

My
Valley



NINA BARNBY ROYCE



FOREWORD

This book was written by my mother between her seventy-fifth and seventy-seventh years. It was originally begun with the idea of entering it in the Atlantic Monthly "I Personally" contest. When mother came to Fr. Thomas in the spring of 1948, she had already written some of it. With the help of a little high school girl to do the typing, she finished it in time for the June deadline. It was rejected on the grounds of being too short and of insufficient general interest. She then decided to add to it and leave it for the information and gratification of her descendants. She engaged another typist the following spring and finished it up. It made a splendid possession to decline years, as well as a wonderful possession to hand down to posterity. She died on November 17, 1949, in her seventy-eighth year, survived by three children, thirteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

MARY GILLESPIE ROYCE PATTON

MY VALLEY 1875-1890

The valley where I spent my childhood lies in the sleepy foothills of the Catskill Mts. in Sullivan County, N. Y., about 100 miles slightly Northwest of New York City.

Seventy-five or one hundred years ago it was a place of importance boasting an industry that reached out to the four corners of the earth. Now it is in the path of thousands who summer or winter, find vacation grounds in these foothills only two or three hours from New York City.

My ancestors found the valley with greater difficulty. William Gillespie as a young man starting from Connecticut made his way to New York, and set up a business on Lispenard St. for which he paid \$400.00. Later he sold it at \$450.00 and with this large sum of money and a large family he loaded his family and household goods on to a Hudson River packet, sailed up to Newburg and made his way on up into Sullivan Co. when that section was a dense forest.

While living in New York he had met and married at the age of 21 years a widow of either Dutch or Danish lineage named Morris, ten years his senior, born Mary Van Ripper, mother of six children, who subsequently bore William six more, of whom William II my grandfather was the eldest. There were two other sons Alfred and Milton and three daughters. How many of this large family of Morris and Gillespies accompanied him into the Wilderness it is difficult to say, also what the ages were I have no idea, but probably they were adult or nearly so. In those days one did as his father told him, and I suppose my ancestor was as dominating as his ancestors were, or any of his friends and acquaintances. Indeed, I have heard that my grandfather

MY VALLEY

INTRODUCTION

"My Valley" is not intended to be a history—it is only the gossipy account of the recollections of an old lady now nearly in her dotage of what she remembers as a small child growing up in a back woods rural community. It is intended principally for my grandchildren and is undertaken with many a chuckle and grin as I recall the days of my childhood.

My thanks are due to Son-in-law Maynard who suggested the Title and to both him and daughter Mary who gave unstintedly of their time that this might be a better written book, than if I had been left to my own devices.

stood greatly in awe of his father even after he was a married man himself and father of children. When he looked down the road and saw his father's old horse ambling over the flat below, he would run and hide his pipe and tobacco and the little children would scurry around to get into shoes and stockings before their grandfather's arrival. However, his strength of character and personality was such that he soon became a man of affairs and was elected County Judge, which office he held many years.

His principal business was that of merchant, as stated in the Sullivan Co. Directory published in 1872. In 1811 he purchased land in Bethel township at White Lake and erected a store and in 1812 his family joined him there. Although Bethel township was *erected* (according to the terminology of the times) in 1809, it was known to early settlers soon after the Revolutionary War, when hunters and trappers made their way by blazed trees, following Indian trails.

Mongaup, the name of my Valley, like many other names of places in Sullivan County, came from the Indians. Likely they caught the spirit of the wilderness valley in the splashing and gurgling of the waters over rocky beds for Mongaup means "Dancing Feather", and indeed is a very good description as the water flowed over the stones, and, during the summer, I, with other Valley children were accustomed to wade in it. Cows coming home from the pasture forded it and came up dripping into the barn yard which, with the big red barn was on the opposite side of the turnpike from the old house I called home. This farm house had been an inn in stage coach days, a tavern where whiskey flowed and hunters assembled to boast of their prowess in killing bears

and wild cats or escaping from Indians. There is a tale of one hunter who brought in two bear cubs and turned them loose. But one night as the cubs were gambling about in the bar room, they rolled over and over each other until they rolled into the great fireplace where a blazing fire burned and they came to their end.

In later years, my Aunt Mary Tillotson, former Mary Gillespie, oldest daughter of William II, lived there and the old tavern became a home. The barroom, scene of many a carouse, was converted into a kitchen, where the family, together with the hired men and women worked and ate and the old fireplace with its stone floor and huge crane with dutch oven at one side became the recess for the kitchen cook stove in the summer time. This was a most desirable feature as heat from the stove escaped up the wide chimney instead of exuding into the room. In the winter, the fireplace was boarded up and the stove set entirely out into the kitchen. Standing on four high legs, underneath it afforded a lovely place for my several cats and the dog Pilot, whichever got there first.

The trail into the Valley became a turnpike, and for many years the Newburg and Cocheton Turnpike was the only road from this section to the outside world. Settlements grew up along it; toll gates were properly spaced to collect fees from the traveler; nothing if he were afoot; a few cents for a single rig—slightly more for a double, regardless of the load; to the inhabitant of the Valley, even a less toll, because he was not a "through" traveler. The turnpike was also properly spaced as to milestones. I recall one old and very quaint looking one which told the traveler he was "40 miles from Newburg" roughly engraved on its face, standing exactly

in front of my Grandfather's home. Within the past forty years, I can recall one of these toll gates still in operation kept by one George Peck between White Lake and Mongaup Valley and my father-in-law, J. P. Royce, paid regularly half fare or the sum of two cents, because of coming onto the turnpike from his farm on a cross road within two miles of the toll gate. Across the streams were wooden covered bridges; and dams to furnish water power for the saw mills, the grist mills and the tanneries; and, of course, the mill ponds which produced fish for family consumption and of great value to the children and young people for boating in summer and skating in winter. One of these bridges was near my home over the Mongaup Creek, dividing the townships of Bethel and Thompson. There were other bridges of same construction but not in the immediate neighborhood.

We did not travel much in those days. To go to Monticello, the County seat five miles distant, was a full day's journey by means of the old white horse harnessed to a buckboard wagon, which was a one-seated carry-all with the seat holding two or possibly three if the third were a child. This seat was placed midway on an open rack made of hickory staves with room in the front for one's feet and protruding to the back some two or two and one-half feet. Here could be carried bags of feed by a farmer going to mill or other packages from a store. After spending the day in "the Village" running about to the milliner's, the dress maker's, the drug store, the bookstore, the bank and perhaps down to the depot to pick up some freight or express, we came home when the day was done mighty glad to eat supper and to go early to bed.

The old Inn, the red barn across the road, and a farm of some 200 acres, had belonged to John C. Tillotson of New York City, who also owned some 10,000 acres of wild land in Sullivan Co. and who was active in timbering large tracts of forest land adjacent to the Delaware River. It took a lot of logging to change the forests to farms. The trees were felled in winter, trimmed and lashed together into huge log rafts that were left near the banks of the streams. During the spring when the snows melted, and streams in flood, the fleet of rafts was alerted and experienced river-men stood by to jump aboard day or night, when the procession showed signs of taking off, destination Philadelphia. The cargoes were highly valuable, and river channels uncharted as to swirls and eddys. The Delaware resounded to names that still remain—Long Eddy—Pond Eddy—Pike Eddy.

Old John C. Tillotson had two sons: Howard, the older, who as a young man, came over the turnpike from New York City each spring to oversee the logging and marketing of his father's timber; Robert, the younger a lawyer, married my Aunt Mary. Howard had married but his wife died very young and he later came to the Valley to live with his brother and Aunt Mary. Uncle Robert died of yellow fever in the Civil War and Aunt Mary was left a widow with one son.

I came to live with Aunt Mary when I was just past three, because my own mother was an invalid. I remember Uncle Howard from the very first (he wasn't really my uncle) as a good, kindly God-fearing man, part lumberman, part farmer, part miller, part philosopher. Early mornings when I crawled out of bed to dress by the fire, he sat waiting for breakfast reading by kerosene lamp his Bible, especially

bound and extra large print. Evenings, he would take me on his knee and tell his rare stories and sometimes read from his treasured Bible. On Uncle Howard's knee I learned much about the Valley, came to see through his eyes the things that were done, learned to know about its people, and gradually to understand that we were not too isolated from the outside world, but in many ways a part of all that was happening.

The big things are easy to recall; in the early manufacture of lumber there was much waste of this potential energy, not the least being the building of plank roads enabling tanners, lumbermen, farmers and others to send their products rolling to market as over a bridge floor. One notable example was the plank road from Mongaup Valley to Port Jervis 24 miles in length. A wonderful experiment to my childish imagination but which had been abandoned by the coming of the railroad. I never saw a plank road but often listened to the tales of my elders of the luxury of riding dry shod to one's destination. Little did they dream then of the day, when over smooth reinforced concrete roads, their descendants would ride in luxurious automobiles or trucks on business or pleasure.

Uncle Howard, manager and part-owner, had built a saw mill and a grist mill known as the Tillotson Mills that operated by water power from the dam just above the covered bridge. Wynkoop Kiersted, a heavy land owner, did a logging business on the upper Mongaup. The logs were brought down to the stream, towed into the mill pond and by an ingenious device, which produced a current, one log at a time was drawn into the mill ahead of the saw. The logs were all held back from floating downstream by a barrier called a

boom, which provided safety in low water, but in time of flood the pressure was terrific and the jostling logs sometimes broke the boom and headed straight for the Tillotson Mills below. Giant virgin pines would churn themselves to splinters in a few moments in the whirling force of the water. Logs that might escape the whirlpool under the dam greatly endangered the mill as well as the bridge below. Uncle Howard and his men often spent entire nights watching their property, but what they did to prevent the mill and dam foundations from being torn out, I cannot now tell. In his time, however, the mill still stood and it was years later that the dam went out and the Mongaup Creek reverted to its original meandering. The loss of the mill pond detracted greatly from the scenic beauty of the Valley. Folks driving in from Monticello way, had been met in previous years, by a rare picture of lake and wooded shore as they topped the hill leading down into the valley.

Besides the Tillotson lumber and flour mills, Kiersted and Swan were owners of a large tannery also run by water power, located about a mile below on the Mongaup Creek. This was one of the largest of many such tanneries in the entire County. Hides imported in the rough from Brazil, S. A., the Basque country and even from far off Australia were here converted into sole leather by means of hemlock bark ground into a coarse powder which, with heated water, formed a liquor into which the hides were put for curing. This was a long process employing about fifty men regularly and during the bark peeling season about ninety additional. The Civil War is said to have been fought on shoe leather tanned in Sullivan Co. Hauling the bark from the woods to the tannery made work for farmers' team and men during

the slack season. Long trains of bark sleds were no unusual sight passing through the Valley, and the children availed themselves of many a free ride as well as "the thrill of a lifetime" by hitching their sled ropes to the rear bob, as the weary teams, horses or oxen, wended their way slowly down the Plank Road to the tannery. The heavy stands of hemlock forest as well as plenteous water power all over Sullivan County made possible hundreds of tanneries besides the Kiersted business, as well as numerous saw mills for the conversion of timber into lumber. So long as these original stands remained plentiful, the tanning and saw mill businesses continued to be the main money making power.

The tannery of W. Kiersted & Co. with its hundred-odd employed men and fifteen double family houses, besides a large boarding house for single men, made up quite a village of itself. The population was largely Catholic Irish—the real "fighting Irish" I truly believe for one heard a great deal of the hard drinking that took place at weddings and wakes and on other occasions, when knockdowns were common and many bloody noses and black eyes gave evidence as to the so-called "good times had by all". Among them were many good neighbors too, warm hearted folks, willing to do a good turn to those whom they liked and respected.

Children of the tannery families were not overlooked. A good sized school based on the public school system of that day afforded a means of education for the young Hickeys, Nolans, Murphys, Duffys and others, many of whom received their first as well as their last bits of "book l'arnin'" here. However, some few ambitious boys and girls went to higher schools and became more or less noted in the field of religion and medicine. At one time the school numbered well up-

wards of 40 or 50. On Sundays the school house became a chapel where 8 o'clock Mass was held by one Father McKenna, a priest from Monticello.

The "Company" store headed by Hiram Post, which was a general emporium designed to fill the needs not only of the tannery families, but the entire neighborhood for shoes, stockings, dress goods of calicoes and muslins, cashmere, merino, and silk as well as groceries, was in fact a general department store and apparently did a big business catering to women of all classes of society.

As well as the store previously noted, there were two other stores less pretentious than the Company store owned and operated respectively by John Lang and Charles Phillips.

Beside the workmen's houses, there stood the palatial residence of John W. Swan, one of the founders, as well as the smaller home of James Swan, a son of the elder John W. James was an important factor in the business, having invented a process which dyed the leather a beautiful buff color. Other connections of the business were George Foote, George Swan and Hiram Post, all related to each other and in one way or another to Wynkoop Kiersted. Their homes were not so centrally located but still within walking distance of their business.

The Kiersted home was the show place of the Valley. A large white square-built house topped by a cupola, it was set in the midst of a spacious lawn surrounded by a high white picket fence, all kept in the most beautiful order by the many workmen who had jobs there. Labor was cheap and plentiful. Almost everyone could afford an extra man or two. My grandmother never paid over 50 cents to a woman for a

day's washing and that, too, over the old rubbing board. Men's wages were in proportion, even school teachers' wages were exceedingly low. Some schools paid \$6.00 per week and even as late as 1892 when I graduated from normal school \$500.00 per year for a woman grade teacher was considered tops. I've no doubt but that many a man fed and clothed his family on \$1.00 a day, but it must be remembered that prices of basic materials were cheap too. The old song gives evidence of this—

"A dollar a day is very good pay
For work on the Boulevard".

Everyone worked and no one considered himself better or worse because of that fact. Even the Kiersted family who might have considered themselves as having prestige not enjoyed by others, lived very democratic lives. They owned a fine carriage and employed a coachman but generally appeared in a 3-seated open platform wagon instead of the family closed carriage richly upholstered in blue broadcloth. This was kept for state occasions only.

The family consisted of two sons and a daughter beside Mr. and Mrs. Kiersted. The elder son McEckron in time took over the Company store. Wynkoop Jr. graduated as a civil engineer from Union College in Schenectady and Ella studied art in Cooper Union, New York City. Later she married James Callbreath of White Lake.

The close friends of Uncle Howard, of course, made a lasting impression on my memory, because of their strong character and leadership in the affairs of the Valley. My grandfather, William Gillespie II, was stout, stocky, steadfast, a strong disciplinarian, but withal had, on occasion, a

merry twinkle in his eye. He smoked a clay pipe for years but for some reason gave it up. One day he came home nauseated so much that he could get to the sitting room couch with difficulty. When able to explain, he confessed to grandmother that someone at the hotel had passed around cigars. He had accepted one with result as though he had never smoked before. Jim Ramsey, the town wag, said—"Yeah, yeah, I saw the Squire staggering down the road clutching at gate posts. Says I, something's wrong; Squire never behaved like that before." It was a long time before the Squire heard the end of that experience.

Grandfather was a surveyor, and many a mile did he walk, carrying his 80-link chain and many a large tract was measured by him and his instruments, now antique. He was twice elected to the State Legislature at Albany. He was Justice of the Peace in Bethel Township for many years and often held court in the large lower room designated as "the office". Once as I stopped by to see my grandparents, I heard that a real prisoner in handcuffs had been brought before the Squire that very morning. My missed opportunity of seeing a real thief or murderer, or whatever, was long regarded as one of the chief regrets of my life. He often paid the bounty on wild cats when they were brought to him for inspection, to show that the law had been kept. The ears were clipped so that the man could sell his skins legally and collect only once.

I remember a tale told involving my Grandfather's half sister Phoebe Morris who was walking up the old north road one afternoon in winter. She was attracted by a slight noise overhead in a tree and looking up she saw a panther glaring down at her. Making use of the time honored method of

"fixing him with her eye" she began walking backward still looking steadily at the animal who seemed to be transfixed and when she had what she considered a safe distance between them turned and made leg bail for home.

Grandfather loved music and when I began taking lessons he would sit next to the old square piano and listen with delight to tune after tune, including the old hymns. He could play a flute, and when his children were small, often gathered them about when he would play and they sing the good old tunes then popular.

Grandfather had two brothers; Alfred, a doctor who lived at Bethel, some six miles away, and Milton, a farmer, who lived on a hillside just outside the Valley. Uncle Milton was a great Bible student and often pondered on "the deep mysterious things in life". He seemed to know just when the world would come to an end, when the millenium would begin and the "thousand years of the reign of the devil". While I was fascinated by his conversation, I was scared out of my wits at the same time: To visit at Uncle Milton's was a great joy for he treated me as an adult. He would talk about the stars and planets, about meteoric stones he had found in his plowing, about his fishing expeditions in Monogaup Creek, accompanied by the big black tomcat who would snatch any bullhead that got too near the edge of the water. Uncle Milton was a dear old man of sweet nature.

Another man to honor is the Rev. Wm. Ferrie, A.M. of Edinburgh University, who was pastor of the little white Presbyterian Church. He was a most scholarly man. With a large family—William first, then six daughters, and finally John the youngest, he and his wife had come to the Valley in

its early days. He, too, delighted in fishing but I fear he never caught many because of his humanitarian methods. He never fished with worms, and only used live bait because he could snap rubber bands around the minnow to fasten it to the hook. In the winter he fished through the ice in the mill-pond with a special tip-up that had a small sleighbell fastened to the twig, so that when a fish pulled on the hook, the bell jingled and he would hasten to the catch.

He was considered most eccentric by many people. He had a peculiar Scotch way of talking, and many expressions were the product of his up-bringing and not generally understood. His little pony-built horse was dubbed "the beastie". The trouble was, I think, that he was much above the general run and so seemed queer. I do recall hearing him say that he knew more than anyone else in the Valley, but when I repeated this at home, Uncle Howard said, with a grin, "I'm sure he couldn't tell by looking at a hemlock stump how many shingles it would make; neither could he tell how many board feet might be in a pile of lumber. Let him say that again in my hearing." The two men were great friends, each enjoying the other's company, but each expert in his own line of work. It was Mr. Ferrie who baptized me. Aunt Mary made the arrangements and I went before the session one Saturday afternoon. In the old pastor's study were Uncle Milton, Mr. Wynkoop Kiersted and probably others, but I was too frightened to look about. Instead of asking me the deep theological questions I feared he would, he asked if I loved the Lord and would accept Jesus Christ as my Savior. Then we went to the church and I was baptized "Nina Barney".

From my babyhood up to this time I had been known as Neenie, sort of a pet name bestowed on me by the family but certain relatives insisted that this was no name at all and suggestions were made that I re-spell my name and adopt a more formal one. As Nina was nearer to the name of my babyhood, I decided to be baptized Nina, hoping my friends would not change it to Nina (long i) but Neena. The reason for my never having been baptized as an infant was because it had been planned for my grandfather Rev. James Barney to come from his church near Providence, R. I. to my parents home in New York City to perform the rite of baptism, but owing to illness he did not come and I was left without baptism until I became a member of the Associate Reform Presbyterian Church of Mongaup Valley 1886.

Years after while visiting daughter Esther and her husband Richard in Shrewsbury, Mass. we all drove over to the Congregational church in which my grandfather had preached 40 years, now within the city limits of Providence, R.I. I talked with the present pastor and visited the family plot in the cemetery surrounding the church.

Through having previously established contact with Grandfather Barney's daughters, my aunts living in Worcester, Mass. I had come into possession of some newspaper clippings describing the 100th anniversary of the founding of this Congregational church giving my Grandfather high praise for his work and achievements. The present minister who showed us about on the occasion of our visit there gave as his opinion that my Grandfather was a man much ahead of his times. It was said of him that he took great interest in political and social matters usually considered outside the jurisdiction of the Church.

Mr. Ferrie's church stood in the midst of a grove of tall trees, some fifty feet back from the main road. Under the dense shade, long stemmed purple violets thrived, and I often longed to gather them as I walked demurely along the board walk to Church. But Sunday was the Sabbath in those days and the rule was closely observed—"no work on the Sabbath day". The church services were extremely primitive; there was no organ and no choir. William James Kinne was the chorister. He got the pitch by means of a tuning fork, and we sang the Psalms of David set to meter, long, short, or common. George Brown performed this service when Mr. Kinne was absent. When both men were present we had good singing, for Mr. Brown sang a good bass, which with Mr. Kinne's baritone gave everyone the inspiration to join in. When neither was present, Mr. Ferrie himself "raised the tune" but as he had no ear for music, either as to time or tune, Tillie Kiersted's clear soprano took the lead and the old Psalm went steadily on without any breaks.

Some of our church members made loud lament over the absence of an organ and choir to lead the singing, and on one occasion Mr. George Brown who often stood behind the chorister's desk at the back of the church and therefore felt he had the proper authority, broached the matter to Mr. Ferrie. He said, "You know St. Paul never stood in the way of bringing people into the church; he would not object to the use of an organ." "Yes," responded the old Dominie with a flash of indignation, "yes, and ye might set a monkey up in the pulpit and that would bring people into the church". Safe to say George Brown never attempted that subject again.

When Mr. Ferrie was pastor twenty-five years, the church women decided to celebrate the event. Mrs. Wynkoop Kiersted offered her house for a reception and we girls, all in our early teens, were asked to assist in a musical program. Mrs. Mac Kiersted was in charge and we all contributed our best in music and what was then known as "elocution." Mrs. Mac, or Tillie as we called her, sang "When I recall That Night in June upon the Danube River". We youngsters decided to sing a Scotch ballad especially for Mr. and Mrs. Ferrie—"Bonnie Dundee". We liked the tune and expected the Ferries to like it too, but had no idea who or what Bonnie Dundee was. When the song was over, we were very plainly told by the blunt Mr. Ferrie what part Dundee had played in Scottish history. Evidently "the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee" and Mr. Ferrie's ancestors had not been in accord politically. The scolding was soon forgotten for a little later that night Mr. Ferrie was presented with a purse of \$25.00. We were all happy and felt that we had done just the right thing. When three years later he retired, it is safe to say that no other pastor came to the Valley church who was Mr. Ferrie's equal. His retirement came as a result of eye impairment and in time he became totally blind. The family purchased a home in Monticello which was occupied by the son John and daughters long after the death of Mr. and Mrs. Ferrie. Mary the last one of her family died January 8th, 1944 at 89 years.

Whenever I think of Mr. Ferrie's abrupt remarks, I am reminded of the time he came to our house, and to Aunt Mary said, "Ari' did ye know my son Will is married?" "No," said my Aunt, "I hadn't heard." "Yes," continued Mr. Ferrie, "they say he's married a lass of 17—"Well," brightening up as an afterthought struck him, "May hap she

will have 17 bairns." The seventeen bairns simmered down to six smart bright boys who as soon as they were old enough were sent to Grandfather Ferrie's to escape the heat of the summer, in New York City. And the old manse thereafter resounded to the laughter of young children and the sound of their racing feet as they ran "upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber". One day Mrs. Gavey from White Lake came to call bringing with her, her own grandson whom she sat on a chair, and who made no effort to get down and join in the pranks of the eldest Ferrie grandchild—Willie. At this juncture Mr. Ferrie entered and taking in the situation at a glance blurted out, "Madam, has this child any intellect?" to which Mrs. Gavey replied with asperity, "I assure you, Mr. Ferrie, this child is considered very bright." The Gaveys were fine people living near White Lake. Mr. Gavey was a dapper little Frenchman and his wife a tall rugged woman, probably of Irish extraction. When they came to church with all their grown sons and daughters, they made a fine impression on me.

Uncle Howard made the most lasting impression and had a great deal to do with shaping my imagination as well as my taste for books. Being an only child in a house full of adults, I was left mostly to my own devices. So I was eager to read any book, good or bad. Books for children were rare, and magazines even rarer. Aunt Mary took the "Youth's Companion" for me. At Strong's bookstore in Monticello I could sometimes buy old numbers of "St. Nicholas", which I would exchange with my playmate Gerie Purdy for Harper's "Young People". Uncle Howard loved Dickens, and he soon had me deep in "Pickwick Papers". Then there were "Pillgrims Progress", "Innocents Abroad" and some other books

that now seem queer mental pabulum for children—"Religious Denominations of the World", "Secrets of the Convent and Confessional" and "Female Life among the Mormons". These last two named had to be read in great secrecy. I got hold of two novels by E. P. Roe but Aunt Mary frowned upon them as "silly love stories". More dignified reading was "The Tone Masters", which filled me with intense desire to play the music of the Old Masters, but which desire was frustrated when they proved too hard for me; evidently there were no simplified versions in those days. Likely these books stimulated my imagination to a considerable degree, for I was full of fancies.

With extra time on my hands, because I did not spend long hours in school, I loved to wander with Pilot, my pet dog, at my heels, exploring woods and fields. I might, if I had been so directed, have learned a good deal about wild life, but my interest was more in fairies and other "little people" who, I was sure, danced by moonlight in a little special spot by an old tree stump half hidden by overhanging giant hemlocks and carpeted with pigeon berry vines. Where the wild blueberries were best down by the Mongaup, was another little special place which we named "cozy-nook-by-the-Dancing Feather". There I could sit on a bent-down limb, feet swinging just clear of the water, and muse on what I would like, but seemed far far away. I believed I had a fairy godmother who would come to my aid in distress. The occasion of greatest distress was dishwashing, but she never showed up then to wave her magic wand. So I had to content myself with turning the knives and forks into fine ladies and gentlemen who would ride in a splendid carriage as I returned them on a tray to their places.

There was one person who contributed much to these fancies, Granny Dabron, a little old lady who lived all by herself in an old weatherbeaten house, almost a hut. She was Gertie Purdy's grandmother, and could make marvelous rag dolls out of a few bits of cloth and yarn, and I guess she was just as good at knitting mittens. Although I never told Gertie, I was sure Granny Dabron was a witch.

Still another favorite place where Gertie Purdy and I played outdoors was under the big pine trees between our house and the covered bridge. Uncle Howard had piled some special lumber there to season, and then left it for several years. The boards were stacked in triangular fashion, and they made three playhouses—one each for Gertie and me and one for our inseparable companion, Grace Stanton. We played dolls longer than children do today. Indoors I had no end of paper dolls cut from fashion sheets and painted realistically from my box of water colors. With these I played in the bay window full of Aunt Mary's plants. One winter she gave up her cherished hobby of winter blooms so that I could have the whole sunshiny space for my housekeeping.

Although I was not a very rugged child, becoming ill on the slightest provocation, I could now snap my fingers under the nose of a certain French doctor named DeVigne who prophesied I would not live to grow up. He has long since passed to his reward, but if still living I would enjoy saying to him, "Well here I am at 75 mother of four; grandmother of thirteen and two greats."

Grace Stanton had the only doll carriage among us children. It had a bright yellow body and black hood, but it still served as well as a hearse for the funeral of the dead bird we

found. To tease us, Uncle John Gillespie had found another dead bird and he laid it out in a box, surrounded by flowers. Flattered and delighted to have the co-operation of a grown-up, we went Uncle John one better and gave his bird an even better funeral than that of our own bird.

One of my dolls was "Daisy Eyebright", named for a popular contributor to the Woman's Page of "Country Gentleman". I loved her dearly, but she was finally supplanted in my affection by "Lucy Lacy", who was brought by Aunt Mary from New York, all dressed in a long street skirt of pretty brown material trimmed with narrow brown velvet ribbon, with a jaunty felt hat to match. Her real hair was brown and she had brown eyes, that went to sleep, in a waxen head. All my other dolls had been blonde and this brunette was quite new to me. Her name came about from the visit of a young lady relative, in scant favor with my aunts, who seemed to me sufficiently glamorous to warrant naming the doll after her. "Lucy Lacy" lived a long and honored life until I was grown up and left home, at sixteen, to teach school.

MUSIC

Always anything that sounded like a tune became music to my ears and the first distant notes of brass band or hurdy-gurdy set me all agog. Most every spring the mendicant Italians would make their appearance, with hand organs, and a monkey to collect pennies, and the joy of the youngsters knew no bounds. Once two colored men, a very rare sight in those parts, came through the village, one playing a fiddle and the other dancing to its music.

On the Fourth of July, or some political gathering, the Waverly Band of Monticello was drawn into the Valley in a long side-seated wagon, with the big bass drum extending from the back and the drummer beating time for dear life to the tempo of other instruments. The music of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Red White and Blue" would fill the air. Once this Band came to take part in a Grange picnic up the Gail Road in the Tillotson Woods. A large platform had been erected, and when speaking and eating were over, the Band played for square dancing. This was a very special occasion in my Valley life.

Music of quite a different character was supplied by the Callbreath family, who lived at White Lake where they had a boarding house for "summer people" from New York. The "Callbreath Band", really an orchestra, composed of two violins, a bass viol, a cornet, a pair of kettle drums and a triangle, was played by "Old Jim", "Young Jim", Tom, Joe and Marnie, the only girl in the family. Often they played at dances, but always at the Good Templars' twice-a-year theatricals, where Kate Stanton and Don Parish were the stars, with the Callbreaths discoursing sweet music between the acts. The price of this full evening's entertainment was twenty-five cents. The "Band" was broken up when "Old Jim", big and six feet tall, went to Alaska to mine gold. Years later he returned, minus the gold, but wearing a long coat of un-dyed seal, a beautiful cream color almost reaching to his heels.

As to our own contribution toward the musical life of the Valley, of course all of us girls took music lessons. A music teacher, Miss Mary Thornton, came from Monticello once a week. The Swan girls had a teacher from New York

who spent the summers with them. Since in our earlier years we went to school but a half day, we had afternoons to practice and so became quite proficient. Some had pianos, some parlor organs, and one, Gerie Purdy, had a melodeon that looked like a small piano but sounded like an organ. We were always glad for a chance to show off, and when the Presbyterian Sunday School needed new library books, we set about to help earn money for them by giving an entertainment in Eureka Hall. Mrs. Mac Kiersted and her sister, Ida Quick, both good musicians, took the lead, and Madam C—, a guest at the White Lake Mansion House, agreed to sing. I think she was an opera singer so we were greatly elated by her presence. We spoke our pieces, played our piano solos and then counted the money; we had over sixty dollars to spend on books—a really big sum in those days.

In the Purdy parlor we learned to dance on Mrs. Purdy's handsome ten-wire Brussels carpet, which had a design of large pink and red roses all over it. First the Two-step Schottische, then the Polka and the Waltz. If there were enough present, we made up a square set—the old quadrille. We had other pleasures as well with the old melodeon when Alida, young Mrs. Willis Purdy, played for us to sing, mostly the Moody and Sankey hymns. These two evangelists were holding great revival meetings in New York and their hymns were penetrating to all sections of the country. "What a Friend We Have in Jesus", "The Ninety and Nine", "Gates Ajar" and many others appealed to our youthful imaginations and love of music. I can still hear and see us grouped around Alida as she sat and played for us. Later on, in the days at the Red School House, we put to good use the dancing steps we had learned, for the noon hour often saw us

running down to the old carding mill by the Lybolt Brook. Intact was all the ancient machinery, that was so important when each farmhouse spinning wheel and loom fashioned homemade cloth. The floor of the mill, good and slippery from the oil of sheep's wool, was wonderful for dancing. There with boys our own age we balanced corners and swung partners: the tunes were whistled by one or another of us who, perched on the top of a hogshhead, would drum heels against its sides to emphasize the rhythm.

A carding mill I should explain was a building housing machinery run by water power, where farmers sent their wool fleeces clipped from sheep to be cleaned, sorted and made into "cards" for spinning on the old wool wheels which the old time farm homes were hardly able to do without, as much of the cloth for family wear in earlier years was made at home. My Grandmother in her farm home had a special room in one of the outbuildings called the Weaveshop where stood her loom on which she wove cloth for men's suits or blankets. Itinerant tailors, usually women, made the rounds of families nearby to manufacture this homemade cloth into garments. A great deal of this sewing was done by hand, but in Aunt Julia's early days of teaching she had bought out of her slender salary, called by her "school money", one of the first Elias Howe sewing machines and from then on she never lacked for occupation at home outside her school work. Even with a large ungraded school of 80-odd pupils in her home district she found time to make all her Father's clothing, for he would have none of the so-called store pants in vogue at that time made with the fly front. "No Sir", nothing like that for Grandfather! He insisted on the old fashioned "apron front" trousers. Coats and vests were also of an ancient vin-

tage, to say nothing of the high pointed shirt collar with a three-cornered silk cravat folded flat and wrapped around the neck two or three times, ending in a small knot in front. The old sewing machine I recall very well was of simple construction but made enough noise for a threshing machine.

Aunt Mary likely had the most to do with my school life; she meant for me to start in at the Red School, out of the Valley and up the hill almost two miles. But I couldn't make it—in fact I became actually ill when the matter was discussed. So, under the alarm of my family that I would grow up a dreamer and an igoramus, Aunt Mary organized a school! Margaret Ferrie, one of the minister's daughters, was the teacher; an upstairs room in the parsonage was the school. Eight of us, all little girls of the same age, were the scholars; the Swan girls, Cora and Nelly; Gerrie Purdy, the doctor's daughter; Esther Olmstead, the hotel-keeper's daughter; and Emily Swan, Jenny Cook, and I, Nina Barney. Each school day from 9:00 o'clock until noon—we learned, mostly by rote, the three R's, pausing for one ten-minute recess when we usually went out of bounds through a hole in the picket fence to play in a big field. Maggie, as we affectionately knew her, had little natural bent, and no scientific training, for teaching; but she possessed a fine character that gave spiritual significance to her instruction. Verse upon verse of scripture was to be memorized, and in fact, whole chapters were often assigned for memory. I am glad to write that this type of teaching, memorizing, has fallen into disuse but as to the memory Bible verses and poems, I am in full accord. They were learned at a time when our minds were plastic enough to see some real beauty, also at a time when such memorizing was not drudgery. These portions of Scripture

now return to me again and again and always helpfully. Learning the Bible in this way I think helps to produce a simple-mindedness toward religion. It is only when we get into theological controversy that we become confused and dogmatic. When we were still under ten, and in Maggie Ferrie's school, a travelling photographer came along with an old horse and wagon. How well I remember that day! Maggie hustled us all down to the lawn for the great experience of having our picture taken. This photograph is still in my possession, a constant reminder of those eight little girls, all living, after more than sixty years, who, tho' scattered from Coast to Coast still keep in touch with each other through a Round Robin letter.

Maggie was not in good health, so it was proposed, after a few years, that her pupils be put into the public school. The tannery school had a most excellent teacher—in fact she was my Aunt Julia Gillespie. So away we girls went to our first co-educational encounter. The boys games were new: "Duck on the Rock", "Keely Over"—both were fun. We counted out and lined up on each side of the school house—keely over the roof went the ball—and the one who caught it sneaked around to the enemy side and could imprison anyone he might touch.

This was after the tannery closed and the houses were practically emptied of their tenants. There were hardly enough pupils living in the district to warrant a school being kept, and I can recall less than a dozen boys and girls who normally would attend here. They were Francis and Terance Murray, Henry Hickey, Maggie and Mammie Lawson, Clark LaRue, three Swans, Cora, Nelly and Marietta, the Coffey boys, who with the addition of Grace Stanton, Gerrie Purdy,

Esther Olmstead, Regina and Rob Lamoreaux (new comers) and myself made up the deficiency in numbers and helped to round out a good sized school. It was at this juncture that Billy Jones came into the picture. Here was a man who at a very early age began life in the County Poorhouse where he and his mother had been committed because she was unable to provide her own means of livelihood. When Billy had grown into a sturdy lad and had been offered a home and a job, by a man needing such a boy, he soon became well known in Mongaup Valley where his benefactor lived. Down the cemetery road stood an old abandoned house and here Billy "squatted" having taken his old mother along to keep house. Squatters rights were such that if he could hold this property twenty years, without his claim being contested, he could become the owner. Whether this ever came about I don't know but by means of hard saving, he was able in time to purchase a stout team of horses and a large market wagon which he would fill with produce at Newburg and once a week Billy would drive through the Valley; big wagon loaded with stuff to sell at the summer boarding houses along the way. Business looked good but still had its drawbacks, for Billy felt he was being fleeced by the commission men in the larger cities, and being himself nearly uneducated, he had no means of defense. So he came to Aunt Julia with his problem asking her to take him into the Tannery School where she was teacher that Winter, and instruct him in interest rates and methods.

It must have been a hardship to Billy, a grown man (he was 30), to begin school among a lot of green kids he had known from childhood, but we were exhorted never to crack a smile at any mistake he might make. Indeed I believe Aunt

Julia would have half killed anyone seen slyly poking fun at him.

Billy loved little children and when we were small, he occasionally spent his hard earned cash to purchase a little gift for some one of us. I recall his face glowing with kindness when he came into our old kitchen, drawing out from his coat a package containing a mechanical toy—a boy on a Velocipede. Upon being wound up, it spun around and round the room to my great delight. Other children had received similar gifts at other times. I suppose he thought of his own barren childhood when pleasure seldom came his way.

In time the old mother passed on and Billy married a German woman who was a great helpmate. They had two children both of whom had good minds, the boy exceptionally so—he eventually became a graduate of an engineering college. His sister became a nurse and Billy and Gretchen lived the rest of their lives on a small farm not far from the old place when he first became a land owner. (Sounds like an Alger story.)

Aunt Julia was my mother's sister and was not too professional in the technical sense, because she never went to the Academy; but through experience, she became a professional in public relations and was widely acclaimed as a fine old-time teacher. She taught in many schools in Sullivan County, where for years she "boarded around"—spending one week with each pupil. In discipline was her strength! When just starting school, in her home district, a new family moved in, bringing two handsome lads. One boy needed a licking—and got it. That very evening his parents came to call on the

Squire. Said the mother, "Squire Gillespie, we have come to talk with you about Julia, who whipped our boy Eddie." Said the Squire, "Julia is 21 and can speak for herself—she's the teacher, not I. Come, Julia." And, said Julia, with eyes flashing, "When I first met your boys, I said what nice lads and what a fine addition to our school. But instead they make mischief and keep others from their lessons. If Ed does the like again, I'll thrash him twice as hard." That settled it—Aunt Julia won—both boys profited.

Another lad who felt the rod of Aunt Julia's displeasure was Charles Royce, who in time became my husband. When our home afterward became Aunt Julia's too, Charles would twit her about how she used to "lay it on" his back and she would laughingly reply, "Had I but known then that you would become a member of my family, I would have given you more of it." Charles lived on a farm over toward White Lake, and was in the same school district as the Valley. The Red School House, up the hill and by the Methodist Church, was built there to accommodate the children of the farms as well as the Valley. After spending one year at the Tannery school with my Aunt Julia a change for the better took place in our own school about one and one-half miles west of the Valley. It was a hard walk for most of us being practically up a steep hill and no big school bus to gather us all in and deposit us without effort on our part at the school house door as at the present time. The teacher engaged was Dan Piper a young man from a nearby farm family, aspirant for a college education.

There were signs too that the Tannery school might be discontinued owing to lack of pupils so our folks decided that we could hold our own in our school and we too had de-

ided ourselves that we should begin seriously to consider applying ourselves to some real study. The next year a similar young man applied for the job of teacher, the aforesaid Charles Royce. He too had college aspirations and the third year came Frank Kinne son of our church chorister—all three nearly of an age and same capabilities. It was during these years that our dancing feet led us to the carding mill by the Lybolt brook, but not every noon recess was engaged in whiling the hour away in following Terpsichore, for Frank Kinne had a good singing voice and after our lunches were eaten we would organize a choir in which sopranos predominated but with two Lybolt girls' alto, Frank's strong bass, one of the girls taking the tenor we made out to produce melody after our own heart.

The following years saw Dan Piper studying for the ministry, Charles Royce completing the Agricultural course at Cornell University, and Frank Kinne in the mercantile business. My last teacher in the Red School was Rose Dillon, who had been to the Albany Normal College, and so had more training than just "passing the examination", as was then required of teachers. As I had passed the Uniform Examination for schools early that year I felt quite competent to become a teacher as soon as I left my "Alma Mater". So I did up my hair, let down my skirts and assumed all the responsibilities of adulthood by taking a little backwoods school some four miles south of Monticello. Here I was so homesick I nearly died. I went home about every two weeks and occasionally I spent a weekend with Aunt Julia who had a similar job in an adjoining school district called Sacket Lake school. A different class of people lived here and I always enjoyed these occasions. My age was sixteen. In this

first venture into school teaching, I had, of course, pupils of all ages. Four boys were 18 and one girl near my own age. I soon saw they had the upper hand of me in some subjects while in others they were woefully deficient. So I left them to their own devices in Arithmetic while I tried to impress upon them the importance of History, Grammar and Physiology, then a somewhat new subject for schools of this type.

The second year of my teaching found me mistress of a small school at Pleasant Pond a few miles north of Bethel Village. Here I found people much to my own liking—descendants of the Scotch Covenanters, Presbyterians and early Methodists and a set of pupils more responsive to my guidance. Here too, I met a number of young people of my own age whom I found very companionable; the parents as well proved friendly. I was able to keep up with my own studies and that year I passed the examination for a second grade certificate which took me into any Normal School in the state without further examination. This year then of 1890 saw my application into the new Paltz Normal School accepted, and here I was a student for the popular 2-year course allowing me when completed to teach in any grade school of the state. So, with diploma in hand, I started out but only for one year. In 1893 Charles and I were married one beautiful September day amid all the glowing autumnal foliage of the season by the Rev. William Ferrie at a simple home ceremony with relatives and a few friends in attendance.

GAMES

Make-believe was one of our favorites. Many were the exciting scenes we could devise out of our own minds, many were the elaborate wardrobes designed and worn, the wonder-

ful journeys taken and the grand parties given at which we met people of other nationalities and spoke to them in their own language, danced with fine looking men, ate delectable food, rode in fine carriages. In short we lived in quite another realm; Mongaup Valley was far from our thoughts. I for one never wanted to go home and never did until Aunt Mary called. From an older girl, Grace Hoffman who came from New York to visit at the Purdy's we learned many singing games, "The Old Woman from Newfoundland" being our favorite as I recall.

I had no end of cats to play with but they were usually kept at the big old red barn across the road, only one or two being allowed at the house. The chief live pet was Pilot who was only a mutt, but smart as a tack. He was one of a litter at John Daudt's the shoemaker and Uncle Howard picked him out because of his fighting qualities—always growing with the other pups over a bone or getting into a scrap somehow. He paid 50 cents for Pilot and what a playmate he was! He would chase me all about the big kitchen snapping at my fat legs until in great panic I would jump up on the old black leather couch where he could not reach me, but this was not for long as he grew tremendously fast and soon could jump on the couch as easily as I, but by this time spring had opened up and we had the whole outdoors to run about in.

Hoop-rolling too was a fine pastime and in this Pilot had his share of fun. Whenever I picked up my hoop to go rolling off down the road, my little dog Pilot would grab an old barrel hoop in his teeth and throwing it back over his shoulders until it rested on his rump or tail, would run along with me. Nobody taught Pilot this, he just learned it himself. If

my hoop struck a stone and fell flat, Pilot would drop his hoop to the ground and standing within the circle wait for me to pick up, then would grab his hoop and off we would go together again. This was repeated many times. Pilot and I never quarreled but with all his intelligence it is a wonder we did not. He seemed to know everything I said to him. One evening after supper as Aunt Mary and I were washing the dishes, Pilot lay on the kitchen floor right in our path to the pantry when Aunt Mary said in the most casual voice, not even speaking his name, "If you don't get up I'll step on you." Without waiting a minute Pilot got up and walked away. Smart doggie! He made the cats scurry around and they, to get rid of him, would scamper up the old Belle Flower apple tree by the back porch. The trunk was bent at quite an angle and one day in his excitement Pilot ran up the trunk clear into the branches and had to be rescued. He developed into a homely little stub and twist dog—short legs and a bristly rough yellow coat. He had a brother that was quite a handsome fellow—looked like a terrier with silly long coat and hair all over his eyes and with whom he never failed to pick a fight when they met. Pilot had the ability to roll back his upper lip and show his teeth when he was pleased and once after a bloody bout with his brother dog, came to the house limping and wagging his tail and "laughing" in quite a human manner. In the end Pilot's fighting spirit was his undoing, for, after I had left home, he picked a fight with a mad dog, got bitten and had to be shot.

Hardly before the winter snow melted, there appeared in the woods back of our house a beautiful green spot called the clearing, made so by an overflowing spring gushing out from under a rock which was in great contrast to the brown

wintery garment of nearby woods and fields. Here one could stoop and guzzle up delicious draughts of clear, cold water just as it came from the rock. I used to compare this with Moses' rock which he struck with his rod to give water to the Children of Israel.

Other outdoor sports were mudpies made under the three big pine trees between my home and the covered bridge. Here stood three small lumber piles of special manufacture and these served as play houses for Grace, Gertie and me.

How well I remember those happy times when I with the Campman girls, summer visitors from New York, named Mary and Clara, would take "foot-in-hand" and start out on a bright sunny morning to walk to White Lake three miles distant with the hope of getting a "lift" on some ox cart or other vehicle going our way. Very often nothing happened and we walked the entire distance, but we were vastly overpaid for our exertions by the day spent on the Lake rowing about from point to point watching other boats, other people, the sky and the changing clouds, in fact taking in everything. *Glamorous* would have been the name for it, had we known the word. In my day everything that pleased was termed "Lovely". Lovely day, lovely dresses, etc., etc.

Over on the north shore stood a shebang where we could buy soft drinks, candy and crackers for our lunch. By the end of the day we found ourselves home again, six miles to our credit, dirty and foot sore but not discouraged. Some other day would find us starting off in another direction, for Moon-gaup Valley environs were full of beauty spots to be explored.

White Lake was a fisherman's Paradise being full of black bass and pickerel as well as other fish and because many fishermen had fished in those waters it became a challenge to New York tired business men who yearly came to White Lake for rest and recreation to compete among themselves as to who would catch the largest fish and paint its outline on the Mansion House Front. One fellow actually wrote a long poem of which I recall only one short stanza:

"Morris may henceforth stick to pills
And Zellincoffer his woolen mills;
But on the Mansion House of fame
I'll paint a fish above my name
For them to view."

(Morris was Dr. Sylvester Morris related to the Gillespies).

There is no inlet to this lake but it is fed by springs and some parts are very deep and said to have no bottom. Persons I have talked with recall a long sandy beach on the northwest shore, then suddenly it was noted that the beach was entirely gone and the water at that spot was black and deep. The Rhododendron grows lavishly here, and a few years ago I made a trip in a row boat to this spot in early July and the scene was one of great beauty. The flowers were in full bloom having climbed to the height of 25-30 ft. and hanging over the clear water showed their reflection most vividly.

White Lake has always been considered a natural beauty spot in this part of the state and it still is but it has been so commercialized that one almost forgets its pristine loveliness as recalled by Street the poet. The name "White" refers to

the white sand found at the bottom near the shores but the Indian name Kauneonga meaning "Two-wings" more nearly typifies its shape like the two wings of some large bird.

WHITE LAKE

Pure as their parent springs! how bright
The silvery waters stretch away,
Reposing in the pleasant light
Of June's most lovely day.
Curving around the eastern side,
Rich meadows slope their banks, to meet,
With fringe of grass and fern, the tide
Which sparkles at their feet.

The ploughman sees the wind-wing's deer
Dart from his covert to the wave,
And fearless in its mirror clear
His branching antlers lave.

Here, the green headlands seem to meet
So near, a fairy bridge might cross;
There, spreads the broad and limpid sheet
In smooth, unruffled glass.

Hark! like an organ's tones, the woods
To the light wind in murmurs wake,
The voice of the vast solitudes
Is speaking to the lake.

Alfred B. Street, the Sullivan Co. poet, has written a good deal regarding Sullivan county and its scenery, many of whose poems have been published in a volume now in my possession. Some of his descriptions are very fine although a bit flowery and stilted for this day and age. Lines relating to Mongaup Falls are very good also, but alas, this cataract is no more. When the Rockland Light and Power Co. moved in and built a dam on the lower Mongaup stream this lovely waterfall was entirely obliterated.

THE FALLS OF THE MONGAUP

Struggling along the mountain path,
We hear, amid the gloom,
Like a roused giant's voice of wrath,
A deep-toned, sullen boom:
Emerging on the platform high,
Burst sudden to the startled eye
Rocks, woods, and waters, wild and rude
A scene of savage solitude.
Myriads of man's time-measured race
Have vanish'd from the earth,
Nor left a memory of their trace,
Since first this scene had birth;
These waters, thundering now along,
Join'd in Creation's main-songs;
And only by their dial-trees
Have known the lapse of centuries!

Another notable spot in Sullivan Co. is or was the "rocking stone" on the McLaury farm at Maplewood not far from the first settlement of Royces who emigrated from Hartford

Co., Conn., headed by Uzzial Royce, in 1805. The following account of this boulder is taken from the Sullivan Co. Directory published in 1872, p. 196—I quote:

"On the farm of Joseph H. McLaury, located about two and one-half miles west of Monticello, on the Newburgh & Cocheton Turnpike, is a huge boulder, weighing from twenty to twenty-five tons, which is so nicely poised as to be easily set in motion. It is composed of Shawangunk conglomerate, and is doubtless a deposition of the drift period, an epoch in the history of geology, having lain in its present position during the vast interval of time, to excite the wonder and admiration of the curious beholder. It is a period in the world's history written by nature, and a monument reavealing the mighty forces which have been at work to fit the earth for the occupancy of man. It is known as the 'rocking stone'."

Among other people important to me was one whose name I never knew. A portrait painter came to the Valley once and spent the summer. His canvasses had already been painted with backgrounds, upon which he superimposed the faces. Everybody that was able to pay the price had his picture painted: The Swans, the Footes, Mr. and Mrs. Kiersted, Grandpa and Grandma, my Mother, Uncle Howard, and Aunt Mary, also a sweet faced child, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Purdy. The painter did not sign his works, but he must have been good, for the portraits of my family not only look just like the daguerreotypes of them, but lack the leathery look so common to many old portraits. Daguerreotypes were fairly common then, photographs were scarce indeed—at least, in our Valley, until the era of the tintype.

The little old stone school house stood not far from White Lake and was probably the oldest school in the county. I wish it were still standing but when the first hard road was put through the old stones were torn down and ground up for road ballast. It seems too bad for it would have been a most interesting piece of antiquity to preserve. My aunt Mary Tillotson went to school there at the age of four and she told me how the school looked inside. It was heated by a large fireplace and the teacher's desk was at one side of this, opposite the door, the pupils' desks were ranged continuously around the edge of the room and they sat on slabs, round side up supported by strong wooden legs (slabs by the way were the outside strip sawed from logs, usually four to a log, and considered waste lumber). The children sat with their faces to the wall, their backs to the teacher. At this time Aunt Mary must have walked a long distance over a lonely road. She told me that the teacher was Emily Call-breath and I have heard it said that even before that, Aunt Mary's own mother, as Elvira Hurd, my grandmother Gillespie, had previously taught this school. Even tho' the old building has not been preserved to posterity, a painting is now in the possession of Alfred Gillespie of Bethel, N. Y.

Another famous Sullivan County school gone almost before my time was the Mongaup Valley Academy taught many years by one Reuben Fraser of Scotch ancestry, a member of the Covenantan church of White Lake, much beloved and highly respected. Here school "was kept" in the community building known as Eureka Hall. Here, the growing boys and girls, young men and women from all over the county must have received the best part of their education except for a few whose fathers could afford to send them to college.

Wynkoop Kiersted was one of these and Will Waddell from White Lake as well as Dick Gillespie from the same place. Will Haley, a poor boy attended the Academy but he had to depend on his own resources to pay his school bills for this was a private school. One day he told Mr. Fraser of his intention to go work on the Erie canal to earn money for his schooling come next winter. "No, Will, I wouldn't do that," replied his teacher, "You will be thrown among all kinds of vicious people who may have a bad effect on you." "No they won't," replied Will, "if I want to be a bad boy I can be one in Mongaup Valley as well as anywhere else. I need the money and I can get good wages on the canal. I need every penny." So Will went on to drive a mule on the tow path, and kept this up as long as he needed to. In the end he became one of the best teachers in Sullivan Co.—became Principal of Monticello high school where he moved his mother and her family to live with him thus insuring an education for his brothers and sisters. In later years he gave up teaching and got a job in the port of customs at New York.

The other boys who were Reuben Fraser's pupils and who all I knew turned out well, were: Will Waddell who graduated Civil Engineer from Union, later turned missionary, and went to South America where he lived and died, his children following his work after him. I can truly say of the others that they were most successful in their chosen fields as well. Milton Kerr was probably a pupil of Reuben Fraser but of this I am not sure. I only wish the Academy had been operating in my day but those who came after Reuben did not make a success of it as he had done so it did not pay probably. Perhaps the population of the Valley was dwindling.

Two other names come to me now as an afterthought. Will Brundage who became first a Methodist minister, later became affiliated with the Unitarians; and Willis Purdy, the Doctor's son who himself became a member of the medical profession. Others whom I neglected to mention were Wynkoop Kiersted, Jr. and Dick Gillespie, the old Doctor's grandson both of whom later graduated C. E. from Union College at Schenectady.

MAY DAY

May day was a big event. We children would hurry home from school to eat our dinner and then meet for a trip to the woods to gather mayflowers—spring beauty, hepatica, dutchmans breeches and others; with these we made up May-baskets to hang on peoples' door knobs in the early evening after which we gave a loud knock or rang the doorbell and ran away. On one such occasion at the "parsonage" who should come bursting out after us but Mr. Ferrie himself. We had all gotten ourselves pretty well hidden behind trees but when he continued to call we felt we had better show ourselves. It was Gerrie who stepped out to do the explaining and when the old Dominie understood what the ruckus was about he said in his Scotch brogue "oh I thoct it was some b'ys after me gyurls". These "gyurls" were all grown women indeed and the idea of any "b'ys" coming after them in such irregular fashion was so ludicrous as to cause us all to laugh including the Dominie himself. These "gyurls" were expert needlewomen. There was little that was not known to them in the way of hand craft. The oldest brother Will had a responsible job in the firm of Tibballs & Co., N. Y., and he secured for his sisters the making of doll

dresses for the Christmas trade. Accordingly a downstairs bedroom was turned into a workshop and to this room came yards and yards of satins and silks, lace and lawns with other dress materials beside a beautiful dolly for a model. Of course, it soon got around the Valley what the Ferrie girls were up to and one day at the close of school Maggie invited us children to come into the living room and see all the finery and that wonderful doll. Well, I am sure if "swooning" had been popular then we would all have fallen in our tracks dead to the world, for such a vista of beauty we had never in our wildest dreams hoped for. I myself had often been given an account of the Macy store and the grand toy department therein and whenever Aunt Mary went to N. Y. City I always charged her to go to "Mr. Macy's" and tell me when she got home of what she saw there. But here before my very eyes I had a glimpse of what might be called a child's heaven. Here was "Mister Macy's" store in miniature set right before me. It doesn't take much to make a child happy, especially an unsophisticated child.

RAILROAD TALK

In my earlier days there was great hope of a railroad other than the Monticello branch of the Erie from Monticello to Port Jervis and the Ontario & Western Midland R. R. which skirted the northern portion of the county. Excitement ran high whenever men gathered in store or bar room to discuss the momentous question of the route of this new railroad. Some of these heads of families were very anxious to have trains running past their homes but others disputed strongly the advantage to be gained. Some even went so far as to declare they would not give one foot right of way to have

a "tootin' squawkin'" engine going past their house. The men who protested loudest were quite likely to live on a high hill, so but little attention was paid to them any way. As for me, when this talk was relayed to my home, I listened with wide open ears and gave as my opinion where the station should be located. To my thinking it must be right close by when we could all see the trains come in and be able easily to board a train for New York rather than go a long drive at 5 a.m. on a cold winter morning to catch the Monticello train. But with all the talk, our railroad never materialized. Indeed today there are fewer rail lines in Sullivan Co. than there were then, owing no doubt to the coming of the automobile passenger cars and trucks as well as large bus lines. The old Monticello branch built in 1868-1871 was some years later wiped out and the O. & W. very much diminished in business. My mind travels back to many such exciting chilly mornings, but once when Aunt Mary was planning to go for a month's visit to her friends and relatives in New York and was to take me with her, she decided to abandon this early rising and take a train on the Ontario & Western somewhat later in the day. At Monticello she engaged a man to drive us to Fallsburg station (now Kamesha) and when we joined the West Shore R. R. at Cornwall on the Hudson, my joy knew no bounds for there happened to be a full moon and moreover, somewhere along the route we glimpsed the Mary Powell steamboat on her way up the river. It looked like fairyland to my unaccustomed eyes, but years later after marriage and the possession of a family, living on the east bank of the Hudson, near Rhinecliff, a view of this fine Day line steamer could be had each summer evening as she plied her way to her berth in Albany. She usually passed our house

about 8:30 or 9 o'clock and this was a grand excuse for the children to delay bedtime. "Oh please mother" was their cry, "let us stay out until the Powell goes up". When her hoarse whistle blew for Staatsburgh, that was the signal to put away toys and come to the house. Then soon would sweep past the Mary Powell resplendent in all her lights and grandeur and the day for the children was ended. They were never satisfied until they could say "good night" to Mary Powell.

HARVEST TIME

This was hard work for the grown-ups in the farm family but fun for the children. For the men it meant garnering and harvesting the crops especially cereal crops like oats and wheat, barley and rye. Buckwheat came after and where I lived, was usually threshed out by hand with flails on the barn floor. It was not stored beforehand but was drawn from the field as needed taking advantage of good weather in about October. Many were the times I have ridden on the loads of buckwheat and heard the thud thud of the flails as they rose and fell with rhythmic strokes on the grain heads to produce our "pancake timber" for the winter. Naturally one would think since Uncle Howard was the proprietor of a grist mill he would have been privileged to manufacture our own buckwheat flour but not so. Aunt Mary had her own ideas on this subject and she thought Tillotson mills flour wasn't good enough, so in the beginning of winter our team was loaded with grain and the hired man dispatched to Liberty Falls or to the Hatch mill near Monticello where a whiter product could be obtained.

But I am getting ahead of my story. I started out to glorify the busy times when the threshing machine would pull into

our barnyard and prepare to camp out on us for two or three days, the times when the women folks had been baking and cooking for this occasion days beforehand, and I had been scouting around impatient for the day that I could set my teeth into what looked like delectable foods stored in cellar and on pantry shelf. The machinery was of course horse drawn and horse operated. It consisted of the thresher itself which was always handled by the owner as being too dangerous for an amateur; the tread mounted on truck wheels having no knives or other dangerous parts could be intrusted to almost any one who could drive a team. Accordingly the man who last employed the thresher man sent his team and man on to the next farm to pull the tread mill which was the power that ran the thresher and was usually operated by the owner's team.

BLIZZARD OF '88, MARCH 13.

This storm has become an historical event—a real classic. It raged four days, not only in Sullivan Co. but in Western Connecticut and New York City. I still hear repercussions of that snowfall, but I can give only my own personal recollections of it. Uncle Howard had died and Aunt Mary and I were living alone in the old house.

I had just completed my first term of school teaching four miles south of Monticello, a stout girl of sixteen so I was able at least partly to dig ourselves out. I recall being almost buried by the snow. We had no mail for a week and when John Ferrie started a week later to walk home from Monticello where he was employed in the Monticello bank, up on top of Knowell's hill the drifts were so high and so well packed that he had no difficulty in walking on top and

stepping through the telegraph wires of the Postal Telegraph Co. Many other wierd tales were told of this freakish storm. A farmer north of Bethel was unable to plow an entire field for oats because of a heavy snow drift in one corner. He then sowed the oats as close as he could to the drift and on July 1st plowed where the drift had stood and sowed buckwheat.

I did not know it then, but in this year of Grace 1948 I learned how much snow did fall on that memorable occasion. According to a weather report over the radio March 13, 1948, I learned that only three and a fraction inches fell the first day, thirty odd the second day, and enough the two following days to make it up to forty-six and a fraction in all four days.

Of course there were no snow plows or any means of disposing of heavy snow falls other than ox-teams and heavy sleds to tramp down the snow so that teams could pass and in time pack down the snow still more to let lighter traffic move. With these insufficient means of opening the roads, gangs of men often just skirted around the drifts making a way through fields by tearing down fences and other barriers.

Many old cemeteries are near habitations or near the church but our old cemetery at Mongaup Valley was placed at some distance from the Valley proper, way off on a side road, a veritable "lover's lane" where the only bit of maiden hair fern in all these parts grew by the roadside. Perhaps the Valley founding fathers thought "the dead should sleep in peace" and so they did for many, many years but now the road past the cemetery is a direct road to Port Jervis and I've no doubt but that many cars pass that way often disturbing the solitude.

The land chosen and surveyed by Grandfather Gillespie was a sandy knoll overlooking the tannery pond from a distance, lovely in the summer, but in the winter cold and bleak, the road usually piled high with snow drifts which required much back-breaking work to let funeral processions through. I recall the death of one very old cantankerous man who was noted his whole life for his ill natured remarks. When he died the snow banks were high and one of the neighbor women said, "Wouldn't it be awful if the hearse should tip over?" Her daughter having a sense of humor replied, "Well, if it does, I'd expect the old man to jump up and rip out a whole volley of oaths."

The cemetery land was given by Wynkoop Kiersted and a large plot was reserved for his own family, all neatly fenced about and well kept. A row of beautiful balsam fir trees were planted along the road side, their slender tops always recalled to me:

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER"

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high
I used to think their slender tops
Reached up into the sky.
Then 'twas childish ignorance
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

The graves of many old settlers are here to be found nearly all in a state of disrepair and neglect. Many families are en-

tirely gone and the few remaining members are too far removed, or too scattered to take sufficient action to keep up the appearance of the old burying ground.

Last winter one evening while idly twirling the knobs on my radio dial my attention was suddenly arrested by the words "Swan Lake" "Sheldrake" "Stop", I said to myself, "these names sound familiar". Immediately my mind began going in circles. Swan Lake—Stevensville Pond—Oh yes, the road used to dip down from Liberty to sort of a viaduct crossing the water, clear on one side, full of old tree stumps on the other, then up into the village of Stevensville past a general store and on to White Lake five miles distant, "Sheldrake" now where is that? Why in Sullivan County of course where I had my start in life. Hey, this sounds interesting, I'll listen, and listen I did, horrified, for what I heard did not tie in with the old horse and buggy days to which my mind had reverted.

This was it—a gang of assassins in N. Y. City had murdered a man, thrown his body into a car and speeded their way up into present Swan Lake which has in recent years been raised by a higher dam to a fine looking sheet of water. Here the corpse had been thrown, and the murderers had driven off secure in feeling that their crime would never be discovered. Then another band of thugs carried another corpse up to Lake Sheldrake which they threw in and hurried off in the same belief that since nobody saw them do it, nobody would learn the enormity of their crime.

The radio voice went on to state (F.B.I. by the way) that if these assassins had understood physics they would have picked a better place to hide their misdoings than a man-

made lake with water of warmish temperature or even a spring-fed lake like Sheldrake having much colder water for in either case a human body would decompose and the ensuing gasses would float it to the surface in longer or shorter time according to the temperature of the water. As I listened still further, I was informed that in due course of time, the Swan Lake body arose and the F.B.I. at once got onto the murders. Likewise the Sheldrake corpse made its appearance, and the F.B.I. clamped down on both sets of murderers thus bringing the killers to justice.

All this took me back many years to when I was a small child and memories of those times flocked into my mind. I knew of course what a difference there is between the slow horse or ox-drawn travel and the swift automobile age. This dumping of corpses 100 miles from the scene of murder could not possibly have taken place 100 years ago or even when I was a child some 70 odd years ago or even in later years after, when I was a mother with three or four children traveling by Ontario and Western R. R. up from Scarsdale to take the children to visit their grandparents near White Lake. The only method of travel at that time was by train which we would board at the Weehauken terminal in Jersey City; Grandfather Royce would meet us at Fendale with the big wagon and away we would go behind old Dick and Fletcher to Grandpa's farm near the close of the day.

But now I must leave these interesting episodes and go back to pick up some odds and ends of an earlier day which I would like to include in my childhood recollections of Mongaup Valley.

Since this is a Presidential year, (1948) I may as well start off with Grover Cleveland's election in 1885, for that was a banner year for all Democrats. The Republicans had elected a president for twenty-four years and now it was time for the Democrats to rejoice. My folks were all Democrats and a goodly number of other Valley folks, so at that time I was a good Democrat too. Of course we must celebrate, so a big demonstration was planned with the Waverly band to head a "torchlight parade" and hot speeches at Eureka Hall later. I remember that we illuminated our house by inserting candles in small potatoes and placing one in each window pane. All of which the other good Democrats did so our little village presented a gay appearance when the parade stopped before each lighted house, the band played and the people gave three cheers for the occupant, our hearts were full nigh to bursting just as though we had been responsible alone for the Democratic victory. The Republicans didn't feel so good. They had their houses darkened and some bad boys were mean enough to hang crepe on certain gateposts.

The commotion and talk didn't end with the parade. There were still the "spoils of office" to be divided, the chief of which was the post-office in the hands of the Kiersted family many years—as I recall Hiram Post and later Mac Kiersted. Uncle John Gillespie became the chief contender and in due course of time came into possession of the coveted prize which he immediately moved to the store of John Lang. Now this John Lang was a crusty individual who had a habit of scolding people when they came into his store as customers. Sugar was his principal grouch because the profit was so

small. When anyone came in for granulated sugar, he would mutter as he dived into the back room where the sugar barrel was kept, "If I had my way there wouldn't be one pound of this stuff sold." Just as if all this grumbling could help matters any. The poor man was sick and ailing so we have to excuse him somewhat. He always made a great to-do over getting up from his chair to hand out mail to people as they came to the post-office in Uncle John's absence, not thinking that he got more trade from the post-office being located in his store.

Once I recall going with Uncle Howard to Lang's store to pick out a pair of spectacles and when Mr. Lang handed out a tray of varied assortment, Uncle Howard proceeded to try on pair after pair testing each one by a newspaper lying on the counter. When he found a pair to suit his eyes he laid down a silver quarter, picked up his purchase and we walked out without benefit of oculist, optometrist, or optician. This by the way was the usual procedure for anyone who needed glasses.

Another time Uncle Howard gave me a quarter to buy a dress for a new baby that had arrived at the home of one of his workmen. So off I trudged to Lang's and picked out of all things, two yards of bright figured pink calico. I thought it beautiful but when I showed it to Uncle Howard he did not seem very enthusiastic over my choice, although he said nothing and I went on my way undismayed to present my gift. However, the baby girl grew to be 2-3 years old before I ever saw her wear my dress.

CHARACTERS

Mongaup Valley had many odd people in its environs. These in the light of present day are known as "Characters". John Cornell was one of these. He was dubbed the "Deacon" although to my sure knowledge he never darkened a church door, nor made any pretense to religion. He was a carpenter by trade and beside the ability to build houses and barns, he was a most helpful member of the community. Whenever a death occurred, the Deacon was the first person sent for to "lay out" the corpse. I never heard of his refusal to come on call and I never knew of his demanding a fee for this service. When Uncle Howard died, very unexpectedly of heart disease, the Deacon was right on the job not even waiting to be sent for. His one failing was prevarication—"tall stories" which undoubtedly came from too vivid an imagination. He hailed originally from Green County in the Catskills where large quantities of maple sugar and syrup were made. His one classic was of sending Queen Victoria a cake of maple sugar so big it was caked in a wooden wash tub. The fact was that he told so many tales of his own prowess that no one believed them. His friends always smiled and forgot. His wife Polly was a fine woman, hard worker and good friend, and when she died the Deacon was most bereft, but his bouyant nature soon lifted him out of his troubles and his marriage with a widow who brought him a family of three soon lifted him out of his despondency. Annie was a young lady, Bob and Regina, near my age, were warmly welcomed into the young people's "circles" in the Valley. Jeanie as she was known, was a beautiful girl who attracted the attention of one Jim Hill of New York to whom she was married one fine day in Autumn and all the girls were bidden to the wed-

ding. This was the first event although not the first marriage in our set, Gerrie and the young doctor, Wellington Steel had been married some time previously but very quietly with only members of the family present.

Other people who populated "My Valley" to be looked on as "Characters" include Dick Hall, Irishman cobbler whose little 9 x 12 shop, stuck up on a rock close beside the turnpike leading up the West Hill out of the Valley, not only served to hold a cobbler's bench and various other equipment of a shoemaker's trade, but, because Dick was a genial fellow, it furnished a place for all the Valley sitters who came to discuss current politics and the state of the nation generally. Here were nourished Dick's own special pets, some ten or twelve canary birds who hatched their eggs and reared their young despite the thick haze of tobacco smoke, the odor of old clothing and unwashed bodies, all lending a none-too-clean atmosphere. But the canaries continued to thrive, singing their songs and rearing their young, for Dick was a breeder as well as an admirer. He was a good hand with flowers too and had a tiny flower garden right beside his door. Dick was a bachelor and slept beside his leathers and his birds but ate his meals with one of the neighboring families.

At the opposite end of "My Valley" lived John Daudt, another character, cobbler and shoemaker. John really constructed boots and shoes. As his name indicates, he was a German, had learned his trade in the old country and looked the part. He was of an artistic nature and took great pride in his work. Regular customers had their own special lasts. I

remember Uncle Howard's had several layers of leather nailed on top of the instep to stimulate his own high arch of which he was very proud.

No loiterers lingered around here; "strictly business" was John's slogan. This shop was a real place of business and he himself hammered away from morning to night intent on making every minute count. Every penny was saved and supposedly stored away in a stout bag guarded by Mrs. Daudt who came out of the kitchen to make change for those who insisted on paying their bills. She, like her husband, was a hard worker. Flowers were her hobby and the little yard in front was cram-jammed with all kinds and varieties. She must have had a green thumb for all kinds thrived under her ministrations. They had once a large family but an accident happened, carrying away several by drowning in the mill pond back of the house. This happened before my time and I remember only two, Lizzie who married Jim Ramsay and Fred who was of a musical bent. He played a violin and teamed up with Tommy Nolan from the Tannery Valley who really was a good player although like Fred, a "natural". Tommy had composed his own variations to the "Mocking Bird" and if pressed would sometimes consent to render this music to a small and appreciative audience.

There was a realistic sign over Daudt's shop door which was probably brought from the old country and it indicated to the public that John Daudt was a boot and shoemaker.

Many years later long after the Daudts were both dead and gone I was privileged to hear Wagner's Meistersingers and when the curtain rose on Hans Sach's cobbler's shop I'm blessed if I didn't behold a replica of John Daudt's sign before my very eyes and Hans himself looked as much like

John, to my amazement, as tho' they were doubles of each other.

Mrs. Daudt loved to give away her flowers to callers and chat about family affairs. "That John Daudt" she would say, "he is so *pecunious*" (penurious). I doubt if he were any more so than she.

Griff Heddy was another man often seen around the Valley although he lived up the hill to the west. His main business seemed to be fishing for minnows which he sold to the White Lake boarders for bait. He could often be seen trudging along the road, body half bent carrying a small net and a pail for keeping bait alive until wanted. He had a sharp nose and no teeth, so his nose and chin often seemed in close proximity. The boys used to tease him unmercifully just to hear his sharp answers in retort to their mean remarks. "Griff" they would say, "When your nose and chin meet that'll be the end of you. Yes sir! That means we will have to come to your funeral."

He was engaged as sexton at the Methodist church. Aunt Melissa Brundage who lived in her vine-clad cottage opposite used sometimes to be late at the service. "Yes," Griff would snort, "If Meiss' lived in a corner of the church, she'd be late." This was hardly true for I have often seen Aunt Lissa and Aunt Charlotte Kerr, sisters, spending the few minutes before church began, sitting in a corner pew, heads together nodding and whispering exchanging family news, having a jolly time with each other.

When Griff's wife died, Mrs. Miller who kept the toll gate with her invalid daughter offered the old weary man a home for what chores he could do for them, Mrs. Miller

herself being well on in life. When he came out to open the gate, the boys enroute to school would politely say "Good morning Mr. Miller."

Andy Thompson—another queer old character who lived by himself for many a year, fell very ill and was attended by two of the neighbor women. One morning the doctor called and finding the old man in coma, soon left but the women continued talking in low tones. Lifting his head suddenly he said, "Does the doctor think I'll not survive?" Replied one of the women "Would you care to live, Mr. Thompson?" "Aweel, life is *sweet*," and at that turned his face to the wall and passed on.

Aunt Nellie Smith, widow, devout Christian woman, hard worker, eked out her scant subsistence by working for the neighbors. She worked for the Ferries and for Mrs. "Dr." Purdy—probably others. One day she had a terrible tooth ache and found she had some badly decayed teeth which should be extracted. So, instead of taking her troubles to the Dr., who like all physicians in those times could pull a tooth or saw off a leg in emergency, she undertook to do the job herself.

In her own words which she related to Mrs. Purdy afterward, she said, "I set me down in front of a small looking glass, and first I cut and cut all around each tooth with an old sharp case knife." (there were four of these teeth) "then I took a pair of big shears and I twisted and twisted each tooth until it came loose and I could pull it out with my fingers." "Oh", cried Mrs. Purdy aghast, "why didn't you speak to the doctor?" "He could have drawn them much more easily." "Well," naively replied Aunt Nellie, "I was

afraid he'd hurt me." It is a wonder she didn't die of blood poisoning, but instead she lived to a good old age, mourned by all her neighbors and friends at her death.

Another heroic measure has been told of Dr. Bill Appley of Bethel Village who had one leg amputated. Pointing to his stump, he would sometimes ask, "Do you want to know who cut off Dr. Bill Appleys leg? Well, Dr. Bill Appley did," and so it was told of him that he sat up and directed the whole process—the incisions, the tying of arteries and veins and all connected with the gruesome business. Dr. Appley died long before my time and this story is very much hearsay with probably some exaggerations in each time it was told. However, I do feel this episode might have happened in those gory times of Indian scalplings and burnings. Certainly "there were *Giants* in those days".

Sullivan Co. boys and girls who made good in their chosen professions—late 19th century. These are not given in the order of their importance but as they have come to mind as I have written the foregoing.

Will Waddell—South America Missionary and college President
Wynkoop Kiersted, Jr.—Civil Engineer
Will Haley—High School Principal, Custom House Office, Port of New York
Jerry Haley—Printers trade
Cid Swan—Civil Engineer
Ella Margison—Local fame, teacher
Julia Gillespie—Local fame, teacher
Frank Gillespie—Optometrist, Elgin, Ill.

Will Brundage—Minister
Fred Brundage—Wholesale drugs
Adda Brundage—Singer from Boston Conservatory
Milton Kerr—Minister
Charles H. Royce—Mgt. large Estates, Cornell Professor
Eugene Gallagher—Physician
Francis Murray—Priest
John James Dillon—Editor Rural New Yorker
John Ferrie—Banker
Willis Purdy—Physician

To an earlier generation belongs the name of Solomon Peck, Bethel boy who became a noted physician practicing in Ithaca, N. Y., at the same time taking under his care and teaching, the future Dr. Herman Biggs of Trumansburg, N. Y., Bacteriologist working with the further development of the tubercular germ. A large State Hospital overlooking Cayuga Lake for the care and cure of tubercular patients has been named for him.

I must include one more who had no part in Mongaup Valley but who is Sullivan County born and bred near Livingston Manor—John R. Mott of Y.M.C.A. fame, and world wide in religious national affairs.

This, then, is the story of my Valley of the Dancing Feather. It is not meant to be too matter-of-fact, but rather to picture some of my important memories, that bridge over seventy-five years, of the lives, customs and moral standards of the Valley when I, as a child and early teen-age girl, lived with Uncle Howard and Aunt Mary.

Robert Royce
Arr. Boston, 1630

James Royce

James Royce, Jr.

Mehitable Arnold

Uzziel Royce

b. Aug. 4, 1758
d. May 23, 1835

Wealthy Pettis

Milton Pettis Royce
b. Feb. 22, 1801
d. June 12, 1874

Joshua Pettis Royce

b. May 9, 1832
d. December, 1914

Obediah Tibbitts

b. Oct. 22, 1781
d. Mar. 30, 1838

Esther Tibbitts

b. Apr. 26, 1807
d. Apr. 26, 1838

Margaret deKey

b. Apr. 17, 1781
d. Feb. 8, 1863

Solomon Royce

Abial Chamberlain
d. May 5, 1771

Solomon Royce

b. Feb. 27, 1778
d. May 23, 1859

Lydia Atwood

Alpheus Billings

Nancy Billings

b. Dec. 15, 1784
d. Oct. 18, 1847

John Emblar

John Morris Goerchius
Emblar
Elisabeth Goerchius

Mary Elisabeth Emblar

b. Oct. 29, 1820
d. Mar. 25, 1913

Sarah Titus

Sarah Elizabeth Royce

b. Dec. 4, 1842
d. 1920

Edward Griswold Royce

b. Feb. 3, 1817
d.

Charles Howard Royce

b. May 10, 1866
d. Aug. 5, 1921

m. Nina Barney
Sept., 1893

