be hungry". So after preparing some food, she pushed her little skiff into the water and headed out for the stranded Montgomery. How long they talked, or what they said to each other, is now only speculation. But the following year at about the same time, Daniel tried to repeat his feat of the last summer and strand himself on the sand. This he accomplished without too much effort, for once again the water level was quite low. And true to his wildest hopes, Juliet gave a repeat performance and served dinner. By the time Daniel had reached New Orleans this time, he decided he had had quite enough of the river life. On the return walk from New Orleans, he stopped at the Mahan home. Sometime before 1836, he asked her to be his bride, for the Brooke County 1840 census shows him as a head of household with a wife and two daughters under the age of five. From the cemetery records of Olde St. Johns, we find a fact that the census records could not reveal. Their first born, William H. Montgomery, had arrived the second of February in 1836, but had died in March of 1838 at the age of two. The two little girls which the census records indicated, were Nancy, born in 1837, and Mary Elizabeth in 1839.

The records of Olde St. Johns Cemetery give the death date of Nancy as 1895 at the age of 58. As her name is still Montgomery, she apparently died unmarried. Mary Elizabeth married Ewing T. Carter, son of Lewis Carter of the old Brooke County Carter family, on 28 January 1868. Mary and Ewing had only one child, William Leonard Carter. He, in turn, had but one child who lived to adulthood, Ewing Shirley Carter, who died in 1997 in his ninetieth year. Shirley had no children, so with his death, the Mary Elizabeth Montgomery line came to an end. Mary herself lived into her 98th year. Later census records reveal that Daniel and Juliet had two more sons, George and James, born circa 1841 and 1847 respectively.

Just where Daniel and Juliet lived immediately after their marriage is not known, but 29 March 1842, they purchased 101 acres from James and Aletha Atkinson. This land was a part of the old John Sappington- William Greathouse holdings and bordered Asa Owings, E.T.Wells, Marsh, and McKim properties. In 1847, they added another three acres. Here they lived out their lives and here they died. Daniel did not have a will, but years later in settling up the entire affair, his holdings were appraised by John O. Marsh, James N. Morton, and J. Mac Morton, his trusted neighbors.

George Montgomery sold his share of the property to his brother, James, for \$1498 after the death of their father, Daniel. George was married at the time since the record of the transaction gives the grantors as George and Laura. What then became of George is unknown to any persons contacted by this writer. It is possible that he had heirs bearing the Montgomery name, but they do not appear in any of the later Brooke County census records examined. The land on which they lived thus passed to the youngest son, James H. Montgomery.

James and his wife had two daughters, Anna and Sarah, and a son, James Hayden Montgomery. Anna never married, and although her sister did, she had no issue. Hayden is reputed to have moved to Kentucky and it is not known if he produced any heirs to carry on the family name. With the death of Anna, the Montgomery name disappeared from the hilltop.

A great-grandson of Daniel and Juliet, Ewing Shirley Carter, had as his idol, his great-grandfather, Daniel, whom he had never seen. In tribute to his hero, Shirley researched the physical characteristics of the old flatboats and keelboats which Daniel had used. He then constructed a replica complete with its miniature captain and crew. He later created similar models to scale of paddle boats which went up and down the Ohio past Brooke County, and of the ferry boat which crossed at Wellsburg for so many years. These replicas were unparalleled for accuracy and beauty, and revealed the skill of the master craftsman who created them "out of my head" as he so aptly put it - "without a pattern".

Little is known of the later years of the lives of Daniel and Juliet, or of the circumstances of their deaths. But their story-book romance on the banks of the Ohio River lived forever in the heart of their descendant, Shirley Carter. He was a storehouse of historical and genealogical information during his lifetime. The writer has interviewed and recorded on tape and in note form his vast knowledge. As the last of the Montgomery line in Brooke County, he would have been so proud to see the story of his ancestors in print.

Anna Montgomery



Anna Montgomery was the granddaughter of Daniel and Juliet Montgomery of Morton Hill. She was born in 1839 and lived into her 93rd year. When Elizabeth Velegol was shown the picture above by her son, without prompting, she immediately said, "Why that's Anna Montgomery!"

The Hindman Family

On the Brooke County Map of 1852, there are ten different Hindman properties listed. These include land owned by Samuel, Samuel, Jr., William, John, Heirs of John, James, and the Hindman Mill. Although the early Hindmans had land on the north end of McKim Ridge, their chief holdings were elsewhere. Most of the other early families on the hill were confined in landownership to the hilltop. The Hindmans, however, were predominately associated with Hollidays Cove and the Harmon Creek area where the Hindman mill, operated by John Hindman, was located. Other Hindmans settled on land east of Tent Church Road, near St. John's Episcopal Church, and on the "old" road between upper Colliers and the Old Steubenville Pike across the Pennsylvania state line. We are concerned in this sketch with only the Morton Hill area where two Hindman farms existed.

The early Brooke County land records show numerous transactions by the early Hindmans. And they were EARLY. Just when they first came to the area has not yet been ascertained by this writer. To accurately follow these transactions would require extensive time and research beyond the scope of this endeavor, which will be a very brief one and not in-depth. It is the intent, however, that a thorough account of the Hindman family may be given at another time when the Hollidays Cove area is the subject under consideration.

The Hindmans on Morton Hill were affiliated with Samuel Archer in some of their land dealings prior to 1800. On this property on the extreme northern end of McKim Ridge they built what was reputed, at the time it was destroyed by fire about 1980, to be probably the oldest house on the ridge. In its heyday, it was a masterpiece of architecture with a breath-taking view of the Harmon Creek area below it. As the older Hindmans were claimed by death and the properties were left in the hands of their heirs, the McKim sisters, Nannie and Clara, bought much of this land to add to their holdings.

While the Hindmans lived on the hilltop, they intermarried with a number of the pioneer families in the surrounding countryside. Pictured on another page is the home where Evan D. Hindman probably took his bride, Jemima Marsh, on Hall Road. Jemima was the daughter of James Elliott Marsh and his wife, Sarah Ann Atkinson Marsh. Jemima died in 1873 at the age of 42. Evan later married Mary Wells, another local girl.

Nicholas Headington Hindman, a blacksmith from the Tent Church Road Hindmans a couple of generations ago, once facetiously commented, that at the Great Bareknuckle Fight at Colliers in 1880, there were seventeen Hindmans up one tree, watching the proceedings. He thought that was quite a lot of Hindmans. Indeed the Brooke County census records from the very beginning, show this observation of old Nick Hindman to be a true one.

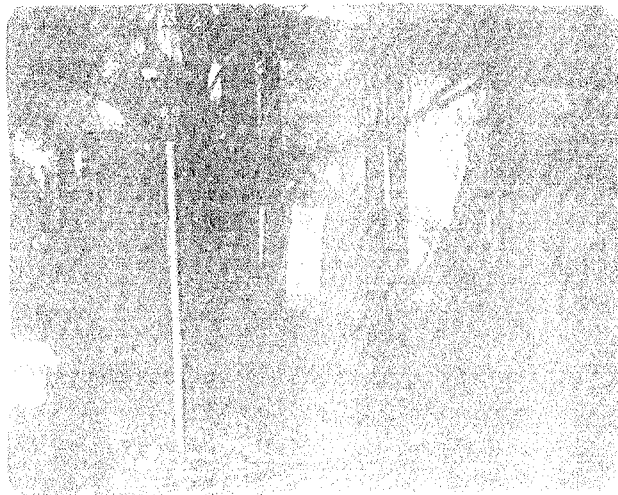


E. D. Hindman Farm House on Halls Rd.
Standing: Mira Hindman Freshwater, Katie Freshwater,
Mary Wells Hindman

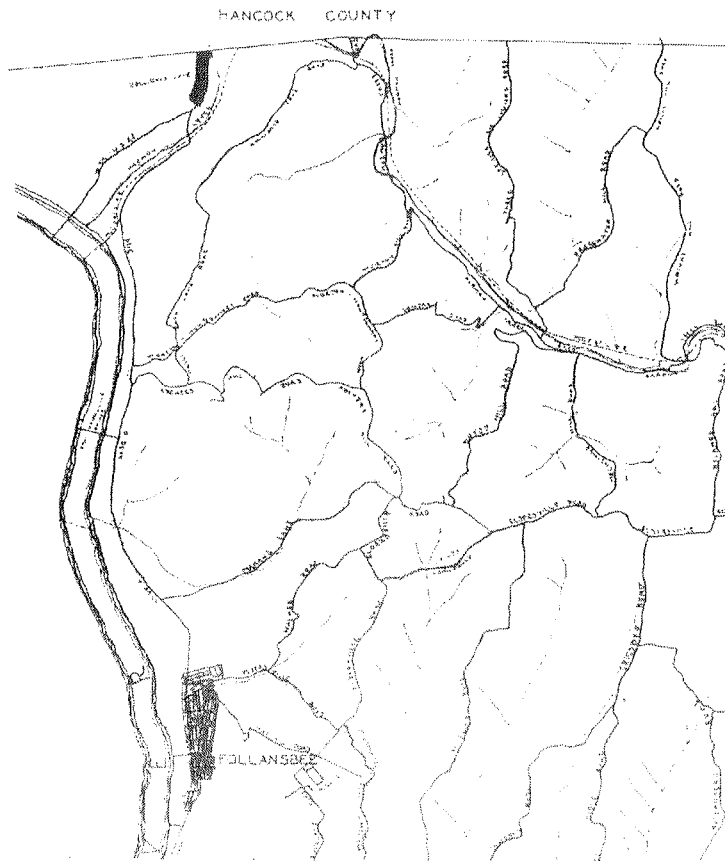
Ft. Row, Charles Freshwater; Jessie Freshwater on lap;
Etta Freshwater; Eyan D. Hindman
Picture taken about 1905



These pictures are the courtesy of George and Harriett Hinchcliffe. They were taken when the old Hindman house was destroyed by fire. The Hinchcliffes lived at that time in what was known as the McKim sisters large mansion house on McKim Ridge. They were the nearest neighbors.



MAP
OF
COUNTY ROADS
BROOKE COUNTY
1931

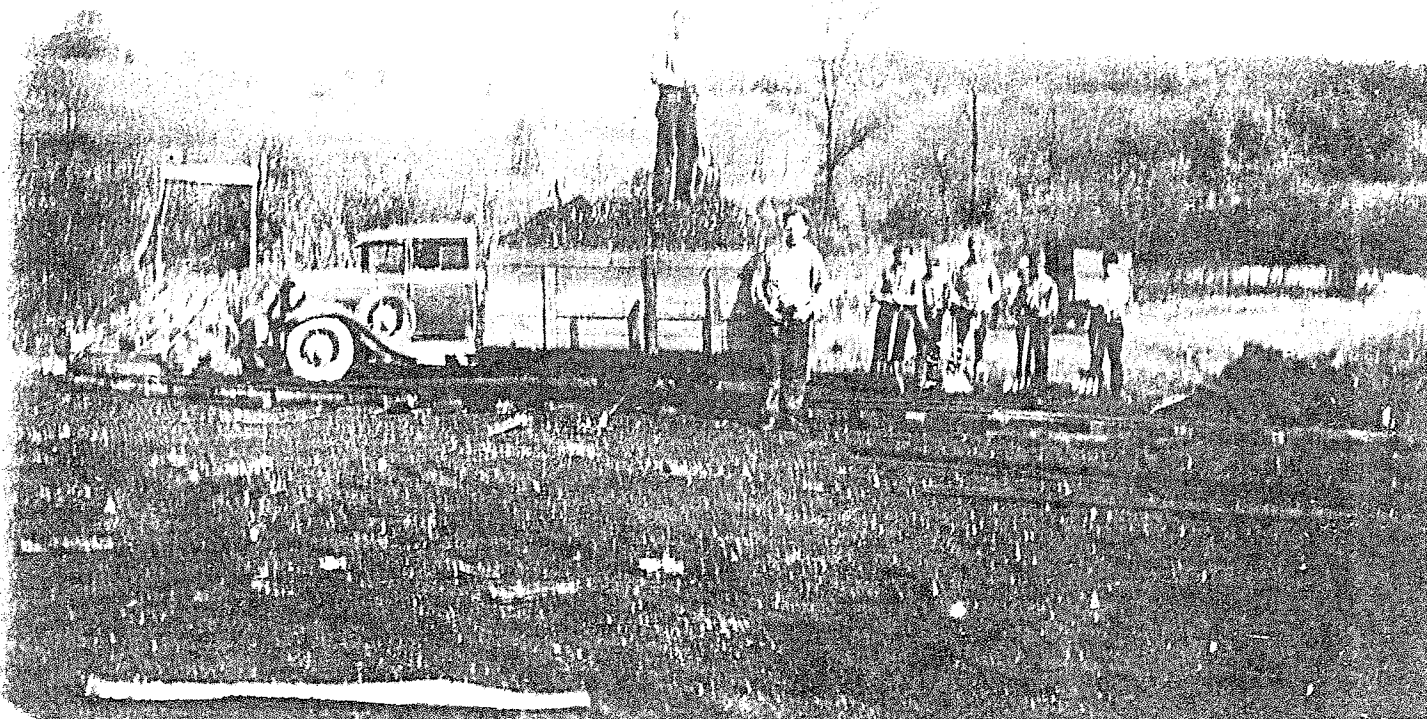




Pictured above are John & Elizabeth Velegol on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary, April 19, 1987.



Pictured to the left is John Velegol, Sr. in the early days on his farm, the former John O. Marsh farm. Some of the outbuildings can be seen in the background.



Several employees of the Montgomery Mine of the Velegol Coal Company are shown here loading coal from stock.

memories...

.....Betty Cowan Moser

Betty Cowan Moser lived across the road from the McKim sisters' big house. Betty's parents were Wade and Hettie Cowan. The family lived in one of the McKim tenant houses. Betty became very close to Clara and Nannie, working for them much of the time. Her work-week was five and one-half days. She took care of the cleaning, washing, ironing, sometimes helping to cook, dusting, and just about everything for which the ladies needed help. For this she received three dollars per week.

She remembers the layout of the house, the storage area of the attic, and the many wonders that it held, such as the spinning wheel. She recalls that Nannie and Clara had told her wonderful stories of their "olden days," of having to walk across the ice on the frozen river. Or, if the river was not frozen, they would use a rowboat. They also told her of the caves along the hillsides, from which the Indians had watched people coming down the river, many years before their time. Betty remembers the McKim sisters with much affection.

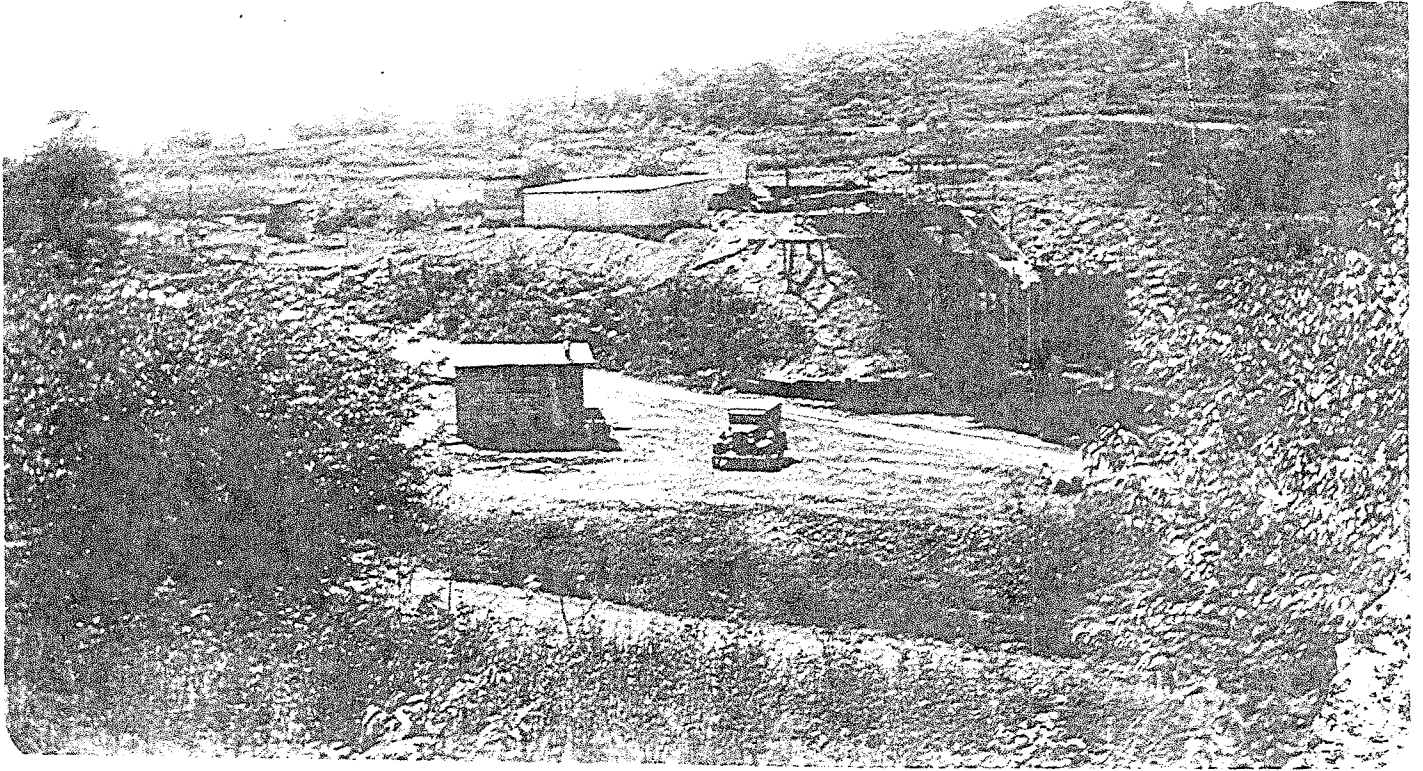
.....Virginia Barnhart Malick

Virginia Barnhart Malick at one time lived in the "big brick house at the end," on the McKim farm. She remembers the day her father moved his family there. "It was a winter day, dark, and none of us nine kids knew where we were going. My dad had put a cab on a Model T truck, and that's how he moved us from Waverly. I was five years old, and there were two younger than I was. We were all crying," she remembers.

But after this family of George and Dessie Barnhart got settled, life began to be a bit better. They raised chickens, cows, pigs, and horses. They had everything they needed, all coming from the farm. She recalls the little smoke house where they smoked their hams after butchering days.

She also remembers that the only way up the hill was the narrow, crooked road through the rocks, where, in places, cars could not pass. One would wait before rounding the "big round rock" (which, Virginia feels, is still there).

"Everybody had to drive around this big rock," she explains.



This picture of the Montgomery Mine of the Velegol Coal Company was taken in 1940. The small building in the center is the scale house. The powerhouse, the blacksmith shop and the watchman's shanty are all seen to the left of the tipple. The 1929 Chevy belonged to Frank Blakely. This was the first mine that John Velegol, Sr., owned, and was only the beginning.

memories...

Tom Evans no doubt remembers back farther than most people of today. He will be 95 years of age soon, and has not forgotten anything he has ever seen or heard. Tom says that many years ago, "Dohrmann J. Sinclair bought the whole hillside above the Ohio River so that the people in Steubenville could look across and see it." He recalls that the hillside has suffered many "slips" since the construction of Route 2 began. "Rain, the process of freezing and thawing, and the cutting of any trees from the hillside can cause some giant slips on a steep hill such as that which towers over the end of Market Street bridge," Tom says.

He remembers that back in 1924, he had a wreck on Bates Bridge. "It was caused by the wooden blocks on the floor of the bridge," he explains. He also says that the caves reported to be on the hillside are only overhanging rocks that the Indians used for shelter while waiting for the water to go down after a flood. "They camped under them," he insists.

.....Marjorie Dempster Stevic

Marjorie Stevic remembers her childhood as one of the Dempsters who lived in the E.T. Wells house near the Marsh-Atkinson-McKim family cemetery. She recalls that all the children in her family must walk the path through the graveyard to reach Morton School, where she attended from age 11 to 13. She remembers the two black heart cherry trees along McKim Ridge and the two Sheep-nose apple trees in the back yard.

She said the Wells house had very tall windows, had two rooms upstairs and two down, with a wide center hall. She remembers that they had to carry water, and where the outhouse stood. She said that wild strawberries were in abundance near the school. It was close to the school that she dug up Indian Head pennies, then spent them at Pete Reitter's Country Store, where penny candy was one of the biggest sellers.

From the Wells house, the family moved to the hillside at the end of the railroad bridge.

memories...

.....Mary Welshans Marko

Mary Welshans Marko and her brother, Dwight, are not exactly certain when their family of Welshans arrived on the Morton hilltop. Mary knows that the Morton and the Marsh lands nearly overlapped in their boundaries, so she is not certain on just which farm the log house stood.

Mary knows that her grandfather, George Welshans, was a young man when he bought it. He died in 1929. He had come to the Owings farm around 1891, and moved from there in 1924. This was the year that the Carbasho family moved into the big brick home on the hill that still holds the cemetery where a number of the Owings family remains are buried.

The Morton School has always been dear to Mary's heart. She recalls that it stood among the pines and presented a peaceful setting. Her mother had told her about another old school that was of log, and where many Indian relics were found. This old building burned during the lifetime of Mary's mother.

For the past several years, Mary has been instrumental in organizing a Morton School reunion. Former pupils meet at Drovers Inn, and recall and reminisce on the old days when they walked over the hills and through the woods to receive an education such as was known only in the nearly forgotten one room schools.

Lawrence Latimer remembers that the McKim family owned not only land out on the hilltop that is named for them, but also a farm near the Pennsylvania State Line on Eldersville Road. He believes that the McKim sisters, Nancy and Clara, expanded their efforts in this direction about 1928. Since that time, this property has been known as the Ed Ross farm, then as the Ross, Melvin farm. The huge barn on the bend in the road just west of the state line was a landmark until it was razed a few years ago. This was also a Freshwater farm at one time. Freshwater brothers, Fred and Lawrence, built a produce stand and sold fresh vegetables and fruit along the highway.

Jack Mazeska says that there are not only bobcats around this hilly terrain, but caves to go with them! Bobcats have been spotted at not too frequent intervals. Jack says no one needs to worry about their living here, that they are nocturnal, and have been here forever. They have stubby tails, distinguishing them from any other animal. He says that one scared his mother one time, but that the 35-pound animal was probably more scared than she was! Jack also says that they probably do not hide in the caves that pock-mark the hillside, but in the mines that do the same thing. And snakes are another subject. Jack says that since copperheads like rocks, and there are acres of rocks, that they probably still slither

The building of the Market Street Bridge was an idea conceived by Steubenville's leading industrialist, Dohrman J. Sinclair. It was built from 1903 to 1905, and opened on July 2 of that year. On July 3, six hundred people stood at the end of the 1794-foot span to be among the first to walk across. The bridge was built primarily for foot traffic and trolleys, to facilitate the growing steel industry in Follansbee.

Dave Velegol says that the name, Morton, might have been taken from the term, "Moor," of the British Isles. It probably began as "Moor-town," and eventually became Morton.

Arthur Deuley remembers that George Reitter owned fox hounds on his farm across from the Owings property.

It is remembered by some of the older residents living today that down along the riverfront, were three or four houses, inhabited by brave souls who did not consider the river an enemy. Among these were the Charles Ely family, whose three nephews, Edward, William and Earl, still make the McKim Ridge, high above them, their home. They have built houses after they cleared the acreage, and are quite contented with their lot in life. Edward says that all of his older relatives are gone, and that they were too young to remember much of life far down over the cliff.



memories...

.....Helen McAllister

One of Helen McAllister's memories is of the house where she and all of her brothers and sisters were born - in the hollow of Ferry Glen. The road began farther up the hill, near the Andersons, and wound its way down the steep hill to Route 2. At the end of this road was the ferry crossing, which, Helen believes, gave the area its name.

She remembers that her father would take the ferry across to Steubenville, when he wished to visit his friends somewhere in Ohio.

Helen says that Ferry Glen Road was "not really that bad." It was steep and winding, but her father could drive his car up and down without too much trouble.

The house was "very old, two-story, and looked like a coal miner's house." The family raised chickens and a garden on their few acres.

As the excavation was done for the new highway, the dirt was used to fill the hollow, thus changing the terrain even of this little glen.

The family has had some sadness with the death of Helen's teenage brother, Freddie. He was struck and killed by a drunk driver on his way home from the movies.

The old house at Ferry Glen where Helen and her siblings had accumulated so many memories, was eventually burned.

Grace Anderson Smith has some memories that she will never forget. She remembers the skiffs that were used to reach the other side of the river down by Middle Ferry. She recalls the days when her family lived in the log house near where her brother, Ernest, lives now. She was told that it was very old, and that the mud that had been stuffed into the chinks was coming loose. Newspapers had been used to strengthen the mud, newspapers that were dated about 1803! But one outstanding memory has stayed with her. That was the day, when she was living in the old Montgomery house, that the bear came out of the woods and joined her in the garden!



memories...

.....Lawrence Latimer

THE WACKER PLACE

Henry Wacker came from Germany to Buffalo Creek area over a century ago. He was married and had two children, Harry and Lawrence. He later came to Mingo Junction, Ohio, where he operated a business. His wife died, and son, Lawrence, was killed on the railroad.

His second wife was Mary Cobb, by whom he had two children, Martha and Louie. Louie was born around 1904. Henry died in 1940, and Mary passed away in 1953. Louie was about ten years old when his father bought a farm just off Archer Heights Road, near the Lee farm, on the top of the hill. The land lay nicely for farming, and Louie did just that. He farmed.

But with everybody gone, and no one on the farm but him, life was very lonely. Even though he worked at the Follansbee tin mill, and shipped milk from his herd of dairy cows, life was not the same. The farm gradually went "down hill," and the farmhouse, as well as Louie's health, slowly deteriorated.

Louie's best friend and neighbor, Lawrence Latimer, came to his rescue. For the last sixteen years of Louie's life, Lawrence saw to his every need. He did his shopping, carried in his groceries, looked after the farm along with his own, and made certain every day that Louie had medicine and all necessities.

But Louie had been alone so long that he preferred his self-imposed life as a hermit, and toward the end, refused all help and attention. He was considered intelligent, fairly religious, and industrious, but the "breaks" of life turned against him. He died alone one spring day a few years ago, and is buried near Mingo, Ohio.

memories...

.....Edith Carbasho Calfo

"I lived in what was known as the Owings house, the beautiful big brick house on Morton Hill about two city blocks from the ancestral graveyard of that family. I loved the old house. The alcove on the second floor was my bedroom.

"We had an outdoor kitchen that we used in the summertime. Under the big grape arbor was a table, where we ate many of our meals. We also had an outdoor oven that Mother used until she discovered a copperhead snake in it one day. We kept cows, pigs and goats. My Mother made butter, and my Father made goats' milk cheese. We did not sell any of these products - we had enough kids to eat and drink it all. If there were ever anything left over, we gave it away.

"Mother cut down the rose bushes under the windows. She said someone could hide behind them, so she was afraid to let them grow there. Sometimes there were roses up in the cemetery. We went and gathered an armload of them one day, and brought them to the house. Mother told us the ghosts of the people buried up there would come after us. We hurried and laid them on the outside of the wide window sills and yelled for the ghosts to come and get them. We did not want them anymore!

"I came to this farm with my family when I was five years old, in 1924. I was eighteen when I left to go to work. Everything is gone now, and I cannot recognize where we lived. Only the old burial ground remains the same."

Jim Smedley enjoys talking about the old log houses that at one time were quite prevalent on the hilltop. He remembers one at the top of Mine Hill, at Smedley's. He remembers log houses near the homes of John Welshans, Joe Reitter, Albert Reitter, Mac Morton, Dwight Welshans and John Maxwell. As far as he knows all of these are either gone or covered over. He recalls the streetcar and the railroad stations by the Market Street bridge. He knew where the honey-dippers operated, and remembered that he picked blackberries there later!

George Foldi lived close to the Carbasho family when he attended Morton School. (The Carbasho family lived on the Owings farm, but that was so long ago that the name, Owings, is unfamiliar to any of them today.) George is happy to know that the old graveyard has been preserved by the Landfill operations. He has memories of walking through it in his school days.

Gene Gillespie remembers the many caves that were scattered over the hillside, probably since time immemorial. Some are just overhanging rock, Gene says. Many of these have become partially filled over the years by land and rockslides, giving them an appearance of a cave. So far as is known, nothing of any value has ever materialized from these discoveries, except a few arrowheads and flint that the Indians left behind. Then there is the absolute horror experienced by fathers when they learned that their young sons had explored those caves many years ago, just as they themselves had done a generation before!

Joe Roth recalls that when he moved into the Gourley house, it was in the month of April, when the mud was so deep that their team of mules had to be hitched to their Model T in order to pull the moving in to the farm. The year was around 1930. The house was in such shape that they used burlap bags and a barrel of tar to "fix the roof."



THE ANDERSON FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Anderson, according to friends and neighbors today, raised "one of the finest families on the hilltop." They were the parents of quite a number of children who grew to be upright, respectable citizens of whatever the walk in life that they chose. They are shown in this picture. Both are now deceased, as are several of their children.

Jerome and his brother, John, were twins. Their coal mining operations were widely known around the hilltop. The neighborhood children who playfully climbed into the coal cars that gave them a thrilling ride down the slope and into the mine are today's senior citizens who recall their escapades with much glee.

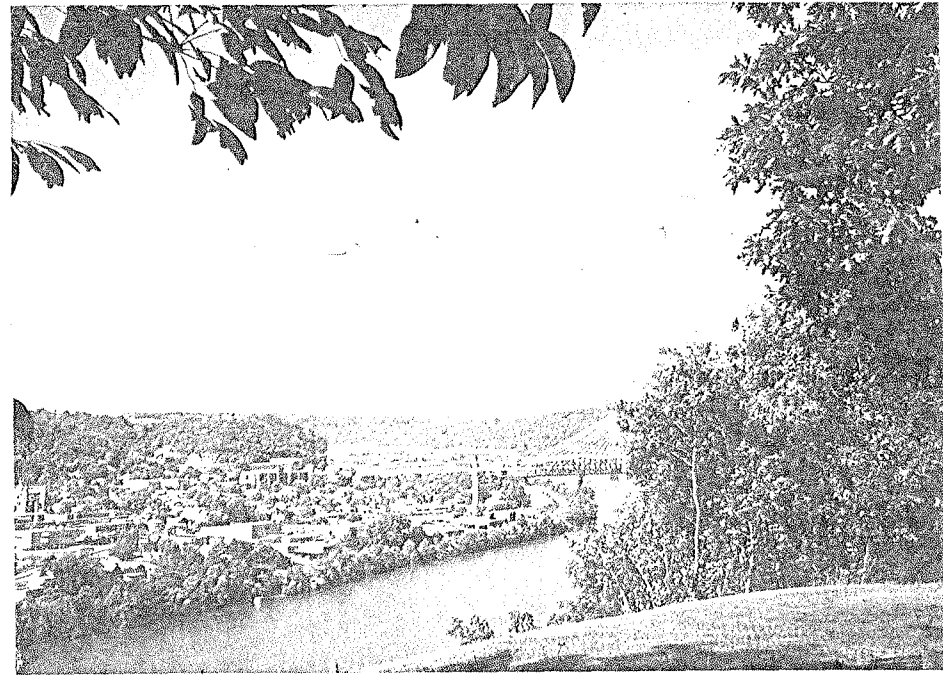
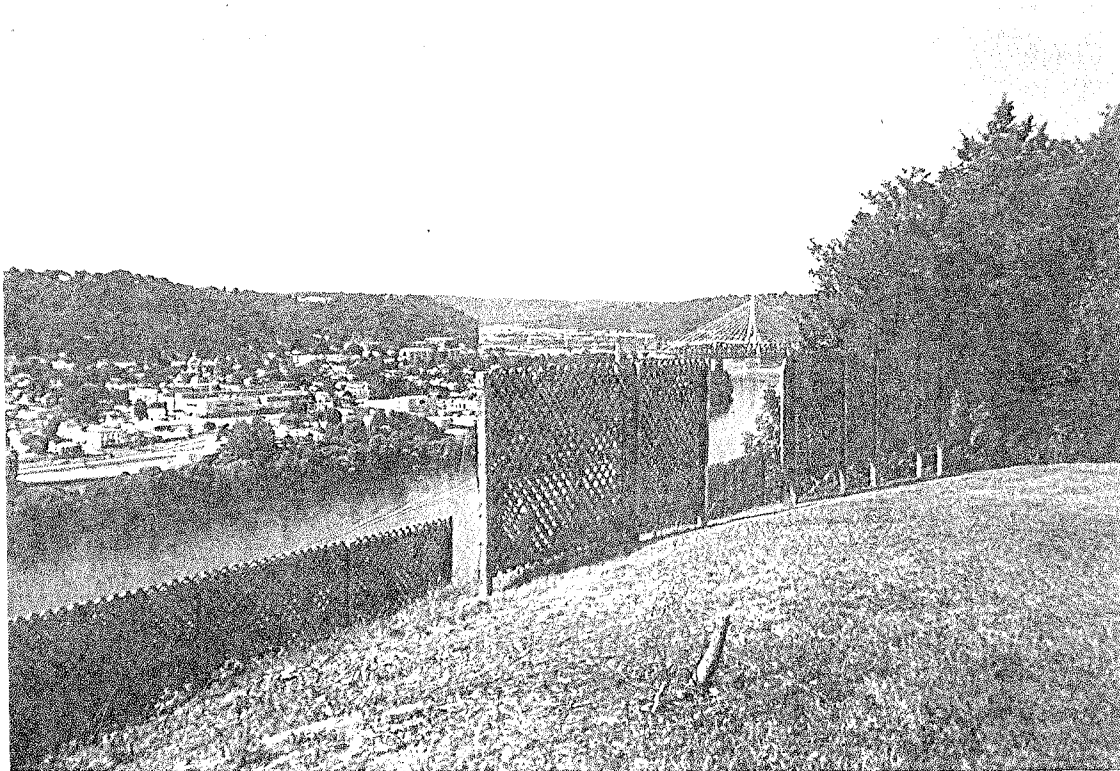
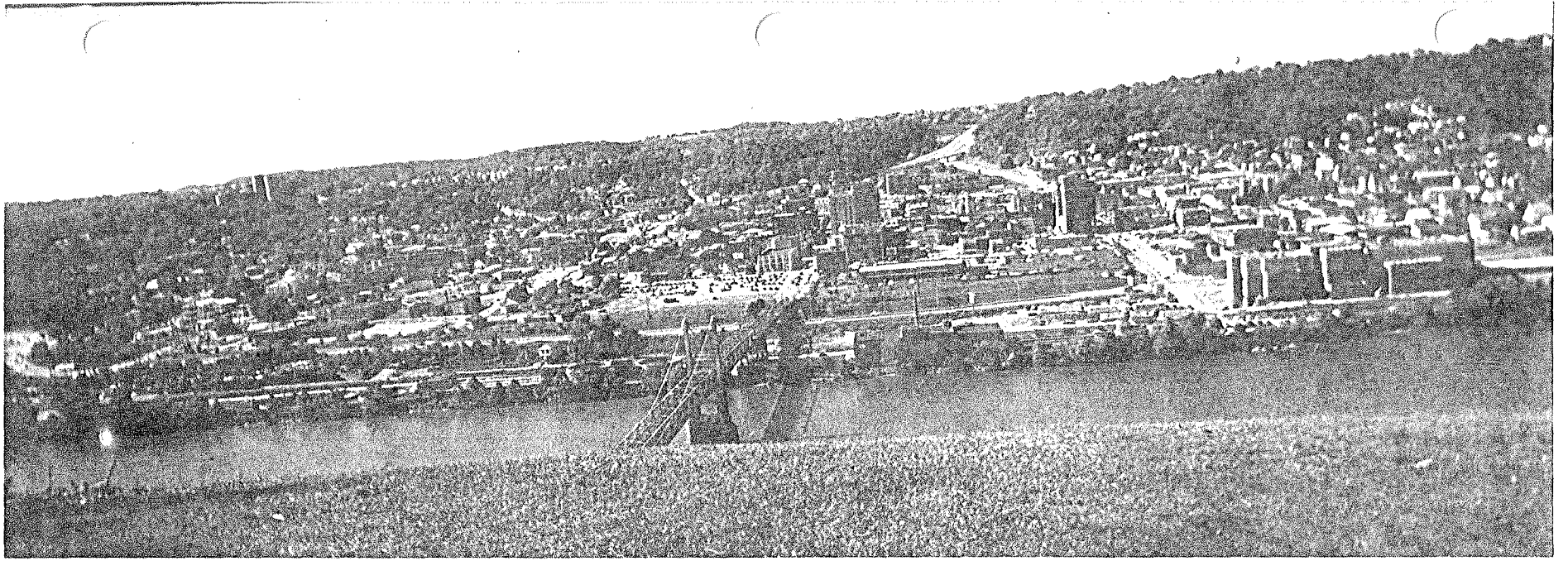
Ernest, the youngest of the family, and one sister, Grace Anderson Smith, still live nearby, at the top of Ferry Glen Road. They have wonderful memories of their growing-up days and of their school activities at Anderson Elementary.

One outstanding memory is of the days when the entire family would get together to play their musical instruments and have evenings of singing. Neighbors of today say that they could sit outside on quiet evenings and listen to the music of the Anderson family as it drifted over the hills and through the hollows.

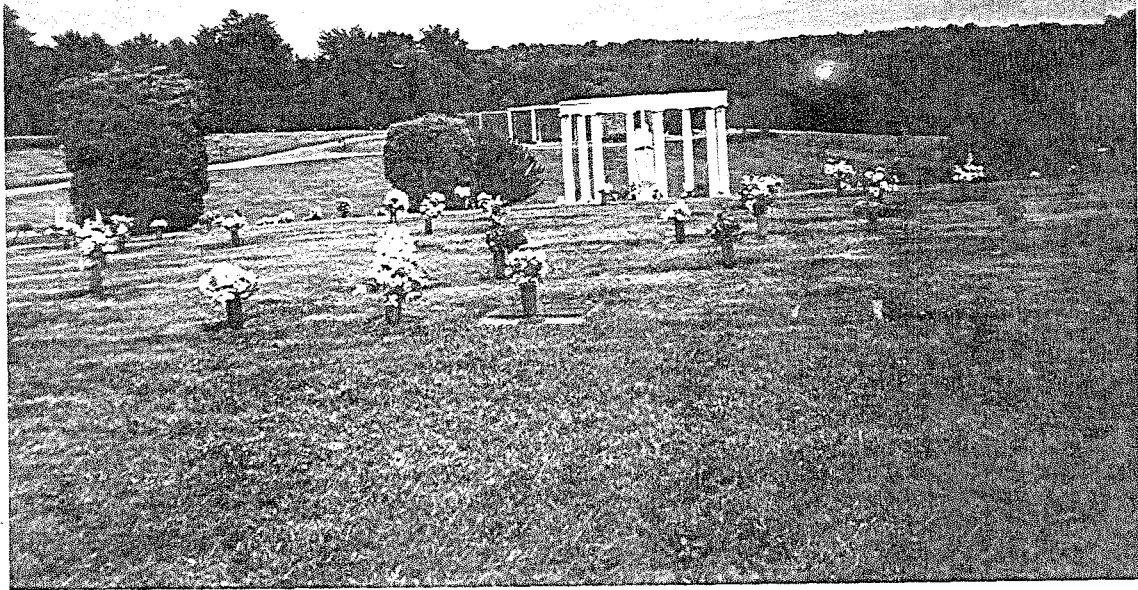
Ernest remembers the log house that stood in the front yard of the new house where he and wife, Yvonne, make their home. He recalls that as a small boy, he and his brothers and sisters, as well as the neighborhood children, played along Ferry Glen Road and explored the caves that dotted the hillsides.

The family is active in the Ferry Glen Church of the Nazarene that stands at the top of the hill above their home. This was started as a Mission by a Mr. Blakeley, from Colliers, who earlier had held services in the school.

Ernest recalls being told that his grandfather, William Anderson, was from West Middletown, in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and that he had served in the Civil War.



Views from Highland Hills



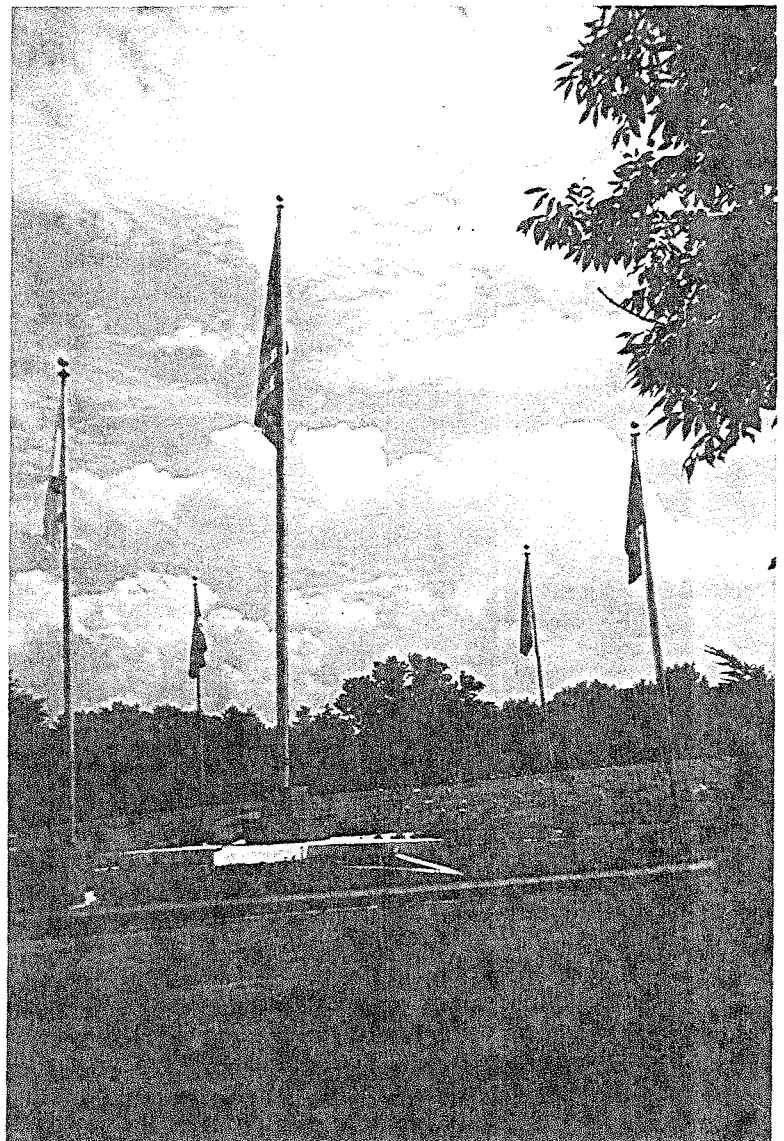
The Highland Hills Memorial Gardens began about 1962. The Highland Hills cemetery, now owned by Loewen Group, was acquired January 4, 1996.

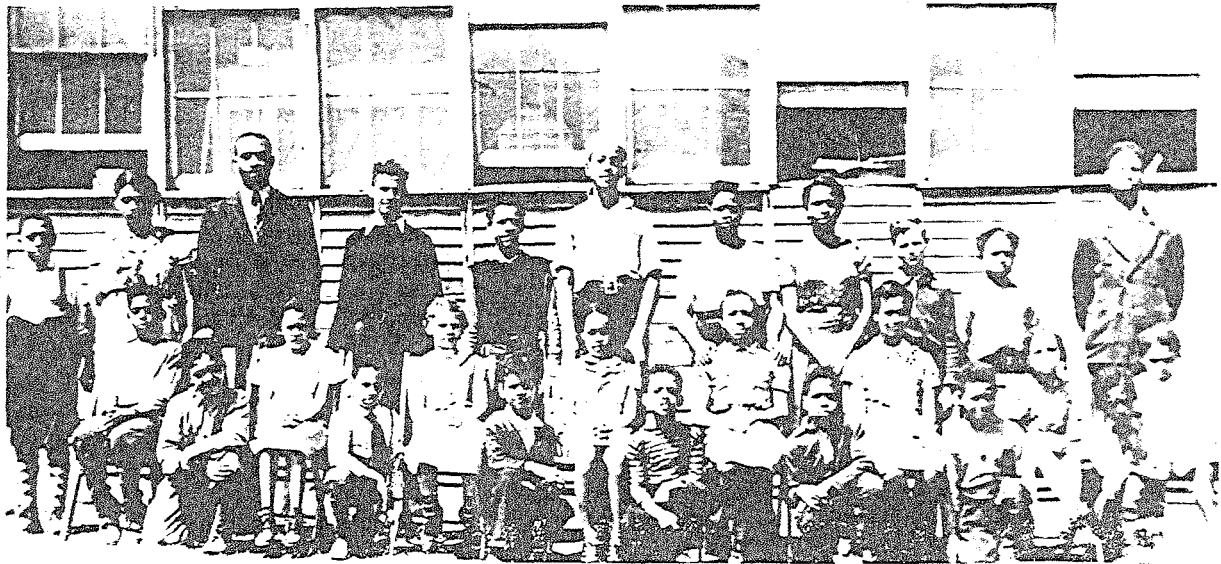
This area was once the property of Bernie Stoeckline, and was under the management of CMS West, Inc. The Loewen Group has been expanded so that it now is the second largest such operation in North America, owning 1100 funeral homes and 400 cemeteries all over the United States and Canada.

It has 17,000 employees, with Corporate Offices in Philadelphia and Vancouver. It is also traded on the New York Stock Exchange.

Cynthia Lalich, whose smiling face is seen behind the desk, says that great plans are projected for the future. She says that within four years, another mausoleum will have been erected on the Overlock and Veterans Garden. Cynthia is very proud of the Community Outreach that is continuing to develop. This includes special services at Christmastime, an Easter Sunrise service, and patriotic programs with live music and vocalists for Memorial Day. An invitation is also extended for anyone to drive up the hill to watch the fireworks displays from three cities, on July Fourth. Last year, more than four hundred persons sat on the hilltop for this dazzling show.

AT HIGHLAND HILLS





Grades One through Eight attended Anderson School in the 1930's. This school was built here at the top of Ferry Glen Road for the convenience of those pupils on the hilltop. It is uncertain which year this picture was taken, but it is believed to be around 1936. Mr. Richard Woodard was the teacher during the days that Anderson Elementary School existed.

Left to right, sitting: John Anderson, Frances Berryman, June Anderson, Ernestine Woodard, Alfreda Johnson, Ellen Holmes, Anna Mae Demster.

Kneeling: Leroy Anderson, Leonard Brown, Ernest Anderson, Jesse Anderson, Robert Holmes, Eugene Johnson, Charles Johnson, Joseph Anderson.

Back Row: Hubert Woodard, Elizabeth Anderson, Mr. Woodard, teacher, Carl Anderson, Joseph Berryman, William Holmes, Richard Johnson, Anna Lee Smith, Wesley Anderson, Fred Berryman, Joseph Horston.

memories...

.....Joseph Raymond Roush

Raymond Roush lived on the Marsh (Velegol) farm when he was growing up. He was near the area known as Ferry Glen, where the old road led down the steep hill to Route 2. Later a "new road" was built, known as Archer Heights Road. Raymond says that this road, cut into the rocky hillside, was an improvement over Ferry Glen, which was almost too steep for the horses. He and his brothers played along these roads when youngsters.

Raymond recalls vividly the Anderson coal mines. On Sundays, Lester Anderson would round up the mine mules, put gunny sacks on their backs, and straps through their mouths. "We were cowboys," recalls Raymond. "We rode all over this hillside!"

The boys always knew that the Andersons would leave the coal cars up on the trestle, ready for the next day's work. And the Andersons always knew that they would not find them there on Monday mornings. On Sunday, the boys would get into the empty cars and zoom down into the mine, a sloping ride of about five hundred feet. The cars came to rest on the level. And that is where the miners of the Anderson family would find their coal cars on Monday mornings!

Raymond has some special memories of Morton School, and of its teacher, Hayes Johnson. Every morning, pupils saluted the flag and sang, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," followed by a roaring rendition of, "Those West Virginia Hills." He remembers that the pupils took lunches from home of "baloney and peanut butter and jelly." They burned wood and carried water from the spring. And if all went well during the day, Mr. Johnson would treat them by reading stories at 3 o'clock, such as, "Tom Sawyer."

Raymond and his brothers are very proud of their heritage. The Roush family is one of the oldest in the nation. Nine brothers fought in the Revolution, as well as their three brothers-in-law. Raymond is very proud to be the owner of a four-volume family history.

memories...

.....Albert Reitter

Albert Reitter has quite a few memories of this hilltop area. He was born on the "Sunday Farm," known today as Sandag Hill. John Sondag, an uncle of Albert's father, Joseph, once said, "If Henry Ford ever makes a car that can pull this hill, I will buy one!" That was about 1910, and Mr. Sondag had just arrived on the hilltop from Pittsburgh. (He never did buy a car, only the hillside farm where he remained several years.)

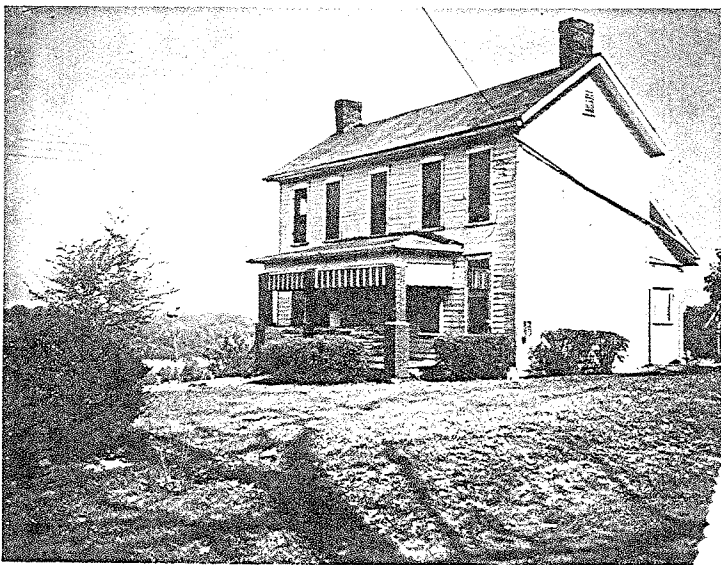
John Sondag's wife was Ellen. Together they raised fruit and took care of the farm. When John died, Ellen married George Bywater. They continued to live on the Sunday farm until George died. Ellen then sold it for coal stripping.

Albert tells the story of the day that he was born. His father walked from the farm to the intersection of Morton and Eldersville Roads to meet Dr. Leo Huth, who was to be on duty for Albert's arrival. They met on schedule, and together began retracing Joseph's steps. Dr. Huth's satchel got heavier with each step through the deep snow on this frigid February morning in 1919.

"It's just over the next hill," Joseph continued to coach and encourage the doctor. About two miles later they arrived on Sunday Hill, and Albert Reitter was born.

In 1931 Joseph bought the Ben Hunter farm, at the intersection of Morton Road and Lee Road. Prior to this time, this farm was owned by another man whose chief asset was a flock of young sons who liked to rough-house. The road just above the house was steep, and difficult for a truck back in the early 1930's to master. While the truck was struggling to conquer the hill, the farmer's boys attacked it with force, hurriedly removing its contents for themselves.

Joseph lost his son, also Joseph, in a mine accident in February, 1936. Two other men were also killed in the tragedy.



The picture to the left is the Swartz house, before its present owner, Floyd Rinehart, began his renovating project in 1970. The house is shown on another page as it stands now.

Jack Mazeska says that his father was a twin, and the weaker of the two. They were born in the Swartz house in February, 1914. The parents wrapped them in blankets, placed them in the sleigh, and headed for Steubenville to have them baptized in the Russian Orthodox Church. They crossed the river on ice, had them baptized, and came home the same way. Jack's father lived, but the stronger of the twins died.



Built by Thomas Marsh, this is now (1997) the home of John and Elizabeth Velegol.



This picture of the barn on the McKim sisters' farm was taken in April, 1994. Their house may be seen on the left near the power line. The old log house is farther down the hill to the right. This house was the home of the Carson family in the days when the latter worked for the McKims.

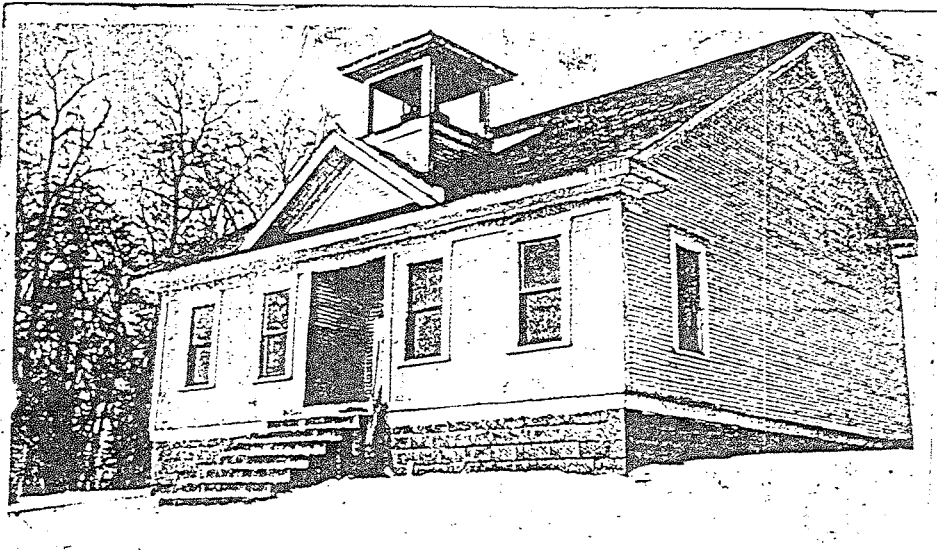
MORTON SCHOOL

Morton School No. 3 has a long and colorful history. It was built on land owned by the Asa Owings family, probably in the 1920's. Possibly two other buildings preceded it, with classes being held several years before the turn of the century. It was named for the Morton family, as the Mortons contributed probably more children to it than any other family on the hill.

Those who remember the old school recall that it had a bell tower and a small front porch. It housed grades one through eight, and was closed in May, 1938. After this pupils went to Colliers.

The building was purchased in the late 1940's by the Freshwater family on Tent Church Road, and was moved to that location. It was used for several years as an apple storage barn.

memories...



Morton School as remembered by former students.

The reunion held annually at Drovers Inn, Wellsburg, is an event that cannot be duplicated except the next year at the same time and place. It is the Morton School Reunion, when those who learned the basics 'way back when, come together for food and reminiscing, more of the latter than the former. Mary Welshans Marko and Edith Carbasho Calfo share the tasks of organizing the event. Lester Smedley takes over for a business meeting.

The main order of business could be summed up in one word - pandemonium! Nobody really hears what goes on, as everyone is too busy renewing associations with classmates of long ago. And this pleases everyone. No one came to hear speeches. No one wants to take time to pose for pictures. No one wants to go home. Sometimes it is really a question of whether or not anyone wants to eat!

But EVERYBODY wants to TALK, and it doesn't matter who else is talking! These things must be said now, or wait another year. And who knows how many more years there will be, to talk, if you left Morton School sixty or seventy-five years ago!



The apple storage barn on the property of Margaret Freshwater was formerly the Morton School. It was moved to this location in the late 1940's.



THE ALBERT PETTIBON FAMILY

Albert and Katherine Stroud Pettibon lived in this house on St. John's Road for nearly forty years. They are shown here with part of their family, on one of their many wedding anniversaries, of which they celebrated 61. Mr. Pettibon was the last surviving member of a family of thirteen children, while Mrs. Pettibon was the last of her family of nine. They were the parents of eight children.

One of their sons, William Herman Pettibon, married Elizabeth Lee, youngest daughter of the Nicholas A. Lee family, of nearby Archer Heights-Morton Road area. Both are seen in this picture toward the right.

This house on St. John's Road, as well as the one on the Lee farm, eventually burned down.

Albert and Katherine Pettibon are toward left center of picture.

A sign part way out Morton Hill Road reads, "Sandag Road." Several local residents have their own ideas concerning the spelling on this sign. What they know for certain is that another sign just like it is located at the opposite end of the road, which happens to be near Mine Hill, on the Colliers Road, enroute to Weirton.

Some say it should be "SanBag," with a B instead of a D. Others say it should be SunDAY, as they believe that this is where Billy Sunday, the great baseball-evangelist, lived. A little research on the subject turned up the name, "Sonntag."

Another variation is, "Sandbag." Dwight Welshans has some fair reasoning for this thinking. He says, "The mine was at the top of the hill. The mule barn, the mules, and the miners were at the bottom when their shifts began. A shanty with bags of sand to give the motors traction stood nearby in a convenient spot. When snow and ice made walking up and down the hill hazardous, each miner took a bag of sand from the shanty, cut a hole in it, and let the sand drip in front of him as far as it would go. The miner behind him followed the same procedure. Mud was treated the same way. The burlap bags were tossed on the snow, ice, or mud. By the end of a season, the hill was covered with sand and sandbags."

The only problem with this theory is that it was not the Sandag Road of today that was covered with sand and burlap bags. It was the next hill down the road, the one known as Mine Hill, or Logrow!

Some remember that the hill was also called, "Sunday Hill." This, of course, would be for Billy Sunday, who was supposed to have lived on, "The Sunday farm," which name an early Brooke County map definitely confirms.

Since there actually was a "Sunday" farm, why the term, "Sandag" or "Sonntag"? Further Courthouse research: Under "Sondag" it reads, "John Hindman estate ...by Commissioner n C. Palmer...July 27, 1897....118 acres...decree of circuit court June 21, 1895, in a suit in chancery in which Nancy J. Hindman....I did sell the real estate...John Sondag became purchaser, \$1850...was conveyed by deed of George Marsh, executor of Thomas Elliott, February 17, 1866....adjoining lands of R. Freshwater, George E. Marsh, Thomas Morton."

The REAL Billy Sunday, baseball-evangelist, was born November 19, 1862, in a log cabin in Ames, Iowa. He was named by the father he never saw, William Ashley Sunday, Sr. who was the son of German parents named Sonntag. The father had enlisted August 14, 1862. In December, he died of pneumonia at Camp Patterson, Missouri. The mother, Mary Jane Corey, a descendant of Sir Francis Drake, was left with three sons, Albert, age 4, Edward, age 2, and Billy, who would be born three months after his father's death.

Six years later, the mother remarried. Libby and Leroy were soon born. In the depression of 1874, the stepfather walked away. Billy hated him, and had moved in with his grandparents. Misfortune continued to stalk the family. Albert was kicked in the head by a horse, damaging his brain for life. Libby's dress caught fire and she was burned to death. The other boys were placed in a children's home, where discipline was overly strict. After a few years, they were old enough to be out on their own.

Billy's one love was to play ball. By 1883, he was good enough to be on a national league team. For the next eight years, to 1891, he played on a Pittsburgh team and for the Chicago White Stockings. He had stolen 95 bases and could round the diamond in fourteen seconds.

Billy Sunday was converted to religion at a Camp Meeting in 1886, an event which changed his entire life. He began preaching to audiences of thousands. It is estimated that two million souls gave their hearts to God during his campaigns. The slogan, "Hitting the Sawdust Trail," is attributed to the fact that, as new converts flocked to the altar, sawdust was sprinkled on the floor of the tabernacle to keep down the noise of hundreds of feet. Or if it were a dirt floor, the sawdust would keep it dry.

Was baseball-evangelist Billy Sunday indeed a member of the John Sonntag family who, records prove, bought land on Sandag Hill off Morton Road? Records also prove that Billy preached as close by as Steubenville and Richmond, Ohio. Even though he was not born or raised here, relatives recall that he did indeed visit them, many years ago.

Billy Sunday's obituary appeared in the New York Times on November 7 1935



"Billy" Sunday

THE CHAPMAN HOUSE

Jesse and Ada Chapman lived in this house after moving from one of the houses on the McKim farm. This house has been undergoing a remodeling process recently by the present owners. The picture was taken in 1996.

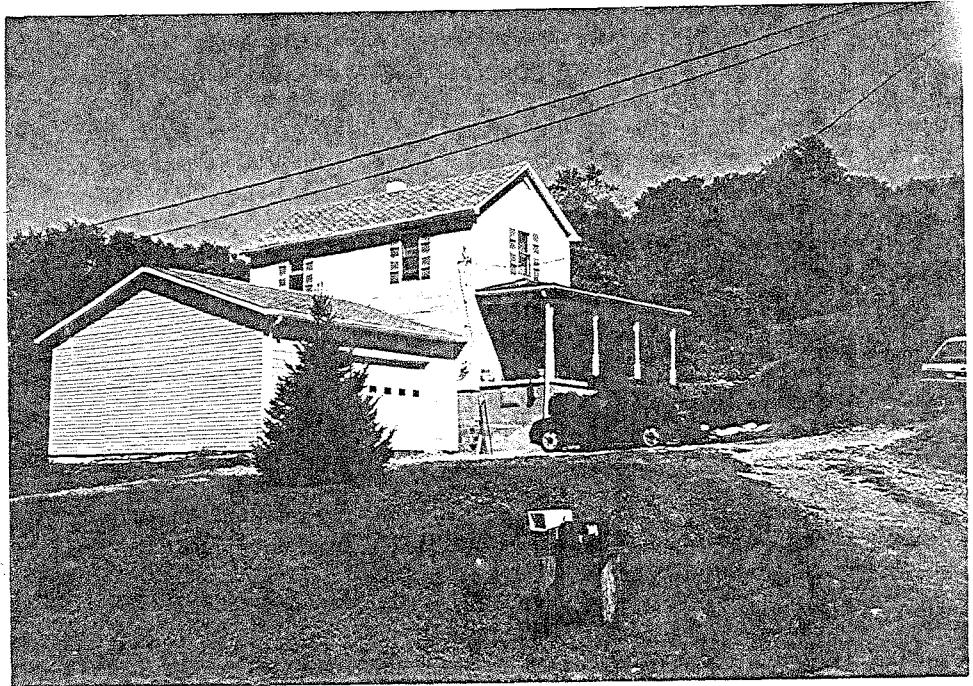
Former owners were John and Frederica (Ricky) Maxwell.



THE WATT HOUSE

Lawson and Margaret Watt built this house in 1928. It is still known as the Watt House, and is the first house on McKim Ridge. The property joins that of the Chapman house, and the two families were extremely good friends.

Tragedy struck the Watt family about 1954 when Lawson was fatally injured in a tractor accident on the grounds between the two houses.



memories...

.....Russell Slasor

"I lived on the McKim farm when I was six years old," recalls Russell Slasor. "That was in 1934, and I was in the first grade." Russ goes on to say that he started to school with his young neighbors, Claude Myers and Geraldine Chapman. All of these homes were on the farm of Johnny and Tommy McKim, and were almost in a straight line, from what may be determined by the lay of the land today. Russ visited this area recently, and tried to reconstruct the sites of the houses that are no longer there. The farm has been stripped for coal, changing the entire terrain. Russ says that both McKim houses are as he remembers them, but the others are gone.

As pupils, they walked what seemed to be an endless distance until they reached the old Archer Hill Road, the steep and rocky red-dog route carved into the hillside. Once down the hill, they boarded the streetcar for Follansbee, where they attended Jefferson School. Russ says that sometimes it was so cold that Geraldine's fingers were freezing, and they had to stop at his house to "thaw them out!"

Geraldine's father, Jesse Chapman, was one of the hired hands for the McKims. One of his jobs was to haul the milk to Steubenville in a wagon drawn by one horse.

THE ELUSIVE SET OF STEPS

The late Lawrence Roush, brother of today's Homer and Raymond, talked many times about "the steps that went up the hillside." Most of today's residents are bewildered when such an "impossible" bit of history is mentioned. But according to those who lived on top of the hill, these steps were very real indeed. They had climbed them, from a spot along Route 2, somewhere near the end of the Market Street Bridge. And they knew exactly where they were!

"They came up about 200 feet north of the bridge," said several who were certain about their location. "They were just a little south of the bridge," said others. Two said they "came down the hill right to the middle of the end of the bridge." Another said, "They were right at the corner." But not one picture has become available of that elusive set of steps!

The descriptions given of their construction vary about as much as their location. "They were zig-zag," most people agreed. "They went up to a landing, turned the other way, up a few more, and zig-zagged again, all the way up the giant rocky hill." "The landings were covered, had a roof over them," some recalled. Others remembered that they were out in the open, because, "you could look straight down!" "They hugged the hillside," some explained. "They were straight up and down!" one said. "They were very dangerous," another shuddered. "They were not really very dangerous," other brave souls recalled.

"I walked them at least two hundred times," said one. "I have seen them, but never walked them," others reported. "You could see them from Steubenville," was one description.

Homer Roush said that people came across the bridge from Steubenville, carrying their picnic baskets, went up the steps and had picnics in a park at the top. From there, they could look over at the great view.

Homer also recalls that he was told that in ancient times, a giant rock-slide had occurred, sending a huge boulder down the hill and into the water at the edge of the river. Many people of today recall seeing this rock that for many years was visible under the end of the bridge. But since the locks and dams have been constructed, and raised the water level ten feet, many attractions along the river's edge are no longer visible.

The steps have been gone these many years. Some recall that the wood was deteriorating in the mid-1930's.

Just how many steps comprised this inconceivable feat over the "Intolerable Cliffs?" Tom Evans holds to the figure that someone once gave him. "I have walked part of them," he says. "But I never counted them. I was told there were 487 steps." And since Tom is 95 years young, we must take his word for it.

memories...

.....Flora M. Yost

Mrs. Flora M. Yost does not have too many memories of the ferry boats on the Ohio River near Steubenville, but she does remember the one that crossed in the Kings Creek area, toward Brown's Island. She also remembers the days when she had to pay a penny to cross the bridge at Wheeling. Some of these things she remembers is because she was 104 years old last June!

When she came to Weirton in 1923, she did not see a city such as it is today. She saw acres of grassy meadows, and one store. She remembers the old and rocky Archer Heights Road of long ago. One of her most "scary" days was when she stepped off this end of the Market Street Bridge and it sank two feet!

This lovely lady came from a loving family of ten children, whose mother died with her tenth baby.



USELESS ACRES

"Grandfather, Old John Long, lived on a Hindman farm out Boyd Road and sent his ten kids to Good Will School," recalls today's John Long, whose father, Robert, was one of those "kids." He goes on to explain that Lucy Patterson was the teacher, taught several generations, and died at age 96. He says his grandfather hauled milk to Steubenville when there was no bridge.

Among Old John's children was John, who was about twenty when he was electrocuted in the mines at Park View, in 1920. Another son, Norman, died in a tragic fire in 1949, on Hooverson Heights next door to Sonshine Bakery, along with his three-year-old twin daughters. Another son, Harold, later became Constable. A daughter, Dorothy Grigsby, was the founder of the Valley Haven Rest Home, on Route 2. And Hazel died at 96, leaving 153 grandchildren.

Son, Robert, father of today's John, had for many years traveled Route 2 daily in his work. And for just as many years, he had passed the area of the old Weirton Junction, always glancing upward at the tall and steep hillside at "Dead Man's Curve."

He decided in 1947 to buy the nineteen acres that stretched 1300 feet to the top of the cliff. The steam engines crossing the railroad bridge constantly had always intrigued him. He would now have a "front row seat" as he contentedly watched the activity at the junction from the porch of his beautiful home high on the hill.

His little farm atop the cliff he soon named, "Useless Acres." It was so steep that he could neither plant nor cultivate. But here, Robert Long enjoyed life until 1978. His deed read that the property had belonged to a John Ross and a Crouse. Since Robert's death, a new road has been carved into the hillside and a new bridge has been built. And the steam engines have long since served their purpose. "Useless Acres" is no more.

John N. Long and Pauline Fisher Long, his French wife, are shown front, right.

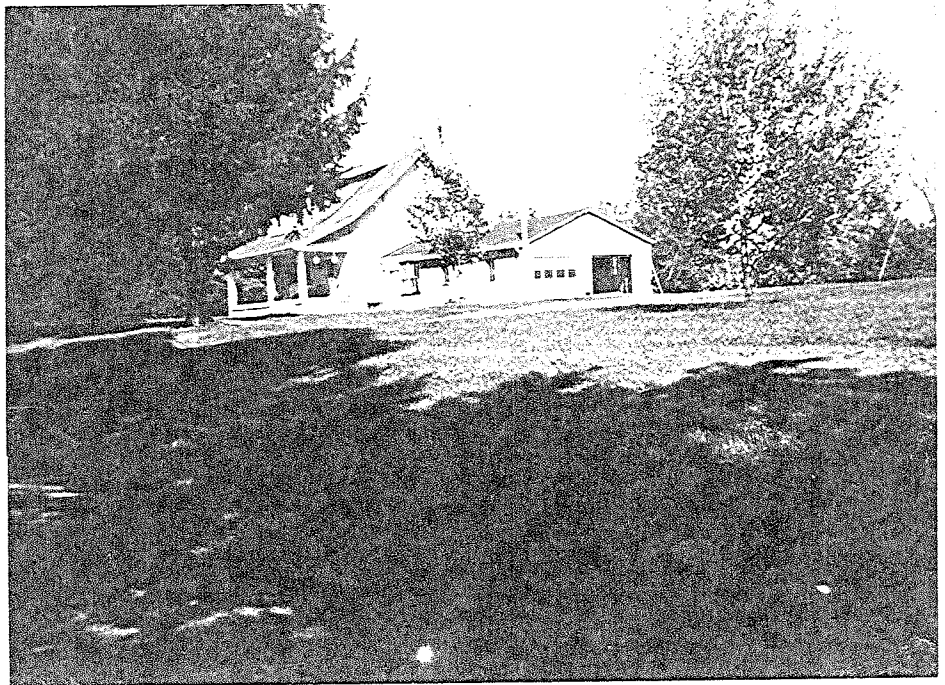
THE THOMAS McKIM HOUSE

The house owned by Thomas and Georgetta McKim in early days, stands high on the hill-top on the farm that the family owned and operated for many years. The McKims have become a legend that has lasted into the present time.

This house is located on what is today a sharp bend in the road, giving the appearance that the road wraps around it.

More recent owners have changed the original and made additions, but basically it remains the same.

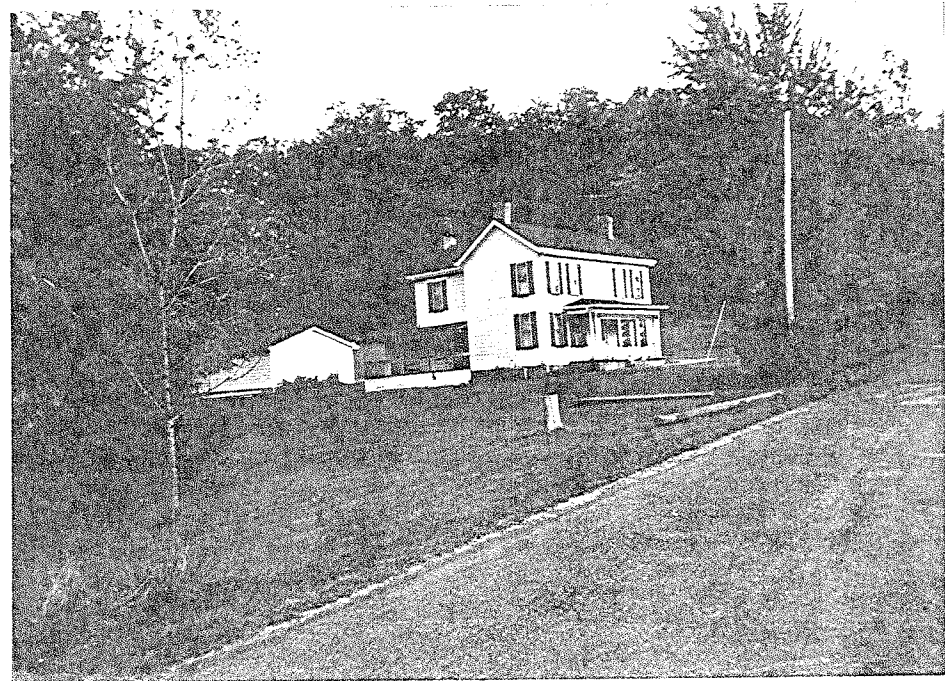
Thomas was first married to Martha Lizzie Scott, who died in 1913. Four daughters were born to them. Thomas later married Georgetta Carnahan. He and his first wife are buried at St Johns Cemetery.



THE SWARTZ HOUSE

This has been known as the Swartz house for many years. It is now (1997) the home of Floyd Rinehart. Swartz family members agree that the house is at least one hundred years old.

Mike Swartz, Jr. and his wife, Wilma, have built a new home just across the road. They still have feelings of nostalgia for the old farmhouse.



memories...

.....Louie Dunope

"I don't know why you want to take a tour out THIS road!" exclaimed one of Morton Hill's oldest oldtimers, Louie Dunope. "There's nothing to see!"

But Louie, who was born in 1914 in the house where he still lives, was soon recalling names and places of yesterday. He told about the old Lee farm, where once lived not only the Lees but also the Pettibons, who intermarried. "Nothing left there now but an old hayrake," he spoke sadly.

He talked of the Browns, the Ben Phillips corner, the Mac Morton log houses, the George Reitter farm across from Owings, and that the McAllister home far out a narrow rutted lane, was a McKim farm. He said that the Morton School was down around the bend along where the Landfill begins, and that Floyd Rinehart now lives on the Swartz farm and spends a lot of time feeding the turkeys and the deer. He also stated that Jack Mazeska has the beginnings of a future Army Museum near his home, and that Raymond Carson lived in the McKim log house.

Louie remembers that he had to leave school when he was twelve years old, to help with the farming. He said that he had heard of a plow that the farmer could ride while plowing, instead of having to walk tediously along the furrow behind the horse. He wondered if his father might consider buying one.

"Those are for rich people," Louie was told. So Louie kept on walking!

FERRY GLEN AND ELZA SCOTT - A LEGEND

According to early records, a schoolhouse had at one time been built in the area of Middle Ferry, near the banks of the Ohio River, and close to where the railroad crosses. Details are vague, as it has been so long ago that even such terms as "Middle Ferry" are obsolete today. No one can point out exactly where the school stood, as no one is living who remembers it.

Records state that it was School District No. 8, and that the building was on River Road. This, of course, would have been the road that ran along the river, and was used to get from places such as Follansbee to Weirton. That feat was rather difficult too, as neither town had as yet been born!

One can surmise that it was due to the sheer, perpendicular rock cliffs that towered over the edge of the river, that road-builders of early days hesitated to tackle the task of carving into the hillside to make a road that they really did not need. Thus it was that Ferry Glen School came into being along River Road. And thus it was, also that a young man named Elza Scott, barely seventeen, one day wandered down to Middle Ferry and asked for the job of teaching school at Ferry Glen. The year was 1892.

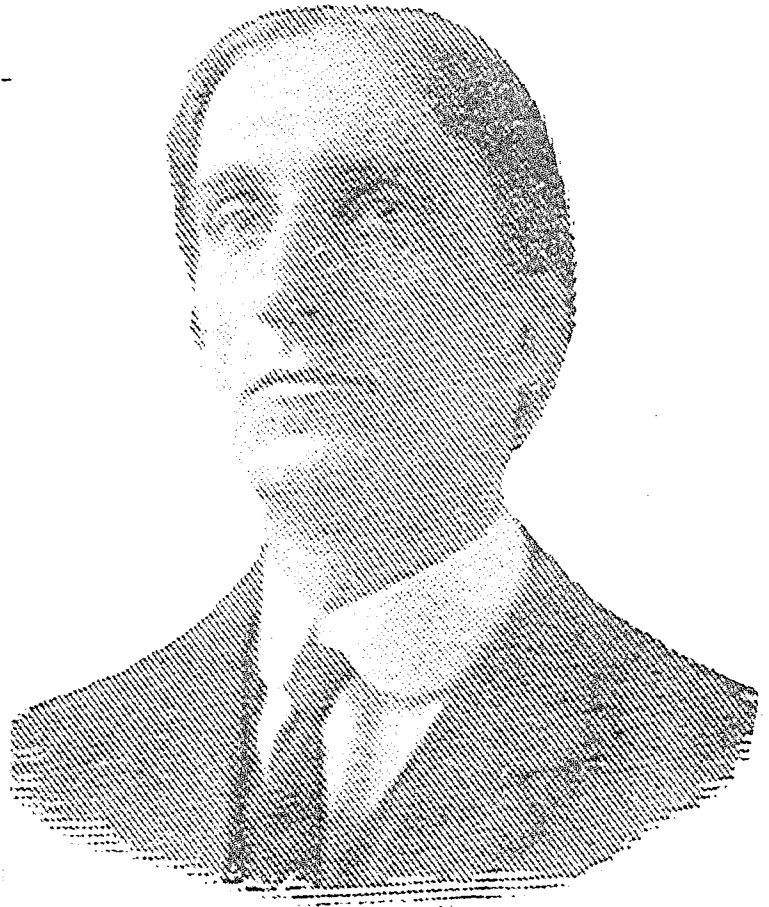
Elza Scott was, without a doubt, the best historian that Jefferson Township, in Washington County, Pennsylvania, ever produced. He was a professor in the Eldersville Normal School, and a teacher, not only there, but also in nearby towns. He was a writer and a great historical speaker. He founded the Tri State Historical Society in the late 1930's. He was heard on the radio every Sunday afternoon from stations in Steubenville and Wheeling, when he told tales of the dangers from Indians, and the hard life the settlers must endure.

He was born into poverty on one of the Scott farms near Bethel Church, on May 28, 1875. He was a son of John Franklin, one of the ten Scott brothers, whose farms eventually covered the whole of Bethel Ridge. Their parents were Charles and Margaret Cassidy Scott, whose parents were early settlers in Jefferson Township. Margaret Cassidy was the daughter of John and Jane Osburn Cassidy, who were founders of the Bethel Church.

Elza was educated in the rural school not far from his home and to which he journeyed on foot through knee-deep mud roads in the spring, and even deeper snow drifts in the winter. His mother instilled in him a strong desire for knowledge. Throughout the years, he pursued his education and professional training at California State Normal School and Grove City College. He was forced to pay for his schooling by taking whatever jobs were available. Among the work which he pursued to this end were farm work, coal mining, painting houses, carrying the mail, and his beloved teaching profession when the meager salaries barely kept him alive.

Elza's deep interest in historical matters led him to devoting more time, energy and money in research. He investigated old books and manuscripts, interviewed aged citizens and recorded their memories, and corresponded with descendants of old pioneers. He organized reading circles, libraries, night schools, adult literacy classes, forums and debating societies.

He wrote to a friend to explain why he was "a little slow in getting things done." He had lost the sight of one eye, and had one leg amputated. He also suffered severely from a facial neuralgia known as ticdouloureux. But he closed with, "When I count my blessings, I have so much for which to be thankful, I have no reason to complain." On August 17, 1959, Elza Scott passed away, just as had his little Ferry Glen Schoolhouse, many years before.



ELZA SCOTT

The late Elza Scott, who descended from one of the "first families" in Jefferson Township, was a learned scholar, writer, historian, lecturer, and teacher. In this poem, written in his later years, Mr. Scott recalls education in Wellsburg, Brooke County, West Virginia, in 1892. He taught at Ferry Glen for a salary of \$31 per month, plus \$2 for being janitor. He also taught at Colliers, and was one of the better known professors at the Eldersville Normal School for many years.

I often think of Wellsburg,
The County Seat of Brooke;
For it was there when but a youth
First teachers' test I took.

At seventeen I took a chance
To go out on my own,
And traveled down to Wellsburg
From my Pennsylvania home.

The Teachers' Institute was there
And also teachers' test;
And though I was a country jake
I'd try to do my best.

The County Super, Campbell Kemp,
With his kind words and smile
Helped me to keep on trying,
Though doubtful all the while.

Two days I studied, wrote and sweat
As busy as a bee.
And when the Super's letter came
It gave me Number Three.

That wasn't good, but could be worse,
It left me in the race.
The Super hadn't struck me out,
And I was on first base.

And now, of course, I wished to score,
Which meant to find a school
To teach the coming winter term -
Six months was then the rule.

So, saddling up my little nag,
I started out to see
If I could find a vacant school
Trustees would give to me.

The Tent, Good Will, and No. Three
Were filled already then,
So on I went to Number Eight,
Known as Ferry Glen.

It was down at Middle Ferry
Where I found them on the boat -
Will Wells and Briceland Arbough,
Trustees, to seek their vote.

"No, Sir," it wasn't filled as yet,
My first good news that day;
And now my problem narrowed down
To getting their O.K.

And when I asked about the school
And showed my Number Three,
They each glanced at each other,
And then they glanced at me.

They looked askance at me and said,
"You look as rather young,
For Number Eight has some bad boys
Who're sassy with the tongue."

We talked some more, and then they asked
With rather doubtful mien,
"How old are you?" And I replied,
"Why, I am seventeen."

'Twas up to them now to decide.
I waited, lose or win.
Then Arbough spoke and said,
"O.K. I'll vote to put you in."

Wells then agreed to go along
And gave his O.K. too,
And both remarked, "We'll do our best
To help and see you through."

I then got on my little mare
I wished no time to fool,
And galloped home to tell the folks,
"Hooray! I got a school!"

And though it's now some sixty years
And we are far apart,
I still remember Wellsburg,
The place I got my start.

And I wonder if there are others
Still living, though but few,
Who taught in schools of good old Brooke
In Eighteen Ninety-two.



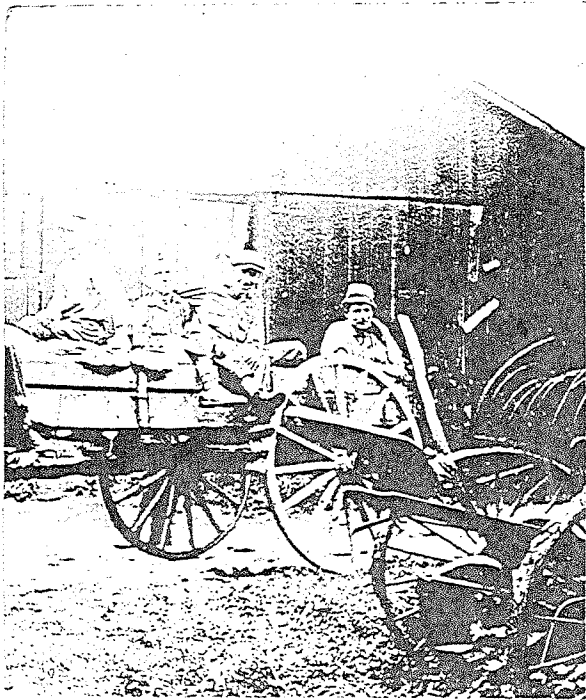
The home of the late Mac Morton was situated in this saucer-type setting. Today (1997) it is the home of Randy and Gina Stewart and their little daughter, Francesca.



The long gray area on the right, top of picture, is the Brooke County Sanitation Landfill.



Bill McKim is in the buggy on the left.



Bill McKim, son of John and Nettie, is shown second from left.

Betty Swain Latimer recalls the long walk up the hill, across the road in front of the McKim sisters' house, and on down over the hill to classes at Morton School. She especially remembers how frightened she and her brother were as second and third graders, on this long and lonely path through the woods and fields.

memories...

.....Geraldine Chapman Frey

Geraldine (Gerry) Chapman Frey remembers the "old farmhouse" in which she grew up on the McKim farm. She says that of that "row" of five homes, she lived in the fourth one out the lane. The George Slasor family was in the first house, a small one at the top of the hill. Around a double "S" bend (today) was where Tom McKim lived. A little farther out the lane was the John McKim house, where the McAllisters have lived for fifty years. (Here today, the lane ends.)

The Jesse Chapman family lived in the next house, a frame home. The last one out the lane, and at the end, was a large beautiful brick home, where, in the 1930's, the Myers family lived.

The Myers and the Chapman houses have given way to stripping operations. The first one at the top of the hill was burned a few years ago. Only the two McKim houses remain.

George Simakis remembers when the McKim family had a milk stand out at the corner of their farm. This was no doubt many years after Jesse Chapman loaded up the milk into the wagon and pulled it to Steubenville with one horse!

A River Saga

High atop the intolerable cliffs separating Morton Hill from the Ohio River, the early families of the hilltop lived out their days. Most were little concerned that between the foot of that forbidding wall of rock and the river, another drama of life was taking place. It was sometimes called Straw Town, and it ran from the railroad bridge to what was later known as Coketown. As one drives in 1997 along Route 2, he is hardly aware that at one time, there were houses between the railroad tracks and the river, and at one time the magnificent home of Nathaniel Wells and his Riverside Hotel which nestled there were a sight to behold, and at one time a trolley line ran where the highway goes today. Three families of Elys lived there, as did Sarah Bishop and others. It was said of Sarah that she was as close to a saint as one can find in this world. And then, there was the Harms family.

John Charles Frederick Wilhelm Harms came from Brunswick, Germany, as a young man. On his way across country, he met a petite Pennsylvania Dutch girl in Middletown, Pennsylvania, named Clara Anna Cramer. He married her 5 November 1881. How they came to live by the river is not known by their grandchildren who were interviewed for this information. But together they shared the ups and downs of life, making the best of what came their way.

Charlie Harms, as he was known to his friends, was a quiet, gentle man, but strong and muscular with a marvelous commitment to work. He built his sturdy house from driftwood which came down the river. A flood upstream always took an unspecified number of dwellings with it, and inevitably they were carried down to where he waited for them. It was a good house, well built and far enough above the banks of the river that even the great flood of 1936 only lapped underneath the back porch. Between the house and the railroad tracks was the old Ferry Glen School from which Minnie Harms was the only one of the many Harms children to be graduated. Nannie McKim, who lived in a log house atop the high cliffs, was her teacher.

Harms grandchildren consulted today are uncertain as to exactly how many children blessed the union of Charles and Clara. But the family Bible, written in German with a smattering of English, lists the following births: Julie Anne, Marie, Charles, Minnie, Franklin John, Wilhelm Frederick, Elizabeth, Albert, and Samuel. However, it was known that one child was named Bertha who is not listed in the Bible. Perhaps little Marie whose first name was indecipherable, was Bertha Marie.

Not too much is known of the children of Charles and Clara, but Julie Anne eloped with a photographer from Chicago and was never heard from again. Her mother never ceased to weep for her, sitting by the window in the evenings, looking in vain for her little Julie to return. Elizabeth died of diphtheria, and Albert of whooping cough. In the old McKim cemetery on the hill are three little stones which are believed to mark the graves of some of these children. Only one is legible. It reads: " Infant, Willie Harms, son of C & C, 1897-1898".

Life was not easy for Charles and Clara. There was no electricity and no means of transportation except the skiff which took them to the Ohio side for supplies. In the winter, they walked across on the ice. Later, after the Market Street Bridge was built between 1901 and 1905, they walked the bridge, carrying groceries, kerosene for their lamps, and other supplies. Charles had some live stock including a cow and he walked to Fellows Feed Supply on 7th Street, carrying home on his back the heavy sacks of grain he needed.

Charles Harms was the first toll taker on the Market Street Bridge where he stood in the booth in the winter time without heat, collecting the fee. Two of his sons, Charles and Samuel, later followed in his footsteps.

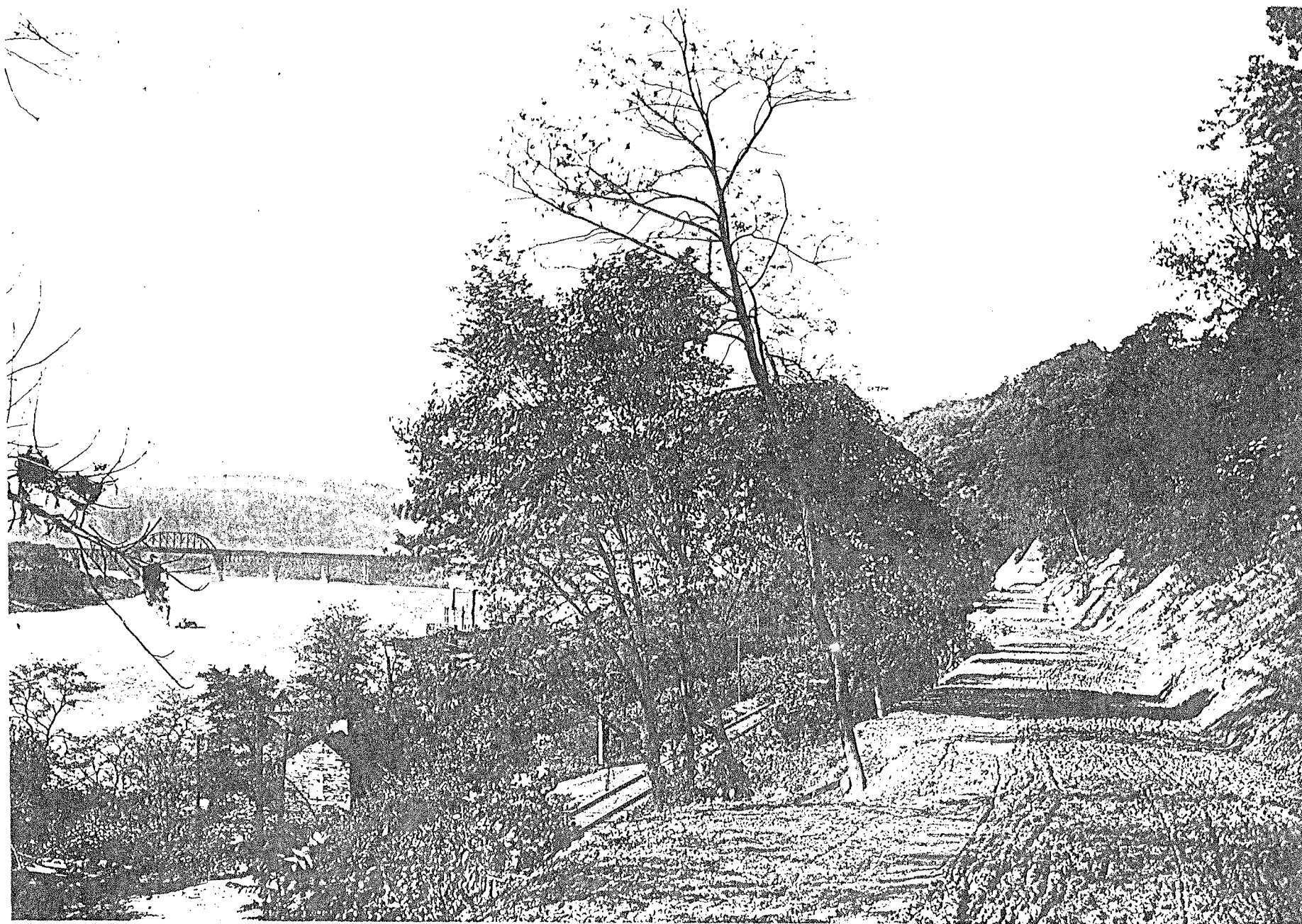
Because the river bends near the railroad bridge, it was necessary to keep a light to direct river traffic at night from hitting the piers. The United States Coast Guard set up a navigation lantern which had to be lighted at dusk and extinguished at dawn. Twice a year, in April and again in October, a boat called "The Greenbriar" came from St. Louis, leaving fifteen gallons of kerosene, new burners, wicks, etc., which had to last six months. Charles was paid a small fee for keeping the lantern burning on schedule. But when the nation began to have trouble with Germany at the time of the first World War, he was removed from the job because he had retained his German citizenship. However, there is always more than one way to skin a cat. The officials in charge knew that Charlie Harms was a good man, so they contracted with him to put his wife in charge of the light. No one could possibly be suspicious of a little wisp of a woman who was thoroughbred Pennsylvania Dutch.

All went well until that fateful evening in 1924. As Clara Anna went up the path to the site of the navigation lantern, she had to cross a large gas line which had been installed many years prior. As usual, she carried the lighted lantern in her hand so that all she had to do when she arrived was to lift the glass lid and place it in its glass container to shine out on the river. What she did not know was, that the gas pipe had rusted through, just at that spot. As she stepped across the pipeline, the lantern ignited the escaping gas, enveloping her in a giant ball of fire. Her faithful collie dog tried in vain to save her. Two men driving by on Route 2 rushed to the scene, wrapping her in a blanket to extinguish the flames. They removed her across the river to the doctor's, but she died in the night.

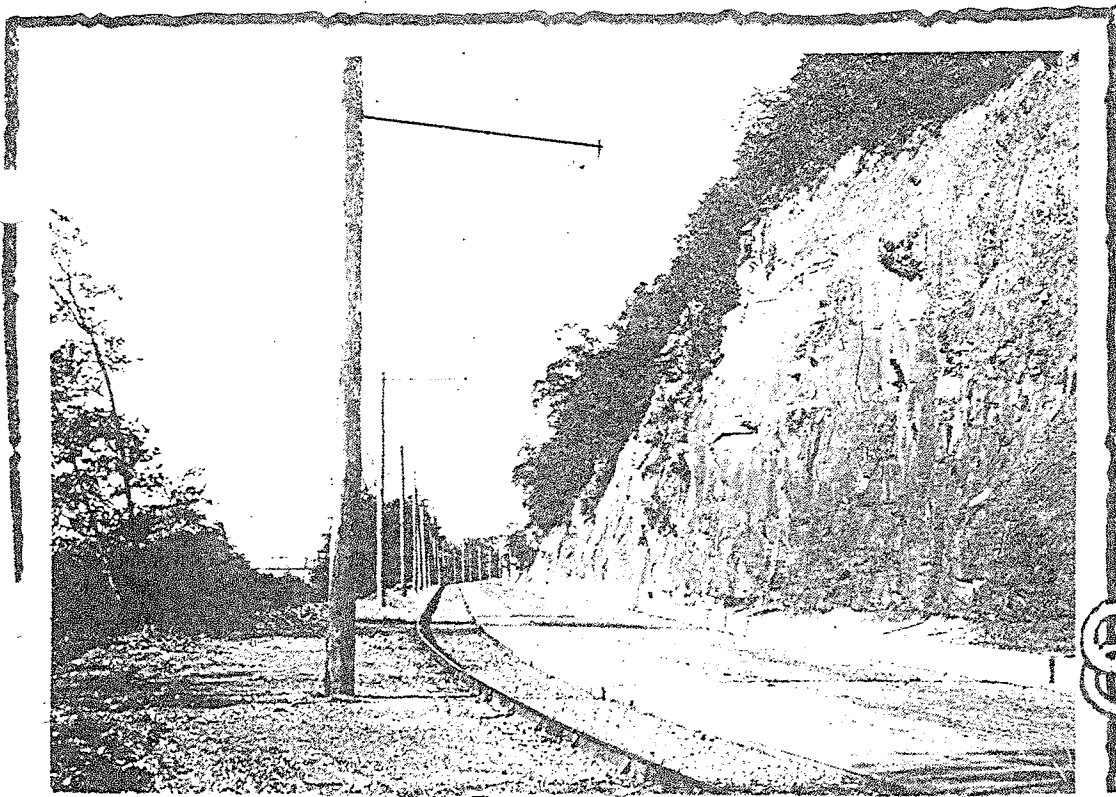
For Charlie Harms, it was the end of the world. He lived another fifteen years in the house he had built for her until his own death on 30 March 1939. But life was never the same again. They are buried side by side in Oak Grove Cemetery, Hoover's Heights. They left a legacy of hard work, frugality, and love for their offspring. Their grandchildren have been productive, successful citizens - a credit to the gentle man who came as a lonely immigrant to a strange new world. Samuel Harms, Jr. of Eldersville Road, well known professional photographer whose work is probably unexcelled in the area, is a grandson. Emory Harms who lived in the old house by the river with his grandparents has wonderful memories of his childhood days and the lessons of life he learned there. Emory and his wife and daughter live in Richmond, Ohio, where they have a lovely home and property. Both men can be proud of their Harms heritage.



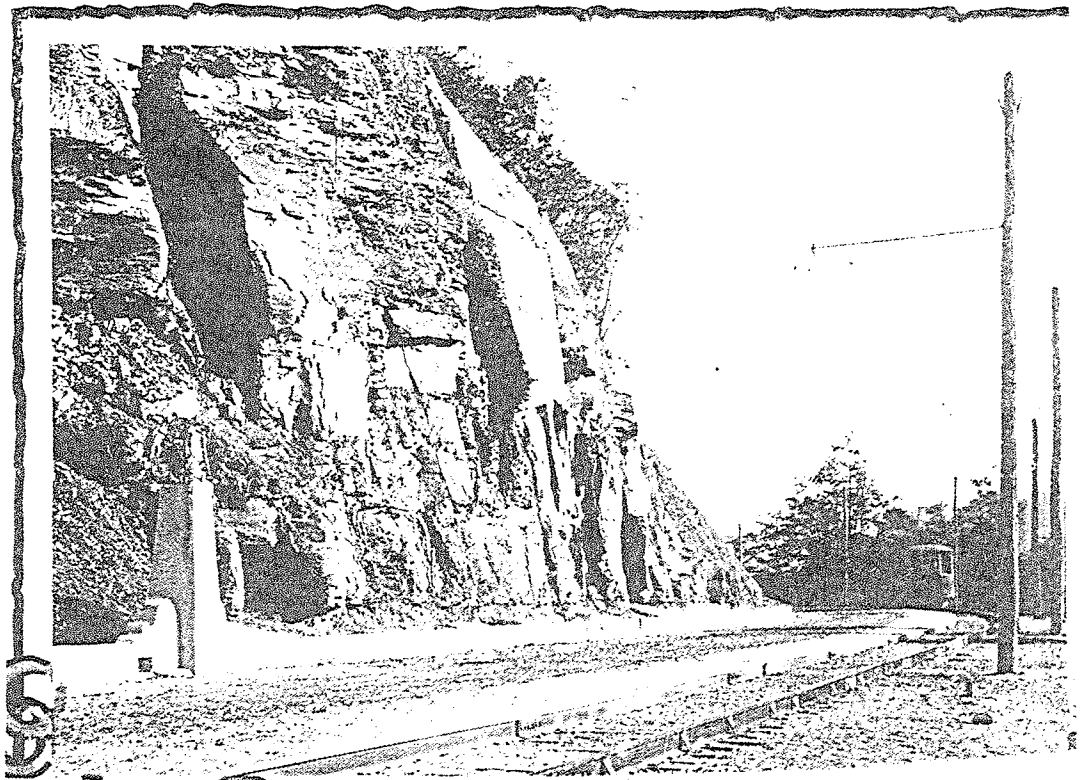
Charles & Clara Anna Harms with one of their daughters . . .



This is a scene along Route 2 before anyone of today's generation remembers. The Railroad bridge may be seen on the left, spanning the Ohio River. A number of homes were located along the river banks near where the Market Street Bridge was later built. One of these houses is shown here. A careful scrutiny of the picture shows the stacks of a small steamship just off shore in the center.



The
"Intolerable Cliffs"
looking
North



Those same
"Intolerable Cliffs"
looking
South

At one point in time, the Dohrman Sinclair family of Steubenville, Ohio, bought the section of Richard Wells' property west of the old Sappington patent and deeded it to the state of West Virginia for the purpose of building a road. This road is now a part of Route 2. The first surveyors, faced with the task of mapping the area for Sappington, had apparently sized up the nearly insurmountable terrain which bordered the Ohio River on the east and labeled them, perhaps facetiously, as "The Intolerable Cliffs". An observer today, in spite of heavy equipment and dozers, might still give them that same title.



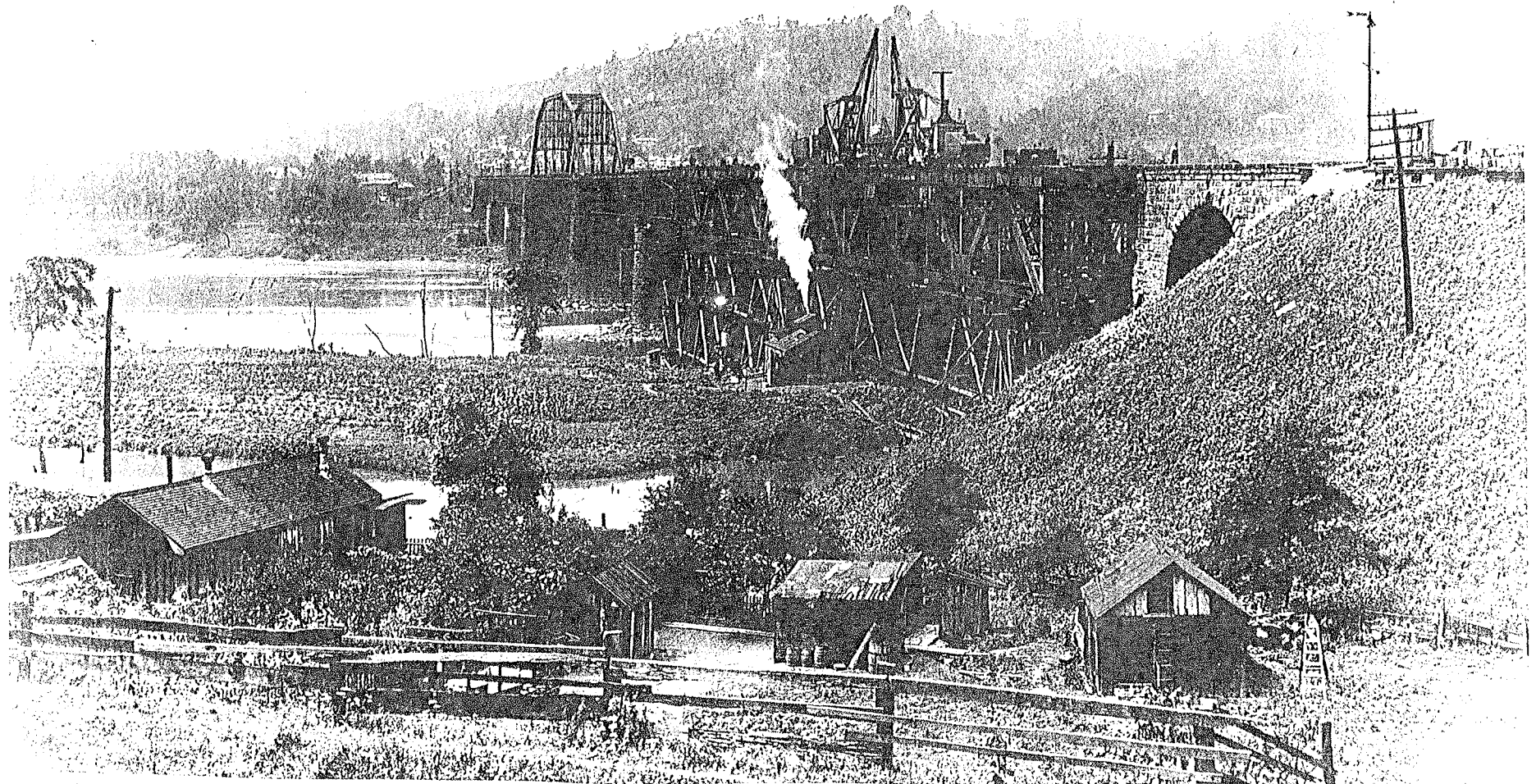
AND THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN

The Intolerable Cliffs have always given man problems, ever since he first tampered with the natural terrain of this area. The year that this particular "slip" occurred in the Bates Bridge area of Route 2, just south of the Market Street Bridge, is only a guess. Several such land slides in the past have called attention to the fact that Mother Nature would rather be left alone. Looking south toward Follansbee.



THE HAZARDS OF THE INTOLERABLE CLIFFS

Dignitaries as well as workmen are looking over the situation just south of the Market Street Bridge, in an unknown year. The bridge was completed across the Ohio in approximately 1905. A streetcar is seen in each of these pictures. The "turning around place" was the end of the bridge. By the looks of the destruction created by a landslide, streetcar passengers will be a little while reaching their destinations.



"I will always cherish the memories I have of my grandmother's house. My grandmother was Clara Henthorne Parson. She lived down near the river in the area of Weirton Junction, at the foot of the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge. I have walked across that bridge many times, and have gone swimming in the river there. The little house she lived in with her thirteen children resembled the 'Little House on the Prairie.' It was much bigger inside than what it looks from the picture. The ground where these houses stood was leased from the railroad. We had no electricity. We got our water from pumps and burned wood for heat. The wood came from the railroad ties the boys cut up.

"One day my grandmother was sick. She had been afflicted for a long time by a heart condition. Her doctor had always told her never to climb the steep bank along the railroad track, but to go around an easier way. On this day, someone had sent to Steubenville for the doctor, who came without delay. After he had been gone for only a few moments, a gentleman from a funeral home appeared to collect a payment for the funeral of my grandfather, who had recently passed away. (Continued next page)



"This man had barely made his way to the door, when he called to me to come with him. I was puzzled, but followed him. The sight I saw, I will never forget. There was the doctor, slumped over the railing of the steep bank, clinging to it, dead! The doctor had died on the very same embankment that he had warned my mother not to climb!

"This picture shows my grandmother with a few of her children. My mother is standing on the left. The others are, of course my uncles and aunts. I do not know the year these pictures were taken, but it was a long time ago!" (This picture shows evidence of damage and attempted repair of many years ago.) Frances Summers

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF COLLIERS

by Howard Gelini

During the first part of this 20th Century, this country was involved in a great movement westward. The railroads became very important since they were the only means of transporting heavy equipment and building materials, along with personnel, to western cities. Since the Pennsylvania Railroad's main line to St. Louis ran right through Collier, and since Collier could also supply coal and water right up to the railroad's right-of-way, it is easy to see why Collier became an important railroad and coal mining center. People came from all over to get jobs from these industries.

I was born October 19, 1911 to Angelo and Bianca Gelini. My father was given the name, "Charley Crovey" by the bookkeeper who no doubt could not spell Angelo Gelini. Besides, in those years, it made no difference, and so we were the Crovey family. My father had just been promoted from laborer on the Pennsy to section foreman and moved from Pittsburgh to Collier to take over No. 18 section gang, a track repair group. My parents purchased a small home in down town Collier to be near the railroad, and that is where I was born.

Everything seemed to be going well, but on September 1, 1912, misfortune struck. A devastating flood caused from a cloudburst hit the area, and because our house was close to Harmon Creek, it was hit hard and completely destroyed. We lost everything and were lucky to save our lives. Some good neighbors and railroad workers helped us get out, and took us to higher ground - just in time, too, as the crushing waters pushed the house away like it was a toy.

The people of Collier were wonderful. They helped us in every way with clothing and food. There were no homes available after the flood, so we had to rent a house in Steubenville temporarily while a new home was being built in the area just west of the railroad station. We moved back to Collier the following spring. The house was built high against the hillside above any possible flood waters, just a short distance from Mr. William Brown's house. The town, too, was rebuilt, and the railroad tracks replaced. And so Collier continued to prosper, thanks to the railroad and the coal mine.

I recall that the period just before and during World War I, the railroads became busier than ever, hauling personnel and military equipment. So it was important that the tracks had to be maintained and kept in top condition. Since labor was very scarce, due to the war, it became necessary during the summer working months to import transient workers. Several summers, blacks were brought in from the south, or Mexicans from Mexico.

These people were housed in railroad boxcars that were altered for living purposes. The cars were switched off onto a siding in the large open field where the Browns lived, and where we lived. Now, these people were not abused. They were well-treated, paid regular wages, and their living quarters were comfortable and clean. They had their own cook and dining car. They were mostly young men away from home, and lonesome.

On weekends, and on some evenings, they would gather and sing to the music of a mouth organ or fiddle. They were a happy and hard-working group that kept traffic moving on the railroads. In later years, after the war was over, these people were no longer needed, because local youths were available. And during the summers, many high school boys were employed - I being one. The railroads were a very important part of this country's history, and I hated to see them practically abandoned.

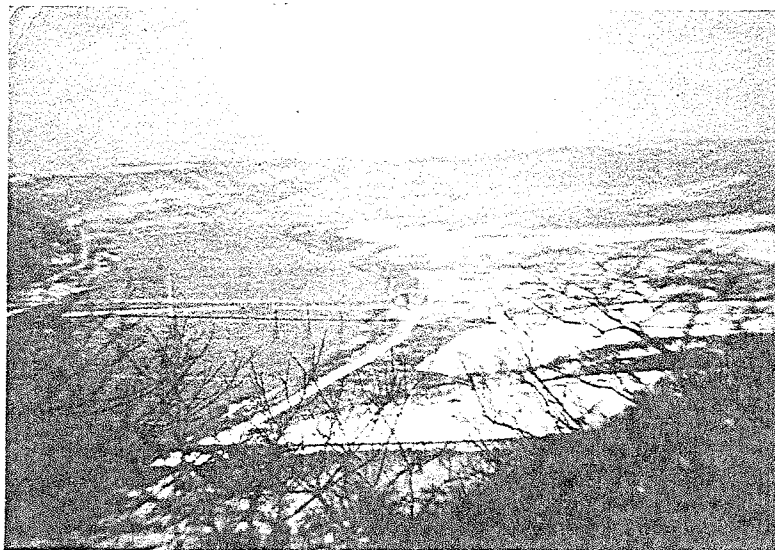
During my years in Collier, I attended the Collier Grade School, as did my three brothers and two sisters. I started in the old wooden school house with the bell tower in front. The principal was Mr. Elza Scott, a very strict but fair administrator. He also taught the 8th grade, and was a very good teacher.

During my 7th and 8th grade years, it was decided to form a boys' basketball team. One of the teachers, Miss Marge Mahley, was chosen as coach. Miss Mahley, as we called her, was a very good coach, coaching boys' teams long before Women's Lib. We played teams from Weirton, Follansbee, Wellsburg, Burgettstown, and others. During my 8th grade year, we won every game.

The boys playing on that team were, Malcolm Snyder, Lee Hunter, Herbert Minnis, Howard Freshwater, Howard Grovey (Gelini), and Charles Mechling. I have very good memories of those years and have sort of kept in touch with all of them, even Miss Mahley, who became Mrs. Alex McConnell. She still lives on Marland Heights.

My Collier years were very good years. We were a close-knit family, and have remained that way. Our parents were wonderful, hard-working and loving Christians - the very best!

* * * * *



A view of The Half Moon area and the Ohio River as taken from the McKim farm in the early days.

memories...

Raymond Carson, Raymond Roush, and the latter's brother, Homer, have some wonderful memories of the days when they were all on the hill together. They remember their days of walking to school, of crossing the foot bridge along the path. "It was a log bridge, arched," one of them recalls. They remember that a number of school teachers boarded at the McKim sisters' home. They remember the Anderson mines, the trestle, the coal chutes, and especially they remember that they ate many meals at the Anderson home because, "Mrs. Anderson was such a good cook."

They speak of other families who lived either on Ferry Glan Road or along the ridges. Raymond Carson recalls where the oil wells dotted the McKim sisters' area, while no oil was ever found on Tom and John's farm on the other end of the ridge.

Homer Roush remembers that one time while exploring the mine area, he decided to see what was beyond what looked to be a hole in the hillside. He moved a stick and dug a little, recalling the old story of the boy in Holland who found a trickle of water and put his finger in the dike. As Homer dug just a little, water - red mine water - came gushing from the hole. He said that by moving that small bit of earth, he started one of the biggest floods on that hillside. "No one ever knew we did it!" he says in a whisper.

Homer says that at one place along the road leading down to Route 2, "If you looked up, it was straight up. If you looked down, it was straight down!" Such were the hazards of the hill.

Readers: If you find errors in this material, or if you have additional material or pictures, which could have been included, please notify us as soon as possible. In the near future, it is our intent to print a supplement to the Leaves of History booklets we have created for the three tours conducted in Brooke County, namely, Tent Church-St. Johns, Colliers-Harmon Creek and McKim Ridge-Morton Hill.

Pictures of old homes and events have surfaced that were not available at the first printing. These and other stories will be included in the supplement. Corrections of errors which were discovered after printing the first issues will also be included.

As a sample of material in this supplement, we include in this issue a beautiful "Memories of Colliers" article written by Howard Geline. We felt it was "too good" to wait to print later. We are sure you will enjoy it.

Correction: In the story of the Marsh Family, it was stated that the John O. Marsh house, now the John Sr. and Elizabeth Velegol home, was built by John O. himself. This is not true. The house was probably built by his father and is of a much earlier vintage than the writer at first understood. It is similar in construction and material to the Daniel Montgomery house, which was built about 1843, and was probably constructed about the same time.

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A rousing "Thank You" to all who helped to make this historical endeavor a success

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The group is happy and thankful for the
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tention is appreciated.

Thank you, Mary Marko, for your special sharing of
History and Genealogy.

NOTE: The "Memories" included on a number of pages in this booklet are
not written by the person whose name is attached. They are only abridged
versions of conversations held with the authors.

In loving memory
EWING SHIRLEY CARTER
Who shared much history and genealogy
with us, but did not live to see its
completion.