and died at Washington, D. C., October 15, 1908, in his 81st year.—Florence Jayne Gates, Deposit.

HAWLEY J. LEWIS

Writer, son of H. J. Lewis, who was one of the leading steersmen. Probably made more trips than any of the others; made nine trips in one year; made four trips in month of April for A. S. West, of Cadosia. After the War of the Rebellion Holcomb & Beales bought a large tract of hemlock on Trout Brook, 7 miles from where it empties into the BeaverKill, and built a sawmill. My father and uncle, Edgett Lewis, contracted to run to market all their lumber. Lumber was transported to river bank by a chute, 7 miles long, filled with water. An October flood in 1869, the highest ever known, carried away 21 rafts which they had rafted during the summer. Many others were also heavy losers.

The largest raft I ever knew of, my father ran for the Holmes Lumber Company, of Downsville. It was 200 feet long and contained 192,000 feet. He piloted it safely to Trenton for which he received $85.00. The smallest one he ever ran was one of ash logs of 25,000 feet. The writer, 14 years old, weighing less than 100 pounds, was his forehand. He sold it at Upper Black's Eddy, a few miles above Trenton.

There was a peculiar knack to pulling an oar. Every boy raised along the river acquired it naturally and could pull more than many big huskies who could not apply their strength effectively.

"Jim" Wheeler, of Fishs Eddy; "Dan" Lord, of Equinunk, and my father, H. J. Lewis, were probably the best steersmen ever on the river. Many others were good; many were bad, but these three made more trips over a long period, and were natural watermen.

"Hersch" Horton stuck a raft on the BeaverKill bridge pier at East Branch the first year it was built. Told my father he had wrapped every pier on the river but this one so he thought he would try that one. Oscar Hawley was thrown into the river by an oar at Anlizer's Twist, near Downsville. The raft passed over him and he was helped onto the raft when he came up behind it, unharmed except for a very cold bath.

My father told me that George Alverson, of Harvard, could outpull any man he ever saw. Harlan Hawks, of

Downsville, was the best with a rope. Zeke Meade and my brother, Austin, were the best all 'round men he ever had. As far as I can learn Austin Lewis, now of Newark, is the only man living that ever steered a raft down the Delaware River. (1933)

Everett Lewis (a cousin of mine) was the best log rider I ever saw. He and the writer, with the help of three other men, built a log raft at Long Flat twenty streaks wide, hung the oars and run it to East Branch the same day, which my father and uncle said was a record. The writer walked four miles from home and the first log he stepped on was icy and he went overboard to his neck. After pouring the water out of my boots I went on to work, telling the men I had walked four miles to work but was going to ride that raft home at night. One inch of snow had fallen the night before with a cold wind blowing. The snow was still on at night and I was forced to set a pace that kept the others stepping.

The first log raft built without bows and plugs was rafted by Rit Appley for the Weiss Bros., of Portland, in 1885. They furnished the sharpened staples of ⅝" round iron. The writer was log placer and went to Portland on it. When finished "Rit" was steersman and after passing Lackawaxen Dam declared it was "iron clad." Lackawaxen Dam was the most trying on a raft of any place on the river although it was only 22 inches high. From that time on bows and plugs were discarded and staples and horseshoes took their place.

At Downsville and above the rafts were rafted five tiers long, run to East Branch and lashed—four making a double raft ten tiers long. It was such a raft that passed over Oscar Holloway (now called Hawley). —M. E. Lewis, Mill Rift, Pa.

JAMES W. WOOD

I lumbered 50 years and steered rafts down the Delaware 30 years and my father steered down the Delaware River 42 years. His name was E. E. Wood, and he ran rafts from all points from Hancock to Port Jervis. He lived to be 88 years old. I commenced steering when I was 22 years old and rafted at most all places from Horton on the BeaverKill and from Long Flat, on the East Branch of the Delaware, and landed most of my rafts at Easton and Trenton, a few as far as Bordentown, 5 miles below