

**WHO COULD BE BURIED IN THE BLACK/SLAVE CEMETERY?** *by Sharon Spangenberg*



Enos Johnson was born about 1778. He was a former slave of Isaac Van Campen who was freed in 1802. He married Elizabeth Bakeman and together they had one confirmed child – Hannah Campbell. Although there is another Enos Johnson born about 1824 and certified at the County Clerk's Office, he cannot be proven to be the son of Enos and Elizabeth. Mr. Johnson's mother-in-law, Hannah Bakeman, resided with the family and died in 1842 at the age of 106. According to Snells *History of Sussex and Warren Counties* 1881 publication, an Enos Johnson, "was engaged by the people of the neighborhood to bring their mail once a week from Turtles Corners [Sandyston Township]. He served the people in this capacity as far down as Flatbrookville." In 1843, Mr. Johnson purchased ten acres of land. His green-colored house still stands south of the Van Campen Inn, and is referred to as the Johnson/Losey house. Enos died in 1859 of bleeding lungs – he was 81 years old. Although Nicholas Rosenkrans held the mortgage for the property, Enos' death occurred before the mortgage was satisfied and the property was then conveyed to Absolom Reamer who assigned the mortgage to John Losey, Jr. This is how the Johnson/Losey house got its name.

Absolom Reamer was born about 1807 in Middle Smithfield, Pennsylvania. He married Susan Smith in 1829. Together they had eight children, Mary, Thomas, Daniel, Hyram, Emily, Absolom Jr., Tobias, and Henry. Censuses reveal as far back as 1830 that Absolom had always been listed as "a

free colored man," therefore, it is very doubtful that he had ever been a slave. It was Absolom Reamer, described by Peter DeWitt as a respectable man, who was paid \$100 per year to keep Caesar Soult's comfortable during his final years. Caesar remained with the Reamer family until his death in 1860 at the age of 100. Of the Reamer's six male children, Daniel and Hyram died in 1855 just 16 days apart, while Tobias, Absolom Jr., and Henry moved to Essex County and were coachmen; Thomas remained

in Walpack Township until the late 1880's. Mary, the eldest child, married Milton Stackhouse and lived in Montague. Emily married Isaac Freeling who was a soldier in the Civil War – they also lived in Essex County. In 1856, Absolom and his son Thomas jointly purchased over seven acres of land north of the Van Campen Inn; eight years later he added six additional acres to his property along the Delaware River. Absolom died of cancer in 1869 at the age of 62 and both tracts of land were then conveyed to his son Thomas. The remains of Mr. Reamer's house (noted as A. Raymor on Hopkins 1860 map of Sussex County) cannot be located. Warren C. Hursh in his 1889 *New Jersey Herald* articles, "A Tramp on his Travels," writes "...I pass the Absalom Reamer homestead. Mr. Reamer and his

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**REMEMBERING JAMES N. PRICE**

James N. Price, 89, of Tannersville, died early Thursday morning, December 19, 2019 at Pleasant Valley Manor in Hamilton Township. He was the husband of the late Helen B. (Starner) Price who died July 23, 1986; and the late Janet (Oldroyd) Taylor Price who died May 30, 2013.

Born on January 1, 1930 in Stroudsburg, he was a son of the late Ernest Lafayette Price and the late Nettie Emma (Belcher) Price Eget; and lived in Monroe County for most of his life.

He served in the United States Navy from 1947 to 1950.

In early years, Jim was manager at the Delabar Farm in Walpack, NJ; then worked for Graver's Trucking Co.; and retired from Patterson Kelly in East Stroudsburg after 36 years of service.

Jim belonged to Readers United Methodist Church.

He was a Tannersville Lions member, past PA Lions Club District Governor, and member of PA Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs for 50 years - 2 as State President. He sat on the Pocono Mt. Board of Education and was on the State Board. He also served on the I.U. 20 Board; Monroe County Vo-Tech Board; Pocono Township Park Commission; Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area Citizen's Advisory Commission; and Board of Commissioners. He was a charter member of the Pocono Mountain Area Kidney Foundation, founding member of Pocono/Jackson Townships Historical Society, and a

member of Future Farmers of America.

Surviving are five children, the Rev. Keith D. and wife, Sarah Jane; twins: Debra C. & David J. and wife; Gail, Lindsey J. and wife, Linda; and Timothy L. and wife, Leigh; three step children, Judy Munoz, Tim Taylor and wife, Mary, and Jon Taylor; grandchildren, Gail Kresge and husband, Dan; Howard Dietsch III and wife, Lisa; Mark Price and wife, Carrie; Rebecca Guy and husband, Mike; Nikki Pietrocarlo and husband, Dave; Eric Price; Kerry Quick and husband, Mark; Jody Price, and Daniel Price, and numerous great-grandchildren; sisters, Thelma Balmoos, Beverly Levanduski, and Cynthia Price and husband, Carl; several nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by brothers: Glenn Z., George, Keith, and Edward A.; and a sister, Barbara Price.

**MISSION STATEMENT**

The Society actively stimulates an awareness and interest in the Walpack area through lectures, tours, publications and special events, such as Van Campen Day, hikes and exhibits at county-wide events.

It promotes collection, preservation and dissemination of Walpack area history and acts as a repository for artifacts of the Walpack area, and also maintains a small museum and book store.



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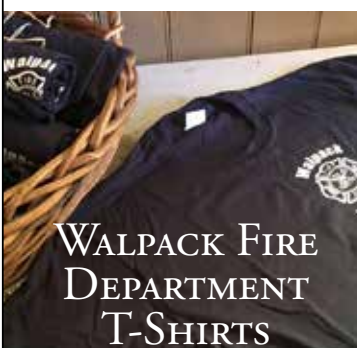
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**THE BLACK/SLAVE CEMETERY?** *continued from pg. 1*



wife, who was widely and favorably known by the name of 'Aunt Sukey' have long since passed away. Thomas, one of his sons, lived here until about a year ago, when he secured a good position in Newark and removed to that city...."

While researching the Black/Slave Cemetery, an article from the August 26, 1920 *New Jersey Herald* newspaper was discovered. A short item written by then local historian, John J. VanSickle, states, "There are three separate and distinct graveyards on the Old Van Campen farm, two already mentioned, and a graveyard where the colored people of the Valley were buried, which is fenced around, erected by the Reamer family, colored, of Newark, NJ. Over the other two cattle roam at will." To care enough to erect a fence around this cemetery would indicate that the Reamer family had a personal connection to someone buried there. One known Reamer to have been buried in the Black/Slave Cemetery is Mary (Reamer) Stackhouse. According to an excerpt from the book "Over the Mountain, a Place Called Walpack," Anna Losey Doremus, who lived



nearby, recalled looking out the window with her grandmother and seeing a horse drawn hearse pull up at the cemetery for the burial of a woman whose name was Stackhouse. Today, all that remains of that fence is an old post with barbless wire still attached as a reminder of the thoughtfulness of the Reamer family who had it erected 100 years ago.

Although there are over 50 unmarked crude gravestones in the Black/Slave Cemetery, undoubtedly many of the seven Black families identified as being residents of Walpack between 1830 and 1880 are buried there. Since census records prior to 1830 are vague, it is difficult to determine how many other Black families lived in the area.

Whether it be during the next Van Campen Day event or on your next hike on Military Trail, stop into the Black/Slave Cemetery and remember the names of Adams, Campbell, Huff, Johnson, Reamer, Soult, and the West families who were so very much a part of Walpack's rich history.

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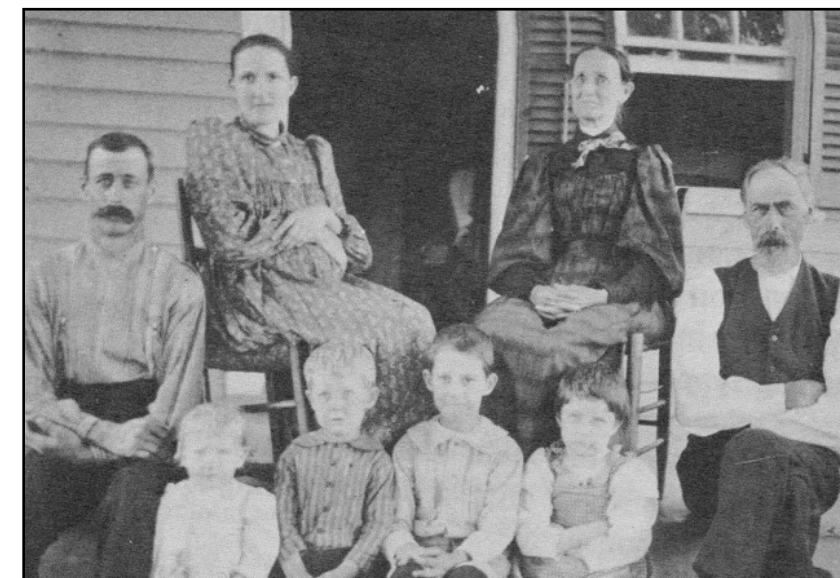
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**TRACING A CRUDELY ETCHED NAME UNDER A RUSTY OLD BRIDGE**

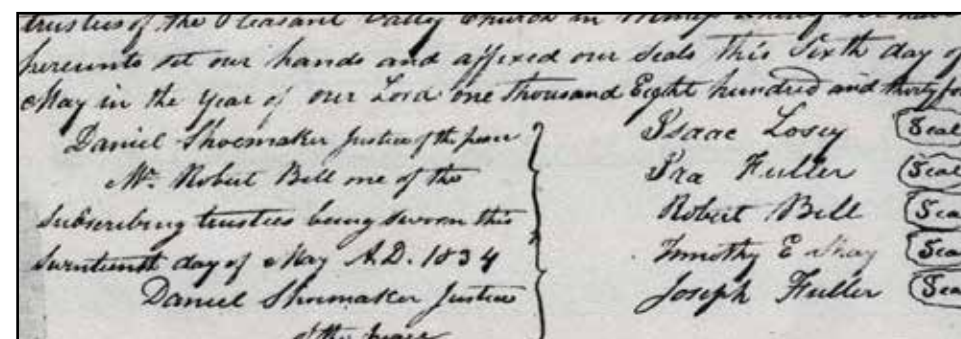
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*The Losey family while living in Pennsylvania. Jesse and Violetta Losey on the left with their children, Susie, Linn, John, and Anna. Jesse's parents John Jr. and Lydia are on the right. Eventually the family size increased to 9 children.*

Using census information available online, Asa's father Benjamin was the son of Jesse and Sarah Losey. He had an older brother John Losey, Jr. who was once the owner of what is known today as the Johnson/Losey House. Asa, therefore, would have been the grandson of Jesse and Sarah and the nephew of John Losey, Jr. who was a Sgt. in the Civil War and is buried in the Walpack Center Cemetery. Sgt. Losey's son Jesse and his wife Violetta once lived in the small cottage behind the Van Campen Inn with their children. Photo from the book, "A Place Called Home."

Jesse Losey was the son of Isaac and Eleanor Losey who are buried in the Walpack Center Cemetery. Eleanor is the first proven burial in that cemetery. Isaac was one of the original trustees of the Pleasant Valley Church beginning 1834 - he had four wives. Asa, therefore, is their great grandson.



It is amazing how an 18" crudely chiseled name led my research back four generations. There is so much history that lies in Walpack, one just has to look for it, even under a rusty old bridge.

Our appreciation and thanks to all the members and friends of WHS who remembered the Society while taking advantage of their employer's *Employee Matching Gift* programs.  
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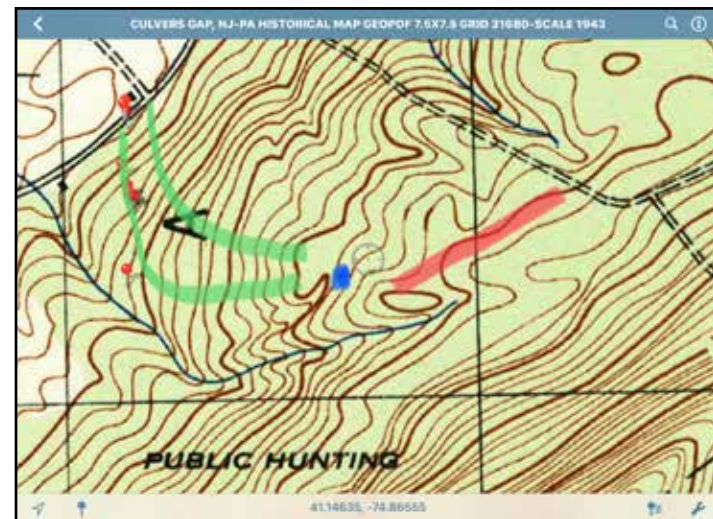
The Walpack Historical Society would like to acknowledge and express its appreciation to our many Lifetime Members for their generous support.



## THE LOG FLUME *by Jeff Stoveken*

Sometimes you “find” something that’s even better than what you were looking for! We headed out to Walpack Township to hike up the side of the mountain looking for a set stone that we had come across earlier this year. Apparently, there could’ve been a small graveyard in that area. We made our way back to that stone and were following what seemed to be an early road but now is barely a pathway into the area. Once we completed our search, we decided to veer off this old road after checking out a few crude stone walls along one of the creeks. Shortly after we crossed the creek we came across a shallow channel in a part of the forest that had a mainly dirt floor. Since we weren’t far from the creek, the channel simply appeared to be run-off coming down the mountain. As I glanced up the hillside, I saw two tracks which looked unusual and man-made. I decided to take a short walk up to see where these tracks led. As I made it to the next rise these parallel ditches, which were about 10 feet or so apart, continued up the mountain. I turned around and figured we could go see what this was another day.

As I was backtracking to scout this area where we had crossed the creek I noticed that these two impressions in the ground joined together and were slightly curving to the right. We followed this trench and as it started to get a bit deeper, I’d say a few feet; it junctions with a small brook that feeds into it. This little canal seems to be the deepest in this short stretch where it takes a couple of sharper turns. Just below this junction, it branches off into at least three parallel chutes, with the main one always a bit more prominent. We also noticed that larger rocks were strewn about on either side, as if they had been dug out of this trench so as to not restrict anything. Another observation was that the berms on the downhill side of this channel were higher at intersections and tighter turns. As we followed it to the very end, before approaching Mountain Road, we noticed a very old maple tree in a small clearing. To the right of that clearing, along a small stream coming in from a different angle, is the site of an old building; maybe an old industrial site, a garage, or something of that nature. We had seen that little site previously since it is so close to the road. We parked on the other side of the



road in what seems to be a short driveway to a previous structure that is marked on a 1950’s map.

As we followed this sluiceway all the way down the mountain, we came up with ideas as to what it could be. Dan’s idea, that kept re-surfacing, was that of a log flume. We knew we needed to revisit this area, climb the mountain and find out where this ditch originated. A few days later we met up in that same old driveway and began to track this mysterious ditch uphill. We paid close attention once we got to the original spot that caught our eye. We each walked a channel up a small rise to another intersection, but this time there was water. Now, we knew that this ditch was definitely once full of water and most likely we had located its source. This particular junction appeared to be a diverter and may have had a gate to control each one of the parallel ditches. This spot seems to be the beginning of a transport system. As we walked further upstream, we spotted one of the tallest trees in the area. This little brook was leading us right towards it. Just before the tree you could hear gurgling water and there was the spring hole; the water source. We wondered why all this effort was made to hand-dig ditches down the side of a mountain when you are no further than 100 or so feet from a fairly large creek that follows a similar path down to the bottom.

Before we headed back down, we decided to check out a ridge that separated us from the creek. It was a fairly narrow area and we quickly noticed a bridle path that runs perpendicular to what we had been following. This path went for quite a while. We turned around, so we could return to the spring and track and photo document this man-made passage down the mountain.

The only thing that made sense to us was that it was once a log flume. When the mountain was forested, they would’ve hauled the trees along that ridge trail, called a skid road, to the beginning of the spring fed flume. The logs, with the assistance of water and possibly horses or oxen, would descend the mountain in this earthen channel that gradually curved towards its destination. There is another brook that terminates just before reaching Mountain Road. After looking at a 1954 map of the area, I spotted a longer dirt road that went from there to the Flatbrook. It also shows a building near that road’s terminus next to the brook. That driveway in which we had parked was probably the entrance to this old roadway.



had found on the mountain side of the road? Or did it continue on that little brook towards the Flatbrook to be transported elsewhere? The outlet would be the Delaware river at the south end of Walpack where it may have been floated to market in Philadelphia. It may sound far-fetched but back in the 1800’s rafting trees down the Delaware towards Philadelphia was big business. Or, the timber could have supplied the building at the end of that road which could’ve been a sawmill? Either way, I have never come upon anything like this before. Even though it’s such a simple trench, to walk it and think about what it could’ve been is fascinating.

Here is log chute description that I came across online, “Early loggers and settlers cut timber near water and

had to move further away as the wood supply on that land was depleted. The water made it easy to move timber to mills and overseas, but as loggers were forced more inland, they needed to develop new methods of transporting their product. One popular technique for hauling lumber was to use horses and oxen to drag logs over skid roads and rough tracks through the woods. Log flumes, now known because of theme park rides, got their start as a way to move logs via man-made troughs.”

When I got home and pinned every picture that I took onto the map, it created a gradual arc we were aware of while walking. The layout, looking down on a map, puts it all together as far as I can tell.





# TRACING A CRUDELY ETCHED NAME UNDER A RUSTY OLD BRIDGE

by Sharon Spangenberg



Several years ago, Sussex County Excursions published a story in the NJ Herald about an engraved stone found on an abutment of an abandoned bridge that sits next to a replacement bridge spanning the brook in Flatbrookville. That story focused on Nicholas Tillman, one of the two masons who constructed the bridge supports.

This past October, Dan Tassej took me to that same rusty old bridge to show me additional etched names he had discovered there. Carved on the east abutment were the names and initials of: Dr. F. B. – C+J+G – A H I E E – J. W. W. AU 10 85 – ZIDEK – F. PARKER, and two A.W. Losey inscriptions, one of which has the year 1885. On the west abutment, we saw W. JOHNSON – J. A. WINTERMUTE, and what appeared to be BELL with a symbol after it engraved in a very large stone. Although some are crude etchings, others are quite professional looking. This intrigued me.

Knowing that the Loseys had been well-known residents of Walpack, my research focused solely on the A.W. Losey inscription. Who was this man? Where did he live? Was he related to the Loseys who lived in the small cottage behind the Van Campen Inn – referred to as the Slave House, or the Johnson/Losey house just south of the Van Campen Inn, or the man who was one of the original trustees of the Pleasant Valley Methodist Church? It did not take long to find out that A.W. Losey was actually Asa W. Losey of Walpack.



Asa was born in Walpack in 1871 to Benjamin and Armina (Gariss). He had four siblings, Lorana (Swartwood), Susan (VanEtten), Jason G., and Frank B. All are buried in the Losey family plot in the Lower Walpack Cemetery. Research revealed that Asa completed two years

of high school. He worked on the family farm until he was 28 then moved to Manhattan. In 1899 he was employed by the U.S. Customs Service, first as a Junior Clerk earning \$840 annually, then as a Clerk in 1903 and 1905 making \$1200 and \$1400 respectively. He is also listed in the New York City Directory as an Inspector for US Customs in 1916 and 1917. By 1920 he returned to Walpack to run the family farm. Asa died in March 1943 at the age of 72, having never married. His father and sisters preceded him in death. His mother Armina died just two months later at the age of 95. Brothers Jason and Frank, pictured here with their mother, died in 1948 and 1957.



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## REMEMBERING ROY ABER SR. by Chris Aber

I wanted to inform you of the passing of my father, Roy Aber Sr. on October 28th. My father loved coming back to Walpack where he grew up. He would share memories about living in Flatbrookville on the Old Mine Road. He told stories to my children about having his father, A.L.

Aber, as his Teacher at the One Room Schoolhouse and all the different things they had to do during the school day. The Walpack area definitely had an large impact on the person he became.

## REMEMBER JOHN "JACK" FLANNIGAN



John "Jack" R. Flannigan AUG. 6, 1935 – NOV. 22, 2019 was born in Scranton, PA to James C. & Bessie (Rice) Flannigan. A retired electrical engineer and US Navy veteran, he served during the Korean War. He was also stationed on the USS Northampton (CLC-1).

He loved history and during retirement docented at Casa Feliz in Winter Park, FL. Drawn to Walpack upon learning that his

great-great uncle, Bernea Whitmore, had been pastor at Walpack Methodist (1907 - 1910), Jack saw the interior with its weatherboard, covering the original plaster, removed. Seeing a small, rural church with such a fresco intrigued him. It became his passion to research a way to preserve the interior of the Walpack M.E Church, advocating for it and speaking at Walpack Day 2010.

## 2020 CALENDAR

April 19	Spring Hike: Pompey Ridge to Chado
April 26	Spring Dinner at <i>The Walpack Inn</i>
May 17	A presentation by Jennifer Palmer
June 6	<i>National Trail Day</i>
June 28	Walpack at the Movies
July 19	Lower Walpack Cemetery by Sharon Spangenberg
Aug. 16	2020 anniversary of 1955 flood by Don Stieh
Sept. 20	Fire Tower hike by Dan Tassej & Mike Orlovski
Oct. 11	Van Campen Day
Nov. 1	Fall Hike - Military Road East
Dec. 5	Walpack Christmas - Church and Museum open
Dec. 6	Holiday Dinner - Walpack Inn
Dec. 12 & 13	Walpack Christmas - Church and Museum open

Visit [WalpackHistory.org](http://WalpackHistory.org) for calendar updates, changes and details.

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THANK YOU Brian Banner! He is a LIFE MEMBER who has donated \$100.00 in support of the newsletter in honor of Len Peck and Ruth Ann Whitesell.

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2. If you wish to pay your dues through the mail, please fill out the Membership Form on page 7 and send it along with your payment to the given address on the form.

All memberships must be made current to 2019 in order to remain on our mailing list. Thank you!

## BE A PART OF HISTORY - DOCENTS & VOLUNTEERS NEEDED



A Docent is a person who acts as a guide, typically on a voluntary basis. We are always looking for new people to help us at our events and meetings throughout the year.

Please call, **973-948-4903**, and ask to speak with Jen Wycalek to learn more about how you can help play a part in history.



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THANK YOU!

The Walpack Historical Society would like to offer a most gracious THANK YOU to the following members and friends who have so generously donated to the Walpack M.E. Church Restoration Project and to our General Fund.

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