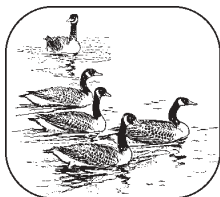


CITY FOLKS AND COUNTRY FOLKS

John George Woods' stone house, built on what is now the corner of Chatsworth and Tullymet streets in Hazelwood, is still standing.

Irvine Street was named after William Irvine, the general in charge of Fort Pitt during the Indian uprising.



As Pittsburgh grew, so did the small towns around it. Years before, Colonel George Woods surveyed Pittsburgh for the Penns and was paid for his efforts with the land in Scotch Bottom. Now his grandson, John George Woods, owned more than a thousand acres in the fertile river valley. Though no one in the Woods family had ever used the land, when John George Woods married, he decided to live there with his bride and built a two-story stone house down past the stretch of road the Scotch Bottom settlers were calling Irvine Street. The Woods farm stretched between Four Mile Run and Six Mile Run and a mile back, up through the forest on the hillside, with one corner bordering the Turner farm. The house, surrounded by orchards and flower gardens, was quite a contrast to the log homes of the squatters along the river. There was plenty of talk in Scotch Bottom about the rich fellow moving in and how things might change. Folks doubted it would be for the better.

Up over the hill, John Turner's town was still overrun with squirrels—Turner joked about it, bragging that he could stand in his cabin doorway and shoot enough squirrels for supper. But otherwise, life had changed dramatically for Turner and his family. The British gave his brother Simon a pension that included a hundred acre farm in Canada, across the river from Detroit. Simon Girty lived there now with his wife, White Pigeon, an adoptee born with the name of Catherine Malott who had been raised by the Shawnee. Thomas and his family moved away and opened a trading post on the Allegheny River in a town called Girty's Run. James went west and now had a trading post in Girty's Town. George was off with the Indians, no one was sure exactly where. Mary Girty passed away, and John laid his mother to rest next to the two Indians he shot for trying to steal his ax.

Now an old woman called Granny McElroy lived in the old Girty cabin next to the spring, and there were more and more folks living nearby. Old Jake Castleman had the next farm down toward the river. The Sutch family was up on the knob of the hill. William Stewart, who everybody just called Killymoon, was busy building an inn near the salt lick where he planned to serve his homemade whiskey to travelers who took the shortcut up Brown's Hill.

Nowadays Squirrel Hill looked more like farmland than forest. John and Susanna Turner's farm was a lucrative business. They didn't have children of their own, but Susanna's sisters lived nearby