

A NEIGHBORHOOD BEGINS

So here we are. Greenfield is now part of the city of Pittsburgh. How have things changed? Let's take a morning stroll down Squirrel Hill Road to find out.

We can start at the old Turner farm, up at the top of Brown's Hill. John and Priscilla McCaslin inherited this land from the Turners. They sold it to Joseph Bails, who sold it again, and now it belongs to Martin Beehner. Down the road a piece, if nobody's looking, we'll swipe a piece of fruit for breakfast from the Lannon's orchard. They won't miss it—they have row after row of trees full of apples, cherries, peaches, pears and quince, raspberry bushes and black currant bushes, reaching way down the hill below us.

After we're done eating our purloined fruit, we'll head toward Gardner's Spring for a cool drink of water. It seems odd to watch cows peacefully grazing in a meadow on one side of you, and find so much activity on the other. Across the way, women are hanging out their washing, row by row, in front of crowded clapboard houses. Their husbands stop to kiss them goodbye before they commence with their daily hike down the dirt road to the mill. Little children run past us, laughing, on their way to school.

Mule teams trudge by us, dragging wagons of coal from the mines to the mills, up the hill and down the hill and up again. All along the way, we say hello to miners. Coal mines line the road for nearly a mile, the long arms of the mine branching out toward the center of town.

Past Gardner's Spring is Edwin Collins' brickworks. A few years ago, the gas company was digging gas-line ditches on Collins' property when they realized the mounds of dirt piling up around them were actually thick, rich clay. The men put down their shovels and called their boss, who called his boss, who called some bricklayers. When Mr. Collins trudged up the hill after a long day's work at the Demmler Tin Mill, the bricklayers offered him a partnership.

Now, horse and wagon teams from the Squirrel Hill Brick Company deliver brick all over the city. Brick deliveries are slow, deliberate work. If there are a lot of hills on the way to the construction site, the wagon driver has

Lannon's orchard stretched from the fire house on Winterburn Avenue to Bigelow Street.

Gardner's Spring was at the corner of Bigelow and Bristol streets.

