

Odds And Ends And Miscellaneous

Leaves of History: Cross Creek, Brooke County-Part I

Surnames included: Aftanas, Baker, Bannen, Baranowski, Batcho, Beltrame, Black, Brown, Caldwell, Clark, Cameron, Campbell, Chadwell, Chaney, Dailey, DeGarmo, DePetro, Fisher, Georgetti, Gist, Grilli, Grisby, Harlan, Jones, Lake, Legge, Leon, Miller, Mitchell, Moore, Mowder, Mooney, Murphy, Nickoles, Pfister, Ragan, Rigo, Rotunda, Saffle, Sanders, Sebeck, Schubenski, Schwertfeger, Slasor, Stillson, Stout, Tisik, Tranquill, Verbon, Wiggins, Williamson, Yost, Welsh, Zatta to name a few.

Fort Vance Historical Society

ODDS AND ENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS

When your writers moved our elderly mother from the farm, and helped her to pack, we told her to label each box so that it could be easily identified upon arriving at its destination. She eagerly complied. Each box wore a label that read, "Odds and Ends and Miscellaneous!"

Albert Fisher says that his father, George Fisher, owned and operated a grocery store and butcher shop in their home along Cross Creek below Pot Rock. He delivered meat on a route that extended as far as Penowa. The house is no longer there.

Wiggins Magee was the story-teller of the Scott's Run area. He loved music, played the fiddle, and entertained anyone who would listen. His tragic death at age 83 left a void in the community. He was born in 1868.

Louis Horvath worked for Matt Muranye, grafting and budding trees.

John H. Jones was at one time the owner of Louise Mine. He was from Pittsburgh. Brothers James and John Jones, of the Burgettstown area, are distant relatives.

Michael Ragan recalls when a train on the Wabash wrecked, spilling shelled corn all over the lawns nearby. Those residents who kept chickens had a windfall!

Michael also remembers John Robinson, the "old mountain man" who could remove warts!

Fowler's Mill stood idle at its new location on Washington Pike until 1933. It was then torn down to make way for the new Washington Pike.

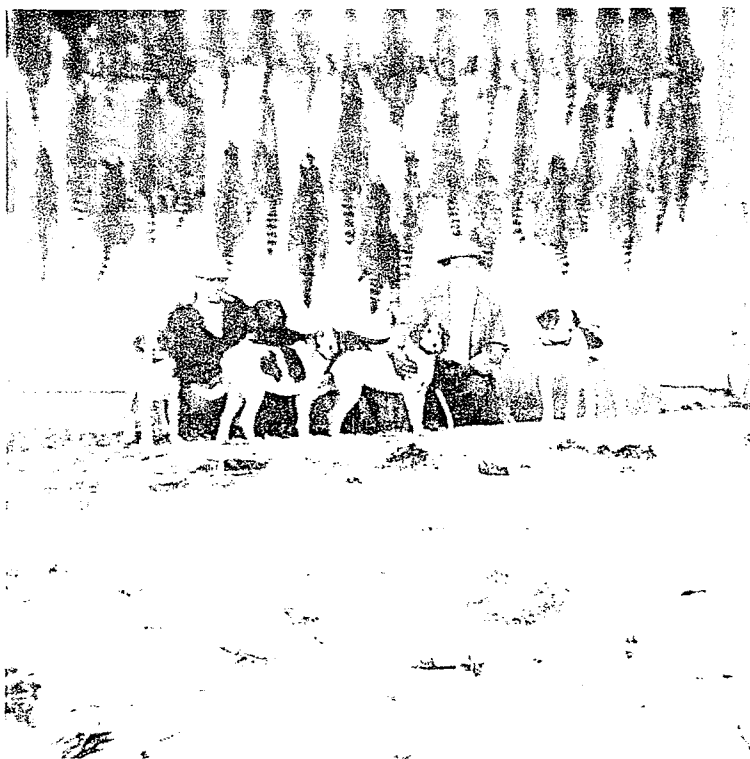
Eugene Georgetti says that the ash tree his father had him climb to string the wire for the first radio in town was 75 feet in height. His father had asked him, "Gene, can you shinny up this pole without being scared?" Gene said he could, and he did!

Harry Mitchell's grandfather, Ed Mitchell, lost his home in the 1912 flood. He lived along the Scott's Run branch in Virginville. A wagon and two haystacks were also washed away.

Theresa Tripodi has many memories of the Virginville area. She lived next door to the huckster whom everyone called "Cheap John." John brought on his own nickname by calling out his wares, as he drove along the roads of the mining camps. "Cheap! Cheap!" he would call, referring to the produce, the stoves, the conglomerate of items he had gleaned from somewhere and had loaded on his wagon to sell. His horses, Charlie and Lizzie, were well known in a wide area as he drove them from place to place.

Robert Rotunda, now of New York, thinks Cheap John's real name may have been John Bogdenovich, but he admits his memory is not very clear on the subject he knew only when he was very young and living in Penowa. Many attempts were made to recall his name, but to no avail.

Theresa also remembers the day she saw a coffin on a wagon being pulled up the long hill near her home. And another time, a house was hauled up Virginia Hill in two sections, all pulled by horses.



George and Forest Cline believed in keeping the coon population down. This is a small sample of their work throughout Cross Creek valley when they were much younger.

Mary Dembeck, mother of Jim Stevens, of Virginville, holds what could be a record in her family. She could be considered the matriarch of her family, being the oldest of six living generations. Mary is 95 years young, and lives on Bethany Pike. Jim and his wife, Alice, permit her to remain in her own home, but they see to her every need. Most of her other children and grandchildren live in other states.

Miss Downey fell asleep one day at her desk at Louise School. A pupil decided to have some fun. He set her clock ahead to 3 o'clock, and everybody went home. When she awoke and the schoolroom was empty, she walked down to catch her bus to go to Follansbee.

"School out early today, Miss Downey?" asked the driver. It was then that she learned about the prank!

Miss Downey's sister, Mrs. Mackey, was also a teacher. One day she told her class a story about a school she had taught years before in a backward area where earthly goods were scarce and children were plentiful. The custom was that teachers would spend the night occasionally with her pupils.

Everything went well at this one little mountain home until she noticed that the small house contained only one bed. As the children became sleepy, each was put to bed. After they were asleep, they were tenderly placed on the floor, and another put to bed.

This went on until everyone was in bed on the floor. The parents then told Mrs. Mackey that she was to sleep in the bed. It had been a long day, and she willingly lay down on the bed and went to sleep. The next morning, she woke up on the floor!

Mrs. Harry Mitchell (Charlotte) lived on Morton Hill before coming to Puntney Ridge area years ago. She remembers being told that her mother had two little brothers buried in the Marsh-Atkinson-McKim Cemetery. Little Lester, age 14 months, and Emerson, age 22 months, died before 1893. They were her grandmother's first babies. The two little Brooks graves were marked with a border of sea shells.

Jay Leon remembers the day that a priest in Germany broke the terrible news to him that his father had been killed on the railroad track just behind his house back home. Tony Leon was a well known butcher of the Rockdale area, and lived with his family in what was known as the Sanders house. The accident happened in September, 1946.

The Hayes Brothers, Clarence and Clifford, lived on their farm on Tent Church Road all of their long lives, and most of those years in a primitive fashion. Modernization never seemed to catch up with them. For instance, the shopping day

itinerary went something like this: Clarence would "thumb" his way to the store, with plans to take a cab home with the groceries. Clifford would remain at home, contemplating just how long it would take Clarence to catch a ride to Follansbee, buy the groceries, and take a cab home. But the cab came only as far as the end of Tent Church Road, still nearly two miles from home. When Clifford calculated that Clarence should be there, he took the wheelbarrow, pushed it up Tent Church Road to meet him, and wheeled the groceries home.

One day Clarence was showing a neighbor an old buckboard out in the corner of a field.

"That's the one my grandfather used after the war," He explained.

"Which war, Clarence?"

"The Civil War."

Carl Granato says his grandfather, John Aftanas, came from Poland and landed in Pittsburgh. His first job was operating a trolley. The Aftanas family lived in Louise, then on Cross Creek Road, near Beltrame's "Red Oak Tavern."

Many scars of old roads may be seen in the Cross Creek valley. Albert Fisher says that one of these is still very clear, and seems to start very near his home in the Pot Rock area. It winds up around the hill above him, levels off, then goes on up the hill and comes out beyond the Bill Saunders home on Puntney Ridge Road. It was on this now obsolete road that a man named Cornshock lived. Many folks in this area remember Cornshock, but again, like Cheap John, unless someone remembers soon, his name may be forever lost.

Terry Dami remembers the first time he ever heard a Diesel locomotive coming through Louise. He had been accustomed to the snorts of the steam engines, and the rattle of empty coal cars. But when he saw the brilliant light and heard the rails crack and heard the fast horn, he dropped between the rails to see what this strange object would do. He soon found out. The Diesel went by within a few inches of him. Progress had come to the valley of the Wabash. The year was 1947.

Mike Ragan enjoys recalling the days when he and his buddies were all young. "We were all poor," he says, "but we didn't know it!" He goes on to say, "We had everything - we lived in the creek all summer and spent the winter sled-riding."

Jess was the last member of the Schwertfeger family to own the farm that once sprawled over the bottomland where Brooke High School and its related facilities now stand. This family originally came from Germany. The Brooke County 1880 census shows that some of them were here by that time, having arrived around 1875.

Details of the family's migration are sketchy, because, as today's Milford, of Highland Hills, says, "No one ever wrote anything down!" He does know, however, that there were three brothers who came to the Cross Creek area before the Wabash Railroad went through. When they saw the big farm on the flat area near the mouth of Cross Creek, they immediately wanted to buy it. To earn the money, they used a horse and wagon to work on the railroad. Farming was their chief interest.

It was not until 1967 that ground was broken for Brooke High School. The farm was purchased for school purposes from those of the Schwertfeger families who owned it at that time. About 160 acres were involved. In 1969, Brooke High School opened for classes, and in 1973, the first full graduation was held.

The Schwertfeger family has been prominent in the Follansbee area even before the town itself was born. They were civic-minded, always with the good of the town being placed foremost. A number are living today, both near and far geographically, having spread their influence in a wide area.

ODDS AND ENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS

The last mill to remain standing along Cross Creek was known by a number of names, depending on its owner at the time. Seemingly, it was first known as Hunter's Mill, then Sanders, then Pfister. More about this mill has been discussed on other pages, including different names by which it was known. Some of these were, "The Old Mill Tavern," and "Rockdale Roller Mill." Several pictures of the building have also been included in this history. One of the captions may be mis-leading, as the writers were not certain at the time that this picture was actually this mill, due to the angle from which it was taken. However, Michael Young, whose father was one of the operators of the Rockdale Metal Products Corporation "next door," is certain that they are all one and the same building. Thus the caption that reads, "Possibly Pfister," should read, "Definitely Pfister"!

On another page is a large picture of "a group of people from Ebenezer area, date unknown." Since this page was printed, a date has been made available by Helen Tisik Af-tanas. She says the picture was taken in 1938 and that those in it lived in Louise and attended the Ebenezer Church.

Jay Leon remembers much history of the Rockdale area of the Cross Creek Valley. The old gristmill that stood across the road from his home was of special significance. This was where he learned much of the carpenter trade when a young boy, that enabled him to later build as many as sixteen houses. His teacher was George Pfister, who had his carpenter shop on the upper floor of the mill that bore his name. Mr. Pfister was known as one of the best carpenters the area ever produced.

Jay started out building rabbit hutches. His mother raised rabbits for sale, while his father specialized in livestock for butchering purposes. This provided another outlet for Jay's carpentering knowledge - he made truckbeds with high sides, for which to haul the cattle.



This rock pile is all that remains of the old Hunter-Sanders-Pfister mill that provided a livelihood for several generations of the Cross Creek Valley.

ROCKDALE

Many stories have been handed down in various rural areas through the years, and the Cross Creek Valley is no exception. In talking to Lou and Helen Tokas Tranquill, Helen's sister, Elizabeth Tokas Velegol, and John and Mary Sebeck Schubenski, much folklore may be learned.

Flowers in a riot of color bloom in abundance "down the lane," as the folks in this section of Rockdale call the little out-of-the-way spot that the Tranquills and the Schubenskis and their neighbors call home.

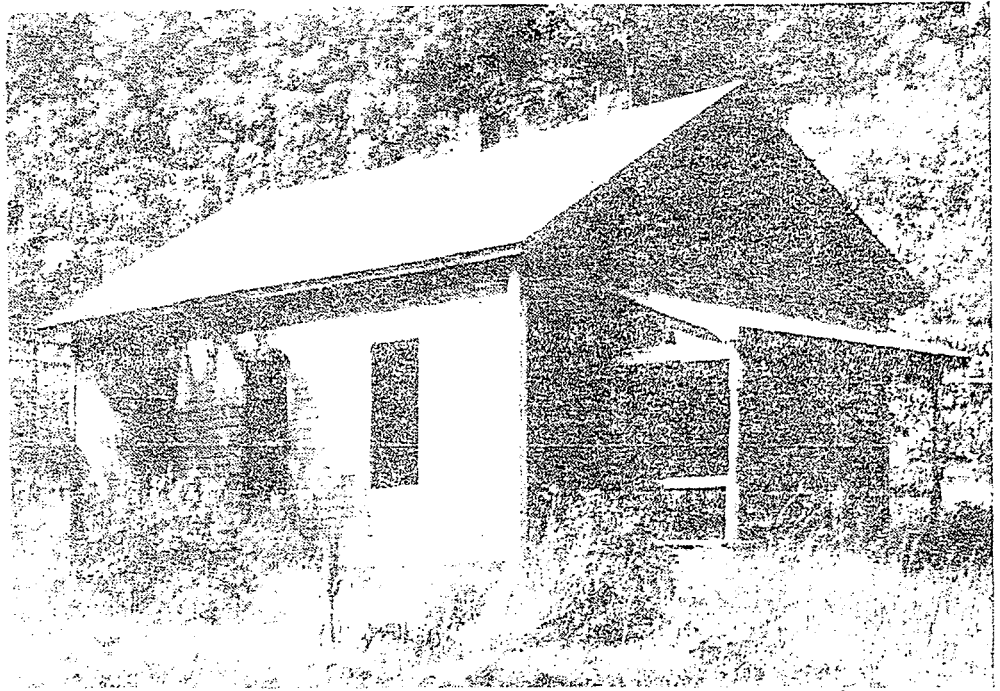
All five of these folks are well acquainted with local areas such as Louise, Arnold Mine Hill, and Seldom Seen, as well as Rockdale. Some have at one time lived in the castle-like, fashionable Pfister house. Elizabeth says the Tokas family "lived in a real old house on the Arnold Farm." This was atop one of the nearby hills, with a path that led to Louise where some of them went to school. Some also attended Rockdale School, and John spent some time at Scott's Run.

John clearly remembers the day that he "was naughty and got a beating." The teacher was Mrs. Mackey, whose strict discipline lives in the hearts of her pupils yet today, some of those pupils now being in their eighties. John Schubenski knew better than to tell his parents about the incident. He would have suffered a worse fate when he got home! He recalls that day at Scott's Run when he reads about parents today who sue the teacher for trying to keep order.

John and Mary remember Peddler John, who brought goods on the streetcar from Steubenville to the Wabash Bridge, then carried his wares in a bag slung over his shoulder.

Mary recalls a sad day in her young life when their house at the end of Tent Church Road burned and everything was lost but a sewing machine. Her little sister had stuffed the pot belly stove with cardboard and watched it tumble out onto the floor where it burned and set the house afire. Mary was about four at the time. Her parents, Pete and Stella Sebeck also kept a store at this location.

John recalls that Louise took the soccer championship in 1921.



Rockdale School has been but a memory since it was closed, then torn down in 1965. It stood near the railroad tracks to the rear of the Rockdale Metal Products plant. The building at that time was believed to be over one hundred years old. Several generations have gleaned an education there, and many today look back with nostalgia to the days spent with their classmates.



John and Mary Sebeck Schubenski in the Pfister Greenhouse shortly after their marriage 57 years ago.



Mary Schubenski's mother, Stella Sebeck

From Previous Page

Lou Tranquill was a dozer operator for Penowa Coal. He was born in Seldom Seen where many of the folk stories originated. He says that a pot of gold was once buried around John Brown's house. This tale created enough stories to last several years.

John Brown lived on the bottomland that was so flat that he could make a race track here. So that is what he did. Lou watched him train the horses, but no one ever found the gold!

Lou used his dozer to open the Arnold Mine Road into what it is today. He was a good friend of Joe DePetro, who came to this country from Italy as a 15-year-old immigrant unable to speak the language. Joe's companion lost his mental faculties soon after their arrival, leaving Joe alone and scared. His sad plight was discovered and he was directed to Penowa Station. He was met by the Tranquills who took him in. Joe later became Lou's Godfather.

Lou remembers the bread lines that formed at Penowa Station. Also a group known as the Helping Hands did just that - gave aid to those in need. He recalls that at certain intervals, a barber would get off the train, give everyone a free haircut, and leave again.

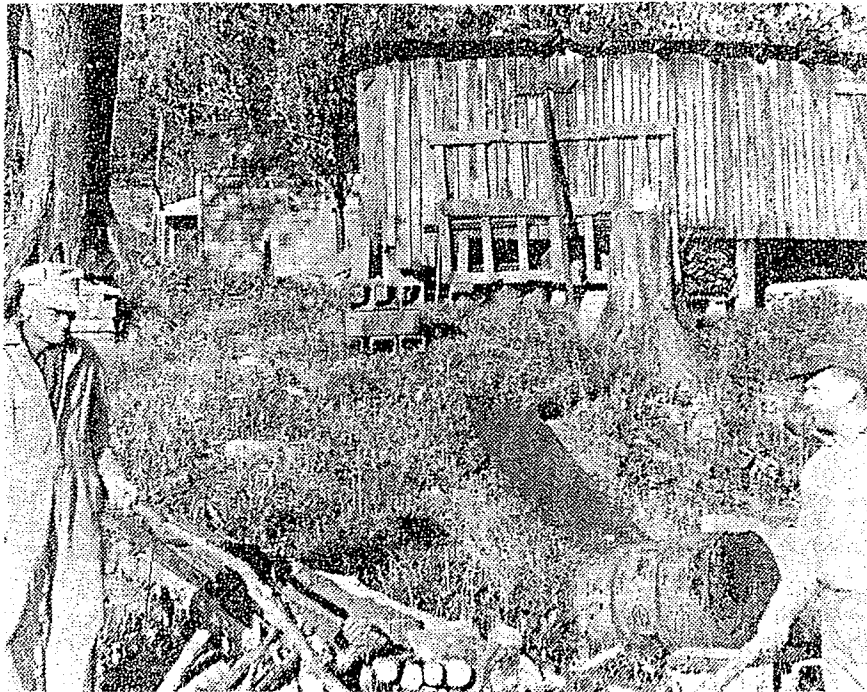
A ghost story is recalled by those who lived in Seldom Seen. It seems that a horse and its rider whisked through the woods frequently between Seldom Seen and Waverly, another nearby mining camp. This apparition, like the pot of gold, was never solved.

Another story, from another source - could they be related? Independence lies at the top of the hill above Seldom Seen. Fifty years ago, a military man in full dress uniform, mounted on a magnificent white horse, visited in ghost-like manner several members of the Buxton family. The Major implored them to "Follow me and I will show you where the gold is."

But how can you follow a ghost-horse that is standing in your living room at midnight?



A SCHWERTFEGER HOUSE



THE SEBECK CORNCRIB, PETE AND SON, GEORGE



John Brown trained horses on his race track at Seldom Seen



Rockdale School students, October 22, 1917, left to right, back row: John Pfister, ? , Hazel Kirchner, Teacher Verona Adair, ? Edith Amsdon, George Pfister.

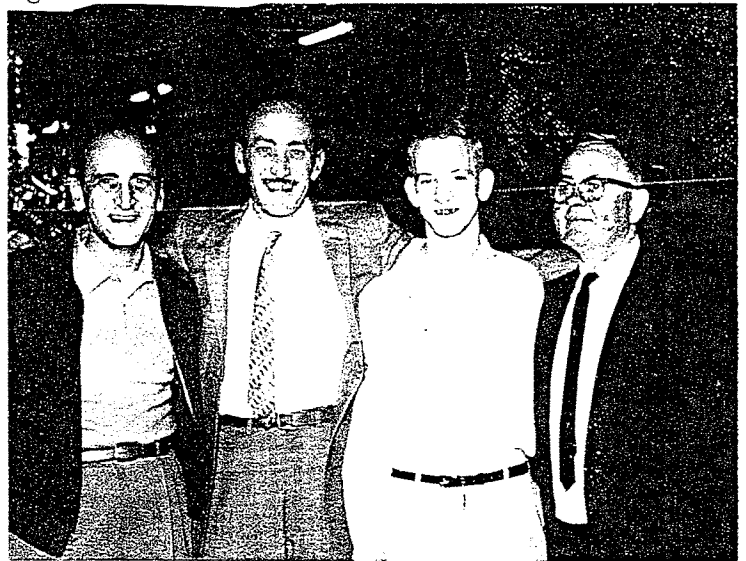
Front row: Margaret Ulrich, Virginia Pfister, Elizabeth Tokas, John Sanders, ? , ? . Teacher Verona Adair later became Mrs. Hedges, and her pupil, Virginia Pfister married Lewis Young.

ROCKDALE SCHOOL

Rockdale School was located between Cross Creek Road and the Wabash Railroad tracks, very near the Rockdale Metal Products business. Virginia Pfister Young was a first grade pupil there in 1916. She recalls that the school was at that location and was in operation long before she started to school. Her home in her childhood days was a beautiful Victorian house that stood across the road. Virginia never quite recovered from the trauma of seeing her lovely castle-like home burn to the ground.

The Rockdale School served a double purpose. Not only were school classes held within its walls, but Sunday School sessions were taught every Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Virginia recalls that George Boyd taught Sunday School and Mildred Ashbaucher, who "lived across the hill," played the organ.

Virginia says that her mother, like so many other homemakers, kept boarders. And most of those boarders were teachers.



ROCKDALE METAL PRODUCTS

Virginia Pfister married Lewis Young, who, with his brother, Wilbert, and Pete Murray, founded and owned the Rockdale Metal Products Corporation. These three men, along with John Shorts, are shown in the accompanying picture.

The plant closed recently after operating forty years, and employing as many as fifty men at one time. The Youngs still own the building.



THE LAKE HOUSE - SIDE VIEW

This picture shows the guests at the wedding in 1936 of Doris Lake and David R. Jones. This beautiful home is still standing (1998) at Rockdale, and was known as the Lake home for many years. Across from it stood the Benjamin Davis Sanders home, which was torn down a few years ago. This picture shows a side view of the Lake house, built in 1926 by William Lake, father of Doris Lake Jones.



LAKE HOUSE - IN THE 1930'S



Seated in chair on right, Martha Ann Ryland Sanders on her 87th birthday, in October, 1899. Girls beside her chair are Dulcie Sanders, daughter of John and Laney who stand behind her, along with their son Lyn, and Linda Hooker, whose mother, Frances, stand beside her. Frances Sanders married a brother of Margaret and was fondly known as Aunt Frank.

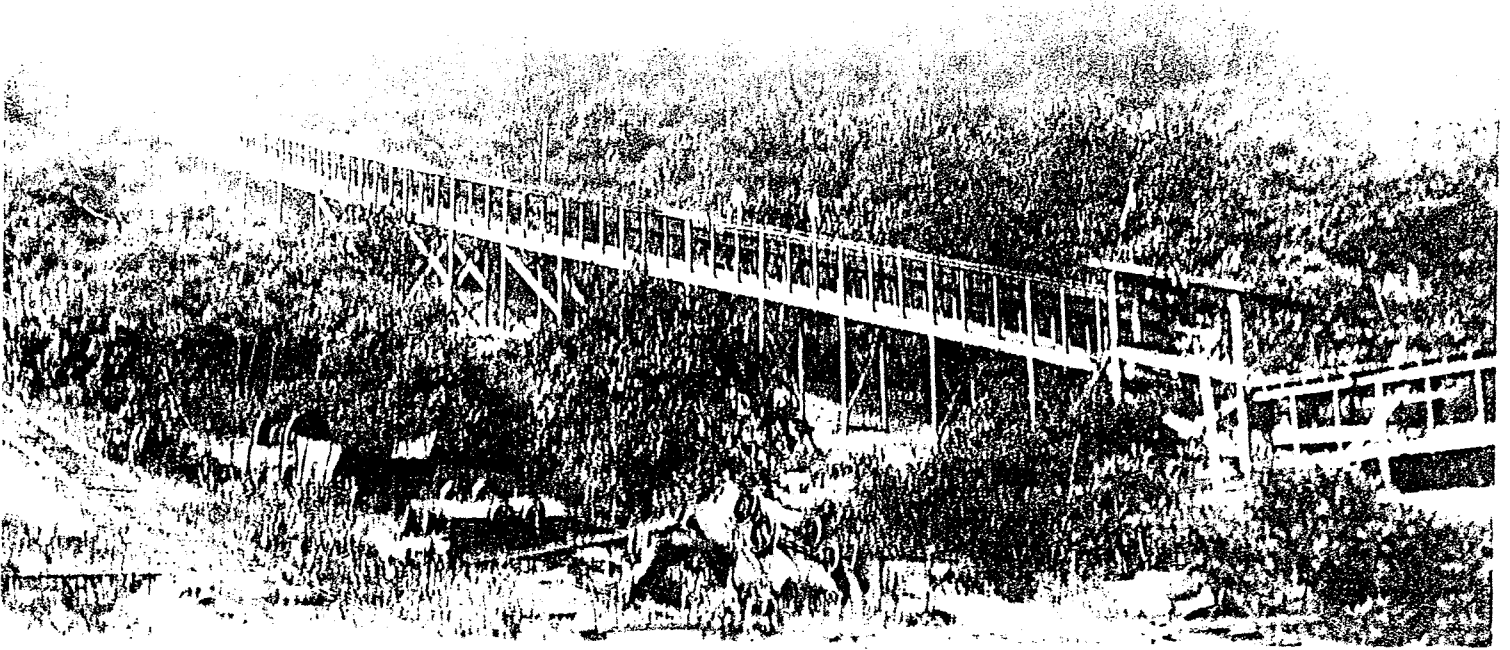
In the front row are Margaret Hooker Sanders and husband, Byron Johnson Sanders, holding granddaughter, Martha Robinson. Annie Robinson, Byron Johnson's eldest daughter, holding her daughter.

Picture taken at the Benjamin Davis Sanders home, Rockdale, on Cross Creek. Doris Lake Jones has some vivid memories of the days when she served at dinner parties for her aunt in this big house. She also recalls the springhouse that played a big part in life in those days, and the beautiful flowers that graced the lawn.

ODDS AND ENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS

Your writers' favorite Kidd's Mill story is of our mother telling us of the day she and her best friend, Ethel Inman, along with two young men, Starling Mowder and Dennis Grigsby, climbed to the tip top of the mill and carved their initials in a rafter. Mom was Fannie Clark. She was sixteen. Starling was her first beau!

The mill was taken down by the Baker family and built into a barn on the farm where I later lived for forty years. Many times had I searched for those initials among the rafters, without success. The barn was burned in the mid 1980's.



ARNOLD MINE INCLINE

The Arnold Mine Incline must have been a sight to behold. This picture shows it as it sloped down the hill from the mine opening in the Rockdale area.

Many other mines dotted the hillsides in the Cross Creek Valley. Some were located on Tent Church Road, such as Fireside, operated by the Burkett family.

Albert Fisher owned and operated country mines in Cliftonville, Pot Rock and Eldersville.

Other "mine" names included Banfi, Cafton, Sebeck, and many others.

The Louise mine was large, with one big tipple. Most mines had inclines such as the one pictured here. The mines were nearly all at the tops of the hills, thus ways must be devised to bring the coal down the hill to the coal cars that would carry it to its destination.

Many former miners recall that the tipple and even the mule barn in Louise were all destroyed by fire. When a

fire occurred at any mine, it usually meant the end of coal operations as had previously existed. Rebuilding was too involved and expensive. In addition, as time went on, progress in many fields made the mining of coal less desirable, and the mines eventually closed. Families moved from the mining camps, which became literally ghost towns. Cliftonville and New Camp are no longer, and where once were mines and mine houses, all have again been turned over to Mother Nature.

ODDS AND ENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS

When this writer's aunts (four of them) were under twenty years old and lived with their parents in the mining camp of Penobscot, social life was sometimes nil. They would decide to go shopping in Mingo or Steubenville. They would either walk or go by horseback down Virginia Hill to the Station, board the train, and be off for a day of relaxation. Or, when they lived in the house at Kidd's Mill, their jaunt on horseback was a little longer. But they were always happy for the "convenience" of Virginia Station at the foot of the hill!

THE PFISTER MILL

(Information for the history of the Pfister Mill was taken from several sources. All dates and facts do not coincide with each other. Therefore some discrepancies may be found.)

Taken from notes of Betty Fowler Fell, who passed away a few years ago: "This mill was originally the Hunter Mill, later Sanders. Built as early as 1799, the mill was remodeled in 1859-1860.

"Eleven feet down, one unusual construction - built of cut stone, 2 by 4 feet, were placed as 'headers' in circular formation. Back of the stone dam was found the remainder of another dam built of huge timbers. These washed out when the Wabash Railway Company removed the heavy stone dam.

"Needless to say, the dam should have remained as a beauty spot for years to come. In 1889 or 1890, the old mill burned down and the present one (notes written in 1982) was equipped with steam power. It has been long since abandoned as a mill. (Margaret Sanders wrote this as part of the History of Flour Mills of Brooke County.)

"My mother, Martha Sanders Fowler (Mrs. Earl H. Fowler, Sr.) was a granddaughter of Benjamin Davis Sanders, whose son owned and operated the mill at the time of the fire. Margaret Sanders was a cousin of my mother and was directly connected to the mill also."

Notes from other sources: The mill was first built by Nathaniel Hunter. After it burned, it was rebuilt by Odd and Benny Sanders. On September 3, 1898, it was bought by Benjamin and George Pfister I. He was the grandfather of Alice Pfister Ulrich, Mary Pfister Cox, Doris Pfister Care and George Pfister III.

The making of white flour ceased about 1918. The mill then became famous for its whole wheat flour and corn meal. It was called Sanders Mill, and made horse feed from corn and oats and pig feed from corn cobs. During war times (presumably World War I) a restriction was placed on white flour, and the machinery was sold for scrap.

Upstairs over the mill, George Pfister I had a carpenter shop where he made dressers, tables and chairs, and much fine furniture. He first learned to run the mill by working for Sanders. The three-story building of hand-hewn timbers was later used as a grocery store, then a dance hall when it became known as "The Old Mill Tavern." Doris Lake Jones fondly remembers attending dances there, and the wonderful good times everyone had in good clean family fun and music. The building later was remodeled into an apartment house and became home to a number of families.

It was finally believed to be unsafe and was torn down a few years ago. Only a pile of hewn stones remains, with not even a hint of the nostalgic days when the babble of Cross Creek and the grinding of the stone burrs on the grain were the two most prominent "noises" of the Hunter-Sanders-Pfister area of Rockdale.



MILL STOOD AT LEFT END OF BRIDGE, WHICH IS ALSO NOW GONE



* THE *

Gross . . . Greek

DANCING CLUB

Requests the Pleasure of your Company at their

* DANCING GROUND *

Saturday, August 11th, 1888

** PFISTER'S GROVE. ONE O'CLOCK.

Howard Standish, of Tempe, Arizona, lets us know with copies of this program, that his ancestors in the Pfister's Mill area liked to dance and hold picnics. Part of the date is missing.

The programs were found in a cousin's scrapbook.

* Social Dancing Picnic *

BY THE

GROSS GREEK DANCING CLUB

MUSIC,

LAZEAR ORCHSTRA.

best Lady Waltzer and the best Gentleman Walater will each be voted a Handsome Prize.

between the hours of Three and Four o'clock.

* COMMITTEE. *

J. E. DAVIS, *Pres. and Treas.*,

F. W. BAXTER,

W. T. PFISTER.

A. APITSCH.

J. E. MOORE,

GEO. R. COX.

GEO. T. LUCAS,

B. J. PFISTER.

R. L. MCHUGH,

J. STOCKS.

W. SMITH.

* Good Refreshments will be Furnished *

AND

* THE BEST OF ORDER MAINTAINED. *

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE

Sanders' Mill Burned to the Ground
Loss About \$7,000

Thursday

Last evening about half past seven o'clock the flouring mill of J.D. & H.A. Sanders, on Cross Creek, was discovered to be in flames. Although all was done that could have been expected, it soon became evident that the mill was doomed to destruction and attention was turned to saving the residence of Mr. J.D. Sanders which stood about forty feet east of the mill. This, by almost superhuman exertions, was accomplished. The neighbors responded promptly to the alarm and gave all the aid possible.

The mill's frame was nearly a century old, but the works inside were all of the latest design, the mill having been completely overhauled and furnished with the improved roller process at great expense and recently started up on January 1, 1888.

The fire is believed to have originated in some way from the office fire place flue and was discovered first in upper story near the chimney.

There was only two thousand dollars insurance on the mill and contents through the Cooper agency of this city as follows: Peabody, \$750; Standard, \$625; Manufacturers \$625. The loss falls very heavily on the Sanders Bros., and they have not yet decided whether they will rebuild or not, they have a host of friends who hope to see them continue in business.

(Note: On the left is a copy of the disastrous fire at Sanders Mill. The old newspaper article is practically illegible, but has been transcribed in the column on the right. No date is given concerning the year the mill burned. However, in the story on another page, Betty Fowler Fell had stated that the fire was in 1889 or 1890. Notice that the above article states that the mill had been completely overhauled and started up again on January 1, 1888. This means that it burned only one or two years after it was newly remodeled.)

This page courtesy of Howard Standish, Tempe, Arizona
Great, great grandson of Benjamin Davis Sanders,
who bought the mill from Nathaniel Hunter.

THE REGULAR BAPTISTS OF CROSS CREEK

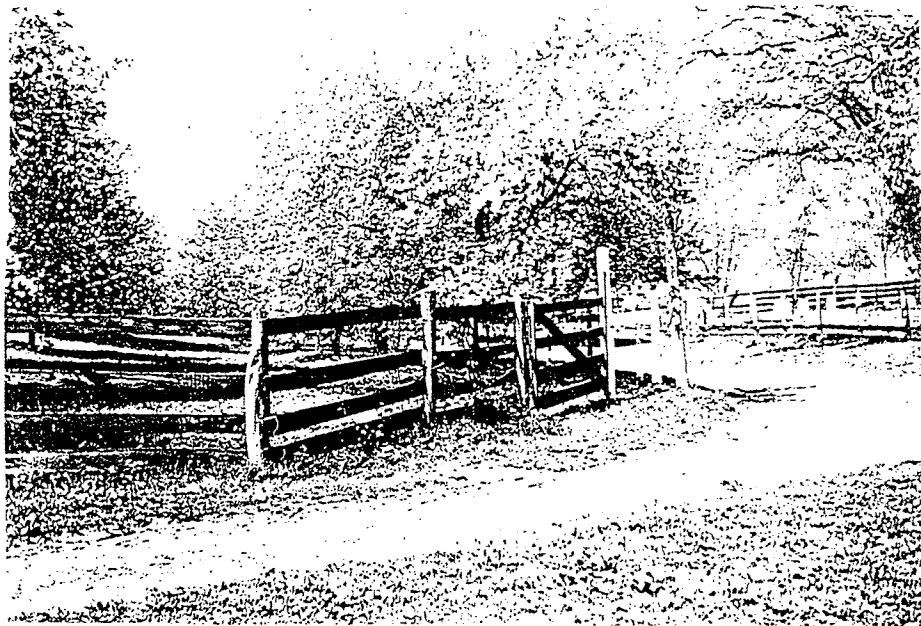
The History of the Panhandle of West Virginia, published in 1879, page 322, reads that a church was organized on October 20, 1794, called the "Regular Baptist Church of Short Creek, Virginia."

The Regular Baptists of Short Creek met at Wheeling on June 4, 1803, and voted that those of the same faith and gospel order, including John Pritchard, John Headington, John Magers, John Dorsey, George Wheatly, Nancy Gist, Martha Pritchard and Elizabeth Pritchard, be constituted a church, and called the "Regular Baptist Church of Cross Creek."

The History goes on to say, "A good frame house was built near Sanders Mill."

Rev. John Pritchard was the first regular pastor, and was succeeded by Rev. Nicholas Headington, then Rev. John Long.

By the year 1844, a Rev. Griffith became the preacher. His advanced ideas for missionary work and other progressive moves were not readily accepted by the entire congregation. Those who did accept



Griffith began plans to secede from the church. This move so weakened the church as a whole, that those members who remained could not continue. A new organization was formed and was called, "Ebenezer."

This group built another church about a mile further up the creek.

TOP PHOTO - Part of the Baptist Church Cemetery may be seen on the right. No year is available.

BOTTOM - The cemetery today. John Care, who lives next door, provides the tender loving care this old burial ground deserves. As seen here, many graves have no markers. A vacant spot in the lower right corner shows where the church must have stood.



EBENEZER SCHOOL

That there was once a school that stood by Ebenezer Church is a fact that has been nearly forgotten. It was in operation during the days when Rockdale School also held classes. It is believed that both schools closed in the early 1920's.

Ebenezer School stood about one hundred yards from the church of the same name. The deed for the one-half acre of property "for educational purposes" was between Christina and George Mooney and the Board of Education of Cross Creek Township, and was dated March 22, 1873. It joined the land of William Wiggins.

Grades one through eight were taught. George Williamson, who was born in 1912, attended school here, as did his father, who was born in 1871. George also remembers the coal house that stood nearby.

After the school closed, the land was sold to Ben Pfister.

ODDS AND ENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS

Harry Rigo well remembers the days when he worked on the Wabash Bridge in Pittsburgh. Especially he recalls one day when he lost his balance, made a mis-step, and fell through it. Lady Luck was with him - his fall was just a few feet, but it could have been all the way down to the Monongahela River!

Frank and Anna Mae McQuillan live in the house in Virginville once owned by the Newell family. Theresa Tripodi, who lived across the road, remembers seeing a woman out in their yard who appeared to be nearly one hundred years old. She was smoking a pipe!

For many years there stood along the Cross Creek Road a place of dancing and entertainment called Red Oak Tavern. Operated by Oscar and Mary Beltrame, it attracted fun-loving folks from a wide area. Arlene Yost Mowder says her grandfather, Silas Yost, built it. She remembers the lively music and the good dances that were held there.

Some Louise residents recall that during the Depression, a "soup kitchen" was operated "down near the ball field."



THE FRANK DAILEY HOUSE

May, 1946

BEATRICE ANNE BAKER

ODDS AND ENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS

Parkinson Boles, who lived out the lane leading to the Murchland Cemetery, could easily be spotted in a crowd. He sported a long, white, bushy beard, very similar to that of Santa Claus!

Several Virginville residents recall the days when they could walk to the home of Ralph Pascuzzi and get a haircut in the barber shop he operated in his home across the tracks.



The only identification to be found for this old photograph is that, "It is a group of people from the Ebenezer area." The year is also unknown.

EBENEZER CHURCH

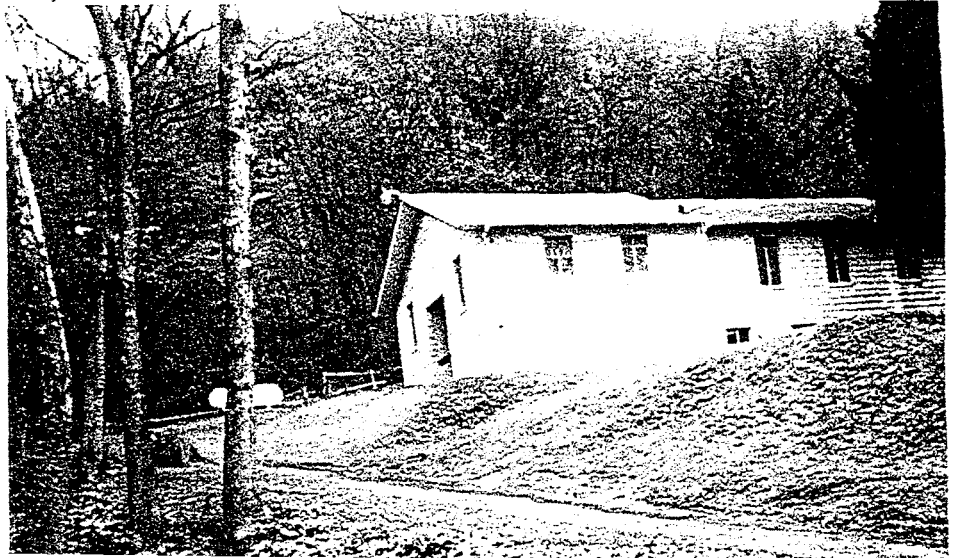
Not much history has been recorded about the quaint little house of worship that is perched on the steep hillside above the waters of Cross Creek near the mouth of Naylor's Run. The original church was built in 1850 and was called Ebenezer. It is not known how much of today's building is original. This organization was formed by the seceding members of the Regular Baptists, whose house of worship had been built many years earlier near Saners Mill. Original members were John Headington, David Hardsock, Mary Hardsock and Letitia Cornelius. The land for the church joined that owned by Peter Mooney.

Peace and harmony are not always present in most churches. At one time, Ebenezer was closed for a period of about five years. A lengthy verbal battle was fought, and the church was re-opened.

A few years ago, Ebenezer became the Church of God, instead of the Baptist belief, under which it was organized.

Recently, after another period of being closed, Ebenezer again opened its doors and once again adopted the Baptist teachings. Sunday services are held each week.

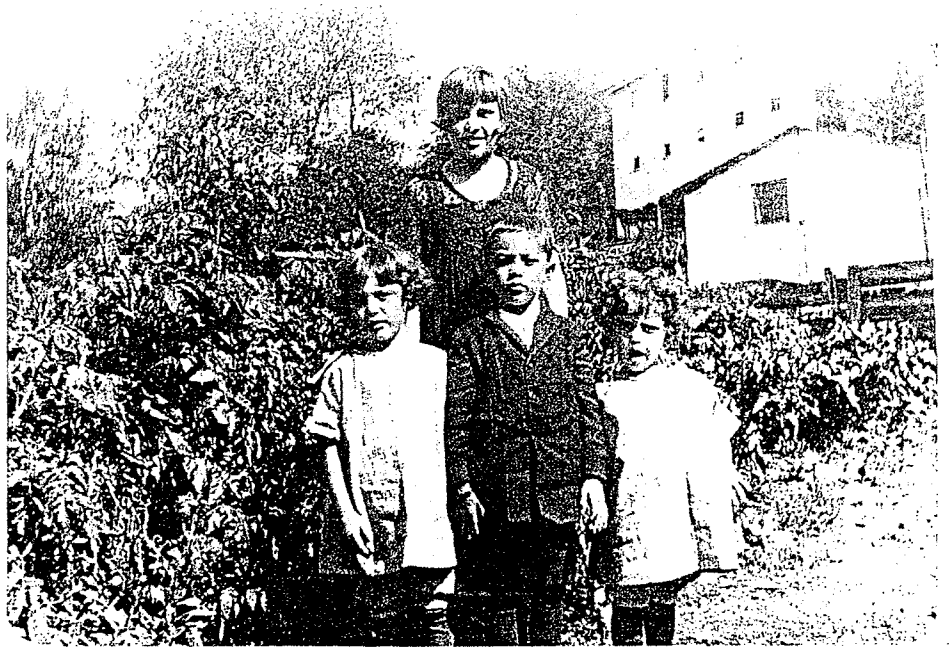
A distinctive mark of a Baptist is the immersion in water when one becomes a member of the church. The waters of nearby Cross Creek have come in handy many times in the last century and a half.



LIFE IN LOUISE
WITH THE
GEORGETTI FAMILY

TOP PICTURE

Agnes, Henry, Sylvia and Frances Georgetti are shown here with the chicken house and the mule barn in the background.



CENTER

Father, Henry with Henry and Eugene and some of their hounds.



BOTTOM

Eugene and Henry with their fox pups, and two of the family's goats in the background.



"The ten years I spent in Louise were the best years of my life!" exclaims one of the most successful farmers of today in the Avella area. As he reminisces on his childhood in the decade of the 1920's, Eugene Georgetti becomes almost entranced by his happy memories.

"We were foot-loose and fancy-free. We swam and fished in the creek, played ball on the flat area near the tracks, a field that is still there and still used for playing ball, and did lots of hunting.

"Almost every family owned cows. We boys drove them up Glycerin Hollow and watched them all day. While they ate grass, we played, and fished and swam, then drove them back home in the evenings to be tied up and milked. "

Eugene recalls the well-kept yards and gardens and the attractive boardwalks throughout the camp. "There were boardwalks everywhere," he remembers. But especially

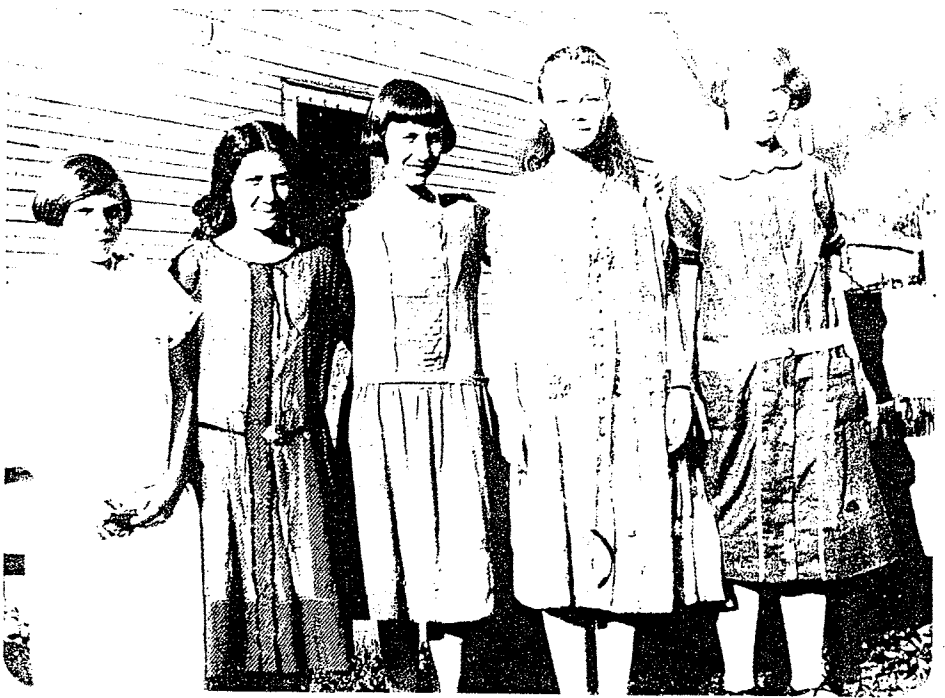
GEORGETTI FAMILY Continued

does he cherish the memories of his childhood friends.

"There were the Beltrames, the Begallys, the Williams' the Yonkos, the Johnsons....." the list goes on as he with a sense of nostalgia counts them off on his fingers.

Eugene vividly recalls the day his father bought a radio - "the first radio in town!" He was chosen to shinny up the pole and the lofty ash tree to hook up the wires.

"Everybody came to our house to listen to the fights," he beams in recalling it today.



Families in Louise formed very close friendships. Most of them had similar backgrounds and interests.

Shown here left to right are Frances Georgetti, Helen Peto, Annie Yonko, Mary Yonko and Susie Yonko.



When Eugene Georgetti was about five years old, his father bought him a violin. "It was a Stradivarius," Eugene says today. "And even though I liked music I learned to play it very well, I always preferred to go hunting."



Louise was noted for its neat yards and boardwalks. This is Sylvia Georgetti with brother Eugene behind her.

GEORGETTI FAMILY Continued

TOP PICTURE

Mother Georgetti, who was Antonia Zatta before her marriage to Henry Georgetti, feeds her flock of chickens in her well-kept yard in Louise.

When Antonia was a young girl, she suffered a tragic accident that marked her for life. She was picking up coal from between railroad tracks near a train that was not moving. She did not hear the second train. She was knocked down, the wheels severing her left arm.

CENTER

Frances Georgetti, Agnes Georgetti, Helen Peto and Susie Yonko pose by "The Rock" that probably gave Rockdale Road its name.

BOTTOM

The big rock on Rockdale Road, as seen from a short distance farther down the hillside.

"How did this big rock get on top of this hill?" a little boy once asked a very wise man.

And A.D. White replied, "It's always been here!"



THE MURPHY FARM .

Eugene Georgetti remembers the Murphy farm from eighty-one years ago, when he was two years old.

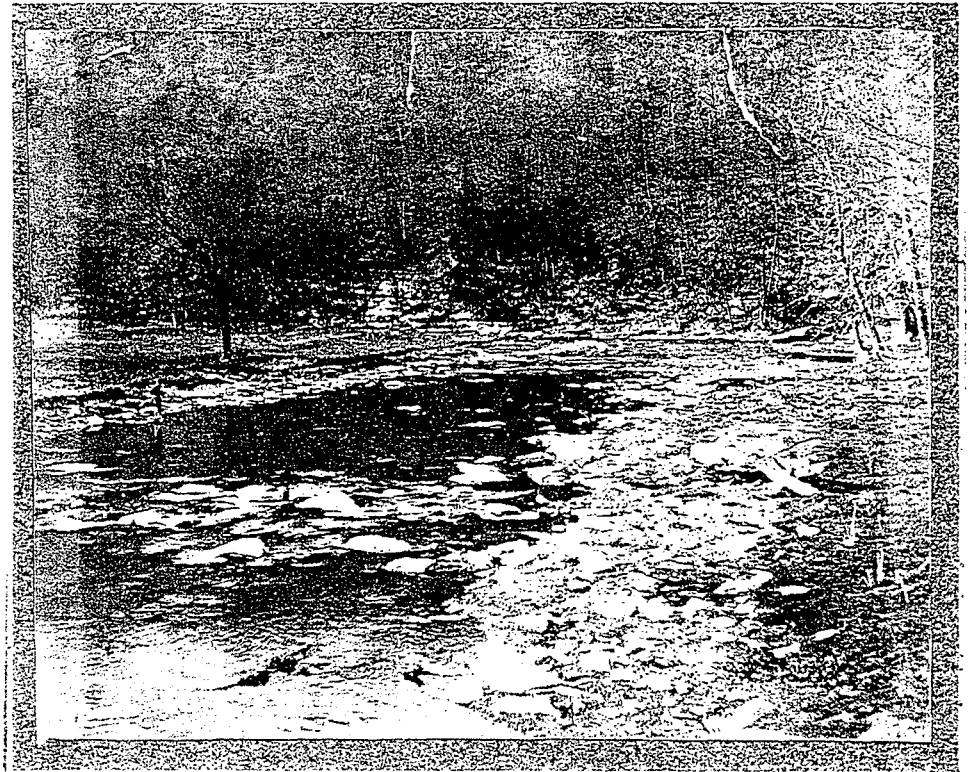
The Murphy farm was quite large, more than two hundred acres. It was located on one of the hilltops overlooking Pot Rock and Louise, but farther back in the distance. It was "a hill and a hollow over."

Eugene remembers that there was a large barn, as well as the big house. A grate was in one room that he remembers. This was because two things happened in that room that made impressions on his young mind.

One was the day his mother had washed her beautiful long hair, and was drying it by the fire. The draft from the chimney caught her hair and was taking it up the chimney. She immediately ran to the pitcher pump where she had left a bucket of water. She doused her head in the bucket and put out the fire.

The second event this two-year-old remembers is the day he and his sister chased the guinea pigs around the room. The frightened little animals ran into and under the grate. They did not stay long!

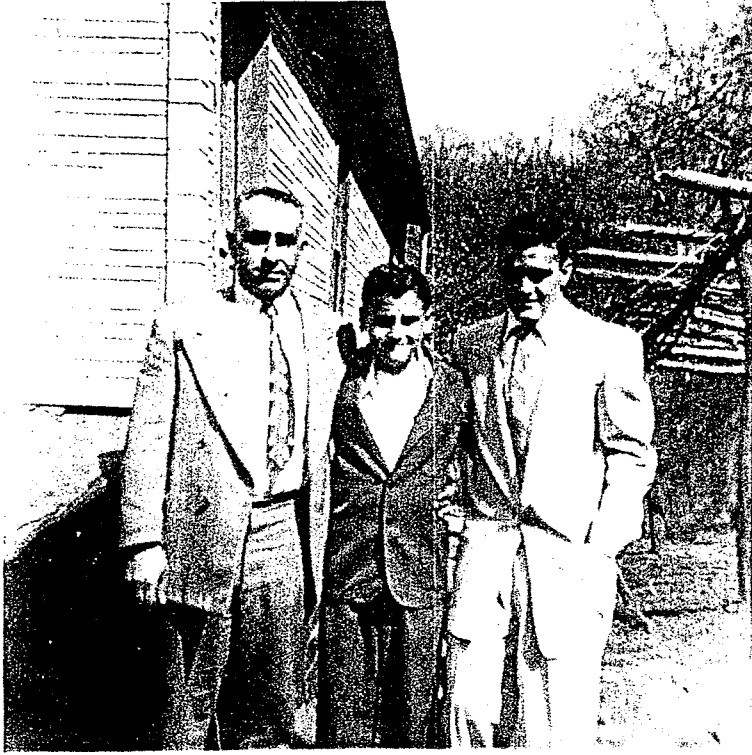
He also remembers the day he was very sick and Dr. Stunkard was called from Avella. The good doctor came with his horse and buggy. Eugene was treated, and was soon well. He also recalls when his father would take him and some of the others and place them in the grass while he planted corn - by hand.



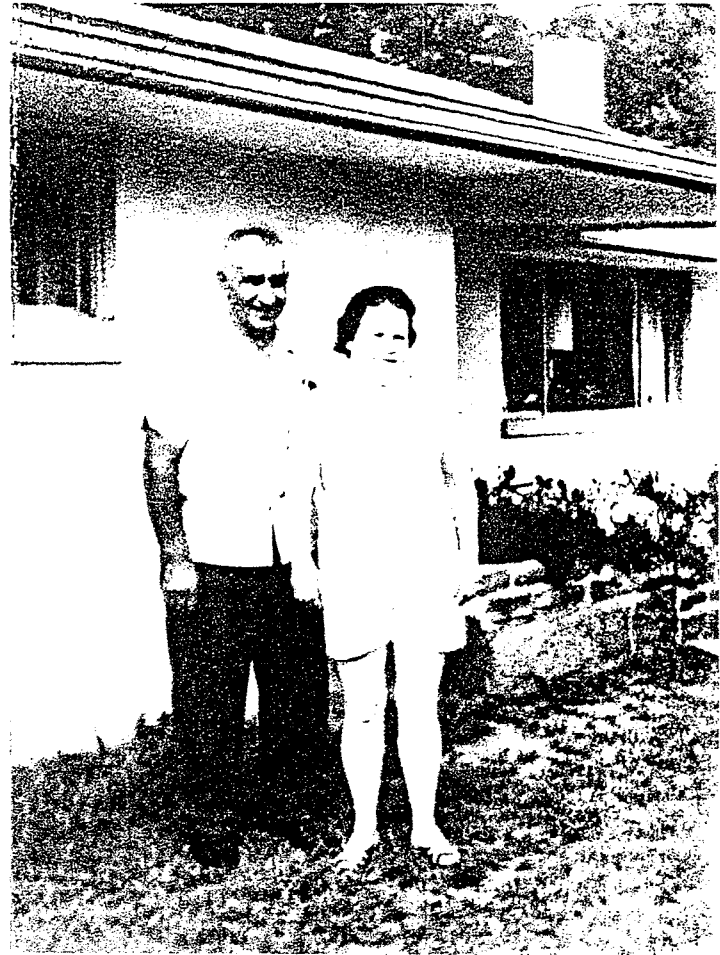
The story is told on another page about the day the mining camp of Louise acquired its first radio. This magical, mystical object was in the home of the Georgetti family.

The only problem was that it needed a wire strung high above the treetops in order to function properly. One son of the family, Eugene, was chosen for the task. This picture shows now it was done - 75 feet above the ground!

BEAUTIFUL CROSS CREEK



MIKE STILLSON AND HIS' SONS
DOMINIC AND MIKE, JR.



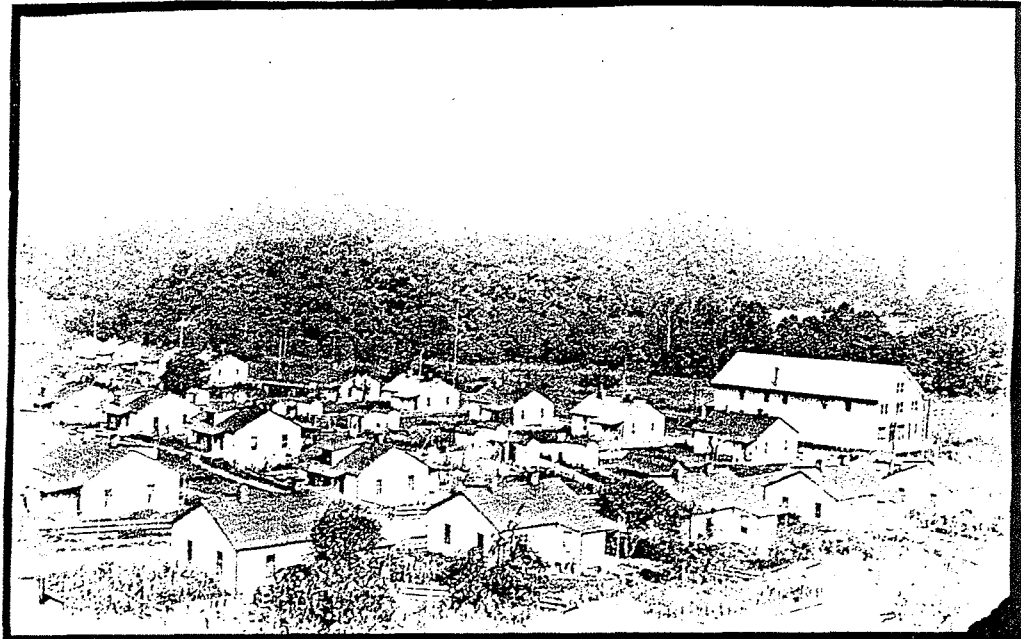
MIKE AND VIOLET STILLSON

Dominic Stillson says that his grandmother, Cecilia, bought the family home on the hillside in Virginville about 1903. The house at that time had an outside stairway. It was remodeled and changed many times throughout the years. Grandmother Cecilia kept boarders to help make a living. Many miners needed homes at that time. Grandmother also delivered babies and was known throughout the camps as a midwife. Dominic says that part of his early education was gleaned at Miller's School, near Avella.

ODDS AND ENDS AND
MISCELLANEOUS

A "buffalo stomp" and a "buffalo wallow" may or may not be the same thing. Albert Miller speaks of the "stomp" and Gabriel Grilli remembers being told of the "wallow." The latter description would indicate that wherever it was that the buffalo gathered, the earth was damp and soothing to the animal.

Many decades have become history since the cumbersome animals roamed the hills and valleys of the Cross Creek area, and then it is only supposition that they wandered, stomped and wallowed in what would become our backyards!



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF LOUISE. LARGE BUILDING IS COMPANY STORE

MEMORIES.....LUCILLE MARKER LEGGE

I went to Scott's Run and Louise Schools, and to Hope Farm and Franklin Schools on Washington Pike. I lived on the Murphy Farm when I was eight or nine years old. We walked to Fowlerstown to catch the school bus. We had to walk a long way down the railroad track to Louise School.

Louise had a Company Store, school house, board walks, pumps for water, boarding house, and an outdoor platform to dance. They had a real nice baseball field and still have it. It was donated to the people. When the mine closed, people bought the old houses and either fixed them up or built new ones. Now we have a two-lane bridge and city water. When we moved to Louise we had to have a truck and go through the creek.

John H. Jones owned the Louise Mine. My Dad, Edmond F. Marker, was check weighman at Louise No. 3 and 4 mines. I'm the oldest person living in Louise and the only original person living here. I worked at Pillsbury Paper Mill for 38 1/2 years.

I was in sixth grade in Louise School in 1928 and was promoted to seventh. My Dad was a miner, and every time we moved, I got put back. My Mother was Edna M. Marker.

SOME HISTORY...LUCILLE MARKER LEGGE

The first major industries developed by Brooke County pioneers were grist, wool, lumber and cider mills put into operation along Cross Creek areas around Wellsburg. The products were shipped as far east as Baltimore. Brooke County settlers favored the Cross Creek Valley as the sites of many of those 18th century mills. In 1797, the court allowed the erection of four mills here. They included Thomas Wells Water Mill, Jonathan West Mill, Thomas Hitle and John Rodger's Grist and Sawmill, Robert Hartford and Peter Peterson's Mills.

Seth Clark's gristmill and distillery was built on the Schwertfeger Farm, now the site of Brooke High School. Others were Kidd's Mill, Hunter's (Pfister, Sanders) and McGuire's.

Most of the mines are now closed, but in the early 1900's, mines at Colliers, Louise, Virginville and McKinleyville provided work for thousands of miners. There were also Cliftonville, Arnold Mine, and many small country mines over the hillsides.



MARY ELIZABETH SMITH MOWDER
GEORGE ALLEN MOWDER
August 18, 1935

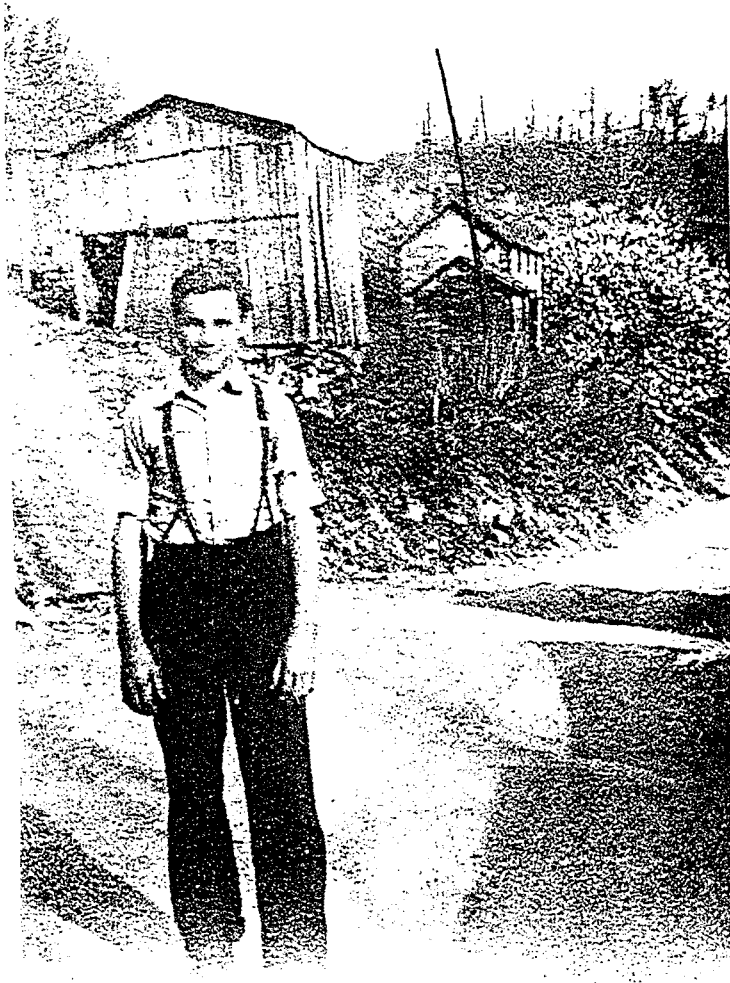


*Lydia Mowder, 14 and Alma Mowder, 16
Grandfather, Henry Mowder, 80
June 23, 1918*

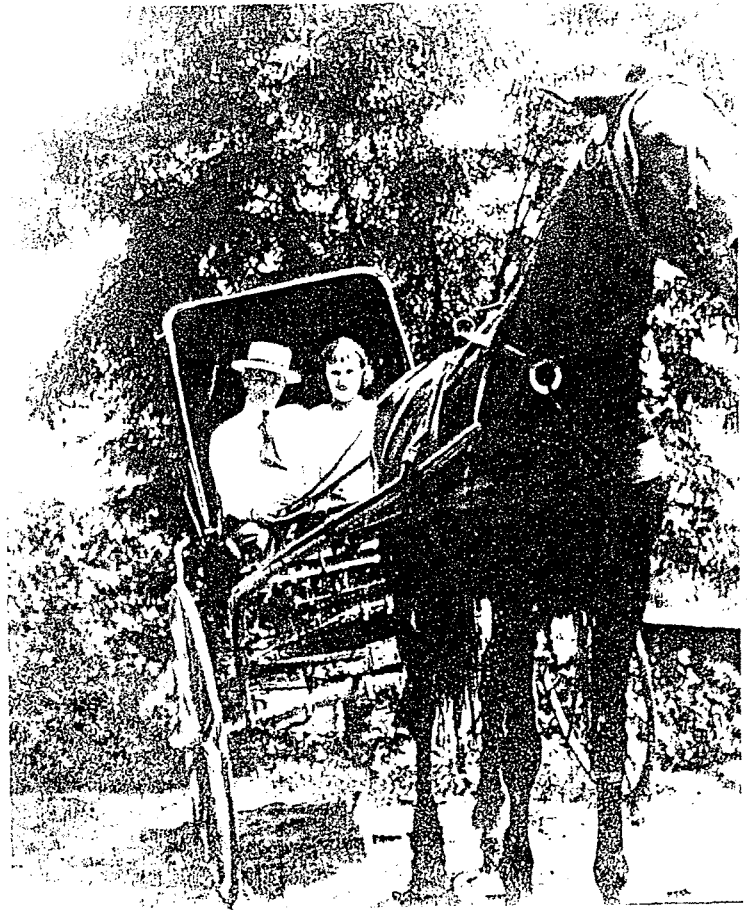
Lydia Mowder, 14 and Alma Mowder, 16
Grandfather, Henry Mowder, 80
June 23, 1918

ODDS AND ENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS

Millie Fisher Zambarda remembers the day that the teacher at Scott's Run jumped out the window. It seems that one pupil "played hookey" by not coming to class on this particular day. He did, however, come to school, and loitered around outside the building. This pupil had not taken into consideration the keen eye of teacher, Hayes Johnson, who espied his truant pupil. With one giant leap, Mr. Johnson was through the window and had the matter well in hand.



Elwood Mowder, the youngest of the family of seventeen Mowder children, is shown here at age 15. The picture was taken in June, 1939, just before his father's death. The Mowder barn and the house are shown in the background, on Virginville Road.



Starling Mowder and wife on a buggy ride



Starling Mowder, in 1916, the oldest of 17 children.

MEMORIES OF LOUISE

Chester and Helen Tisik Aftanas have many good memories of their younger days in and around Louise. Although Helen was born in Avella, she came to Louise when she was only one year old.

Helen says that the group picture shown on another page is of some of the folk who attended the church at Ebenezer. She says it was taken in the year 1938. This is chiefly the congregation who lived in Louise. (The Ebenezer Church is located across the Cross Creek Road from the mining camp.)

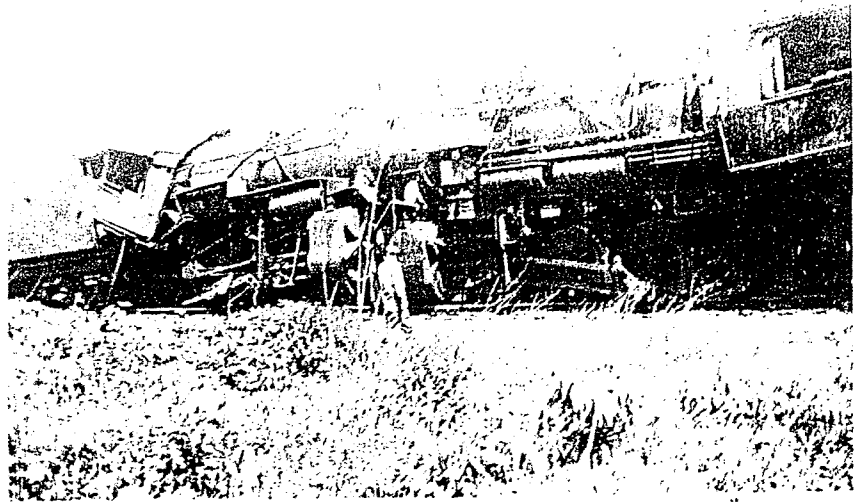
Both Helen and her husband, Chester, recall the miners' shacks that filled the bottomland near the railroad tracks. They were known as the "bachelor shacks," but were fairly good, sometimes four-room houses.

Chester and Helen live in the small area known today as "Leon's Addition." It is located directly to the rear of Jay Leon's home and the former store building.

Jay's father was a butcher. His slaughter house stood on the spot where the Aftanas house now stands. They also recall a large barn nearby.

Charles Barnes had at one time owned this pleasant little area. They recall a large strawberry patch where they would come and pick strawberries. Johnson's store was also here, where they could buy kerosene for five cents a gallon. They walked from Louise to obtain the kerosene.

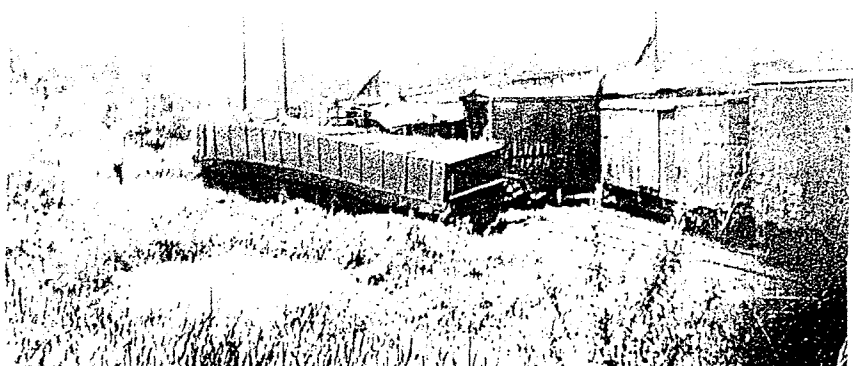
Another five-cent item that was available in the area in former days was "pop for a nickel," which they bought at Beltrame's Red Oak Tavern.



Chester and Helen Tisik Aftanas believe that the train wreck shown here is the same wreck shown on another page. This one, they are certain, happened in Louise in 1947. (Several neighbors agree with them.) The caption for the photo on the other page reads slightly different, placing the wreck nearer Rockdale.

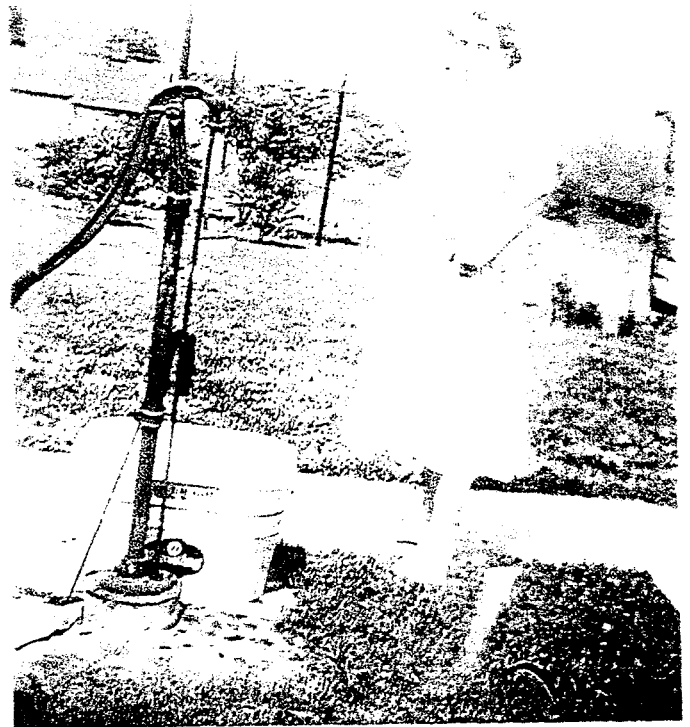


Pete Sebeck checks out the wreckage.





STELLA SCHUBENSKI



MARY TISIK



ROSE SCHUBENSKI

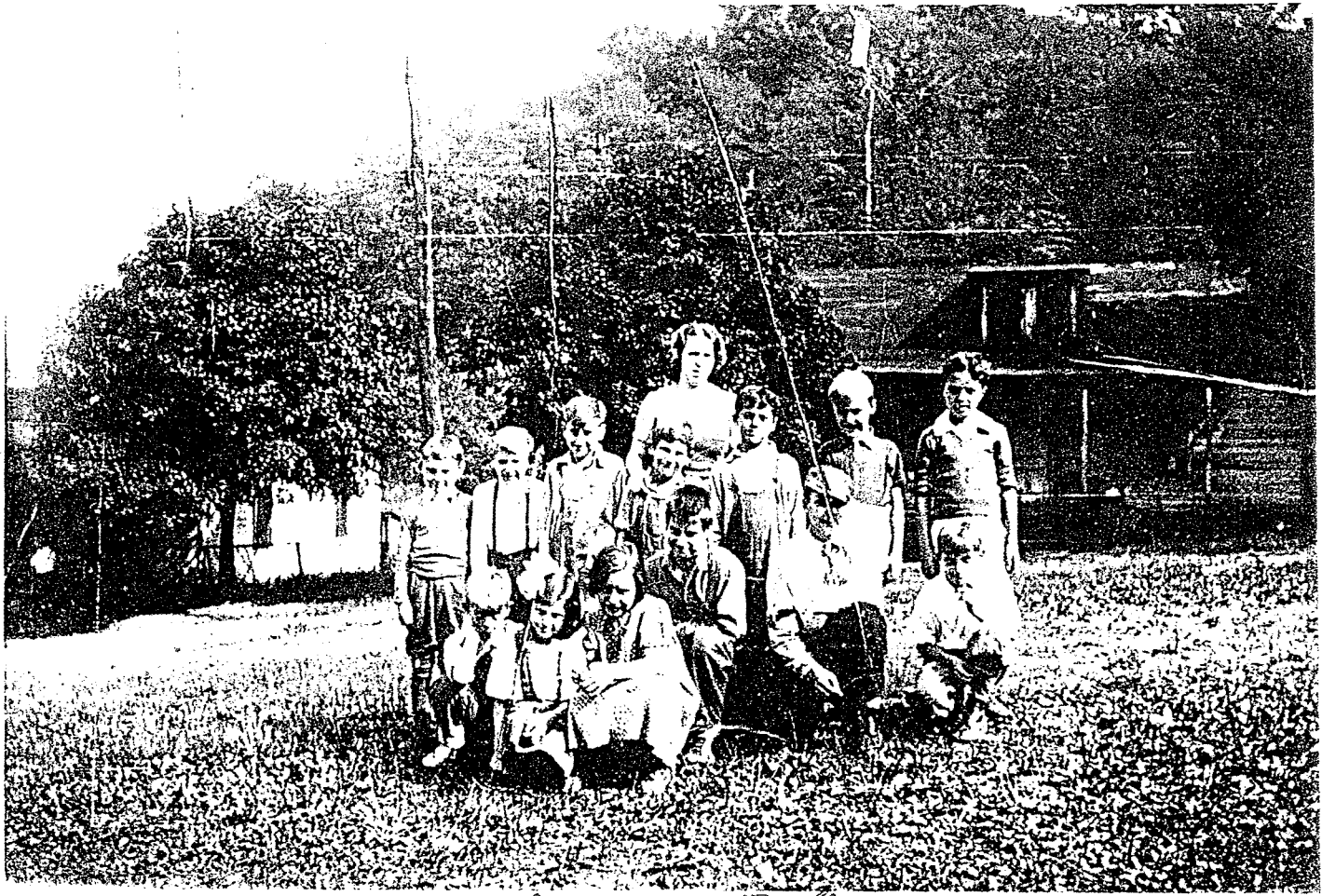
The two pictures on the left are of probably the oldest house in Louise. It was known as the George Mooney house. Its story is told on another page. It was built of logs in the year 1815. During the years of the coal mine activity in Louise, it was used as the company office.

The Mooney house is still standing, and is the home of Allan and Irene Campbell. It has been covered with attractive siding, and the visitor to Louise probably sees it first upon entering the town and crossing the railroad track.

In the top left is Stella Schubenski, who was 82 years old when this picture was taken many years ago. She was the grandmother of Helen Tisik Aftanas.

Rose Schubenski, who was from Avella and now lives in Cleveland, is shown in the bottom picture.

Mary Tisik stands by one of the camp's most vital possessions in those bygone days before public water systems. A pump was a necessity to the family.



THE SCHOOL
IN LOUISE

Above is a picture of Grades 3 and 4 in Louise School for the term 1937-1938. Ethel Caldwell was the teacher.

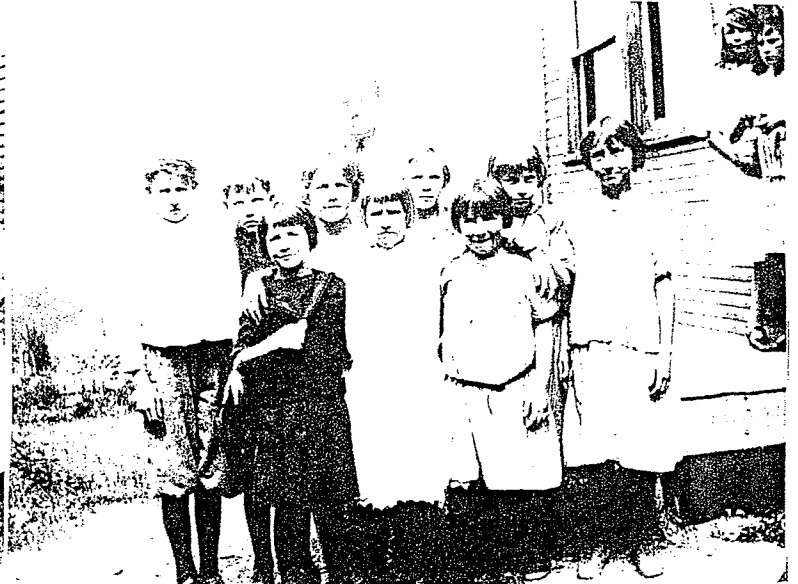
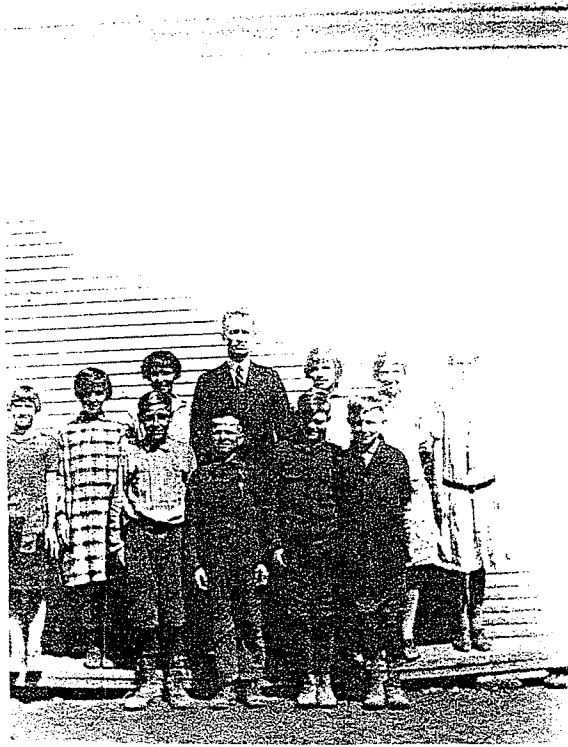
The lower picture is of a building that served many purposes while it stood. The black children of the camp once attended school here. It was once a pool room and recreation hall. At one time, the Buccaneer Club met here, as well as union members and Sunday School classes.

The building holds lots of memories. One person remembers the day the boys tied a mule to the door. When anyone tried to open the door, the mule closed it again!

The building was taken down just a few years ago.



THE
SCHOOL
IN
LOUISE



Those who remember Louise School recall that it stood on top of the hill above the mining camp. Some of these pictures show just a corner of the building. Others were taken along the side where there were no windows.

The exact year is not known, but it is believed to be in the early 1920's that these pupils attended here.



SCENES IN LOUISE

One of the original houses in Louise. Taken in 1936. Frank and Stanley Aftanas.



Part of the ball team at Louise in 1938. Taken on the ball field, showing a few of the small houses in the background that encircled the field. These were the homes of many of the miners.



The first grade class at Louise Mine School in 1933.

Front row: Lester McElwain, George Tisik, Ray Robinson, Leo Seroke, Pete Sebeck, Stanley Aftanas, Merrill Davis.

Back row: Jackie Fisher, Mercia Campbell, Mary Wheeler, Lavern Golden, Eileen Miller.



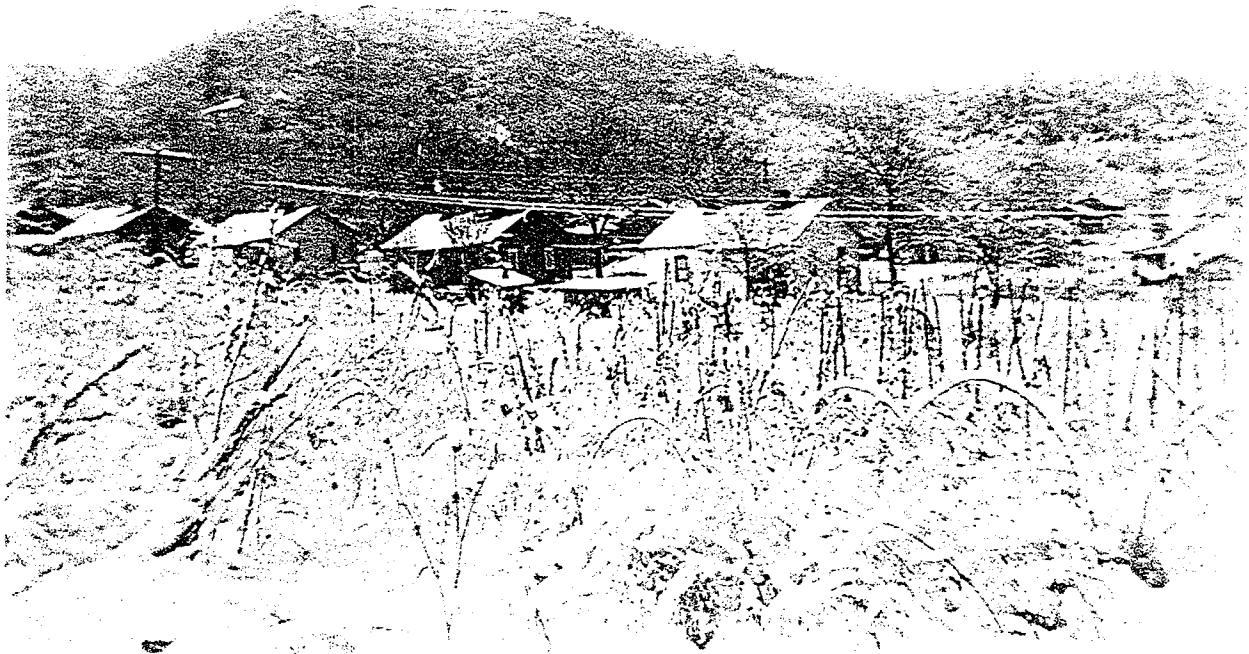


MICHAEL RAGAN - UP AT BAT

A ball game in Louise was an everyday pastime. Not only did the young boys and men of the camp play, but the prisoners who were found on good behavior were brought in from Moundsville and encouraged to play ball.



MRS. ELIZABETH CAMPBELL
Everyone's Friend



A Serene Winter Setting in Louise

ODDS AND ENDS AND
MISCELLANEOUS

Twenty coal cars took off from the top of the incline at Louise Mine one night. No one this writer has interviewed remembers the year. But the pictures on this page and the next tell the story. It was soon after this incident that the mule barn burned, and with all of these mishaps, the mine was forced to close.

One of the largest buildings in camp was located at the top of the hill. It is remembered by anyone who ever lived in Louise as the Palace.

According to some residents, Louise was at one time an orchard. This explains why some of the streets are named for trees, such as Peach.

The Mooney farm of many years ago became the mining camp of Louise about 1918-1920.

Mike Klem recalls that the building that served as a tool room, school, and other uses, also contained a confectionary.

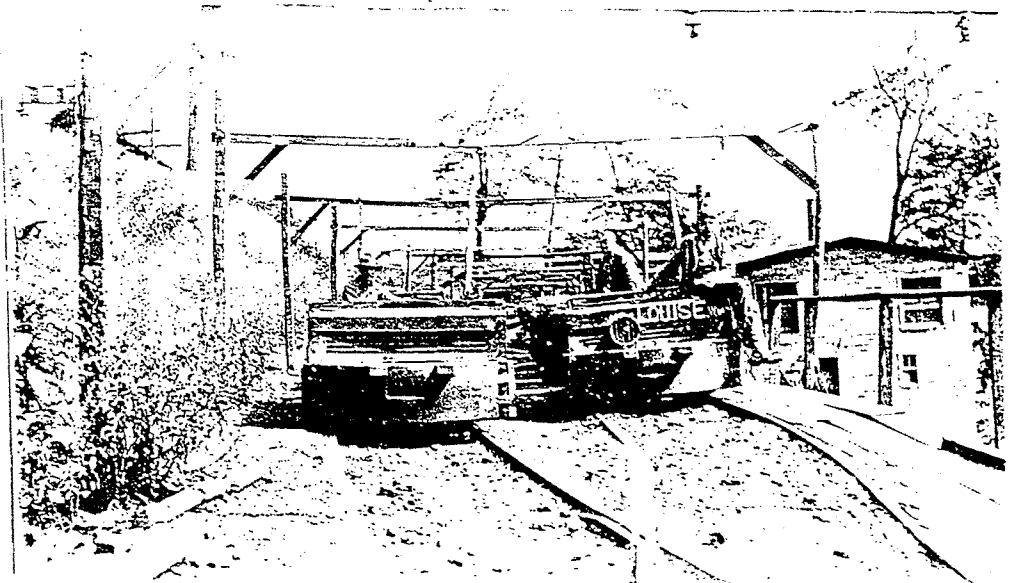
Louise apparently did not have a building for a railroad station. A platform served the purpose.

Ralph Martino, who served as Postmaster at one time in Virginville, says that the town was not always known by this name. It had formerly been called Virginia Station.

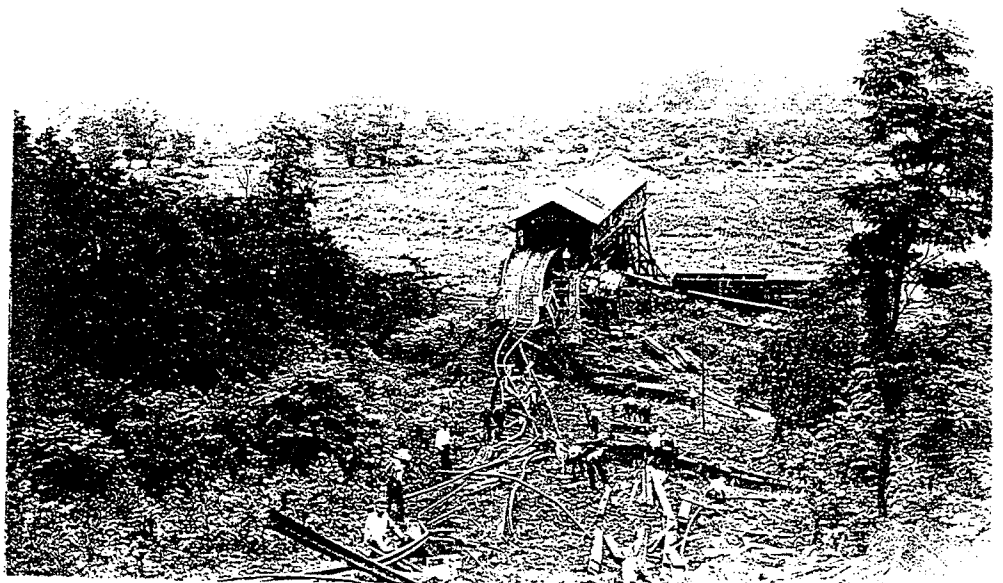
Virginia Station was just one of several stops for the Wabash in the valley of Cross Creek. Either stations or platforms had been built along the tracks at Cliftonville, Pot Rock, Rockdale and Louise to accommodate freight and passengers along the way. All remnants of the past are gone.



At the Top of the Incline at Louise Mine



Two of the Electric Motors



The Motor and Twenty Cars Ran Away One Night

ODDS AND ENDS AND
MISCELLANEOUS

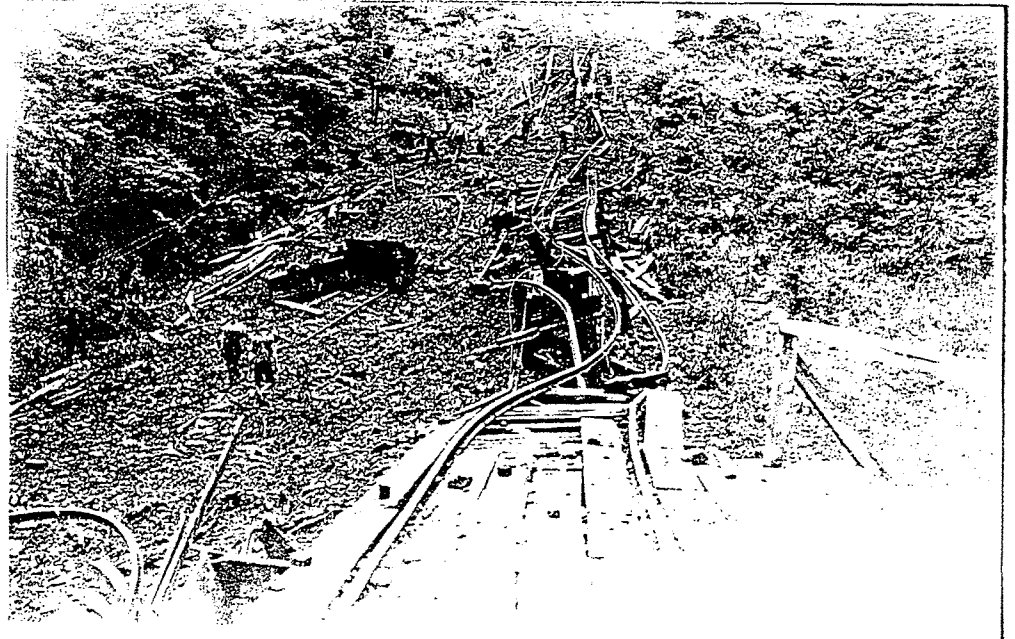
Lou Beltrame has an excellent store of knowledge concerning the history of the Cross Creek area. He is especially interested in life in Louise, where he and his wife, the former Mercy Campbell, make their home. He remembers the incidents of the mines, the mills, the schools and churches, and of the people who lived in and around the valley. He recalls when much drilling was done for oil, but it was usually gas that resulted from the drilling.

Dan Nickoles is another excellent source of information. Danny lives with his wife, the former Grace Cameron, in Pot Rock. He, however, is familiar with the surrounding areas of Virginville and Louise. His sons, Randy, Jeff and Greg, are the owners of the old Headington Farm atop the hill above Virginville. Danny says this is one of the most beautiful farms in the entire area, with much level acreage and good water.

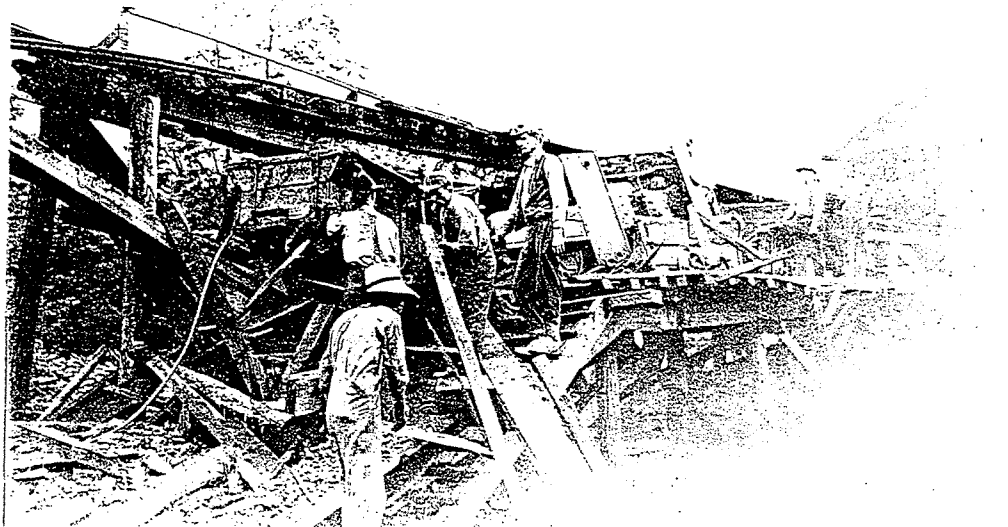
Albert Fisher is familiar with much of the history of the valley. He knows where all the mills were located, and where the old roads ran. He lives with his wife, the former Esther Moore, in a cozy little nook entered by a tree-lined lane in Pot Rock. This beautifully landscaped home is the result of many years of love's labor by the Fishers.



Rails Were Twisted and the Trestle Torn Out



Looking up the Destroyed Incline



Moving the Wreckage

THE GLYCERIN EXPLOSION

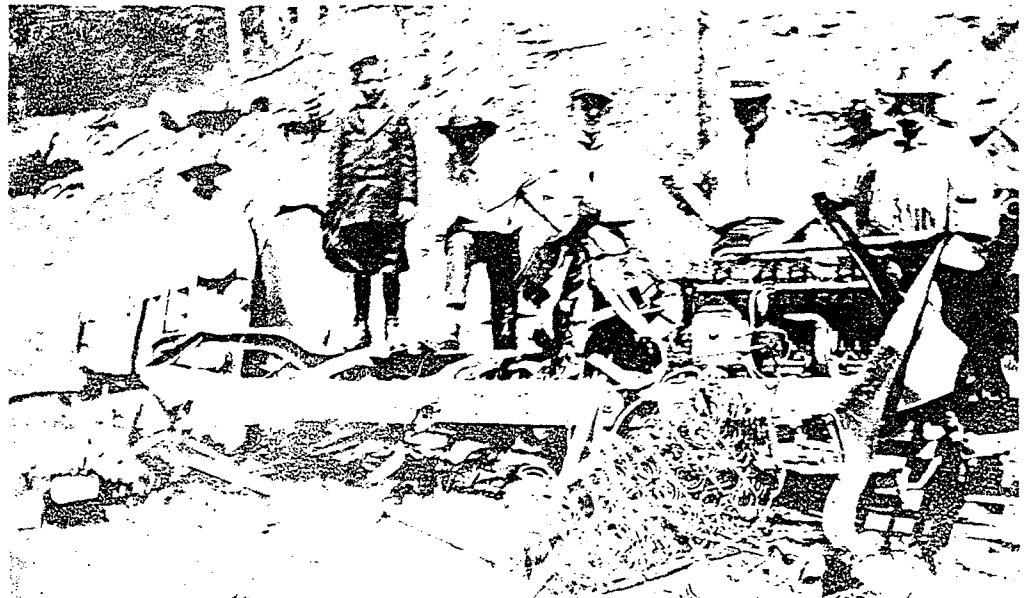
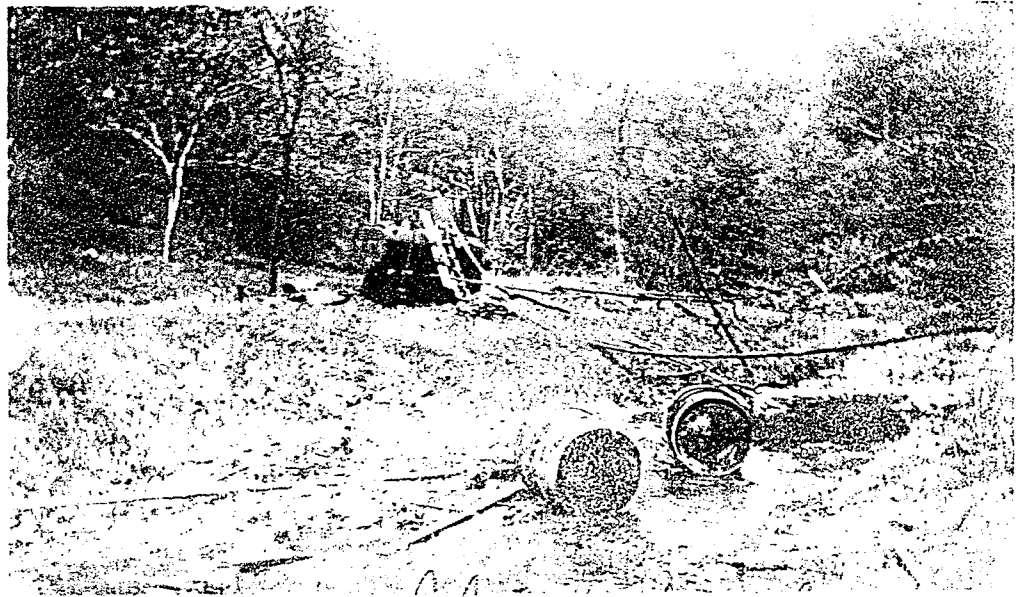
The folks in the Louise area of Brooke County are well acquainted with the spot that has been known since the beginning of this century as Glycerin Hollow. Few living today remember the deafening explosion that rocked the Ebenezer area, shifted the old church off its foundation, and shattered most of the windows in the new houses that would become the mining camp of Louise, nearly a mile away.

No one today seems certain as to the exact year that the Ohio Torpedo Company, of Steubenville, Ohio, was in the business of manufacturing nitroglycerin in the company's plant in this deep and treacherous hollow. However, Mr. Shirley Carter, who died in 1997 at the age of 89, would seem to be the most reliable source of the true account of this big boom that echoed through the decades in the Cross Creek Valley.

A few months before his death, this writer talked to Mr. Carter and taped the conversation. His words were something like this:

"I was just a little guy. It was probably either 1912 or 1913. (He was born in 1907, on what is now Eldersville Road, several miles away, on one of the hilltops near the river town of Follansbee.)

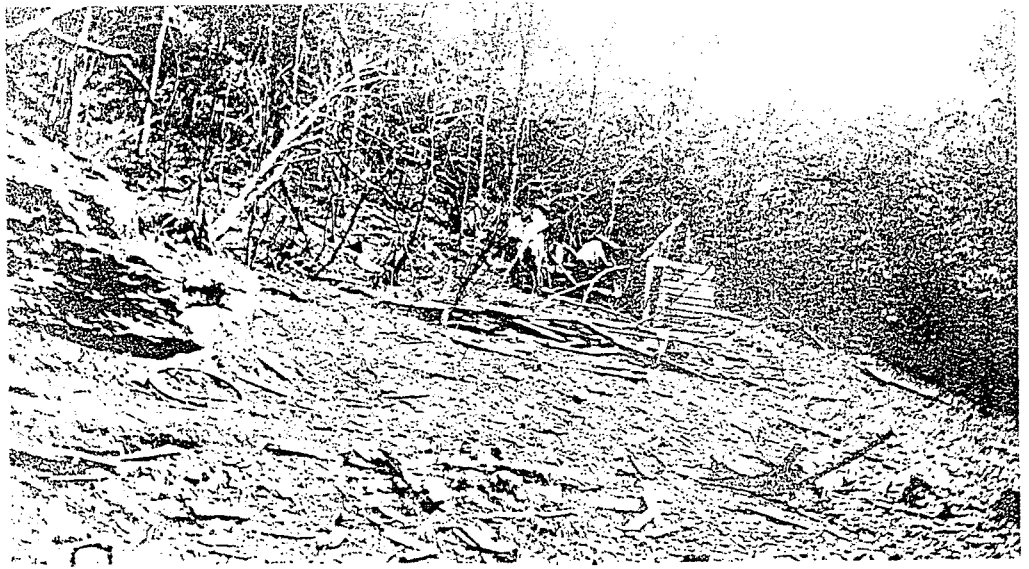
"There were two explosions. The second



was much bigger than the first. It was probably in either 1917 or 1918. This was when they were building Louise. The first

one was on a Sunday morning, the second on a Saturday, a little later, around 9:30 or 10. I was standing there by that build-

ding. Grandmother was cutting up potatoes for planting. Dad was getting ready to go to town with his horse and little wagon to sell the butter and eggs. I was starting to the house for something when it blew up.



"I saw the smoke. It looked like an atomic bomb of today. It shook our house.

"Some men were killed in each explosion. A boiler went up and came down in the fork of a tree, splitting the tree almost to the ground. A piece of boiler stuck there. It blew empty



steel drums almost a mile up on the hill."

Other residents interviewed picked up the story with yet more gory details.

"I was real small," says George Williamson, present resident of Follansbee, and born in 1912. There were three explosions," he continued. "Everybody ran from the farm. Uncle Ernie was the first one there each time."

The Williamson family lived on St. John's Road, above the infamous hollow. George told of the teams of horses being blown to bits, with pieces of harness and bits of flesh being all that was ever found, and these in trees of the surrounding countryside.

Tony Beltrame, who lived in Louise where he and his brothers and sisters were born, declares, "I know the hole in the ground is still there. I have been up that hollow many times since."

Tony was born in 1912. His brother, Lou, is about eight years younger, being now 77 years of age. Both brothers tell many stories of this great excitement in the large ravine adjacent to Ebenezer Church.

They recall driving the family cows into the lush green pastures that the hollow produced in years following the explosion(s). The boys would remain with the cattle while they grazed, and drive them back home to Louise in the evenings.

Tony says that the swimming was great in the large pool formed by the stream that ran down the ravine. Thus swimming was a pasttime while the cows munched on the grass.

Tony recalls one day in particular, when he was about fifteen years of age. He was returning from swimming and watching the cows, when he espied some raspberry bushes laden down with huge ripe berries. As he stepped across a board, a waiting copperhead snake reared its ugly head and struck at him. Tony wasted no time leaving the scene. Shaking with fear, and running at top speed down the hollow, he met a priest who was on his way into the hollow. The priest assured Tony that if he had been bitten, he would have already been dead. So together they left the copperhead, berries and all, behind, and went home.

Tony believes that, in looking back, the force of the glycerin explosion(s) of whatever year(s) may have changed the course of the stream, diverting it from its original channel.

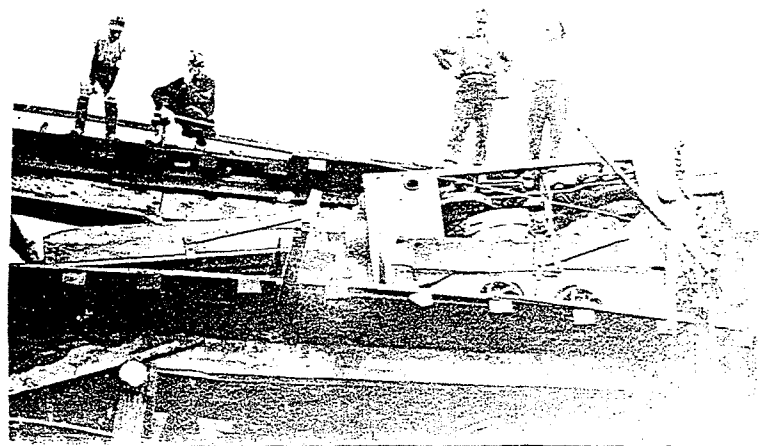
Tony also remembers the man who made "home brew" up that same hollow.

Lou recalls the days of driving the family cows also. This routine was not only a Beltrame family ritual, but involved many families of Louise. Thus the boys of the mining camp made friendships that have lasted to the present day. Lou also remembers many stories of the great Glycerin Explosion. He says that he was always told, "Horse flesh was scattered as far away as Wellsburg."

Stories such as these of the tragic chapter of Ebenezer area history are all rooted in fact. But only those of the age of the late Shirley Carter, nearly 90, could have even a slim chance of "remembering." Very few fit into this bracket.

Those slightly younger, including Tony, Lou, and George, have done a splendid job of keeping the story alive for future generations. Whatever happened in that hollow adjacent to the old Ebenezer Church may never be fully known. The tragedy of the loss of life, both man and animal, and the destruction of property that resulted, may forever remain only a legend, of "The Explosions in Glycerin Hollow."

(NOTE - The picture on the previous page showing the men and their mules may not belong with the others on these two pages. It is not necessarily a picture of the glycerin explosion, but is similar in background, thus we saw fit to include it in this category as a possibility. Unidentified pictures such as this are difficult to weave into the stories, but bring much interest in their own right.)



After the wreck at the incline at Louise Mine, a motor rests in the empty cars.



Sometimes Cross Creek can be peaceful enough to create a serene setting such as surrounds this beaver dam at the trestle near Virgenville. The dam may be seen left center.

POTROCK

This area of the Cross Creek valley was christened, Pot Rock, for some reason unknown to this writer. Attempts to find the origin of this moniker have been futile.

Explanations have ranged from, "There are potholes in the road," to "There are lots of rocks along the creek," to "There is a big rock up the creek that is shaped like a pot."

This last theory may have been discarded totally if only one person who was interviewed had said it. But when two of them came up with the same answer, Oh-o-oooh, No-o-oo!, it COULDN'T be! But who is to know more than those who grew up along the creek's banks, swam in it in summer and ice-skated on it in winter! This picture is of Cross Creek, but a stream nearby that flows into it is named Pot Rock Run!



Other times it rages over its banks as it races under Pot Rock Bridge on its way to the Ohio River after a few days of heavy rain.



THE BANNEN HOUSE AT POT ROCK

ODDS AND ENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS

About half way up Pot Rock Hollow, between Cross Creek and Washington Pike, is this lovely old house built shortly after the turn of the century. It is known as the Bannen house, John R. Bannen having lived here for many years.

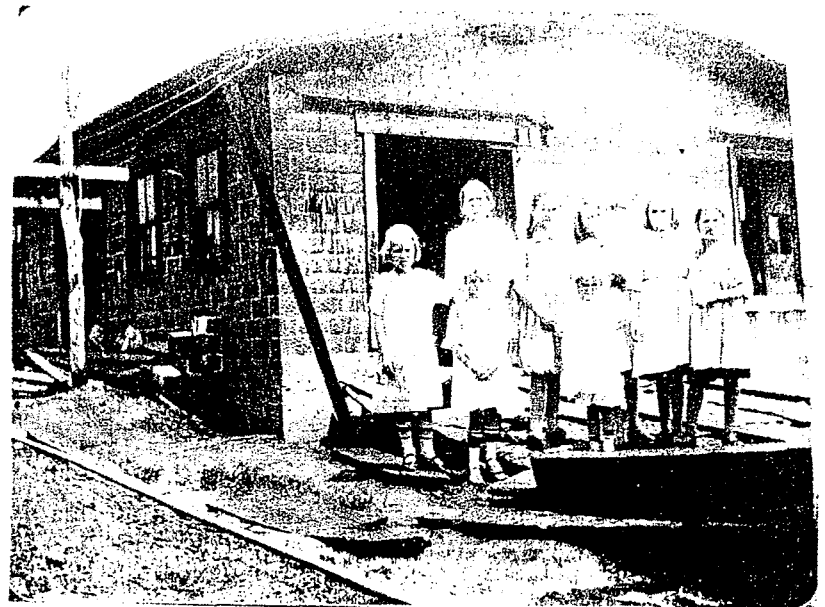
Mr. Bannen, who jokes that he was "born in a corn crib," on the McCleary farm at the top of Fowler Hill Road, describes how well built the house is, with its two-foot-thick walls and the grates in all of the rooms. Barney Bannen, a blacksmith and wagon maker, and Norman Lucas, who lived at Scott's Run, are credited with building the house that has recently been remodeled.

His story about having been born in a corn crib is true. And the reason is that the house in which the family was living had burned down. John was born before a new house could be built.

He now lives in a small house in Pot Rock, across the road from where, not too long ago, stood the beautiful and fashionable "Carter house," it, too having become a victim of a disastrous fire.

John, who was born in 1911, recalls many details of the Cliftonville Riot of 1922.

Gizelle Vargo Grew at one time lived with her family on the hill above Scott's Run. The old Wiggins, later Magee, house was outstanding in size, architecture and beauty. One thing Gizelle remembers best of all were the lovely rugs on the floors. She says that they must have been very expensive. Memories of the pattern of beautiful, colorful roses live with her to this day.



MINE REPAIR SHOP AT LOUISE

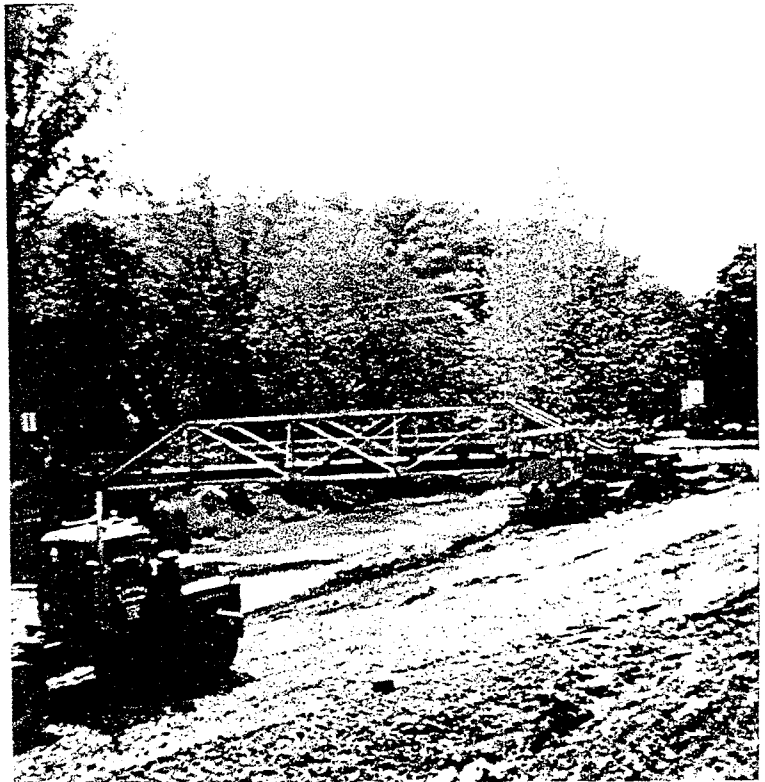


ODDS AND ENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS

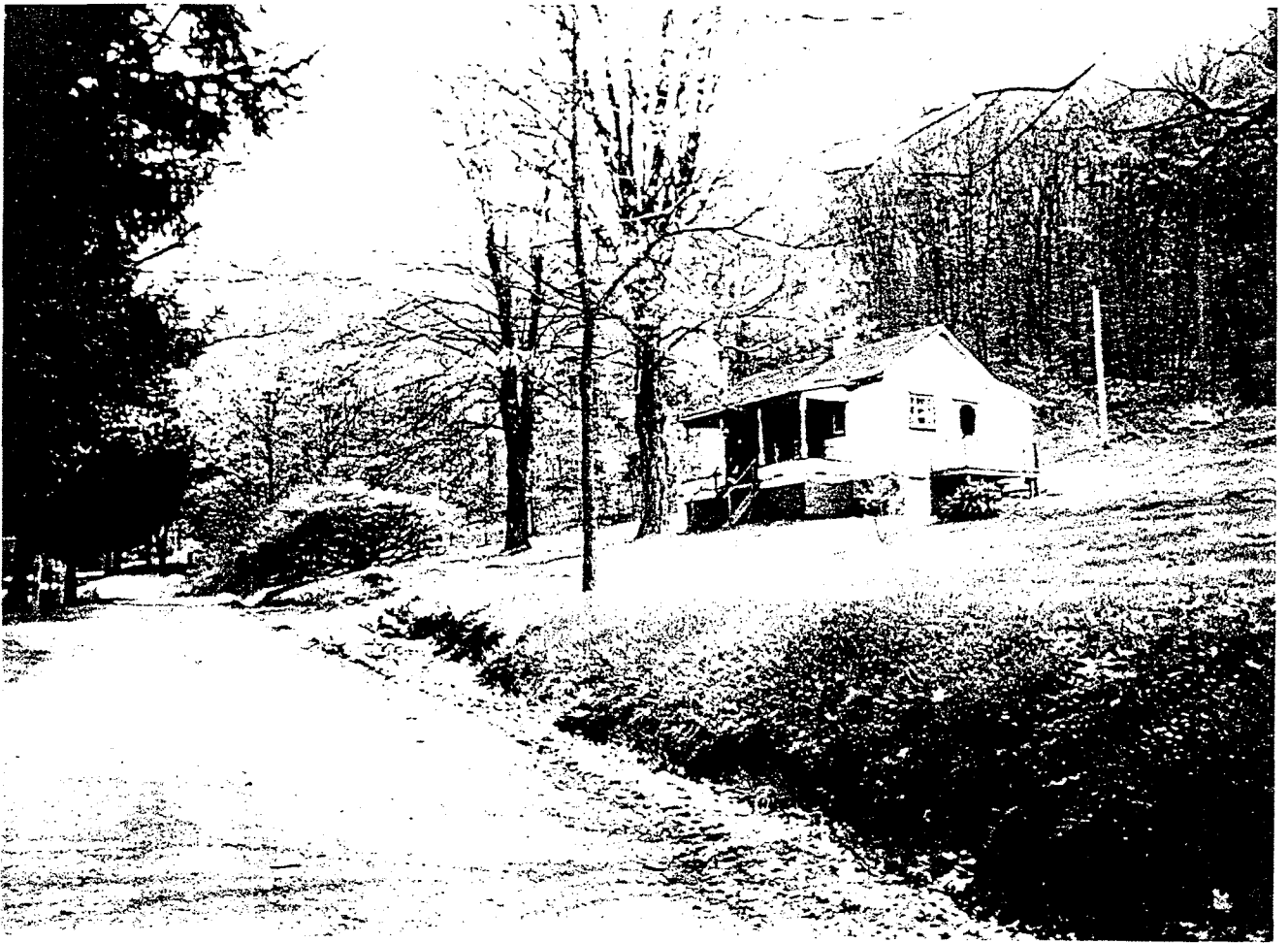
Bernice Bane Gist has in her possession a newspaper that states, "This is a review of Brooke County as published in the Intelligencer of 1902."

One of the historical items is as follows: "Construction work is now going forward on the Wabash Railroad, which crosses the county from the Pennsylvania State line to the Ohio River at Mingo, where a cantilever bridge is to span that stream."

Another item from an unknown source in the tri state area, reads: "The Cross Creek Railroad Company the local name in West Virginia for the Wabash Railroad, made application to Court of Brooke County Friday for a right of way over and across certain county roads in Cross Creek district, and the matter will be considered at a special session of the court to be held Saturday. There are already three different buildings erected along the route of the railroad for the accommodation....(obliterated)....is being hauled for more buildings along the line and we are informed that the new company made application to the Pennsylvania company for a switch on the latter road at the mouth of Cross Creek for convenience in hauling locomotives and other heavy freight for the new road." (Undated, but probably around 1903)



These two pictures are of bridges over Cross Creek at Pot Rock. Both pictures could be of the same bridge, from different angles. The bottom view seems to have been taken just as crews were intending to remove it, and to replace it with the more modern bridge of today. The top picture was taken quite a few years ago. Danny and Grace Nickoles had planted the evergreens which are now towering over their house.



DERMER STOUT

This cozy little cottage-type house was occupied for many years by a bachelor who was known for his near-eccentric ways.

The house is owned by Cecil Baker, whose home is just across the road in the Pot Rock area of the Cross Creek Valley.

In his later years, Dermer Stout lived alone, his parents gone, and his brother, Graham and two sisters, Bertha and Sadie, living elsewhere. He made his living by working at Follansbee Sheet Metal.

He was a sociable man, but with firm and austere features that repulsed any gestures of close friendship. He was a fervent member of the Grange, and worked seriously with the local Cemetery Association. His dry sense of humor made him an unforgettable personality. His favorite recreation was pitching horseshoes. His weakness was "playing the horses." He was intelligent and was a good friend.

The story is told of the days when he was president of the Cemetery Association. Vandals had struck, with the result being three thousand dollars in damages to the headstones. He suggested to a friend that together they restore the stones with the thought that the Grange would pay for their labor.

"What should we charge?" And he answered his own question. "One hundred dollars. Fifty dollars each."

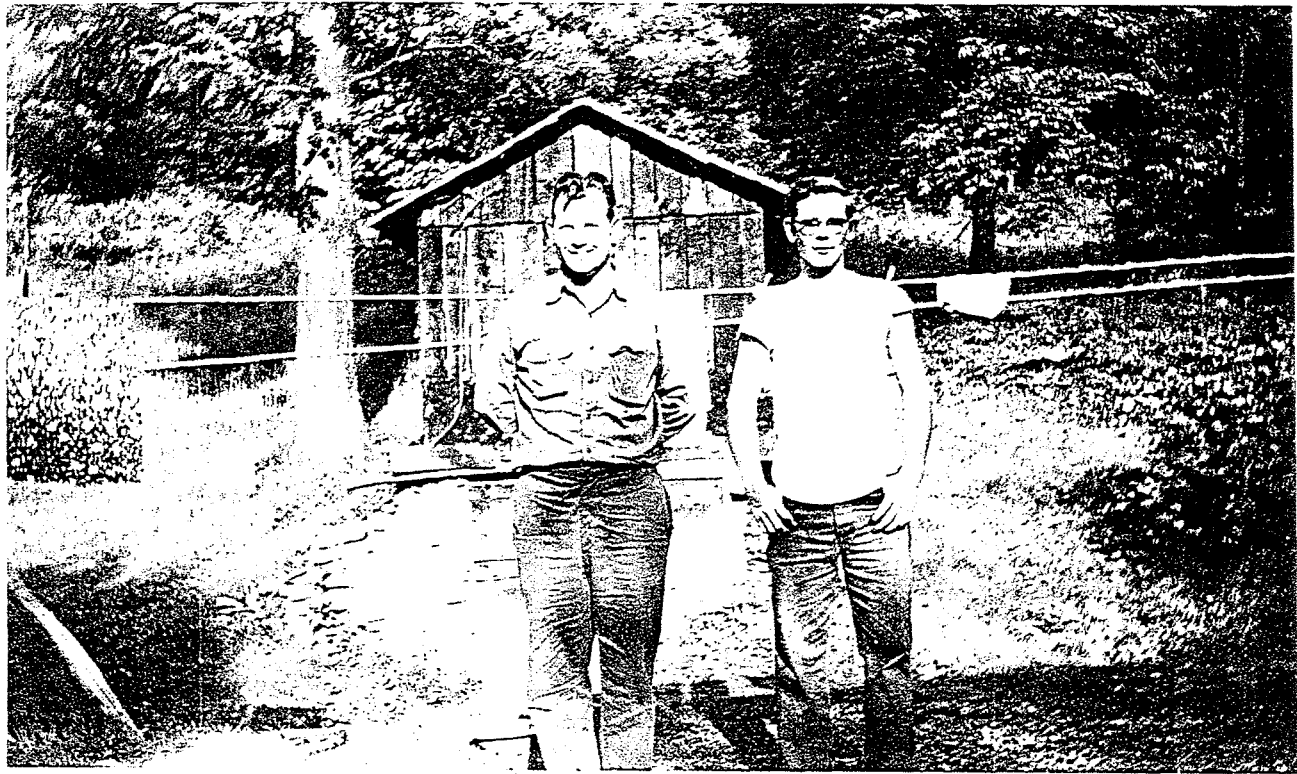
When the money came, Dermer divided it equally,

and suggested to his friend that they go to the race track. About the fourth race, Dermer fingered through his dwindling supply of bills.

"Best we go back to the cemetery and knock down those stones again!" he grinned.



DERMER STOUT
About 1942



Orval Moore and his son, Alvin, in front of old springhouse on the Paris farm, later, Saffle, in Pot Rock.

The home of Judy Moore and her mother and father is part of the former Saffle property, and borders on the banks of Pot Rock Run. The Saffle land joins the Albert Murphy farm atop the hill that towers over the mining camp of Louise.

Orval and Ida Belle Hall Moore enjoy their home here and have farmed it as early as 1946. They became the parents of six children. One son, Robert, lost his life in an automobile accident at the age of thirteen, nearly forty years ago.

THOSE HAPPY DAYS

Joe Aftanas likes to recall the happy days he spent in Louise and surrounding area. He remembers the neat boardwalks, the outdoor dance platform, the boarding house, the street lights, the large company store, and the Wabash. Joe says it cost under five cents to ride the train from the Wabash bridge to Louise.

Pot Rock, he recalls, had many mines, with local folks operating them. He remembers the Fishers and the Sebecks especially.

His father operated the trolley soon after the family came to this country and lived in Pittsburgh. His mother worked for the Heinz Company peeling tomatoes - by hand! Many years later her children attempted to find her work record. They were informed that no records were kept back then.



BOBBY MOORE



A GROUP OF CLIFTONVILLE MINERS, YEAR UNKNOWN

CLIFTONVILLE - SHOTS AT DAYBREAK

Cliftonville was a thriving community located along the banks of Cross Creek in Brooke County, West Virginia. It was serviced by the Wabash Railroad.

In the early hours of a Monday morning, July 17, 1922, a chain of events began which gave the tiny mining town its only mark of distinction, a mark that would leave its scar not only on Cliftonville, but nearby mining towns as well, for many years to come.

Plans had been laid in Cedar Grove and Avella the previous evening when a crowd of striking miners gathered in preparation for a march down the Wabash Railroad to Cliftonville. The object was to shut down the mine by driving out the non-union workers. As far as is known, there was no thought of the violence that took place a few hours later.

Every able-bodied man was picked up along the way. On down the track and through the tunnel they marched, estimated to be from three to five hundred strong. They positioned themselves in the hills surrounding the Clifton mine, where they could

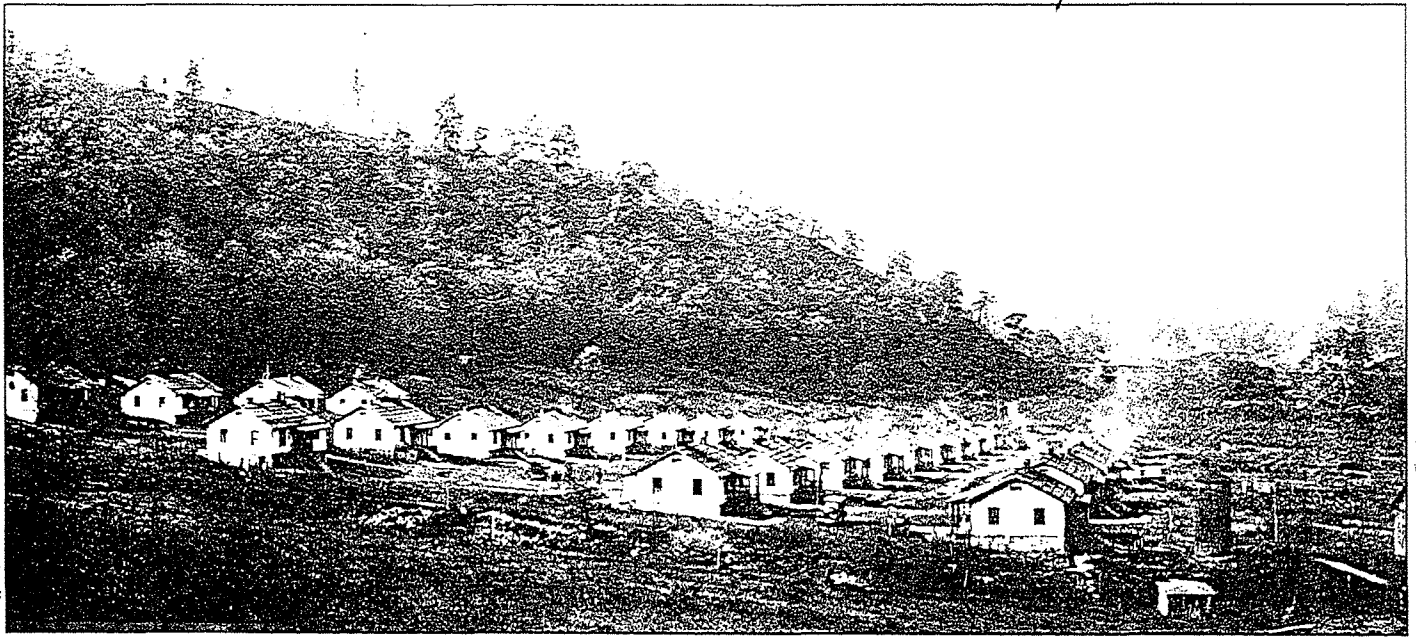
see the pit mouth, the tippie and the conveyor.

The first disturbance came about 2 a.m. when rocket flares and explosions of dynamite ripped through the otherwise quiet night.

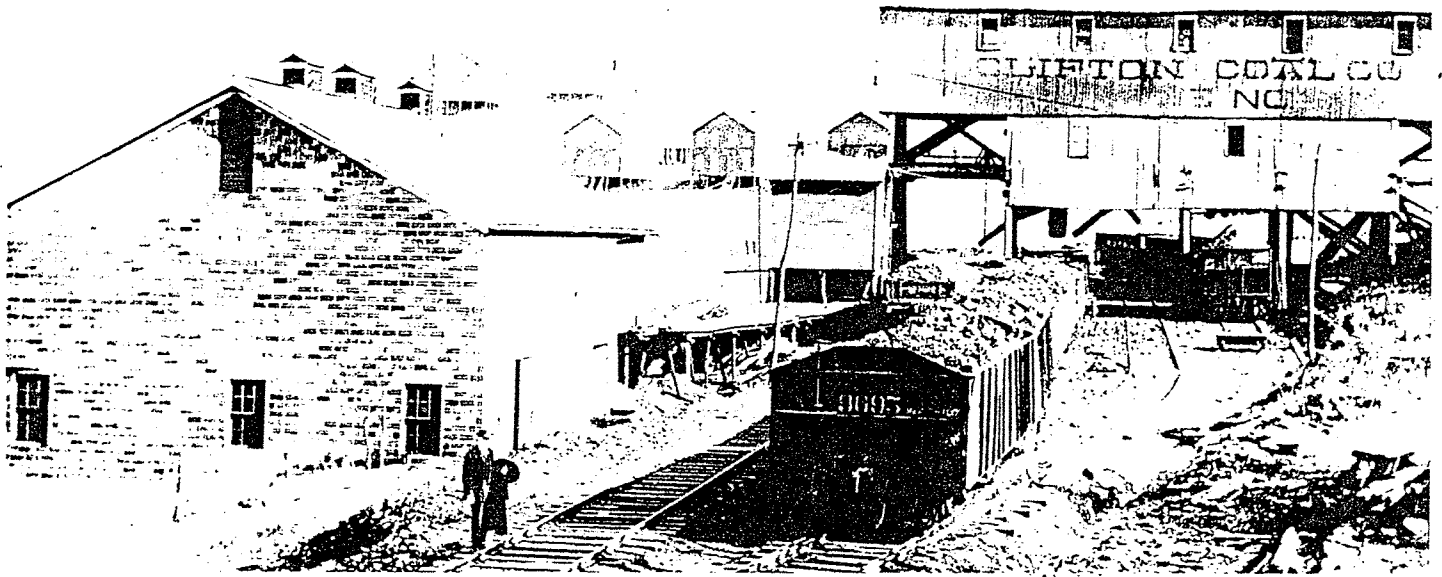
Meanwhile, a counter-action was being planned in Brooke County. Sheriff H.H. Duval organized a posse and rushed to the area with armed deputies, ordering them not to fire unless fired upon. The next few hours became a long and agonizing wait.

At daybreak violence erupted. The shrill whistle of the 5:15 train echoed through the valley, and workers began arriving for work, unaware of any impending trouble. After the first shot rang out, "all hell broke loose," to quote an eye witness.

Residents of the town were terrified, and barricaded themselves in their homes with mattresses over windows and doors. Sheriff Duval climbed the hill in an attempt to outflank the invaders. He never returned. His bullet-ridden body was later found by his son, Thomas, soon after sworn in to take his father's place as sheriff.



THE CLIFTONVILLE "BLOCKS" KNOWN AS "NEW CAMP"
Only one house remains today (1998)



LOADING COAL CARS AT THE TIPPLE

CLIFTONVILLE - SHOTS AT DAYBREAK

Attackers retreated, the dead and wounded were gathered up, and an attempt was made to take a head count of the casualties. The final count will never be known.

Some accounts say that perhaps a thousand men were involved. Thousands of shots were fired. Arrests were made; many were charged with various crimes from conspiracy to murder. A countless number was wounded.

Many were given prison terms, a step that

they believed placed forever a blight on their family names.

Cliftonville has receded back into the realm of oblivion. Forces of nature have stepped forth and once again covered the landscape with grass and trees. The shots at dawn nearly three-quarters of a century ago literally changed the course of history.



A few of the houses in Cliftonville in background. Nothing remains today.

CLIFTONVILLE MEMORIES.HARRY RIGO

When Harry's mother, Sophia Rigo, came to the United States from Hungary, she could not have chosen a more inappropriate day to arrive in Cliftonville. Her husband, Frank, and his brother, Mathias, had been placed in jail with all the other men who could be rounded up in the few hours following the riot on July 17, 1922. This step was taken in an effort by the authorities to quiet the riot. And since in these first hours it was not known on which side the residents stood, it was a blanket sweep and as Harry explains it, "Everyone was thrown in jail!"

Although Harry was born after the infamous riot, his birth certificate states Cliftonville as his place of birth. While he was quite young, he became well acquainted with the dying mining town, as he delivered Grit papers on a weekly basis throughout the area.

Harry's cousin, Mary Rigo Brian, recalls the days when she boarded the train at Cliftonville station and rode to Avella for a visit to the dentist. Her brother, Martin, took the train in the other direction, to his high school classes at Follansbee. He got off at the Wash bridge, walked down the steps to Route 2, and changed to a streetcar.

Those who wished to shop in Mingo, Follansbee or Steubenville followed the same route.

More than thirty houses were built around the hill from the main section of Cliftonville. This was called New Camp. These homes were also company owned and were occupied by the miners. Outside toilets and pumps were a part of the everyday scenery.

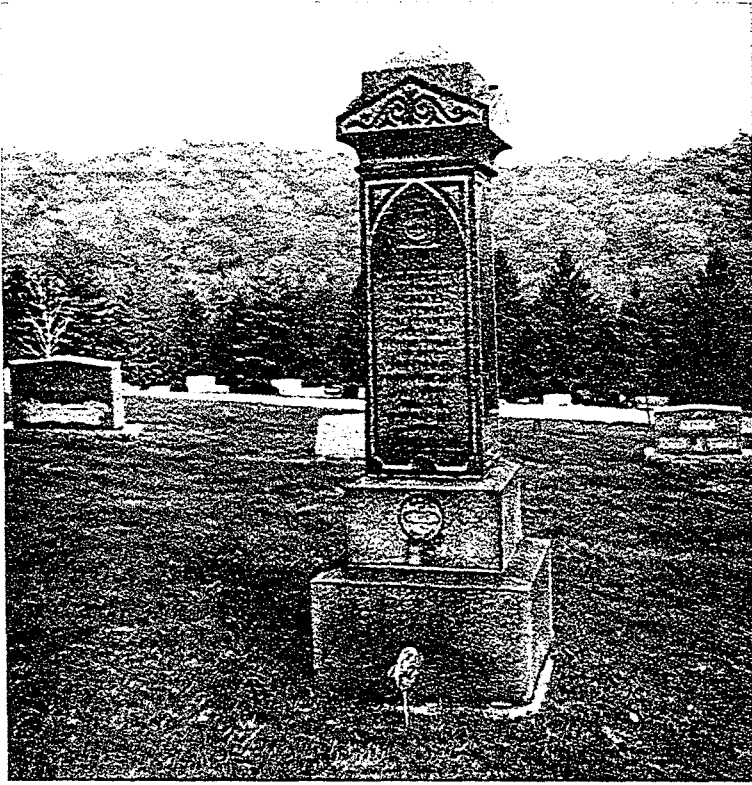
When Harry delivered his papers in New Camp, still a half dozen houses remained in the Old Camp.

One day as Harry was passing by, he discovered that one of the houses was on fire. He stopped and put out the fire, thus saving the house.

Only one house remains in New Camp today (1998). And the Old Camp of Cliftonville is but a memory of the past.

MEMORIES. . . .ESTHER MOORE FISHER

Esther's memories of Scott's Run School are all positive. She remembers the fun and games and "no fights." She recalls the kindness shown to her and other pupils by janitor, Loraine Mitchell. She treasures a beautiful wooden jewelry box that Mr. Mitchell hand-crafted especially for her.



This monument stands in the West Point Cemetery at Pattersons Mills, near Avella, Pennsylvania. On it are inscribed the names of five of the miners who were killed in the infamous riot of Cliftonville, West Virginia, on the morning of July 17, 1922.

The miners named here are: Joe Perak, Yokob Uychich, A Perri, Walter Slomski, Louis Dandreatta. The exact number of casualties is not known.



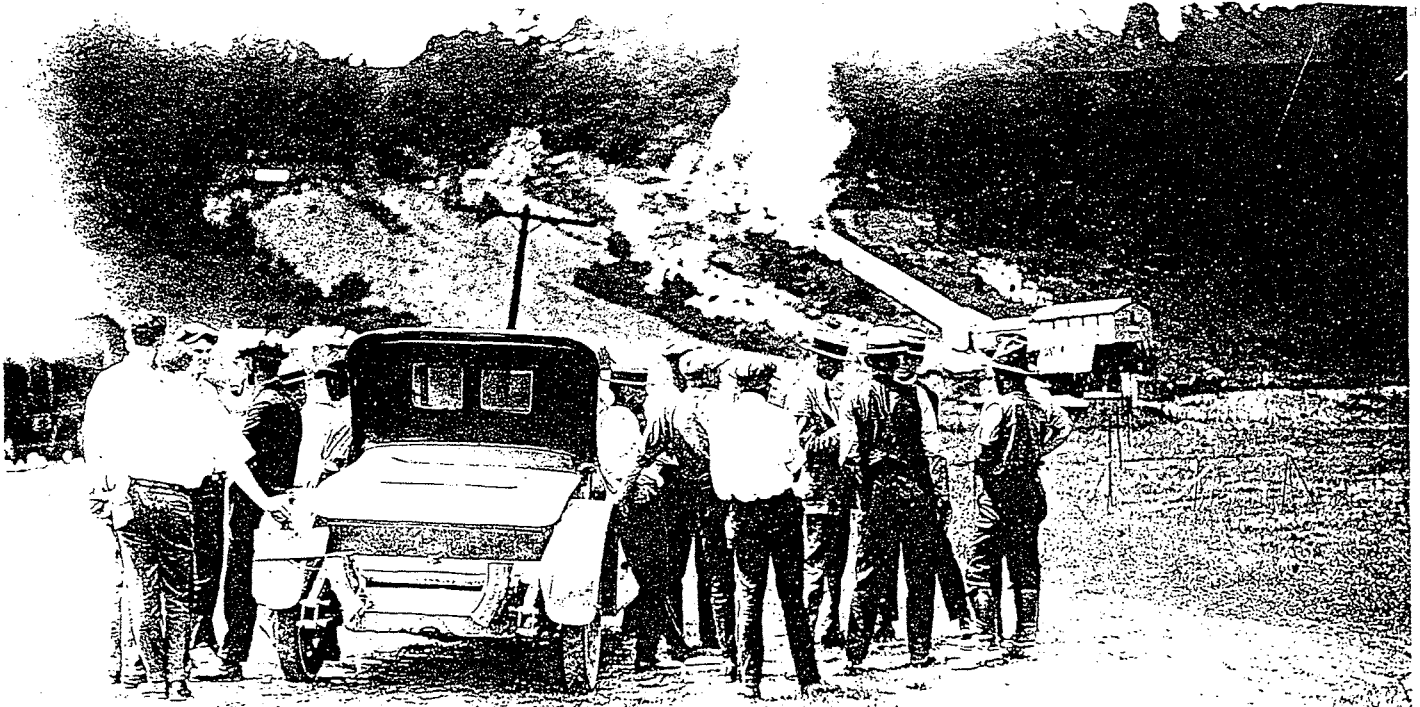
SHERIFF HARDING H. DUVAL

Sheriff Duval was a casualty of the mine riot at Cliftonville on July 17, 1922.

His was one of the largest funerals ever witnessed in the city of Wellsburg.

BELOW

Destruction of the tippie was the chief goal of agitators who would close coal operations at Cliftonville. Smoke in this photo shows the success of the deed that changed the course of history.





MEMORIES. Sara D. Welsh
 Remembered today as Sally Welsh, teller before her retirement at Mellon Bank in Burgettstown, the former Sara Deer recalls one terrifying night in November, 1920. She was six years old, and had been a pupil in the Bulger, Pa. school. Her father, Hugh Deer, had been transferred to Cliftonville, West Virginia, to work in and later manage, the Ferguson Company Store.

The family boarded the train at Bulger. (Sally says it was a freight train.) They rode the Panhandle to another station where they changed trains to their destination that she believes today was near Follansbee. "The train disappeared into a tunnel," she recalls, "and we walked down the steps." (The steps were at the eastern end of the Wabash Bridge.)

This scared little party of newcomers to what seemed to be a hostile area, consisted of Sally, who carried the family poodle in a basket, her parents, and little sisters, Ellen, age four, and Wilma, age two. They gazed in awe at the wide river and the snow-covered hills. They were met and picked up by car and taken to the foot of a hill.

There they would ford the creek and make

their way to the Company Store, where their living quarters were on the top floor. All the while, little Ellen continued to cry, "Home, home...."

"There was lots of tension," Sally recalls. "Loud pounding came on the door the first night. We were forced to let the men in. They had guns, and one had been shot. We laid him on a mattress. Dr. Stunkard came on his horse."

Sally remembers that guards came every night. They walked her to and from school, the building being large and standing on the hill. It was about this time that Sally got the whooping cough. And in February, another baby was born.

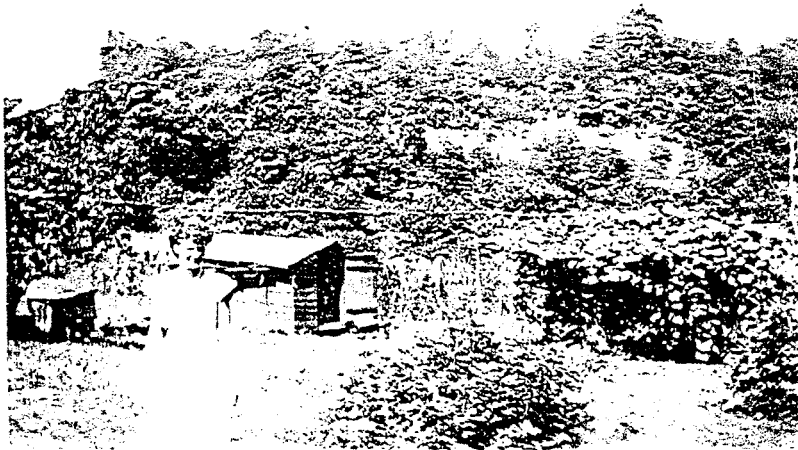
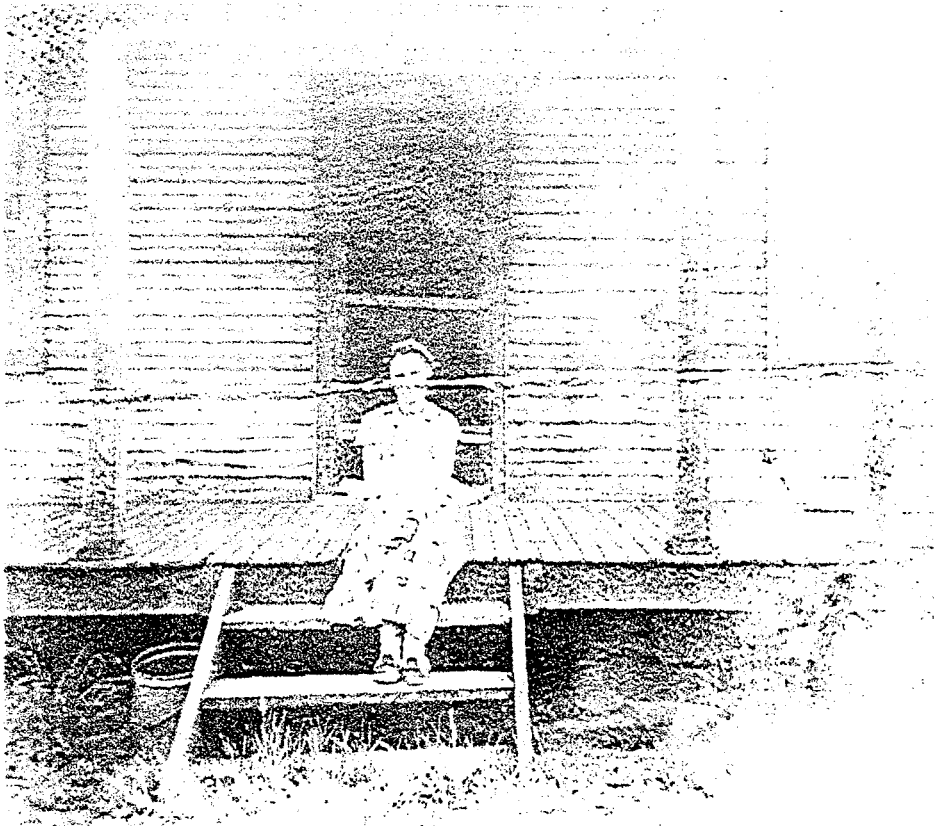
"Little Naomi was beautiful," Sally says, "but she lived only nine months."

One bright spot was the day a one-ring circus came to Cliftonville. It was held outside, during the summer.

Many, many years later, Sally returned to the scene of her childhood in an attempt to re-capture some of the nostalgia. Everything was gone, the school, the Company Store the homes. Nature had reclaimed its own. Nothing was familiar except "beautiful Cross Creek."

TOP PHOTO

This was the only house remaining in New Camp in 1954 when this picture was taken. Eva Moore sits on the front steps and holds Barbara Emerick at the age of ten months.



LEFT

Many years have passed since the battle raged on this hillside between union and non-union mine workers in 1922. The company houses have served their purpose and are gone. As is shown here, Mother Nature has returned and covered the scars with lush vegetation. Esther Moore Fisher is seen here near the house she and her family occupied.

RIGHT

Eva Moore and some of her family pose at New Camp many years ago.

Left to right: Leonard, Charles and Lawrence Moore and Clayton Fisher.

Note the thick growth of vegetation.





TWO VIEWS OF THE NEW SCHOOL, BUILT IN 1921. SCOTT'S RUN SCHOOL CLOSED IN 1946.

SCOTT'S RUN MEMORIES. . .LOIS SLASOR EARLY

Moving from the city to the country introduced me to the most exciting years of my childhood - those spent at Scott's Run School.

For a rural school, it had so much to offer. A volleyball court was located on a two-acre playground. A hill behind the school was ideal for sledriding. Consequently, we had many options. Each of us took turns at pumping the big iron pump that provided us with clear cold water.

The music teacher came every week. Each class took turns joining her in the music room. She played the piano and taught us pretty songs. Many of the students harmonized beautifully.

Holidays were very special. The teachers excelled in presenting Christmas programs. Going to buy a ten-cent gift for another student and wondering what would be received in return added to the excitement.

Valentines Day was the next special day. The beautiful boxes the teachers created for us to drop our cards into enhanced the holiday.

Hot lunches were provided for three cents each. They were free to children unable to buy them.

Walking back and forth with my friends I will never forget. My brother and I walked a mile each way. Others walked much farther, and rarely did anyone miss.

I, an avid nature lover, absorbed all the beauty Mother Nature had to offer. Smelling the fresh scent of the autumn leaves as they cascaded to the ground in their beautiful colors was indeed exhilarating. The winter wind rearranged them, and soon they were hiding under mounds of glistening snow. The sound of trickling water in the spring sent chills through my body. The long hard winter was over!

Beautiful birds of many species returned, entertaining all living creatures with their variable sounds. Bare trees adorned themselves with tiny leaves and sweet-smelling blossoms, sending a fragrance through the air.

Soon the last day of school arrived with the much anticipated picnic. Our mothers out-did themselves with scrumptious foods. Next was the long summer vacation, when many of us returned to

"the ole swimming hole" created by the creek called Scott's Run.

MEMORIES. . . .JACQUE CLARK VERBON

I remember when I was in the sixth grade with seventh and eighth grades in one room. Mr. Johnson would start each class reading aloud, by paragraphs. But each class was reading a different subject. Then he would sit with his feet propped up on his desk and file his fingernails.

One day when the teacher, Miss Leon, was out of the room, about eight of us got out of our seats and played a ball game where you bounced the ball on the wall. The minute she walked in, she saw the dirty marks on the wall. She asked that everyone who was playing come up front and get a spanking.

No one went, but she found out and came around to our desks and gave us a couple swats. The thing that hurt most was that I had to go home and tell my parents and get another swat!

When I was in second grade, the teacher let me walk to the Post Office to buy the stamps for our war bond books. I got to make a list and pass out the stamps. I still like to keep records and work with numbers. I went to Scott's Run through 7th grade. My brothers, Bill, and Randall, finished 5th and 2nd grades. We then moved to Carnation, Washington.

The Rice family kids, my brothers and I all walked to school together. Sometimes we took a path through the woods, but were always late when we did this. One day the teacher asked us why we were late. We told her we took a shortcut!

MEMORIES. . . .FRANCES BARANOWSKI WELLS

Frances recalls that when her teacher, Marguerite Beck, married Walter Saunders, "we kids were invited to the reception." She remembers that her family lived a number of places in the Cross Creek area. They moved to the yellow house that still stands at the end of Tent Church Road in 1932. From there they moved to Louise, then to Cliftonville, where the school was "next to the woods on the hillside." Frances labels those days as "fun times."

SCHOOL MEMORIES. . . .RUSSELL SLASOR

There is one thing that stands out in my mind about Scott's Run School. Despite the lack of indoor plumbing, it was a good place to go to school. We had plenty of room to play. There was a softball field that doubled for soccer in season, a volleyball court, a building up the road for basketball in rainy weather, plenty of room for tackle football games and marbles in season.

Winter was really great. There was a hill for sledriding with nothing to run into at the bottom. Snow also brought snowball fights complete with forts.

We even had a place to pitch horseshoes across the road next to the creek. Mr. Young was Brooke County Assistant Superintendent. He loved to pitch horseshoes and I noticed how often he showed up right before lunch to check our school.

Scott's Run was a four-room consolidated school. It combined the schools of Virginville and Louise. Miss Leon taught grades 1 and 2; Miss Dailey, 3 and 4; Mrs. Mackey, 5 and 6; and Mr. Smith, principal, 7 and 8.

Discipline was strict, with Mrs. Mackey wielding the paddle more often than the others. Mr. Smith's room was next to Mrs. Mackey's. On one occasion when we heard several being paddled, Mr. Smith remarked, "She must be whipping them all!"

Of course there were school plays. The highlight of the year was the picnic at the end of the year. People prepared food and a lot of parents and family members came.

The school census held pretty steady with over one hundred pupils. In the late 1930's families were generally large. About fifty families supplied the kids.

It is sixty years since I started at Scott's Run with my sister, in April, 1938. These are family names I can remember.

Aftanas, Baker, Baranowski, Batcho, Beltrame, Black, Cameron, two families of Campbells, Chadwell, Chaney, Clark, Cline, DeGarmo, Fisher, Grigsby, Harlan, Harrington, Henthorn, Jones, John-

son, Kochinski, Loeffler, McCann, Marker, Martino, Mitchell, Moore, Mowder, Nickoles, Pascuzzi, Pepe, Roberts, Rice, Rigo, Saffle, Saunders, Sebeck, Short, Slasor, Tisik, Tripodi, Valuska, VanOrman, Vargo, Wells, Wheeler and Zakutansky.

Students I knew would be in their early sixties to mid seventies. A good many have passed away. Fathers were mill workers, miners and farmers.

Like the one room schools, small consolidated schools had their day.



This row of tall leafy maple trees forms the boundary line of the Scott's Run School property next to Cross Creek Road and Cross Creek itself.

Harry Rigo remembers helping to plant the trees more than sixty years ago.

AS TOLD TO. . . .ALBERT MILLER

Somewhere in the Scott's Run area was a "Buffalo Stomp." Albert Miller is not certain of the exact location, but "it was over a knob halfway up a hillside." He recalls that "Johnny Amspoker, noted authority on pioneer past, told me about it many years ago. He said that deer, elk, buffalo and other wildlife came into this area just before the white man came." A "stomp" would be the spot where several animals stood during rest periods.



SCOTT'S RUN SCHOOL CHILDREN - 1915

MEMORIESRUTH VAN ORMAN PLUNKETT

"Those were the happiest years of my life!" the former Ruth Van Orman claims, when speaking of the days she spent at Scott's Run School. There were winter sledrides down the long hill from her home in the Fry-Saunders area atop the hill. There were the "big snows" when the 1938 Plymouth could barely push the mounds of the white stuff that were up to the hood and the windshield. She recalls the thrills of "Fox and the Geese" in the big play yard.

Beatrice Daily and Virginia Mackey were two of her teachers, while a Mr. Smith served as principal.

One of her classmates was Lois Slasor, who also lived atop a hill, but across one of the big hollows that are numerous in the rugged area. Of course telephones were undreamed of, so the girls found other ways to communicate with each other when not in school. Ruth remembers that Lois would stand atop her hill and wave a flag while she yelled at the top of



GIRLS OF SCOTT'S RUN SCHOOL
Year Unknown

her lungs. As soon as Ruth picked up the signal, the conversation was on.

Ruth believes that the distance their voices must carry was over one-half mile, and truly, "as the crow flies!"

(BY RUTH VAN ORMAN PLUNKETT, CONTINUED)

"It was about two months into the school year in 1939 when my parents moved to the Lonnie Frye Farm, about three miles from the England place at the fork of Tent Church Road. I had just started taking instrumental music in fourth grade at Colliers School. I had to practice at the neighbor's, Mrs. Amelia Boles and walked to her farm and back her long driveway. She almost always had big fat delicious sugar cookies for me.

"The day we moved, I had to ride the old workhorse and lead the cow. My dad, Carl Van Orman, took me to school the first day. Imagine my surprise to see no indoor plumbing! Outhouses were quite a distance from the building. The girls' were three holers. I never got up enough nerve to ask what the boys' were like!

"When I was in fourth grade, I was ahead of the class in reading. Miss Dailey let me help some of the students who did not read

as well as I did.

"My most memorable Christmas program was when I was chosen to play the Christmas Fairy in an adaptation of, 'The Christmas Carol.'

"World War II was declared and all of us felt it as relatives went off to fight in other countries we had studied in Geography. My Dad could not serve because of a bad ear. But he did his bit by making steel for the tanks and ships needed by 'our boys.'

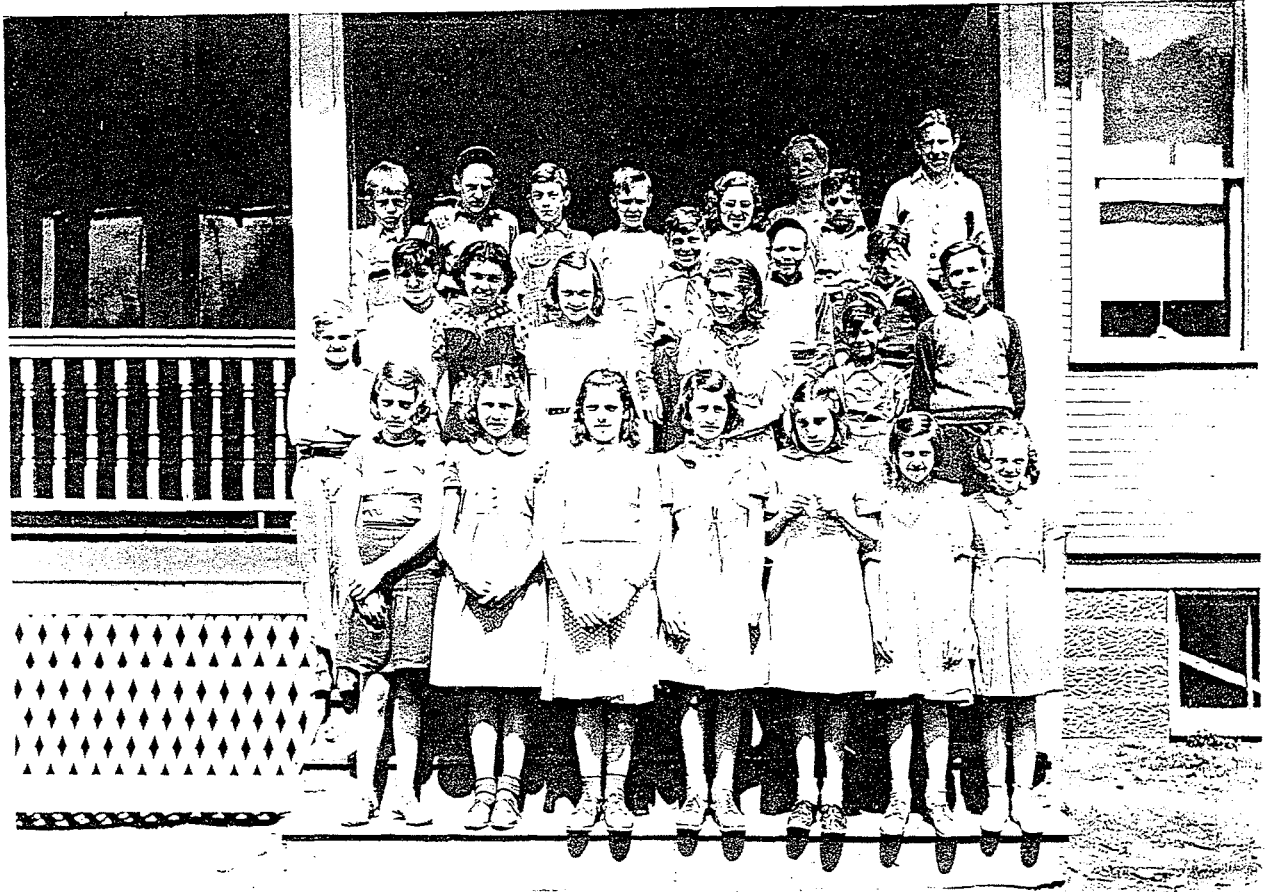
"I gave my favorite doll, a rubber one, to the rubber drive to make tires for the planes.

"We learned the new song introduced by Kate Smith, 'God Bless America.'"

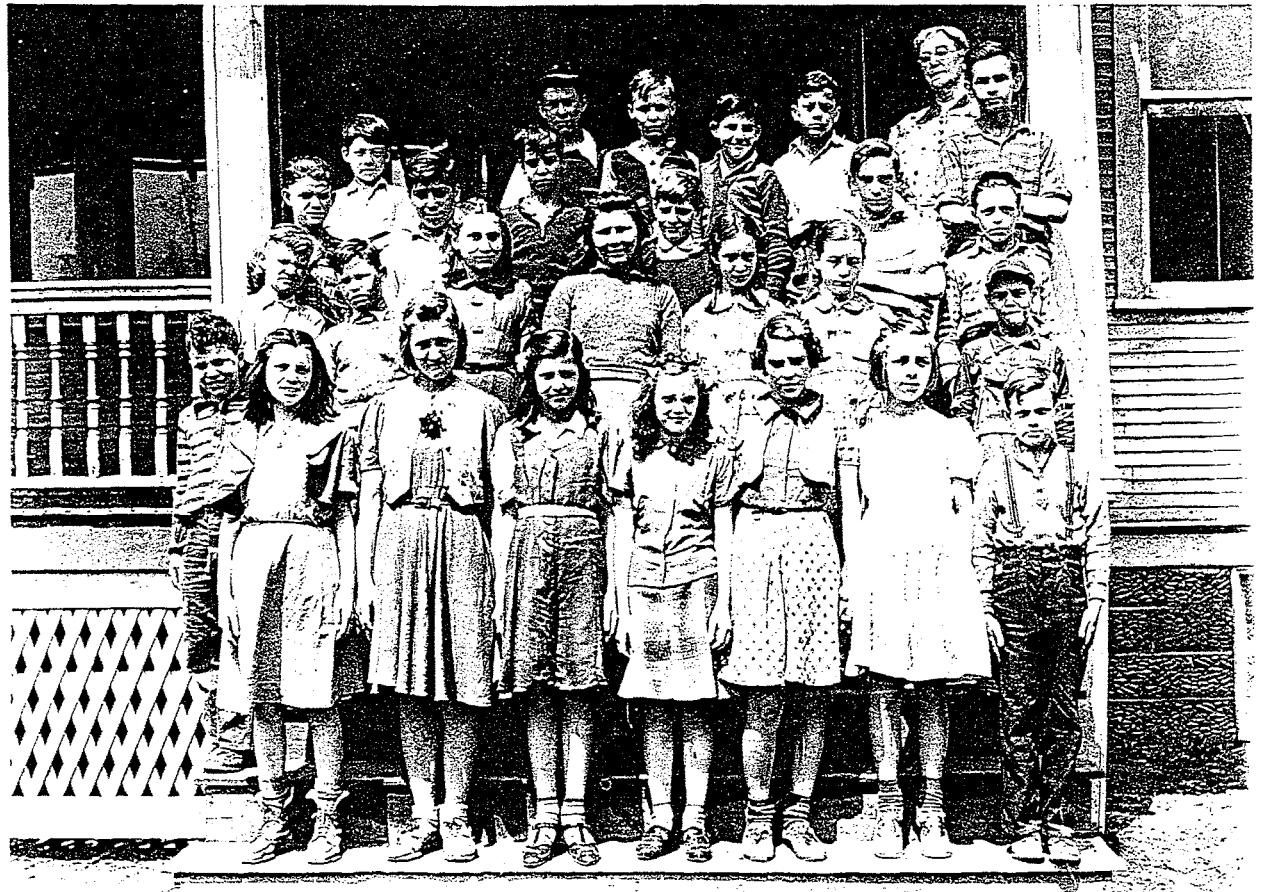


The Scott's Run School area took on a different appearance in later years, as shown in this aerial view. The school, which closed in 1921, had been made into a residence which housed many families. At the time this picture was taken, it was occupied by the Ward Shepherd family.

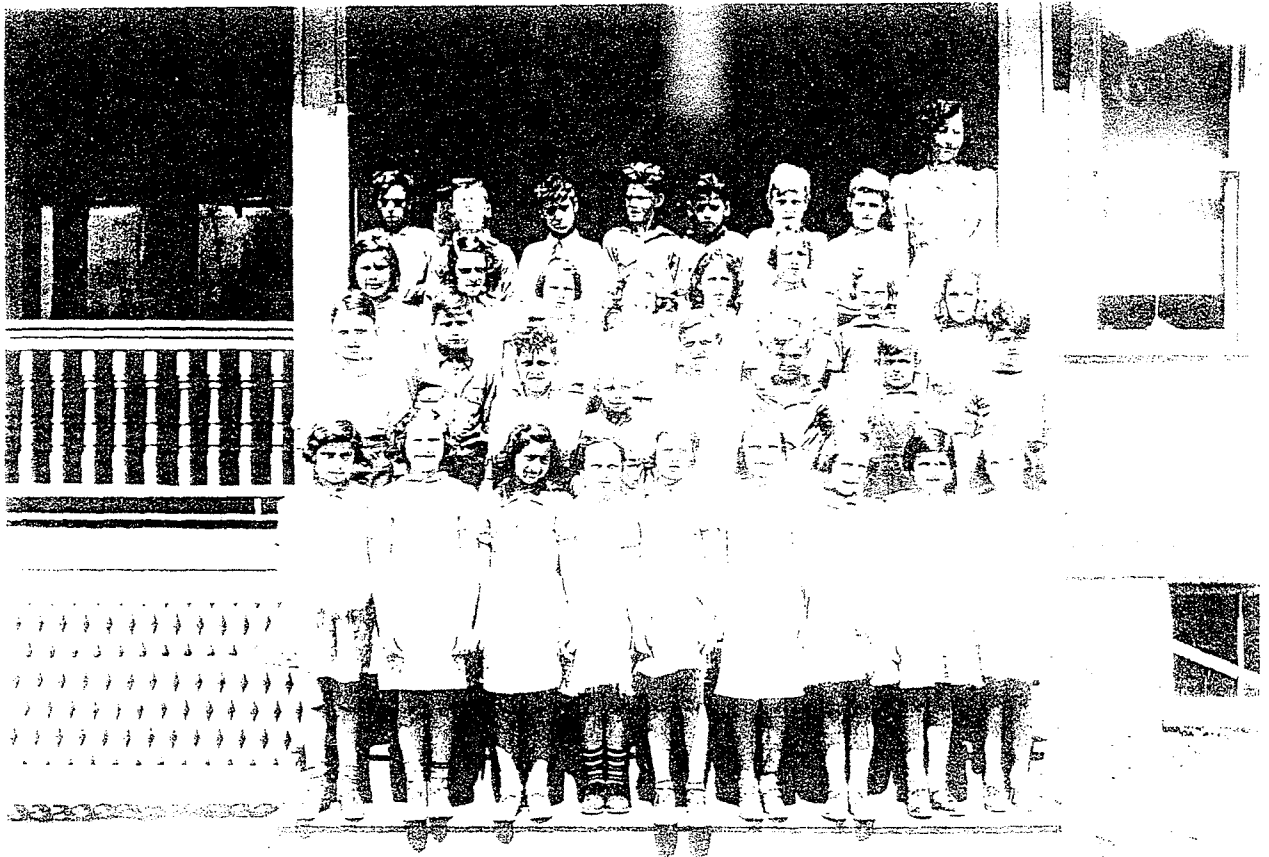
The building is mostly hidden behind the tall evergreen tree on the lower right. The Pete Jaco place is on the extreme lower right. The bridge to Virginville is partly visible in the lower center of the picture. Occupants of the double-wide, unknown.



SCOTT'S RUN SCHOOL - 1939



SCOTT'S RUN SCHOOL - 1940



SCOTT'S RUN SCHOOL - FIRST AND SECOND GRADES - PROBABLY 1937



SCOTT'S RUN SCHOOL - THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES - PROBABLY 1941

MY TEACHING DAYS AT SCOTT'S RUN SCHOOL
(From the Autobiography of Glenna Haworth Morton)

In the fall of 1920 I took the teachers' exam at the Court House in Steubenville and received a certificate to teach. Later I had an interview with the Superintendent of Schools of Brooke County, West Virginia. He said he needed a teacher for this country school out of Follansbee and if I didn't mind walking he would take me out there and show me the school. I was eighteen at the time and full of pep so I said, "Fine!"

We took the street car from Follansbee down to the Wabash Railroad, which was a spur from Pittsburgh thru many of the mining towns. We hiked out the railroad, a distance of five miles, in one hour and arrived at Cliftonville, a mining town, which had its own school. The school he showed me was a country school called, Scott's Run. It was for the country kids and all the children on that side of the creek. I decided to take the school and I was to start the next day. Mr. Young, the Superintendent, informed some of the families that there would be school and we caught the train back. He got off at Louise, another mining town, and I went on over the Ohio River to Mingo, packed a bag, then walked down to the river, crossed on the ferry, boarded a street car and rode down to the railroad bridge. There I waited for Mr. Magee and his daughter, Marjorie, who was a student in Follansbee. They picked me up in his old Model T Ford and took me out to their home which was a large old farmhouse which stood on a hill above the school in the valley. Mrs. Magee had a nice supper for us and they got me settled in.

The next morning was the thickest fog I had ever seen. You could barely see ten feet from you. I followed the road down the hill to the main road which was a mile long. When I got to the foot of the hill I did not know which way the school was from there. I stood there wondering which way to go and since I could hear noises from the small mining town across the creek, I decided to go over that way and soon came to the footbridge I had crossed the day before. Following the creek, I came to the road bridge over the creek and past the school.

Several children of different ages were waiting by the door for their teacher. I greeted them and let them in, they soon finding seats to suit them. As soon as the other pupils arrived I began organizing the school into grades. It seemed the former teacher hadn't kept many records and it was up to me to reorganize the school. After that was accomplished, everything went along quite smoothly.

The schoolroom was clean and the floor had been oiled to keep down the dust. There were shelves for the children's dinner buckets and hooks at the back of the room for their hats and coats. Also a water bucket and a dipper for drinking and a wash pan for hand washing. Text books were furnished and I received my record books and teaching materials from the County office. A long building back of the school which stood on the bank of Cross Creek served as a coal shed with an outside toilet on each end, one for girls and the other for boys.

Come winter I was required to build my own fire in the big stove in the middle of the schoolroom. Also I swept the room out after school and laid the fire for the next morning. The older boys usually carried the coal in buckets and placed it by the stove. The girls would clean the blackboards and the younger children would clean the felt erasers by carrying them outside and clapping them together to get the dust out of them.

The school was the center for all community activities such as box socials, programs, church meetings, revivals, and literary programs. As I recall, we had a box social that fall and all the eligible girls packed a box lunch with fried chicken, cake, pie, and other goodies to tickle the palates of would be young males. These were auctioned off and the money went to the school for needed things. If a fellow bought a girl's box, he was required to eat with her. They had other snacks and eatables for those who did not buy boxes. As it was, some of the fellows found out which was my box and ran the price up on the fellow who was trying to buy my box. He had to pay quite a price for the box. However, we did make a sizeable sum for the school and had a lot of fun.

We also had a Thanksgiving program with the school children and some others participating. Also we had a Christmas program with a Santa Claus and anyone could put a gift on the tree for anyone. I received several nice gifts from my pupils and I made small stockings and filled them with candy for them. For recreation that winter, the young people of the community had Rook parties, box socials, and literary groups who gave plays and readings. I dated a couple of boys that year, Dennis Grigsby and Francis Freshwater. These broke up in the Spring and I went to Athens to summer school for twelve weeks.

That summer there was a war at the Cliftonville Mine between the union and non-union workers. The Sheriff of Brooke County was killed. The Scott's Run and Cliftonville schools were merged as many of the miners at Cliftonville moved away. A new four-room school was built on the Scott's Run side of the creek. I had first grade that year. There were four teachers, three besides myself: Mr. Levering Bonar, principal; Miss Kathryn Gibson, and Miss Esther Beck.

We had some money which had accumulated from activities at the old school. Since we needed some form of music, we decided to buy a Victrola which we used for marching in from recess and educational records in the rooms.

It was much easier that year (1921-22) since we had a fulltime janitor, Mr. Wiggins Magee. His wife, Viola Morton Magee, had died the previous year right after Christmas during my first year of teaching.

My third year, 1922-23, I boarded with the Loraine Mitchells, which was near the school. He had a nice family, Virginia, his wife, and two children, Harry, 4 and Myrtle, 2. They were dear little children. My roommate was Kathryn Gibson. She taught at the same school. Our principal was Mr. Blake. That year we had just three teachers, and the school had gone down in attendance. I had first and second grades. That was the year I started dating Joseph R. Morton, who became my husband. We lived in Mingo - my mother, my grandmother, and two brothers, Lowell and Robert. Joseph, my date, would pick me up on Sunday night and take me out to Mitchell's and bring me home on Friday night.

During the following summer I attended summer school at West Liberty College. Joseph and I dated all that summer on weekends when he brought me home and took me back to school.

My fourth and last year of teaching at Scott's run, 1923-24, Kathryn went to Follansbee to teach and the Heft brothers, Lawrence and Herbert, came to teach with me. Lawrence was the principal. We had a hot lunch

program at the school and would have some type of soup and crackers to supplement the children's lunch. I did the cooking and the older sixth grade girls took turns preparing and serving the soup. The Heft brothers had cots and slept in the extra schoolroom. They ate their meals at Mitchell's, where I boarded.

Joseph and I kept on dating that winter, and were married June 18, 1924, by Rev. D.W. Merrill, at the M.E. parsonage on North Fourth Street, Steubenville, Ohio. We left immediately for a trip to Washington, D.C.



Glenna Haworth, teacher, shown here leaving the building after school one day in 1920.

This building served as Scott's Run School from about 1868 until some time in 1921, when a new four-room school was constructed. The building shown here was built on the Virginville side of the stream known as Scott's Run. One-half acre of land was given for educational purposes by John Wiggins. Upon construction of the new school across the creek, this land reverted back to the heirs of the donor of the property, in this case, John Wiggins Magee. Pupils and teachers of the Scott's Run area enjoyed countless activities in this building for more than fifty years.

Following its use as a school, the building was bought and sold a number of times to private families who made it their home. One of these was the Mathias Rigo family whose eight children yet today carry many memories of their lives in this building. Bob Higginbotham and his wife are the present owners.



GLENNA HAWORTH MORTON
Teacher 1920-1924

SCOTT'S RUN SCHOOL
(THE SCHOOL THAT BECAME A HOME)
by Sarah M. Zang

In October, 1868, John Wiggins sold a plot of land
to the Board of Education of Cross Creek Town.
The Board consisted of four fine men,
who built a school where none had been.
The floors and walls and students' seats
were of rough hewn plank rubbed smooth and neat.
The original belltower remains today, encased in the attic tucked away.

Moss covered stones still form a niche,
where once was hid Teacher's hickory switch.
This one room school housed grades one through eight,
and in the beginning, attendance was light.
Cliftonville and Virginville experienced a population boom.
By 1919, there were too many students for just one room.

A new school was built right across the road - a four room school
to handle the load. In June of '21 the Board President happened to be
Mr. W.A. Strain who sold the school to Mr. J.W. Magee.

Mr. Magee had no love for the school or its lands, and just five months later,
again it changed hands. Mr. Mathias Rigo made it his home
for the rest of his life. When he died in 1960, it was willed to his wife Rosa,
who chose not to live there alone, so she sold the property to Felicitta Leon.

When ill health clouded Felicitta's day, she passed the property to her son Jay.
Jay kept it until June of '73, at which time he sold it to the Shepherd family.
Ward and Juanita raised their children there, a family sharing joy and care.

Along with the family, the building has grown,
and now the little school
Has become a home.

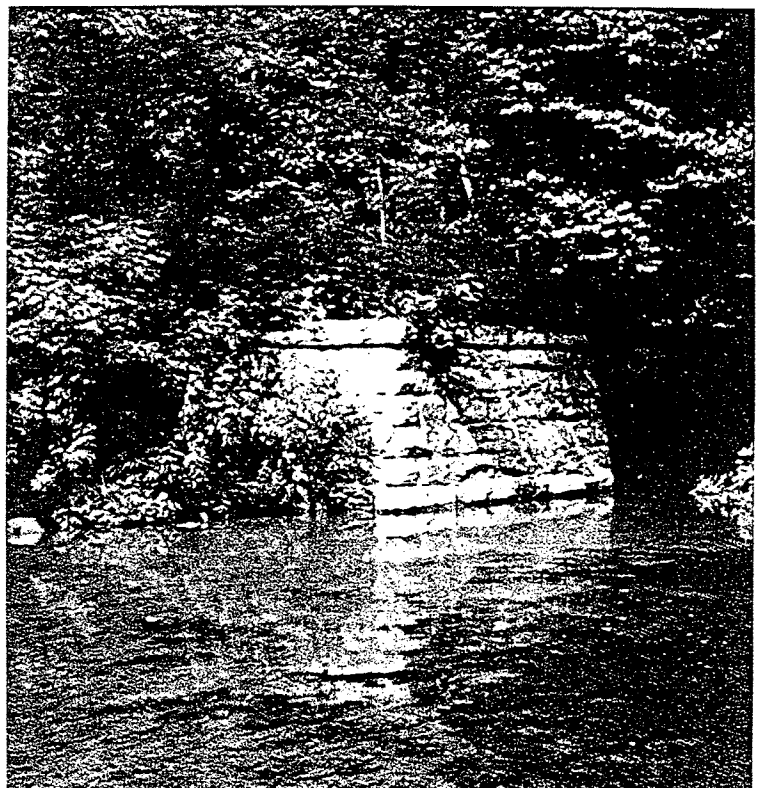
ONCE UPON A TIME - A BRIDGE
TO FOWLER'S MILL

(Two abutments opposite each
other are all that remain. One
is shown here.)

Not far upstream from Scott's Run
and Virginville, there once was a
primitive bridge over Cross Creek so
that wagons and horses, even early
automobiles could cross to the other
side. And once the traveler reached
that side, the world was boundless.

To the right were New Camp and
Cliftonville, with their neat rows
of little homes nestled against the
hill. The time frame for these
two mining camps was the teens and
1920's, extending for some of the
residents into the 1930's and be-
yond.

To the left after crossing the



THE JOLLY FAMILY

Looking up the stream of Scott's Run from the spot where the school stood, and where Bob and Deloris Hess Cline now live, one can easily imagine that the valley has come to a point, and the only way is "up!" The "up" way would actually be up Amspoker Hill, and out onto the flat lands of the ridge that leads to Tent Church Road.

But instead of its being "up" all the way, the actual terrain holds two large streams, those of Scott's Run and Parmar Run, the latter flowing into the former, and both entering Cross Creek a few yards farther downstream.

On the left side of Parmar Run stands a house that since 1939 has been occupied by some of the Jolly family. William and Pearl Jolly came here in that year. Daughter, Anna Bell lived here until 1947, when she married Clarence Rouse. Then came son, Bill Rouse, then granddaughter, Tracy Rouse Lancaster.

Before the Jollys arrived in the Scott's Run area, the 21-acre farm was known as the Campbell and Ellen Saunders place. Several remodelings have taken place throughout the years. This picture shows the house in the 1940's when it was closed in with a yard fence.

The fence resembles one that was popular a few years ago, made from pickets. This one, however, was made from sucker woods that were used in the oil fields.

Anna Bell has fond memories of her "home place." She remembers when her Dad cut weeds with a scythe and plowed the garden with a horse. One of her favorite memories is swimming in the creek with her friend, Doris Cline.

Seen in the picture are Anna Bell's mother, Pearl, and her sister, Dorothy Liston.

Several of the folks of the area recall having been told of an orphanage that operated in or near the Jolly place. Anna Bell, however, has no knowledge of such an establishment.



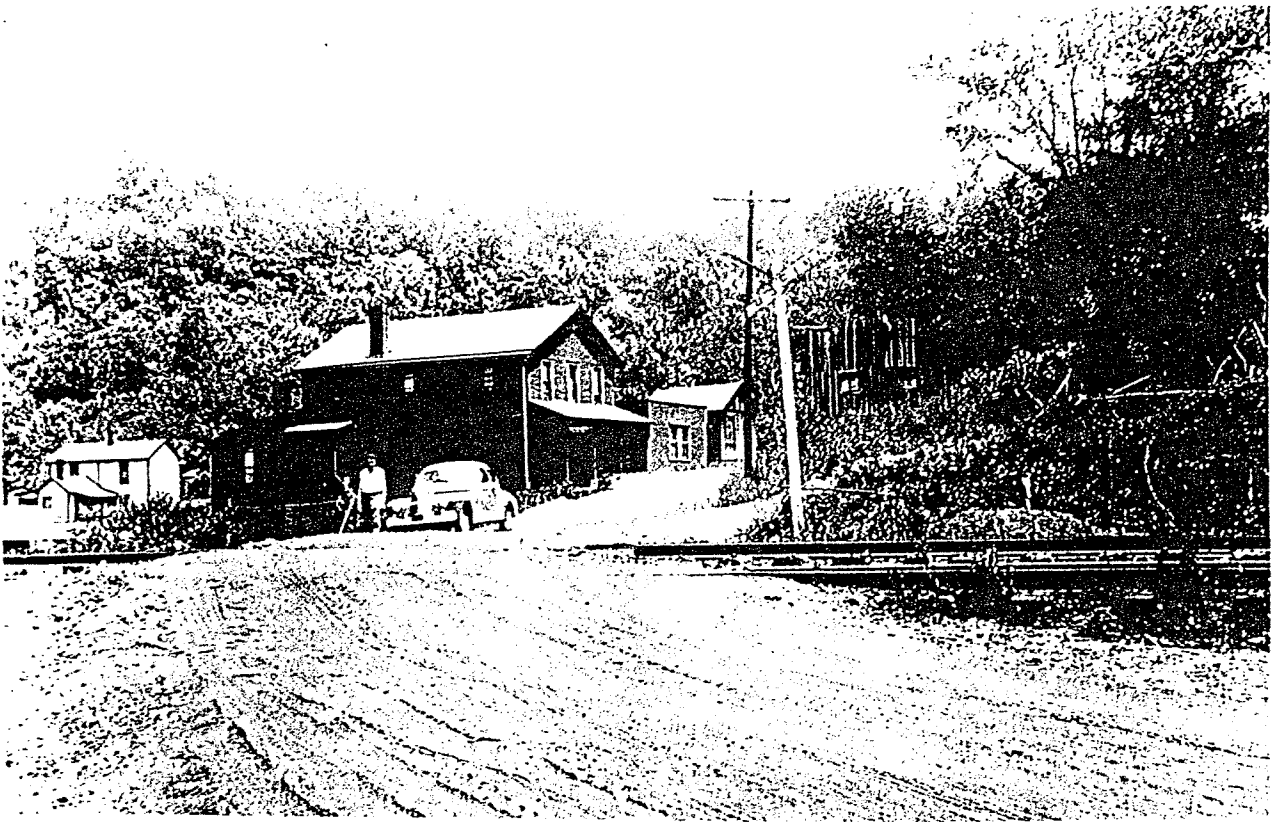
ODDS AND ENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS

In building the Wabash Railroad shortly after the turn of the century, a number of tunnels was required due to the rough terrain. Those in the Cross Creek Valley include the Buxton, 930 feet in length, and the Craighead, 1125 feet. They are one-fourth mile apart. The last one is within one half mile from the State Line, or Klein, which is 1430 feet long. The other two are near Penowa.

It could not be proved by looking at it today, but the land where Brooke High School and parking lot now grace the area was once a race track. Owned by the Schwertzfeger family, the track provided much recreation and fun for horse lovers.

Mary Martino Zwierzchowski works in the Mary Weir Library when she is not writing historical articles. She recently gained recognition with her article in Golden Seal magazine concerning the Cliftonville Riot. She is now working on another almost unbelievable story of when the Gypsies were in the area.

Note from Doddridge Line in America: Sarah, married John Huff. Killed 1786 by Indians near Cross Creek, W.Va.

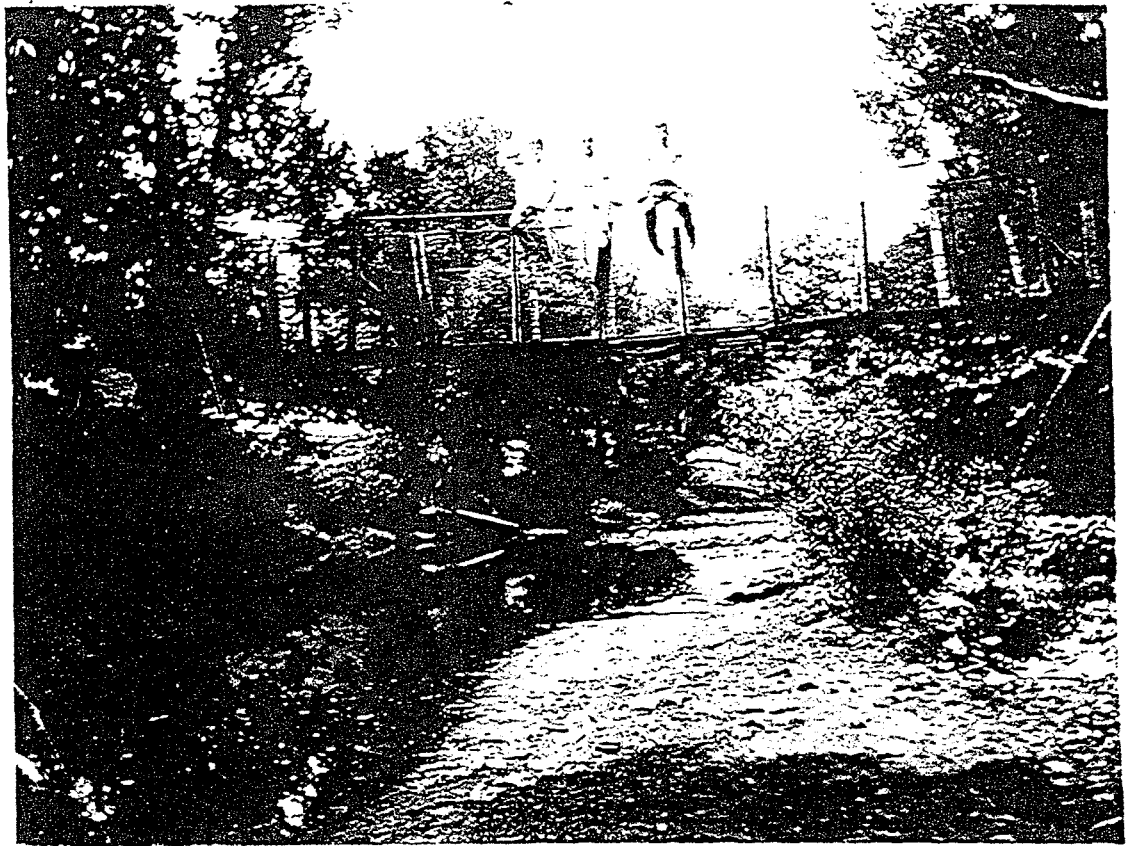


VIRGINVILLE - YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The top photo shows one of the oldest buildings in Virginville. It was the home of the Urso family and served as the Post Office. The year might be suggested by the vintage car. Virginia Station on the Wabash Railroad stood to the left. The tracks to the right lead to the Klein, or State Line Tunnel.

The bottom photo shows the same building, from the opposite side. The road winding up the hill on the left goes into Pennsylvania, to Penobscot and beyond.





REMNANTS OF THE PAST. . . .

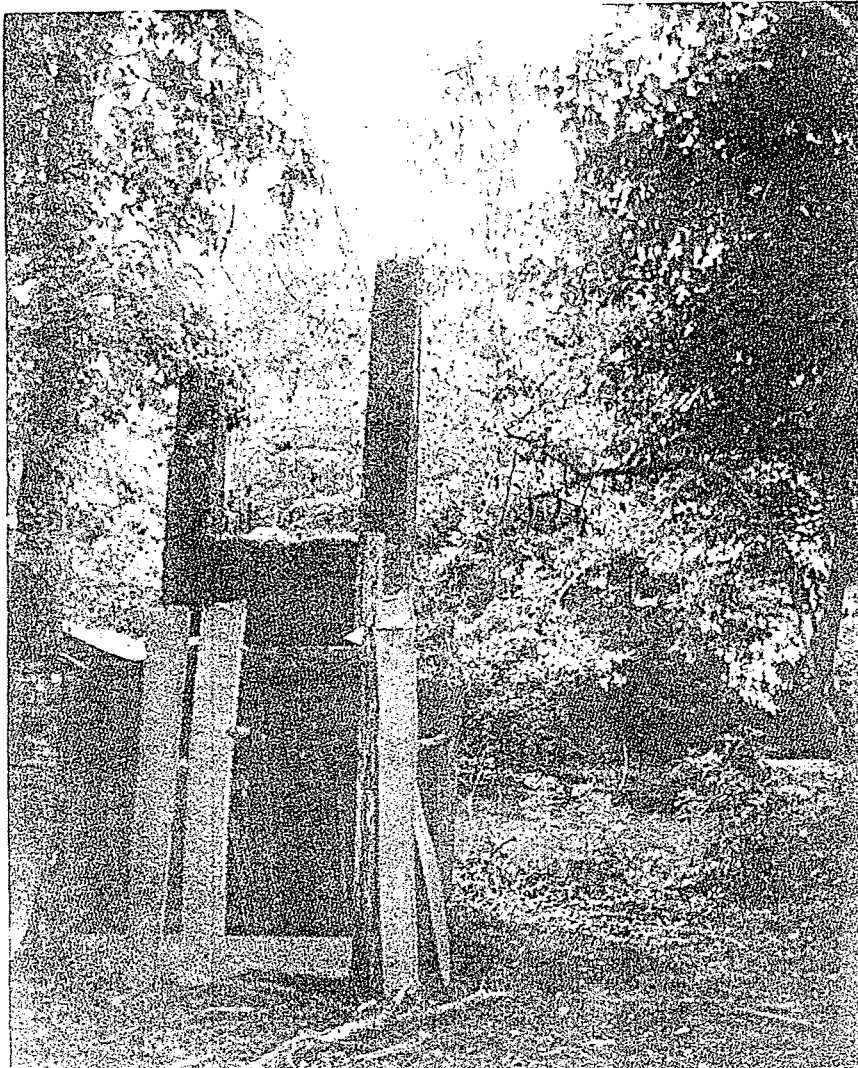
ABOVE

This swinging footbridge was the easiest way to get from Virginville to Cliftonville or New Camp when the area was booming with activity and teeming with miners and their families in the late teens and early twenties of this century. The bridge was located near the confluence of Scott's Run and Cross Creek into which it emptied.

BOTTOM

Piers such as this remaining one supported the bridge from each end. Although this one and its counterpart on the opposite side of Cross Creek still stand, the bridge itself is only a memory of older residents of the Scott's Run Community.

The bridge was located in what is at the present time a quiet woody glen, the silence being broken only by the songs of birds and the babbling of the creeks.



TRAIN WRECK
AT VIRGINVILLE

It requires much speculation on the part of a writer or researcher to determine true facts of happenings of the past. These pictures of "the train wreck at Virginville" are an example. Everyone knows it happened, but no one knows when, or the consequences such as amount of damage, any fatalities, or other pertinent details.

It happened "at the crossing," but no one remembers why. According to these pictures, cars were strewn about and rails torn up.

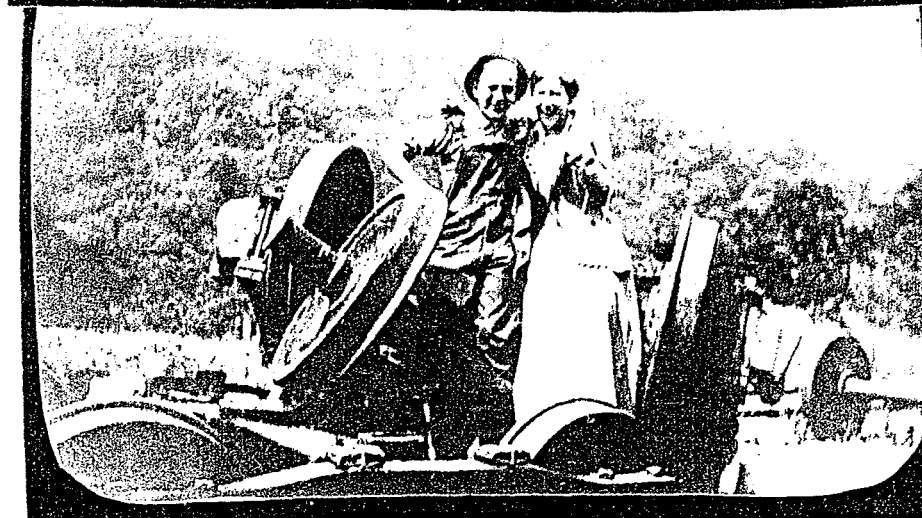
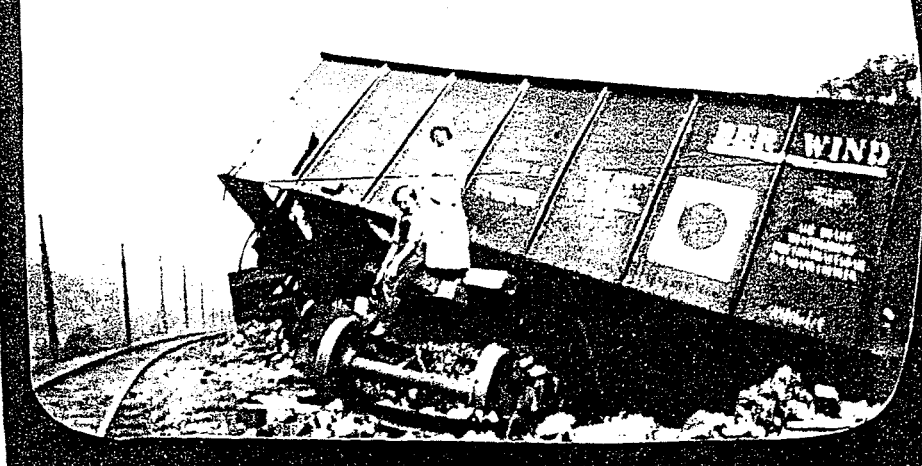
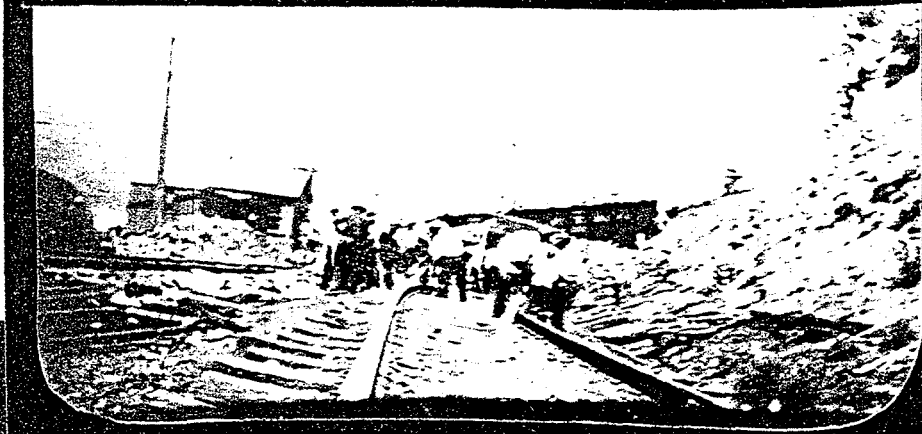
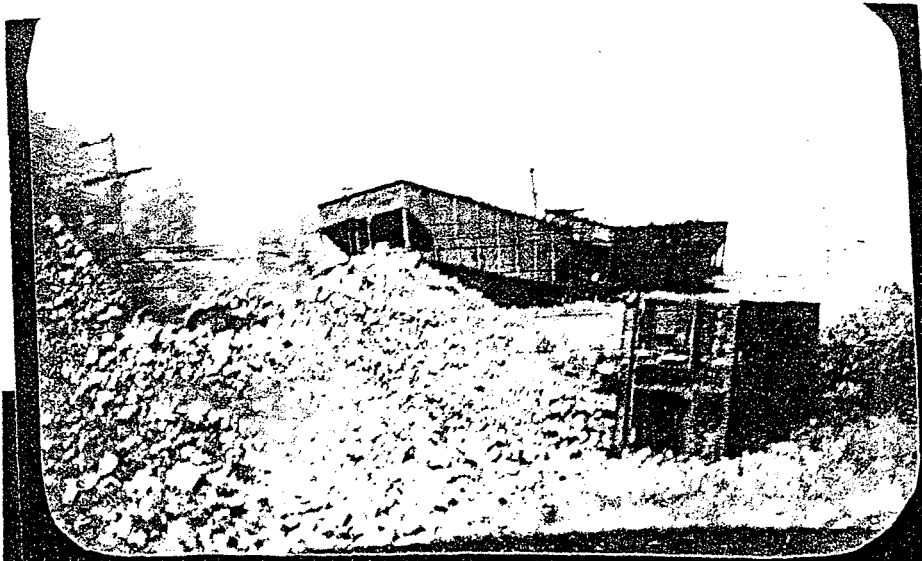
Was the building shown in one of these pictures the station? Many folks recall having traveled to and from many places after boarding the train. But memories are "fuzzy" as to details such as dates and figures.

ODDS AND ENDS
AND MISCELLANEOUS

In former days, much work was done with mules. The loss of a team of mules was a catastrophe. At least two instances of such a loss have come to this writer's attention.

Dan Smith was attempting to retrieve something from Cross Creek near Scott's Run when the harness of his team became snagged on an obstacle and both mules drowned. These mules had the reputation of being "a very beautiful team."

In another instance, the owner's name has been lost. This incident took place at the mouth of Cross Creek at "high water." Water had covered the road, and "both mules drowned, but the wagon floated."





It is difficult today to look at this picture and understand that at one time, a little church stood on this block foundation. Songs of praise must have echoed up and down the valley of Scott's Run when the faithful gathered at their appointed time.

Very few now remember when the church stood and was used for worship. Not many details have been preserved throughout the years, as those living today were very young when they worshipped there.

Some say that it was built around 1920 for the miners and their families who lived in Cliftonville. But those folks pretty well deserted that little mining town after the coal mine riot of July 17, 1922. Harry Mitchell believes that the year 1920 is correct, because it was his father, Loraine Mitchell, along with Martin Cline, who built it.

Harry remembers that he played the piano there for Sunday School. He believes that the church was of the Methodist persuasion, and that Mrs. Flora Lantz Cassidy was the Sunday School Superintendent and a teacher for some of the classes. Her husband, John Cassidy, always brought her in their ancient car, but never came inside for services!

Margaret Burkhart and her sister, Goldie Burkhart Pastor, have memories of the days when they were approaching teenage years, and walked with some of the neighbor children from their home in Penobscot, to Sunday School at Scott's Run. At one time, their grandfather, William Smith, was the minister. Other families who walked from their various homes were Cline, Wells, Reese, and Rigo. William Burkhart always made certain that his family attended all services, but, like John Cassidy, never attended himself!

Church services were later discontinued, and the building was used for other activities, such as socials, roller skating, music and dancing. These fun-times are remembered by Mary Rigo Bryan, who enjoyed much roller skating there. Mary recalls that she was not permitted to attend services because when she was quite small, she did not understand why a plate was passed around with money in it. She took some out instead of putting some in! Her father then laid down the law. "No more!" She does remember when her cousin, Harry Rigo, recited a poem in the church.

Theresa Tripodi, shown here with what remains of the foundation, also has memories when the building stood and was used as a community house.

CHEAP JOHN

Years ago in a small mining town,
Rows of unpainted houses,
Some falling down.

The company store had shut its door
Out of business -
Didn't have it any more.

Reddog streets people walked on,
Far down the street
Lived Cheap John.

He drove a wagon with a loud bell,
The town folks greeted him
Wondering what he had to sell.

Used dishes, pots and pans,
Flower and garden seeds
In coffee cans.

On wooden racks hung men's shirts,
Broken toys,
And young ladies' skirts.

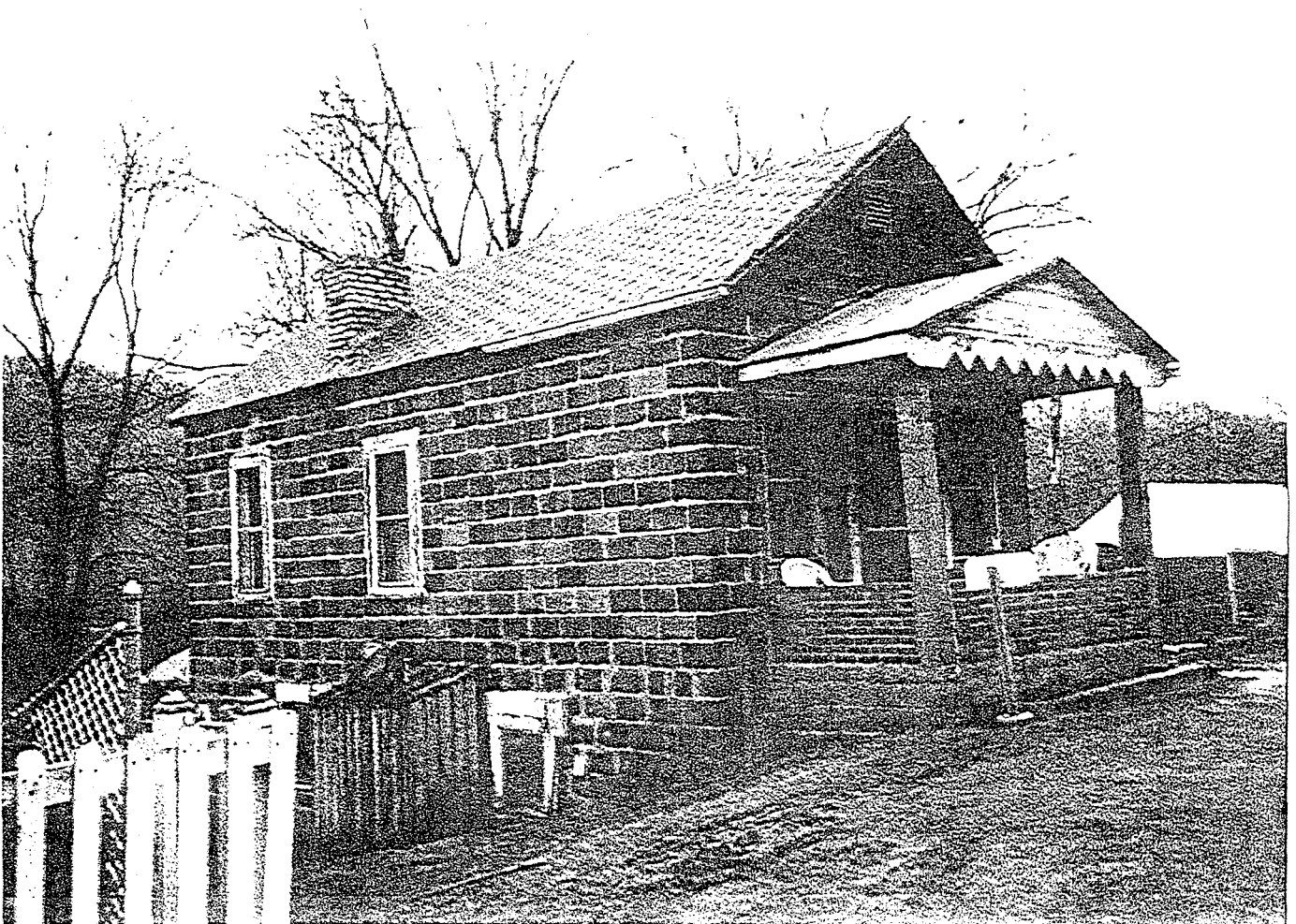
Shoes were bought out west,
Cracked leather,
He said, "were the best."

Old miners stood by,
Miners' tools and carbide lights
Brought tears to Cheap John's eye.

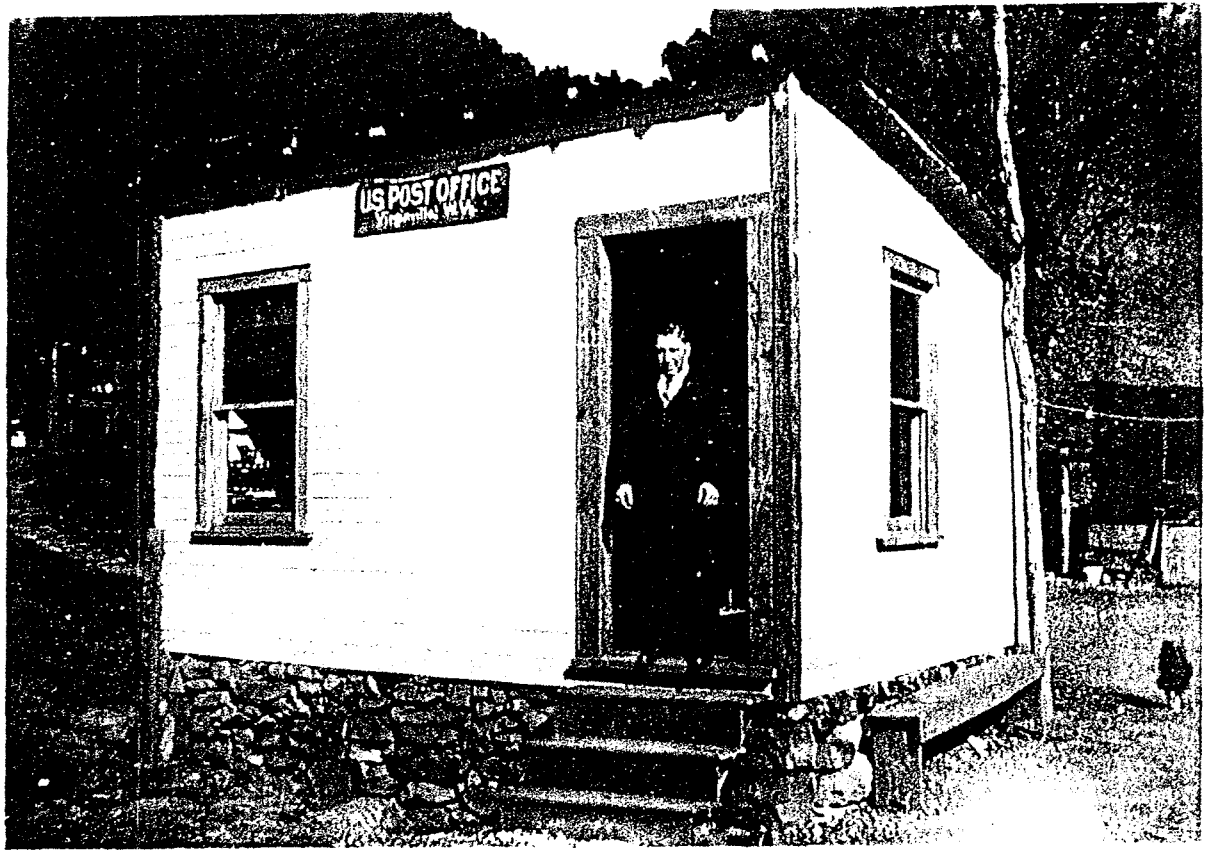
He gave old books to the girls and boys,
Bags of homemade cookies
And the broken toys.

As time lingers on,
Faded memories -
But I still remember Cheap John.

by Paul Chilensky



The Virginville home of the peddler whom everyone knew only as Cheap John



TOP PICTURE - The Virginville Post Office at the time this picture was taken had as Postmaster Ross Martino, shown here in the doorway.

BOTTOM PICTURE - Philomena Fabiano and Mary Urso Tripodi pose in front of the Post Office here. Both the building and the old barn beside it are now gone, as is the institution itself. For a number of years earlier, the Post Office was located in the large old building across the road. In that building also were the Urso store and butcher shop.



FREDA MACK - THE END OF THE LINE

Freda Mack and her husband, James, enjoy the quiet, peaceful atmosphere of New Camp, just around the wooded hillside known as Cliftonville. The quiet atmosphere and the wooded hillside did not always describe these two mining villages. Not too many years ago they were thriving communities that boasted of stores, mines, schools, recreation, and other necessities for normal lives. Now the homes have dwindled down to one and the population to two - James and Freda Mack.

Freda admits that living here is a little inconvenient. But after forty years of wending her way on foot from her little house in the clearing, down the path to the Wabash Railroad track, carefully placing her feet on the ties of the trestle that spans the creek, and approaching the last leg of her half mile trek, Freda is always happy to arrive at the remnant of the abandoned Bell Branch railroad spur, at the end of which is her mailbox.

Her return trip takes her back over the same obstacles, completing a mile-a-day walk, which she claims to enjoy, especially on winter days.

If Freda does not wish to walk, she may ford the creek with the truck and take the longer route to the mailbox, the road that takes her across the Wabash tracks and through Virginville, a small

village, that, unlike her own of New Camp, is still there.

"Sometimes we can't get across the creek with the truck," Freda declares. "It is sometimes too deep, even though we had the wheels raised six inches on the four-wheel drive."

When asked if she is not afraid of walking across the trestle, Freda just smiles and says, "I can always hear the train coming,"

When James and Freda moved to the only house in New Camp in 1958, they found that much work had to be done to make it livable. There was no electricity and no water. A well was soon drilled and improvements made. All the comforts of home were at their fingertips, except a reasonable access to their clearing in the woods.

When New Camp was in its hey-day, mines operated on schedule and the residents lived comfortably in their little white homes. There were plenty of neighbors in the area, as more than thirty of these houses were perched along the hillside, and about the same number next door in Cliftonville. It was after the mines played out that people began to move away, never to return. The empty houses were torn down, and both mining camps became ghost towns.

Then along came James and Freda Mack in 1958, and bought the remaining house, New Camp House No. 36. For forty years now, they have enjoyed the quiet atmosphere and the wooded hillside, and continue to ford the creek or walk the trestle, a choice they delight in making.



It was a cold, blustery day in March, but Freda Mack bundled up as usual for her daily trek to her mailbox. She came down the path to the right of the picture, walking the abandoned Bell Branch Railroad that once led to Kidd's Mill. The road on the left leads to Virginville. Those in the area who know her, and are acquainted with her story, just shake their heads and smile.

"She's a remarkable woman," they mutter.

Mary Urso came from Italy with her parents, Ralph and Antonio Urso and her sister, Rose and brother, Ernest. The family settled in a small community called, "Cross Creek," all traces of which have been gone for many years. The family later moved to Virginville, where she married Peter Tripodi and raised her family of two sons and two daughters. All her life, even after she grew very old, she longed to go "back to Cross Creek." But since none of the younger generation knew where this particular Cross Creek was located, Mary never saw her first home in America again.

The family's house in Virginville was the large building at the foot of Virginia Hill. Here they kept a grocery store and a butcher shop. Mary's husband, Peter Tripodi, was a butcher and meat cutter. He bought the animals and slaughtered them during the cold months of the year. When necessary, he bought ice to preserve the meat.

The Post Office was first located in this large building. Some of the family held the office of Postmaster for quite a few years. These included Ernest Urso, Ross Martino, Rose Urso Martino, Jenny Volpe Urso, and Theresa Tripodi.

Theresa still makes her home in the house where several of her family were born. She is much interested in local history.



PETER AND MARY URSO TRIPODI

RIGHT

The Rotellini family has owned this house for a number of years.

It was once the home of William and Rachael Headington Scott. It stands just off the Penobscot road on the hill above Virginville. It has been remodeled a number of times.

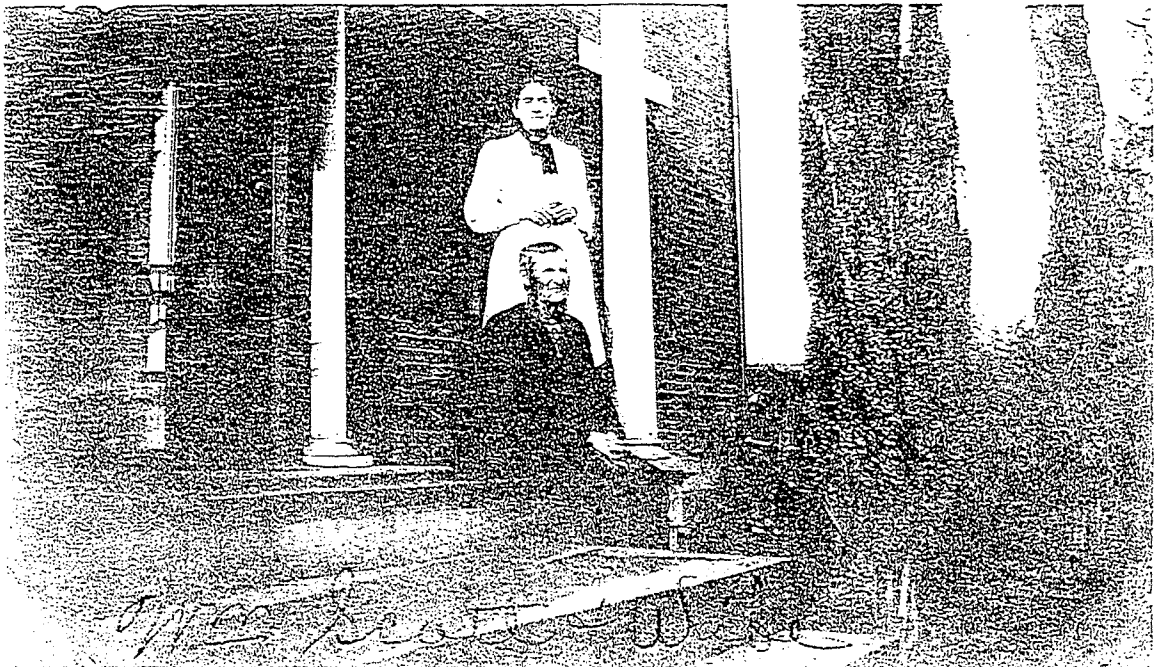
Rachael's family lived nearby on the Headington farm. William was one of the ten Scott brothers of Bethel Ridge.





The Scott brothers of Bethel Ridge eventually owned all the farmland surrounding Bethel Church, in Jefferson Township. Their parents were Charles and Margaret Cassidy Scott. Margaret was the daughter of John and Jane Osburn Cassidy, founders of Bethel. They were all born between the years 1836 and 1862, and are all buried in the church graveyard.

Seated, from left: Robert, Cassidy, William, Franklin, and Fannie, one of the only two girls of the family. Standing: James, Jefferson, Charles, George, and Oliver. David died at age three. The other girl, Jane Ann, died as a young lady.



William and Rachel Headington Scott on the porch of their home near Penobscot. William was one of the nine Scott brothers shown in the picture above. Rachel lived nearby on the Headington farm at the top of Virginia Hill. Also on another page is a picture of the house after it was remodeled by the Rotellini family, some of whom own it and live there today.

Miriam Legge Smith remembers that the "Old Mill Tavern" was owned by George Pfister when she lived with her family in one of its apartments. She enjoyed dancing to the fiddle music in the late thirties and early forties. She also remembers having been told that at one time a big water wheel had stood beside the mill.

Alberta McKee, whose parents were George and Sarah Hall, is a granddaughter of the Murphy family that

lived atop the hill overlooking the area beyond Louise and Pot Rock. She remembers her days in the Scott's Run and the Louise schools, and later, the dances held in the old mill.

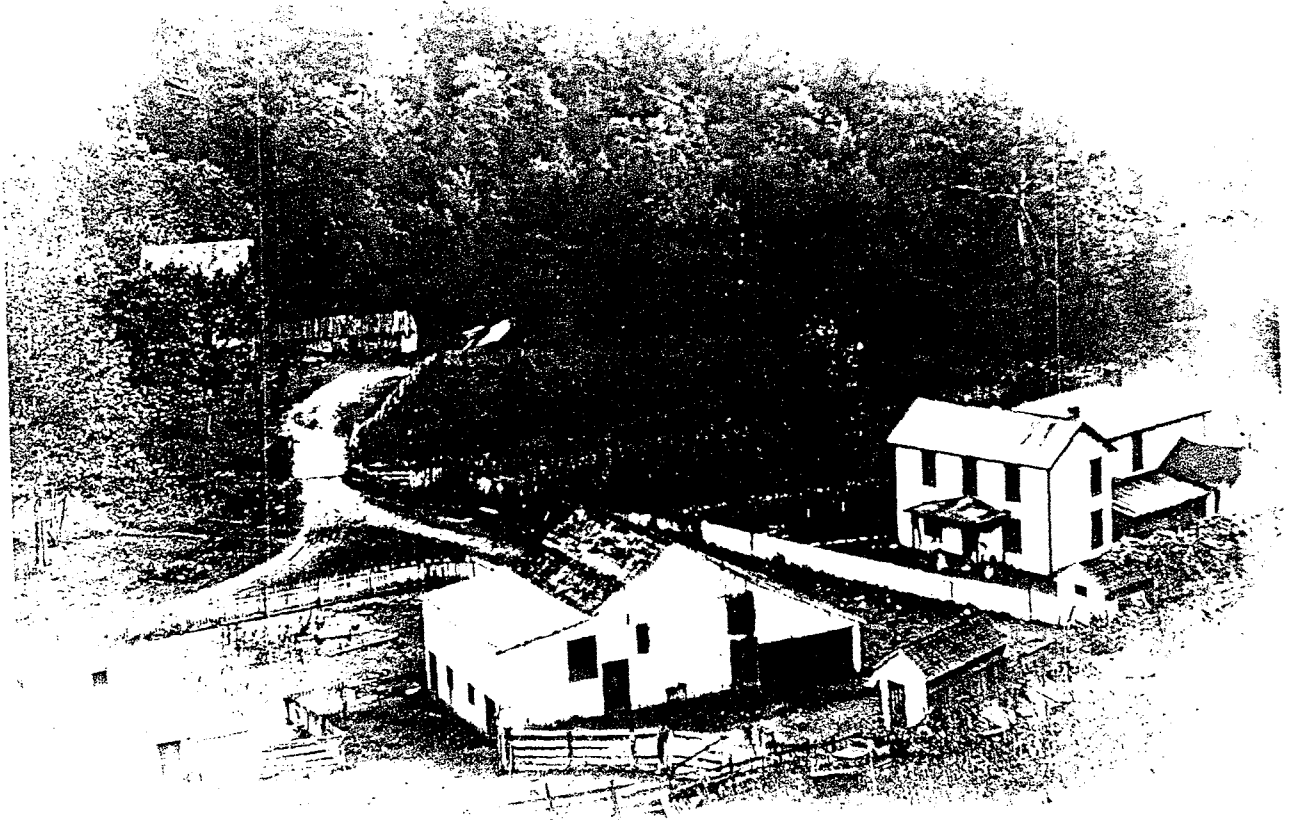
Lucille Legge recalls that when her family lived on the Murphy farm, and she attended Louise School, her father was forced to make a path through the deep snow in order for her to walk to her classes. Her parents were the Edmond Markers.

The Saffle, or Paris farm joins the Albert Murphy farm atop the hill.

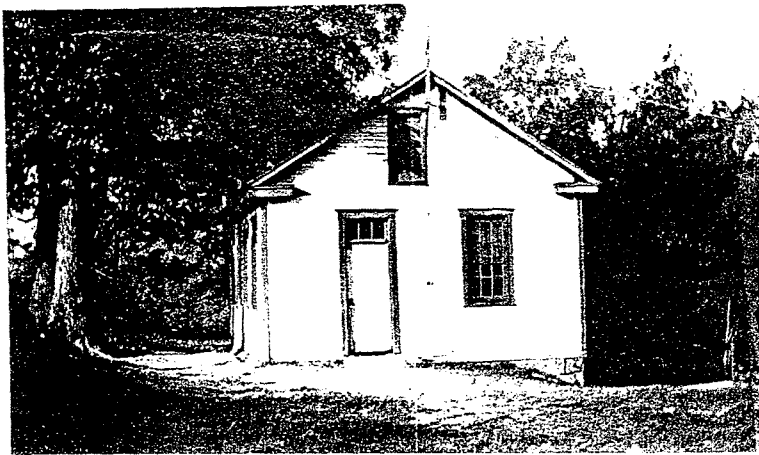


THE BOARDING HOUSE AT KIDD'S MILL. BANCROFT POST OFFICE, LOWER FRONT WINDOW.

Some records say that this boarding house (or hotel) at Kidd's Mill was used as such for a period of 28 years. It is definitely known that it was in operation both before and after the turn of the century. Guests consisted of young ladies from the factories in Pittsburgh, who had no other means of taking a summer vacation. Mrs. Agnes Murchland was the proprietress. She was a sister of Robert Kidd, who operated the mill during its last years. The girls rode the train from Pittsburgh to Hanlin Station. A horse-drawn wagon picked them up and drove them to this summer resort type atmosphere at Kidd's Mill. After two weeks in the open, they returned home, and the operation was repeated with a new group of girls. No one is alive today who enjoyed this "Fresh Air Camp" except the descendants of some of the ladies who were woo-ed and won by the local farmers who brought their wagon loads of grain to be ground at Kidd's Mill!



OVERVIEW OF KIDD'S MILL AREA
 Taken Before 1912
 Mill Upper Left



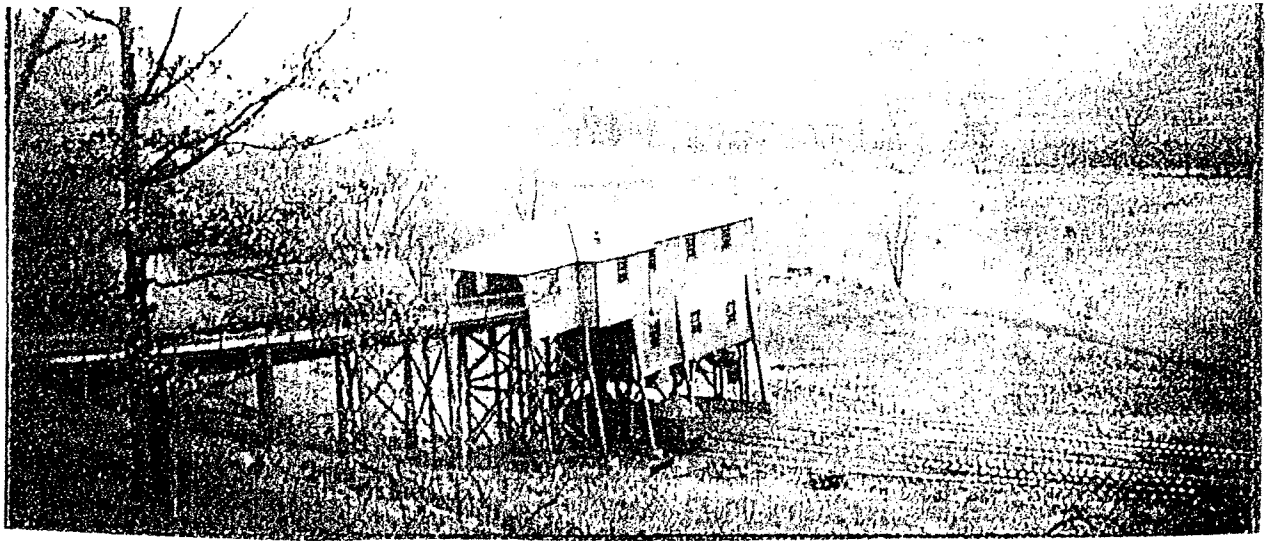
MELVIN'S SCHOOL - 1914

Located in the Kidd's Mill area near the Melvin the Cassidy homestead farms on Irish Ridge, now the Line Road. Iva Miller taught here during the 4-1915 term. When the water was high on Scott's , she rode her pupils across on her horse. Teacher, Clyde Melvin, took his pupils to his e during lunch hour to let them hear a radio, the st such luxury in this backwoods community.



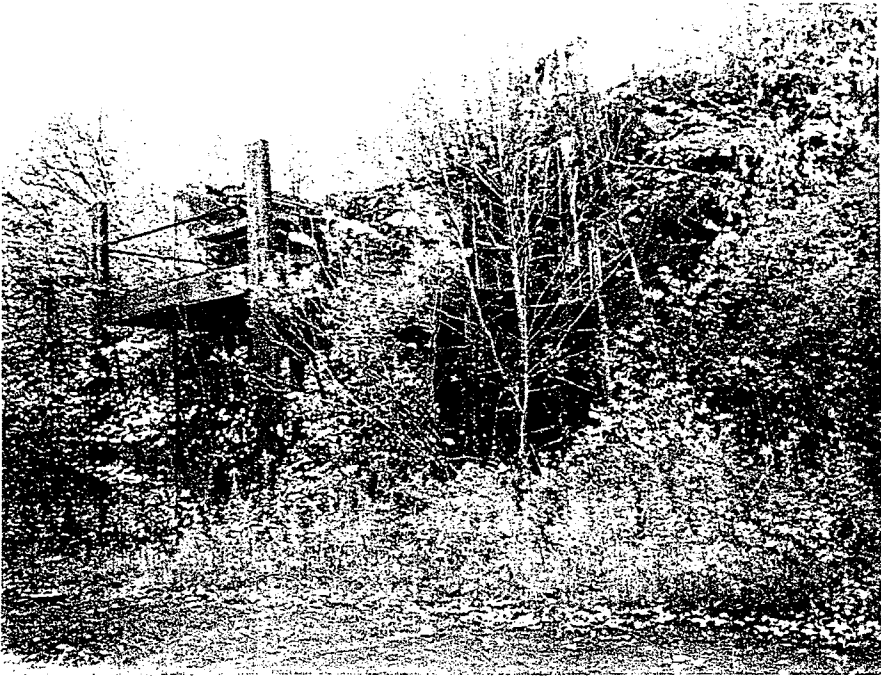
All That Is Left Of
 Boarding House

1983



TOP

The coal tippie at Kidd's Mill.



LEFT

Ruins of the tippie today.

BELOW

Robert Kidd was the last owner of the mill that still bears his name. Stories handed down through the years say that he either walked or rode his horse to the mill every day from Eldersville, where he lived. He operated it for many years around the turn of the century.



JOE CAMPBELL

Oldtimers from Eldersville and Jefferson Township will remember a unique character of the 1920's and the 1930's known as Joe Campbell. This writer's recollections of Mr. Campbell are very vivid even though I was quite small. I lived with my family in a little bungalow on a hilltop, where the narrow country road ran along a little creek at the foot of the hill beyond the springhouse. I did not know it then, but the creek was (and is) a branch of Scott's Run, and the dusty mud road is now known as State Line Road. The bungalow, the yard, the apple tree with the rope swing, in fact the whole hill - all have been swallowed by the hungry mouths of the strip shovel.

From my vantage point on the rope swing, I could look out over the valley below, and observe the "traffic" on the lonesome road. It consisted of an occasional Model T or a roadster belonging to a farm neighbor, or a peddler on foot selling a dusty powder with which to clean your silverware.

Among the "regulars" on that road was Joe Campbell. I would watch for his petite form to emerge into closer view as he slowly made his way toward the entrance of our lane. He would turn in, cross the little stream created by our spring, and saunter across the lower end of the field just above the road. An hour or so later he would make his return trip.

Mr. Campbell was short and slight of build. He had a stubby gray beard, wore a heavy overcoat even in the heat of a summer day, and carried a quart-size stone jug with a bail-type handle. If my Dad were close enough to call out, "Hello there, Joe," I would hear his high-pitched, squeaky voice reply in a friendly manner.

After I grew older, I often wondered who he was, who were his people, where did he come from, and where did he live. After all, my name was Campbell, too. I was intrigued by this little man in the heavy overcoat, who walked what had to be miles for a quart of milk from a dairy farmer.

In later years, I learned that Mr. Campbell's home was far down the valley near the abandoned Kidd's Mill site, a humble little house scarcely more than a shack in an isolated spot surrounded by forested hills. He had no conveniences, and, living alone, needed few.

Joe Campbell's death came on January 5, 1946, when he was 83 years of age.

In 1982, his family decided to do some research on their ancestors. Interesting facts were uncovered.

Joe was a son of Arthur Montgomery Campbell, one of Jefferson Township's most highly respected citizens, who died June 3, 1906. When the family first came to this area as pioneers, they settled near Langeloth, in the Burgettstown area, on the farm that had been occupied by the famous Indian fighters, Andrew and Adam Poe.



One girl of the family later married Thomas Elder, after whom Eldersville was named. One member of the family became a medical doctor in Hancock County.

Others married into prominent families such as Vance, Proudfit, and Gibson.

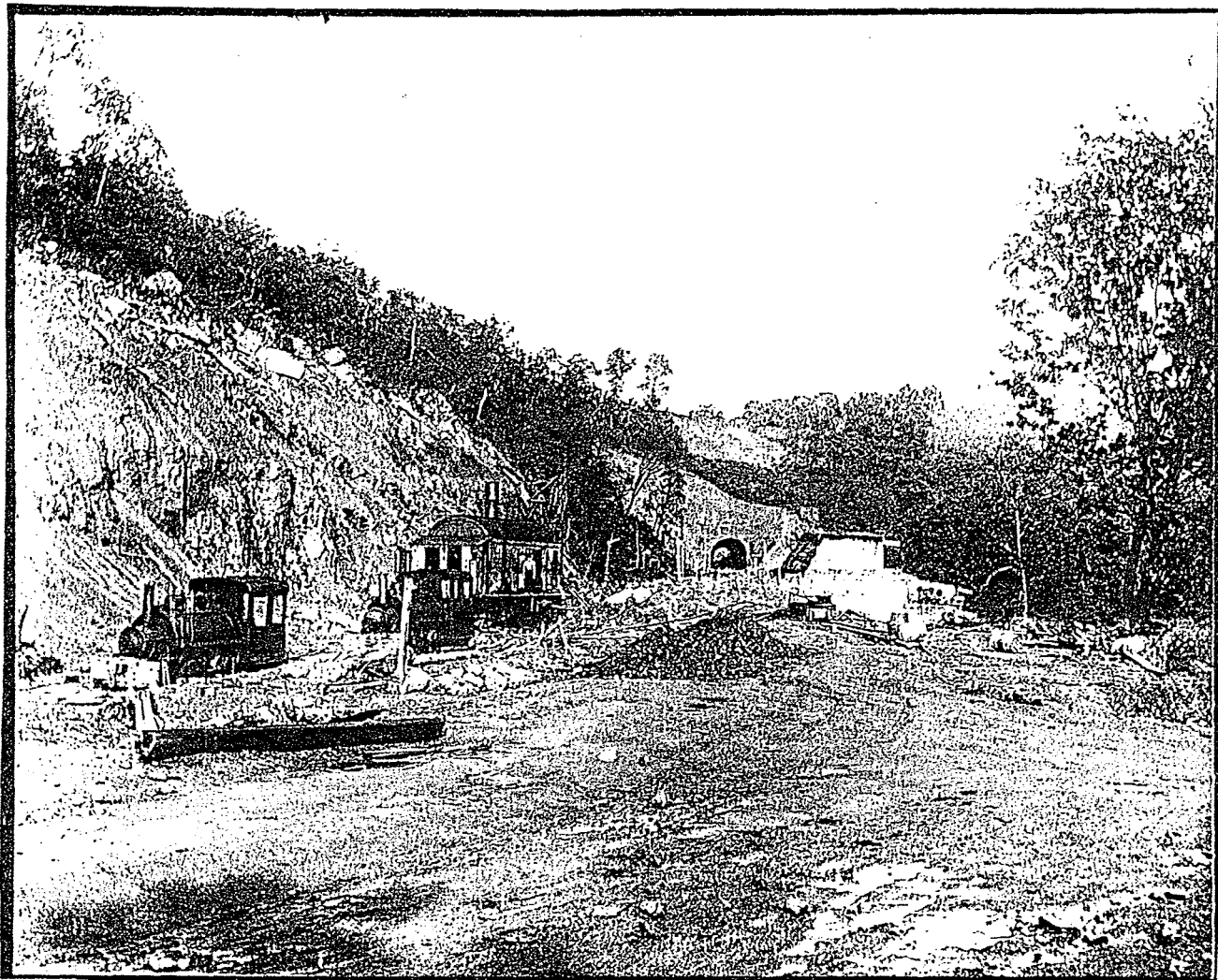
According to the writings of Historian, A.D. White, the family had emigrated here from Ireland probably prior to 1775.

Locally, Joe's father, Montgomery, was known as "Gum Campbell." He had the reputation of being a fine carpenter, and was well known for his work in Jefferson Township and surrounding areas, as well as in Brooke County. It was said that he worked on more buildings than any other man in his day.

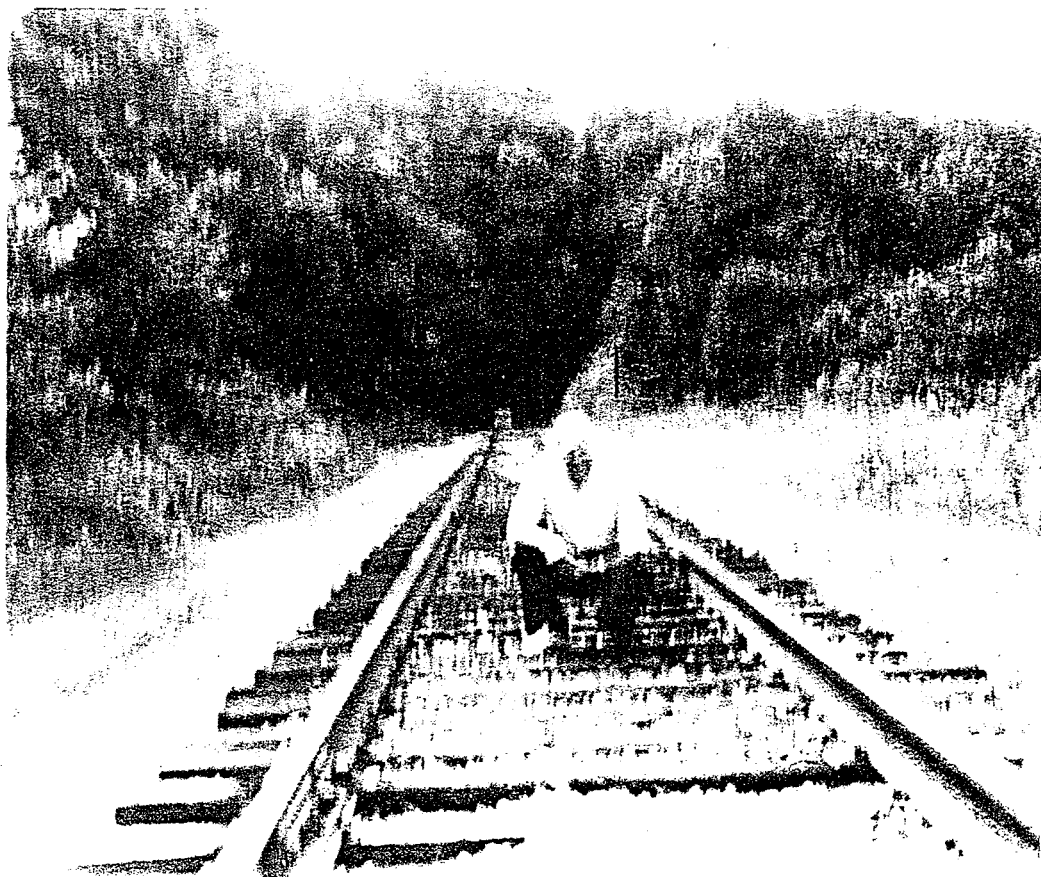
In 1848 he married Margaret Gardner, of Hollidays Cove. They celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary in 1898. (One hundred years ago this year.)

One account says that "Joe made his livelihood on the farm joining Brooke County, later known as the Charlie Gillespie place, adjoining the Steen farm."

Quite a heritage for a little man in a heavy overcoat, with a squeaky voice, — carrying a stone jug!



In this photo circa 1903-04, it appears that the boring of the State Line Tunnel has been completed, but as yet the tracks of the Wabash Railroad have not been laid.



In July, 1986, the late Otha Wells posed on the Wabash tracks with the State Line Tunnel behind him in the distance.

RIGHT

Craighead Tunnel,
one-half mile east of
State Line Tunnel, at
Virginville.

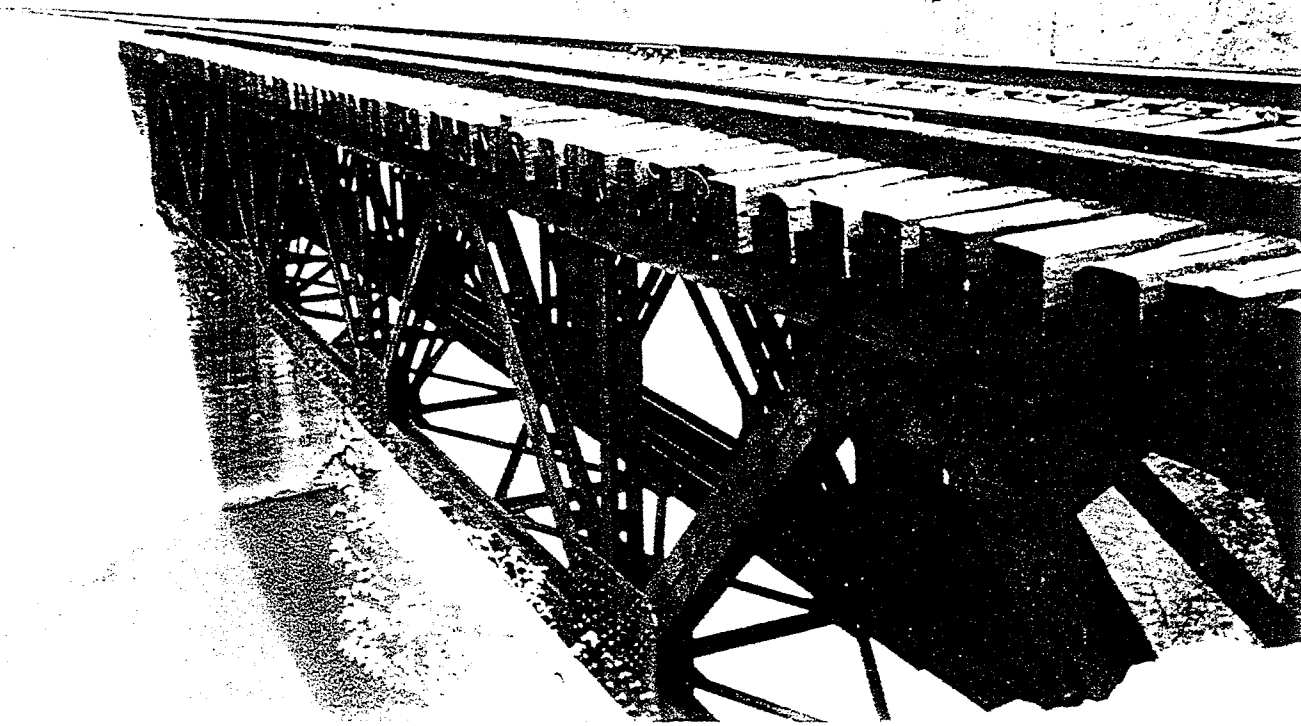
BELOW

Site of Craighead
Mill at east end of
the tunnel.

The mill was some-
times referred to as
Lummer's Mill. It
was here that the mar-
riage of Patrick Gass
took place in 1831.
Gass was Lewis and
Clarke's "Last Man."
He was age 60 when
he married Maria
Hamilton, age 18.

Maria died when he
was 77, leaving him
seven small child-
ren.





THE TRESTLE

The trestle over Cross Creek at Virginville is an ominous sight for the one who beholds it for the first time. But for someone who walks its length every day, such as Freda Mack who lives in New Camp, it is old hat.

Freda and her husband are the only residents of the camp now. So walking the trestle is not crowded. But Margaret DeGarmo Cunningham as well as hundreds of others, well remember the days when every child in New Camp who went to school at Scott's Run, arrived there and walked home by way of this trestle.

"It was the only way we could get to school," Margaret reminisces fondly, "and the only way home." She goes on to say that perhaps thirty or thirty-five kids would be on the trestle at one time, some walking, some running, some crawling between the tracks. "This went on for many years," she says. "Some would even try to walk the rails!" And as far as she knows, no child ever fell off. But she recalls that one day a man who was apparently afraid, became confused as he crawled on his knees along the track. Instead of moving along lengthwise, he started crosswise, and soon fell. The angry creek below carried his body downstream where it was snagged near the Old Mill Tavern and was not found for two months.

"We kids put our ears to the track so we could better hear the train coming," Margaret

remembers.

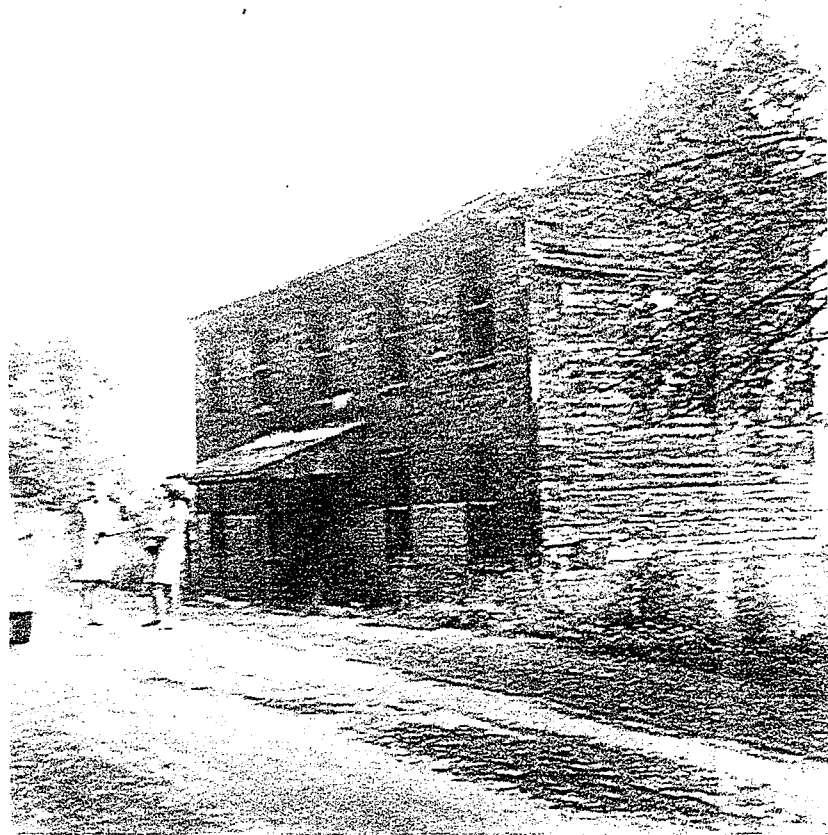
The trestle was not always this wide. The extension ties as seen here, were added later.



The "City Limits" sign for Virginville was planted near the Station, and was visible when passengers boarded or stepped off the train. Weeds threatened to choke it out, but the sign held its own. It is no longer needed. Virginia Station is only a memory.

THE SECTION HOUSE

A "section house" is an important element in the building of a railroad. The men who work on a "section" of the railroad must have a place to live. In the building of the Wabash in 1904, and in the maintaining of it in years following, it is believed that many of these men were bachelors. The railroad company furnished houses for them, such as the one in the picture to the right.



This "switch house," as it was sometimes called, stood at the very edge of Cross Creek Road not far from Pot Rock.

After the need by the railroad for such temporary quarters was past, the house served as "home" to a number of families and individuals. Then one day a few years ago, the inevitable happened. It burned down mysteriously, presumably by arson. The property was sold to the coal company and not long after this, stripping operations began. In this picture are Esther Fisher and Mary Moore.

The bottom picture shows the ruins of another section house in the Cross Creek area. This foundation with its intricately placed stones still stands near the Wabash track between Virginville and Scott's Run. This house was once the home of Bill Tarr, a vagabond-type

individual upon whom Fate seldom smiled. Through no apparent fault of his own, he usually found himself homeless, living wherever he could find a suitable shack that could shelter him. He did odd jobs for a number of farmers in the Cross Creek area, moving from one farm to another, and occupying yet another shack.

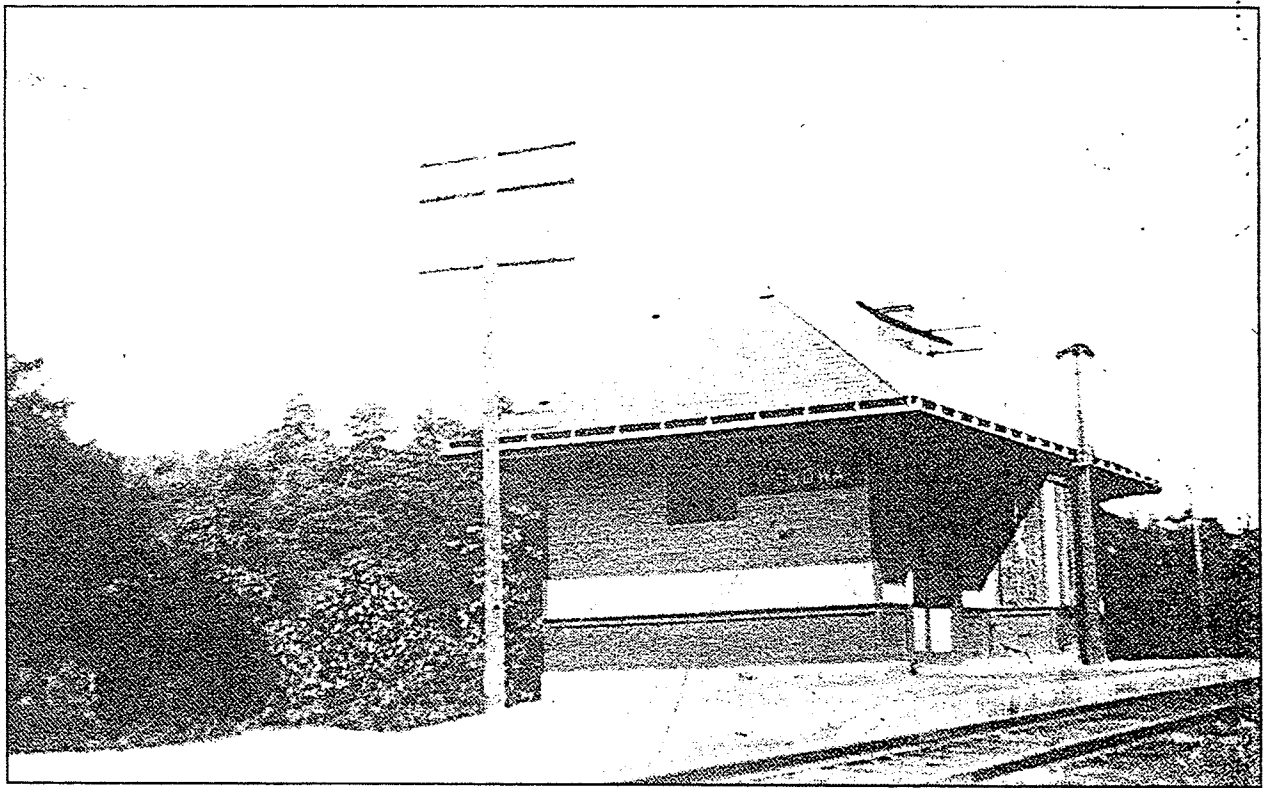
Those today who knew him, remember him as a carpenter who could fashion wood at his will, and build a barn of which to be proud.

In the early 1900's, Mr. Tarr was helping a neighbor with thrashing some grain. There was an accident, in which a boiler upset on top of him, badly damaging his leg. No one gave a

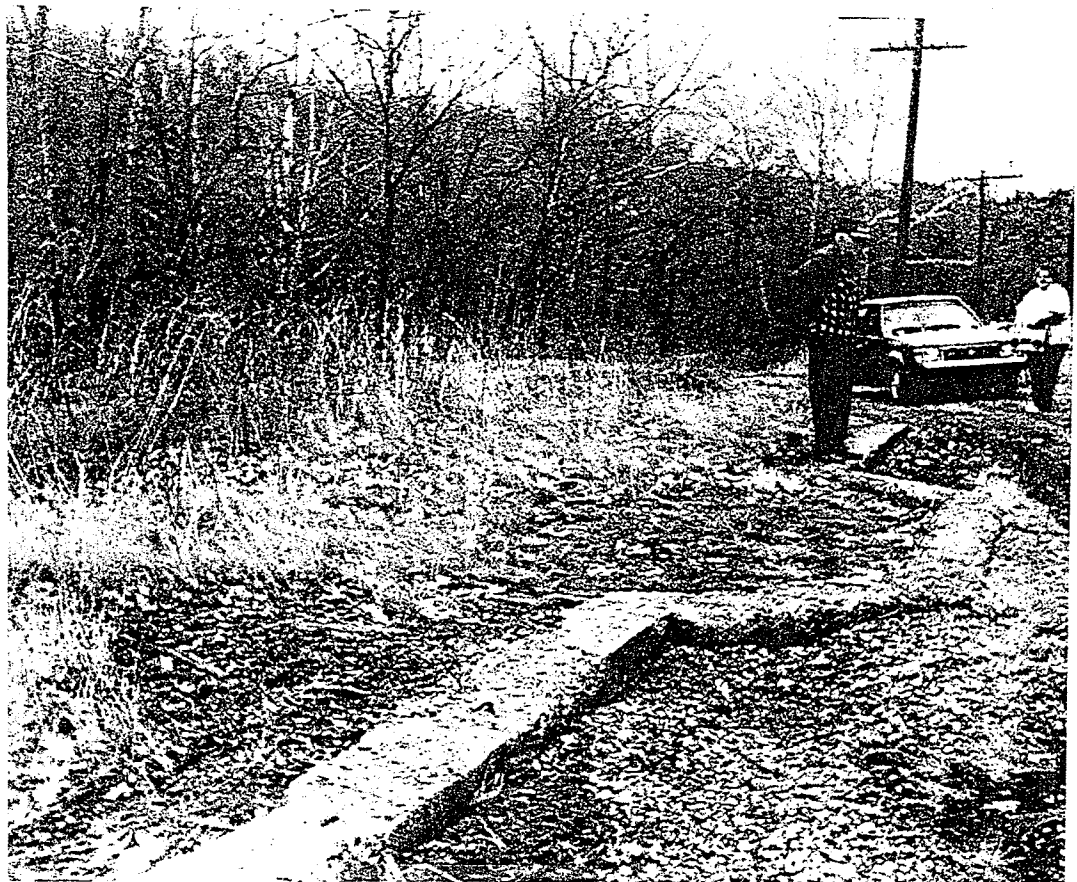
thought to taking him to a doctor, thus his leg healed in a twist. He spent the remainder of his life a cripple. In his old age, when he became unable to care for himself, a kind neighbor made arrangements for him to spend the remainder of his days in an old peoples' home.

And Bill Tarr, who began life in an orphanage many years before, and who bounced crippled from shack to shack in the throes of poverty, must have felt perfectly at home.





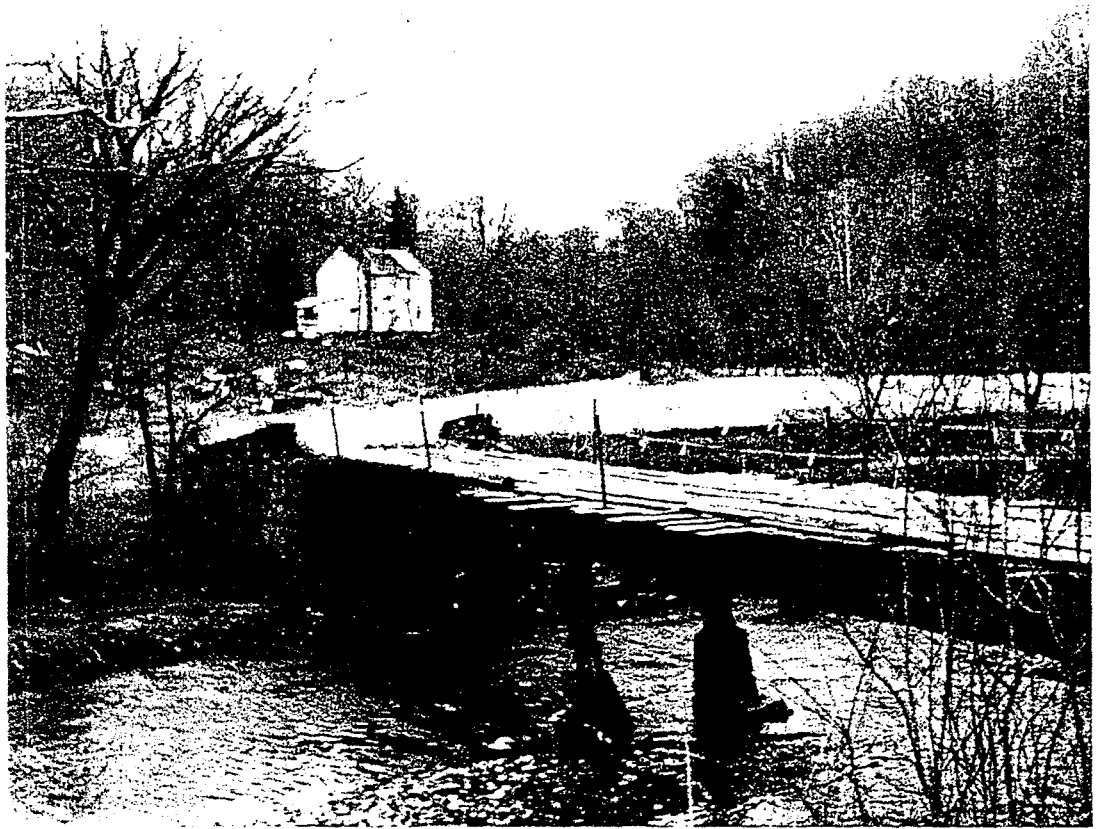
A peek through the State Line Tunnel in 1916 would show this well-kept little Railroad Station known as Penowa. Much activity surrounded the station, as passengers came and went, mingling with freight such as horses, calves, and baggage. Livestock was shipped to distant markets and passengers with the desire to travel into the midwestern states or to shop in towns across the Ohio River made their way to the station by horse or on foot.



Times have changed since those bustling days of a few decades ago. This footer is all that remains of the Penowa Railroad Station.

SELDOM SEEN

This area of Jefferson township, just through the State Line tunnel from Virginville, is called Seldom Seen. It is at the extreme southern tip of the township bordering Independence township, the two being separated by the flow of Cross Creek, seen here. The house shown here is the home of Louis and Ladys Kaposy. It is in Independence Township. The mining camp of Seldom Seen was farther up this hollow to the rear of the house.



When the mines shut down in 1946, the road up over the hill in the distance was abandoned. It once led to the town of Independence, on Route 844. One local coal company had begun stripping operations in 1938, causing "slips" in the road and the hillside. By 1941, everyone had moved out of the camp of Seldom Seen. Another stripping operation moved in and destroyed what was left of the hillside.

Louis Kaposy says that his father bought the Johnson farm, and that he has lived here since 1919. This bridge is the only way to get across the stream. Louis has put a floor on it twice throughout the years, but says it is a difficult task to keep it in a passable condition. The use of salt by the state trucks has caused much deterioration on the near side of the bridge.

The disastrous flood of 1912 took its toll in this area. Both the bridge and the house were washed away. In 1913, the house seen in this picture was built.

Louis says that all the houses in Seldom Seen were double houses, but were built of pine wood. Therefore, as the miners and their families moved out, they were unable to take their homes with them, such as was done in many other camps. Pine wood is easily split, and is worth nothing the second time around.

The camps of Seldom Seen, Waverly, and others along Cross Creek flourished after the Wabash Railroad was built in 1904. Until then, miners were unable to get their coal to market. The Wabash changed all of that, and today's generation is still giving thanks to the men who struggled against all odds to build the line and lay the ribbons of steel rails over the most rugged terrain, nearly a century ago.

Before crossing the bridge, and in the area to the right, not shown in the picture, many other activities have taken place at various times. John Brown owned a race track here. His family later grew up in Eldersville.

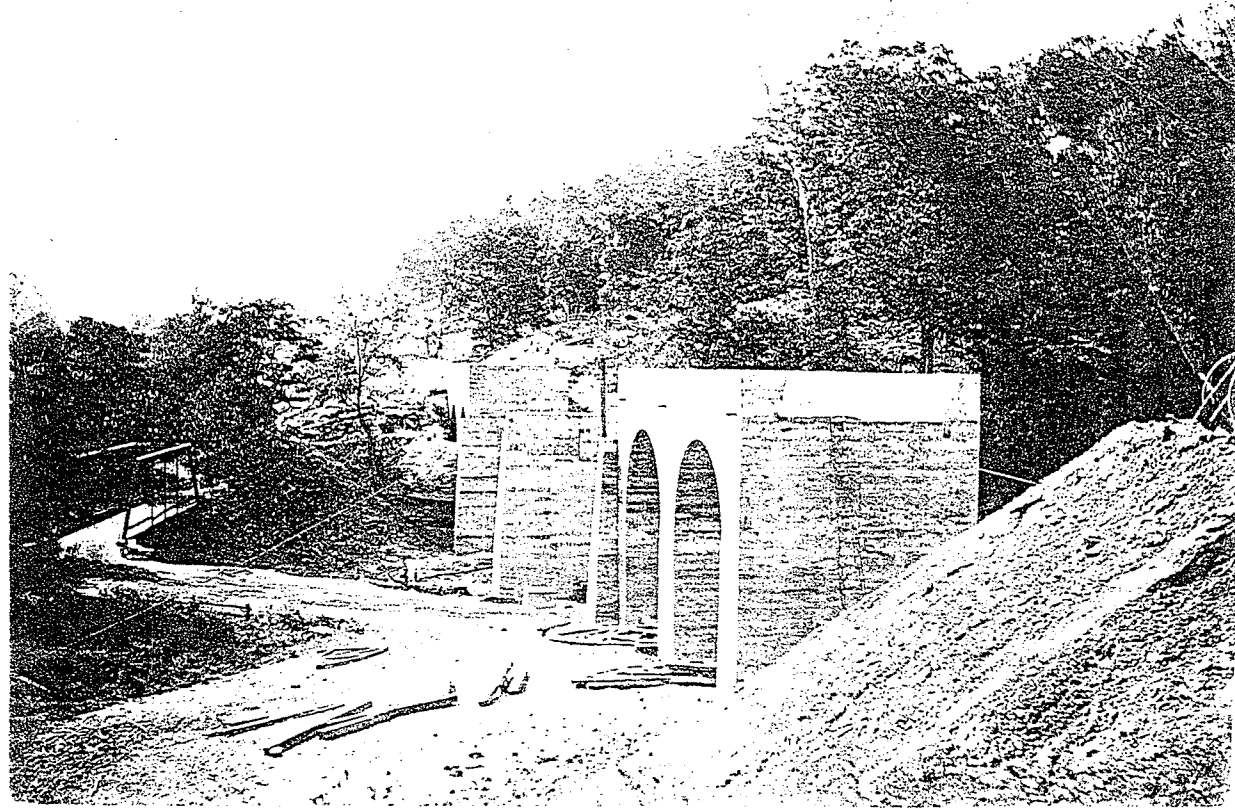
Shirley Cline, who was well known in the Scott's Run area of the Cross Creek Valley, at one time made his home here. The Buxton Mill was located on a flat area here near the creek. It was from the top of this mill that Jacob Buxton, Jr. fell in the year 1836 and was killed. And old school records read that, in 1818, a country school, possibly a fore-runner to the old Miller's School, stood on this bottom. Seldom Seen may have been seldom seen, but it left its mark in local history.



One of the "Twin Tunnels" that were burrowed under the hills of the southern tip of Jefferson Township before entering the Klein or State Line Tunnel into West Virginia. The "twins" are Craighead and Buxton.



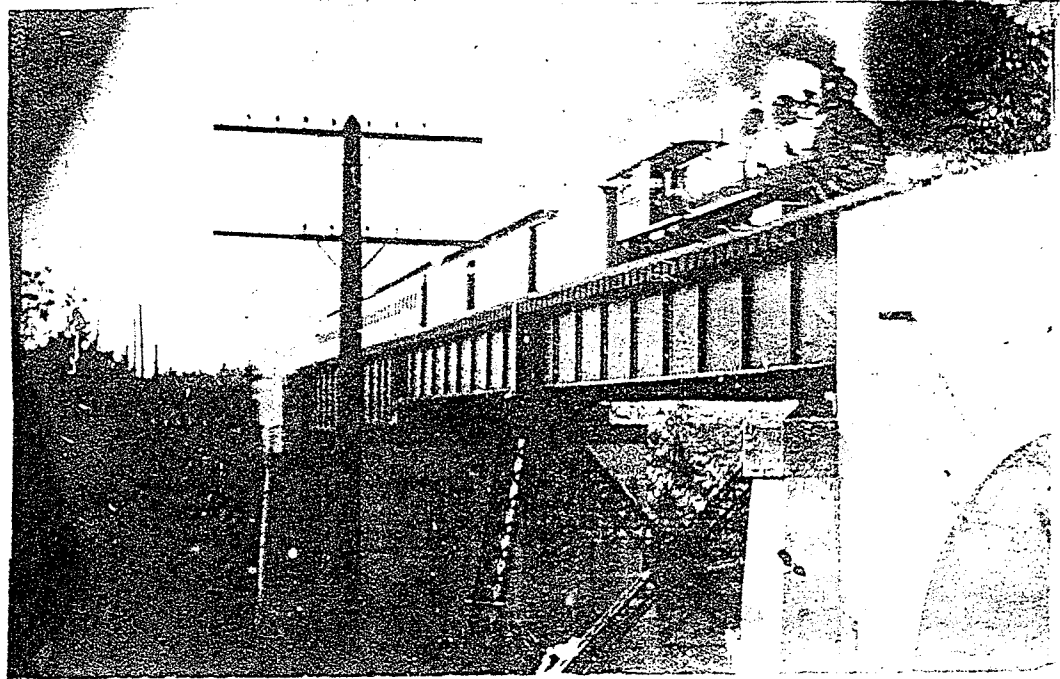
Virginia Station, at Virginville, once stood on the small flat area between these two "Railroad Crossing" signs. Nothing remains, not even the nostalgia of a spot once teeming with traveling humanity and carloads of freight. The road leads only across the track. Before 1900 it turned left to Fowlers Mill and on to Seldom Seen.



TOP PICTURE

The Rockdale area of the Cross Creek Valley has changed much since this picture was taken in 1904. This shows the beginnings of the long trestle that spans the creek and the road. The arch-shaped supports may still be seen, but are less prominent now than when first built.

The bridge shown in the left of the picture has probably been replaced several times. As these words are being written, a still newer bridge is under construction.



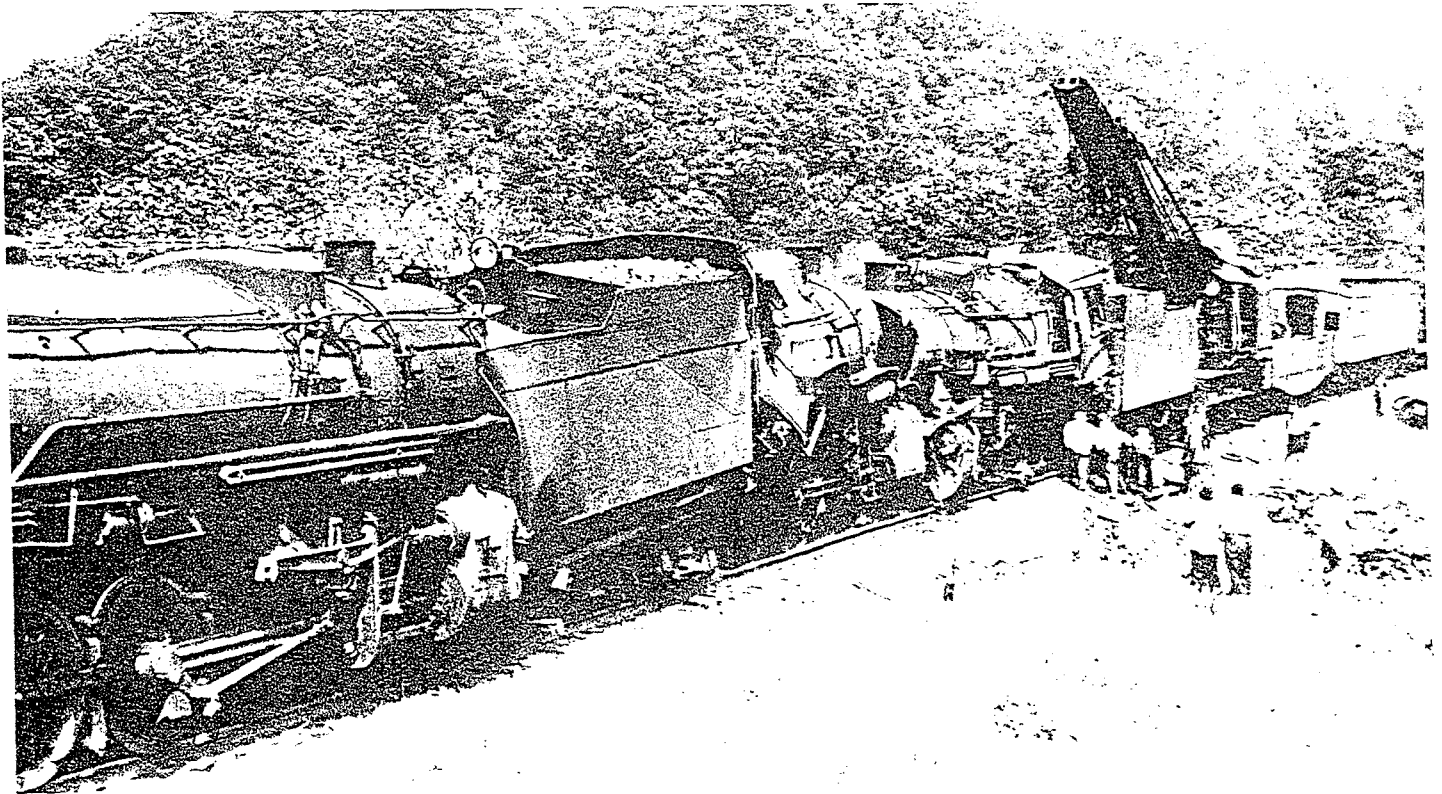
BOTTOM PICTURE

The first run over the new Wabash line was on July 2, 1904. The train left the Wabash Station in Pittsburgh at 4:55 p.m., destination, St. Louis, Missouri. It is shown here as it crossed the trestle at Rockdale.

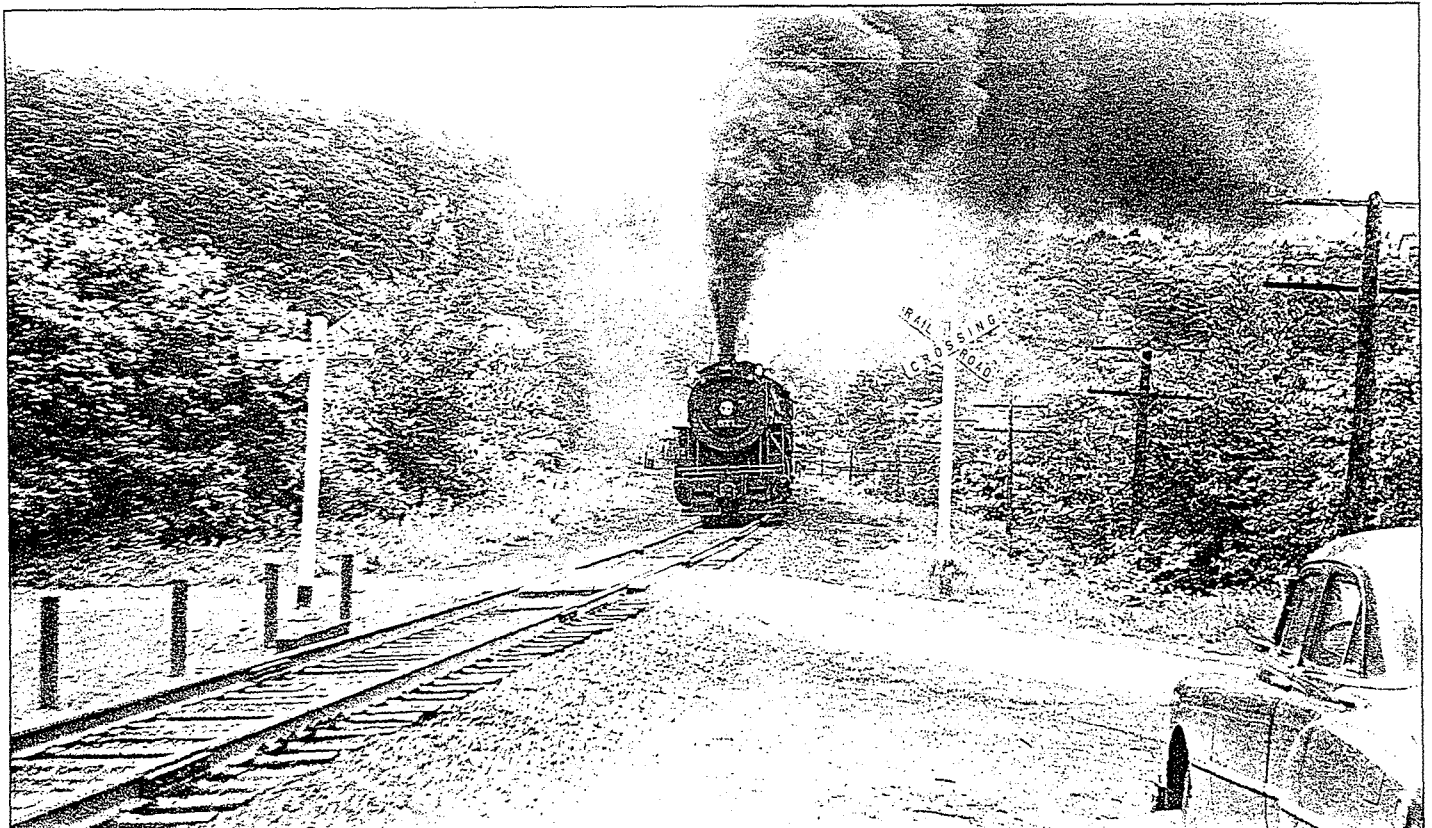
When the train left the station in Pittsburgh, great crowds of people cheered. And they continued to cheer all the way to

Mingo. The new Wabash bridge had been constructed over the Ohio, the tunnels had been bored through the hills, and trestles had been built over gorges.

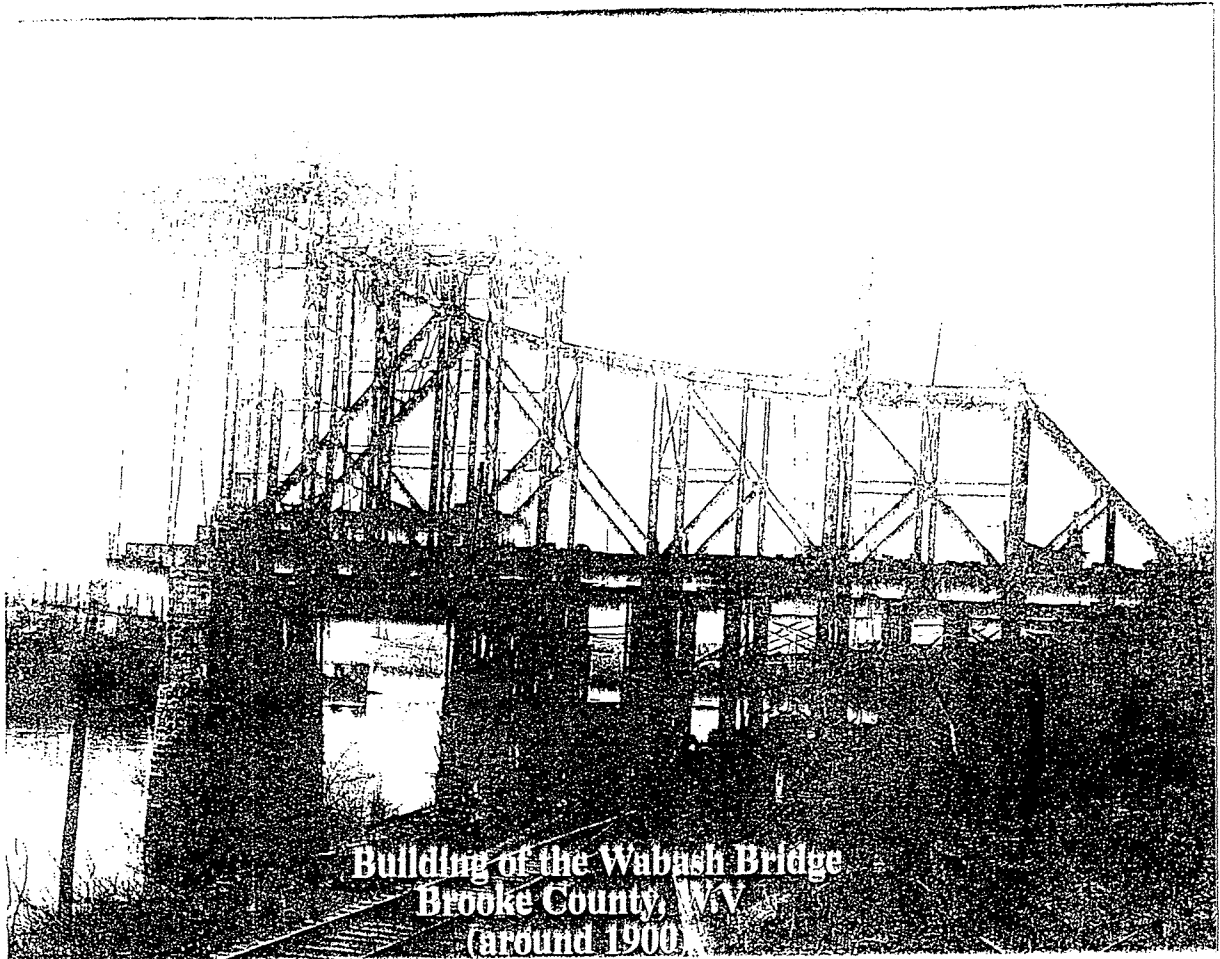
One can scarcely imagine today the excitement as bands along the Cross Creek Valley hammered out the tune, "Meet Me in St. Louis!" The Wabash had been born!



It was a thunderous crash that echoed from the hills of the Cross Creek Valley on June 10, 1947. These two trains hit head on a quarter mile east of the siding at Rockdale.



A typical scene at Penowa in 1951 as this eastbound train emerges from the State Line, or Klein Tunnel, four miles from where it crossed the Ohio River at the Wabash Bridge.



THE WABASH

There is no one living today who would have any recollection of the trials and tribulations and struggles that the builders of the Wabash Railroad endured. Although the line is no longer called the Wabash, its nostalgia remains.

The success of this seemingly impossible undertaking, that of building a railroad through the rough and hilly terrain of the West Virginia Panhandle, is due largely to the brilliant mind and the determination of a man named Jay Gould. Born in 1836, this man no doubt contributed more of himself to his persistent ideas than anyone of his day. His son, George Jay Gould, was born in 1864, and followed doggedly in his father's footsteps until the latter's death in 1892. George Jay Gould then led others of like mind into a network of interests that produced not only the section of railroad known by the folks who live along Cross Creek, but an intricate system of transportation that extended far into the midwest.

Probably the local Cross Creek area was more receptive to the coming of this Iron Horse than many of the other regions through which it passed. Hills and streams standing in the way of railroad tracks speak of the need for tunnels, bridges and trestles. Coming from the direction of Pittsburgh, by the time the train reaches Virginville, after it passes through the State Line Tunnel, the rest is easy sailing across the Panhandle to the Ohio River.

Much preparation had transpired with the Gould interests before the tracks were laid through the Cross Creek Valley. Problems with competitive railroad companies caused many delays and much frustration. Buying, selling, incorporating, reorganizing, merging - all were time-consuming, to say nothing of harassing attempts of rival companies to block the very existence of the Wabash.

Finally, after many years of antagonism and collaboration, the western end of the line was begun just beyond Hopedale, Ohio, and was called, Pittsburgh Junction. It ribboned its way in almost a straight line through several tunnels, viaducts, and over bridges and archways, until it reached West Virginia.

Continued Next Page

From Previous Page

At this point, the beautiful and perfect Wabash Bridge was constructed to span the Ohio. The bridge is a through-pin connected 1296.5 foot long cantilever, with 298.25 foot long east and west truss anchor spans and 700 foot channel span. It is the second longest cantilever bridge in the United States next to its sister bridge, the larger Monongahela River span in Pittsburgh. Because of its problems in reaching into the city, the Wabash was nicknamed, "The High and Dry."

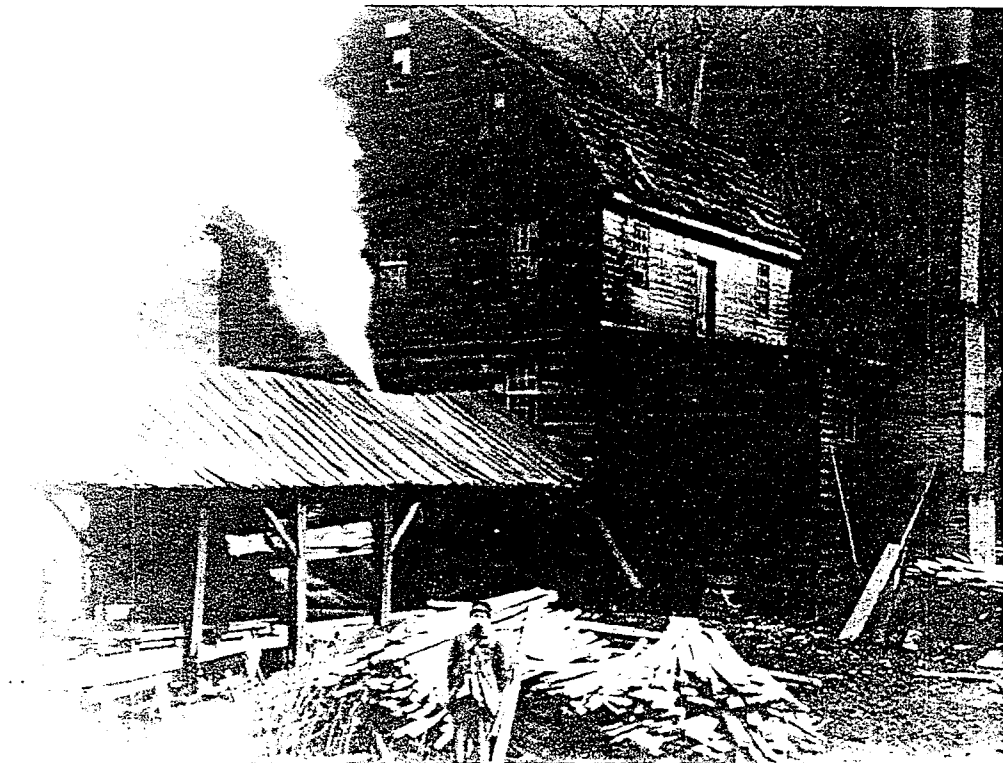
The first train passed through the Cross Creek Valley on July 2, 1904, accompanied by much cheering along the way. The 4.51 miles of line ran through the "stops" that soon became household terms - Rockdale, Louise, Pot Rock, Cliftonville, and Virginville, where the train would disappear into the Klein tunnel and enter Pennsylvania.

Life took on a different meaning with the coming of the Wabash. The coal in the hills of West Virginia could be more easily mined and sent to market. The little towns and camps were drawn closer together. A three or four-cent pass could get one from Louise to the Wabash Bridge, where the whole world awaited to provide the desires of one's many whims.

But once again, Time marches on. Wants, needs and desires change, as do the methods of acquiring them. The mournful whistle of the Wabash is gone. The silent Diesel that replaced it is no longer needed to carry excited passengers to new adventures. And those once coveted adventures are no longer appealing as the modern, computer and space ages have usurped most fragments of man's thinking.

A single track remains. An occasional engine rumbles through. But the Wabash is gone, never again to return. Just a touch of nostalgia tugs at the heart strings of those who remember.

(All Wabash buildings in Pittsburgh for which the Gould interests fought so intensely, and the great Monongahela River Bridge, were dismantled fifty years ago.)



Kidd's Mill in 1906 was also a sawmill.

THE BELL BRANCH

In traveling the road from Virginville to the Scott's Run area of Cross Creek Valley, one will cross what had at one time been known as the Bell Branch Railroad.

This short spur ran up the hollow to Kidd's Mill, and was financed by coal tycoon, John A. Bell.

The tipple, only parts of which remain today, and the long trestle that spans Scott's Run at this point, were also built by the Bell Company. When coal was mined near Kidd's Mill, it was loaded into cars on this railroad and carried down the track to Virginville, then shipped to its destination.

John A. Bell became a legend of his day. His name was a household term as more details of his notorious financial affairs were brought to light. As president of the

local financial institutions, his notoriety became more widespread



JOHN A. BELL

(Newspaper article dated August 14, 1925)

President of the defunct Carnegie Trust Company, First National Bank of Carnegie, and Burgettstown National Bank, who is under arrest, charged with embezzling \$800,643 of the funds of the Carnegie Trust Company. The charge was filed after a special investigation by state officials.

with his embezzling of more than \$800,000.

A unique tale with John A. Bell as the chief character was "The Saga of the Bell Farm," which took place in Allegheny County, where the Greater Pittsburgh Airport now stands.

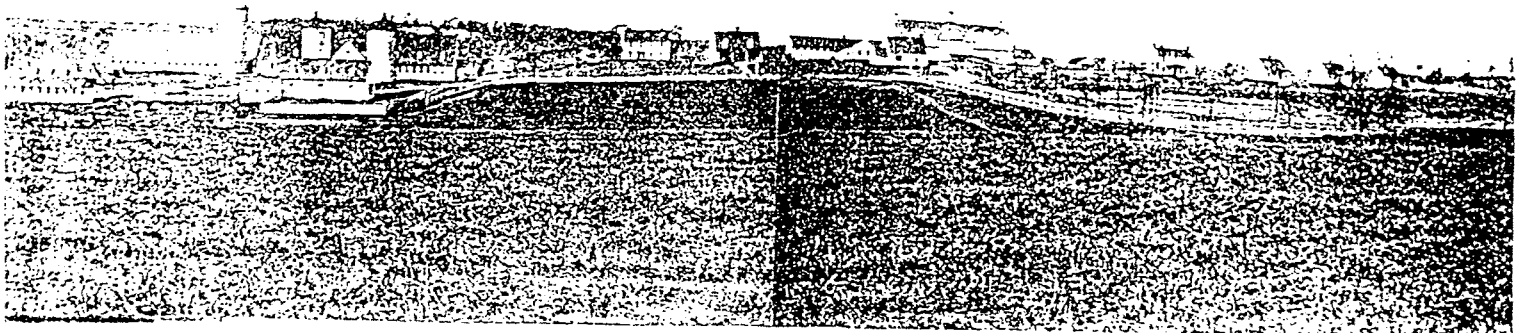
Spanning the years between 1921 and 1942, this farm was known as "the greatest of the great" in stock and dairy farms in Pennsylvania. It consisted of 1,190 acres and was the home of a famous herd of Holstein cattle, English Shire and Belgian horses, and Shropshire sheep. The land had originally been ten farms, under the same number of owners. Bell bought all of them and built no less than 21 buildings - horse barns, cattle barns, cottages, offices, garages, a creamery, a bull barn, and more. The four large barns that surrounded the creamery housed more than 200 milking cows.

A self-sustaining community, the Bell Farm became complete with the addition in 1932 of a house of worship named, "God's Church for All People." This church building was moved to Greensburg when the Bell Farm was dispersed.

In 1941, Allegheny County bought and claimed all the land known as the Bell Farm. Military installations were set up, which later were not needed. It was then that the Greater Pittsburgh International Airport was built on this same Bell land. By 1952, dedication ceremonies were held. The terminal building stood on the spot where the reservoir had been built to contain water from two wells that supplied the residents and the livestock. This same terminal was to serve millions of world travelers for more than forty years.

All traces of the charm of the rustic and simple life have disappeared concerning this giant operation initiated by John A. Bell.

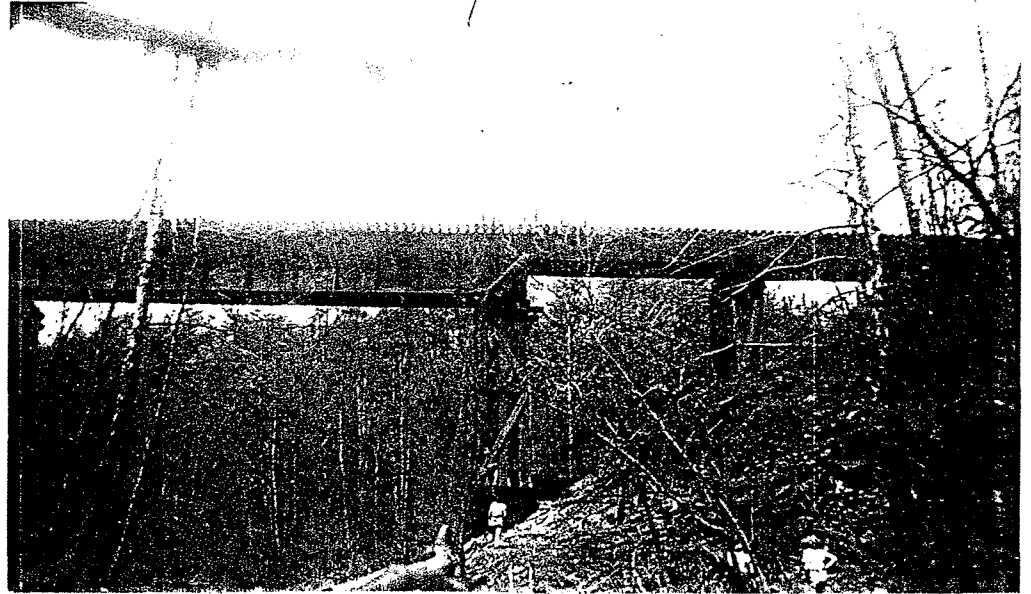
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BIRDS'S EYE VIEW OF THE BELL FARM, APRIL 5, 1937

By A.P. Fitch

MAY 1953



(From Previous Page)

The trestle that carried the Bell Branch Railroad across a deep ravine near Kidd's Mill
May, 1953

Instead is the bustle of hurrying humanity, the swooping of giant jets on concrete ribbons of runway and the thunderous din of earth-moving equipment as huge jaws gulp tons of earth in the ever widening process of airport expansion.

And what became of John A. Bell, the shrewd and clever banker-financier-embezzler? The man who was responsible for the establishment of a giant farm operation? The man under whose jurisdiction many banking facilities in the Pittsburgh area failed and closed? And the man who built the short spur of railroad that connected the coal mines of the obscure little areas of Kidd's Mill and Virginville? Early in 1926, his health failed. He became ill. Later, more financial troubles developed.

In 1927, he was admitted to a rest home. There he passed away, as did the Bell Farm, the banks where scores of depositors lost savings of a lifetime, and the little spur, where only a scar remains, all but buried under the narrow country road that runs from Virginville to old Scott's Run schoolhouse.



Later, the trestle was filled in.
Still later, the tracks were lifted.
Picture, 1970

RIGHT

Harry W. Campbell, great grandson, David W. Slasor, grandson, David E. Slasor, stand on the corner of all that remains of Kidd's Mill.

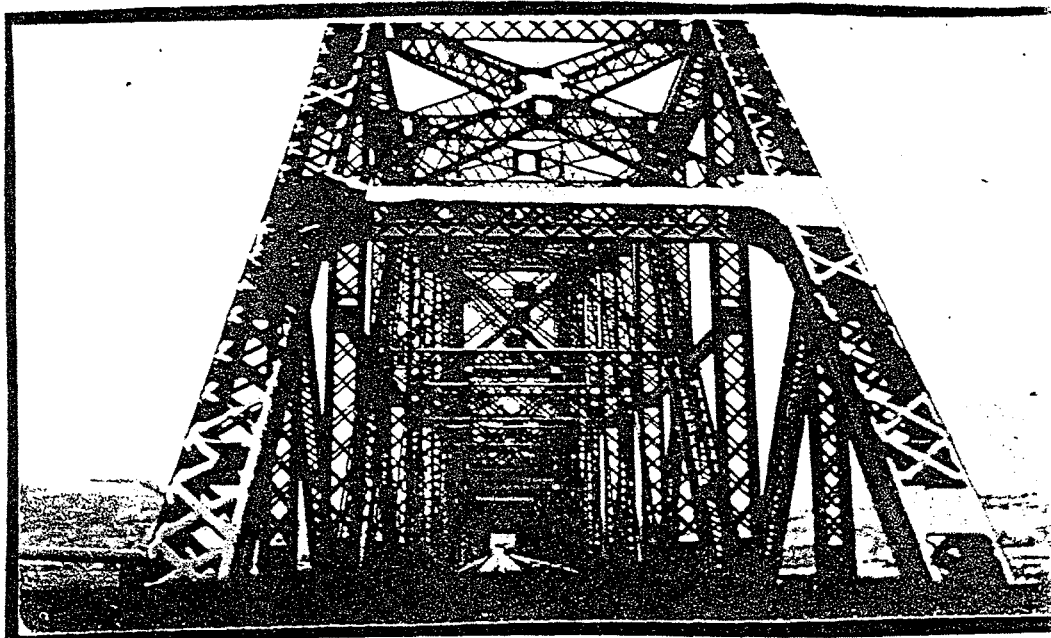
1970

Harry W. Campbell lived in the boarding house at Kidd's Mill from age 13 to 16. His family had moved in after the coal companies had no more use for the house.

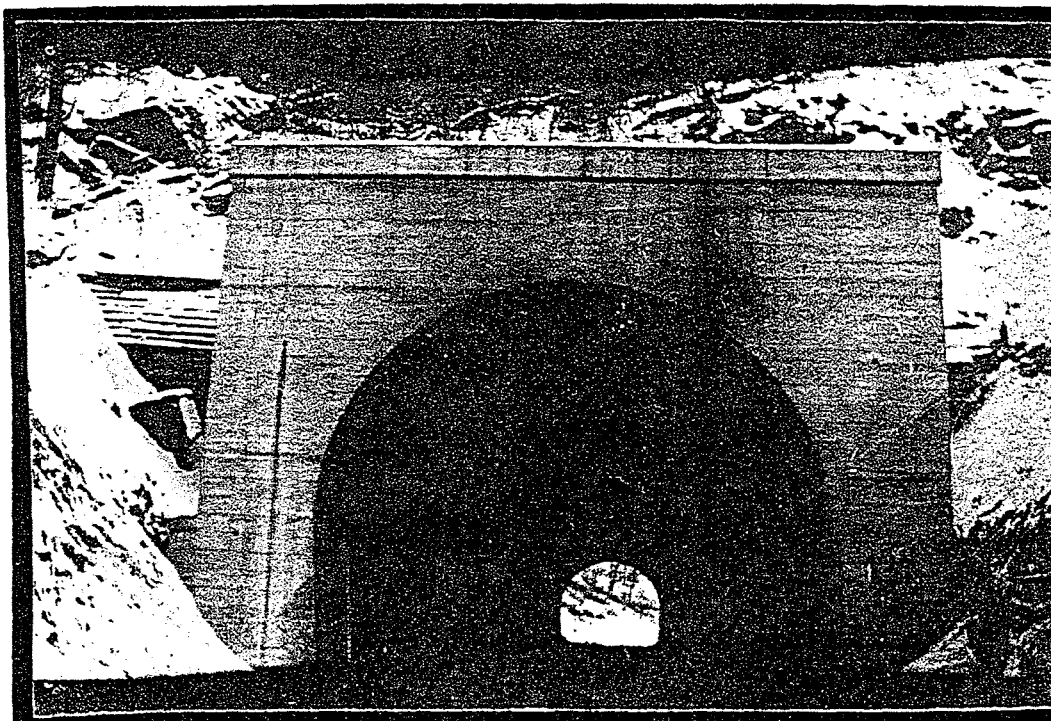
His little sister, Iris, was four years old at the time. She remembered moving day until he died at past eighty. The family and all of their belongings rode in a horse-drawn wagon. It rained constantly as they jostled down the narrow country road, and she cried all the way!



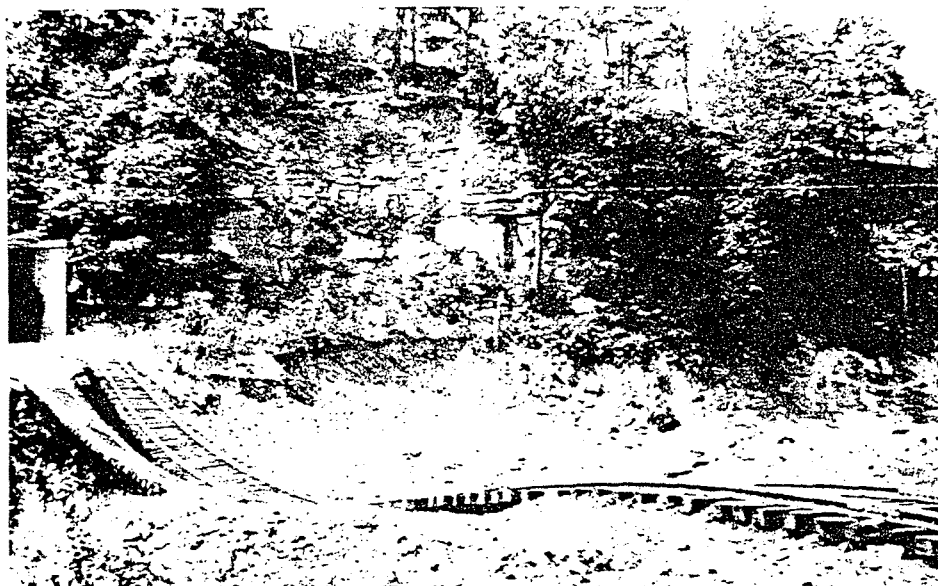
The Wabash
Bridge

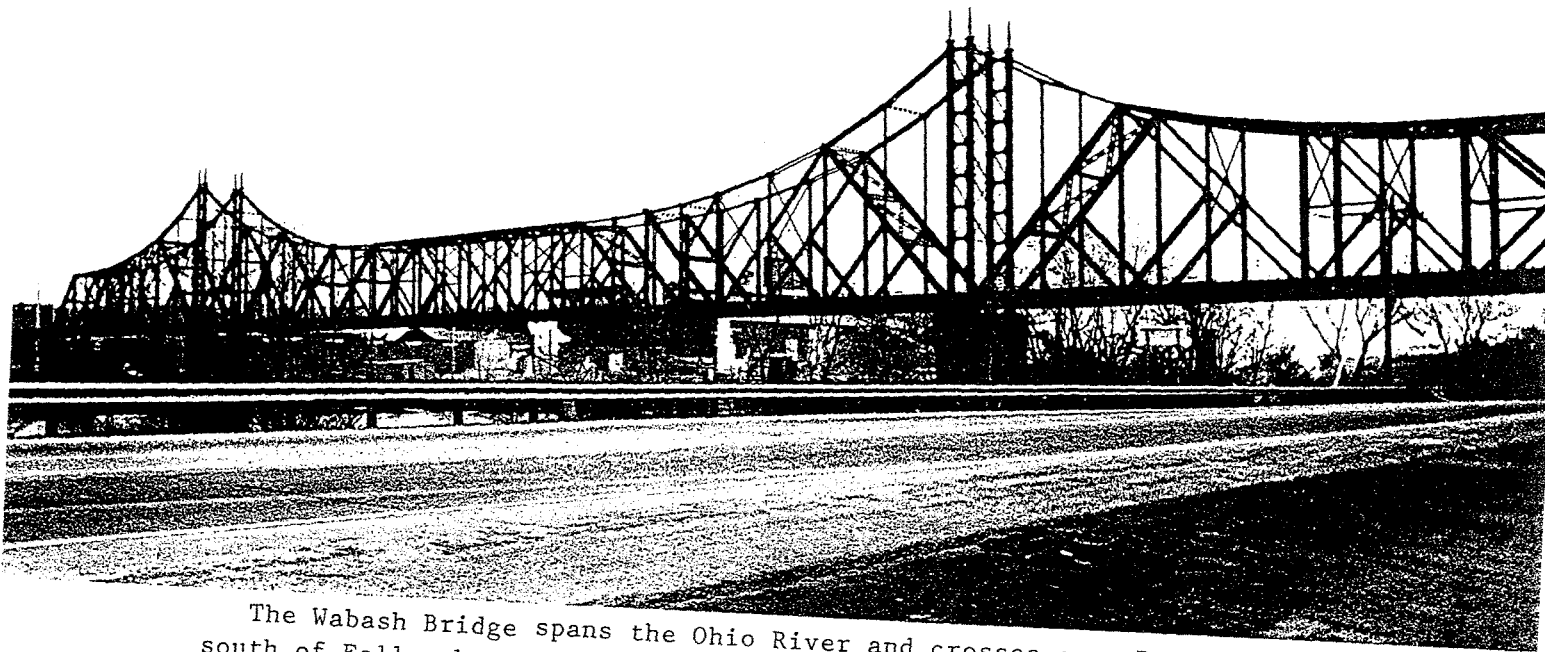


The Wabash
Tunnel



The Buxton Tunnel
Washout During
The Flood of 1912



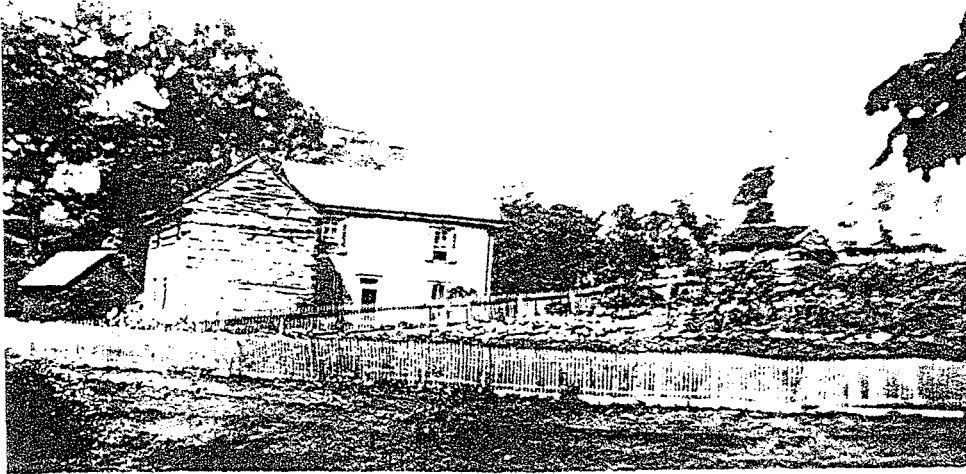


The Wabash Bridge spans the Ohio River and crosses over Route 2 south of Follansbee. Its length, 1296.5 feet. Built 1903-04.



It was either at this rock slide, or one very similar farther down the Wabash track across from presentday Brooke High School, that Thomas E. Daugherty, age 52, was killed by decapitation, on April 9, 1939. Mr. Daugherty, whose parents were James and Winifred Sharkey Daugherty, was the locomotive engineer on Engine 1000 Westbound when it hit the rock slide near Rockdale Station.
(Register of Deaths, Brooke County, West Virginia, Page 47.)

ON THE HILLTOPS
OVERLOOKING
CROSS CREEK



Top left, the Enoch Hayes log home on Tent Church Road. The best known members of the Hayes family were brothers, Clifford and Clarence, and sister, Agnes, all of whom remained their entire lifetimes on this farm. Sister Mary married Rev. Leonard Richey, and later became a minister herself. This farm has been swallowed up by coal strippers.

The bottom picture is of the Martin Luther Buxton house that once stood near Penobscot, in adjacent Jefferson Township. Nothing remains.



Top right, the Duval house, stands on probably the highest point on Tent Church Road, affording a panoramic view of the surrounding countryside. A Duval granddaughter, Laura Tredway Henthorn, lives in a new home nearby.

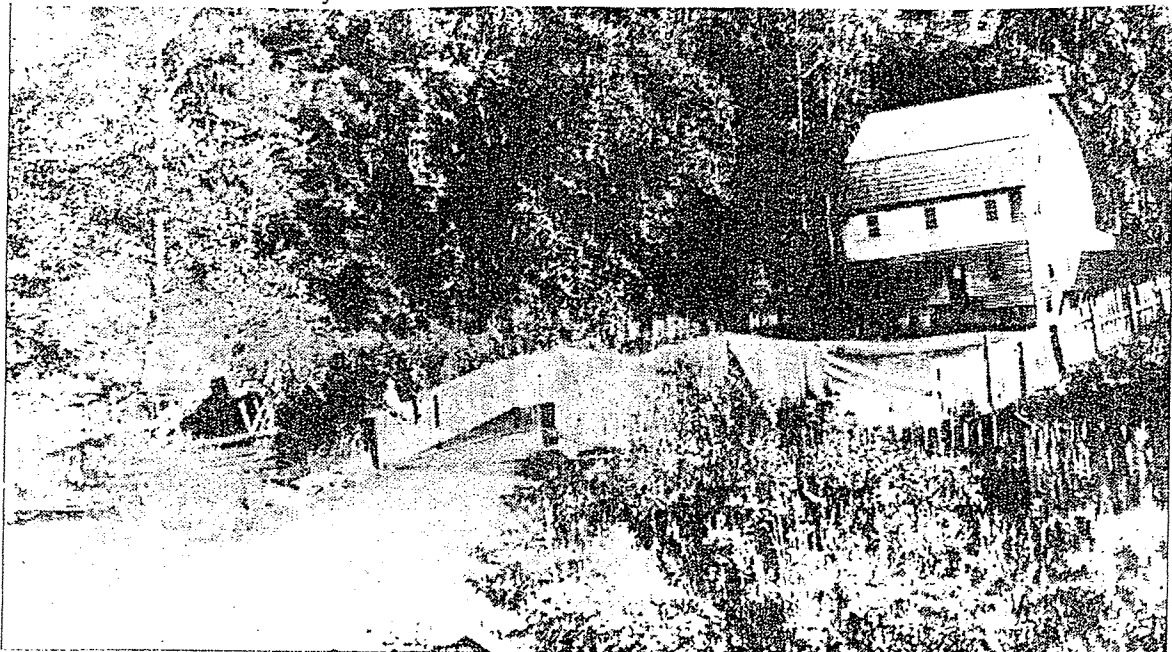




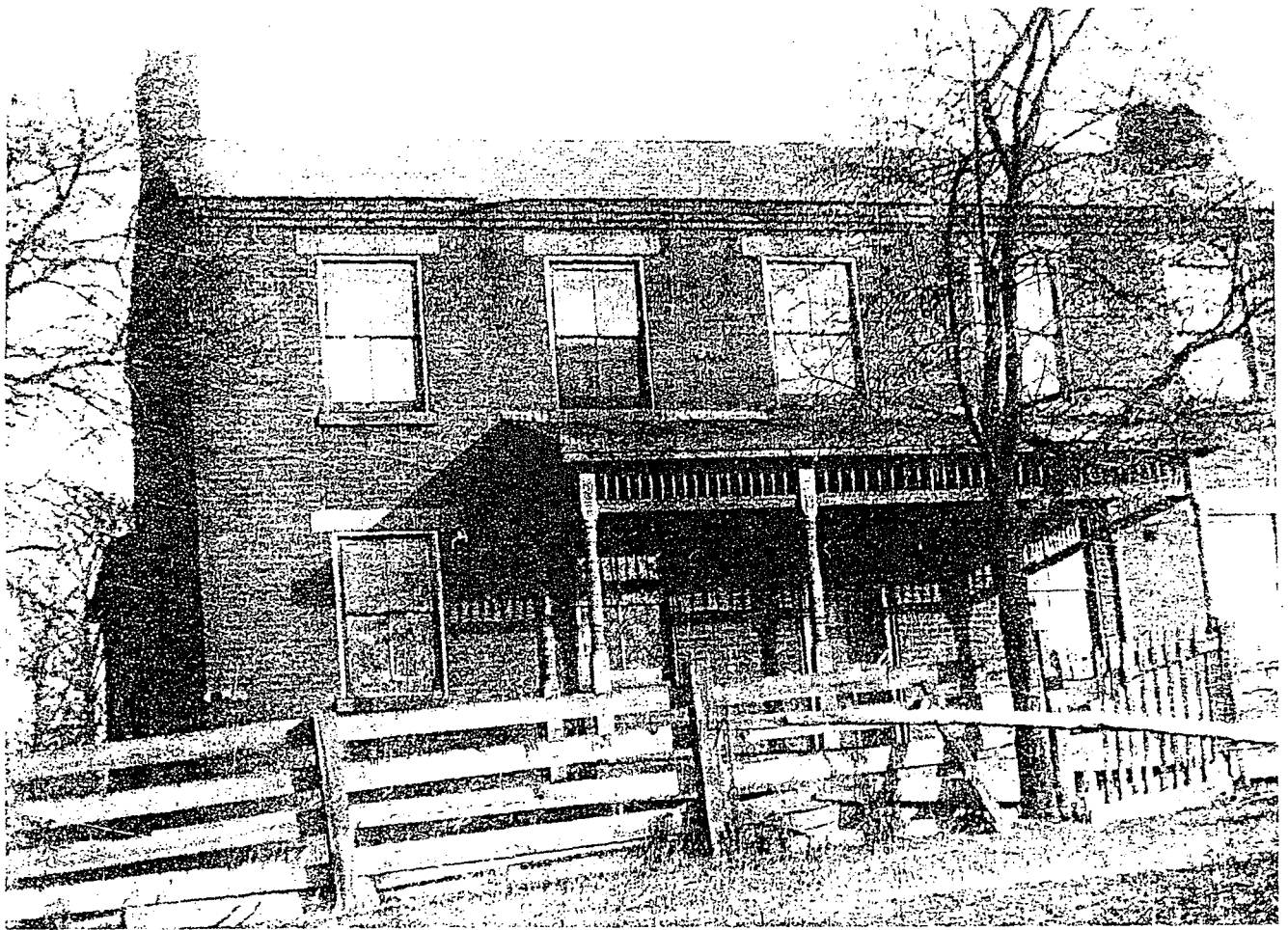
THE WILLIAMSON HOUSE

Since 1958, this house has been the home of Robert and Dolores Williamson. It stands at the southern tip of the massive rock formation known as Bethel Ridge, which extends, geologically, for several miles. It then drops perpendicularly into Cross Creek in the area of Seldom Seen. At the bottom of this 175-foot drop is the Klein tunnel, which carried the Wabash Railroad into Pennsylvania.

The house was built in 1904. Several families have lived here, including Nemith, DeFelice, and Jones. It was once graced with a wrap-around porch. The Williamsons bought it from Benny Rotellini. Its tin roof lasted for 75 years.



A View of Kidd's Mill Prior To the Flood of 1912 When All the Bridges Were Washed Away.



THE CHILL REED HOME



Joseph Edward Reed bought this farm in 1908 from Lulu Sipes. She had acquired it from the Wallace family, who had owned it for one hundred years.

The house burned in 1932. Della Reed Chilensky recalls the tragedy very vividly, even though she was quite a little girl. Details are a little hazy, but Della remembers that the family had just bought a new gasoline washing machine. Something set the gas on fire, catching the house also.

Della says that it was during the depression and money was scarce. Mr. Wells allowed the family to live in a smaller house nearby, while out-of-work relatives helped build a new one. Della is a granddaughter of Joseph Edward Reed. The house stood on Tent Church Road, joining the farm of the Hays Brothers. The picture on the left shows the marker that stood on the property line between the Reed and the Hays farms. The date is 1851. The initials are J.W. Strip shovels have taken both of these farms.



THE REESE HOUSE - After living in the Howard Cameron house at the top of Virginia Hill near Virginville for nearly three years, Harry and Selah Reese moved with their small family into this house which they built themselves. They had bought an acre of ground from the Rotellini family. Their two sons, Fred and Glenn, and daughter, Elvia, grew up here while their father worked in the Penobscot Mine. Elvia recalls that times were very difficult when the mine was no longer working, and employment had to be found elsewhere. She remembers that her family was very loving and caring, and that her best friends were Rosetta Cassidy and Clarice Pollack. The house was built in the early 1920's.



"THE CHARLIE GILLESPIE HOUSE" - There was an era in the 1920's, if a man needed a house and could not afford a new one, he looked for one that was unoccupied, bought it, tore it down, moved the dismantled elements to his desired location, and rebuilt it. That is the story of this house, which had already "lived" a lifetime and served an unusual purpose. Before 1927, it had been known as the hotel, or boarding house, at Kidd's Mill. Charlie Gillespie, who bought a small parcel of land on the hilltop above the mill, went through this procedure, and he and his family lived here for many years.

THE GRILLI FAMILY HAD TWO FARMS



Mary Ann, Loretta and Linda at the Deuley farm in 1955.

The two top pictures show the house that stood on the Deuley farm before it was sold to the coal companies. Gabriel and Mary Ann Grilli bought it from Arthur Deuley, and lived here.

The two bottom pictures show the house that stood on one of the several Grigsby farms in the Tent Church Road area at one time. This house was partly log, and was presumed to have been built in a very early day.



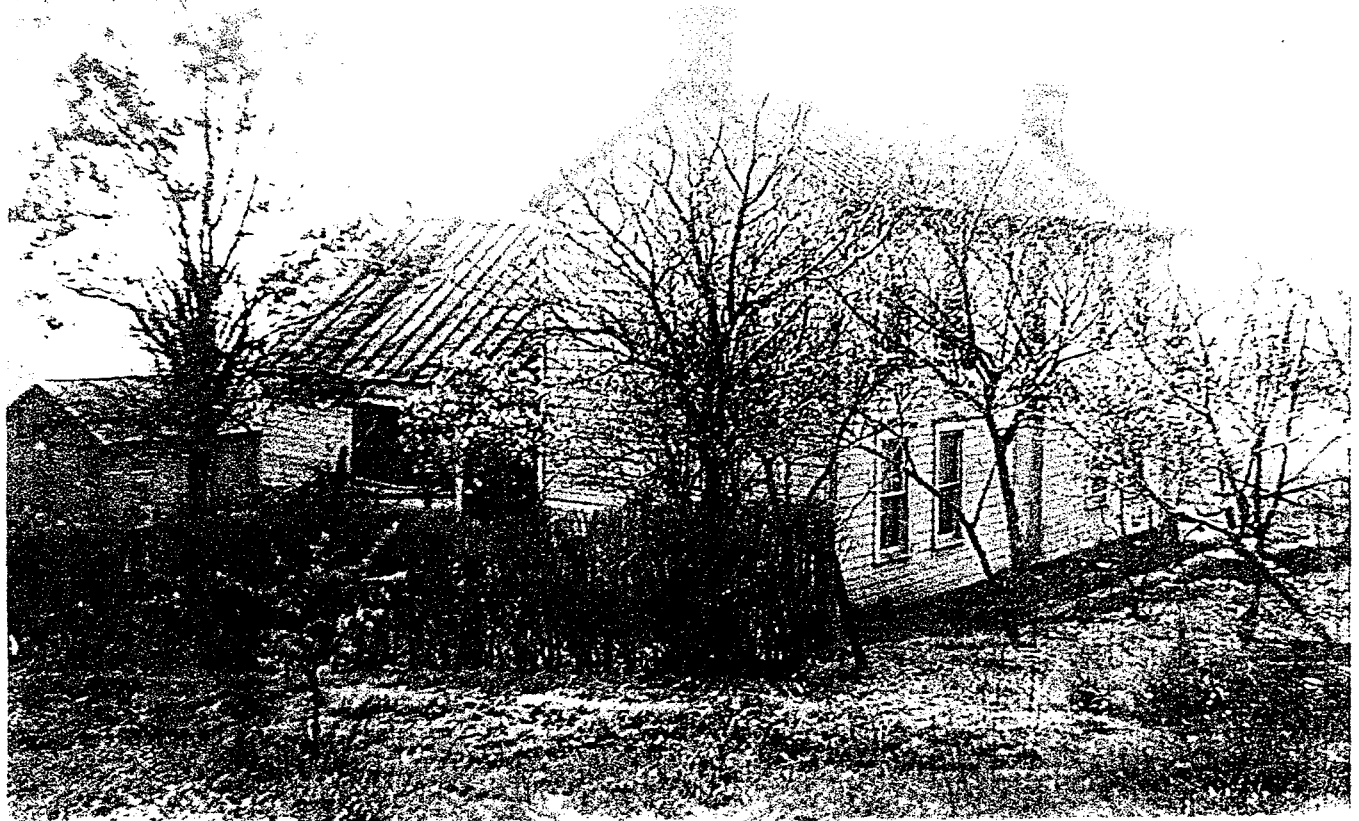
A GRILLI FAMILY PICNIC AT THE DEULEY FARM



Mary Ann and Gabriel Grilli enjoy the daffodils at the Grigsby farm.



Mary Ann and Gabriel Grilli, Grigsby farm.



THE MURANYE HOUSE, FORMERLY THE CARTER FARM

MURANYE MEMORIES.Annabelle Horvath Reese

My mother, Anna (Muranye) Horvath, was 14 years old when my grandparents, Matt (Matyas) and Anna Muranye, bought the farm at RD 1 Colliers, W.Va. She was born September 10, 1910, so this was the latter part of 1924 or before September, 1925.

The property was purchased from Mrs. Grigsby, who was a sister of John Carter. Mr. Carter was struck by lightning and killed two weeks before he was to be married.

The family consisted of my grandfather, Matt Muranye; my grandmother, Anna; my mother, Anna; an aunt, Hazel; and an uncle, Matt, Jr. The youngest, Catherine (Katy), was born in the farmhouse in November, 1929. I also, was born in the house the following February.

My mother and my Aunt Hazel walked to school at Scott's Run. The school was the first building to the left upon leaving the road from the farm.

By the time Katy started to school, the buses were coming into the area. She attended Colliers Grade School and graduated from Follansbee High School.

During World War II there were no young men around. All of them were in the armed forces, as well as my Uncle Matt. This presented the problem of help for the farm work. Although my father was employed full time in a local factory, our family moved to the farm with my grandparents in order to help. Our family consisted of Andrew and Anna Muranye Horvath, my three brothers, Robert, Thomas Edward, Bernard and myself.

This farm of 95 acres was a real West Virginia farm - lots of hills. As young children we were all over these hills, playing or bringing in the cows. A creek flowed through one of the valleys, so we children decided to make a swimming hole. We constructed a dam across the creek to make the water deeper. There was my Aunt Katy, two of my brothers and me. We worked hard all day long, piling up big rocks. Then we realized there were snakes in the water with us - lots of them! We could not get out of that water fast enough! Occasionally we would go back and look longingly from a distance,

MURANYE.

at our swimming hole.

While we lived there, we attended Colliers Grade School. However, it was World War II days and almost everything was rationed. Ours was the last bus stop on the run. And since gas was in short supply, they kept moving our stop up the road. I don't know how far we had to walk, but it was quite a distance. To this day, I walk fast because of those long walks to the school bus stop.



I recall winter days when the snow was piled so high along the sides of the road that we could not see over it.

THOMAS EDWARD HORVATH, ANNABELLE HORVATH,
KATY MURANYE, ROBERT HORVATH

My grandfather sold eggs, butter, blackberries and strawberries to regular customers in Follansbee. At times we children would go with him.

Although my grandfather did not sell fruit, he had a large orchard which contained a variety of apple trees, cherry (yellow, black and red sour), plum, peach and pear trees. There were also grape arbors. There was a steep hill off the orchard that was great for sled riding.

The farmhouse had four bedrooms, a dining room, a formal parlor, a huge family room complete with a big pot belly stove, a kitchen and a pantry. The family room was the heartbeat of the house. In the center was a very large sturdy dining room table. We spent many evenings around that table doing our homework by the light of a kerosene lamp. Kind of makes me feel I have something in common with Abe Lincoln! I can still see my grandmother sitting at that table every evening, reading her Bible.

On one side of the house was a large "L" shaped porch. My grandparents and mother would rise early in the morning to milk the cows. At one time Katy and I had the bedroom overlooking the porch. I would awaken to the sun shining and hear my grandparents and my mother working on the porch. They would be separating the milk. I would run down and watch, with amazement, as they poured the milk into the separator and it would come out in two streams - one cream and the other skim milk. That would still amaze me to this day.

There was no central heat in the house. On cold winter nights we would make a mad dash upstairs and jump under a big thick feather tick. Very comfy and warm.



ANNA MURANYE IN 1927
AGE 17

There were a lot out-buildings on the farm - barn, silo, grainery, corn crib, a two-story outbuilding, smoke house,



MURANYE.

pig sty, a long chicken coop, and a springhouse. There was no electricity. Everything that had to be kept cold was put in containers in the water in the springhouse. The water was very cold and very good. I still mention the good cold water from that spring.

My grandparents lived on the farm until 1948 at which time it was sold to a coal company.

LEFT
ANDREW AND BERNARD HORVATH



LOWER LEFT
MATT MURANYE, SR.
ANNA TONYI MURANYE, MATT MURANYE, JR.
December 17, 1928

IN RETROSPECT. . . . KATHRYN CAMPBELL SLASOR

My sister and I were brought up with the details of the "Carter Farm" firmly etched in our minds. Our mother, the late Fannie Clark Campbell, had lived there for five of her youthful years.

"We moved there in 1913," she would say, "when I was twelve years old. It was absolutely beautiful," she exclaimed over the years. "There were fruit trees of all kinds and flowers of every sort." On and on she would reminisce, until we actually thought we had lived there ourselves and had roamed the hills and orchards along with her.

It was not until very recently that we met the former Annabelle Horvath, who had married our second cousin, Wendell Reese, owner of the Reese Mobile Home business in Empire, Ohio. Annabelle continued to sing the praises of the "Muranye Farm" that her grandparents had bought on Puntney Ridge in 1924 or 1925. "It was just beautiful!" she exclaimed, "Fruit trees and flowers everywhere!"

Matt and Anna Muranye were Annabelle's grandparents, owners of the farm. It is still known by the neighbors on Puntney Ridge as, "The Muranye Farm."

What a thrill it was when my sister and I discovered that the "Muranye Farm" and the "Carter Farm" were one and the same farm!

Neither Mom nor Annabelle would recognize it today. Time has taken its toll.



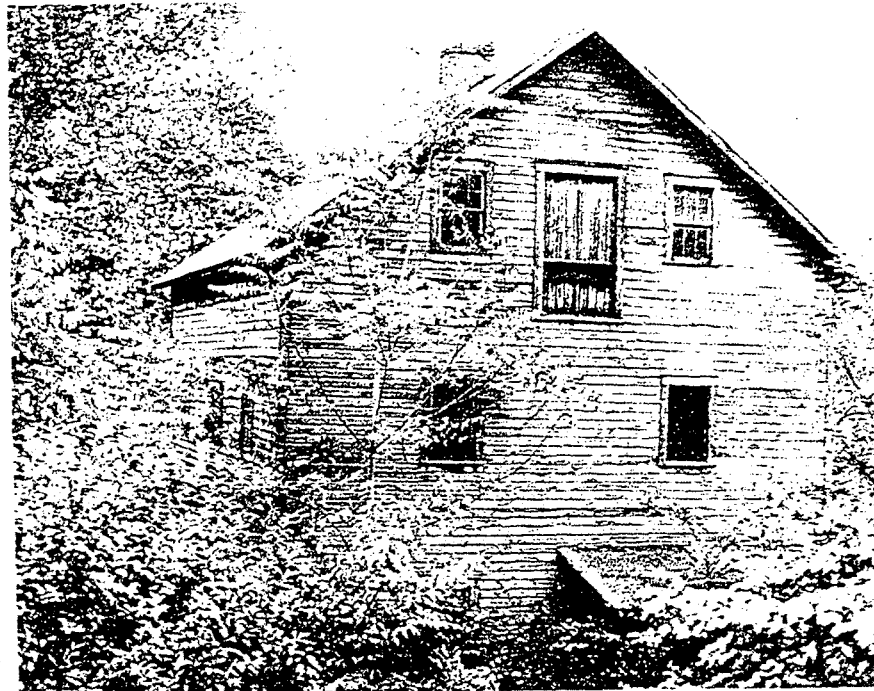
THE MOORE FARM

This once-beautiful farm is no longer in existence. The huge house and the 42' by 60' barn have met the fate that came to all those who were sold by the farm owners to the coal strippers. The house was dismantled, hauled to Cole Ridge Road, and rebuilt into the home enjoyed by Melburn and Viola Gillespie for many years. The barn, however, suffered a less desirable fate. It somehow came into the hands of the government of Washington County, and was hauled off to Wilson Valley near West Middletown, where it was rebuilt at the edge of a newly created Cross Creek Lake. It stood there and deteriorated for a number of years, and in 1991, was burned by the County.

This barn had an unusual heritage. It was built by Montgomery "Gum" Campbell, who cut out all the components, even though he could neither read nor write. The farm was known as the George Moore farm, and was situated on one of the hillsides overlooking Kidd's Mill.



ODDS
AND
ENDS
AND
MISCELLANEOUS
Left
Maude Robinson
Carter
Shirley Carter
Teacher, Amy
Jolly
Right
Old Mill on
Cross Creek
Possibly Pfister



ODDS AND ENDS AND
MISCELLANEOUS

Men from Greece were hired to repair the damage caused by a train wreck near the Virginville trestle many years ago. It is remembered by some that when a train came, one man shoved another one off the trestle to safety, while another was killed. Albert and Esther Fisher remember some of these details of long ago.

A spot along Cross Creek Road is known as Miller's Cut. It is located on the sharpest curve in the road, just past Scott's Run and directly across the creek from where Cliftonville stood. There are many "cuts" along the Wabash, each with its own name. This writer has been unable to find why this one is known as Miller's Cut.

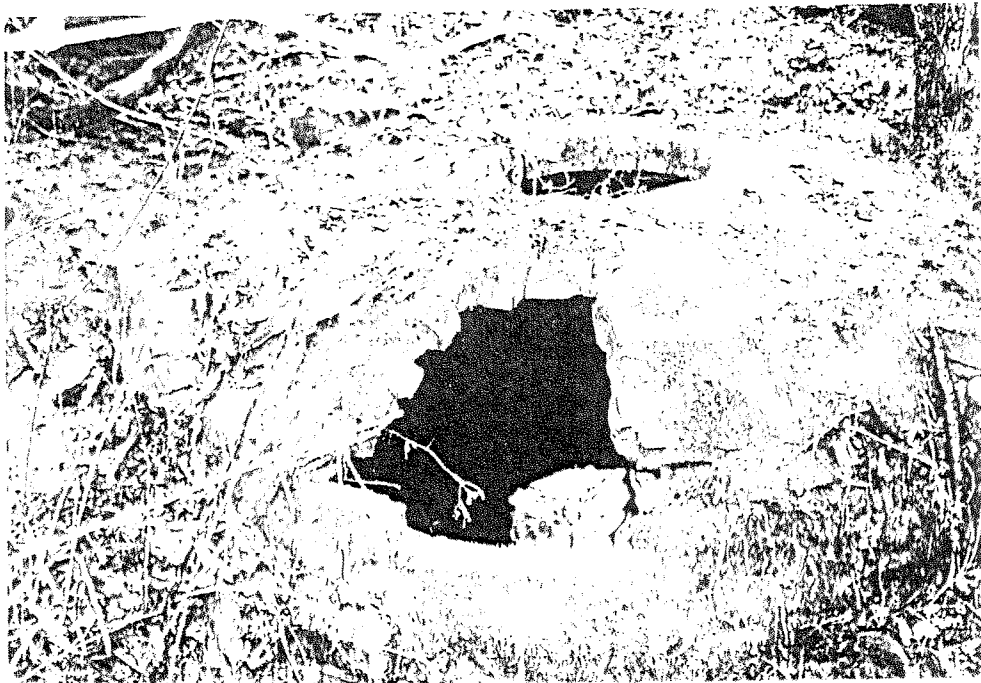
The "cut" has been described in various ways by residents who have known of it from the beginning. It seems that in this spot, the creek contains "rapids," due to the many rocks that have been moved in the creating of the cut. Some have taken their rubber inner tubes and have gone swimming there. Some have gathered there with their children and held picnics. It has the name of being a beautiful spot, but it seems to be a little difficult to reach on foot. The spot was created when the Wabash Railroad went through and changed the course of the creek to accommodate the laying of the tracks. The stream drops to different levels, giving it a "falls and rapids" effect.

Allan Campbell, who lives in what is believed to be the oldest house in Louise, says his well is lined with cut sandstone. This log house was the early residence of George Mooney, who died in 1913.

Carol Shepherd Boyce, who lived in the one-room school that was converted into a residence, recalls with fondness and nostalgia, the grape arbors, the chicken coops and the stone building used for wine-making. All of these things of the past dotted the yard of her family when she was growing up.

A colorful character of the Tent Church Road area in the '20's and '30's was a man by the name of Jim Johnson. He was extremely devoted to his mother, and the two of them lived in a small house together. His land was finally swallowed by coal strippers, and today is not recognizable as once having been farmland. Following the death of his mother, Jim lived in a number of places and worked at odd jobs. He was a cook, and some accounts say that he went West and was employed as a chuck wagon cook on a ranch for the cowboys. Other oldtimers believe that Jim had a brother, Jack, and that Jack was the one who went West and did the cooking. This writer's research has turned up nothing on either Jack or Jim Johnson, not even the details of his death or the place of his burial.

The lovely farm home of Parkinson and Amelia (Mealy) Boles stood off Puntney Ridge Road (off Tent Church Road), and out a long lane toward the old Murchland Cemetery. When coal strippers arrived, this house was torn down and moved closer to Tent Church. It is now the home of Ruth Neth Gillespie. Ruth's late husband was James (Jim) whose father was Charles (Charlie) Gillespie, who dismantled the boarding house at Kidd's Mill and rebuilt it on the hill above the mill.



LOTS OF WATER AT PENOBSCOT

The mining camp of Penobscot stood on the hill above the Virginville area. One day in February of 1995, this writer, along with Harry Rigo and Joyce Bertovich Takah, decided to explore the ruins of the mule barn, the company houses, the old company store, and what remained of life in a once lively mining area. We stumbled onto this beehive-shaped dome that has been damaged through the years. It is about twenty feet deep and is filled with water that feeds from a spring that flows out of the hill to the rear.

JOHN DECKER - THE LAST MAN KILLED BY INDIANS IN BROOKE COUNTY

John Decker lived near West Liberty. He had been ill for some time, and started one morning to Hollidays Cove, about sixteen miles distant, to consult a doctor. He followed an old Indian trail for about half this distance, a trail that led along the ridge on the east side of Scott's Run, near where it empties into Cross Creek.

He got off his horse to get a drink of water from a spring near the path. He discovered Indians were near. He immediately sprang to his horse and started at full speed. The Indians fired and broke a front leg of his horse. Decker spurred him on with three legs until he came to a log. In the attempt to leap over the log, the horse fell and was unable to proceed further. He then tried to escape on foot. He was soon overtaken by the Indians, tomahawked and scalped.

A family by the name of Wiggins, who lived nearby, was eating dinner, and heard the shot. Young Thomas Wiggins jumped up from the table, took down his rifle, and went in the direction of the firing. He soon found the body of the murdered man, who lay at the foot of an oak tree, scalped.

The alarm was sent out and a body of men was soon in pursuit. The savages were followed to near Hollidays Cove, down Harmon Creek and on to the Ohio River opposite where Steubenville now stands. When it was found that they had crossed the river at this point, the pursuit was abandoned.

Decker was killed on the farm of Mr. Wiggins, later owned by Silas Magee. He was buried on a ridge some three hundred yards from where he fell. The Wiggins family were afterwards buried there, and the small plat of land is enclosed by a stone wall. No stone marks the grave of Decker. This is supposed to be the last Indian murder committed in the present limits of Brooke County.

Documentation for this true account may be found in the large old book that has been out of print for more than a century - The History of the Panhandle. Information was given by Ewing McCleary.

Edward Wiggins, a Revolutionary War Soldier, was later buried in the plot. Through much genealogical research, it was discovered that he was the great, great, great, great grandfather of your writers!

The tiny graveyard, enclosed by the stone wall built with caring hands, is nearly hidden by creeping myrtle, poison ivy and many species of underbrush. It stands at the edge of the lower end of Puntney Ridge Road, with tall trees towering over its very existence. The stone wall has been crumbling for many years. But within the enclosure now stands a new monument, placed there six years ago by a descendant, who does not wish to forget. Sidney Woods, of Chase, Michigan, realizes that all too soon, our war heroes are forgotten. The Revolutionary War marker reads: "EDWARD WIGGINS PVT 8 CO 4 PA BN REV WAR 1739 1799". The date of John Decker's tragic death is not known. Here, within these stone walls, the sorrows of two families are intermingled. Edward Wiggins, soldier of the Revolution. John Decker, soldier of another war - another time!

(Note by Historian, Elza Scott, in the 1930's - Jacob Walker helped to bury the young man, John Decker, who was killed by the Indians on the farm now owned by the Silas Magee heirs.)

ODDS AND ENDS AND MISCELLANEOUS

Mary Frances Hervey, whose ancestors were the Pfister family from the Cross Creek area, says that at one time, she could drive a distance of two miles on Cross Creek Road and have relatives the full distance on both sides.

The small bridges over Cross Creek in the Rockdale vicinity that are being removed (1998) were built about 1912. They are being replaced by larger bridges, but "old-timers" are saddened by this line of progress. They would like to remember the area just as it always was!



MEMORIES.EARL McLAUGHLIN, JR.

Although he lived in Wellsburg, Earl McLaughlin, Jr. spent much of his childhood on Puntney Ridge. His Aunt CC (Celia) Saunders and her children, Campbell, Walter and Nellie, were his second family. These folks of kindred spirit treated him as their own.

"My family always wondered why I wanted to spend so much time with my Aunt and my cousins," Earl reminisces. "It was because I was one of them. The old Puntney house was home to me. We did everything together."

Earl then happily goes on to relate some of the nostalgic memories he treasures. "Why, I got to hoe corn!" he exclaims, "and feed the pigs, and ride the big mowing machine, and take care of the goats..." the list of chores is endless. He relates tales of the wagon rides to Colliers with a load of wool, and of the trips to Eldersville where his grandfather, Tom McLaughlin, was a blacksmith who shod horses for many people.

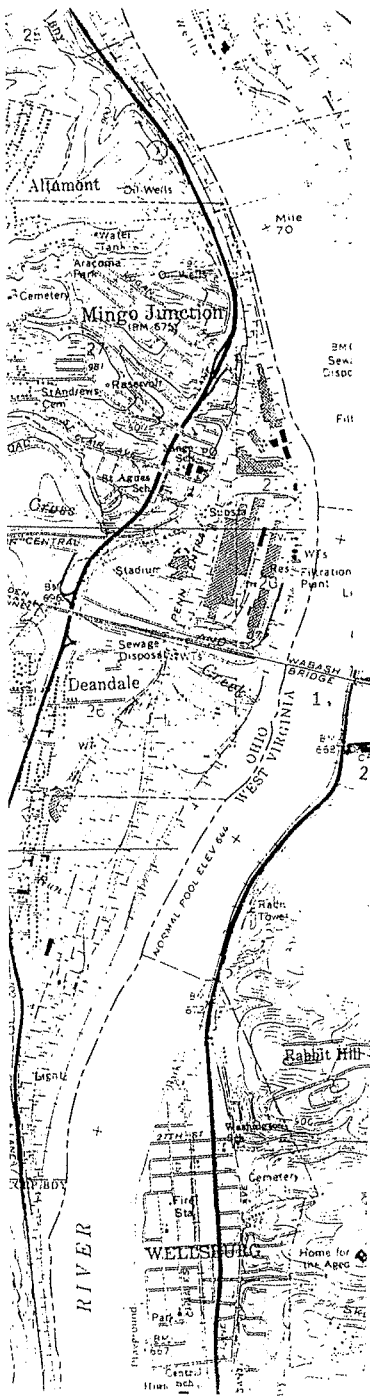
He went swimming with his cousins in Cross Creek, and took in socials at Scott's Run School, even though he was only between seven and ten years old.

PIONEER HERITAGE

This tiny log building is located on the edge of a woods, on land that speaks loudly of pioneer ancestry. It is on one of the old farms in Brooke County, and is within sight of "Isabel Spring," the story of which is told elsewhere in this book.

"Aunt CC let me pump the old player piano and wind the Victrola for some good music. They also let me crank the ice cream freezer when others of the family got together on Sundays for fun," he recalls fondly. "I helped to make butter-milk, rode the horses, and took care of the Billy Goat. None of it was work. It was all fun!"

Earl is the son of the late Earl McLaughlin, Sr. and the former Pearl Cline McLaughlin. His mother, Pearl, was a sister of Aunt CC, who was loved by all who knew her. His cousin, Nellie, was dating Dennis Grigsby at the time, so that Earl's extended family was quite large, when the Clines, the Saunders, McLaughlins, and all the connections got together. And Earl loved them all, and will never forget the wonderful days he spent in the old Puntney house on the Ridge.



1. Wabash Bridge
2. Tom Boyd
3. Seth's Mill
4. Schwertfeger Farm (Brooke High School)
5. Engineer Killed
6. Rockdale School
7. Rockdale
8. Rockdale Metal
9. Bridge Construction
10. Sanders Hill
11. Baptist Graveyard
12. Bridge Construction
13. Pfister Mill
14. Sanders House site
15. Lake House
16. Leon Slaughter site
17. Rockdale Road
18. "Big Rock"
19. Oil Well
20. Pfister Farm
21. Beltrame Tavern
22. Louise
23. Murphy Farm
24. St. John's Road
25. Ebenezer Church (School site)

26. Glycerin Hollow
27. Williamson Farms
28. Downey Farms
29. Tent Church Road (Formerly Grigsby)
30. Sebeck Store
31. Fisher Store
32. Dailey House
33. Potrock
34. Bannen
35. Dermer Stout
36. Miller's Cut
37. Cliftonville
38. Puntney Road
39. Swinging Bridge

- OTHERS PICTURED
LOCATION
AREA OR ROAD
- AMSPOKER RIDGE
Charles Gillespie
Grilli (Deuley)
- TENT CHURCH ROAD
Chill Reed
Hayes Brothers
Grilli (Grigsby)
Duval (Henthorn)

- PENOWA-PENOBSCOT
Harry Reese
William Scott
Penobscot
Penowa Station
Robert Williamson
Martin Luther Buxton
Louis Kaposy
Seldom Seen
- MELVIN-KIDD'S MILL
Melvin School
Kidd's Mill
George Moore

40. Scott's Run School (1921-1946, 4-rm.)
41. Neal's Sawmill
42. Amspoker Road
43. Jolly home
44. John Decker Killed
45. Railroad Trestle
46. Scott's Run School (1868-1921, 1-rm.)
47. Methodist Church
48. Bell Branch Railroad
49. New Camp (Freda Mack)

50. Cline house
51. Mowder site
52. Cheap John
53. Tripodi
54. Virginville Post Office
55. Virginia Station
56. Urso Store & P.O.
57. Stillson homesite
58. State Line Tunnel (Klein)
59. Fowler Mill
60. Harry Rigo Home (End of Tour) (Food Available)

