REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE B. LOGAN

The second part of the Reminiscences of George B. Logan (1845-1929) appears in this — the second issue of Volume 51 of The Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine, April 1968.

It represents the logical continuation of the recollections of a citizen who was "truly a Pittsburgher" in the sense of leading as well as living in the metropolis of the Upper Ohio Valley in the latter half of the nineteenth century and the first part of the twentieth.

The third portion of Mr. Logan's Reminiscences will be printed in July.

ROBERT D. CHRISTIE

PART TWO

CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

When a young man my father connected himself with the second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh when Dr. Elisha P. Swift was its pastor and it was located on Diamond Street. My earliest recollection of the church is when it was located on Fifth Ave., opposite the Exchange Bank. It was a two story building, large columns in front like the Woodlawn house, the first story which was quite gloomy and dark was the S. School and lecture room. Dr. Wm. D. Howard was the pastor, (grandfather of Howard Parke). He read all his sermons closely except when we had "Childrens Church," when the sermon was brought down to infant school capacity.

Mr. John F. Loy was S.S. Supt., and the seats were wooden benches built into square forms for the classes. Mr. Loy was a tall old gentleman, grey hair and grey beard. He would rap for order with his pocket knife on the front bench. He led the singing and sang through his nose. Mr. Paul Cooper was Infant Class Supt. and teacher and a very good one as both Howard and Tom can testify. Mr. Robert C. Totten had a class of boys 12 to 14 years of age of which I was a member, some of the boys were Arthur and Frank Ballow, Walter Childs and Ferd Bonifon. It was a pretty lively lot of boys, but Mr. Totten was a good teacher and we learned a good deal from him.

When Sunday came the big carriage was gotten out and the whole family loaded up in it for the drive over to church. All the children had been duly scrubbed and their shoes polished Saturday and un-
comfortably clean starched clothes provided. We generally carried our lunch and stayed for S. School in the afternoon. Wednesday evenings we drove part of the family to meeting in a one horse vehicle. I do not have very cheerful memories of the gloomy lecture room and the doleful tunes which were used. When a little older I attended a boys class taught by a lawyer James T. Brady. He would take us to his law office on 5th Ave., sit in his office chair chewing tobacco and spitting in the fire place every few words of talk. He generally taught from the historical part of the Bible.

Ladies Sewing Society was held at the homes of different Church Members. It was the custom to charter an extra big omnibus known as “Old 76” and gather up the people at their homes. Once when the meeting was held at our house the gentlemen came in the evening. A plate of cake was handed around and a Mr. Hartupee took the whole plate and went on eating as though that were the regular thing. People came to the Second Church from as far as Hazelwood, Mount Washington and Perrysville Rd. Dr. Howard lived on Federal St. near Robinson St. About 1862 the North Church started and father thought it his duty to join it so we did in 1867 while it was worshiping in the Chapel of the Seminary. While attending the Second Church a notable event was the arrest of father’s coachman for driving or working on Sunday. This grew out of an effort to stop Sunday work, but father won the suit on the ground that it was a “work of necessity.”

Uncle Rafe

He was known as Uncle Rafe to all the neighborhood but was by family connected with Hal and Pete. His real name was Ralph Bagaley. He made his home in Hal’s family and on all pleasant days was to be found whittling while seated on the wall along the front sidewalk. He seemed to us boys quite old, but was probably not over forty and took life very easy, never appeared to have anything particular to do but to whittle and tell yarns. All the boys liked him, for he would tell us how to do things, how to get a hole through a muscle-shell so as to make a finger ring, mend up the dog harness when it went wrong, plait a cracker on a whip lash, but more especially tell us stories. All the other men in the neighborhood went to their business in the morning and did not get back until evening, but Uncle Rafe was generally in his regular place slouching on the fence curb, whittling, good humored and ready for us when we got up on the fence alongside of him.
Hal

Across the road from Woodlawn in a good sized brick house (now the Bayers house) lived "Hal" my earliest boy friend. He kept dogs which he trained to draw a small wagon in which he rode. We boys of Woodlawn envied his ability to make harness for his dogs and to make them pull which we never could. Hal's father had an old white horse called "Schimmel" and it was Hal's duty to ride Schimmel out to the pasture field for the cow. The horse often had to carry double, as our short legs spread over his broad back and it was quite a circumstance to get on after getting off to open the pasture field gate. In the spring the cellar of Hal's house was usually two feet deep with water, as there was no sewerage and it was in low ground. We used the wash tubs as boats and floated around the cellar, no such good fun as that at home. His mother was always attired in a shawl and had her head tied up, possibly the water in the cellar had something to do with her ailments.

Hal's father had a farm some seven miles out of town on Pine Creek and several times in the course of a summer one or two boys would be invited to ride out to the farm in his Jersey wagon. On the way out there were several small stores where gingerbread and pop were to be had. Arrived at the farm the boys were turned loose to amuse themselves for the day. Frogging along the creek was the best fun, but one day sad to relate a fine mess of frog legs was left behind when we started for home and on our next visit some weeks later were found in a lively condition.

Hal was a scholar at the "Bakeoven" school (of which see the chapter on Schools) and on one occasion he was put up as our champion to fight a boy of the neighborhood. We were considerably chagrinned to find that our champion instead of going into the fight with bare knuckles as was expected, had armed himself with two frozen clods of earth. However, the fight ended by his opponent running at the first fire without damage to either.

Schools

There was a school kept at Kilbuck (the McKnight Place) but we were too small to attend it. I remember being there as a visitor when a very small boy. The first school I attended was held in an old house that stood where Ridge and Grant Ave. now are corner (N.E.). These streets were not then opened and Ridge Ave. was only a lane leading in from the Commons and this was the last house on it. Father
used to drive us up there in his sleigh when on his way to business. The next school was Mrs. Singers on Sandusky Street. This was a long walk for little folks in cold weather, as we had to cross the Commons where the winds had full sweep and no paths broken, when the thermometer was at or below Zero we would arrive home with frozen fingers and toes. Once I remember Sister Mary got so cold that she stood still in the middle of the Commons and refused to go any farther. Then the stories I had read of persons frozen to death by inaction came to mind and I dragged her along home to escape such a terrible fate.

The next school was the “Bakeoven.” This was a neighborhood school located on Western Ave. near Allegheny Ave. It got its name from the fact that it was a one story frame building and got so hot in summer, as the Sun beat on it so as to make it almost unbearable. This room was crowded with scholars, boys and girls of all ages from 6 to 16 and the teacher of the whole lot was Miss Josie Maitland, who had her hands full. She was of a sweet disposition and her scholars loved her. She wore curls, was about 18 years old and generally came to school in the Doctors buggy, driven by his son, a tall young man named Dick Dale. As there were so many grades we did not learn a great deal, except the Multiplication Tables and the three R’s but Miss Josie’s influence for good was better than books. All the neighborhood children attended and father was treasurer of the school funds. He had to collect the bills from the parents and we boys had to carry them and make calls to collect which were sometimes rather disagreeable when they were long in arrears. Wakehams School. Arrived at the age of 12 years, a boys school and a man teacher was thought to be necessary. Wm. H. Wakeham kept such a school in the basement of Christs Episcopal Church, Union Ave. facing the East Common. Here were assembled sixty to seventy boys who were daily drilled in English, Latin and mathematics. The churchyard surrounding the schoolroom was filled with graves and the gravestones were laid flat on supports about two feet high. These made good seats for the lunch hour or for jumping over when playing tag. There was a butcher shop in the rear and our favorite amusement was to watch through the cracks the killing of cattle. Mr. Wakeham was often called to the door to interview patrons or other business and would be kept five or ten minutes. A class left standing in a straight line when he left it would form into a half circle by the time he came back. He would appear at the back door when we all thought him at the front, and his ever ready rattan would sting our legs before we
knew he was in the room. "Lickin and Learnin" was the rule at that school, especially the "lickin." Once Ed was told to stand in the middle of the floor as punishment for some offence. Ed had sore feet from chillblaines and refused to stand. Then began a battle between the 200 pound teacher and the ten year old boy, the teacher armed with his two foot wood ruler the boy with his teeth and finger nails. After a ten minutes of struggle Ed was beaten into subjection but not until his body was a mass of bruises and the teacher breathless and used up. Ed did not appear at that school again. There were other boys, however, who took a daily whipping or caning and did not appear to think much of it. One boy I remember was fat and I think Mr. Wakeham rather enjoyed whipping him.

Our ball ground was on East Commons in front of the school. We played the old town ball as base ball had not yet been invented. We used a rubber sponge ball and a three cornered bat, so that poor batters could use the flat and good ones the edge. Bob Bailey was the champion batter and could knock clear across the common.

"Teen" Wilson was the champion at Marbles and always had his pockets full of his winnings, he could "plump a commy" from base three out of four shots. Mr. Wakeham had his good points and we did learn something in spite of his lickins. When in a specially good humor he would read us books of travel or descriptions of nature and then require us to write a "composition" on the subject. One reading which produced some remarkable literary efforts was on the "beauties of ocean plant life." On special occasions he would invite boys to his house and relate his adventures as a young man on a trip from his home in England to Prince Edwards Island.

Professor Louis Bradleys School was first located on Federal Street where he had not over twenty boys from 14 to 16 years of age. When he was elected to take charge of the new observatory on the hill back of Allegheny, the school was transferred to the hill top and about a dozen boys tramped up there daily through the winter snow and summer heat. Prof. Bradley was peculiar and eccentric. He knew all the books he taught by heart, Salust, Cicero, Virgil and Euclid. He was always impatient with a dull boy. He never punished, but when a lesson was unprepared told the boy to take it next day and as each boy recited by himself he was the only one to suffer. He would sit back in his chair with his eyes closed and hear our villainous translations with numerous exlaimations of dissent, would call for the 5th or 47th problem of the first book of Euclid, or any other and expect us to be able to recite it at once. We learned something there altho the
discipline and teaching was the exact opposite of that at Mr. Wakehams. Prof. Bradley was a great advocate of fresh air and always advised us to sleep with windows open, even when the snow drifted in on us.

I will mention a few of the boys who attended this school Wm. G. Park, Chas. Clarimon, Marshall Howe, James Marshall and James W. Friend.

This was the last of my schooling. Arrived at the age of 16 we thought it fully time to be at work and I went to work in Fathers store in September 1862 at 16 years of age.

Sports

In winter we had sled tracks on the garden paths and we piled up snow banks against the fence to save our legs from bumps from the sudden stop. Seminary Hill made a good sled track ending in the Commons. My sled was the “Keystone” and Ed's the “Express,” solid wood runners and half round irons, they were good goers, but the Express was a little the best. We were great skaters, because we had so much of it. The “swamp,” Smoky Island and ponds all over the lower part of town gave us good places to skate whenever there was ice anywhere and we spent most of our time on it. We were often so impatient that we went on the ice before it “would bear,” and broke in, but the water was not deep and a wetting and a run for home was the only harm done. Our skates had wood tops and solid steel runners, the favorite shape being the “Rocker” which only touches the ice for an inch or two of its length.

In summer we spent a good deal of time on the river. The skiffs were old heavy and leaky and the oars were loose in the rowlock so we would often lose them. We borrowed the skiffs from the fishermen and others about the foot of Ridge Ave. I think now they must have been very good natured to let us have them so long. We would go out to deep water peel off our clothes and spend hours diving and swimming around the boat. When I was learning to swim I got some distance away from the boat in quite deep water when I suddenly forgot the stroke and began to sink. The boys thought I was shamming but finally realized I was not and Will Jennings got hold of me and towed me to the skiff where I was hoisted aboard and the water emptied out of me.

One trip made by four boys in a skiff was quite an event. We put our skiff on a towboat taking a tow of flatboats up the Allegheny and arrived at the mouth of Mahoning Creek about 3 o'clock in the
morning, as that was the boat’s nearest stop to our camp, we got our skiff off and waited for daylight, when we rowed upstream for about two miles where we found a rock with “Albatross” cut in it. At this place a party had camped a few years before. We pitched our tent in a piece of woods and spent a week there hunting and fishing, returning home in our skiff rowing down stream. A fish chowder prepared by one of the boys was fine. We had a deep iron pot and put in alternate layers of fish, potatoes, birds and bacon, then boiled or baked it in an open fire. We lived after eating it which is recommendation enough.

Another year when a little older a party of nine took the “Albatross” an eight oared rowboat, one of the party steering, and made a trip down the Ohio to Beaver, up the Canal, which at that time connected the Ohio River and Lake Erie, as far as Conneaut Lake, camped there for a week. (“Albatross” boat party started on trip August 5th, 1865. Alex McClure, Robert G. Bailey, Savan Barr, T. Dale Jennings, Robert Dazell, James Rinehart, Frank Rinehart, Geo. B. Logan and Ed. P. Logan) Then put our boat into French Creek, came down that stream to Franklin at which place it empties into the Allegheny and then down the Allegheny Home. We had eight hours rowing and one hour steering and the one hour was very welcome when it came around our turn to steer. Each boy handled only one oar, but it was a big one and grew bigger and heavier as the hours passed.

“Shinny,” was one of our games played on the lawn, it was incipient hockey. We went out in the woods, about where Charles St. now is, with an axe or hatchet and cut small saplings with a knob or turn at the bottom, to make our shinny sticks. We were generally afraid to go very far up the valley in the woods as wolves were supposed to inhabit them, but they existed only in our imagination.

The game was played by picking sides, as many as were there could play. We used a wood block and each side tried to drive it to “Haley,” which was at one side of the lawn. There were no forwards or guards. Each fellow got in a lick when he could and the other side was privileged to hit him on the shins if he was offside. We played this game on the ice too.

The Enterprise Baseball Club

During the Civil War Base Ball was introduced into Pittsburgh. Sam Jacobus came home from Princeton College and taught a lot of his friends the game. Before the Parks were improved the “Commons”
were free to be used and a crowd of boys 16 to 20 years of age gradually became what was then thought to be expert players. An older set of men used the ground north of the Railroad and were known as the "Alleghenies." Another set of bank clerks were the "Lincoln." Our Club the "Enterprise" used the ground opposite the Theological Seminary.

Some of our players were Jack Irwin, 1st base; Brocket, 2nd Base, Myself, 3rd base, Al Pratt, Pitcher, Woodruff McKnight, Catcher, Dan Euwer, Cosh Graham and others in the field.

I will copy some of W. K. Jennings Diary telling of a few of our games, "Wednesday June 13th, 1866. Great match between Enterprise and Allegheny B.B. Clubs. E.39 A.27. The first of 3 games for the Championship, Pratt pitched, McKnight caught.


Tuesday July 24, 1866 — Arrived at Altoona 9 o'clock A.M. Played the "Juniata" and "Mountain" Clubs Score E 26 Juniata 31. E 55 Mountain 26. Umpire refused to call the first game at 5 innings.


Monday August 15, 1866. Officers of Enterprize B.B. Club elected.

President—Bard
Vice President—Lewis Irwin
Secretary—W. K. Jennings
Captain—G. Logan
Captain 2nd Nine—Whitesides


Wednesday August 29, 1866. Went to Kittanning and played the
GEORGE BRYAN LOGAN
1845-1929

Taken from Gazette Times — Thursday August 27th, 1925, Sixty years ago today. "There will be a return match game of baseball between the Lincoln and Enterprise Clubs today on West Common, Allegheny, and to safeguard the interest of the players city officials have issued a warning that spectators are to remain outside the lines and under no conditions are they to pick up the ball."

Fights

Whether our generation was more pugnacious than the present rising one, or whether it is that there are more police about than in our boyhood days, it is a fact that the boys of 1850-1860 were fighters. Each crowd had its own stamping ground and woe to the boy from any other part of town who ventured out of his section, unless accompanied with enough of his champions to make it unsafe for a less number to attack.

Our territory comprised that part of the city now bounded by Ridge, Western, Irwin and Fulton Streets and our crowd was known to the outsiders as the "Bigbugs." The Rebecca St. crowd was the "bottom rats," below Fulton St. were the "Manchester rats" and the second warders north of Western Ave., all there were our natural enemies.

Stones of convenient size for throwing were scattered over all the streets and lanes and every boy learned to throw as soon as he was out of the nursery. Most of the fights were stone fights, the combatants standing within easy range and it is a great wonder that there were not more serious wounds. There was a rumor that there was a single policeman for the City, but he never appeared when there was a fight in progress, probably knowing better.

The most serious fight I remember was one in which our crowd was only spectator. It lasted for two days and was in the lane alternating our place, afterwards Allegheny Ave. The "Bottom Rats" and the second warders, were the fighters and all sorts of missiles were used and several boys badly hurt. The missing policeman with several volunteer assistants finally turned up and dispersed the boys.

Another bad fight was on Seminary Hill, where we had gone to fly our kits. The "Bottom Rats" charged us and broke our Kites, then we rallied and drove them down their side of the hill after pummeling some of them well. We held them at bay until it came time to go home for supper, then they came to the hilltop and stoned us all the way down our side.
One day I was sent on an errand to Rebecca St. and coming up the steep part of Allegheny Ave. alone encountered a crowd of a dozen boys lying in wait. I tried to pass them peacably but they wanted a fight and picked one of their number for a fist fight. Finding I was in for it I put up the best fight I could and succeeded in punishing the other fellow so severely that the rest let me go on my way.

The stables belonging to the Braun and Reiter places were on Ridge Ave. just across from our back fence. The boys in those families would stand in their hayloft doors and stone us. We would stand on the upper stringer of our fence with a supply of stones for ammunition, fire stones at the hayloft doorway and dodge down behind the fence. The other side were kept busy dodging our stones in the hayloft.

When we went to "Smoky Island" or the "Swamp" (described elsewhere) to skate, it was the regular thing to expect an attack and to have to fight to retain our skates. In later years several of our "enemies" became our good friends, so it must have been pure love of fighting that kept it up.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR AND THE DRUGGIST

The Doctor was one of the old school, he was not only a good Doctor but a family friend. His name was Thomas P. Dale. Large, rotund, dignified yet pleasant of manner, his calls were appreciated not only for the cures he effected but for their social value.

Our family had its full quota of all the childrens diseases especially croup. Dr. Dale's standard remedies for croup were, syrup of ipecac, hive syrup of squills and bathing the feet in hot water and mustard. Mustard plasters and croton oil on the breast. Mother added goose grease which she rubbed in well.

When I was seven years old I had an attack of hip disease which taxed the knowledge of the Doctor and Mother's care and patience. I had to lie flat in bed for six months and there was constant leeching, blistering and painting with iodine. It was severe treatment, but it made a cure, altho I had several recurrences of the trouble until grown up, while a neighbor boy who had the same disease at the same time came out a cripple with his leg three inches short.

One of Dr. Dales accomplishments was his ability to repeat a sermon after hearing it. He was a regular attendant at church and would often repeat the sermon to his patients who were kept away.

Henry P. Schwartz was the druggist and he was a great friend of my father. His store was on Federal St., corner Park Way and was one of the landmarks of Allegheny. He was a short, stout man,
of German descent, honest, honorable, never allowed the sale of tobacco
and segars on Sunday and early and late to be found in his store
attending to business. His store was a gathering place for his intimate
friends, but boys were not included. He had a habit of a constant low
whistle while tying up packages, which to the boy customer was im-
pressive of the importance of his thoughts.

Next door to the drug store was the confectionary store of John
Price, which had a small balcony on the second floor overhanging the
sidewalk. Here the family would occasionally stop on its way home
from prayer meeting on a summer evening and get ice cream, the big
folks having a full saucer costing a "levy" (12½c) and the children a
small saucer costing a "pip and a bit" (6½c) each.

When I was about 10 years old my father started business in
the Flour Milling Business under the name of Bryan Kennedy & Co.,
which was unsuccessful.

The following letter from S. S. Bryan to his brother Wm. F.
Bryan is self explanatory.

Pittsburgh Jan. 26th, 1857.

My Dear Brother:

Among the first letters that have come to our City for past one
week from Philadelphia and points beyond, was yours of 20th inst.

I thank you for your expressions of sympathy. Kate read your
letter with great interest, and she thanks you too. She told me to give
much love to you, to her sister that she has yet to see.

We have had a disastrous time in our business for a year or more
past. Up to Jan. 1st, 1856 we made money. Since that time we have
lost all that we had previously made and more too.

The causes that have conspired to bring about this result, under
an All-wise Providence, are numerous. The main ones may be stated
in a few words. First, the raw material in relatively higher than the
manufactured article. Second, our staple being a heavy one requires
extensive transportation facilities. Our great channel of transportation,
the Ohio River, has been navigable but ten days in the last ten months.
Many others might be enumerated but I have not time to write, nor
would you be profitably employed in reading them. Mr. Logan and
Mr. Kennedy were the heaviest stockholders, and of course are the
heaviest losers. The latter will be very much straitened in his circum-
stances. Mr. Bagaly is the wealthiest man among the partners, but
his share was small. Mr. Schwartz and I were the lightest pecuniari-
considered. He loses his investment.
The disaster has shown character that never would otherwise have been exhibited. A nobler party of men I never saw. When we determined to wind up, and the different partners had to bring up each his share of the loss, Mr. S. and I, of course, were wanting. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Logan drew his pencil around his share, Schwart's share and my share and said he would assume all. Mr. Kennedy, badly used up as he expected to be, came out and said that should not be, "he would take his share of my portion of the loss." Mr. Bagaly also took his proportion of my share of the loss. So Mr. Logan took, in addition to his own, all of Schwarts's, and a proportion of mine. I mention no figures here yet. The amount of loss has not yet been positively determined because our wheat is not all shipped, but as we determined that the debts of B.K. & Co. should all be paid, and that too without asking any one to wait a single day, we were compelled for the purpose of equating the partnership account, to assume a certain amount as loss.

Thus far God has prospered us in carrying out this determination. Our firm name is this day as good as ever it was. The individuals composing that firm have also, without exception, an unsullied reputation. We have not only paid every liability as it matured, but have even anticipated payments one and two months to the extent of $72,000.

Almost invariably under such results bad feelings arise. There are recriminations and strifes — especially against the managing partner. It is so comfortable to have some one to blame. With us there is entire confidence, cordiality and good feeling. Not one of my partners has ever expressed or implied an unkind feeling, towards me. To be sure I feel that there are no grounds that my sin has been that this business has engrossed every faculty and energy of my mind — but it is so gratifying to find nothing but kindness and sympathy with me. Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Logan and Mr. Bagaly volunteered to me a release, in regular bond of indemnity, from all claims against me.

And now my dear brother, you have not forgotten me hitherto in your prayers, don't fail to remember me still at the Throne of Grace and let praises form the burden of your prayers. Praises that amid trials sore, and burdens grievous I have been so mercifully dealt with.

Property has melted away, but I have left a good name, good health, unbroken spirits, a noble wife, and a lovely little boy.

What mercies are here. And these are but the merest fraction of all that I enjoy. I thank God for chastisements. I needed just this trial or it would not have been sent. I feel indeed that it is light in comparison with my deserts. Within the next two months, it is our
present expectation the business will be closed up. Mr. Logan, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Bagaly are the owners of the mill.

Our partnership was dissolved on the 12th inst. I send you by this day's mail a copy of a paper containing notice of dissolution. Mr. Bagaly and I have been appointed to wind up the business. After I have done all here that is necessary to put the concern into a position to stand still to wait for better times, I will be free. The world will be before me again. I do not know what my future will be I have no fears for food and clothing. My Heavenly Father will provide for me and my family. I want to do what will most promote His honor and glory. Although I shall be discharged from all legal claims, I feel myself morally bound to make good to those of my partners, who have assumed my share of the loss, the part that they will have to pay.

I should like to make money enough for this before I die. I have written to you very hastily, and on the spur of the moment, quite a letter, without saying a great deal. If it conveys to you the idea that I am grateful for your kind letter, my main purpose will be accomplished.

Kate says that Bro Ed and Sister Sarah to come and see us that we have a room always ready for them.

Love to Sister Sarah and to the children.

Yours affectionately,
S. S. Bryan

*(To be continued)*