



ROOTDIGGER

1st Quarter: January – March 2009

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HALF A RUN

The story behind the most amazing baseball score of all time
By Doug Storer, author of *Amazing But True*

Whoever coined the name “The Amazin’ Mets” for New York’s current National League baseball team may have been a smart publicity man, but he wasn’t much of an expert on “amazin’”. Because long before Ron Swoboda or even Warren Spahn was born—only two years, in fact, after ageless, peerless Casey Stengel greeted the world—the most amazin’ baseball score of all time was entered in the record books, and there wasn’t a Met in sight.

It was not only unique in baseball history—it led to one of the most surprising reunions that ever took place. But that’s getting ahead of my story.

The year was 1893; the place, Allentown, Pennsylvania. Tim Hurst, the famous umpire of those days, was back of the plate, and the three players we are most concerned with are Mat “Matches” Kilroy and Mike “King” Kelly of the Cincinnati team and “Wild Bill” Setley of the opposition. Kilroy started it all in the last of the 11th, score tied 2–2 and one man out, by making the second out—and breaking his bat. It was the only bat they had!

Kelly, the Cincinnati star and manager, was up next, but umpire Hurst was about to call the game on account of no bat. Kelly thought otherwise. He raced to a woodpile near the field and came back swinging a long axe in both burly fists.

“That’s not a bat!” Hurst ruled.

“There’s nothing in the rules,” Kelly protested, “that says it ain’t. If I wanna hit with it, I can.”

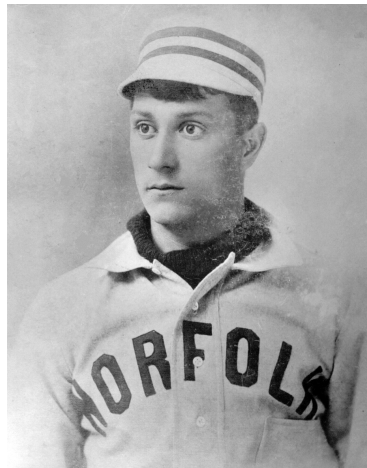
Sure enough, there was nothing in the rules about it, and Hurst was forced to let Kelly take his place in the batter’s box.

First pitch—strike one. Kelly glowered and swished the axe.

Second pitch—strike two. Kelly glowered again, and considered taking the axe-head off the handle, maybe it made the whole thing too heavy. But he decided the clunk of metal would drive the ball a mile if he ever did connect, so he left it on.

Next pitch—and this one Kelly hit, a crashing long fly out to the fence. Halfway there, an amazing thing happened. Gashed by the axe, the ball split in two!

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“Wild Bill” Setley, 1895. Photo courtesy Dr. Warren N. Dannenburg

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20-Mile Journey Takes 100 Years to Complete

When the grieving family and friends of Lt. William H. McCardell, veteran of the War Between The States, set out from Lake Kerr to take his body to a burying ground four miles east at Anthony, nobody thought it would take a hundred years to Complete the 20 mile journey. (Ed note: see the 2008 4th quarter of the Rootdigger as to why Lt. McCardell's remains never reached the burial grounds.)

The Journey began Aug. 1871, and *was not* fully completed until Oct. 21, 1971. On Aug. 17, 1971, the 100th anniversary of Lt. McCardell's death, his two great-granddaughters and only known descendants, Mrs. J. Leland Luffman and Mrs. Clayton Furr, of Ocala, began plans to complete the 20-mile journey of Lt. McCardell to the Indian Lake Cemetery near Anthony and to lay his remains in the family cemetery.

When all the requirements were met for the removal of his remains, Leland Luffman and Kenneth Roberts, of Roberts Funeral Home went to the grave on Oct. 21, made the disinterment from the roadside burial spot and the new Interment in the Indian Lake Cemetery. Thus the Journey begun just over a century ago was finally completed.

On March 11, 1972, the Marion Dragoons Chapter, UDC, Ocklawaha, and the Marion Dragoons Cadets Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, held a memorial service at the new grave- site and dedicated a bronze plaque to the memory of Lt. McCardell, who was second in command to Capt. J. J. Dickison, of the famed Co. H., 2nd Florida Cavalry Unit. The dedication ceremony included drum rolls by Mike Dale of Lake Weir High School as the colors were presented by Paul DeLoach and Jimmy Culbreath. A fitting invocation was given by Mrs. W.A. Rose, Chaplain of the Confederate Gray Chapter, UDC, of Leesburg. Miss Donna Furr, great-great-granddaughter of Lt. McCardell, unveiled the plaque and placed a floral spray at the foot of the grave. Mrs. Richard F. Scarborough, President of the UDC chapter spoke of Lt. McCardell's contributions to the cause of the Confederacy. Elizabeth Webb and her sister Nancy simultaneously placed flowers on the graves of other Confederate graves. The ceremony was closed with a prayer by Mrs. Burton Evans and "Taps" were played by Miles Crabb of Lake Weir High School. In addition to a large number of friends, the decedents of Lt. McCardell, all residents of Ocala, were present for the ceremony. Donna Furr, great, great, great-granddaughter, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Furr, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Luffman, Mrs. Virginia Williams also a great, great, great grand-daughter, and Alan Williams great, great, great grandson. Mrs. Furr and Mrs. Luffman are both great granddaughters of the confederate soldier.

(Information obtained from many Ocala Star-Banner articles 1971-1974)



President Pattie Hunt and Veleria Langbehn at the Indian Lake Cemetery documenting gravestones for the cemetery project.

The ceremony was closed with a prayer by Mrs. Burton Evans and "Taps" were played by Miles Crabb of Lake Weir High School.



McCardell plaque at Indian Lakes cemetery.

HALF A RUN

continued

(Continued from page 1)

Half of it flew over the fence for a home run—or was it? The other half landed in front of outfielder Setley, who picked it up and hurled it back in. Kelly, running like a thief, raced it to the plate (somebody in the crowd hollered, “Slide, Kelly, slide”—and that’s the origin of that immortal baseball phrase). But the ball got there first, and Kelly was out—or was he?

A long and stormy battle followed, with umpire Hurst in the middle. Which half of the ball counted—the half that went over the fence or the half that beat Kelly home for the third out?

Hurst finally compromised. He called it half a run and half an out. And that’s the story behind the most amazing final score in all baseball history—2½ to 2.

Now about that reunion. Forty-four years after the game, in 1937, I located Wild Bill Setley, then living in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and interviewed him on the radio, reliving the memory of that fantastic game. And little more than a year after that, a young fellow and his wife were driving through Canada, headed West, when they stopped to help a trailer stuck in the mud. [The reference here is to Harold’s second wife Hazel.]

After the trailer was freed, thanks were given and introductions exchanged. The rescuer’s name, it turned out, was Harold Setley.

“Setley”? said the trailer driver. “I heard a radio program about an old-time ball-player named Setley not so long ago. From Oklahoma, I think he said. You any relative of his?”

“I doubt it,” said Harold, “My dad died when I was 2, they tell me, and I’ve got no brothers. Might be an uncle or cousin, though.”

“We’re going West anyway,” his wife suggested. “Why don’t we go by way of Oklahoma ...”

So the young Setleys did. At every Oklahoma town they passed, they looked in the phone book, but no Setley was listed. Till they came to Tulsa—there it was, William Warren Setley. They telephoned his home and when he heard their story, he came running to meet them—“on the courthouse steps,” he told me afterwards.

It turned out (you’ve probably guessed it) that Wild Bill was Harold’s father! He’d separated from his wife when the boy was only two years old—and 40 years had elapsed without either knowing the other was alive!

Naturally, we had to have a second radio show to tell a coast-to-coast audience the new ending to the story.

Casey Stengel, as I’ve said, was only 2 at the time of the game. He’ll celebrate his 74th birthday in a couple of weeks, on July 30. Between now and then, perhaps the Amazin’ Mets can come up with something as amazing as that 2½ to 2 score, and its amazing aftermath—but I doubt it.

Submitted by Judith Setley Wright

See also The Legend of Wild Bill Setley by Tony Kissell and Scott Fiesthumel, 2002, Erie Canal Productions, Clinton, NY



The food is laid out at our annual holiday gathering.

Which half of the ball counted—the half that went over the fence or the half that beat Kelly home for the third out?



Pat Wasson, Judy Wright, Patti Hunt, Leah Convery line up.



CRANETOWN, NEW JERSEY

Material furnished by Frazer Crane

To talk about Cranetown, we have to start with Jasper Crane. The date of his birth, or the place in which he was born, have not been fixed. Whether he came from parents occupying high or middle stations in life can as yet only be determined by the records revealed to us. We believe that his father was Vincent Crane born in Suffolk, England around 1575. His wife was born about 1582 in Oxford, England. Jasper is known to have two brothers John born Oct 31, 1594, and Samuel born About 1595 in Wicken, Comb, England

His wife was Alice, who was born in 1608 in England, and died in Stamford, Connecticut. They were married about 1624. Jasper died Oct 19, 1680 in Newark, New Jersey. Recently it has come to my attention via William Scott Crane born 1985 in Valdosta, GA, that Jasper sailed on the ship Hector from England to Connecticut, via Boston in 1637-1638.

He assuredly was one of the staunch and active men among the first settlers of the New Haven Colony as well as one of the fathers of the new settlement in New Jersey. He with Capt. Robert Treat, seemed to have a large share of the weight of responsibility of that young colony upon their shoulders, and its success at heart.

The first Church of Newark was founded in 1667, and a building erected, about 1714 or 1716, a second meeting-house was built, and the third erected about 1787 to 1791. The people of Orange, Bloomfield and Montclair communed with the Newark Church until about 1716. Until the year 1806, the town of Newark was divided into three wards; Newark Ward, Orange Ward and Bloomfield Ward. That year Orange became a separate town and six years later Bloomfield Ward became the town of Bloomfield. This part of Newark took territory from the Passaic on the east to the crest of the first mountain on the west, and as this section was so thoroughly occupied by the descendants of Jasper Crane it was very early called Cranetown.

From Jasper Crane we have a large number of descendants- one branch of them located westward of Newark, and five or six miles distant, calling the place Cranetown. Some of his descendants located four miles southward of Newark, at a place called Elizabeth Town.

Azariah Crane (Deacon) son of Jasper born in 1649 — Married Mary Treat, daughter of Capt. Robert Treat. Soon after August 30, 1716, Azariah moved to a place near the mountain, and formed a settlement known as Cranetown (Montclair) six miles from Newark.



Don't take all the goodies, David!

and as this section was so thoroughly occupied by the descendants of Jasper Crane it was very early called Cranetown.



The Crane House, see article on page 6

The Scribe

By Della M. Cummings Wright

My feeling are that in each family tree is one who seems called to find the ancestors. To put flesh on their bones and make them live again, to tell the family story and to feel that somehow they know and approve. To me, doing genealogy is not a cold gathering of facts but, instead, breathing life into all who have gone before. We are the story tellers of the tribe. All tribes have one. We have been called as it were, by our genes.

Those who have gone before cry out to us: Tell our story! So, we do. In finding them, we somehow find ourselves. How many graves have I stood before and cried? I have lost count. How many times have I told the ancestors, "You have a wonderful family, you would be proud of us!" How many time have I walked up to a grave and felt somehow there was love there for me? I cannot say.

It goes beyond just documenting facts. It goes to who am I and why do I do the thing I do. It goes to seeing a cemetery about be lost forever to weed and indifference, and saying I can't let this happen. The bones here are bones of my bone and flesh of my flesh. It goes to doing something about it.

It goes to pride in what our ancestors were able to accomplish. How they contributed to what we are today. It goes to respecting their hardships and losses, their never giving in or giving up, their resoluteness to go on and build a life for their family.

It goes to deep pride that they fought to make and keep us a Nation. It goes to a deep and immense understanding that they were doing it for us. That we might be born who we are. That we might remember them. So we do. With love and caring and scribing each fact of their existence, because we are them and they are us. (For we without them cannot be made perfect.)

So, as a scribe called, I tell the story of my family. It is up to that one called in the next generation to answer the call and take their place in the long line of family storytellers.

That, is why I do my family genealogy, and that is what calls those young and old to step up and put flesh on the bones, for they are called **Scribes**.

By Della M. Cummings Wright – Re-written by her Granddaughter,
Della JoAnn McGinnis Johnson – Edited and Reworded by Tom Dunn

Submitted by James & Joan Lee



Just a time to enjoy each others company.

It is up to that one called in the next generation to answer the call and take their place in the long line of family storytellers.



Marcia Winnie and Arnold Davis discuss their introduction to Genealogy.



THE CRANE HOUSE

Material furnished by Frazer Crane

Twenty years after the Declaration of Independence, an enterprising young man named Israel Crane built a large and distinguished home on eighty-six acres in the small farming community of Cranetown, which is now Montclair, New Jersey. Always considered “grand” for its locale, the house built in 1796 was a contrast to the one-and-a-half story frame and brownstone houses which surrounded it.

Israel Crane, a direct descendant of Cranetown’s founding family, prospered through income from the general store beside his home and his cider mill and cotton and woolen mills on a nearby stream. In 1801 he and a partner leased a site in Paterson for one of the first mills to use power from the Passaic River. In 1806 he organized a group to construct a direct route between Newark and outlying areas. Israel Crane became the sole owner and operator of this toll road known as the Newark-Pompton Turnpike. Today’s Bloomfield Avenue is part of this turnpike. Brownstone* quarries in Newark became a major interest later in his life. Israel Crane’s extensive success in business and his influence in the community’s civic and religious life earned him the nickname “King” Crane.

James Crane was given the house in 1840 and proceeded to make several alterations in the Greek-revival style. The third floor became a full story surmounted by a classical cornice with iron grilles at the windows. An entrance with Ionic columns replaced the original and a curved staircase was built into the wide hall. These changes are part of the house today, The YWCA bought the house from James’ descendants in 1920. For 45 years the house was used for offices, dormitories, and as a social center for African American women and girls.

In 1965 the house in which Israel Crane and his wife had raised their five children was to be demolished. A few citizens banded together to save the only entire building left in Montclair which was associated with the founding Crane family. The Israel Crane House was moved from its original site on the Old Road to 110 Orange Road. The importance of the house was verified by its inclusion in the 1935 national Historic American Buildings Survey, by citation in the New Jersey Historic Sites Evaluation in 1961 as a “rare and important example of northern New Jersey Federal mansion”, and listing on both the New Jersey and Federal Register of Historic Places 1972 and 1973.

* Ed note: The name Brownstone houses in New York City come for the brown stone that way cut by Israel Crane and shipped to New York for the building of houses. The stone came fro Garret Mountain in Paterson, New Jersey.



Can we really believe all the stories being told?

Brownstone quarries in Newark became a major interest later in his life.*



Time to get back in line for seconds.

KENTUCKY EXPLORATION

Material furnished by David Gay

Besides the natural barriers of mountains and wilderness, and great danger from savages, extension of settlement westward was also prohibited by royal authority in 1763. Only an occasional trading or military outpost was found in this forbidden land. A few settlements on the upper Hoiston: Watauga and Wolf Hills were only 100 miles east of Cumberland Gap.

From Pennsylvania, James Harrod and Samuel Harrod explored the western wilderness with Michael Stoner in 1767. Daniel Boone made his first of many trips into Kentucky in 1767. On his most important expedition (1769-1770), he explored eastern Kentucky. He began the trip with five companions. The entire party was captured by Indians in Dec. 1769, but Boone escaped. Joined by his brother, he built a cabin near the site on which Boonesboro, KY was later established. The two men lived in the wilderness during part of the winter of 1769-1770. Boone attempted to lead settlers into the region in 1773, but was forced to turn back by persistent Indian attacks. This was the beginning of immigration over the Wilderness Road.

The Watauga Treaty, March 1775: Boone was designated to mark out a road. This road Boone made, led from Watauga to The Cumberland Gap. From the Gap it followed the Great Warrior's Path about 50 miles. Boone's road left the Warrior's Path and bore westerly to Hazel Patch and the Rockcastle River, following a buffalo trace instead of the Indian Path. Thence up Round-House Creek through Boone's Gap in Big Hill and through present Madison County, down Otter Creek to its mouth at the Kentucky River. One mile below, Boone built Boonesboro.

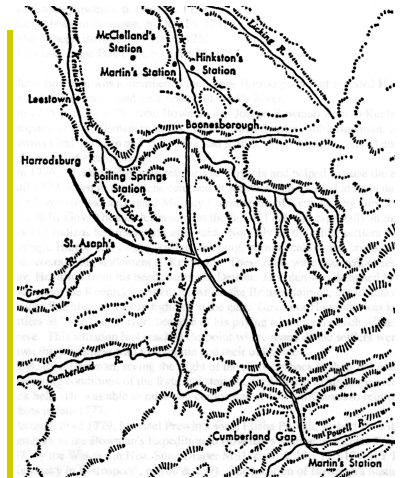
In 1775, Henderson and Benjamin Logan started from Augusta Co., Virginia. At the Rockcastle River a dispute arose, and Logan left Henderson to follow Boone's path, while Logan took a more westerly trace in the direction of Crab Orchard. Logan's Station (St. Asaph's) was within one mile of the present town of Stanford, Kentucky. Both of these branches of the "Wilderness Road" were great highways of pioneer travel.

The Shenandoah Valley Road (The Great Trading Path) and the Cumberland Gap / Wilderness Road formed a rough highway, like a giant check mark, for 800 miles, stretching from Philadelphia, PA to the bluegrass region of Kentucky.

The trail followed the Great Trading Path between the mountain ranges of the Allegheny Mountains on the west and the Blue Ridge Mountains on the east. It went through Staunton, VA, crossing the western end of the James River, and on south to Fincastle, Virginia. Continuing southwest through Draper's Meadow, it reached the North Carolina border at what is now Grayson Co., Virginia. There the migrants traveled west across the Holston and Clinch Rivers to Cumberland Gap.

When Henderson and Boone's Transylvania Company "bought" Ken-

(Continued on page 8)



The Wilderness Road

Boone's road left the Warrior's Path and bore westerly to Hazel Patch and the Rockcastle River, following a buffalo trace instead of the Indian Path.



The "saddle" of the Cumberland Gap



**Marion County
Genealogical Society**

Mission Statement

The Marion County Genealogical Society is dedicated to creating and promoting an interest in genealogy, focusing on research in Marion County, Florida and in supporting members in their research.

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**The Rootdigger
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Daniel Boone

KENTUCKY EXPLORATION

Continued

(Continued from page 7)

tucky from the Cherokee, Boone opened the Wilderness Road from the Cumberland Gap to the middle of the state. Harrodsburg was established in 1774, Boonesborough in 1775, and others soon followed.

The trail itself was difficult, at first it was only accessible on foot or horseback, it was finally cleared by Boone for wagon passage in Dec. 1781.

The fertile land was known to many people besides Daniel Boone, because 6 land companies from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and North Carolina had sent surveyors across the mountains. The 1776 Continental Congress ignored the 1763 Treaty between King George and the Indians, and two Virginia governors, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, encouraged Virginia settlers to migrate by offering 400 acres to anyone willing to come to Kentucky. A land grant of 1,000 acres was awarded to some who took part in the Revolution.

By the end of 1779, there were 24 stations in what we now call Kentucky, with 20 to 30 families in each.