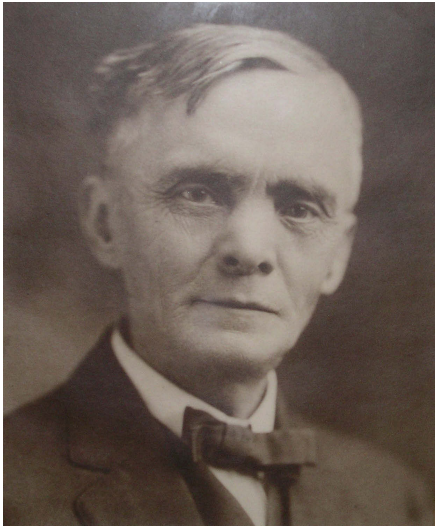

George Miles

- October 3, 1935—Old Residents Aged More Than 90, "Remember"
    - Attending Syracuse's 100th Birthday party will be five ladies who don't mind admitting they are more than 30 years of age. Each one is more than 90 years of age.
      They are: Mrs. Minerva Benner, who was 90 last Monday; Mrs. Josephine Woods who is 93; Mrs. Margaret Wehrly who was 90 last summer; Mrs. Jane Bachman who is 92; Mrs. Susan Nicolai, who will be 93 in November.
      Mrs. Benner, daughter of Preston Miles, St., who died 50 years ago, came with her parents to Syracuse, 82 years ago, by covered wagon, from Miamaburg, O.
      She remembers the children in the party playing in back of the wagons all day and sleeping in them at night and their parents sleeping beneath the wagons. She said her parents, and her father's brothers and half brothers and a man named Seese, and their families were in the party.
      Mrs. Benner said much of the way was cut through timber, before the lake and Syracuse was reached.
      In 1864 she married James Benner who went to the Civil War. She remembers that at that time Syracuse received mail by wagon from Goshen, but twice a week, and the returning soldiers reached Goshen without word being sent to Syracuse so had to walk to town. She said when they reached the Huntington hill there never was such a shout as they set up, and which residents returned, but when they reached Main street for a community reunion, it was as sorrowful as it was joyful—because there were so many who did not come back.
      Mrs. Benner remembers the Indians when she first came here, with her parents. She remembers when the first burial was made in the Syracuse cemetery—it was a baby, she said, and the baby was buried at the foot of a tree, because it was thick forest there then, where the cemetery is now located.
      She said her husband, whose people had come here two years after her parents had made the journey, used to move houses in Syracuse, and that for a long time Mrs. Jane Bachman's house was the furthest one down Huntington street, but then her husband moved theirs to the present C. E. Brady lot. She said she remembers standing her children on the fence around the yard, to see the "iron horse" go past, as there was nothing to block their viewing the railroad tracks from there. She said she remembers the old logs of Crosson & Ward's mill standing in the air, after part of the mill had sunk, and that her children used to play on these logs, before these finally went down in the quicksand too.
      Mrs. Josephine Woods is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Baker, and her parents came to Indiana in a covered wagon, when she was six years old. They settled on a farm

which edged on Papakeetchie lake. She was married to Milton Woods in 1861, and lived on the farm which is still known as the Woods farm, on the north side of Lake Wawasee, edging on Johnson's bay. She too, remembers the Indians. She taught school before she was married, and Rev. George Thomas, one of the early preachers in Syracuse, performed the marriage ceremony when she and her husband were wed.

Mrs. Margaret Wehrly was Margaret House when she came from Ohio, 71 years ago. She was married to William B. Wehrly and lived east of town.

She remembers this country before the Big Four trains ran to Milford and before the B. & O. railroad went through Syracuse.

Mrs. Susan Nicolai was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Fry.

Mrs. Susan Fry Nicolai was born in Montgomery County, O., Nov. 12, 1843. She came to Elkhart county, Indiana, with her parents, when she was four years old. They first lived in Benton, but only for a short time. Then her father purchased the farm now owned by Carl Stettler and Orba Bobeck, north of town near the Hex school. She lived there with her parents until she was 19 years old, when she married Michael Nicolai, and lived on her father's farm, all but about a year and a half when she and her husband lived on a farm near Wakarusa. They returned to the old farm home, where she lived until 15 years ago when she came to Syracuse to live with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Hinderer.

Mrs. Jane Bachman, aged 91, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Evan Miles. They came to Indiana from Ohio about two years before Mrs. Benner came with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Miles. She said they rode in a covered wagon, and on reaching Fort Wayne, roads became so nearly impassible that they left much of their equipment there, to be called for on a later trip.

Levi Bachman lived at the home of her uncle, Elhanan Miles in Syracuse. When she was 20 years old they were married. Mr. Bachman was a carpenter, so they made their home in Syracuse. They first lived in the house Nathan Insley now lives in, and when they wanted to build a home of their own, could not obtain a clear title to a lot on that street so bought the lot and built the house in which Mrs. Bachman still lives, on Huntington and Carol streets.

She said there was a fence which extended across what is now Huntington street; that was as far as the street came.

Mrs. Bachman said she remembers attending school in Ohio before coming to Indiana, but after they moved to their farm near Solomon's Creek, it was several years before she attended school again, and then she came to Syracuse to school.

Mrs. Bachman's grandfather presented each of his children with 80 acres in Indiana, as wedding gifts when they were married, but Evan Miles did not come to Indiana to take up the land for several years after his marriage.

Mrs. Bachman can remember her folks killing many deer on their Solomon's Creek property; she said often they had tubs full of deer meat to eat. She can remember bringing ginseng to town to sell it for medicine, much as "The Harvester," Gene Stratton-Porter's story of an early Hoosier.

She can also remember when they first moved to Indiana that the family became so ill with ague that sometimes one could not get up to get the others a drink of water.

- June 10, 1909—A History of the Lake and Town
  - A year ago last summer, at the annual meeting of the Wawasee Protective Association, a committee to collect and collate the history of the lake was appointed, of which Geo. W. Miles, president of the Association was made chairman, with a view of having it published for the benefit of the association's members. Mr. Miles has lately taken up this work in earnest, and has agreed to favor the Journal by allowing it to publish the results of his labors, and to include a history of the town and community as well as the lake. Indeed, he says, the two are so bound up together that it would be almost impossible to write the history of one without including the other. We publish on this page this week the second paper furnished us by him. These he promises to continue at intervals until the years from the first settlement of the country down to the present shall have been covered, and he will thank anybody having knowledge of the old settlers and their families to communicate the same to him.

    The work of writing the history of a community covering seventy or seventy-five years is quite an undertaking, as the collecting of data and personal reminiscences of former residents takes time and patience.

    Mr. Miles is thoroughly competent to write of matters pertaining to Syracuse, Turkey Creek township and Wawasee lake, and none of our readers can afford to miss an issue of the Journal containing one of his papers, and those who are not now subscribers would do well to become such at once.

    We are sending out this week sample copies to some of the members the Wawasee Protective Association, who, if they wish to read the history of the lake as we shall

- April 28, 1910—Further Reminiscences of Henry Conrad—of the Lake as a Summer Resort
  - Two months ago I gave you a pen picture of Henry Conrad, of Conrad's Island, Lake Wawasee, as I remembered him. And you will remember that I said that if I had a picture of him I would use it to illustrate my description, but that I doubted whether he had ever had one taken.

    Within two days after the issue of the Journal appeared in which that paper was printed there was handed to me not only one, but two different likenesses of Mr. Conrad; one by Mrs. Frank Younce, daughter of the late Jacob and Sarah Ott, and the other by Mr. Daniel Searfoss, our efficient night policeman.

    Little Miss Ott (now grandmamma Younce) was one child who was not afraid of Mr. Conrad. She knew him better than did the rest of us, for he was a frequent visitor at her home, when kindnesses were shown him. Mother Ott often baked bread for him, and frequently did his washing, and little Sarah becoming a great favorite of his, he gave her this tintype, which she has sacredly kept.

    Mr. Searfoss is a relative of Mr. Conrad—a great nephew, I believe. I have chosen his picture for reproduction, though it is the least characteristic of the two, because that of Mrs. Younce is so dim that a good cut could hardly be made from it.

    (Photo of Henry Conrad)

    I want to set down here to the credit of Mr. Conrad's memory that he was always a true sportsman, and no violations of the laws for the protection of the fish of the lake were ever charged against him, so far as I know. At a time when others paid no attention to

these laws and the state made no effort to enforce them, so that their infraction brought little or no risk of punishment, he was content to abide by then, and the lake never in the least suffered on account of his annual presence here. May his memory long survive.

Could Henry Conrad and William Dillon come back to their beloved lake now they would be much surprised and no doubt displeased at the changes there. The name of it would be strange and unpronounceable to them. And the solitude that they sought about its shores and upon its broad bosom they would not find, for all around it, where, in their time, only forests and farm fields fronted on its twenty miles of shores, since have come into being some seventeen villages, containing in all more than seven hundred residence lots, on many of which have been built beautiful homes that are regularly occupied each year by upward of a thousand people. And besides these they would find five large hotels, entertaining half as many more. And on the lake itself, which they were accustomed to see dotted now and then with the row boats of a few fishermen, they would find plying more than a hundred motor boats. The change has come in a little more than twenty years.

Vawter Park was the first lake village, and it was platted in March 1887, by Commodore John T. Vawter. In the original plat there were 45 lots, to which Mr. Vawter afterward added 14. To these have been added 26 by the Stuard heirs and 41 by Mr. Charles A, Sudlow, making 126 in all. And I am counting only lots that have a frontage on the lake. I believe some back lots have also been laid out at Vawter Park, and at a few other places around the lake.

In 1888 John Snavely platted Lake View Park, with 15 lots, and A. H. Nordyke platted Nordyke Park, with 21. These latter are now the property of Major Elliott Durand, of Chicago.

In 1889 South Park, with 42 lots, was platted by Milton Woods and Benjamin F. Draper. To these Mr. Woods and Joseph P. Moore afterwards added 33. And the same year William Moore platted 20 lots at Ogden Island Park. To these latter William N. Crow has added 43.

John F. Wright, of Columbus, Indiana, having purchased a part of the farm of the late George Howser, platted Wright Place in 1892. It has 20 lots.

Oakwood Park, the summer home of the Evangelical Church, was first platted as a village in 1894. Two additions to the first plat have since been made, and it now has 128 lots, nearly one fourth of which have been built upon. Willow Groye, with 9 lots, was also platted by the Eperts in 1894.

In 1896 Kale Island was platted with 58 lots, and in 1897 Ketring and Blanchard platted Ideal Beach, with 57, and Lamb & Moore laid out Pickwick Park, which has 17.

Col. Eli Lilly platted 71 lots at Wawasee Station in 1898, but none of these has ever been put on the market.

In 1903 Cedar Point was platted by W. N. Crow and Sarah Sloan, children and heirs of the late William Crow, with 33 lots.

In 1904 Truesdell Lodge was platted by Mrs. M. C. Truesdell. R. H. Brunjes and W. S. Hillabold, with 10 lots on the lake.

In 1905 Morrison's Island, so long the home of the family of William T. Morrison, was purchased by Ellwood George, of Ft. Wayne, and Moore & Schlabach, of Cromwell, and made into a village of 37 lots.
In 1906 old Jarrett's Landing or "Buttermilk Station" was purchased by Mr. George and Mrs. Truesdell, Platted into 25 lots and given the name of Cottingham Beach.
Besides these sixteen villages, with their seven hundred and sixty-eight lots, there are a number of small cottages on grounds leased from Mr. Nathaniel Crow between Cedar Point and Morrison's Island, in a colony that Jim McDonald, of the Ligonier Banner, who is a member of it, has given the very appropriate name of Nattycrow Beach (He insists on spelling it with the w lopped off—a crime that should not be permitted.).
Such has been the growth of the lake as a summer resort in the comparatively few years that have passed since Mr. Conrad disappeared from it.
When the first lots were laid out they were thought to be well sold at a hundred dollars each. Now vacant lots like them are bringing as much as a thousand dollars apiece, that being equivalent to

- November 25, 1909—The Coming of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to the Town
    - James Benner used to ask me regularly, whenever I met him, if I "ever saw the cars," and as I had not ever seen them, and as I was a lad of ten years and more, and could therefore not answer the question without stultifying myself, I always grew righteously indignant when he asked it, as I had a right to do. And this yielded him such good fun that he never forgot to ask it when he saw me.
    Thirty-five years had passed since the plat of the original town was made by Crosson & Ward, and it had grown to have thirty-seven or thirty-eight dwelling houses and a half dozen small frame business rooms, and a population of some two hundred people that were supposed to be alive. The cemetery held as many more. And then from somewhere came vague rumors of the possibility of a railroad hitting the place.
    "Old Bill Guy" (he died in 1868 at the age of 50 years) had for ten years predicted that some time the Baltimore & Ohio railroad would extend its lines to Chicago, and that when it did it would strike Syracuse. Now this was thought to be a pipe dream that came to him while he slept by the little stove in his dark and gloomy old grocery store on the corner, and nobody took it at all seriously. But sure enough, the line it was now rumored might come was the very one he had predicted would come sometime and if his faith was predicated on a dream it was one that, it now appeared, might come true.

    - No Date: Our Gratitude is Due
    To the Editor: Thanks for the extra copies and am ever so grateful for the kind treatment and welcome given to my pieces. With love extreme for the people of my native and desire that I may win their eternal gratitude I "speak right out in meeting" what to my mind seems positive truth. I know that many of the thoughts I have to reveal are not in accord with the ideas our fathers held; but today we have left the old-time sickle unused; and too, old-time ideas outgrown we hang up with the sickle in the barn loft. Let us have before our minds God who is truth. He who positively holds to what the God of truth and love reveals to his mind and heart and understanding, and who

without reserve tells the whole truth as it is impressed upon his conscience to tell to his beloved follows does right.

But it is our bounden duty to "hold fast the good" the fathers have given us. He who sweepingly condemns in a lump the good with the outgrow, does wrong. I would conserve all the

July 29, 1929 (July 29, 1909): The Members of Some of the Earliest Families and What Became of Them

Since I began the publication in the Journal of this history of our community and the people who have made it wat it is I have been urged by numerous persons who desire to have it in form so that they can keep it in their families and transmit it to their children, to have it made into a book when I shall have finished it. Now, these persons are my personal friends and I would like to comply with their wishes, but I cannot afford to be at the expense of issuing such a book myself, and I doubt whether there could be enough of them sold to pay the expense of the printing and binding. Such a book should be well printed, on good paper, and well bound, so that it would be enduring.

I have decided to put the matter up to my readers, and should enough of them subscribe for such a book in advance of its publication to guarantee the cost of issuing it I will have it published. If I do so the papers appearing here will have to be revised somewhat and rearranged, but for the labor of doing that it will not be necessary that I be remunerated. If issued at all, however, the book must make a creditable appearance, and the price of it will be one dollar.

Now, you need feel under no obligations to subscribe for such a book, nor will I be at all disappointed if I do not get enough subscribers to warrant its publication. Indeed, I had no intention of issuing a book at all when I began writing these papers. But if you would like to have it please let me have your subscription, by dropping me a line by mail or by giving me your name when you see me, or by leaving it at the Journal office. Of course, the book will in no case be issued until the printing of the history shall have been completed in the Journal, and then only if a sufficient number of persons shall have subscribed for it to insure me against financial loss by its publication.

I am going to devote this paper principally to giving the names of the members of some of the early families. And I desire that when my history shall have been completed it will contain the names of all the members of all the early families, as nearly as possible, or at least all of them that grew to manhood and womanhood. I have been to considerable labor in collecting these, and my list of them is yet far from being complete. And I may have some of them wrong, too. If so I will be thankful to anyone who will set me right, as I will also to any descendants of these early families who will give me information concerning them.

First, the Corys:

Jeremiah Cory purchased from John Kitson, father of Isaac Kitson, now of Syracuse, the farm just north and east of town now owned by Mr. George Myers. He also owned the farm on the Milford road now owned by the heirs of the late John Alexander, and the adjoining one to the west of it still owned by the heirs of his son, the late A.C. Cory. He

moved, at an early day, from here to Iowa. His sons were Abijah Curtis ("Curt") Walker, Calvin, Jeremiah Jr., Robert V., and James, and his daughters were Jane, who married a brother of Moses Byers, Tillie, who married Lemuel Vennamon, and Malinda, who became the wife of William Woods.

The elder Jeremiah Cory had a younger brother Walter, a single man who lived here a few years and then also moved to Iowa.

And he had still another brother who must have lived back in Ohio, and whose widow, Anna, lived here with her children and died here. And her children were Abijah, Squire M., Walter and Andrew Jackson ("Jack"), Sarah, wife of Aaron Brown and mother of Leonard, and another daughter whose name I do not know, and who was the wife of Louis Rentfrow. This Squire M. owned the farm now owned by Mr. Ed Ketring, just west of town on the Milford road.

Jonathan Smith Brown and his wife Sarah came to Syracuse in 1835, and with them came Aaron and his wife aforesaid. Jonathan was constable at the time of his death here. Aaron, with the members of his family then living moved to Des Moines, Iowa, in 1853, but he left behind him in the cemetery here his wife, two daughters and a son, and in the "Mud Lake" cemetery, north of town, another son, named Chauncey.

David Hendrickson came to Indiana in 1829 and stopped on and began improving a farm near the Elkhart river. Before he filed his entry claim on this land, however, it was filed on by another and he lost it. He then came to the lands just north of town, in 1836, with his family. He died there the following year at the age of 49 years. His wife survived until 1854. His sons were John, Henry, Jacob, Joseph, and Zachariah, and his daughters were Nancy J. and Mary. John was the father of Mary Ellen, who became the wife of Perry Wilden. He died at the age of 29, in 1863 Henry was the father of seven children, six of which died in infancy, five of them within a month of diphtheria. His daughter, Priscilla, is the wife of Mr. Henry Hooker. Jacob died in 1868 at the age of 41. He was the father of three children, all of whom are living, viz; John, who lives in Kansas, Prilla, wife of Thomas Jensen, and Etta, wife of Edmund McClintic. Joseph, who died in 1899, was the father of John and William, and of Mrs. Redding, of Syracuse, and Mrs. Harry Dangler, of Goshen. Zachariah, the only surviving brother, lives in Syracuse, and his only son, Loren, resides at Osage, Kansas. Mary married martin Hillabold, and was the mother of Geniza, wife of George W. Shaffer, Milton, Tilman, Charles, and Lyman Hillabold. Nancy died when she was fourteen years old.

James Lecount was one of the first settlers. His children were Noble, William, Elijah, John, Sally, Margaret, and Love. Sally married Israel Wyland, Margaret married Jacov Wehrly, and Love became the wife of Josiah Collins.

William Gordy also came here very early. His children were John, Christopher, Jemima, Margaret, and Elizabeth. Jemima was married to Isaac Brady, Margaret to Jacob F. Ott, and Elizabeth to Robert V. Cory.

George Mann, whose widow became the wife of Harvey Vennamon, was the father of Sally,, Richard F., Mary Ann, George, Eliza, and William Albert. Sally became the wife of A.C. Cory and died in 1845 when she was but 24 years old. Richard I have already told you much about. After selling his interests here to his brother-in-law, Joseph H Defrees, in 1856, he moved to Middlebury, Indiana, from which place he enlisted in the 48th

regiment of Indiana infantry volunteers, in the war of the rebellion, in which regiment he was captain of a company. He died of disease in a southern hospital. Mary Ann became the wife of a John Gordy and Eliza the wife of Zebidee Widner. William A. ("Al") spent nearly all his life in Syracuse. George, the only surviving member of the family, lives in Middlebury.

The Widners came about 1843. The father was Jacob, and he settled west of town. There were three sons and a daughter. Henry, the oldest son, married a sister of Allen Richhart, and they moved to the west. Zebidee, who died at the home of his daughter in Wisconsin three years ago, spent his life in Syracuse. John, who still survives, went tot the war twice from here, first as a private in the 57th Indiana regiment and afterward in the 152nd After the war he moved to Millersburg, Indiana, where he still lives. The daughter died when she was quite young.

Harvey Vennamon entered the old Vennamon farm just west of town in 1836. He was one of the first commissioners of Kosciusko County. Lemuel Vennamon was his half brother, and in 1837 he entered land just north of that of Harvey. The wife of Lemuel was a sister of A.C. and Robert Cory, as I have told you. They are lost to me here. Of what family they raised, if any, or what became of them, I do not know. Harvey's first wife was a daughter of James H. Barnes. She bore him four children—Geniza, who became the wife of Benjamin Crary of Goshen, Harrison, who lived and died in Goshen and was for several years treasurer of Elkhart County, James, who went to war, was captured by the confederates and died a miserable death in Libby prison, and a daughter who, when a little girl, lost her life by falling into a kettle of hot lard. His second wife was the widow of the elder George Mann, as I have said. She bore him one son—Mahlon, who also went to the war from here as a private in the 152nd Indiana regiment, and who was accidently killed ten or more years ago while switching cars in the yards of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at South Chicago. Much of the farm on which he lived—the one owned at the present time by Thomas Hapner—now lies within the limits of the town. His sons were Charles W., Martin, and Frank, and his daughters Mary Ann, Geniza, Teeny, and Alice. Mary Ann was first married to the late Josiah Slaybaugh and within the last three years became the wife of William Moore, as whose widow she survives. Geniza married John Nelson Brady, Teeny married Jerome Harlan, and Alice married Frederick Canon.

And the Hillabolds came with the Strombecks, in 1839. I cannot tell you the name of the father, but his sons were John, Martin, Christopher, and William, and the daughters Elizabeth, wife of Charles Strombeck, Catharine, wife of Henry Hendrickson, and Teeny, wife of James Baird. All are dead now except William, the youngest son, who went to Iowa about the time of the war and prospered there, and who was still living when last I heard of him, a year or so ago.

John Meloy came about 1848. His sons were John, Daniel, David, Seth, and Andrew, and his daughters Mary, Lucy, and Catharine. Daniel now lives in California. David lives on his farm near the old homestead. The farms of Seth and John were also in the same neighborhood—near the Milford and Syracuse road. Seth died there some years ago, and John died within the present year. Andrew went to the war and died during his service there. Lucy became the second wife of William Markley, who lived east of

Wawasee Lake. She bore him no children. Catharine married Alvarado Vorhis. She died in 1907. Mary first became the wife of John Master, and after his death married William Master.

James Brady the elder came in 1842 and settled north of town. William was his oldest son, and he was the father of John Nelson, David, Thomas J. ("Jeff"), Francis M., Wessley, and Christopher, Malinda, who married Charles W. Strombeck, and Mary, who became the wife of Benjamin Slaybaugh. Alexander, second son of the elder James who died in 1847 when he was but 31 years old was the father of W.J., James J., and a daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, who married a man named Kellen Thomas, who died young, was the father of a daughter named Sarah Jane, and Daniel F., who married Nancy Kirkendall, and who died in 1852 at the age of 28 years, was the father of two children who are still living—Thomas, who lives somewhere in Iowa, and Archibold, who lives in Ligonier. Sarah Jane, a daughter, married Jacob Hendrickson, and became the mother of Mrs. Ed. McClintic and Mrs. Thos. Jensen and Mr. John Hendrickson of Kansas, of whom I have told you. The only surviving member of the family is James Junior, whom we now know so well as "Uncle Jimmy Brady." To him it fell, by the early deaths of his brothers, to care for and keep together their children, and how well he performed this generous task and how he willingly took upon himself the duties of a father for them, has been common knowledge among us for many years. His life has been a most unselfish one and that a great reward awaits him nobody doubts.

David Darr lived on the Kern farm, on the hill just south of the railroad, and died there in 1845. He was not related to the family of Peter Darr, who lived north of town, and if he had any children I have no record of them.

I almost missed William Strombeck who came in 1839 when came Charles, who was his brother. He lived first on the farm just west of town where Ed. McClintic now lives, and then moved to the old Hendrickson homestead just north of where the tile mill is, north of town. His wife was killed in a run-a-way near Solomon's Creek church while they were on their way to Benton to attend service in the Lutheran church there. He was the father of Henry Strombeck, who now lives at North Webster, and of Louisa, who married John S. Weaver, and was the mother to Mrs. Hire, of this place and Marion Weaver, of Oklahoma.

I do not know the name of the elder Coy, but he was one of the very first settlers, and his homestead was north of town, where David Ott now lives. He died sometime previous to the year 1842. His sons were John, Henry, and David, and his daughters were Elizabeth, Susan, Sarah, and Polly. Elizabeth married Michael Crowl. The Journal recently told you of her death at the age of 98. Susan married Omar Shipley, Sarah married Enoch Bell, and Polly, as I told you last week, became the wife of a Mr. Ott from Solomon's Creek whose name I do not know.

Henry Kline came later and purchased, I suspect from Martin Hillabold and his brother John, the farm formerly owned by Squire M. Cory and now the property of Ed Ketring. He had but two children that I know of—John, who died some years ago in Milford, and Rebecca, who became the wife of Adam and the mother of Ed., S.L., and John A. Ketring, and Rebecca, the wife of William F. Young, of Goshen. She died in 1854 at the age of 23 years.

Do you tire of reading these names of the members of the early families? I hope you do not, for I have a lot more of them, and I want them all to have a place in my history. And I will thank you if you will tell me all about your father, or grandfather, or great grandfather if he was an early settler, so that he may not be missed. And please don't neglect letting me know whether you want a book.

April 25, 1935: 100 Year Ago Settlers Came Here; Stories Told

Editor's Note—According to abstracts of titles to land, Syracuse was founded 100 years ago, in 1835. This column is dedicated to old fellows of this community. It will offer an opportunity for the narration of old-time events, description of places, and some of the industries carried on inn the old days. It will even be permissible to tell fish stories (within certain limitations) and hunting stories, humorous incidents of one kind and another, and finally without doubt, there were acts of heroism which will do, we of the younger generation no harm to hear.

Come on other Old Timers, if you have a story of "ye olden times" around Syracuse, tell it to the editor for reproduction in this column.

The following article was told by Douglas Miles to his wife, Emma, in 1933. Mr. Miles passed away a few months ago at his home in Milford. He was born in Syracuse, and spent a busy and happy boyhood in town and around the lake. He was the son of Evan and Catherine Miles and a brother of John Preston and Perry Miles, and of Mrs. Jane Bachman, Mary Stiver, Ellen Holloway, Catherine Kindig, and Alice Felkner. The Miles came to this community about 1852—four brothers and sisters. These were the ancestors of the tribe of Miles' now inhabiting these parts.

THE ORAMS.

When I was a young lad an old Englishman by the name of Kale Oram came and took up a claim on the bank of the Nine Mile lakes, (now Wawasee). He built himself a log cabin home on about thirty actes of land. His two brothers, Tom and Mike, lived with him. There seems to have been some sort of mystery about these Orams. They were well educated and great readers. Some thought they might have been "Scions of the Realm". At any rate they were gentlemen, tall and fine looking, used good English and no profanity. This explains where Kale Island got its name, it being the place where Kale Oram built his cabin.

This cabin was large and had a fire place. The Orams had a pool table, and English fashion, plenty to drink, but never any carousing. Father went there a lot. He and Kale were very close friends. After awhile Tom and Mike went away; some say they went out west.

Kale married a Widow Woods with a son Bill about my age. Kale's wife went by the name of Mam Kale. She was tall, a good talker; also well educated by the homeliest woman I ever looked at. I went with father a great many times to visit the Kales. We never ate there but we were there sometimes when they were eating. She did all her cooking at the fireplace. That was a delight and curiosity to me to sit and watch the proceedings. On these visits Kale and father would always have something to drink. Kale was a great man to hunt and kept several birddogs. That cabin was about the dirtiest place I was ever in. They sat around and read and let the work take care of

itself. The had some pet chickens and these usually roosted on the bed. Kale would lie in bed with all of his clothes on and read. They surely lived the simple life.
The family raised truck and grapes and they also fished in the lake with gillnets which they made themselves. Bill, the son, was an expert at knitting gillnets and when he finished one it was a work of art. He sent to Chicago for the linen thread and the shuttle he used was about six inches long. It was an interesting sight to watch his fingers fly. Some of his nets were fifty feet long and twelve feet wide. They were often stolen. Bill and I were always good friends.
Things went on like this for quite a while when finally the old cabin took fire and burned down. Mam owned a little house in Syracuse on the bank of the lake. After the cabin burned the family went there to live. About this time some Goshen men built a big shell of a house on Kale's Island. They told Kale they would kill him if he went back up there, but one night he went to their house and went to bed. Then they sent out the word that they would kill anyone who tried to take Kale anything to eat. They had a man watching the place day and night. When father learned of this he filled a basket with grub and started. The watchman tried to halt father three different times but he kept going. He found Kale almost starved and sick with a cold. Kale was surely glad to see his old friend.
But it was too late. They took him to his home. He grew steadily worse and soon passed away. Bill and his mother continued to livein the little home. Not long after the death of Kale the mother went away. Bill then went out west to look after some land that belonged to his mother and I never saw him again.

May 6, 1935—
The following account of "other days" in Syracuse, was told by Douglas Miles to his wife, Emma Miles.

THE SCOW

At about that time father made a flat boat which we call the Scow, to transport stavebolts from the shore of the big lake down to the Hillabold sawmill. He built it on the bank of the lake, near the mill, about where Wm. Kindig's house and lot are now. He made it forty feet long and twelve feet wide, out of two inch poplar plank.
It sloped upward at each end and the sides were about two feet high. This boat was equipped with four oars, two on each side, and a rudder behind to steer it with. By means of this old scow father was able to bring down to the mill about 25 cords of stavebolts on each trip.

A TRIP WITH THE SCOW

A man by the name of David Sharp furnished father with stavebolts. These he cut and corded on the lake shore at Black Stump Point where Waco now stands.
Now to get the bolts down to the mill to be made into staves. This was a feat that took courage and endurance. Father, Uncle Pret Miles, George Miles, Ed Miles, John Howard, Jack Kitson, Perry and I; Syracuse at two o'clock in the afternoon. Each would take lunch enough for supper and breakfast and we also had to take bedding along so we could sleep on the boat.

The start was on; each would grab an oar; all hands were working but the boat moved slowly up through the channel, passed what was then Conkling Hill, now Oakwood Park, and on up the lake to land at Black Stump Point, taking about four hours for this part of the trip. We would then eat our supper after which we would begin to get ready to sleep, which usually took until nearly midnight. We would be up at daylight, eat a snack and get busy. We carried the bolts up gang planks and corded them on the boat. By ten o'clock in the morning we would be ready to start back and by the middle of the afternoon we would be unloading the bolts at the mill.

THE STAVES

Stave timber had to be white oak without any worms or bug holes. The stave bolts, when unloaded at the sawmill, were put into steam boxes where they remained for about four hours. Then the steam was turned off. With long handled hooks the bolts were taken out while hot, one by one, and passed through a stave cutting machine. They were then put into an equalizer to be made all of one length. After this operation they were ready to be taken to the seasoning sheds.

Father had put up, near the cooper shop, a lot of sheds under which to rick the staves. The sides of these sheds were left open so the wind could blow through from any direction.

The staves were stacked about twelve feet high underneath these sheds and this work had to be done with the aid of scaffolds.

All the ends of the staves had to be lapped or separated to permit the air to pass freely on both sides.

From three to four weeks time was required for the staves to season and dry out after being ricked in this manner beneath the sheds.

The stacking of the staves was a job for several men. It also made a job for Perry and me and we did a lot of it when we would much rather have gone swimming or fishing.

THE BARREL HOOPS

The making of hoops for the barrels was also an important part of the industry and quite an undertaking. They were made out of hickory saplings which had to be cut in the spring before the sap came up, otherwise the bark would come off.

Each sapling would make from one to four hoops. Think of the ruthless destruction of those young hickory trees. The farmers sold them for one cent each.

Father had the same old crew hired to cut and bring home the hooppoles he required for his shop; Ed Miles, Jack Kitson, John Howard, Perry and I being the more active members.

A lot of flour barrels were made in Goshen and at other places at that time. A man by the name of John Bear cut and hauled a lot of hooppoles to Goshen. One day someone asked him what he was making by hauling his poles to the Goshen market. In those days Goshen was at least one hundred miles from Syracuse, judging from the condition of the roads. He replied that he bought the poles for one cent each and sold them for ten dollars a thousand and that was good enough for him.

THE COOPERY

When the staves had dried out enough and were seasoned ready for use the old cooper shop became a busy place. In the hey-day of the cooper business, six or seven men worked there and each man had his own berth.

Each berth was four feet by eight feet in size and consisted of a work bench with tools, a chipping block, a shaving horse and a platform four or five inches high just under the front part of the work bench.

When the heads of the barrels were fitted in place the barrel sat on this little platform and rested in a half-moon cut in the center of the work bench at the front edge. At one end of the bench was a windlass with a rope fastened at the other end to wrap around the barrel and pull it up good and tight.

The chopping block was four and one-half feet high and two feet thick and perfectly round. It was also used in taking the kinks out of the hoops. This was done by pulling the hoops back and forth around the block.

Each man had in his berth an adze, a draw-knife, a level plane, a chamfering knife, a hand-ax, and a driver. Father made a large number of the tools used in his shop.

May 2, 1935: The Mills on the Race and The Mills by the Lake

The following is the account of the Mills of this community as told by Douglas Miles to his wife, Emma:

The Mills on the Race

Father was a fine mechanic. He could make anything out of wood, iron, or steel. When he wanted to use the lathe on iron or steel he would go to Uncle Elhanon's blacksmith shop. I cannot remember how it was run, but it must have been by steam power of some sort. The lathe he used on wood was in a sawmill run by water power. It was situated in the west part of Syracuse on the north side of the street on the old race which furnished the power. In the basement of the sawmill, father had a wood lathe on which he turned out spindles for chairs, tables, and staircases. There was a hole in the floor about three feet square to sweep dirt through into the water. One day I went there with father to watch him work. I was playing around and I dropped a hammer down into that hole. All I could see of it was the handle which stood up in the water. Father made me take off my clothes. He then took me by the heels and chucked me down head first into the water. I grabbed the handle and up came the hammer.

There was a grist mill on the south side of the street, just across from the sawmill, which was run by this same water power. Ah me, those two mills! The fun we did have there Saturday afternoons. Perry, Joe Landis, "Frisky" Landis, Al Ackers, George Miles, and I; we would go there to parch field corn. This was in the grist mill and the miller's name was John Weaver. He was a jolly man with a high pitched voice.

In this mill was a large office with plenty of chairs and a big box stove; an ideal place for boys to congregate on a cold and stormy Saturday afternoon, when there was no school to harass their minds. By some magic there was an old skillet and some salt there. How they got there I do not remember.

Before the corn parching began, we must get Mr. Weaver's consent, which, of course we knew we had before we asked him. He would say he was not sure whether we could or not for we would have to be perfectly honest with him and give him his share. Of

course we would promise by all the powers above that there would positively be no cheating.

By this time the skillet would be red hot. It was no small matter to stir the corn in a skillet until it was well parched and palatable. About three skillets full usually and then the dividing began. We would put it in piles and then call Mr. Weaver in. He would say he thought his pile was too small. Then we would give him a few more grains and finally he would be satisfied.

The Mills by the Lake

Father was also a mill right and I think I was about seven or eight years of age when he had quite a time repairing an old up and down saw for Mart Hillabold. It was all right for water power but things were moving faster now in the old town. Hillabold had so much sawing to do he was operating his mill by steam power. He ran the saw so rapidly that the pitman, which was of wood, was soon broken to pieces and another one had to be made.

After making several new pitmans but always with the same result, father finally made one and wrapped it in scrap iron and they thought the riddle was solved. He put it in place and started the saw going. It ran awhile when all of a sudden the steel wrist pin on the wheel was jerked off in two pieces. Father then told Hillabold the only thing left to do was to put in a circular saw which Hillabold at once proceeded to do. This was the first circular saw used in this community.

Father also built a sawmill for George Mellinger. He did the carpenter work and put in the machinery. This mill stood about where Vawter Park now stands.

Explanatory Notes by C.C. Bachman

The mills referred to by Mr. Miles in the above article were old land marks in Syracuse, long since completely obliterated. The steam sawmill owned by Martin Hillabold stood on the bank of the lake near the present location of the U.B. church.

It has been completely erased except perhaps for saw dust which could very likely be found under the fill which was made along the bank of the lake there.

The water-power sawmill mentioned above stood on the ground now occupied by the Frank Traster residence. The race continued on across Main Street and directed the water to the wheel of this sawmill. The sunken section of pavement on Main Street in front of the Dunkard Brethren Church marks the course of the race across Main Street. The fill has settled and permitted a drop in the pavement there.

In the early days there was a bridge across the race but the creek had to be forded. This furnished an opportunity to soak up dried out wagon and buggy wheels, and thus tighten the tires.

The writer has been informed that these old up and down water power sawmills ran quite slowly. It is related that the operator could start the saw in the log and go about sone other task, requiring a half hour, or more, and come back, to find the saw still working away, not yet through the length of the log. The number of feet of lumber turned out by one of these mills in a steady day's work is estimated at fifteen hundred feet, which is less than half the amount turned out in the circular saw mills which came later.

The flour or grist mill run by water power spoken of in the article above, stood on the present site of town pumping station. Originally it was a "burr" mill, but later was modernized and converted into a "roller" mill. However, the stones were kept for grinding feed, and corn into meal.

It has never been explained to the write, but the millers in the old days were almost always men of good cheer. Whether it was the effect of the plenty amidst which they worked, or the reflection of the fine spirit of the customers, who carried visions of delicious griddle cakes, or fluffy white home made bread, or grunting porkers filled with the rich feeds loaded into capacious wagon, we can only guess.

In any event the millers tolerated many annoyances from boys who might have been mutilated by revolving wheels, and they remained through it all, white with dust, the symbol of cheerful, honest, fruitful toil.

May 5, 1935

C.C. Bachman writes:

"In the old days folks were thrown very much upon their own resources for their entertainment, and relief from the tedium of their everyday existence. The 'practical' joke was a means of supplying an outlet for much pent-up fun and energy.

"For the benefit of those who do not know, a 'practical' joker is one who puts another in an embarrassing situation, and then retreats, usually amidst the loud guffaws of the fellows in on the joke.

"In this community there were several characters who have come down in memory as masters of the art of playing 'practical' jokes.

"The prince of them all was Perry Miles. Perry could carry off the preliminary setting for a joke in great seriousness. As the waiter remembers, he exhibited many traits of fine acting. With a manner inviting complete confidence, he would by description and gesture, build a fine background for the trick.

"As an example: it was a favorite trick of Perry's to describe to callers at his livery barn the vicious nature of one of the horses standing in a stall. He exhibited a broom handle with a curry comb tied on the end of it, and with this he carefully, at arm's length, curried the animal. He told tales of the wild nature, and the death-dealing qualities of the brute. All the while he watched and waited for his innocent victim to turn his back, and then—skillfully, with feet and hands he put on an imitation of the approaching clatter of horses hoofs. This, with cries of Whoa! Whoa! Usually sent the victims of this trick clambering over old buggy tops, and other debris, into hay-mows or any other convenient places of refuge—all to the accompaniment of Perry's ringing laughter. Perry's old friends can tell volumes of the pranks he played over the active period of his life.

"However, they tell of one time when the tables were turned, and Perry became the victim of the joke.

"It was all carefully planned and took place in Milford where Perry ran a livery barn.

"It was reported that a man had been killed on the Big Four tracks north of Milford. Word was sent to Perry to come with a team and spring wagon to bring the dead man in to the undertaker. Perry came. The wagon was backed around carefully. Men in on the

joke were there to lift the 'corpse' covered with a sheet into the wagon. Perry, sitting alone on the high seat, drove slowly and carefully into town. Word had been passed along the street and al store keepers and clerks were out in front to see the fun.

"The moment came, in the center of the business district, when men, and 'corpse' leaped from the wagon, and ran. Perry turned, and took in the situation, whipped up his horses, and disappeared, around the corner.

"For once, 'the shoe was on the other foot.'"

Ed Neumeyer of Vawter Park, Lake Wawasee, remembers way back when practical jokes were played on people who spent vacations on Wawasee.

He said 50 years ago, he was with a party of youths who were in tents on the north shore, who took their meals at the Wawasee Club, owned by Colonel Eli Lilly, the building before the Wawasee Inn. He said a few guests could be accommodated for the night at the Club, but for the most part, they slept in the tents.

One of the guests who arrived at the lake for a first visit was Harry Newgarden of Indianapolis, who was very much of a dude, and wore his high silk hat, etc., on his fishing trip. One day when he was standing at the end of the boat pier, Jim Madden, also of Indianapolis, accidentally happened to bump him so that Newgarden fell into the water, which was deep, and only his silk hat remained on top.

The young men fished Newgarden out of the lake—and he took the joke fairly good-naturedly. They took him to one of the tents and accommodated him there, while they hung his clothes on a line to dry. But some of the other youths, tried practice with their 22 rifles, and when Newgarden went to put on his dry underclothes, they were full of bullet holes.

Mr. Neumeyer said that in the boathouse in front of Colonel Lilly's club, on the lake, a stage had been built, and players often came to the lake to present their shows. He said all the guests in the club tents saw the first night performance, when one of the acotrs, had to jump through a window from the stage to make his escape, according to play directions. Neumeyer said a boat filled with straw was tied beneath the window and the actor had landed in that with no discomfort that first night.

The second night of the show, everyone on the lake had been invited to attend. But when the actor escaped through the window, in the play, someone had moved the boat, and everyone in the audience heard the splash when the actor hit the water.

Mr. Neumeyer said that Colonel Lilly used to give prizes for the largest catches of fish, so they saved dog-fish. One day when the boats were all in for the evening there were 10 dogfish—big ones, in the catches. The afore-mentioned Mr. Newgarden asked what kind of fish they were and was told they were bass.

He owned a millinery shop at the Occidental Hotel in Indianapolis, and he said, what a wonderful attraction and ad that would be, if he could only have those fish to put into a tub, outside his store, to attract people's attention.

They all kindly agreed to donate their "bass," and the negro at the club put grass and ice in a box, and the fish. The young men put Mr. Newgarden and his bass on a train, but when he boarded, two women told him those weren't bass, they were dogfish. He asked the women how did they dare tell a fisherman like he was, what a bass was.

So he put his fish in the tub in front of his store—and earned the nickname by which he was known for years, "Dogfish Newgarden."

It was at this time when Mary Lucas, who was with her parents at the club, and W.H. Lincoln, eloped. The trains didn't stop at Wawasee unless flagged. The evening train stopped, and the negro returned to the hotel swinging his lantern. When Colonel Lilly asked where the guests were, the negro, who had been "trained," said "Nobudy got off Colonel." The negro didn't tell who had gotten onto the train—and parents did not know of the marriage until the next morning when they received the telegraphed announcement.

May 23, 1935

Kern's Hall

The Kern Building, which stood on the ground now occupied by the Star Store, was famous in the old days. The lower floor was used as a store room, but the upper floor was known as Kern's Hall, and was a place for public gatherings, such as political speeches, medicine shows, home talent entertainment, dances, etc.

The room was long and rather narrow. There was no stage. Traveling shows carried their own scenery. Home talent shows improvised their own. The walls were unpainted. The hall was lighted by oil lamps. The seats were long benches without backs. Crude—Yes. But the programs were enjoyable and furnished relief from the hard labor of those days and a subject of conversation at the breakfast tables the next day.

There are "boys" in this community who will testify that some of the best shows they ever saw were given there. They will say they were tickled deeper, and laughed louder than ever at any time since.

The medicine shows, for instance, which were so numerous in those days, in which the "Doctor" spent hours extolling the virtues of his nostrums, all the while holding out the promise of the "sidesplitting entertainment" at the close, which usually came a little short of midnight after the audience had been cajoled and browbeaten, and analyzed as to tape worms, and liver disorders, and the weaker ones separated from their hard earned dollars.

The writer remembers the dances held there, for as a boy he crept up the stairway to a bench in a corner, there to hear the fiddling and the caller and watch the various types of dancers exhibit their peculiar twists and steps as they went through the various formations.

The stairway leading up to the Hall was steep and long, with narrow steps. There was no handrail along the side for assistance—nothing but the bare wall. Drunks, attending these dances, have been known to fall the full length of the stairs lie momentarily in a motionless heap at the bottom, and arise and walk away.

It was an easy matter to put a man out of the Hall for disorderly conduct. When he was escorted to the head of the stairs, the view down, without the kick, was sufficient to calm the transgressor. The result in case of fire, with only this one exit, was horrible to contemplate.

Well—the dances, the "square dances," they certainly were interesting to the youthful onlooker. The fiddlers were seated on a platform at the side of the room with the "caller" on the same platform. The dancers were strung the length of the room in "sets: with four couples in a set. The fiddlers tuned up and broke into a lively dance tune. The caller sang out "salute your partners" when each dancer bowed low to his companion and again to the person opposite, and the dancers were off following the directions of the caller.

Imagine, if you can, the vibration of the old building with twenty or more, couples going through the same movements, to the rhythm of the music. The old chandeliers containing the old oil lamps quivered and shook, particularly on the call "balance all" when each person stepped off alone and did something similar to a clog dance. Also the "swing 'em on the corner," when each man grabbed his lady companion and both went into a giddy whirl and caused no little commotion. The swish of the long skirts in this swift turning over the not-too-clean floor raised a dust that dimmed the lights.

The interval between the dances was breathing time, when there was much fanning, and laughing and going to the water pail for a drink from the common dipper. And more dancing far into the night.

Well those days are gone, and with them the most of the "square" dancers.

Bus so goeth the march of the succeeding generations. Each one "crude" from the view point of the succeeding, but each generation joyous in its own manner, always, where there is an exuberance of youthful spirit.

May 30, 1935

The following is taken from the history of Syracuse and Lake Wawasee, compiled by George W. Miles, and printed in the Syracuse Journal Weekly, in 1909:

Lake Wawasee was formerly called Turkey Lake.

The present name is a variation or corruption of that of one of three Indian chiefs who were among the aboriginal land owners of Kosciusko county. These were Wau-wa-aus-see, Flat Belly, and Musquawbuck. Either of the three names might, with historical propriety, have been given to the lake. But Wawasee is more euphonious than either of the others, and is also an improvement on Turkey Lake, which name is still borne by a lake in Lagrange county. Two of these chiefs, Wau-wa-aus-see and Flat Belly, were among the signers of a treaty made October 23, 1826, by which the Miami Indians ceded to the United States all their claims to lands in the state of Indiana north and west of the Miami and Wabash rivers. The signature of the treaty is spelled as above, while in the body of the treaty the name is spelled Wau-we-as-su.

In some of the old maps the small lake south of Milford, which we have long known as Wa-ba lake is designated as Wa-was lake, and Ed Higbee of Milford, has always called us thieves over her because, some twelve or fifteen years ago, Col. Eli Lilly and the rest of us appropriated the name as a most fitting and historic one for the lake here, which up to that time had been known as Turkey Lake. Whether we were thieves, as Mr. Higbee still stoutly contends we were, or not, the act had immediate public approval and everybody promptly accepted the new name as appropriate and fitting, with the possible exception of Uncle John Vawter, who had built a hotel and laid out a village "on

Turkey Lake" and to this day in not quite reconciled to the change. But he stands alone. Wawasee Lake it has been for fifteen years, and Wawasee Lake it will ever be, and Mr. Higbee may just as well dismiss his grouch and acknowledge that the larceny, if larceny it was, is successful.

The lake night "with historic propriety" have been named for either one of the three Indian chiefs, which is true enough, but we could hardly have agreed to call it Musquawbuck, or "Squawbuck" as the early settlers here corrupted the name, and we certainly could not have expected to name it Flat Belly. So, if we were to appropriate the name of either of the three chiefs it must be Wau-wa-aus-see, or Wa-was, which it had been shortened into, and the latter was adopted, adding the double for euphonium.

The one of these three chiefs, who was best known to the early settlers hereabout was Musquawbuck—"Old Bill Squawbuck." He was an athletic fellow, rather rotund of architecture and about five feet nine or ten inches in height, and was a rover, without any fixed abode, wo was ever turning up unexpectedly anywhere from the Wabash river to the state line. But he loved the lakes and the splendid hunting ground hereabout, and probably spent more time in this neighborhood than anywhere else. He had a brother

June 13, 1935

The following is taken from the history of Syracuse and Lake Wawasee, compiled by George W. Miles, and printed in the Syracuse Journal weekly, in 1909.

These old, meaningful names of points and things around the lake! How our duty was to preserve every one of them! And how shabbily we have performed it!

Black Stump Point! How many of the old timers remember the great blackened stump there, that stood in the very brink of Wawasee, where the water washed its roots and the waves dashed against it. It was the thing that most attracted the attention of the visitor when he first saw the lake, and the vision of it was what he longest remembered. How in a haze, much taller and larger than it really was, it seemed to rise out of the water far in advance of the forest of which it was a part, black and menacing like the god of the sea himself.

Ah! There was but on Black Stump Point! But it is Lake View now, and there are thousands of Lake Views, and the name means little, if it signifies anything at all. If it is possible there ought to be another big black stump set up on the site of and in memory of the old one, and the place should have its good old distinctive name back again.

And Conklin Hill! We will tell you something in a future paper of Old Billy Conklin, the first squatter upon it—an eccentric old fisherman and a distant relative, it is said, of the late Senator Roscoe Conklin of New York. And probably in all the land, or in all the world, there was but one Conklin Hill, and now there is none; for the Evangelical Church Association bought it some years ago, and they changed its name to Oakwood Park. And if we knew a hundredth of the Oakwood Parks that there are it would tire us to tell you of them.

Morrison's Island used to be Eagle Island because of the large Eagles that nested there every year. It was no man's land until after the war, and then William T. Morrison, in the early seventies, squatted upon it. Nobody disturbed him, nor did anybody think it

worth while to lay clain to the few acres of land beneath him, and so, by the statute of limitations his possession ripened into ownership. And finally Wawasee came to be a summer resort and the lands running down to the lake grew to be valuable, and Mr. Morrison sold the few acres that nobody had thought worth claiming for more money than he ever earned in all his life, all put together, or will earn if he is permitted to live another hundred years.

And Cedar Point, that pold promontory named for the red cedars that grew on it, has been given some new-fangled and meaningless name—we don't know what it is and we hope we shall never learn.

But one new name, lately adopted, is appropriate, thanks to Jim McDonald, of the Ligonier Banner, who invented it. It applies to the long and beautiful strip of lake frontage from nearCedar Point to Morrison's Island that has for many years belonged to MR. Nathanial Crow—or rather, Uncle Natty Crow. No other name was ever known for it that we know of but Crow's Landing until last year Mr. McDonald suggested to the summer dwellers there that they name it Nattycrow Beach, and the suggestion was promptly adopted. This preserves and yet improves upon the old name. But they insist upon spelling at "Nattycro," with the final w lopped off, and that is a serious mistake that we hope Mr. McDonald is not responsible for.

Just east of the Syracuse works of the Sandusky Portland Cement Company lies Big and Little Buck Islands. The smaller one is just north of the railroad bridge and is a round little knob rising but a foot or two above the water and no more than thirty feet in diameter. The large one lies across the channel to the east and contains eight or ten acres. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad now rests on the center of it and has filled its tracks to the east so that it is an island no more.

Many years ago good Uncle Jimmy Rentfrow, who came in 1836 and entered the farm now owned by Lewis A. Neff north of town, stood on the smaller of these islands and, though it was a long shot for the rifles of the time, felled a majestic buck deer on the larger one. Unable to reach the deer afoot, he came to the village here and secured a boat and some assistants. From this incident, these islands took their names.

Dillon's, named for kindly William Dillon, who was killed by a train while crossing the railroad bridge in returning to his home, is now Pickwick Park. And Conrad's Island, to which Henry Conrad returned and on which he camped, solitary and alone, every year until he was almost a centenarian, seens to have no name since Bob Epert died. It was Epert's Landing, or Bobby's Place while he lived.

But the land to the west of Pickwick Park which used to be an island, has had its first and true name recorded and shall ever retain it. Its first occupant was Kaleb Oram, uncle of Harry Oram of Warsaw, who with his brother Thomas squatted on it in the fifties. As "Old Kale" he was known, and Kale Island was the name given to his abode. And when the lake front there was platted as a village some years ago, as Kale island it was recorded.

June 6, 1935

The following is taken from the history of Syracuse and Lake Wawasee, compiled by George W. Miles, and printed in the Syracuse Journal Weekly, in 1909:

Indians Cleared First Field.

Probably the first field, off which the trees were cleared away in Kosciusko County, surely in this part of it, was across the end of the lake from the foot of Main Street in the town of Syracuse, where the old orchard has long stood on the Ott farm, and it was cleared by the Indians. How they managed to get the trees off it heaven knows. Perhaps they felled them with axes secured from their white neighbors to the east; but one can hardly picture a proud old buck, his dignity lowered to such a level as the act would imply, hacking at the trunk of a great oak with an ax. Nor is it easily conceivable that the squaws were able to hew them down in this manner. It is more probably that they were deadened with fire and permitted to decay, as some of the lands to this day are cleared by the negroes in the southern states, where great blackened trunks may be seen standing, arms lifted in solemn warning, like ghosts come back to haunt the descreators of the forest. But, however it was done, it is certain that the first white persons that arrived here found a cleared field at the place designated, and the Indians "cultivating" therein maize, and probably tobacco.

And Indian Hill, across the lake from where Pearl Street in Syracuse runs down to it, was a place of some cantations, the meaning of which we do not know, though we wish we did, so that we could tell you. What we do know is that the ground on top of it was barren of grass, and was patted down solid by the feet of the natives in their ceremonies there. And it was reported in after years that it had been use, too, as a burial place for children, whose coffins, made by burning hollow places in logs, were hung in the trees there, but we were never able to verify this report, and whether it is true, we cannot tell you. And indeed, it matters little whether it is true. Certain it is that this little mound was sacred ground to the aborigines, and its name is most fitting and should never be changed.

Across Wawasee the lake from Black Stump Point (changed to Lake View by George Lamb and Joe Moore, who did no service for the lake when they made the change) to Howser's Landing (now Wright Place) lies what has been known as long as the oldest settlers can remember as Indian Trail, and there is a legend that the Indians used to ride across the lake there on their ponies, though the distance across is nearly a mile and a half. And we used to accept this legend without question, though the water there now is too deep to be forded; for you must remember that no dam had yet been built across the outlet of the lake and the water therein was shallower than we know it. True, there is a deep ravine running down the south side of the lake just out from Black Stump Point, but it is narrow and the Indian ponies could easily have swum across it. But of late years we have learned that the bottom of the lake from where the shallow water begins after crossing this ravine, almost to the north shore, is soft marl, into which the ponies would have sunk and through which it must have been quite impossible for them to have made their way; and so we have been compelled to discredit the story. But "The Indian Trail" remains—and it is good fishing ground all the way across.

Another similar story is more credible—indeed, is true. Mary McClintic, relict of Esten McClintic, one of the very earliest settlers, and mother of William McClintic, who now lives in Syracuse, whose home was near the south end of the lake, used to tell of seeing the Indians ride on their ponies across the lake from the point that extends into it a half

mile south of where Bishop White's chapel now stands at Bishcroft, to Cedar Point. Here is the widest portion of the lake—fully a mile and a half. And here, too, the ponies must have swum across two deep gulleys, or channels, each one of which is narrow, however. But the rest of the way the bottom of the lake is all hard gravel, and the water is shallower than over the Indian Trail. Indeed, on the long flat just about the middle of the lake, directly between Ogden and Morrison Islands, the water now, when the lake is full, is no more than four feet deep, so that it must have been almost bare before the dam was built, and the bottom is so hard that you cannot drive a stake into it so that it will stand alone.

So there was, in truth, and Indian trail, across the lake where it is the very widest, but for some reason it never became known by that name, which was given to the shallows more than a mile farther west.

And this "Indian Trail" that we had known so long, when the boys of the biological station of the Indiana University came to take soundings and map the bottom of the lake, proved to be not a "trail,"—a narrow ridge, as it had always been believed to be, but a portion of a large flat that extends all down the north side of the lake from Ogden Island to the outlet. And that was somewhat of a shock too. But no matter. Whether the Indians ever rode their ponies over it, and whether it is a "trail" at all, or only a portion of a tract that would appear like a large level farm if the water were taken off it, the Indian Trail it is and ever has been, and the Indian Trail it shall ever be to the writer of these papers, however many of his fond old beliefs in regard to it he shall have to give up.

June 20, 1935 (June 17, 1909)

The following is taken from the history of Syracuse and Lake Wawasee, compiled by George W. Miles, and printed in the Syracuse Journal Weekly, in 1909:

The Birth of Syracuse

Another name that has been lost altogether is Duck Point, by which the narrow point of land running down to the outlet at Conkling Hill was long known, appropriately named on account of the myriads of ducks that flew over it every evening on their way from the creek below and the ponds thereabout to their roosting places in Conkling Bay. And what splendid sport the hunters used to have felling them on this point of land as they flew across it. P.L. (Lank) Henkel, who still lives somewhere in Michigan and writes interesting letters to the Goshe Democrat, and a Mr. Grubb, whose first name I have forgotten if I ever knew it, and Jerry Allen, all of whom were then of Goshen, and Same Eisenhour, Kale and Tom Oram, Preston Miles, father of the writer of this history, and Preston F. Miles, now of Milford and his father, Evan Miles, and Mahlon Vannamon, Eli Bushong, Sam and Levi Akres, Fred Butt, Ed Miles and many others of Syracuse—what Duck Point and the Fish Trap, with Rover, old Rov, the property first of Mr. Eisenhour and later of Eli Bushong and the faithful servant of them all. A spotted pointer was Rover, and the truest, most intelligent retriever that was ever born we all in the olden time firmly believed, and to this day (those of us who are living) do yet stoutly maintain. So noble in character indeed was he, and such a large part did he have in the doings

hereabout, in his day, that no history of the lake or town should ever be written and he be not given an honorable place in it.

And The Fish Trap—the narrow place in The Channel just south of the present wagon bridge leading to Kale Island, named because in the very first days of the new settlement, before the waters of the lake, were raised by a dam, there was a fish trap built across The Channel there. And it was said that many tons of fish were captured in it, which could very easily have been true; for be it remembered that white men had never yet taken any fish out of the lake (or lakes, they were then) and we can have little conception now of how plentiful they were. Now, this fish trap was an affair of logs of some five or six inches in diameter, and they remain yet in the bottom of The Channel at The Fish Trap, where you may see them if you look closely as your boat passes over then, through six feet or so of clear water. When they were placed there The Channel was not, but a small stream or creek conducted the waters of Turkey Lake into Suracuse Lake, the surface of which latter was three feet or so lower than the former. This you may prove for yourself if you will, by measuring, the depth of the water at the original outlet of the larger lake at Duck Point, where the bottom is hard gravel. You will be convinced that if the lower lake were drained altogether dry the upper one would be lowered hardly three feet. But the dam holds up the water in the lower lake six feet or more above its original level; so that, if it were taken away we would have two lakes instead of one, and the surface of the lower one would be fully three feet lower than that of the upper one, as I have said it was. Knowing which will make it easy for you to believe the story of the fish trap, though it would otherwise be hard for you to understand how it could have been successfully constructed across The Channel. Now, this fish trap must have been built by Crosson & Ward themselves, or at least by some of the very first settlers, for the building of the dam was about the first work undertaken after the land here was entered and purchased from the united States government, and that was July 29, 1835. I have been unable to learn in just what year the dam was built and if any of my readers know I wish they would inform me. Nor do I know in what year the first mill was built—the one that was located just below the dam and that sank in the quicksand there—and I would be thankful for that date too. But the original plat of the town was made for Samuel Crosson and Henry Ward by Christopher Lightfoot, surveryor, and was acknowledged by them before G.K. Patrick, (I wonder if the name was not really Kirkpatrick,) justice of the peace, Aug. 11, 1837, two years and a few days after they entered the land here, and I guess that the dam must have been completed and the mill built not very long thereafter.

And I wonder why they named their new town Syracuse, whether they came from the vicinity of Syracuse, New York, or had some knowledge of the city of that name in ancient Sicily, or whether they were prompted to do it as was the old lady who named her daughter Neuralgia because she thought it sounded pretty.

The original entry and purchase of the land on which the town stands must have been made on account of the possibility of creating a water power here, for the land itself was hilly on one side and swampy on the other, and the soil was of that the first settlers designated as barren and of little value, while the first pick of all the better lands herabout was open to Corsson & Ward. Now, in this age of steam and gas engines and

electric generators it is hard for us to understand what was then the value of a water power in this new country. Grain must be ground if the settlers were to remain and survive, and, though many houses were built without boards of any kind, it was most convenient to have boards for their construction, and steam mills were out of the question. And the places where water power could be created were not plentiful and were therefore esteemed of much value. And here was one of them, and a promising one. And Samuel Crosson and Henry Ward were ambitious not to build up their fortunes by tilling the soil, but rather hoped to do it by serving and durnishing means of sustenance for their neighbors, and by the "unearned increment" the settling up of the country would bring to their lands and, having means with which to build a dam and a mill, it is not strange that they located on the uninviting lands whereon now stands our town. And later they entered and purchased from the government many other acres of land in Turkey Creek township in addition to this first tract—too many, as we shall see.

The first lot purchased in the new town appears to have been bought by Ann McNight, and she received a deed for it in 1838. It was lot number 35. Look at one of the blye print maps of the town and see where it is. And later in the same year William Kirkpatrick became the owner of lot number 82. There was none other transferred that year. In 1839 there were less than a half dozen lots sold, including 66, on the corner of which the Journal office now stands, the purchaser of which was also William Kirkpatrick, and 53 and 54; on Huntington street, which came into the possession of Mr. Timothy Mote. Not a large real estate business had grown up yet, truly. Nor did it rapidly increase, though in 1840 John Woods paid $200 for lot 53, both to Andrew Woods, and J.H. Woods paid to Samuel Woods $100 for lot 52. John Gill became the owner of lots 53, 54, 64 and part of 63 in 1841. H. Pierson of lot 24 in 1842 and after that there was little or nothing doing until 1845, and then, the firm of Corsson & Ward having risked too much, and the disaster of the loss of their mill, that must have cost what to the settlers appeared to be a fortune, having come upon them, and the growth of the town having been slow and the sales of their lots disappointing, they were unable to meet their obligations and became bankrupt, and their lands were taken away from them, and the sheriff of the county, Mr. Ludlow Nye, went into the real estate business here, and he was a crackerjack. He sold in that year six lots to Charles Strombeck for the sum of five dollars, thirty nine and three-fourths cents, (no explanation of how the change was made) four to John A. Butt for $1.15 apiece, ten to Matthew Boyd for five dollars, forty-five and a half cents—a trifle over 54 cents each—six to Thomas Davis for sixty and a third cents apiece, seven to Andrew Woods for five dollars forty-one and a half cents, seven back to Samuel Crosson for even $3.00, five—Nos. 22, 88, 72, 50 and 94—to James H. Jones for $1.20—twenty-four cents apiece, three to Allen Richhart and twenty to E.S. Muirheid for like prices—in fact he cleaned up the whole town, barring the dozen or so of lots that had been sold by its founders, for a total sum much less than a single lot had sold for three years before. He was a great hustler—the original knock-down, sacrifice, going-out of-business, closing-out sale man of Syracuse.

This first mill that I have spoken of was built just below the dam and across the race to your right as you approach the Huntington street bridge on your way to the B. & O. depot, where now is an ugly sink hole grown up with small willows. It was built of logs,

there being no saw mill then to make lumber, and by much labor and cost the necessary millstones and other machinery for it were transported here on wagons, over almost impassable roads for many, many miles. I am not sure whether any grain was ever ground in it; if any was it was but little, through it was completed and ready for the grinding. On an evening when its proud and hopeful owners left it, it seemed to stand fair and firm and promising of profits, but its foundation was insecure, and when they returned the following morning it had disappeared. Only the ends of a few of the logs were still above the ground and they remained to mark the spot where the mill had stood for many years; indeed, if they have not been covered up by the town refused dumped upon them you may be able to discover them there now.

The emotions of Messrs. Crosson & Ward you may imagine. The labor of years, the fortune they had brought to the new country—all irretrievably lost in a night! True, the water power remained, but without funds to improve and use it it would be valueless to them, nor could they hope to sell it for money sufficient to save themselves from bankruptcy.

Ah well! They and their families are all dead long since, and they no doubt laugh together now at what then seemed to them such a stupendous disaster. But had it not happened, and had they been able to keep and increase their fortunes and build it, how different its history might be.

In 1846 I find the first record of Aaron Brown, who, I believe, was the father of Leonard Brown, now of DesMoines, Iowa, whose interesting letters are appearing in the Journal. By purchases at the sheriff's sale and after, Crosson & Ward had again come into possession of a few lots in the town, and Mr. Brown in that year bought from Crosson lot 17 for $50, and from Henry Ward, lots 15 and 16 for $20. Indeed, I meant to state that, at the sale by the sheriff, Mr. Crosson bought lots 9, 10, 17, and 39, and that he paid $34.70 for the four, which, it seems to me, ought to have put to shame the hungry fellows who were grabbing off better lots at twenty-four to fifty-five cents apiece.

The name of Esten McContic, whom I mentioned last week, appears in the records for 1842, when he purchased from Crosson & Ward lot 55 for an honest consideration. He owned it seven years and then sold it, in 1849, to Hon. J.H. Defrees. Many years thereafter the same lot came into possession of his grandson, Edmund McClintic of this place.

July 3, 1935 (June 24, 1909)

The following is taken from the history of Syracuse and Lake Wawasee, compiled by George W. Miles, and printed in the Syracuse Journal weekly, in 1909;

I will begin this paper by acknowledging that I am indebted to Mr. Leonard Brown for most of the facts set down in it. Since the last issue of the Journal appeared I have received from him a letter in which he gives me some data that helps to fix approximately the date of the building of the dam and the first mill, information regarding which I desired. His letter is very interesting to me and would be to you, and I am much tempted to print it all; but he has strongly inhibited me from doing that, saying that he simply jots down facts as notes for my use, not in shape for publication.

Now, Mr. Brown, oftentimes when one does this he writes his very best. I shall obey your instructions in this instance, but please forgive me if I quote freely from your letter.

To begin with, I must correct somewhat, I guess my story of the sinking of the mill. I was many times told this story, and I grew up believing that it sank in a night, but Mr. Brown tells me that he witnessed the sinking, that it sank either in 1840 or 1841, when he was a child three or four years old, and that he remembers seeing it go down. And here is the story of it as he tells it to me: "The dam had broken. I remember distinctly seeing the lines of men carrying brush to stop, if possible, the flow of water. I see, in memory the old mill sink and I have no doubt most of the logs and contents of the mill floated down the swollen stream. All the people of the village, men, women and children, had turned out to witness the flood of waters; the men to help stop the leak that was beyond control. It was in the late spring or summer time. The millstones are yet a few feet down, and often, when a boy, I prodded down among the logs with a stick, and I could hit the stone, or stones. I believe they could easily be raised with a derrick. They out to be brought up and placed on the public school grounds as a historical relic."

And another small correction I must make that would not be necessary if I had examined my notes more closely as I ought to have done last week; Samuel Crosson was spared the chagrin of seeing his property sacrificed at the sheriff's sale of which I told you by death, who is ever kindlier to us than we know, and who removed him from the field of his trials and worries in 1844. Mr. Brown, in his letter, says: "The last account in my father's old day book"—by the way, I have not told you yet that he has in his possession his father's old book in which he kept accounts of labor performed and services rendered for most of the first inhabitants of the town—the last charge in this old book against Samuel Crosson, he says "was made in June, 1844. It was in july or August, 1844, Mr. Crosson died. I went along with my father to Mr. Cory's shop sone miles northeast of Syracuse to procure the coffin for his burial. It was in the summer time." Yes in 1844, Leonard, he died, but your memory as to the time of the year is playing you a trick; not in the summer time, but in the spring time—in April—April 28, at the age of 49 years, 10 months and 16 days, as the inscription on his tombstone in the cemetery here will bear me witness. And the service your father performed for him in June of that year must really have been done for his estate.

In the old part of the cemetery, near the west side and not far from the vault of the late A.C. Cory may be found the graves of the Crossons—Samuel, the father the date of whose death I have told you, Nancy, his wife, who died September 20, 1860, at the age of 69 years, 5 months and 25 days, and Samuel their son, who died in 1851 at the age of twenty-four years. The stones that mark these graves are inexpensive marble slabs that will not last much longer. The citizens of Syracuse ought to create a fund sufficient to replace them with a monument of granite worthy of the founders of the town.

But we are not through with that old account book. You remember that last week I asked for information as to the date of the building of the dam and the first mill—the one that sank. Mr. Borwn, referring to the aforesaid precious old book, tells me: "I find 'To two days work in the mill pit, $1.50'—this in August, 1836, charged 'to Samuel Crosson, dr'. And in the same month 'One day's work in mill pit. 75 cts.' And in October

of the same year 'One day;s work in mill pit, 75 cts.' Evidently, then, in the fall of 1836 the old mill was building." And evidently, too, the dam was built before work on the mill was begun, and must have been completed earlier in that same year; and it must have been befun promply after Crosson and Ward purchased the land here from the United States Government, the date of which purchase was July 28, 1835 as I have told you.

I told you too, last week, that Aaron Brown bought from Samuel Crosson lot number 17, in 1846 and that must be true, for it is a matter of record—June 4, 1846 is the exact date—though Samuel Crosson the elder had then been dead for more than two years, and Samuel Crosson junior was but nineteen years old. The purchase must have really been from the Crosson estate I guess.

Let us stop here now and fix some dates. The land here was entered in July 1835. The dam must have been constructed in the fall of that year and the spring of 1836. The first mill was begun in the summer of 1836 and completed sometime between that year and 1840 or early in 1841 when it sank out of sight in the quicksand. And now, having got these things straightened out, probably as good as we shall be able to straighten them out we can proceed with our story.

Referrring again to the old book! "The first account with James DeFrees is dated June, 1846. So in 1846 the DeFreeses came into possession of the mill," so Mr. Brown sets down in his letter to me, and he continues: "The second mill was built by Mr. Crosson. Henry Ward may have been joined with him in it. A distillery was also built south of the mill, up the creek a little way and only a few rods from the saw mill." (Wrong in your memory again, Leonard, for the saw mill was northwest of and down the creek from the flour mill.) "I don't know who built it. Another distillery was built in 1840. It stood on the bank of the lake at the end of the street that my father's house stood on—the one the M.E. church is built on. You see, streets in Syracuse were not called by their names in that day, so I cannot name the street." (Pearl street it was.) "The DeFreeses first opened a store in the old Kirkpatrick store building. George Kirkpatrick was in business in Syracuse in 1837 and 1838. I find Joseph Kirkpatrick charged" (in the old book) "in January 1838 an account and another in February of the same year." A Kirkpatrick, by the way, was the wife of "Old Johnnie Baird" and the mother of Mrs. Joseph L. Henderson, still living, and of the late George K. (Kirkpatrick and not Kwicksilver, as he asserted) Baird, and James and Wallace and Thomas Baird, and Mrs. Alfred Kitson, late of Ligonier, all now deceased I believe. But more of Mr. Brown's letter:

"The Kirkpatricks put up the best residence building in Syracuse in that early time—a large frame house double, with a huge brick chimney that had fire places connected with it—two below and tow above stairs—that opened into four large rooms—unused after the Kirkpatricks left except that Father DeFrees occupied in while he lived in Syracuse—the father of James, Joseph, John, Rollin E. and several daughters, of whom Jane died at the age of 16 years and Elizabeth married Richard F. Mann, who was a partner in the store with James DeFries." (Not with James, but with Joseph, let me correct you, Leonard.) "The old store building was yet standing in 1905," and it is standing yet and I saw John Wilkinson washing a buggy in it as I passed that way this day. The second building east of the Dunkard church it is, on Main street. Built by Mr.

Kirkpatrick in 1837, occupied by him and by DeFreese & Mann and later by LeFrees and Eisenhour for more than thirty years, until the business of the town grew away from it; how easy would it be to write the history of this community during all that time could its old walls tell us the things they have heard!

Mr. Brown has taken from the book aforesaid, in which the first entry is "Samuel Crosson dr, to 300 clapboards, $1.12 1-2, Nov. 1835," of the town, with the dates when the book gives record of their having lived here and I am going to set them down here as he gives them; for, though I knew but two or three of them, the reading of the list was of much interest to me and I believe will be to you, and besides, some of you who are older than I am may tell me interesting stories of these first citizens which I may weave into my history, and for which I will be truly thankful, I assure you.

Squire M. Cory, farmer, 1835 to 1844. Moved to Iowa about 1851.
George Mann, tanner and farmer 1836—father of Richard R. and Albert Mann.
Cornelius Wester, 1836-1837.
David Moler, shoemaker, May to December, 1837.
George Kirkpatrick, 1837-1838.
William Casady, June to December, 1837.
John Murphu, farmer 1837-1838.
Joseph Kirkpatrick, 1838.
Daniel Bower, 1838.
William Cowin, 1837-1838.
Samuel Cowin, 1839-1848.
Samuel Woods, farmer, 1839.
Thomas C. Davis, 1840-1847.
Jos. H. Woods, carpenter, 1840-44.
Henry Robertson, 1840-1841.
Zebidee Wood, blacksmith, 1843-45.
George Weaver, 1840-1842.
Henry Ward, 1835-1846. (I think he died in 1846.—L.B.)
John Gill, 1846. (Still lived in Syracuse in 1853.)
Harvy Venamon, farmer, 1842-46.
Daniel Blancher, 1843-1844. (Kept a grocery.)
Andrew H. Woods, 1842-1849.
Moses Rentfrow, farmer, 1843-46.
William Grissinger, 1844.
Curtis Bales, 1845-1847. (And longer. I will tell you something about him—but not now—G.W.M.)
Dr. Hartshorn, January to September, 1839.
Geo. A. Royce, 1839-1841.
Peter Hayner, 1845-1848.
Hugh Salhoun, blacksmith, 1845-1849.
Henry Heckerthorn, blacksmith, 1848.
Cyrus Davis, 1847.
James DeFrees.(Moved to Syracuse in 1846.)

Hiram Wilcox, 1846-1847.
A. Gardner, shoemaker, 1847.
Geo. W. Parks, phusician, 1846-1848. (Died in 1852.)
A. Morgan Miller, 1848.
Thomas Brown, shoemaker, 1848.
James G. Ackerman, 1847-1849.
Edward Desbro, 1844-1846. (Mrs. Desbro was a school teacher.)
James Hall, 1848.

"And I knew personally though I was but a boy," adds Mr. Brown, "most—yes, very, very many—nearly all of those named above. I remember Samuel Crosson senior, and Henry Ward. I saw Mr. Ward go through his death agony." Please tell me all about it, Leonard, when you write again, for I have no record of his death. "And I knew Mrs. Ward, his wife. She was a woman of great intelligence. She had mulberry trees (the white mulberry) growing around her home in Syracuse and cultivated silk worms and made silk—thread at least."

I have recorded that Mr. Crosson probably in partnership with Mr. Ward built a second mill here. I should add that it was located at the end of the mill race, where stood the mill of the late B.F. Crosson first dug this race, though Mr. DeFrees afterward enlarged it to its present size, and built still another mill at the end of it—the same one that was burned. But the story of it belongs to a later period.

I remember of hearing my mother, when I was a small boy, talk of James Winegar, who was in some way connected with the wollen mills at "Wyland's Mills," later and now called Baintertown, wherat which she spun yarn to knit into stockings for her brood. He was familiarly called "Old Jim Winegar" then. He is still living Mr. Brown tells me, and—but I will let him tell it to you as he did to me. "One old timer lives today in Des Moines—Father Winegar, son-in-law of Mr. Wyland who built Wyland's mill. The old man is 90 years of age or more—95 I believe he told me. I called to see him yesterday, but he is too feeble to give much information, having lately been paralyzed. He first came to Elkhart as early as 1843. He was ever an intelligent man. He has his home with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Byers. Mr. Byers is attorney general of Iowa.

"A friend said to me about a year ago that an old gentleman who lived near the capitol wanted to see me. I called on him. He said, "Are you Leonard Brown? In 1848 I was at Mr. McGaw's tavern near Waterford and I heard Mr. McGaw call 'Leonard Brown!' I never forgot the name and incident. I have seen your name in the papers and wondered whether you were the boy I met in 1848 at McGaw's. 'Yes' I said, ' I am he'. Mr. Winegar's mind was then clear. He knew my father well, and all the men there of that generation. We had a talk most interesting to me." No doubt of it. For the memories of our childhood and youthtime are the ones we most cling to and refuse to forget, and as they depart in the distance behind us though they are of trival things, all the while they become dearer and more valuable. And that is my excuse for writing this history in detail as I am doing. And it is also the reason why you will be interested in it as though every incident therin recorded were of the gravest importance, if you ha[[en to be an old timer yourself, though they were really no more important when they

occurred than many things of the present day the Journal records for you and you think of lightly. You will find though that a Journal of this time will have immensely increased in interest and value for you in twenty years from now if you shall have kept one that long, and that it will have become of still many times greater interest to you when its age shall have become twice as great. But enough of this at present lest I tire you now.

July 11, 1935 (July 1, 1909)

The following is taken from the history of Syracuse and Lake Wawasee, conplied by George W. Miles, and printed in the Syracuse Journal Weekly, in 1909.

1846! A fateful year in the annals of Syracuse; for in that year the DeFreeses came to town—James the elder—"Old Jim DeFrees" the settlers called him, who brought with him his daughters, Jane, who died at the age of 16, and Elizabeth who married the village schoolmaster, Richard F. Mann, and probably other daughters; and a son James, who for a short time was a partner in the merchandise business here with Joseph H., his brother, who continued to reside in Goshen, from whence the family moved here; and possibly John and Rollin E., who were here at intervals and may or may not have claimed Syracuse as their home. For Joseph H. in that year became the owner of the lands that had been the property of Crosson & Ward, "on which were located a grist mill and a saw mill" and of the considerable number of the lots in the first plat of the town, and he was to increase the size of the mill race, build a new flowering mill and saw mill, and furnish the means for sustaining the commercial life of the town and community for more than twenty years. Eighty acres of land it was, this "mill property"—the east half of the southeast quarter of section 6, "except one fourth acre where Judge Ward's office stands," to-wit: where Mrs. Rebecca Stetler's and Mr. Joseph P. Dolan's residences now stand, and also, "except so much of the town of Syracuse as is laid out on said tract." And how Mr. Defrees came into possession of this property I will now tell you.

In the fall of 1840 Matthew Boyd, whose name has heretofore appeared in this history and Jacob Dehaven (whoever he was) secured a judgement against Samuel Crosson for the sum of $1150, together with $84 "for detention and damages," (whatever that was.) Now, Mr. Crosson being unable to pay this judgement, and the sheriff of the county, Mr. William B. Blain, having been ordered by the court to make the amount of it by the sale of his property, and the firm of Crosson & Ward, believing that if they could have a little more time, they could pay it and save their business from embarrassment, and possible disaster that firm became security to the sheriff for it's payment at the end of one hundred and eighty days from the date it was rendered, on condition that he proceed not to sell the property of Mr. Crosson. But alas! When the additional six months had expired the money was not yet to be had, and the sheriff aforesaid, at the behest of the said plaintiffs, levied on and sold the undivided one-half of the lands of the said firm, herein-before described, at the door of the court house in the town of Warsaw, to the highest and best bidder—to (not Jos. H. Defrees—don't anticipate me, please) but to John Gill and William Guy, for the very considerable sum of $465. The undivided half of these lands, keep in mind.

And then again, in the fall of 1841. Hugh McCullough, of Fort Wayne, who afterward attained fame in the Nation as a great and good man, but who, it seems to me, at the

time of which I am writing, was strenuously building up his own great fortune out of the wrecks of those of his neighbors less fortunate than himself, secured a judgement against SAmuel Crosson, and also against Charles Erwin, Isaac Kirkendall, Harvey Vennamon and Henry Ward, who, presumably, were Mr. Crosson's sureties, for the sum of $127.20 and $29.75 additional "for damages and detention," and again the sheriff (this time Mr. Ludlow Nye) was ordered to sell the property of Crosson & Ward, and the other undivided one-half of the same lands I have mentioned was sold—this time to the generous Mr. McCullough himself, who paid for it the magnificent sum of $55. This in Sept., 1845. And then, in November of the same year, the aforesaid generous Mr. McCullough sold, also to John Gill, this same property, which he had bid in at the sheriff's sale for $55, which amount would be used for the partial payment of the judgment held by him amounting in all to $156.95, and Mr. Gill paid him $550 for it. So the whole transaction showed him a very pretty profit, if you count "profit" only in dollars and cents. And Mr. McCullough afterward became a great man—a partner of Jay Cooke, secretary of the treasury of the United States of America and member of the cabinets of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson and Arthur. And he was a "self made man."

Now, John Gill and William Guy had each married a daughter of Samuel Crosson, and I would like to believe that they bought this property to protect the interest of his widow, their mother-in-law (Mr. Crosson had died April 28, 1844, you remember, at the age of 49 years, and how much his life had been shortened by his financial disasters that helped to enrich Mr. McCullough and a lot of other fellows I do not know) but I have no satisfactory proof that this is true. On the sixth of February 1845 Mr. Guy sold to Mr. Gill his interest in their purchase, being one half of one half, or one-fourth of the whole, of the aforesaid eighty acres, on which stood a flouring mill and saw mill, "except one-fourth acre etc., and the part of the town plat etc.," for $350, which was a little over a hundred dollars more than he had paid for it, and Mr. Gill became the sole owner of the property, barring the dower of the widow Nancy Crosson and the interest of Sarah Ward.

And now, to-wit: on the 27th day of May, 1846, comes Joseph H. Defrees, who receives a deed from John Gill, aforesaid, for all his interest in the said tract, with its mills and its exceptions, and pays for it $2395, (a nice profit in that for Mr. Gill if he kept it all, which I hope he did not do) and who also secures a quitclaim eed from Satah Ward for her interest in the same tract and also in a tract in section five that afterward became Strombeck & Weaver's Addition to the town of Syracuse, for which he paid her $300. And the interest of Nancy Crosson, widow, in some way becomes a fixed charge against the said property, to be paid to her as a life annuity of $50; an annual stipend on which she is to livein retirement for the rest of her days.

And now the Defreeses are come to town from Goshen—James Defrees the elder, with a portion of his family then grown up, as I have told you—to make or mar their fortunes and the fortune of the village. The history of this family, and particularly of Joseph H., would include a history of the town during the time that he held his financial interests here, thought he never became a resident of the place, but continued to live in Goshen until his death, I believe. During the war, a member of congress from this (then the tenth) congressional district, always a successful business man, he died at Goshen

sometime in the seventies and left behind him an enviable record and a large estate. One of his daughters became the wife of Judge Mitchell, who died while he was chief justice of the supreme court of Indiana, sometime in the eighties. She still lives in Goshen. Another daughter is the wife of Hon. Judge John H. Baker of the United States circuit court at Chicago. A grandson, Joseph H. Defrees Junior, is a well known attorney in Chicago, and on last Friday was chosen president of the Bar Association of that city. If you will get a copy of the Chicago Record-Herald of last Saturday you will find his picture in it, and the picture bears a marked resemblance to his grandfather, Joseph H. the elder, as I remember him.

James Defrees, the elder, who moved into the grand Kirkpatrick house, with its great chimney and four fireplaces and his young daughter Jane, died here after having been residents of Syracuse but a short time, as did also James, the elder brother and partner of Joseph in the mercantile business. I suspect they were all taken back to Goshen and buried there. At any rate, the grave of neither of them is to be found in the cemetery here.

I don't believe John ever made his home in Syracuse, though he was often here. He made a trip to California when a yound man and engaged for a time in mining there, and thereafter was for many years government printer at Washinton, in which city he died not so many years ago at a ripe old age. Rollin E., the youngest of the brothers, I have little record of. I would be thankful if some of my readers would tell me what became of him.

I have knowledge of but three daughters of the elder Defrees; Jane, who died here, another whose first name I cannot recall, who married James S. Frazer of Warsaw, and the grandmother of Jas. S. Frazer, Jr., lately spoken of as a possible candidate for congress. Elizabeth, as I have told you, married Richard F. Mann, eldest son of George Mann, who died here in 1838 at the age of 41 years, and whose widow, Elizabeth, afterward became the wife of Harvey Vennamon and died in 1868 at the age of 69 years, which was a "good old age" for that time.

Just when the marriage of Richard Mann and Elizabeth Defrees occurred I do not know, but in 1851—Sept. 16, to be exact—the said Richard purchased from his brother-in-law, Joseph H. Defrees, for the sum of $2300.33 the undivided one-third of all the real estate of the said Joseph located here, and he also purchased, for what consideration I do not know, a like interest in the mercantile business formerly owned by Joseph and James, brothers; which is evidence sufficient that the death of the said James had occurred before that time. And the brother-in-law remained partners a little more than three years, until Oct. 9, 1856, when Mr. Defrees repurchased the said interest in the lands described and also Mr. Mann's interest in other lands here that had been acquired by the firm, for the sum of $3000. In the meantime they had platted and put on the market Defrees and Mann's Addition to the town, which I will refer to again in a future paper. Mr. Mann thereafter moved, I believe, to Middlebury, Indiana, from which place he enlisted in the 48th regiment of Indiana infantry volunteers, of a company of which regiment he was a captain at the time of his death in the service, of which also I will tell tell you more when I get around to it. And within three months thereafter Mr. Defrees again sold this store and grist mill and saw mill and the lands to-wit; the said east half of

the south-east quarter of section 6, being 80 acres (get a map and see what 80 acres it is) “except one-fourth acre where Judge Ward’s office stands and a small tract south of it deeded to Sarah Ward by Joseph H. Defrees and his wife in 1846, and except so much of the town of Syracuse as is located on said tract and Defrees & Mann’s Addition to said town,” and including 9 lots in the said addition and the south-west fraction of section 5 (now Strombeck & Weaver’s Addition) and a small tract in section 8, “commencing 200 yards north of a little dam that is now built on said land,” Dog Creek dam! The first mention of it!

Near the city of York, in the state of Pennsylvania, lived the Kindigs. There were three brothers of them; and maybe more, back there—I don’t know. They were farmers, these Kindigs, and they worked hard, late of nights caring for their horses and their cattle after it was too dark to labor in the fields, and early, very early indeed, in the mornings preparing their offerings for the market in the city of York. Ah those old Pennsylvania markets, where you can go at any time after five o’clock in the morning and buy anything to eat, from good country smearcase to a quarter of a beef—I wonder they have never come into existence in the west!

Now, by strenuous and incessant labor these brothers had accumulated somewhat of property when opportunity came to them to dispose of it for cash, and they decided to come west, where life might be easier. Samuel, by the way, who was the oldest of the three, was the son of a mother who died young, and was but a half brother to Joseph and Zachariah, the other two. Joseph came first and he stopped at Goshen, wherein he invested his savings in town lots; luckily, too, as you probably know. His widow, Mrs. Laura Kindig, lives in Goshen yet, and is one of the wealthiest citizens of that city. Samuel and Zachariah followed and arrived in Goshen in the late fall of 1856, Samuel with $10,000 and Zachariah with a less amount—I don’t know how much. And two days before Christmas of that year, viz., December 23, 1856, they purchased and received a deed from Joseph H. Defrees and his wife for all the real estate described in the deed made to him by Mr. Mann a little more than two months before, the consideration for which was $10,000, and also the store so often mentioned herein, for what additional consideration I do not know.

Now, Samuel Kindig was the father of the late Joseph A. Kindig, and of Mrs. Rebecca Stetler and Mrs. Catharine Bushong, now living in Syracuse, and of the late Eliza Perry, of the state of Oregon, and the grandfather of W.F. Kindig, the grocer, and his sisters; while Zachariah was the father of Mr. Isaac Kindig, who lives north of town, and of his brothers, of which I believe there were three.

The two brothers, Samuel and Zachariah, ran their mills and conducted their store for a little more than three years, during which time Samuel built the house now the property of Catharine Bushong, his daughter, on Main street near the race, and Zachariah the one directly across the street from it recently rebuilt by Charles Crow and his mother. And they platted Kindig’s addition to the town. But somehow their profits were insufficient to meet the mortgage given to Mr. Defrees for a considerable balance of purchase money at the time they bought all this property from him, and he promptly foreclosed it. At the January term of court 1860, there being a note for $2844 due and another for $3019 that would fall due on the first day of the following April, judgment

was given him, and on the 12th day of May, 1860, he bought all the real estate he had sold them from the sheriff for the splendid sum of $602. Of course this meant that he took the property for the mortgage, but the balance of the judgment of near $6000 remained over the heads of the Kindigs to prevent their subsecquient rise in business. Ad he got the store back, too, at what cost I know not. But I do know that the Kindigs came out of it penniless; and I know, too, that if Mr. Defrees, who had got about all their money, had given them a little of it back and let them deed the property to him instead of rushing into court and crowding them into bankruptcy and financial ruin the record of the transaction would appear vastly more creditable to him.

Samuel Kindig survived the disaster but little more than a year, and died in 1862 at the age of 48. The immediate cause of his death was typhoid fever, but it was thought that the loss of his fortune had much to do with his untimely taking off. His widow married Martin Weybright, whom she long survived. She died in the home of her son-in-law, the late Hon. John W, Stetler, in 1892, at the age of 75 years.

Zachariah, who was considerably younger than Samuel, survived his brother for a good many years. His second wife was Martha Bushong, who bore him one son, Will Kindig, whose present abode is I know not where, and after his death married John Wayer, first of Holland, then of Syracuse, later of Goshen and now of Los Angeles I believe.

But I am imposing on Bro. Graham by filling more space than he probably cares to allot to me. I wanted to tell you all of the story of the mill and Defrees store because that includes the early business life and history of the town itself, but I will have to let the rest of it go over for another letter. And I have overlooked some things too, no doubt—the first bank for instance. Stop a minute! I am going to tell yet about that bank. It was during the time when Defrees & Mann were partners; and no inconsiderable institution was it either, I grant you! Henry Strieby assessed it, he tells me, in 1855, at $20,000, and that was more than one-third as much as all the personal property in the township was assessed at that year. And it issued its own money—real money, too, that in the days of wild cat banking before the war was always good. The name of Joseph H. Defrees in those times stood for honesty, integrity and strength in business circles in Indiana, and in the money centers of the country too, I guess.

July 18, 1935 (July 8, 1909)

Some Misstatements Corrected. The Old Rough and Ready.

I am convinced that when I shall have finished this history it will be as nearly true in all its details as the composite memory of all those now living who resided here in the early days of the town can make it, for I have invited them to correct me if I make any misstatements, and don't you think they are at all backward about doing it! For instance: week before last I corrected Leonard Brown, who said that the water saw mill stood south of and up the creek from the flouring mill. Now, I knew that it stood where Mrs. Ellen Traster's barn now stands, below where the flouring mill stood, that the mill race formerly extended across Main street to it, and that there was a bridge across this race in front of where Amos Madlean's blacksmith shop now is, for I had played about this mill and fished from it in the creek below; and once, when Al Acker's father was

funning it and had left Al and me in charge of it while he went up town on an errand (after you started the saw into a log you could go away and transact considerable business and get back before it had sawed off a board) and Al, by turning on more water, had shown me that the speed of the saw could be greatly increased, there was a great crash as thought the whole mill were being crushed about us, and we went flying out of it as fast as our numble legs could carry us, Al to find his father and report the disaster, and I to skulk home in doubt as to whether we should both be trounced, or only he. But, Mr. Acker was one of the kindliest men that ever lived and we both escaped. And the wreck was not as disastrous as we feared. The old "sash" frame that held the saw had gone to smash, but it was old and warn and should have been renewed long before—so said Al's kindly father, bless his memory! (The saw, which had been caught on its downward stroke halfway through the log, was bent to a right andle, but he didn't complain of that.) Oh, I guess I knew where the old water saw mill stood!

But there had been two of them, and this one I knew was the second one, built by Joseph H. Defrees after he came into possession of the mill property, and the first one, built by Crosson & Ward, had passed out of existence long before my time, and I had never heard of it until after the Journal was issued that week; and then I did, and promptly too. Frederick Butt was first to tell me of my mistake, and after him came Wesley Westlake and Samuel Akers senior and others, and then a letter from Mr. Brown in which he declined to acknowledge the correction. And so, thanks to all of them, we have this matter straightened out now, and Mr. Brown was right in the first place. The first saw mill stood along the race just above the flour mill, while the distillery stood near and below it, just across the creek from where Henry Snobarger's livery barn now stands. This distillery belonged to James Weaver and James Kirkkpatric, who kept a lot of hogs and cattle about it, on account of which it became a nuisance ther, and it was moved to the bank of the lake at the foot of Pearl street, on the ground afterward occupied by Martin Hillabold's steam saw mill.

I must mar another good story a little. I have said that the old store building near the Dunkard church was built by Geo. Kirkpatrick in 1837. It was built by Joseph H. Defrees, after he purchased the mill and lands here. The Kirkpatrick store stood on the ground now occupied by Elmer E. Strieby;s hardware store. There were several gentlemen after Kirkpatrick, each of whom kept a store in it for a time—one fellow named Ray—and during the war Sharon Hall kept the postoffice and a little grocery and general store in it. It fell into decay after that, and came to be considered a nuisance, probably as much as for any other reason on account of the paint on it, which was an offensive yellow; and along about eighteen seventy six or seven a party of jokers, of which George M. Ray and Milton Patterson were the head, started a smoke in it and gave a fire alarm, and then attacked it with axes and ropes and destroyed it. Now, Perry Wilden owned an interest in the building at the time, and he failed to properly appreciate the humor of the situation, and brought suit against the principal ones concerned in the affair for trespass. As I remember they got out of the scrape for something like thirty dollars apiece.

And further of the Defreeses. I have said that the elder Defrees was names James, that he was familiarly called "Old Jimmie Defress," and that he died here, neither of

which facts could I prove positively in a court of law by the witnesses I have found thus far. And the death of James the younger may not have occurred before 1821 when Richard F. Mann bought an interest in the mill and store with Joseph. It occurred near that time—possibly in 1852—and was caused by consumption. And there was another son of the elder Defrees I have not mentioned, the youngest of them all—William, who kept a store in Benton and failed in business there. He never lived in Syracuse and was little known here. What became of him after his failure I do not know.

Another thing: I have presumed that Crosson & Ward built the dam here after they entered the land on which it stands in 1835. But Samuel Akers tells me that the late George Angel, who had a wonderfully good memory and whose veracity was always unquestioned, testified on the witness stand some years before his death, in the case that grew out of the effort to ditch into and lower the lake, that they built it in 1832. And John Cable refers me to a county history that was published some years ago that makes a similar statement—that Crosson & Ward came here and built the dam in 1832, and had even built the mill on it before the land was opened for entry by the government. And it may be true that they did so. I was skeptical of these statements because of the fish trap across the channel I have told you about. (This fish trap, by the way, was built by Squire Cory.) But the first dam built by Crosson & Ward was much lower than the one afterward maintained by Defrees, and could have raised "the big lake" but little, and this fish trap could easily have existed, and did exist, after its construction. If anybody can clear up this matter I would be grateful to have him do it. One date I have fixed: the second mill built by Crosson & Ward, that stood at the end of the race where the water wheels are, was opened for business in 1841, about the first of August. So the first one must have sunk, I take it, in 1840. With these corrections I believe I am willing to defend all the statements I have made thus far. And for all of them that are not matters of record I am under obligations to Henry Strieby, Leonard Brown, Zachariah Hendrickson, Samuel Akers, Wesley Westlake, Frederick Butt, John Cable and others.

The Syracuse flouring mill did a great business in the early days, after Mr. Defrees came into possession of it. Flour was then all shipped in wooden barrels, and at first was hauled from here by teams over wretched roads, all the way to Fort Wayne, from whence it was transported east by way of the Wabash & Erie canal. And the price paid for hauling it to Fort Wayne was 50 cents a barrel. Later it was hauled to Elkhart from whence it was shipped by way of the St. Joseph river and Lakes Michigan and Erie. Elkhart then had a general store, a little drug store and tavern, and a few dwelling houses hid away in the hazel bushes.

The great Kirkpatrick house that Leonard Brown tells us about, with its great chiney and its four fireplaces, stood on the lot now occupied by Eli Hinderer's store, the Bank of Syracuse and Elmer P. Miles & Co's grocery.

Samuel Crosson built a pretentious home for himself and his family on the lot on Main street whereon now stands the dwelling house of Miss Katy Kern—a two story house with a hall upstairs intended to have dances in; but he joined the church about the time the house was finished and it is doubtful if any dance was ever held in it. After his death this house became the village tavern, kept by divers persons, among the

number Mr. Shelmadine, Robert Mullen, Sharon Hall's father and Joseph Kauffman, I believe. It was while Mr. Kauffman lived in it that John Miles, now of Syracuse, married his daughter, Sarah. After the new and more pretentious hotel was built at the corner of Main and Huntinton street, where Henry Sloan's restaurant now is, it fell into disuse as a tavern, but it still continued to stand at its original location for some ten or fifteen years and then my uncle, Evan Miles, bought it and moved it onto the lot at the south-east corner of Carroll and Harrison streets whereon now stands the brick residence building owned by Oliver Snavely. There it stood for ten or fifteen more years and was occupied as a dwelling by divers families, and then my other uncle, Elhanan W. Miles, bought it and moved it back up town to Huntington street a little south of his blacksmith shop that stood where Ed McClintic's business building stands. There it remained until we began building the new Syracuse a few years ago. Eli Grissom had his harness shop in it for several years. Dr. J.H. Bowser then came into possession of it, and desiring to improve the lot on which it stood with a modern business building he gave it to Roy Reed, who moved it away out over the hill on Huntinton street, or road. The name by which it was known when it was a tavern was "The Old Rough and Ready," and by that name is it called to this day by old timers. The last house in the town it is, on the east side of Huntington street out nearly as far as the farm house of Thomas Hapner, and it will be worth your while to walk out there one of these pleasant evenings and look at it.

Henry Ward died in the old house that stood in the middle of the lot whereon now stands the dwelling house of Mrs. Rebecca Stetler; in what year I do not know (Leonard Brown things in 1849) and was buried in the cemetery here, though I am unable to find his grave therein. He was ill for a long time with a swelling and soreness of his legs—with dropsy, I suppose. His wife, Sarah, was a daughter of old man Johnson, an early settler near the east side of Lake Wawasee, for whom Johnson's Bay was named. He was the father of the late Isaac and Marin Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. Ward had no children. Through the disasters that had overtaken them here they had become very poor. She was married again within a year or two after his death to a gentleman from Michigan, whose name I do not know, on the occasion of which wedding there was an old fashioned belling, and of the belling party old Bob Cory was captain. The groom and bride were compelled to make their appearance and did so in their night clothes. A treat of pies and cakes was then furnished and the party dissembled.

The buhrs used for grinding flour in the mill that sank were hauled here on wagons all the way from Cincinnati. The corn grinding buhrs were home made affairs, made out of "nigger head" stones by old man Inks, a stone cutter of Milford. These latter were taken up after the sinking of the mill, but the better and more expensive ones, it seems, sank deeper in the quicksands, and the many attempts to recover them all failed. The bolts used for making flour were turned by hand, and there being little market for bran and other "mill feed" much of it was shoveled out into the creek below the mill to float down the stream.

The first justice of the peace in Syracuse was George A. Royse, and he was the father of Judge Lemuel W. Royse, now of Warsaw. His widow, the mother of the judge, still lives at Pierceton, I believe.

The summer of 1848 was known as the sickly summer in Syracuse. Now, as compared with the present time I believe that every summer up to that time had been that. But this one was called the sickly summer because it was more sickly than any of the other sickly summers had been. I don't know how many deaths there were, but there were as many as three unburied corpses in one house at the same time. The whole population of the village could not have numbered more than two hundred.

The first cooking stove in the town James Defrees had in the kitchen of his residence in 1846. There was one box stove in the town then and it was in the school house. Such a thing as a carpet was unknown.

July 25, 1935 (July 15, 1909)

The Ague and The Average Span of Life.

As you drive into the country now and observe the beautiful farm fields and the farm hands turning up the soil in them sitting comfortably on riding plows, with never a stump nor root to hinder or annoy, let your imagination carry you back to the time of which I write, when these lands were thickly covered with trees, many of them great giants four to seven feet in diameter. And let the picture, as it appears to you, show many ugly "cat swamps," grown thick about with willows, quaking asps, briar bushes and other noxious and noisome plants, within each of which throughout every summer stood stagnant and putrid water wherein bred untold millions of malaria bearing musquitoes, and contemplate, if you can, the human endeavor—aye, the human life it has cost to create the beautiful farms of today!

And of all the hardships that beset the early settlers, and of all the dangers they had to face, this malaria was the worst. Oh, the ague of those days! Nobody escaped it! And it clung to its victims sometimes for months, often from year's end to year's end, insidious, sneaking, tenacious enemy that it was! And though it seldom or never cause death directly, it was the accomplice—accessory before the fact in every crime committed by its fellow murderers; typhoid, peritonitis, pneumonia, diphtheria, paralysis and all their tribe and kindred. It prepared the victim so that his finish was easy when a more malignant enemy grappled with him.

I would describe to my younger readers this ague (ager it was then) but a pen much greater than mine would be required to make them understand. A fit of it would come upon you at a certain hour, usually every other day, and in rarer cases every third day—would come upon you so regularly that you could set your clock by it, in the form of a rigor that would set you shaking in every bone and muscle—shaking until your teeth would clatter together in spite of you while chills chased each other up and down you spine and from your toe nails to the roots of your hair; and you would cover yourself to your neck in August as though it were mid-winter, and still chill and chatter your teeth together, while a clammy sweat would ooze from your every pore—a sweat with a smell offensive to yourself and to all who came near you. This generally for thrity minutes, often for an hour, and then came the fever—oh, a fever that would seem to consume your very life forces, for an hour or two more. And, now it would all be passed off again and you would be free to go about your business until the day after tomorrow. You knew the hour and would be ready for another attack of it then. And you would

swallow many bitter teas, made from barks and roots, and fill you system with quinine and cinchonida and calomel, and other powerful poisons, and your lips would get scabby from the fever and your skin grow dry and sallow. You might get the disease shaken off for food in six months, or it might hang to you for a year. You needed not to fear that it would kill you. Ague never killed! But woe to you if you were attacked by some other disease before you were rid of it, for your system was in no shape to battle against a more vicious enemy. The ague only required on-fourth of your time—a half day out of each two days. The other day and a half was left to you in which to chop down the trees and roll the logs together into heaps to be burned, and grub out the roots and prepare the ground for a planting sufficient to assure subsistence for yourself and dear ones through the approaching winter.

Oh, if I could describe this malaria so that you could half realize what a curse it was! But I cannot hope to do it. The tombstones up in the cemetery tell the story of it, mutely, but most impressively.

Men were old before their time. Rarely did one of them reach seventy years, and they were old at forty. Nowadays it is an insult to call one old who is under seventy.

Last week I spoke of Old Bob Cory. I had a purpose in using the term, and intended no irreverence. A great many of my readers remember him—sale crier, horse doctor and owner of a large farm—remember him as Old Bob Cory for many years before his death. He died in 1879 at the age of fifty seven! Old Sammy Kindig died in 1862 at the age of forty eight. Old Sammy Crosson departed this life in 1844 aged forty nine. Old man Mann—George, the father of Richard and George Junior, and Albert, and Sally Ann, wife of A.C. Cory, and Mary Ann, wife of John Gordy, and Eliza, wife of Zebidee Widner, died in 1838 at the age of forty one. But Old Jimmy McKain—ah, there was an old man, surely—"Old Jimmy McKain" for so many years—he died at the ripe old age of sixty-four! And David Hendrickson, father of the Hendrickson family, who came to the Elkhart Prairie in 1829 and to the old Hendrickson farm north of town where the tile mill now is located in 1836—but wait; I will append here a list of early settlers, giving the date of the death of each and his age at the time of his demise:

Name	Died	Age
David Hendrickson	1837	49
His wife	1854	52
Samuel Guy	1868	51
Mary, his wife	1856	34
William Gordy	1845	50
William ("Old Bill") Guy	1868	50
Elizabeth, his wife	1853	30

Jacob Hendrickson	1868	41
John Hendrickson	1863	29
Christopher Hillabold	1872	44
Samuel Kindig	1862	48
Jacob Kern, Senior	1868	63
George Mann	1838	41
Milton More	1844	33
James McKain	1871	64
Jacob Ott	1886	67
Mirandi Akers	1886	51
Christian Bachman	1857	54
Daniel Bower	1842	53
Daniel F. Brady	1852	28
Alexander Brady	1847	31
J.J. “Old Johnny” Bushong	1867	55
Catharine W. Baird	1854	54
Robert V. Cory	1879	57
Samuel Crosson	1844	49
Wife of Thos C. Davis	1849	28
David Darr	1845	52
Joseph Dennis	1873	64
Andrew Edgar	1838	50
Margaret, his wife	1850	53
Frederick Funk	1853	64
Henry Snyder	1862	54

Elizabeth, his wife	1866	54
John Sloan	1873	54
Sarah, his wife	1868	40
Mary A., wife of J. Shelley	1859	59
Henry G. Shelmadine	1873	43

True, there were a few of the first settlers who attained ripe ages, but they are a mere handful compared with the number that died when they should have been in the very prime of life. George Angel and Harvey Vennamon, who were men of iron, lived to seventy-eight and seventy-six respectively. Mr. Angel died in 1893 and Mr. Vennamon in 1880. And Mrs. Bower, (mother of John) was seventy-three years old when he died in 1874. Ann E. Hillabold, wife of Charles Strombeck, survived until 1895 and died at the age of seventy-seven. Two pioneers reached the eighties—Madeline, wife of L. Coy and mother of the Coy family here, who died in 1871 at the age of eighty-two, and Sarah, the widow of Joseph Dennis, who reached the age of eighty-seven and survived until 1898. And the Journal told you last week of the death of Elizabeth Crowl, who, by the way, was a daughter of this Madeline Coy at the great age of ninety-eight. These and a very few more—notably the late A.C. Cory, lived to a ripe age, but every one of them was fortunate enough to hold on to life through the malaria era and round it out in a healthier time. I have record of but one man who died before 1860 at an age greater than sixty years, and that was Fredrick Funk, named above, who exceeded that limit by four years.

And the infant mortality was appalling. In the family of Henry Hendrickson five children, aged from one to fourteen years, died within a month of diphtheria.

Oh, there were diseases a plenty—typhoid at intervals every year, spread, as we now believe, by the flies, and the ague was present at all times, thanks to the mosquitoes. But it was not dreamed in those days that mosquitoes and flies spread diseases. And screens had not been invented. At meal time the wife or a daughter would stand at the table with a brush, often of peacock feathers, and attempt to shoo the swarming flies off the food until the meal was eaten, there having been no way yet discovered to keep them out of the houses.

The science of surgery as we have it now was known in those early days not at all. And the science of surgery as we have it now was known in those early days not at all. And the science of medicine, still far from perfect, is much improved to what it was then. And of the meager science of medicine that the world possessed, the doctors in this new country knew but little. There were few, if any medical colleges in the west, and a certificate of graduation was not required by law. For many years calomel was about the only medicine dispensed, and anyone who could guess about how much of that a fellow mortal could stand and keep his teeth could dispense it. Later quinine was discovered, and after it came into use scarce a household was there in which a bottle of

it was not to be found. It cost four dollars an ounce the, too; dollars that were four times as valuable as dollars are now. And dovers powders! Lucky was the sick fellow whose malady at least one of these three remedies would alleviate, for these and none others would he swallow. And, in truth, there was scarcely ever a sickness wherein quinine was not beneficial, for always had malaria a part in the mischief, and quinine was a sovereign remedy for malaria, and usually banished the ague for a short time. But the disease was sure to return unless the quinine swallowing were continued indefinitely.

We have mosquitoes yet, but no ague, from which I argue that we had species of these pests in the old days that became extinct with the draining of the country and the drying up of the swamps and marshed. We now make claim that Indiana is as healthful as any section in all the land. But no such claim could truthfully have been made in the days before the war.

August 1, 1935 (July 22, 1909)

Some Early Customs, and Several Temperance Sermons

The first school house in Syracuse stood on the hill in what is now McConnell & Lape's Addition to the town, somewhere north of Washinton and west of Huntinton streets. And one of the early teachers in it was Jane Crosson, who afterwards became the wife of John Gill. She is said to have been a lovely young woman and a kindly teacher. The building was thought to be a good one at the time and the people were very proud of it. Whether it was moved or whether a new building was constructed I do not know, but about 1848 the location of the village school was changed to the southwest corner of Huntington and Pearl streets where resided for many years the late John Coy. At that time Aaron Brown, the father of Leonard, lived on the lot at the southeast corner of the same streets, in the house afterward occupied by Samuel Caskey, old man Helms, "Old Denton" (Doug and Perry Miles now doubt still well remember a daughter of his named Sally) and others, and then for many years by the family of the late Nathan Sloa—the lot whereon now stands the residence of Alfred Roberts. Mr. Thomas C. Davis was now the teacher. He was one of the most important residents of the village—justice of the peace, schoolmaster and deacon in the Baptist church, the only church organization that then had a meeting house here. (This meeting house, by the way, stood on Main street, was used as a house of worship until after the war and then sold to Noah Kind, who made a dwelling of it and occupied it until about ten years ago and then sold it to Levi N. Kitson, who again remodeled it into a modern dwelling house, and whose family are living in it at this time.)

Leonard Brown has told us the following story of Deacon Davis, but it belongs here and is worth retelling.

It was custom in those days for the children to get into the school room early on a morning at Christmas time, and to bar and guard the doors and windows against their teacher and keep him outside until he treated—usually to two or three pounds of candy. Mr. Davis was a kindly man and he furnished a new and novel treat for his pupils. He secured from the distillery on the bank of the lake a quantity of low wines—spirits not quite as strong as whisky—and from the little store up on Main street some

sugar with which he sweetened it, and of this mixture the children were all permitted to drink freely. They all became more or less "boozy" and had a jolly morning of it' and such were the customs of the time that, though most of the parents of the children were true members of the church, the good and kindly teacher, to whom it never occurred that he had done anything wrong, was not criticized for his act.

Whisky in those days was as common in all the households as bread, and cost but twenty-five or thirty cents a gallon. Every small community had its distillery. In the harvest fields, and at house raisings and log rollings the water and whisky jugs sat side by side. Drunkenness ws not thought to be particularly discreditable, it was so common. At every dance or party there was much drinking, and rarely indeed was there a yound man who refused to join in it. Wrecks of old men ruined by the drink habit were not considered seriously. And on election days! Oh, the drunkenness and rowdyism, and the bloody noses there were then!

You pessimists who think that the world is going to the bad—that men and women are growing more sinful, go back with me a half century to the time of which I write and compare conditions then with those about you today!

In 1852 William C. Graves, who was then a prominent county politician of Warsaw, was a candidate for representative in the legistlature. He had an open air meeting here, at the crossing of Main and Huntington streets, and in the middle of the crossing sat two three-gallon jugs of whisky, each with a corn cob in it for a stopper and a tin cup by its side, and everybody there was invited to help himself to the liquor. I have no record that anybody refused to do so, nor am I certain that there was a man in all the crowd assembled who remained altogether sober.

Another story I will relate here because it seems to me that it properly fits in at this place.

William Guy (Old Bill Guy he was called then, though at his death thirteen years later he was only fifty) kept a store in a small building that fronted on Main street and stood on the corner of Main and Huntington streets where the Journal office now stands. Now, there were now saloons in those days, such as came later, but in every store was kept whisky, and oftentimes the merchant gave it to his customers to secure their good will and induce them to increase their purchases.

Old man Snyder lived in the old Henry Ward house that stood in the center of the lot on which now stands the dwelling of Mrs. Rebecca Stetler. His unmarried son, Harvey, a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two years, lived with him.

Robert, "Bob," Phebus was the village cabinetmaker. You should know that in those times the furniture with which our fathers furnished their homes was all hand and mostly home made. Now a splendid workman was Mr. Phebus. And his dwelling house and shop, all one building, stood on the lot now occupied by Seider & Burgener's grocery and F.L. Hoch's drug store. A good house it was too, for the time; one of the best in the village.

It was the night before Christmas, 1855, and a desparaetely cold night it was. Mrs. Phebus was at the home of her father, who was Mr. George Bunger, and "Bob" and young Snyder were celebrating the gladsome time in such manner as it was too often observed in those times. There was to have been a spelling match at Mike Ott's school

house, just east of where John Neff now lives, but for some reason, probably on account of the severity of the weather, it was abandoned, and some of the young men who had started to attend it, returned to town and were congregated in Mr. Guy's store. Isaac Carpenter, who afterward went to the war from here and yet lives in Goshen, was there with them, and young Snyder proposed to him that they go out and run a foot race down the street. Observing that he had been drinking over-much Mr. Carpenter suggested that they wait till morning, and offered to run with him then. With an oath Snyder said: "I may be in hell before morning." Shortly thereafter Mr. Phebus returned to his house with Mr. Snyder and there put him to bed, and then came out again. At about nine or half past nine o'clock one or two screams were heard and the Phebus house was discovered to be on fire. The people of the town quickly gathered, but were powerless to rescue Mr. Snyder, or to save any of the contents of the house, thought they could see his body being roasted in the room where he had fallen.

You must try to imagine the state of mind of the inhabitants of the village on that Christmas morning, for I cannot depict it to you. And after that I imagine there must have been less of whisky drinking than there had been before.

People here knew nothing of such a thing as a fire insurance company in those days, and the loss of his home and shop and tools was a very severe one to Mr. Phebus.

It was never known how the fire originated, but it was believed that a lighted candle (there were no lamps, kerosene having not yet been discovered) had been placed too near a window curtain, that had caught from it.

This Harvey Snyder had a brother named Daniel who went to the war and was killed in battle—at Lookout Mountain I believe.

In the early days no test of the qualifications of a school teacher was required. The patrons of a school would hold a meeting and choose somebody, oftentimes one of their own number, to teach it. It mattered little that his education was meager. If he could read and write and "cipher to the rule of three" (proportion) in arithmetic his qualifications in this line were thought to be ample. But he was required to be a scrapper. And a great gad of one of the many good tough woods that grew about the school house would be ever at his hand.

Richard Mann had a violent temper and an ability to wield a gad that made him a popular teacher. One winter when he was teaching out at the Gilbert school house the pupils summoned courage sufficient to lock him out at Christmas time. After trying in vain for a while to get into the building he went away and returned shortly on horseback, and it is said that he rode around the house all that day and kept the children prisoners. I have no record of what happened to the offenders in the days that followed.

Simon Boomershine taught this Gilbert school one winter. Christopher HIllabold, then a young man, and Arena Belle Collins, a young lady, were his pupils, and it is to be supposed that the teacher had observed some evidences of childish affection between them. And he wrote in Mr. Hillabold's writing book the following copy for him to practice his hand upon:

"Christopher HIllabold is my name and single is my life, and if ever I get married I will take A.B.C. for my wife."

The old Coy homestead was just north of town, where David Ott now lives. Polly, the youngest single member of the family, was to be married to one of the Otts from Solomon's Creek, and to tie the nuptial knot a justice of the peace was brought over from Benton. Now, it used to be a saying, the origin of which I do not know, when a younger brother or sister was married, that the older ones, still single, "Danced in the hog trough." And that this might be fulfilled this justice of the peace led the wedding party to the trough in which the hogs were fed, and making for himself a cornstalk fiddle he compelled the brothers of Miss Polly to dance therein while on his fiddle he accompanied his voice in the following song:

"Somebody stole our old blue hen.
He'd better let her be
For she laid two eggs every day
And some days she laid three."

For most of the incidnets above related I am indebted to the good memory of Mr. Zachariah Hendrickson, and I have set them down here to give you some idea of the customs of the early days, that you may compare them with those of our time.

Leonard Brown writes me that in the winter of 1838 or 1839 Cornelius Wester came to live with his father, and agreed to give for his board the carcasses of all the deer he should kill, retaining their hides. He killed and furnished the Brown family the meat of nine deer during that winter. And Mr. Brown also says that he remembers Milton Woods as a baby, and that he saw him baptized by sprinkling on the bank of the race, at which he wondered, because Milt's father was a Baptist. There were a number of Methodists here at the time, however, and it must have been into that church that he was adopted.

Mr. Theodore Sheffield tells me that among the other diseases mentioned last week I should have included flux, which was a great scourge in early times. The elder Dewart, father of the large Dewart family that lived on the bank of Dewart lake, his son Samuel and a daughter, all died with it at about the same time.

August 8, 1935

I am going to devote this paper principally to giving the names of the members of some of the early families.

First, the Corys:

Jeremiah Cory purchased from John Kitson, father of Isaac Kitson now of Syracuse, the farm just north and east of town now owned by Mr. George Myers. He also owned the farm on the Milford road now ownedby the heirs of the late John alexander, and the adjoining one to the west of it still owned by the heirs of his son, the late A.C. Cory. He moved, at an early day, from here to Iowa. His sons were Abijah Curtis ("Curt") Walker, Calvin, Jeremiah Hr., Robert B., and James, and his daughters were Jane, who married a brother of Moses Byers, Tillie, who married Lemuel Vennamon, and Malinda, who became the wife of William Woods.

The elder Jeremiah Cory had a younger brother, Walter, a single man who lived here a few years and then also moved to Iowa.

And he had still another brother who must have died back in Ohio, and whose widow, Anna, lived here with her children and died here. And her children were Abijah, Squire M., Walter, and Andrew Jackson ("Jack"), Sarah, wife of Aaron Brown and mother of Leonard, and another daughter whose name I do not know, and who was the wife of Louis Rentfrow. This Squire M. owned the farm now owned by Mr. Ed Ketring, just west of town on the Milford road.

Jonathan Smith Brown and his wife Sarah came to Syracuse in 1835, and with them came Aaron and his wife aforesaid, Jonathan was constable at the time of his death here. Aaron, with the members of his family then living, moved to Des Moines, Iowa, in 1853, but he left behind him in the cemetery here, his wife, two daughters and a son, and in the "Mud Lake' cemetery, north of town, another son named Chauncey.

David Hendrickson came to Indiana in 1829 and stopped on and began improving a farm near the Elkhart river. Before he filed his entry claim on this land, however, it was filed on by another and he lost it. He then came to the lands just north of town, in 1836, with his family. He died there the following year at the age of 49 years. His wife survived until 1854. His sons were John, Henry, Jacob, Joseph, and Zachariah, and his daughters were Nancy j. and Mary. John was the father of Nary Ellen, who became the wife of Perry Wilden. He died at the age of 29, in 1863. Henry was the father of seven children, six of whom died in infancy, five of them within a month of diphtheria. His daughter, Priscilla, is the wife of Mr. Henry Hooker. Jacob died in 1868 at the age of 41. He was the father of three childre, all of whom are living, viz; John, who lives in Kansas, Prilla, wife of Thos Jensen, and Etta, wife of Edmund McClintic. Joseph, who died in 1899 was the father of John and William, and of Mrs. Redding of Syracuse, and Mrs. Harry Dangler of Goshen. Zachariah, the only surviving brother, lives in Syracuse, and his only son, Loren, resides at Osage, Kan. Mary married Martin Hillabold, and was the mother of Geniza, wife of George W. Shaffer, Milton, Tilman, Charles and Lyman Hillabold. Nancy died when she was fourteen years old.

James Lecount was one of the first settlers. His children were Noble, William, Elijah, John, Sally Margaret and Love. Sally married Israel Wyland, Maragaret married Jacob Wehrly, and Love became the wife of Josiah Collins.

William Gordy also came here very early. His children were John Christopher, Jemima, Margaret and Elizabeth. Jemima was married to Isaac Brady, Margaret to Jacob F. Ott, and Elizabeth to Robert B. Cory.

George Mann, whose widow became the wife of Harvey Bennaman, was the father of Sally, Richary F., Mary Ann, George, Eliza and William Albert. Sally became the wife of A.C. Cory and died in 1845 when she was but 24 years old. Richard I have already told you much about. After selling his interests here to his brother-in-law Joseph H. Defries, in 1856, he moved to Middlebury, Ind., from which place he enlisted in the 48th regiment of Indiana infantry volunteers in the war of the rebellion, in which regiment he was captain of a company. He died of disease in a southern hospital. Mary Ann became the wife of John Gody and Eliza the wife of Zebidee Widner. William A. ("Al") spent nearly all his life in Suracuse. George, the only surviving member of the family, lives at Middlebury.

The Widners came about 1843. The father was Jacov, and he settled west of town. There were three sons and a daughter. Henry, the oldest son, married a sister of Allen Richhart, and they moved to the west. Zebidee, who died at the home of his daughter in Wisconsin three years ago, spent his life in Syracuse. John, who still survives, went to the war twice from here, first as a private in the 57th Indiana regiment and afterward in the 152nd. After the war he moved to Millersburg, Indiana, where he still lives. The daughter died when she was quite young.

Harvey Vennamon entered the old Vennamon farm just west of town in 1836. He was one of the first commissioners of Kosciusko county. Lemuel Vennamon was his half brother, and in 1837 he entered land just north of that of Harvey. The wife of Lemuel was a sister of A.C. and Robert Cory, as I have told you. They are lost to me here. Of what family they raised, if any, or know. Harvey's first wife was a daughter of James H. Barnes. She bore him four children—Geniza, who became the wife of Benjamin Crary of Goshen, Harrison, who lived and died in Goshen and was several years treasurer of Elkhart county, James, who went to the war, was captured by the confederates and died a miserable death in Libby prison, and a daughter, who, when a little girl, lost her life by falling into a kettle of hot lard. His second wife was the widow of the elder George Mann, as I have said. She bore him one son—Mahlon, who also went to the war from here as a private in the 162nd Indiana regiment, and who was accidently killed ten or more years ago while switching cars in the yards of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at South Chicago.

Charles Strombeck came in 1839. Much of the farm on which he lived—the one owned at the present time by Thomas Hapner—now lies within the limits of the town. His sons were Charles M., Martin and Frank, and his daughters, Mary Ann Geniza, Teeny and Alice. Mary Ann was first married to the late Josiah Slaybaugh, and within the last three years became the wife of William More, as whose widow she survives, Geniza married John Nelson Brady, Teeny married Jerome Harlan and Alice married Frederick Canon.

And the Hillabolds came with the Stombecks, in 1839. I cannot tell you the name of the father, but his sons were John, Martin, Christopher and William, and the daughters Elizabeth, wife of Charles Strombeck, Catharine, wife of Henry Hendrickson, and Teeny, wife of James Baird. All are dead now except William, the youngest son, who went to Iowa about the time of the war and prospered there and who was still living when last I heard of him, a year ago.

John Maloy came about 1848. His sons were John, Daniel, David, Seth and Andrew, and his daughters Mary, Lucy and Catharine. Daniel now lives in California, David lives on his farm near the old homestead. The farms of Seth and John were also in the same neighborhood—near the Milford and Syracuse road. Seth died there some years ago, and John died within the present year. Andrew went to the war and died during his service there. Lucy became the second wife of William Markley, who lived east of Wawasee Lake. She bore him no children. Catharine married Alvarado Vorhis. She died in 1907. Mary first became the wife of John Master and after his death married William Master.

James Brady the elder came in 1842 and settled north of town. Wm. Was his oldest son, and he was the father of John Nelson, David, Thomas J. ("Jeff"), Francis M., Wessley and Christopher, Malinda, who married Charles W. Strombeck, and Mary, who became the wife of Benjamin Slaybaugh. Thomas, who lives somewhere in Iowa, and Archibald, who lives in Ligonier, Sarah Jane, a daughter, married Jacob Hendrickson, and became the mother of Mrs. Ed McClintic and Mrs. Thos. Jensen and Mr. John Hendrickson of Kansas, of whom I have told you. The only surviving member of the family is James Junior, whom we now know so well as "Uncle Jimmy Brady." To him it fell, by the early deaths of his brothers, to care for and keep together their children, and how well he performed this generous task and how he willingly took upon himself the duties of a father for them, has been common knowledge among us for many years. His life has been a most unselfish one and that a great reward awaits him nobody doubts.

David Darr lived on the Kern farm, on the hill just south of the railroad, and died there in 1845. He was not related to the family of Peter Darr, who lived north of town, and if he had any children I have no record of them.

I almost missed William Strombeck who came in 1839 when came Charles, who was his brother. He lived first on the farm just west of town where Ed McClintic now lives, and then moved to the old Hendrickson homestead just north of where the tile mill is, north of town. His wife was killed in a run away near Solomon's Creek church while they were on their way to Benton to attend service in the Lutheran church there. He was the father of Henry Strombeck, who now lives at North Webster, and of Louisa, who married John S. Weaver, and was the mother of Mrs. Alonzo Hire, of this place and Marion Weaver of Oklahoma.

I do not know the name of the elder Coy, but he was one of the very first settlers, and his homestead was north of town, where David Ott now lives. He died sometime previous to the year 1842. His sons were John, Henry and David, and his daughters were Elizabeth Susan, Sarah and Polly. Elizabeth married Michael Crowl. The Journal recently told you of her death at the age of 98. Susan married Omar Shipley, Sarah married Enoch Bell, and Polly, as I told you last week, became the wife of a Mr. Ott from Solomon's Creek, whose name I do not know.

Henry Kline came later and purchased, I suspect from Martin Hillabold and his brother John, the farm formerly owned by Squire M. Cory and now the propery of Ed Ketring. He had but two children that I know of—John, who died some years ago in Milford, and Rebecca, who became the wife of Adam and the mother of Ed., S.L., and John A. Ketring, and Rebecca, the wife of William F. Young, of Goshen. She died in 1854 at the age of 23 years.

August 15, 1935 (August 5, 1909)

The very first statement I made when I began telling about the earliest families last week was wrong; and the strange thing about it is that I knew quite well what the facts were, and that it was wrong, when I wrote it. Why one will do such a thing as past explaining. I would like to lay the blunder on the printers, but they have my "copy" and the evidence to aquit themselves of the crime. You remember that I said Jeremiah Cory

purchased from John Kitson the farm a little east and north of town now owned by George Myers. Now, I knew full well that the reverse of this was true.

Mr. John F. Kitson came in 1846 and purchased from Mr. Cory the farm aforesaid. Probably because some members of his family kept a boat there the ravine wherein and along the sides of which we lounge under the trees on Sundays across the lake near the spring, and which now belongs to John Albert Ott, was early named and is still called by old timers Kitson's Landing. His sons were Isaac, who it still an honored citizen of the town, Jonathan, John, Alfred, George and Andrew J., or "Jack," and his daughters were Catharine, who married the late John, or, "Jimmie" Rookstool, and who still lives in Syracuse, Margaret, who first married George Epert, and after his death in the army of which I told you last week, became the wife of John Snyder, now of Goshen, and Mary A., who married Joseph Delotter, who lived here a few years shortly after the war and then moved to Goshen where he died some years ago.

John or "Jimmy" Rookstool, aforesaid, was himself an old settler, and came at about the time Mr. Kitson arrived, or earlier. His farm was the one now owned by Mr. Pierman on the Benton road, and there he raised a family of eleven children all of whom except the last one are still living, as follws: Tilman, who lives in Elkhart, Clinton, Myron, Mahala, who never married, Etta, wife of Wm. Umbenhour, Ann, wife of David Grubb, Hariet, wife of John Meek, (she is the mother of twin boys and of twin girls) Alice, wife of Elmer Peoples (Swickard), Minnie, wife of Charles Akers, Arendne, wife of Charles Nicolai, and Edith, wife of John (Logan) Juday.

William Phebus entered the land just across Syracuse Lake now owned by the heirs of the late Adam Juday in 1836. His only child who lived to maturity was Milton, though he raised Sarah Wood, who became the wife of Mr. Juday, and who, with her son James, has inherited the farm from him. Mr. Phebus died in 1864 at the age of 59. His widow, Maria, long survived him, and is well remembered by all old timers for her eccentricities and kindness of heart.

Dr. Samuel Pressley was one of the early physicians of the village. I do not know when he came, but he lived here in 1853 and 1854, and then, after having buried some of the infant members of his family in the cemetery here, he moved away. He was a good citizen and an able physician.

Ephriam Skinner lived on the Kern farm for a time when it was the property of John Gill. (This farm, be it remembered, was first entered by Samuel Crosson.) He was a brother of O.B. Skinner, who down to the building of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, owned and lived on the farm adjoining the town on the south, now the property of Mr. Charles Thompson.

I do not know when or from whom this farm was acquired by Mr. Skinner. O.B.—Oh Be Joyful we used to call him. An eccentric, miserly old fellow he was, a tyrant in his own family, and, by that token, a coward, as family tyrants always are. And a philosopher! He would come to town at nine o'clock at night carrying a lantern and an umbrella, and sit in an argument until morning if he could find anybody with patience to stay with him; or take his lantern and umbrella into the church and lay for the minister when the meeting was dismissed, to point out to him the erroneous conclusions of his sermon. His neighbors were all anxious to secure the new railroad, and, following his

life habit of always disagreeing with them, he opposed it, and when it came in spite of him, and even was located along the edge of his farm, he sold out in disgust and left the community, to spend his last days in the state of Oregon. His oldest son, Charley, was a fine fellow, as were also his two daughters, Clara and Ida, who were grown when they left here. Ida visited here once, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, when she was on her way to India, whither she was going as a Christian missionary. A six-year-old son named Homer was killed in 1872 by a stone that slipped from a sling in the hands of another boy and struck him on the head, and a humble stone marks his grave in the cemetery here.

Henry Snyder, who lived a mile west of town on the Milford road, came in the fifties. He lived there but a few years and lost his life by being thrown and dragged by a calf he was leading. His sons were Washington, William, Morgan, John and Wessley, and his daughters Lucy, wife of John Alexander, Mary Jane, wife of Amos King, and Elizabeth, who died when she was a young woman and was never married.

The Ott farm, now mostly within the town, Leonard Brown tells me was entered by his father, Aaron Brown, who for some unknown reason gave up and disposed of his claims. How the father of Jacob Ott, back in Ohio, came to own it, I do not know, but he gave it to his son who was married in Ohio in 1841 and immediately moved here and settled on it. He died here in 1886. His widow is still living. His sons were John Albert, David and George William, and his daughters Almeda, wife of John Ward, and Sarah, wife of Frank Younce.

Samuel Woods lived on the farm north of town on which, many years afterward, Peter Blue lived and died. He was the father of Albert, who was the father of Mrs. Samuel Akers, Junior, and he had a son named Wessley, who moved many years ago to Kansas, and a daughter Sarah, who is the widow of Adam Juday, and who lives in Syracuse. His second wife was the daughter of "Old Johnny" Snyder and the sister of Harvey Snyder, of whose tragic death I told you week before last.

Adam Epert was a very early settler on a farm east of the Wehrly school house. His sons were George, Charles, Adam, Thomas and William. George was made a prisoner of war and was drowned while crossing a military bridge somewhere in the south. Thomas still lives in Syracuse. And he also had four daughters whose names I do not know, who became the wives of Adam Juday the elder, "Swayg" Young, of Benton, Ed Young and John Butt.

Peter Darr, whose widow died recently at the age of nearly a century, was one of the earliest settlers. His children were fourteen, and thirteen of them lived to maturity, viz: John, Jesse, Milton, Thomas, George, Daniel, Noah, William, Eliza, wife of John Ott, now of Missouri, Elizabeth, wife of Jacob Rentfrow, Mary, wife of Henry Juday, Emma, wife of John N. Juday, and Sarah, wife of Benjamin Coy.

Solomon Juday was another first settler, a little north and across the road from Mr. Darr. His sons were John S., Milton, Adam, Lewis and James, and his daughters Mary Ann, who became the wife of Henry Rentfrow, Sarah, who died when she was a young woman, Rebecca, who married a Mr. Baker whose first name I do not know, Catharine, who first married Benjamin Griffi and is now the wife of Henry Strombeck, of North Webster, and Emma, who also died when she was a young woman. James, too, who

was the youngest son, lived only a little way into his twenties, and was never married. I am reminded here of a story.

It was in 1877 or 1878. This Catharine Juday was a vivacious maid of rather mature years familiarly known to everyone as Kate, and she was being assiduously courted by a gentleman who lived in Albion. Geo. M. Ray, as a means of enabling himself to learn enough of law to become the village attorney, had succeeded in being elected as justice of the peace. He had failed in the harness business and was very poor.

The jokers of the town, of whom there were at that time a goodly number (among them Frank P. Eyman, who was then agent of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad here and who now holds a position near the head of the freight department of the great Chicago and Northwestern system) decided to play a joke on Mr. Ray, and they had sent to Albion and mailed to him from there over the name of Miss Kate's beau, a letter asking him to come out to her farm home and marry them. Now it did not occur to these jokers that, this farm being over the line in Elkhart county, Mr. Ray would not have jurisdiction to perform the ceremony there, but it did to him, and having swallowed the bait most thoroughly, he secured the finest carriage the livery barn of Milt Phebus could turn out, and drove out to the farm, intending to bring the happy couple home with him, a goodly supply of high priced cigars, all innocent of any intention of extravagance on his part, not dreaming that the expense of it all would in the end be upon his own lean purse. It was at the beginning of winter, the mud in the roads was bottomless, and there was a blinding snow storm all that day.

We were never able to find out just what occurred out at the farm, but when Mr. Ray returned to town the fire of an all consuming wrath was burning fiercely within him. And he being a large, muscular and belligerent fellow, with a very considerable reputation as a scrapper, never a one of the jokers could he find to admit that he had a part in the conspiracy for many and many a day thereafter.

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John Unrue was another of the first comers, and after spending a year or so at Solomon Butts, over near the Elkhart river, he settled on a part of the farm now owned by his son George. His first wife was Mary ("Polly") Akers, sister of Samuel and Levi Akers, of this place, and she bore him two children—George, aforesaid, and Sarah who was the first wife of George Tully.

Jacob Akers came about 1836 and settled on land adjoining that of Mr. Unrue. His sons were John, Michael, Samuel and Levi, and his daughters Mary, or "Polly," who married John Unrue, as related, Catharine, who married David Fry, Sarah, who married Jeremiah Snider, Rebecca, who married Lewis Renchbarger, and Mahala, who became the wife of John Rookstool.

Lemuel Grisson came a little later, sometime in the forties I think. His home was a little north of and across the road from that of Mr. Unrue, and his children, or at least those of them who grew to maturity, were John, Hiram, Samuel, Eli, Mary, Ellen, Sarah

and Lovena. Mary was married to Geo Unrue, Ellen to Owen Dorsey, Sarah to Daniel Lower and Lovena to George Lecount.

James Rentfrow was one of the very first comers, and he settled on the Goshen road, on the lands now owned by Mr. Lewis A. Neff. His wife, Charity, died in 1862, at the age of 63 years. His sons were Jacob, Henry, who died when he was a young man, and Moses. He had one daughter, Sarah, who married Frederick Ott. A great deer hunter was "Uncle Jimmy" Rentfrow. I have told you how he came to give their name to Buck islands. And a good and generous soul he was, whom everybody had a kindly word for. He lived to a ripe old age and died at the home of his daughter in Kansas.

Peter Conrad—"Coonrod" was always called him—was another first comer, who settled east of and near Uncle Jimmy Rentfrow. And great cronies they always were thereafter, these two. Peter was a small fellow with a rather high pitched voice and spoke English very brokenly. The best he could make of Jesus was "Jeemers," which softened the offense somewhat when he used it profanely, as he often did, I am sorry to say. I am reminded here of another story.

Mr. Conrad used to have a great many hives of bees, set in rows along a hillside with a sort of a roof of boards over them. And by some means he also became the owner of a blind ass. And on Sunday when Peter and his good wife and the children were away from home the ass wandered too near the hives and upset one of them. The bees poured out of it and began stinging him. Now, if he had not been an ass blind though he was he would have moved away; but, being ann ass, in keeping with the traditional obstinacy and perverseness of his race, he began kicking. In the agonies of his death, which followed within a day or so from the stings he received, it may have comforted him that, even blind as he was, he had managed to kick over probably half a dozen of the hives.

I had about forgotten this story until our friend, Gen. Kuropatkin, a few years ago, boasted that he was going to eat his fourth of July dinner in the city of Tokio, and then it came back to my memory.

I haven't told you yet who were Mr. Conrad's children. He had four daughters. Catharine married her cousin, David Conrad, Mollie married Jonas Rentfrow, Susan married William Wehrly, and Rebecca never married.

Moses Rentfrow senior was a brother of Uncle Jimmy, and the two came to Indiana at about the same time. I don't think he ever acquired any land. His sons were Lewis, Jonas, Jacob, who built the hotel here long known as the Lake House, Henry, and William who lost his eyesight and was known as "Blind Bill," and his daughters were Catharine, who married Daniel Mote and Elizabeth, who married George Mock. Another son was Charles, whom we know as Turpin, or "Turp." He now lives in Warsaw.

A third original Rentfrow, John, younger brother of James and Moses, lived here for a time in early days, but was not married.

Michael Judy also came pretty early, I do not know in what year. I believe he was not related in any way to Solomon. His sons were John and Aaron and his daughters, Jane, who married Adam Epert, Sarah, who was the first wife of Charles W. Strombeck, Tillie, who married first William Snyder and after his death became the wife of David Meloy,

Louisa, who married Ira Hapner, Mary, who married Jacob Umbenhour, and Alice, who married George W. Sarjent.

August 22, 1935 (August 12, 1909)
Continuing Further the Account of the Members of the Earliest Families.

Michael Ott, who was always known as Park Ott, for what reason I cannot tell you, was another of the earliest settlers. His homestead was north of town. His children were Daniel F., Thomas, Jemima and Mahala. Jemima married Moses Rentfrow Junior, and Mahala married Henry Butts.

The old homestead of Joseph Prickett is now the home of Mahlon King, near the dam of the Syracuse Power, Light & Mfg. Company on the Elkhart river, and he settled there about 1835 or 36. His sons were Nimrod, Thomas and Jacob, and his daughters were Jane, Mahala and Sarah. Jane became the wife of Daniel F. Ott, Sarah of the late Samuel Stetler, and Mahala of Henry Dorsey. A brother of this Joseph, who settled north of him across the river and whose name I do not know, was the father of Fielding, who was a noted lawyer of Albion and the father of the wife of Judge Luke H. Wrigley of the place. Another son was Shelley, who was also a lawyer and a most promising one, but who, while yet a young man, dropped over dead on a street of Benton. A third son was Elmer, of whom I have no record.

Daniel Witters settled in an early day on the place just north of the dairy farm of the late Matthew J. Rippey. He was a devout Christian and an enthusiastic church worker. I remember him well as superintendent of the Sunday school in the old Baptist church in town when I was a very little boy and attended it barefooted. And I remember too that Isaac Kitson led the singing at this Sunday school. Mr. Witters had three daughters, one of whom whose name I do not know, died single at the age of about twenty-two years. Sarah married John Kitson, and Elizabeth became the first wife of David Grubb and the mother of Elmer Grubb, now a minister.

John Sload acquired by purchase the farm that had been first entered by Jeremiah Cory, was afterward owned by John F. Kitson and is now owned by George Myers, just north and east of town. His sons were Jonathan and james, the latter of whom died when he was a boy, and his daughters were Malinda, who married Zachariah Hendrickson, Tillie, who first married George Tully and after his death became the wife of John Miles, Mary, who married Jacob Green, Etta, who married James Young, Anna, who married Solomon Conner, Elizabeth who married albert Miller and Della, who married Isaac Hosteter and lives in Kansas.

William Strieby came in 1836, and his was a large part in the development of the new country. His homestead was on a hill a half mile south and a half mile west of the Guy school house, and there he raised a large and interesting family. Henry was about six years old when his father came, and is thus himself one of the oldest settlers. I believe him to be the oldest first settler now living here. I here make acknowledgement again of my great obligations to him and his splendid memory for the many facts he has furnished me that are set down for you in this history. He is the father of A.W., our successful merchant, and of several daughters. Next to him of the sons is Andrew, a most worthy and respected member of the community, formerly justice of the peace

and township trustee, the father of Elmer E., our hardware merchant, and also of several daughters. After Andrew, in the order of their ages, came William, Joel, John B., Conrad and Alfred. The daughters were Anna, Elizabeth, Sarah, Minerva and Barbara. Anna married John Kiser, Elizabeth married Jacob Himes, Sarah married George Gonderman, Minerva first married Alfred Starner and is now the wife of Jacob Altland, and Barbara is the wife of Frank Starner, who lives in Fostoria, Ohio. Many of the grandchildren and great grandchildren still live in this community, and they will have much to do with its future growth and progress.

Michael Strieby was a brother of William, and he settled near Dewart Lake on what of late years has come to be known as the Lecount farm, in 1836. His sons were John, Daniel and David, and his daughters Margaret, or "Peggy," who became the wife of Daniel Wyland, Nina, who died single in 1852, Sarah, who married Andrew Phebus, and Lydia Ann, who married William Goble.

Samuel Strieby, a third brother came later00during the war. He was a soldier, and he died within about a year after his return home, from disease he contracted during his service. His home was a little south of the Guy school, along the North Webster road. He had four children—Thomas, who died in Colorado, William, who now lives south of town, Araminta, deceased, who was the wife of George Kreger, and Mary, who is the wife of Jasper James.

Andrew Guy came when he was a man past middle age, in 1839 or 1840. His homestead was just west of the Guy school house. His children were all born in Ohio, I believe. They were Nelson, who died a young man, Samuel, William, Andrew and James H. (Harvey). He had but one daughter, Sarah, or "Sally," who first married, in Ohio, Thomas Kincaide. After living here for a time they returned to Ohio, where Mr. Kincaide died. With her son, Harby Kincaide, she returned to this community and married Joel Spangle. She also had a daughter, Francis Kincaide, who became the first wife of Daniel Strieby.

Samuel Guy was the father of six daughters, viz: Mary (Sarah Jane), wife of Lewis Noel, Sarah (Elizabeth), wife of Henry Tyler, Millicent, wife of William Miller, Martha, wife of Dennis Kelley and Anna, the wife of Adam Miller.

Andrew was the father of Richard Guy, lately township trustee, and of three daughters: Emeline, who married David Bushong and after his death became the wife of Jacob Whitehead, Anna, who married Howard Strieby, and Geniza, who died some two years ago unmarried.

James Harvey, the youngest of the original Guy family, married Anna, sister of George and David Angel, who bore him but one child that lived to maturity; a son, named Perry, who married Martha Blanchard, a popular schoolmistress, who had taught numerous terms at the Guy school house and at least one successful term in the town school. He died in 1870 at the age of 22, and with his death that branch of the family became extinct.

Daniel Bower (Bowers we always pronounced the name) came about 1836 and died in the early forties. His children were John, Mary, who became the wife of Samuel Guy, Elizabeth, who became the wife of Frederick Funk, and Sarah, who was the first wife of Andrew Guy and the mother of Emeline Bushong-Whitehead aforesaid.

Timothy Mote came in 1836. His homestead was a half mile this side of the Guy school house. His family was unfortunate. He had two sons, Daniel and Elam. I do not know what became of Daniel, but Elam died in 1853, the flux year. His daughters were Rachel, Mary and Margaret. Rachel married Abraham Felty, who mysteriously disappeared one night not long after their marriage and was never heard of again. Just east of the home of Mr. Mote, on the farm whereon now lives Mr. Jesse Grady, lived Henry and William Madden, brothers of evil reputation. Frederick Funk afterward purchased this farm from them, and in making excavations preparatory to building a house on it he dug up a skeleton that to this day is believed to have been that of Mr. Felty, though there never occurred anything to prove the correctness of the suspicion. These Maddens afterward lived rather miserably on a farm just east and south of the one now owned by Joseph K. Mock. Henry only was married. William was single and existed mostly in a little shanty by himself. Mary Mote married Daniel Blocher and Margaret, her sister, married Aaron Inman. And Blocher and Inman, partners in many crimes and offenses against the state of Indiana and the United States of America, had many difficulties with the authorities. They were arrested for counterfeiting and for numerous other offenses and spent much of their time in jails and penitentiaries. One of them Inman I believe, once upon a time stole a horse from Thomas Warner, of North Webster, for which he was jailed at Warsaw. But he escaped the legal penalty for this crime by breaking out of the jail and running away to California. He had some success in the gold mines there (Fate is such a fickle goddess!) and afterward tried to bribe Mr. Warner to permit him to come back, but he failed in that, and the community continued to be rid of him. Oh, sad, indeed, must have been the lives of the daughters of Timothy Mote.

George Phebus came in 1835 and settled on what is still known as the George Angel farm, a mile south of town. He had one son, William, and three daughters. One of these daughters, whose name I cannot tell you, married George Angel, another named Marth, married his brother, David Angel, and the oldest of the three, whose name also has escaped me, married Isaac Johnson, who lived east of Wawasee Lake.

Robert Sulsar settled near the township line south of town, where his son Perry died recently. He had three sons, Layton, Morgan and Perry, and three daughters, one of whom married Stephen Cary, and the other two of whom, Eliza and Nancy, married Henry Shelmadine and William Robinson.

The homestead of John ("Old Johnnie") Baird, just south of town, was long the home of his son, Geo. K., and is now owned by Mr. Charles Hammond. He came a little later than those of whom I have just been telling you—in the early forties. His sons were Wallace W., John, Geoge K., James and Thomas, and his daughters were Margaret, who married Arthur Mackey, Dorothea, who married Joseph L. Hendrickson, Sarah, who married Christopher Gordy, and Mary, who married Alfred Kitson.

John Angel came before the land was open for entry—possibly as early as 1832. He did not acquire any land but lived on the lands now owned by Jacob Whitehead, which were known as the Beach lands because they were owned by a non resident of that name. He had three sons and three daughters. The sons were George, David and Samuel, the latter of whom died when he was a boy of about twelve years. I do not

know the name of the oldest daughter, but she married Robert Stuard and became the mother of the second wife of Andrew Guy, and John Stuard, father of John Perry and Sherman and of David Stuard. The other two daughters were Eva, who was the wife of Frederick Huff and the mother of Mrs. William McClintic, now of this place and Anna who married Harvey Guy, as I have told you.

William Jones came about 1845 and settled on Jones' hill, near Dewart Lake, said to be one of the very highest points in the state. His sons were Marion, Thomas, John, George W. and William, and his daughters were Catharine, who married Sam Stiffler Sr. and Sarah, who married one of the sons of old David Gross. Thomas died in the state of Washington, Marion in Kansas, John died here a year or so ago, and Geo. W. and William now live in Syracuse, the latter being janitor of the school building.

George Mock came in 1836 and purchased the claim of John Miller, long afterward a resident of near New Paris and commonly known as "Sandy." Shortly after arriving a young son of Mr. Mock was bitten by a rattlesnake and died, and a cemetery was started that is known as the Mock grave yard. There were two other sons—Michael and John, the latter of whom died in 1853, the dreadful flux year. His daughters were Catharine, who married Michael Fetters, Susan, who married Abraham Fetters, brother of Michael, Margaret ("Peggy") who married Cornelius Cable, and Sarah, who never married.

Now, if you are one of my younger readers, or a recent comer here, and have no personal knowledge of the families of whom I write nor their descendants, I suspect you are pretty tired of all this. I imagine I can hear you say "Abraham begat Isaac; Isaac begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Judas and his brethren—Oh I wish he would cut it out and tell us a story!" Hold your patience! I am not trying to improve on the first chapter of Mathew. Neither am I writing this altogether for you, and I warrant you your elders, who have knowledge, however slight, of even a part of these families, are deeply interested in it all. And I have some interesting things that I will tell you later.

August 29, 1935 (August 19, 1909)

Cornelius Cable came in 1836. His sons were Jacob, George, Benjamin, John and William, and his daughters were Anna, who married John James, Delilah, who married John B. Strieby, and Phebe, who married John Jones. William died during his service in the war.

I do not know the name of the elder Westlake, but he came very early—in 1835 or 1836. His sons were James and Wesley and his daughters Bashaby, Jemima, Minerva and Mary. Bashaby died when she was a young woman, Jemima died in the awful flux year of 1853, Minerva married Morgan Sulsar and Mary was the first wife of Benjamin Cable.

Thomas Hall purchased eighty acres of the farm now owned by Joseph K. Mock in the early forties. His children were Noble, John, Sheppard and Mary Jane. She was still single when most of the family left here for Iowa in 1855. Noble kept his residence here until after the war, and then he, too, moved to the west.

Willis Armsworth bought the Michael Strieby place in 1838. He had a son and daughter die of the dreadful flux during the epidemic of 1853. His remaining children

were three daughters: Martha, who married Elisha Boggess, Ann Elizabeth, who married William Rippey, and Mary, who married J.W. Crawford.

James Weaver came in the early forties and settled on the farm now owned by Stephen D. Miller. His sons were James and John, and he had three daughters, one of whom married her cousin, a Mr. Hagar, and another was the wife first of John Kreger and later of Hiram Kindle. Of the third one I have no record.

John Phebus first settled on the Starner place, near Dewart Lake. He was a bachelor. Adam Starner came from Bolivar, Ohio, and purchased the place from him about 1859. His sons were Al and frank, and his daughters Catharine, who married back in Ohio and remained there, Lydia Ann, who married David Strieby, Mahala, who also married in Ohio, Laura, who married Allen Ruple, and Emma, who became the wife of John Norris.

Henry Noel purchased the farm of Thomas Powers, now owned by (Joseph) Gottschalk, sometime in the thirties. His children were three boys only—John, Lewis, and Jacob.

Andrew Spangle came in 1835 and entered the farm that now belongs to John Cable. Joel was his only son. He had four daughters, two of whom married men named Mohler and Frank and moved to Iowa in early days. Catharine married John Goppert and Teeny married Josiah Wright.

John Hess entered land just east of the John Cable farm in 1837. His father was Balsar Hess, one of the first settlers on the Elkhart Prairie, and he had a brother, Israel, who lived in this township for a time and owned the Vawter farm, on which Vawter Park was afterward platted. John's family consisted of two sons, Ephriam and John R., and three daughters—Mary, who married Frederick Huff, Catharine, who married Lewis Lape and who died in Ligonier three weeks ago, and Sarah Ann, who was the first wife of Abraham Bower, and the mother of his children.

Frederick Huff was an early settler and owned the farm now the property of R.N. Desjardins. His sons were two—Eli, who moved to Kansas and Samuel, who went to California. His daughters were Catharine, who married Joseph Goble, Polly ann, wife of William McClintic, another whose name (Elizabeth) I do not know and who married Frank Clemens, and Anna, the youngest of them all, who moved with her parents to Kansas in 1859 and died there unmarried.

Rev. Allen Richhart first settled on the farm long afterward known as the Sulsar farm on Wawasee lake, this side of Vawter Park. His daughters became the wives of Layton Sulsar, Reuben Dewart and William Master. Later he moved to the lands southwest of town now owned by his only son, Rev. O.L. Richhart. All the years of his life an humble supplicant at the throne of grace was he, and a preacher who firmly believed that the fires of hell were real and lurid and sizzling, and who sat to hear his sermons—or who stood to hear them, for that matter, for his voice reached far without the confines of church walls. And when he led the congregation in the good old hymns of his time it was with a vigor and a volume and an ecstacy that set many hearts aquiver, and many arms and legs in motion, and drove many a coward sinner to the mourner's bench out of very fear.

And now I am reminded of another story that I probably ought not to tell. The water had broken over the dam and its complete destruction was imminent. Men were

making heroic efforts to prevent the impending wreck of the dam and disaster to the farms in the valley below, and in their work their clothes were soaked with water, which was cold. There was whisky furnished them freely, and Brother Allen partook of it. (Be it not remembered to his dishonor, for I have told you of the customs of the time, and you must know that there was probably not such a thing then known as total abstinence.) And, unused to the effects of liquor as he was, he took a little too much of it—not enough to make his condition anything like maudlin, now mind you, but just enough to increase his zeal and to stimulate him to renewed efforts in the work. And it was said that the commands he gave were heard almost to Milford. All of which was thought to be a great joke at the time by all who were present, and particularly by Bob Cory, who was there to share the fun and who enjoyed it all as I cannot tell you, but as you will realize if you are an old timer and knew Bob Cory.

John Richhart was a brother of Allen. He first settled on the Vawter farm, but disposed of his interest in that to Mr. Hess. Later there was a fierce feud between him and John Hess that got them into the courts and cost them the waste of much money. His first wife was a daughter of Frederick Funk, who bore him a daughter who became the wife of Marion Corn. After her death he married the widow of Thomas Brady.

Eston McClintic came also in 1836 and entered a large tract of land just west of the south end of Wawasee lake. He died there in 1856 while still a young man, when typhoid fever attached him after about three years of ague had brought him to be an easy victim. His sons were William, John, Mitchell and aaron, and his daughters Abigail, who married John Hammond, Elizabeth, who married John Stuard, Margaret, who married Harvey Kincaide, Lucinda, who married Jeremiah Zents, and Melissa, who married Martin Koher.

Frederick Funk purchased from the Maddens the farm whereon now lives Jesse Grady, as I have told you. He died on this farm of flux, in 1853, as did very many others in that fateful year. His sons were Frederick Junior, George, James, Jacob and William, and his daughters were Sarah, wife of John Richhart, Margaret, wife of Allen Richhart, Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Guy, Cynthis Ann, wifeof Charles Sheffield, and Catharine, wife of Jacob Ruple.

Bentley Jarrett settled early in the hills south of Wawasee lake. His sons were Jonas, who became a physician and died in North Webster, Lewis, William, Jesse and Isaac. He had several daughters, of whom Barbara married George Middleton, now living in North Webster and almost a centenarian, Jane became the second wife of old man (Harrison H.) Wilkinson, Lena married Ephriam Brumbaugh, and Elizabeth married John Bray.

Christian Haas, in 1853, entered away down in the hills, in the southeast corner of the township, a forty acre tract that up to that time, I take it, nobody had thought worth the trouble and the little expense of entering. A small, self important fellow was Mr. Hass, and he lived there as happy as did the McClintics and Striebys and others on their broad and level acres. And he has a monument more enduring than is likely to be erected to any one of them, for the everlasting hills among which his domicile was entrenched were named for him. One thing must have grieved him had it been possible for anything in all the world to do so, and that was that his Hoosier neighbors corrupted his name, and likewise the name of the hills he had pre-empted , to “Hoss,” and, indeed,

the Hoss hills are they known to this day, and most likely will ever be; which is an enduring injustice to his memory.

And in the hills, too, not far from Mr. Haas, settled Samuel Swihart. His son, Jonas, still survives. Of his three daughters, on (Hester) married a man named Miller, and another (Elizabeth, I believe) married Jasper Angel, and Ellen married Isaiah Burket.

John Gans came about 1853. His farm was the one now owned by Mr. Meilsen, east of the Vawter farm. His sons were David, Jonathan, Jacob and Samuel, and his daughters were Susan, Sarah and Margaret. Susan first married Conrad Auer, and after his death became the second wife of George B Mellinger. Sarah, after the death of her sister, Susan, also married Mr. Mellinger. They are still living in the south-east part of the township. Margaret married Ephriam Hess.

Abraham Brower came about 1854. His sons were Henry, Isaac and Samuel. Catharine, his daughter, became the first wife of Mr. Mellinger aforesaid. Henry lost his life from a wound made by a pike being driven through his hand by another when they were raising a log building. He was the father of Abraham Junior, who lives south of town.

Harrison H. Wilkinson was one of the early settlers, and lived east of the farm formerly owned by Henry Strieby and later by William Huffman. He was here but a few years and left in the early days, and I cannot tell you who were the members of his family, except that his wife was Jane Jarrett, and this I have already told you.

Adam Shock came in the early fifties. He had six daughters, but I cannot name them. Emeline is the wife of John R. Hess. Catharine married one of the Mocks, as did also one of her sisters. Of the other three daughters one married a Kreger and another a Kuhn, I believe.

Moses Wright lived for a time on a farm near the one now owned by John Cable, and then moved to Iowa with his three children, Anderson, Daniel and Angelina, all of whom were unmarried.

Anderson Cripe came about 1849. By his first wife he had four children—Israel, Soloman, Sarah, and another daughter whom I cannot name. His first wife was a Hicks. After her death he married a sister of Daniel Wyland, who bore him a large number of children.

Daniel Wyland came in the forties. His wife, “Peggy,” as I have told you, was a daughter of Michael Strieby. They had a number of children who died in their infancy, but brought up but one child—Samuel, who died only a few years ago.

A man named Chase was the first settler on the farm known as the Dan Strieby farm, now owned by John Norris. He and his family all died there in 1838 and were buried somewhere on the farm.

Joshua DeVou came from New York about 1849. He was a boat maker and had on the lake the first sail boat ever seen here. Ah, how the people shook their heads and wondered at the foolhardiness of the man as he ventured his life on the waters of the lake in that boat! After living a short time near the Concord church he went back to New York, but shortly returned here and purchased from Frederick Huff the farm now owned by Mr. Desjardins. Shortly after the close of the war he sold this farm to Dr. D.C. Kelley and, with his family, returned to New York to end his life there. His son, Leander,

married the oldest daughter of Henry Strieby, (sister of A.W.) and she went with him to Long Island, New York, where they now reside.

George Warvel came in the fifties and purchased a farm west of the Guy school house. His wife was Cinthy, sister of Evan and Elhanan and Preston Miles. His sons were Enos, John and Fernandes, and his daughters Catharine, or "Kate," Ellen, Nora and Amanda. Catharine is the wife of Frederick Greider, Ellen of William Colwell, Nora first married Frank Blanchard and after his death became the wife of Turner Davis, and Amanda married a man named Johnson and now lives with him in South Bend.

Daniel Warvel, brother of George, came at about the same time. He died in the sixties and left his widow, "Aunt Fanny," and seven children—four sons and three daughters. The heroism of Aunt Fanny and the self sacrificing struggles she made to keep her family together and save for them their little farm home, which was heavily involved when her husband died, and to bring them up to be honored and useful members of the community, all of which she well accomplished, entitle her to especially honorable mention in this history. Her sons were Abner, Mathias, Daniel and Frank, and her daughters Elizabeth, who married John Huff, Ellen, who married Samuel Wyland, and Maria, who married Archibold Brady.

John Hammond came in 1837 and married Abigail, the oldest daughter of Eston McClintic. His farm was a little east of the McClintic homestead, and there he lived until his death a few years ago. His widow is still living. His sons are Jacob, Jeremiah and Mitchell, and his daughters are Mary, wife of Henry Kolberg, Rachel, wife of Conrad Auer Junior, and Julia A., unmarried.

I have been notified of a number of errors that have appeared in these lists of old families, and will make corrections next week. If you can find anything in all the foregoing that needs correction kindly let me know of it.

September 5, 1935 First portion of article is in previous article. See note on paper.

I have intimated that about all the "entertainments" we had in the old days were funerals. And of them, considering out small population, we had plenty. And every member of the community was of sufficient importance that, on his death, Uncle Jake Slaybaugh, Sexton, under the strict instructions of his masters who appointed him to his high office, would solemnly announce the sad event by tolling the church bell; one stroke for each year of the age of the departed.

Now, these instructions were reasonably easy to comply with if the decedant had lived one full year; though if he had lived a great many of them the job was rather a tiresome one; but when, as very, very often happened, a little life went out after a sojourn here of only a few months, Mr. Slaybaugh was up against a hard proposition. The best that he could do was to strike the bell once just as lightly as possible, so that you had to listen closely if you heard it, and this indicate a fraction of a year, and this was accepted as a substantial compliance with his orders. Indeed, if anyone failed to have notice of an impending funeral he himself was to blame, for this tolling was always preceded by a vigorous ringing of the bell that could not fail to attract the attention of everybody in the town.

Nowadays you can die and be carried off to the cemetery in a fine black hearse, in a coffin that costs a small fortune and looks gorgeous enough to have cost a large one, with a finely dressed "funeral director" in charge, all at an expense out of all just proportion to the size of your estate, and half the ……until they read about it in the news papers, so little do you count. And the average citizen never things of laying off work to attend a funeral, unless it be of some more of less nearly related connection of his.

But you must not get it into your heads that funerals were all the "entertainments" we had. I have said that they were about all, and that is true, but regularly once a year the Wolcott Family came to town, father, mother and daughter and gave a show in the old wagon shop on the hill, and that was an event always most fondly anticipated for eleven months and twenty nine days.

How well I remember these Wolcott shows! I believe the initials of the father were O.O. He was the founder of the town of Wolcottville, Indiana. And his daughter's name was Anna, in short skirts she danced the entrancing Highland Fling to the music of her father's fiddle. And once, I remember, she appeared in an apron, tied with broad strings that hung down behind, and sang a new song the words of the chorus of which I remember to this day, and here they are:

"Oh, a teedle-addle, teedle-addle, teedle-addle-lay,
A teedle-addle, teedle-addle, teedle-addle-lay."

And as she sang this enchanting chorus she danced about in a circle and jauntily flipped the aforesaid apron strings toward the audience with her fingers, which were hidden beneath them. Oh, but that was splendid!

And on another occasion her father pretended that he was drunk (only pretended, now mind you, on this occasion) and Anna would appear from behind the calico curtain that answered for scenery in the old wagon shop, dressed like a poor child, (which she was not, as we knew) take him by the arm and distessedly and distressingly sing:

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes—"

Oh, I don't know how many—one, two, three and so on up—a verse of the song for each hour of the clock, which could not have been more than twelve, because the fellow who invented clocks made them so that when they strike that hour they fall back to one again, and so placed an unfair handicap on the writer of this song. But if clocks had been made to strike the hours consecutively up to twenty-four, and there had been a verse of the song for every one of them, we would not have tired of it. Not we!

And on another occasion the mother danced the wonderful egg dance—that is blindfolded she danced for some minutes on a square marked with chalk on the floor wherein were regularly placed a dozen or more eggs, and never broke one of them!

Oh, if a fellow wanted the people to take a proper interest in his funeral he must be careful not to have it set for the day the Wolcotts came to town!

And besides these Wolcott shows, that came annually, as I have said, I remember at least two magic lantern shows that were given in the old school house. One of these I remember very well indeed, for I disobeyed the order of my mother, which was that on the dismissal of school each evening I must come directly home, and stayed at the

school house until dark and until I had earned a ticket of admission in the employment of the showmen, who needed a boy to help them set up their apparatus,; on account of which disobedience I was compelled to stay at home that night and my ticket was never used. I guess I haven't forgotten that!

But the one real event of vastly greater moment than all these put together—the thing of most importance in all the history of the town up to its time, and for many years thereafter, was the advent of the first real, sure-enough circus and menagerie—"Stowe's Varieties."

I have been trying to remember in what year this great show came, and of such stupendous importance was its coming that it is of small credit to me that I am unable to do so. It must have been about 1867. This I do know; it was while the Miller family lived in the house long afterward occupied by the family of Samuel Traster on the hill. There is no room for doubt of that. And the Miller family did not live in that house nor in the town very long. And the reason I am altogether certain it was while they lived there is this:

The father Miller was a shoemaker, and besides being a shoemaker he was also an arrant coward, who would have valiantly whaled about every citizen of the town if he had not been; but who, being such a coward, took the chance of assaulting only one member of the community, and that his wife—a good and gentle woman—woe the day she married him! (And she by the way, was the mother of Milton Patterson, harness maker, afterward also a resident of the town.) His more formidable enemies would he vanquish by standing them before him in the form of an old boot, after carefully blinding the windows of his little shop, and then falling upon them, body, fists and feet and most bravely pummeling them into unconsciousness. Indeed, it was strongly suspicioned that he often went so far, in his violent and uncontrollable rage, as to commit manslaughter in this manner.

Now, by a first marriage this valiant and belligerent Mr. Miller had three children—Phebe, the oldest, Bill (William, I suppose) next, and a younger son whose name I have forgotten. The middle toes on both the feet of this youngest one were grown together as though nature had intended to make a swimmer out of him, and he could work his ears, on account of which latter great distinction he was very much admired and envied. Bill we used to call "Copper Teakettler, Casting and Eggs," because we had evidence conclusive that he had stolen these articles; though indeed we had not any doubt at all that he had stolen many more things than these that would have made his name longer than that of Gen. LaFayette if we had put all of them in it. And Pheve made it her business daily to visit as many of the houses of the neighbors as she could and to steal out of them everything that was loose and that she could conceal about her. It goes without saying that all of them were masters of the fine art of lying.

Now, on the anxious morning of the day of the great show, while I was wondering how it might be possible to work my way inside the tent, I found, on the street near the hotel in which our family lived, fifty cents in real, genuine money. Not silver—there was neither silver nor gold in circulation then—but paper; a fifty cent "shin plaster." You will guess my exultation as I picked it up.

But my parents were always careful to teach me that anything found could not properly be appropriated to the use of the finder until he had exhausted every reasonable means of discovering its real owner, and they let it be known that I had found this money. And the Millers heard of it. and they all came down to the hotel—old man Miller, fresh from a conquest of the old boot, this time probably named Jim Benner or Bob Cory, and Cooper Teakettle, Casting and Eggs, and the brother with his toes grown together who worked his ears, and Phebe; and they repeated a story, first, without doubt, well rehearsed at home, of how Pheve had lost this identical fifty-cent scrip while crossing the street that morning. Now, I believed not a word of this story, and was convinced at the time, and still am convinced, that my father believed as little of it as did I, but lest we should be in error he directed me to give the money to them with it. But he gave me a quarter with which to purchase a ticket to the show, and that warmed my heart sufficiently as to him in the transaction.

And that show!

The tent was set up on the band of the lake at the foot of Carroll street. And such a tent! Acres of shining white canvas, with a majestic pole that rose out of the center of it and reached into the clouds. And in a cage inside a real sure, genuine lion, that stood up and switched its tail and growled when they gave it meat for its dinner.

And the band! A whole great lot of members it had, all with beautiful uniforms and each with a shining gold horn, and they played it so fast that the horses, with all their four feet, were hard put to it to keep up with it. And the band wagon, with a great golden body, and splendid chariot wheels, in which King Solomon would have been proud to ride!

And the most beautifulest lady that ever was born in all the world! And she was dressed all in red and gold and stars and spangles, with just a suggestion of skirts about her middle, and she stood on one foot and rode a most beautiful spotted horse that flew around the ring on the wings of the wind.

And the beautiful gentlemen that did the most miraculous things on the trapeze and bars!

And that incomparable jester—the clown! Such a clown as has never appeared in any ring since that day! And what a beautiful voice he had when—Oh joy supreme he sang a new and original song:

Ven I vas in der Deitch Countree
Some oder place I vant to see;
It mox mix difference to me
Ven I come py das New York.

I was nine years old.

I have heard that great Patti; I have heard the Chicago Apollo Club of five hundred voices render Mendellsohn's immortal cratoric by Elijah; I have been transported by the operas of Tannhauser, Romeo and Juliet, and many others, but never have I heard anything so beautiful as was this song, sung by this wonderful clown.

I have heard Sousa's and Creatore's bands, and the great United States Marine Band in the city of Washington, but not either of them nor the great Thomas Orchestra of

Chicago ever thrilled me as did the band that played for this wonderful show on the bank of the lake in Syracuse.

I have seen the shows of Barnum, and Forepaugh, and Buffalo Bill, and many great plays and famous actors, including the great John McCullough, but I would rather the memories of all of them were blotted out this minute than lose a single one of my recollections of "Stowe's Varieties."

Now, I suspect you will say that in this paper I have not recorded history but rather have written reminisences. Have it as you like. For to write reminiscence is to put down what you remember yourself, while history is what other people remember, and I leave it to Doug and Perry Miles, and Al Acker, and Henry Widner, and Sylvester or Ves Widner, and Ira Widner, and C.M. Gordy, and Mrs. Frances Culier, and Mrs. M. Walerius, and Mrs. G.W. Miles and all others of about my age who lived here at the time of which I write, whether the foregoing is not history.

And now the amende honorable. In my story of the finding of a skeleton on the farm purchased in very early days by Frederick Funk the elder from the Maddens I left it to be inferred that these Maddens were suspicioned of having made away with Abraham Felty, husband of Rachel, the daughter of Timothy Mote, who had mysteriously disappeared, and whose skeleton the one found by Mr. Funk was believed to be. In this I have wounded the feelings of some of the grandchildren of Henry Madden, who was married quite young and was the father of ten children, all of whom are now dead, and who, at his death which occurred when he was but forty-five years old, was the owner of a good farm of more than two hundred acres, on which he had many cattle, and where his large family were raised to maturity. Two of these grandchildren have joined in a letter to me about the matter. I can learn of nothing in the life of Mr. Madden that would warrant a suspicion of his being guilty of any such crime as this would imply, nor could there have been that of an Indian, on lands he had once occupied, would be a very slight circumstance on which to base such a suspicion against him. If any of my readers have drawn such an inference from the story referred to I hope they will dismiss it from their minds.

September 12, 1935

How the advance agent of "Stowe's Varieties" came to find us, hidden away in the woods at the end of the lake here as we were, I never learned. Certainly we must have appeared very small indeed on the map, for the village, though it was thirty years old, could hardly have contained more than two hundred souls, nor did the improved part of it cover more than ten or twelve acres. Crosson & Ward, indeed, had optimistically made some twenty acres into a hundred and one two lots in the original plat of the town, and to these Defrees & Mann and the Kindigs Had added seventeen on the hill, but of all this one hundred and eighteen lots only some forty odd had been built upon. I am not sure whether Levi Bachman, father of C.C. and Shred and Mrs. Laura Deeter, had yet built his house at the corner of Huntington and Carroll streets, wherin his widow, who was Jane Miles, still resides, though I remember the building of it, and it must have been at about his time. That was the house farthest to the south, and we wondered why Mr. bachman decided to make his abode so far from the center of population. Just

south of it was a “cat swamp,” in which water stood all the summer, grown thick about with willows and quaking asps, wherein dwelt frogs and turtles and snakes and mosquitoes, and out of which probably came the ague that racked our bones. And over behind that, just above where the new bridge now crosses the mill race at Henry street, and just below where the logs then crossed it against which were built the controlling gates used for shutting the water out of it when repairs were needed at the mill, and almost directly in front of the present residence of the Misses Sprague, was the “Ole Swimmin’ Hole.” And it was far out of town and safely his away from it on account of the dense screen of brush and trees that grew about the swamp aforesaid.

Ah, what a splendid swimming hole it was, with its six or seven feet of depth, its clean, gravely bottom, and the nice squared logs above it off which to dive! The recollection of it sets me wandering. I haven’t finished telling you yet about the……

Of those that came after the ones I have described to you during the next ten years I remember little, which is evidence sufficient to me that there were none worth remembering. And then, in 1876, there came a memorable one; one on account of any great merit or distinction of its own, though it was an “aggregation” of considerable pretensions, having a Circassian lady and a bearded woman, but because of the thing that we did when it was here.

And I must tell you, too, that, besides the ladies with the wonderful hair and whiskers, this show had advert a balloon ascension, in which another “lady” was to soar off into the clouds in a basket. Parachutes had not yet been invented. And, probably on account of this feature, which was much advertised, about all the people from the country round about came to town that day.

Now, I would have you know that Syracuse was then a much more hopeful village than it had been nine years before when Stowe’s Varieties was here. Two years previously the Baltimore & Ohio railroad had been extended from Chicago Junction, Ohio, to the city of Chicago, and being unable to make its way around the lake so as to avoid us, it had finally come across Big Buck Island and past the village. This in 1874. And it had even promised us that a division would be made here, on account of which the lands surrounding the place had been platted into hIllabold’s Addition, and Ketring’s Addition, and Strombeck & Weaver’s additions, and McConnell & Lape’s Addition, and Weybright’s Addition, and we had town lots by hundreds that were to be farmed in potatoes and corn for many years. And the population had grown until we had (actual count) “490 inhabitants and 131 voters.”

Now, of these 490, half of whom were newcomers, if not intruders, there were a considerable number who though that the village ought to be incorporated into a town, with a marshal, wearing a star, and a clerk, and a treasurer, and a board of councilmen that would increase the burden of taxes, and possibly enact ordinances to abolish the swine and cattle and the wood piles from the streets, so little regard were they likely to have for the vested rights of the older residents. Nor would they cease agitating the matter out of any regard for the feelings of these old timers, but kept ever at it, holding meetings in the school house, and getting petitions signed and having surveys made, and keeping the community in the constant state of ferment. But there was little

prospect that their schemes would succeed when the matter came to be decided at an election at which ballots, “yes or no,” would be cast by the 131 voters aforesaid.

Now mind you, the principal argument of these agitators was that peace officers were needed, and a means of controlling the saloons, of which there were several, one of which, kept by a Mr. Riffle, near the railroad “Over the Rhine” was a most disreputable place, and another, near the B. &. O. depot, the proprietor of which was Elias Rapp, was little better. And in the midst of this agitation came the day of the show I am telling you about, with its balloon ascension.

Soldiers of the civil war used to tell me that officers, when they foresaw desperate fighting for their men sometimes gave them whisky with gunpowder in it. The saloon keepers of Syracuse must have put gunpowder in their whisky on that day. Everybody who drank of it, it seemed to me, wanted to fight somebody or something, and I guess about everybody drank of it. Old men who were usually quiet and peaceful enough went about the show ground with knives in their hands and threatened to cut the ropes and bring down the tent on the heads of the showmen unless they promptly sent up the balloon, which they desired not to do on account of a strong wind that made the ascent most perilous. Fearing for their property and their personal safety, however, they brought out the balloon and sent it up, but the “lady” who was to make the ascent managed to tumble out of the basket as it started and it sailed away, without her. This satisfied the people sufficiently that the tent was saved.

Presently the afternoon performance came on. And inside the tent there was a party from Milford and Warsaw that had come to find an opportunity to “clean up” some of the warriors of Syracuse. And the two armies coming face to face there a fierce and bloody battle at once began. Weapons were fists, feet, tent stakes and stones. The circassian lady came rolling from under the tent weeping, and the other famous woman ran away, across lots, her hirsute appendage flowing in the wind. And Oh! the cracked heads and bloody noses there were when the fight finally came to an end!

In terror the showmen, who had had no part in the jamboree, tried to get their outfit loaded upon their wagons and make their escape from the town, but before they could accomplish it on of them was captured somewhere near the school yard and about all the life was pounded out of him. Oh, you feared to walk down the street on that day lest some whisky-crazed enemy or friend of yours assault you from the rear.

And within a very short time after this memorable day came on the erection to decide whether or not the village should be incorporated into a town, so that there might be officers to keep the peace and to make some efforts to regulate the conduct of the saloons. And you know now why the election was carried in the affirmative.

The petition asking for the election was filed with the board of county commissioners at its September session, 1876. Of the one hundred and thirty-one voters of the town, sixty-five signed it. H.S. Bortner, civil engineer, who was then principal of schools here, fixed the proposed boundary lines. The other sixty-four signatures make a list that is extremely interesting to me; and I am going to append it here:

S.L. Ketring	Jos. A. Kindig
Geo. M. Ray	C. Knorr
Dr. F.M. Ihrig	J.W. Stetler

D. Younce	A.J. Kitson
H.G.Dormire	T.J. Brady
J.R. Ross	F. Butt
H. Hendrickson	E. Murray
W. Ridenour	A.J. Cory
J.S. Wynant	A.C. Acker
J.A. Ketring	F. Landis
A. Greene	Wm. Wallis
Evan Miles	J.G. Arnberg
J.S. Weaver	J. Culler
Eli Holloway	Frank Lest
Wm. Young	M. Vennamon
H. Vennamon	Hugh Callander
W.A. Mann	Stephen Carey
H.F. Lincoln	H.R. Davison
A.J. Clay	Elias W. Rapp
W.W. Moore	W.M. McGaw
Eph Landis	F.P. Miles
W.F. Holden	M. Patterson
A.H. Cullers	Zeb Widner
Peter Finegan	John Bushong
John Miles	Henry Acker
D.C. Kelley	Jos. Bushong
John Meloy	W.P. Small
Ed F. Holloway	Jos Kauffman
E.E. Miles	F.P. Eyman
A. Kitson	Geo. W. Shaffer
John Howard	Milt Woods

Thirty-three years (a third of a century) have passed since the show of which I have told you known at THE balloon ascension, was here, and the town was incorporated. Of the sixty-five persons who signed the petition for its incorporation, but six now reside within its limits. Thirty-four of the remainder of them are dead, to my knowledge and probably more of them are. Of the remaining twenty-five I cannot account for twelve who have moved away, but whom I know to be still living. Look the list over and see how many of them you can account for.

I have now a list of names of less than one hundred persons who have written me, or told me that they would each take a book at $1.00 in case this history be published in book form—less than one-half as many as will be necessary if I am to undertake its publication. For, while I shall not demand any remuneration for myself, I must be assured against possibility of financial loss if I undertake its publication, and that means that I must have around two hundred names on my list.

Of course, there is no hurry about the matter, for I doubt if I am half way through writing the history yet, though it has been running for nearly four months. But it will be a help to me if I can know, before long, whether I am to arrange the matter in form for a

book, and if you want that I do so please give me your name, or the name of any friend or relative you wish to subscribe for.

No offense, I assure you, if you do not care to subscribe for the book—no particular favor to me if you do. Simply, the question of whether it shall be published is up to you. If there are enough of you who want it to pay the expense of publishing it you shall have; otherwise not.

September 19, 1935

On the table before me lies a little old book—a cheap affair of some fifty pages of writing paper (money was more valuable when it was bought than it is now.) It contains the secretaries' records of the first union Sunday school organized in Syracuse.

It has a title page, has this old book; not printed nor illuminated, but a pretentious one withal, pen executed, with four lines, done, I very much suspect, by Uncle Zeb Widner, and it reads:

RECORDS
of the
Syracuse Union Sunday School
1857

Eighteen Fifty Seven! That was before I was born. But here are the contributors to a fund amounting to $2.35, raised, presumably, to start off the school properly. (I wonder what could have been the need of so much money) and I knew every one of the:

William Stombeck	$.25
Julia Thomas	.12 ½
Marie Phebus	.12 ½
H.J. Beyerie	.50
Eliza Kindig	.12 ½
Catherine Kindig	.05
John Gordy	.25
Charles Strombeck	.25
Harvey Vennamon	.15
Jacob Ott	.12 ½
Emma Guy	.05
Sharon Hall (in paper)	.10
Adam Kettering	.25

All dead now are they except Dr. H.J. Beyerie, who moved from here to Goshen shortly after this Sunday school was organized and there for many years kept a drug store, and then purchased the old Goshen Times from William Starr, and, with his sons, conducted it until it was merged with the News into the News-Times some years ago, and who still survives in that city at the age of more than eighty years; and possibly excepting also Julia Thomas, who was the daughter of Rev. Geo. Thomas, who established the Church of God here at about this time. As "Preacher Thomas" he was known to distinguish him from another resident of a similar name who came from Connecticut and was a itinerant clock peddler and mender, whose first name I never knew, but who is well remembered as "Yankee Thomas."

The old book tells little of this Sunday school following its organization. The records were feebly kept and some of the pages are torn out. Of the record of one Sunday only a portion of the last paragraph remains, and it reads as follows: “every Sunday at 9 o’clock a.m. which motion was put before the school and carried in the affirmative. The school was then closed by singing. S.L. Ketring, Secretary.” No date to it, but it must have been somewhere in the sixties. And it is an agreeable surprise to learn that the present president of the Bank of Syracuse was so long ago deemed good enough to be secretary of a Sunday school.

No further dates until 1869! Ah, there had troublous years intervened. George William Gordy, dead in the south, had been brought home by his uncle, Zebidee Widner, whom his father, John Gordy, had dispatched to secure and bring back the body, and buried in the little cemetery, now grown to a large one, on the hill, where his grave is fitly decorated with flowers by the children on each recurring memorial day. And James Vennamon, son of the generous Harvey named above, had died most horribly in Libby prison. And there were trials and heartburnings and the best reasons in the world for neglecting to keep properrecords of the meetings of the Sunday school, if, indeed, the Sunday school had any meetings at all.

“Sept. 26, 1869, Syracuse Union Sabbath School met and the sixth chapter of John was read. Also singing and prayer by the superintendent,” Jacob Hattle. Present, males 20, females 22, visitors 3; total 45. “School conducted in excellent order. Day pleasant. Joe. Kindig, Sect.”

Joe Kindig! What a flood of memories his name recall! How he was abused for his faith in the future of the town that impelled him, when he was township trustee, to build (at the cost of $10,000!) the school house we abandoned last year because it was too small. And how we all grieved at his untimely death!

No date (but presumably April 10, 1870, as the following session was held on April 17 of that year) “Pursuant to previous appointment the Union Savvath School of Syracuse met at the usual place of meeting for the purpose of reorganizing said school. The house was called to order by appointing Rev. George Smith temporary chairman.” (Father of Frank Smith, later of Milford and known to fame as the battered hero of the tremendous fight at Nappanee from which old residents of the town still date events) and the school proceeded to elect the following officers, to wit: for superintendent John Gordy.

My father, who didn’t belong to any sect at all but was rather inclined to believe with the Universalists, who John Godry was mentioned to him as a model churchman used to admit all the virtues claimed for Mr. Gordy, but deny that the church should claim credit for them, he having possessed every one of them before he joined it. I was a little boy then and naturally conceived an exalted belief in Mr. Gordy’s goodness; and up to his death, which occurred long afterward, never did anything happen to shake that belief. Unfortunately in his later days he lost his farm when he most needed the support of it, and some said unkind things of him, every one of which was unjust and untrue, as I knew.

“For secretary Wm. Wallis,” keeper of this recor, deceased within the last few years. We used to make jokes at his desire to be chosen to petty offices; but the sick and the

distressed never laughed at him for he was always first to visit them, and to care for the dead and bind up the wounded hearts of the living for which many a blessing was invoked upon him.

Poor old man! In his last days he was forced to desert to democratic associates of his lifetime to keep the office of justice of the peace that he faithfully filled and that fave him assurance against peace, with a long and proud record of service in the war for the Union, and with never a suspicion then nor afterwards until his death which he met bravely, of cowardice against his reputation, nobody will ever know what the sacrifice cost him. But the shame of it was altogether upon the small politics that exacted it.

"For treasurer, Frederick Butt," still an honored resident of the town; for librarian, Zebidee Widner," lately deceased. "Female teachers, for bible class Amy Aber," may God bless her abundantly, as He surely will!

Most beloved teacher of the village school for many years, idealized by everybody that knew her, as I received at her knees my first lessons in the rudiments of English I believed that if God ever made a true woman she was one, and when I grew older I knew it.

Gossips used to whisper of a romance in her life, and of unrequited love. Nobody ever learned if there was any truth behind these whispers. But, whether there was or not, her heart forever remained secure against every attach, though many a gallant swain assailed it. And if anyone ever did refuse her love he spurned the best gift that God could ever have intended for him.

Her death occurred within the present year, and she is now, without doubt, in possession of a rich and well earned inheritance.

"Additional teachers, Eliza Carey," daughter of Stephen and grand-daughter of Robert Sulsar, pioneer, "Louisa Hattel, Lydia Baker," afterwards the wife of Samuel Bashore who built the saw mill so long owned and operated by F.M. Ott. "Male teachers: for Bible class, David Bushong," deceased; "additional teachers, John Bushong," also deceased, "and Ira Widner," son of Zebidee, lately of Syracuse, now a resident of Los Angeles, Calif.

April 24, 1870, the school was opened by "Bro. Shock," Dr. H.W. Shock, if anybody should ask you; not "Dr." either by virtue of a diploma of dubious value given him by some medical college, but by reason of a reputation earned by sawing off people's fingers and thing and purging them with heroic doses of Calomel. And if they did not get well by his help that was sufficient evidence that the Lord had need of them in His presence.

May 1, 1870, "the school was opened by Joseph Kauffman, assistant superintendent," creator and owner of the first dray the village could support; an affair of two wheels drawn by one horse, from which, through many inheritances and purchases, the present business of Mr. Jacob McNutt is descended. It was the late Peter Searfoss who said to him one day: "Kauffman, ven does de locust come in? I vant to Yump on de calaboose unt go down to de yumpton."

There is a page dated Nov. 26, 1872 on which is recorded the momentous events attendant upon the employment of a sextant for the church. Dr. H.W. Shock fittingly sat as chairman of the meeting and W.A. Mann was its secretary. Jacob Slaybaugh offered

to do the work for one hundred dollars the year from the different churches and what he could collect from the simmers. Stephen Cary proposed to do it for eighty dollars and out side collections. Then Jacob Slaybaugh offered to do the work for $90. The different churches then proceeded to ballot, and, luckily for the cause of religion, Jacob Slaybaugh was chosen to the important post. No other public place in the town at the time paid such as splendid salary as did this; not even the post office.

And the wisdom of this selection! It is doubtful if any other church in all the land ever had a sextant so competent. With what consideration he treated those young sinners who contributed liberally to his support. And with what a wholesome fear lest they transgress his strict code made for their behavior did the stingy ones march up the sacred aisles with their best girls on Sunday evening under his searching gaze! Watch the next subscription paper after it has passed then; you'll find their names down for a plenty!

A committee was appointed to agree upon the portion of the $90 salary each denomination should pay, as follows: for the Church of God, John Gordy; for the united Brethren, Joseph Bushong' for the Methodists, Dr. N. Hartshorn, and for the German Baptists, Francis Landis.

Frank Landis! He used to make all our coffins. And good coffins they were too; none of your shoddy pine boxes covered with a showy black cloth that cost a small fortune and are like to go to pieces before you are comfortably settled in them, but good substantial ones, of a pattern original and unique, and of genuine solid wild cherry lumber without knot or blemish in it; red by nature and stained still redded, coffins that would last for years in the ground, until your bones were bare and you didn't need them any longer. And cheap too! With brass hinges for five dollars; German silver ones higher, but still within the means of a man of moderate wealth.

In those good old times we were all much like the old lady who said that attending funerals was about the only recreation she had. Occasionally a fellow would come to town on horseback carrying a stick about six feet long, and then everybody knew there was going to be something doing. Frank Landis would have a job making another coffin, and in due time we would have an opportunity to attend a funeral.

And death was not an expensive luxury then. There was no hearse, nor any carriages if the descendant had been a resident of the village. If of the country the remains would be fetched in a lumber wagon along with the mourners if the wagon would hold them all; otherwise wagons or buggies followed. A lot in the cemetery was pre-empted and friends dug the grave without making any charge for their services. There never was any doubt that there would be a plenty of volunteer pall bearers and the preacher didn't expect any extra pay for the funeral sermon and the grave was filled before the crowd left the cemetery. You could get yourself all snugly tucked away for six or seven dollars all told, shroud and all, and it was good economy to do it promptly and not linger along and run up a doctor's bill to cripple your estate.

In these degenerate times a man can't afford to die until he has accumulated a fortune to satisfy the undertaker with, and then he gets stowed away in a coffin all velvet and glitter; made altogether for vain show and not in it with the good, solid, wild cherry boxes made in the olden time by Frank Landis.

I would welcome the old town back again. We had less then but we needed less. We lived simply and there were no gradations in our society on account of wealth. Everybody was a friend to everybody; the people of the village were like …… And there were no gradations in our society on account of wealth. Everybody was a friend to everybody; the people of the village were like members of a single family, each one willing to share the burdens of his brother. Now we are torn by dissensions and divided into sects and classes, and I am doubtful if we serve God, as well in seven meeting houses as we did then in one.

September 26, 1935

A majority of the 131 voters of the village having voted that it should be incorporated into a town, another election was set down for the 20th day of November, 1876, to choose a set of officers for its government. And a precedent was established that has never yet been broken, of choosing candidates for and conducting the town elections without regard to political parties.

But though the voters did not divide along party lines the election was none the less hotly contested. The contention for the offices of marshal and clerk was especially warm. For marshal the candidates were George M. Ray, who had lately come here from Wabash, and was later to become the principal attorney of the town, and William F. Young, now of the lumber firm of Greene & Young of Goshen, who then conducted a blacksmith shop here.

For town clerk the candidates were Edwin F. Holloway, still a resident of the town, and Harry F. Lincoln, who had only recently come from Wabash with a small printing outfit and had started here the second newspaper of the place, the Syracuse Gazette. I cannot tell you who were all the candidates for the other town officers. But when the votes were counted it was found, and so certified by H.S. Bortner, who was chairman of the election board, that the following persons were elected.

Trustee for the first ward, Amos King, for the second ward, Addison Greene, and for the third ward, Evan Miles; clerk, Edwin F. Holloway; treasurer, Jacob Bushong, marshal, George M. Ray, and assessor, William A. Mann, these to serve only until the following May, when another election would be held to select officers for full and regular terms.

On the evening of the 23rd of November, 1876, the new officers were sworn in by Edmund Greene, lawyer and afterward mayor of the city of Warsaw, who was brought over to administer proper oaths to them, their bonds were filed (that of the treasurer being for $250.00, which must have been thought to be twice the amount of money that was likely to come into his hands at any one time) and the board of trustees organized by electing Evan Miles its president.

Mr. Holloway is the only surviving one of this list of the town's first officers. Amos King died last year at an advanced age, Addison Greene was the father of Raymond S. Greene, now of Goshen. Immediately after the building of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad he had come here with a saw mill, which he set up near the tracks of that company in Ketring's Addition, on lots now owned by Joseph Stough, whereon he also built the residence occupied by Mr. Stough at this time. He ran this mill but a few years and sold it to somebody who moved it away, and engaged in the hardware business on

Main street, in a frame building that stood where the drug store of F.L. Hoch now is. After serving on the town board he was chosen and served a term as trustee of Turkey Creek township. He died in 1886 while yet a young man.

Evan Miles was the father of P.F. and Perry Miles and Mrs. Wilson Felkner, of Milford, Douglas Miles now of Dowagiac, Mich., of John Miles, Mrs. Jane Bachman, Catharine Kindig and Ellen Holloway, of Syracuse, and Mary, wife of Michael Stiver, recently deceased, who lives on a farm near New Paris. He was 79 years old at the time of his death, which occurred in 1892.

Joseph Bushong, treasurer, was the husband of Mrs.KatharineBushong,who stilllives in Syracuse,and the father of John, of this place, and Samuel, who resides on afarm north of town, and of Mrs. J.W. Rothenberger, the wife of the undertaker, and Mrs.William Whitehead, now of Elkhart. These daughters are twins and were born in 1875, the year before the town was incorporated. At the time of his election Mr. Bushong also kept a hardware store, I believe, in a frame building that stood on the ground now occupied by the post office building. He died in 1882 at the age of 42.

George M. Ray, after practicing law here for ten years was elected prosecuting attorney in 1888 and moved to Warsaw. His first wife died here in 1884 and left him with three children—two daughters and a son named Harry. Shortly before his removal to Warsaw he was again married, and after his removal became the father of another son, named Bram, after W.B., or "Bram" Funk, whom Mr. Ray always greatly admired. This second wife lived but a few years after this marriage, when he was again left a widower. His life was rather miserable after that, and came to a sad and cheerless end shortly, when he was still comparatively a young man.

W.A. or Albert Mann, assessor, was the son of George Mann, pioneer settler, and the youngest brother of Richard or "Dick," partner of Jos. H. DeFries, and the father of Harvey and Clarence Mann, of Montpelier, Ohio, of Mrs. John Younce, of Wolf Lake, Indiana, and of Frank Mann, of this place. His wife was a sister of Miss Amy Aber, and it was with the family of Mr. Mann that she made her home. After the death of Mrs. Mann he married Miss Ellen Hough, an old friend of the family, of Middlebury, Indiana, to which place they later moved. Afterward Mr. Mann found employment in a store at White Pigeon, Mich., and at this latter place he died a few years ago, the last member of the original Mann family, that haad so large a part in the early development of this community.

The town had been divided into three wards, the first containing all that part of it north of Main street and east of the creek, the second from Main to Pearl street and all west of the creek, and the third from Pearl street south, including Hillabold's Addition. Amos King, of the first ward, lived in the rear of the Church of God, Addison Greene, of the second, near the railroad across the creek, where Jos. Stough now lives, and Evan Miles, of the third, in the house now occupied by Ed. F. Holloway. I believe these divisions have never yet been changed.

Referring to the old names of points of interest around the lake: the bay just east of Pickwick Park and the marsh behind it wherein there was the best of duck shooting used to be well known as the Gordaneir bay or marsh. I never knew how it got this name, nor could I learn by inquiries of old settlers, but the records show that this marsh and some

three hundred acres of land about it was entered in June and July, 1837, by Andrew Gardanier, or Gordanier. Who he was or where was his home I do not know, but I judge he never lived here-about, for I can find nobody who has any recollection of him. But the marsh and bay must have taken their name from him.

The McClintic marsh, which lies just west of Jarrett's at the far south end of the lake, and which was also a good duck marsh in the early days, took its name from Eston McClintic, whose homestead was near it.

And now, since I have come to talk about the lake again, I will tell you a fish story.

It was the spring of 1855. John F., or "Old Johnnie" Kitson, with his family, still lived on the farm now owned by George Myers, just north of the lake, and the ravine where the spring is, now owned by John Albert Ott, was known as Kitson's Landing, for the reason that the Kitson boys kept their boat there, as I have told you. And from the landing two of these Kitson boys, Alfred and George, having in their boat with them Jacob Etter and George Snyder, were spearing or "fire fishing" in the shallows about Big Buck Island. There were numerous other similar fishing parties on the lake that night, one of which was John Miles, who still lives in Syracuse, and Turpin Rentfrow, son of Moses Rentfrow senior who also is still living and resides in Warsaw, Indiana.

I believe I ought to tell you how this "fire fishing" was done in the early days, for you must know that there was then no such thing as kerosene or gasoline, and the only way of carrying a sufficient torch on a boat was to build a wood fire on it. So a platform was built across the boat about one third the length of it back from the bow, in the center of which platform was fastened a "jack" made of rings a foot or more in diameter riveted to three upright pieces of iron that held them six inches or so apart, the whole "jack" being two feet or more high above the platform, which latter was usually raised a foot or so above the boat. The platform was then covered with wet clay and in this jack afire was kept burning brightly by dropping dry splinters of rails, or, preferably, the outside bark from shellbark hickory trees into it on end. Often the blaze from such a fire would mount into the air eight or ten feet and would light up the water around the boat for a considerable distance. In front of this fire, in the bow of the boat, stood the principal spearman, and usually just behind it stood another. Back of him would the boat be filled with splinters of wood or bark with which to keep the fire replenished, and on the rear sear would be one, and sometimes two men with paddles.

Out in the bay a hundred yards or so south of Big Buck Island, an enormous fish was encountered by the Kitson, Etter, Snyder party. Two spears were plunged into it, and, the men clinging to the handles of their spears, it ran toward the shore, taking the boat with it. Excitedly the men called for somebody to come with an ax, and Miles and Rentfrow, who had an ax in their boat, hastened to their assistance, and the fish having, with the boat, run into shallow water, it was struck with an ax and killed. You may be sure there was much excitement. All the fishermen on that part of the lake that night came out to view the wonderful catch. It was finally loaded into the Kitson boat and was hauled over to Kitson's Landing and from there dragged and carried to the Kitson farm, the whole party following. There it was carefully weighed. Its weight was 156 pounds. It was a sturgeon, such as were at that time common in the St. Joseph river. And it contained an enormous quantity of spawn.

No other fish of such a size, and so far as I know, no other sturgeon, large or small, has ever been caught in the lake, and yet, that there are other similar fish therein to this day there can be no doubt; for one or more of them has been seen about every year, including this present year 1909. The writer and his brother, Ed. E. Miles, some twelve or more years ago, saw one of them as it sprang clear out of the water within a hundred yards of their boat while it was at play, midway between The Inn and Vawter Park, that must have been as large as the one caught in 1855.

But they can hardly be in the lake in large numbers, and I judge the environment there is not well suited for their propagation; though a few of them must be hatched and matured, else they would disappear altogether.

Before the building of dams here and in the rivers no doubt, when the streams were swollen by the spring floods, these sturgeon padded up the Elkhart river and Turkey creek into the lake, and all of them that happened to be therein when the outlet of the lake was dammed by Crosson and Ward, were compelled there to spend their lives. Had the environment been favorable for their reproduction they would no doubt be plentiful in the lake.

The imaginations of the boys and girls about the lake used to feast upon the wonderful stories that were told by people who now and then came suddenly upon some monster of the deep that was no doubt one of these sturgeon, and got a good scare. This monster was believed to inhabit the waters of the lake, alone of its kind, and was known an Conrad's devil, after old Henry Conrad, who for very many years, until he was more than ninety years old, camped every summer, mysterious and solitary, on Conrad's Island, which long afterward became Bob Epert's beer garden.

October 17, 1935

Hardly a family was there in the town in those days but kept a cow, and these were turned out on the commons to find their living during every summer, until these commons were bare and would support them no longer, and then pasture must be hired for them. And while most every family had a cow many of them did not have boys and those who did not have boys would pay us a few cents a week to drive their cows to and from the pasture for them each day, and this then became a considerable source of income for us, on account of which we welcomed the work.

But the possession of a cow and a boy in the family meant that on about two days in every week the boy would have to churn, and next to gathering potato bugs that was the hardest task that could be placed upon him. There was never a boy in the town but over and over again pledged his sacred honor and staked his life upon it in the sacred "hope to die" that, should he live to maturity and become "his own boss," though he were doomed to spend the remainder of his life without ever tasting butter, he would never churn again. And I take it that in this, Syracuse boys were much like others over all the land, for that great philosopher, Josh Billings, in his wisdom once said: "I will mind the baby while the wimmen folks bile soap, and I wil even sew karpet rags and kore apples for sass, but I won't churn."

While this task of churning was hard enough for all of us, goodness knows the misfortune of it was much greater for poor Perry and Doug than for all the rest put

together, for their father's cow (named Cherry on account of her shining red color) gave cream that could scarcely be gathered into butter under a day's churning. You must try to imagine what a day of suffering churning day was for them.

Their churn was a square box-like affair with a dasher inside that went with a crank—with three of them their father used to say. And the boys would give it alternately each a hundred turns; which was admitted to be an accurate division of the labor. But on account of errors in the counting the plan gave rise to endless trouble. The one at the handle would affirm that he had turned it a hundred times, and would turn it not once more. The other would declare that his count showed but ninety-six or seven and he would touch it not until it were turned three or four more times. Oftentimes a scrap would grow from these disputed counts, and then Aunt Katy would appear, administer a warm spanking to the contestants, and her self give the crank a dozen turns or so, which would break the deadlock for the time.

I hope the boys and girls of today properly appreciate the great advantage they have in the public library that the generous people of the town have provided for them, and that they make much use of it. I am sure we of the old time would have done so if we had had it when we were boys. For, to our credit, we had a great hunger for books. But it was most illy supplied. About the only books we could get hold of at all were paper backed novels that cost ten cents each, and the reading of these was generally forbidden by our parents, so that when a new one by any fortune came into our possession we were compelled to steal away into the woods, or along the creek, or behind a barn to read it.

I remember well those old books, every one of them an "Indian story," patterned somewhat after Fennimore Cooper, of whom we never then had heard, and all about alike—stories of a hero in buckskin clothes, who, single handed, slayed Indians by the hundred, and finally rescued the fair maiden that had been carried away in captivity, and restored her unharmed to her fond parents or lover. And I got the idea that all printed stories were "Indian stories," and I burned with a great desire to become a trapper or a scout, and to have a trusted rifle, and to be a great hero of the frontier, and to kill many Indians and rescue not a few captured maidens.

We used to gather around the fire in the office of the old hotel on winter evenings and one of us who had read a new story would recite it to the rest in all its details. And we would sit about and listen through the long recital more quiet than you can believe it possible for boys to be. Frank Sloan was the best at this, and we all were proud of him for his ability to read a book through and then repeat it to us, as we thought almost word for word. And I am suspicious that at times when he had not been able to secure a new book, he made up a story of his own for us, which he could easily have done no doubt. But no matter whether the story was borrowed or original, the recital of it was always most thoroughly enjoyed.

But, oh, if we could have had the books of Hans Anderson and Louisa May Alcott, and the Grimms; and Robinson Crusoe, and Treasure Island, and the Swiss Family Robinson, and a hundred more that you boys and girls may have and welcome if you will but go to the library and ask for them, how much more we would have enjoyed them than we did

the cheap and often harmful stories we had to steal away to read! And what a new world would the reading of them have opened up for us!

I should have told you before that our summer vacations were eight months long. There was usually what was called a spring term of school of three months duration, but it was only for beginners of the first school years. For those who had committed to memory the multiplication table and learned something of common fractions there were but four months of school in the year, beginning in November and ending in March. The spring terms were usually taught by young ladies who were not required to have teachers' licenses and who were willing to work for very little pay, and no boy of ten or more years would think of lowering his dignity by attending them.

October 3, 1935

One hundred years ago, when Syracuse was first settled, there was no "Main street," of course. But one was established, and during the life-time here of Mrs. Minerva Benner, aged 92, and Milt Weaver, 82, changes have been made.

Most of these seem to be moving of houses.

They both remember when Sharon Hall's farm house stood where the Journal office is now located, with an orchard extending almost to Bachman's corner, and up the hill in back of this present block of buildings, the fruit protected by a high fence. Where Roscoe Howard now lives was then known as "Pig Cured Alley." Hall's house was moved to Huntington street and at present is being remodeled into their home, by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Schleeter.

Adam Ketring and son Silas had a store where Bachman's is now located.

There was a grist mill where the power house now stands, and Eisenlohr haad a store where the Charles Crow home is located on Main Street. "The Ruff 'N Ready" hotel was located about where Will Rapp's home is. On the other side of Main street in this block, Sharon Hall had a stone room, in which the first post office was located. Mail was brought to Syracuse, from Goshen, twice a week in a spring wagon by Henry Phebus.

Bill Guy had a store where Insley's beer parlor is now located.

The Lake House was located where the Grand hotel now stands. It was managed by Henry Blanchard, and Mrs. Benner said when her parents came here, 82 years ago, they, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Miles managed the hotel for a number of years. They had first lived in a two room house where the A.L. Miller home nowstands.

The Lake House was later moved to Front street by Charles Wilcox, and is now standing there, property of the Lind estate.

JoeHendrickson had built, for Mart Hillabold, the house which was moved back for the Gafill filling station, which now makes a home for Mr. and Mrs. O.P. Davis. Hendrickson also built a house for himself where Connolly's building now stands. This house was later moved to South Main street, the Rippey property, in which Miss Helen Jeffries lives.

On the same side of Main street, in that block was the Kern building. William Bowld's father had a saloon downstairs and they lived upstairs. Dan Deeter later tore this building down and moved the lumber to the Frank Bushong farm. Dr. Biolet was located next door to Bowld's.

The old Kitson home, later the Kindig home, was on the present location of Ruple's filling station. It was moved in recent years, across Syracuse lake, and Kenneth Harkless remodeled it, and recently sold it.

Miss Irene Sprague's father died in the house which stood next to the Lake House. This house was moved down Main street and is the present home of Dave Dewart.

The first school house was a log one, and was located in the vicinity of the present grade school. It has been plastered and made over, Mrs. Benner said, and is owned by Wm. Bowld, and occupied by the Droke family. Following this school house a frame one was built, and when it was torn away, half of it was made into a barn by Dr. B.F. Hoy, and the other half is the present Katharine Rothenberger property on Huntington street.

Mrs. Benner said the teacher in the log school house was Mr. Thades, and the first in the frame school house was Mr. Cowan. The real Syracuse school house was built in 1874, with the coming of the B. & O. through town, and it was succeeded by the present Grade school, built in front of it in 1908. The 1874 building was recently torn down.

Ed McClintic had the Elhanan Miles house moved from the front of his present home property on Huntington street, to the lot where the Community building now stands. Mrs. Hillabold and daughter, later Mrs. Dale Bachman lived in this house.

Kitson and Gordy's lumber company had built a house where Sam Searfoss's shop now stands, for Mrs. Hillabold and her daughter. This house was later moved and is now the house in which Mr. and Mrs. H.W. Montgomery make their home.

Mrs. Ellen Traster bought the Hillabold house from the present community building lot, and it was moved to Main street, near the present bridge, and is the house in which "Duck" Traster and brother Ort live.

The school board had bought a number of lots where Searfoss's shop now is, which was the reason for moving the latest Hillabold house, and it was though the school would be built there. But when put to a vote of the town it was decided to build the school on Main street in 1908.

According to Milt Weaver, the house in which W.M. Wilt lives in the summer, on the point, on Syracuse lake, was lived in by George Thomas, and early minister here, on a lot near where the Methodist church now stands. Ownership of his house changed often, John Weaver owning it, and later Dave Fry.

In early years, Milt Weaver said that across the mill race was nkown as "Over the Rhine," because there was a saloon on West Boston street. When the B. & O. first came through Syracuse, the depot was on West Boston, near the Stough crossing.

Huntington street was not opened as far down as the railroad. It only went as far as Mrs. Jane Bachman's house, because beyond this point, it was thought to be only quicksand. The way to Goshen when Mrs. Benner first moved here, was down Main street to the Dunkard church corner, then through the cemetery, which was all trees, she said, to a point on the present Huntington road near Emmett Weaver's farm. She said later the road went up over the hill from Main street.

"The Ruff 'N' Ready" was moved to the point where Mrs. Josie Snavely's brick house now stands; later the old building was moved to the location of the pool room today. After being moved it became Grissom's harness shop. Then the building was taken up the hill and is the house in which Lahman lives.

Silas Ketring built the house in which Will Rapp lives, on Main street. The building in which Hall had his postoffice was bought from Mrs. Benner

She said that later Sam Kindig gave the corner where Insley's parlor now stands, for a postoffice, and that it was located there for many years.

Because it was thought the land beyond Mrs. Jane Bachman's home was quicksand, the road wasn't opened for some time. Sam Akers owned the lot on which Joe Rapp's house stands, having paid $10 for it. He had 80 loads of dirt filled in there, and then sold the house for the same $10 to Bill Miller, who had some more loads filled in, and sold it to Warren Rentfrow, who built on it. He didn't dig a cellar, though. He built a wall, put his house on that, and filled dirt around the all until it became a cellar.

Silas Ketring owned the lott where L.A. Seider's house is, and Milt Weaver said that he hauled 400 loads of dirt one winter to fill in that lot for Ketring.

Hillabold bought from Skinner the present Thompson farm, which extended from West Main street to the lake. Hillabold donated to the B. & O. railroad the land for a depot, and it was built at its present location (the present freight house used to be this passenger depot). Then Hillabold had his addition and Strombeck's laid out into lots. Hillabold owned a saw mill where the U.B. church now stands.

When the depot was located at the Huntington crossing the road was extended from Mrs. Jane Bachman's home, to that point, and was the kind of road on which one drove through water much of the way, Hilt Weaver said.

He said he remembers when he first drove to Conkling Hill, now Oakwood Park, when he had to hold back the team all the way, as it meant weaving around stumps from the forest which had been cut down there to make a road.

Weaver said the first church in Syracuse, was Methodist and services were held in the building in which Levi Kitson now lives. Mrs. Benner said she remembered going to Sunday school there. Mrs.Benner said that this church discontinued in a few years, and that a man from Goshen who owned lots on the hill gave these to the town for the construction of a church which would be for all sects. It is the present Church of God, but when first built, different church had different hours for their "turns" and Mrs. Benner remembers going to Sunday school in the afternoon.

Weaver said the first "calaboose" or jail was located where the former Miles' property, now that of M.M. Smith stands. There was a black smith shop in charge of Nick Basney where the Sol Miller home is located. Basney shod oxen.

Weaver said that John and Ed Widner had a blacksmith shop on the hill, North Huntington street.

The present feed mill was the first stock selling scheme in Syracuse. It was built after stock in it had been sold to residents here, 50 years ago.

Mrs. Benner said after her marriage to James Benner, they moved their house from in back of the present location of Insley's beer parlor, to the lot where C.E. Brady lives. That was 65 years ago, and that is the same house. She said Yankee Mitchell had built the present Benner property on the lot where the Hursey home now stands, and they moved and remodeled the house, 33 years ago.

She said most of the building in town when she first came here at the age of 8, were long, narrow buildings, one story in height, except Phebus's two story building, which

stood where Bushong's barber shop now stands, and which burned ddown, burning Harve Snyder, who could not escape.

All the building in town and in the vicinity numbered 25 when Mrs. Benner's parents arrived here, 82 years ago.

October 3, 1935

DO YOU REMEMBER……

When Jacob R. Kitson and Elmer Kitson hauled stone for the "new" school house in 1874, from Cranberry hill?

When they hauled stone about that same time for the building of Miles house where Mr. and Mrs. Merton Meredith now live?

When some one's hat always landed back of the counter, near the tobacco when Hall started sorting mail brought to his store by Pappy Wallace?

How James Benner was seriously injured when his "pung" or sled, ran away, coming down Huntington hill and crashed into the steps where Insley's beer parlor is now located?

When Ed Holloway, who played his guitar and his daughter Lizzie who sang and danced, used to entertain people with performances on the street?

When George Miles and Al Acker organized a band?

When J.P. Prickett organized the first newspaper in Syracuse, "The Syracuse Enterprise" in 1874?

When The Syracuse Gazette was started in town in 1877 in a building where the Journal office now stands?

When two years later Elmer Kitson and George W. Miles published the Syracuse, Reflector, to serve Syracuse and Milford?

Do you remember Dr. Shock? Dr. Kelly? Dr. Ihrig? Dr. Collar?

When Jacob Kitson had a livery stable where the library now stands?

When Mart Hillabold had a mill where the U.B. Church stands?

When the course of the Mill race was changed at Main street?

When Main street was paved?

When Alf Roberts and Jim Benner were butchering and Alf Roberts was carrying a rifle to shoot a pi, and it accidentally went off, killing Dow Bilderback?

That there were only 26 children in the family of which Preston Miles Sr., was a member, though his father had 16 and his mother had 16?

Who had the first automobile in town, and when, and the crowd which turned out to see it?

When it was possible for a man to go out on the lake fishing, and come in, after an hour, with a tub full of fish?

When it was the customary thing for fishermen to carry three strings of fish reaching from their shoulder to drag on the ground, after they had been on the lake fishing?

Do you remember when the daughter of Preston Miles St., carrying an armful of eggs, caught her heel on the steps of Eisenlohr's store and fell to the boardwalk, the eggs shooting across the street?

When Warren Colwell's grandfather, George Warbel, came from Ohio to take up a homestead south of town?

When Evan Miles went out from his farm, later known at the Juday farm, and in an hour returned with a deer which he had shot?

When there were Indians living in this vicinity, numbering many more than the whites?

When the block of buildings from Bachman's to the Journal Office burned in a disastrous fire?

When men returning from the Civil War had to walk from Goshen to Syracuse?

Do you remember in what building in town the first furnace was installed? The first bath room? The first telephone? The first electric lights?

When the cement mill was first located in Syracuse? When it was moved away from town?

When vacationists on the north side of Lake Wawasee could hear the planks of the bridge across the ditch near the present Warren home rumble when a horse and carriage would cross it?

When the trees of Lovers' Lane, between Col. Eli Lilly's place and the Sargent hotel were felled by ice which shoved onto shore from Wawasee lake; how the wreckers from Indianapolis gave up the work of pulling those 24 trees upright into place again; and how Charles Jarrett, part Indian, replanted the trees—and they grew?

When women smoked pipes instead of cigarettes?

When Josiah Slabaugh answered the request of two men for a night's lodging, gave supper, lodging and breakfast to the men, told them nothing when they asked how much, received from them a $5 bill; showed his surprise at the amount so that the two men told him they were Jesse James and brother Frank?

Who was the first trustee of this township?

October 2?, 1935

Leonard Brown has told us a good deal about the early churches of the town. A few of the people were Methodists, and presumably others of other denominations, but the sect with the largest membership were Lutherans and members of the only one that had a meeting house here were the Baptists.

Their building stood on the north side of Main street, on the alley west of Harrison street, and, rebuilt into a modern dwelling house, it stands there yet, and is the comfortable home of the family of Mr. Levi N. Kitson. In what year it was build I cannot tell you, but it must have been before 1850. If any one of my readers can tell me the year I wish he would do so. During the war I remember well the Sunday school that was held in it, of which good and pious uncle Daniel Witters, father of the mother of Rev. Elmer Grubb, was supertendent, and Isaac Kitson, now of Syracuse, directed the singing, for I attended it, barefooted, on many Sundays. And I remembmer the singing schools that were held in it, too, taught also, if I remember alright, by Mr. Kitson, and what jolly fun it was, after we had all been carefully trained to sing "do do re mi do sol re me" until we could do it satisfactorily, to hear "Frisky" Landis, in a voice more powerful than all the rest, bellow it out "do do-to-me do" etc. That was the best fun for me, for I was a

little boy. But there was better fun for Frisky and the larger ones, for there would be a "recess" presently, and then, out in the street in front of the church, a "ring" would be formed by all, young men and women, holding hands in a circle, and each of them in turn would walk around this ring and tag the one he liked best, and then make pretense of trying to run away while the one tagged would run him or her down and give him or her a great, resounding smack of a kiss, square on the lips. I think that must have been better fun than to hear Frisky's bad singing. To be honest, I know it was, for I tried it a few years later, after the building of the new church, of which I am going to tell you, in which there were many similar singing class, taught by J.D. Umbenhour and his bass fiddle, both of whom still live in Goshen, and by Prof. Moury, who was the first partner of Mr. Wilson, of the music firm of Rogers & Wilson, of Goshen, and who later became superintendent of schools of Elkhart county, and by a Mr. Ainsworth of Millersburg, and others. But this is a diversion.

Now, as I remember, the Baptists were not strong enough to support a minister and there was little preaching in this meeting house, to which was welcomed any minister who could be secured for a sermon. And in the first days of the year 1863 a revival meeting was held in it by the Rev. Geo. Thomas.

Where had been Mr. Thomas' former home I do not know. But with his family he remained a resident of the town for several years thereafter, and occupied the dwelling house on Pearl street now owned by Mr. David fry. His children were a son named Janver, or Janvier, and a daughter named Julia, who all old timer will well remember.

This revival meeting, which was a very successful one it seems, closed early in March, 1863, and then was born the church of God of Syracuse. I quote from the church records:

> "The Church of God at Syracuse, Kosciusko County, Indiana," (was organized) "on the—day of march 1863, by Elder George Thomas, at the conclusion of a protracted meeting of six weeks. The meeting resulted in about forty conversions and baptisms, and about the same number united in church fellowship. John Gordy and Robert V. Cory were elected elders, and Amos King and Harvey Venamon, deacons."

Thirty-five, it seems, was the exact number that made up the little band at the time, and here are their names:

Charles Strombeck	Amos King
Elizabeth Strombeck	William Bowl
Rebecca Kauffman	Henry Overholser
Henry Hendrickson	Polly Overholser
Cathatine Hendrickson	John Freighly
Malinda Brady	Alonzo Cory
William Bushong	Matilda Cory
Elizabeth Bushong	Adoniram Cory
Robert V. Cory	James Brady
Elizabeth Cory	John Gordy
Harvey Venamon	Mary A. Gordy
Elizabeth Venamon	Martha Brady

W.J. Brady	Julia Thomas
John Coy	Catharine Thomas
Catharine Whistler	Amarillis Thomas
J.S. Thomas	Nancy Brady
Julia Thomas	John Freely

Two Julia Thomases, one of whom lost her membership by joining the Christian church, and the other moved away. But I strongly suspect that John Freely and John Freighly were the same person, and that the last was put down to correct spelling of the name, which would reduce the first membership to thirty-four.

To these were added in the following year (1864) the names of John S, Weaver, Catharine Weaver, Joseph Kauffman and Mary Kauffman, which brought the membership up to thirty-eight.

In 1865 the pastors of the church were Elders E. Bryan and John S. Shock, Mr. Thomas having continued in charge of the flock until that year, and the membership remained stationary. In 1866 Mr. Shock was retained as pastor, and it is recorded that there were a number of accessions and "During the year the church also succeeded in the erection, completion and dedication of a house of worship, size 38x58—18 feet from floor to ceiling, at a cost of about 3,300 dollars. The dedicatory exercises were conducted by Elders George Smith and J.S. Shock."

The second church edifice had come into existence in the town. And a very creditable building it was, indeed, for the time. At the head of the building committee was Charles Strombeck, and he probably contributed more largely than did anyone else. And John Gordy and Jacob Ott were also large contributors. And the people of the town generally, whatever church they belonged to, and whether they belonged to any church at all, assisted by contributions large and small.

Poo William Bushong (brother of Eli, proprietor of the Main street barber shop) was one of the deacons of the church. Being a carpenter, with much pride he generously labored in the erection of the building, but he sickened with peritonitis and died before its completion.

And how proud the people of the village were of the building! Its spire was compared with those of the most pretentious churches of Goshen, and it was decided that while some of them rose higher and were more costly, none of them possessed so much grace and beauty!

This building, now forty-three years old, fitted with electric lights and modern heating apparatus but otherwise little changed from what it was when Elders Smith and Shock dedicated it in 1866, stands today, a monument to the devotion and generosity of the people of the village of the time of its building, and still one of the best places of worship in the town.

Naturally the church membership increased more rapidly after it had acquired this fine home, and within little more than a year thereafter, by January 1868, it had reached nearly a hundred. I am surprised to learn that in November, 1867, Dr. LaFayette Violett joined it, as also did his wife, Margaret, or Maggie, who had bee Maggie Welsh. And among others who became members within that year or so I find the names of Matilda Acker, Dr. D.W. Shock and his wife, Albert and Sarah Mann, Amy Aber (God bless her!),

Jacob Hattle and his wife, Louis and Catharine Lape, Frederick and Mary Butt, John and Mary Louise Howard, Franklin and Eliza Lesh, David Bushong, Rachel, wife of William Bowld, Jacob and Nancy Rosebarger, Zachariah and Malinda Hendrickson, Jacob and Sarah Ott, Mary Jane King, Eli and Catharine Grissom, John and Mahala Rookstool, John and Margaret Widner, Zebidee and Eliza Widner, John and Geniza Brady, Thomas J. and Emma Brady, Martin and M.A. Sttrombeck, Lydia Baker, who later became the whife of Samuel Bashor, and others.

William and Margaret Wallis became members a year later, in 1869, in which year twenty-three more names were added to the membership roll, that must have brough it upward of a hundred. At this time Elder George Smith was the regular pastor, he having succeeded Mr. Shock in 1867. He was much beloved, not only by the members of his church, but by al the people of the village, who were drawn to him by his rugged manliness, his simple honesty and his childlike sincerity and devotion.

In 1870 and 1871 Mr. Shock was again the pastor, and then, in 1872, came W.W. Lovett, who remained for two years. And how we all saints and simmers alike, admired and loved him! Kindly, broad, generous—oh! he would have opened wide the door of heaven and driven us all within whether we would or not. He still lives in Wolcottville, Indiana, loved and honored there, I doubt not, as he was and is here.

Elder Joseph Bumpus filled the pulpit for a balance of an unexpired year in 1875, and after him came W.P. Small, who remained two years and then, in the fall of 1877, came Edmund MIller, who remained three years. In 1874 a parsonage had been built on Washington street at a cost of $900, that was first occupied by the family of Mr. Small. Mr. Miller had just been married, and into this parsonage he and his wife moved. He was a bright minister and a likable man, who soon became exceedingly popular, especially with the younger people of the town, and is remembered most kindly.

After Mr. Miller, in 1880 came again Mr. Lovett, and he continued until 1883, and was succeeded by Isaac W. Markley. Mr. Markley had been brought up in the township, being the son of William Markley, who in 1852 entered a large tract of land east of Wawasee Lake and there reared his family. Affairs in the church had not been going well, and he was depended upon to bring about a better state of harmony. He continued until 1887. In his own hand her recorded:

> "Dec. 20, 1883, I was appointed to supply the circuit until the Eldership. Found the church in a sad condition. The appointment was held for four years in succession, or until October 1, 1887, at which time the church was in a comparatively prosperous condition. The membership were in good spirits and hopeful for the future success of the church work."

Which states the case modestly, for Mr. Markley had succeeded in reconciling differences and bringing about a good feeling of harmony within the church that, I believe, has continued unbroken down to this day.

Following Mr. Markley the pastors were G.L. Kimmell in 1887 and 1888, W.W. Lovett 1889, J.F. Kline and J.W. Stringfellow 1890, Louis B. Fretz, 1892, I.W. Markley 1893, and Joseph Bumpus thereafter until 1898. It is recorded that Elder Bumpus and Sister Woodsworth conducted a series of revival meetings from Dec. 9, 1896 to January 17, 1897, during which 73 additions were made to the church membership, and that again

in January, 1898, by the assistance of Mrs. Woodsworth, many accessions to the membership were made.

Shortly after this Mr. Bumpus retired from the active ministry. He and his good wife are still residents of Syracuse, and, full of years and honors, await the great reward that will surely be theirs. The names of the ministers that have followed him are probably within the memory of all my readers.

Such, in brief, is the history of the Church of God in Syracuse—the oldest of the churches now here and the one that has had the greatest part in the spiritual history of the town. It has had its seasons of prosperity and reverses, as have all earthly institutions, but on the whole its record is one of much progress. I believe that it now has the largest membership of the several churches of the town. It is far beyond my power to estimate the immense amount of good that it has accomplished since its organization in 1863. Long may it continue.

I would give special praise to some of the members of the church for their zealous labors through long years in its behalf, but I cannot name all those who deserve it, and must desist lest I do injustice to those not mentioned. I believe I will not be blamed, though, if I speak of one—Mr. James Brady, still a resident of the town. His membership dates from the first organization—March 1863—and the best efforts of his life, it seems to me, have been devoted to its welfare.

After the construction of the new meeting house by the Church of God, the bilding that belonged to the Baptists fell into disuse as a church. The members of that organization were too few to support a minister or keep up a church. And within a few years their building was sold to Mr. Noah King, who converted it into a dwelling house. Ten or eleven years ago Mr. Kitson purchased the property from Mr. King and rebuilt it into the residence as it appears now.

October 31, 1935

From my boyhood I have heard much of William Conkling, called Old Billy Conkling, who, it used to be claimed, was a relative of Roscoe Conkling, the famous senator from New York (of which claim I have always kept a very strong doubt) and who came here with the very first settlers and located on the hill that took his name, now changed to Oakwood Park, and though I have made many inquiries as to what manner of man he was, I have been unable to get such a description of him as would enable me to picture him to you. A man of considerable importance in the very early days he was, I take it, possibly on account of his location at the near end of Wawasee Lake, where those who came to fish and hunt made headquarters.

I am going to transcribe here a picture of Mr. Conkling and his wife, drawn by Mr. P.M. Henkel in a letter published in the Goshen Democrat in 1898. My elder readers need not be told who Mr. Henkel is. For a great many years he was a resident and a prominent citizen of Goshen, and his son, Charley, was for several years auditor of Elkhart county. When I was a little boy he made frequent visits here, in company with a Mr. Grubb, then also of Goshen, for the purpose of hunting and fishing on the lakes, at each of which they were entertained by my father and mother in the old hotel in which we then lived, and my recollections of him are from that time. At the age of nearly

ninety years he is still living with one of his daughters in Iowa. And here is his description of the Conklings, written eleven years ago.

"My first visit to these water" (Syracuse Lake) "was in 1844. It was in the month of June. Syracuse at that time was but little more than a name. The mill and a few scattered houses composed the village. By previous arrangement I was to meet a party of friend from Benton. I was to precede them one day and engage some person having the necessary outfit for our entertainment. With this object in view I was recommended to a Mr. Conkling, who had boats and was familiar with the best grounds for fishing. When I called I found the old gentleman was away from home, disposing of his previous day's catch. The old lady I found at home and very communicative. She readily consented to the arrangement that her husband should furnish the outfit and accompany the party next day. I engaged the use of a boat for the afternoon, for which I paid the good old dame the sum of twenty-five cents. This liberality the good old lady said was very unusual, and she thanked me. I found her very talkative, and determined to give me a full history of herself and her family.

"'Why,' she said, 'I have a sister living in Cincinnati, and she is rich, and lives in fine style. She keeps servants, and has a fine carriage and horses, and dresses in silks every day. She has written me time and again to come and live with her. Then, too, my older brother, James—he wants me to live with him. But how could I leave my dear old husband? We promised, when we were married, that we would be faithful to each other while we lived, and I think is my Christian duty to keep that promise.

"'Brother James has written me frequently to come to him, but, you see, I can't leave my husband. You must have heard who my brother James is. He is a man of much note and has filled many high offices in Pennsylvania, and I think he is a member of congress from that state now. I mean Mr. James Buchanan—he is my brother.'

"The sincerity with which the old lady made this statement convinced me that she really believed herself to be the sister of Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania. Up to this time I had no suspicion that she was mentally deranged, but this last claim convinced me that she was; but it would have been cruelty on my part to express a doubt of her statements. She lived and died fully believing that she was a sister of that famous statesman, James Buchanan. I made many efforts to escape from her in the boat I had hired, and at last succeeded, while she stood on the bank of the lake and fired her clack after me until I got out of earshot of her tongue.

"On returning in the evening I found my host awaiting me at the landing. He received me cordially and made me welcome. From this time on the old gentleman monopolized the entire conversation, to the exclusion of his wife, which to me was a source of consolation. There was but one bed in the house, and it was occupied by the old gentleman and his wife, while I took my chance on the floor, with my boots for a pillow.

"In this position I was entertained for many hours by Mr. Conkling giving me a history of his early life. He had spent many years as a sailor and taken part in many of the naval engagements of the war of 1812. At times he became truly eloquent, and some of his descriptions were transcendently beautiful. Coming from the source it did, it filled me with astonishment. But nature demanded rest and I passed to the land of dreams, to awake under the fumes of frying of frying bacon only to hear the last part of the old

man's wonderful descriptions, from which I concluded they had continued during my sleep.

"For want of a basin, towels, etc. I repaired to the lake to perform my ablutions. The morning was quiet—so quiet that the stillness was almost oppressive. The lake was as smooth as polished glass. Not a sound could be heard except the doleful call of a loon at the farther end of the lake, and a bittern sounding his trumpet at intervals in an adjoining marsh—a fitting prelude to was to take place on my return to the house. Here I found my host and hostess seated at the table, ready to partake of the morning meal, the old lady with downcast eyes and folded hands reminding me that something of a devotional character was to take place. A more fitting and devout acknowledgment of benefits received never fell from the lips of man than the old gentleman there offered up, and at its close he immediately began to find fault with the meal before him. It was certainly the most surprising blending of piety and profanity I ever witnessed."

Such is the picture of the Conklings and their home life drawn for us by Mr. Henkel. Further, in giving his experiences of the day, with Mr. Conkling for his guide, he says that the landing of fish was sport for a short time only and then he tired of it, they were so plentiful. Presently he heard the baying of a dog, and a large buck deer, pursued by two men, plunged into the lake and attempted to swim across it. The chase was interesting, he says, and his sympathies were with the deer, but it turned back on account of their boat and was easily captured by its pursuers.

Of the lake then and the fishing and hunting Mr. Henkel says: "The present generation can form no conception of the sport these ground afford. The disciples of Nimrod and Walton were in their element there. The marshes about the lake were literally filled with geese, ducks and brants, and the firing of a gun would fill the air with the whirring of their wings. What a place for sportsmen!

"As to fish, the waters were wonderfully supplied with all the choice varieties. Of pickerel, black bass and sunfish there was great abundance, and they could be taken with the most primitive appliances.

"How little was the gift of a kind Providence appreciated by the early settlers. In a spirit of wantonness they were taken in and out of season, in the belief that the supply could never be diminished."

I have not record of Mr. Conkling ever having acquired any title to Conkling Hill, and I suspect he was only a squatter there. And what became of him and his wife I can not tell you.

To the east of Conkling Hill, on a tract of some twenty-five acres that was then an island, squatted two English bachelor brothers named Kaleb and Thomas Oram. And they made a new headquarters for sportsmen in their "bachelors hall," built of logs taken from the land on which they had squatted.

I would describe these brothers to you, but I am hard put to find a way to do it so that you will understand. Thomas, or Tom, I remember, who was a tall, slim Englishman, had had smallpox at some time during his life that left him deeply pitted. He left his brother and went to the war at the beginning of 1865 as a private in the 152nd regiment of Indiana infantry volunteers, and shortly after his return from that service departed for the West and was never seen here again. His brother, Kaleb, always

known as old Kale, remained on the island alone for several years, and then married Mam, whose other name, if she had one, I cannot tell you, who was a widow of Joseph Woods, an early settler of Syracuse, of whom I have heretofore told you. She had a lank, pointed nosed son from her first marriage named Bill. And these two took up their abode with Old Kale at Kale Island. On account of the eccentricities of its occupants the place then became quite famous, and many of the experiences had there by parties of fishermen and hunters would make interesting reading now, no doubt. Mam was a lean, cadaverous person with the facial expression of a pike, and her son much resembled her. Her housekeeping and cooking were hardly such as would have pleased fastidious persons. Kale was a great lover of dogs and usually had a dozen or more about him, each with a name, some of which were unprintable. A convivial and companionable fellow was he, and a man of considerable intelligence.

After the building of the railroad in 1874 Mart Hillabold, who had acquired the title to Kale Island expelled Kale and Mam and Bill from it. The three then moved to town into a little old house that stood just south of the present residence of Rev. Jos. Bumpus, and that Mam had inherited from her first husband, and there Old Kale died within a year or so. Mam survived him but a short time. Bill then moved to Kansas and I am told he still lives there and has accumulated a considerable fortune.

After Kale had been ejected from his island home John Wysong and March McCrory, both of Goshen, secured some kind of a lease from Mr. Hillabold, and in 184 built on Kale Island the first hotel on Wawasee Lake. A cheap affair of rough boards it was, without battings over the cracks, and through these the mosquitoes swarmed. I remember spending a miserable night in one of its rooms without sleep because of being as unprotected from these pests as though I had been on the lake bank outside, and I wondered at the time that others in the house seemed to sleep unmindful of them. I was a young lad then. As I look back to it now I am convinced that they were like the Kentucky colonel whose negro servant said of him that in the first part of the night he was so drunk that he couldn't feel the mosquitoes bite, and in the last part of the night the mosquitoes were so drunk they couldn't bite him nohow.

In the following summer of 1875 that hotel called the Island House was conducted by Ed E. Miles, now of this place, and Jack Kitson, now deceased, who advertised it in the Syracuse Enterprise, published here that year by Jacob P. Prickett, now of Albion, whose foreman printer was Thomas A. Starr, now of Goshen. They had a considerable patronage, principally at first from Goshen, and later from Wabash and other Indiana towns farther south. It was in that year that Uncle John T. Vawter first visited Wawasee Lake.

Miles & Kitson ran the place but one summer, and after them as I remember, came old man Kinman—a tall, dark complected queer old man, who added somewhat to the fame of the place by increasing the quantity of booze consumed there, and probably elevating the poker limit too, and by making large quantities of turtle soup, which was quite an innovation. And then poor James Getty, who had come from about Pierceton, as I remember, and who had lost his fortune and was in the grip of an unquenchable thirst that was consuming him body and soul, I believe had charge of the place. And now you will not be at all surprised when I tell you that it burned down. This in about

1877 or 1878. We never knew to a dead certainty who or what caused the fire, but everybody took it for granted that it was incendiary origin, and that Jack Kitson was the incendiary.

So came and went the first summer hotel at the lake. Its duration was not more than four years. After it had disappeared, in 1879, came the organization of the North Lake and River Association, the purchase from the late William Moore of five acres of land at what we then knew as the Yellow Banks, the naming of the place Cedar Beach, and the building of the second hotel at the lake. But this is another story, and I must keep it for a future issue of the Journal.

November 7, 1935

I have a private letter, dated at Millersburg, Ind. Oct. 16, 1909, from a gentleman who signs himself S.A. Widner. Do any of you boys know anybody of that name? I don't think I do. I used to know a boy named Ves Widner, who was all nerves, and had an imagination so vivid that it enabled him in broad daylight to see dragons in harness, dragging rattling chains over the ground, and strange creature in the air, and at times to almost compel the rest of us to see them. His father, who was a brother of Uncle Zebedee Widner of this place, lately deceased, had a blacksmith shop on the hill, which he abandoned at two different times to enlist in the service of his country in the dreadful war of the rebellion, each time leaving Ves and Hank, his older brother, and their sister whose name has escaped me now, to be fed and cared for by the self-sacrifices and jeoric labors of their most noble mother, Margaret, or Mag as we called her—God bless her memory! And shortly after the war the family moved over to Millersburg, where the father still lives at an advanced age. And I seem to dimly remember , too, of having heard at some time in the misty past, that Ves' real name was Sylvester. But I never knew S.A. Widner.

His letter, as I told you, is private, but as I have made this whole paper that same it will be no violation of his confidence to give it here and so here it is:

Millersburg, Ind., Oct. 16, 1909

Dear Friend Geo. Miles:

A few days ago I received the second copy of the Syracuse Journal and in reading your reminiscences of Syracuse and its old settlers I was very much interested. They bring back almost forgotten memories.

Carried back to the days of 1856 to 1869 by your articles I can recall many things. Well do I remember the Skinner ditch, and its grass pike, and the swimming hole below the old grist mill, in which, once on a time, the water was not deep enough to cover our backs, and our dear old mother (now gone) had to lay us on our stomachs and, with a feather, grease our backs with sweet oil for a week or two before we could again wear our ???? suspenders. We didn't know anything about rubber suspenders then.

Another incident of the hole below the mill: I was standing back of another boy while he was throwing his line just far enough to catch his hook in my upper lip. My mother took me to Dr. France, who said he would have to break the hook in two to get it out, whereupon I set up a great howl, because that would

spoil the hook, and hooks were hard to get at that time. As I remember they cost possibly as much as ten cents each. And by my protest the hook was saved, as was also my lip.

Yes, George, I too wonder whether the boys of today enjoy themselves as we did. We did not have knee pants, nor tailored suits, with white shirts and collars and tan colored hose and shoes.

I wish it were possible to get the boys of those days together once more, but I suppose it is not, as those of them who are living are scattered from Maine to California. I often try to locate them and to have my old school days over, when we assembled in the old double school house, where Anna Aker, Miss Pauline Baker (now Mrs. Augusta Roach, living three miles south of here) used to make us toe the mark before taking our seats and say in chorus:

Here we stand,
Hand in hand
Ready for our exercises;
Heads upright,
with delight ,
Sparkling with our eyes.

And when that crooked necked Dietz made Wils Dillon stand on two sticks of wood on top of a red hot stove. And how he used to flail the Odells, and the Dandises, and the Mileses, and the Bairds, and the Widners and others!

And how we used to ride our sleds down the hill on our stomachs and guide them with the toes of our boots! And how we boys would take our wagons and sometimes go three or four miles for hickory bark for our fathers to go spearing with! And we put it in the boat before dark, and then if we left it unguarded for ten minutes, how some other fellows went fishing and we stayed at home, the while vowing vengeance on the fellows that swiped it.

And now, in conclusion, enclosed you will find a dollar for which send me the Journal, and count on me for a book when they are ready.

Yours truly,
S.A. Widner.

Say, Ves, since you mention Wils Dillon; you know he was considerably older and much bigger than the rest of us, and a mighty tough customer, too, and our parents gave us all standing orders not to be caught in his company on pain of a trouncing. You remember that! And were you in the party down by the creek bridge the time Milt HIllabold cracked him on the head with a dornick as big as an egg, and thought he had killed him? Gee, but there were some scared kids there! You remember, Wils lay altogether stiff for a little while, and then his muscles began quivering and presently he sat up and looked about him in a dazed sort of way; and then, gee whiz, if there wasn't a scatterment!

And here is another letter from Loren Hendrickson, who would like to be admitted into this company. A little bit under age you are, Loren, but as there seems to be no objection I guess you may come in.

Osage, Kan., Oct. 17, 1909

Friend George:

I want the history of Syracuse in book form at any cost. I read every word of it, and it brings back many fond recollections. I almost count some of the experiences around the old water saw mill and other places along the creek as part of my assets.

Your truly,
L.E. Hendrickson

I can by now means promise you Loren, that the book will ever be published. The number of names I have on my list of persons who have signified their desire to me to take it is still far short of being sufficient to justify its publication, and if you think anything in these articles to be worth saving and you would make sure of keeping it, I would advise you to clip it out and paste it in a scrap book. It may be, however, that many persons who wish to subscribe for the book are simply areless about telling me so, there being plenty of time ahead of us yet.

I want to ask Doug Miles, while he is present, if he remembers the highway robbery we committed on Bill Woods. I am going to tell the rest of you about it. None of you were present when it occurred. And I must caution you to keep it to yourselves, for in telling you of it I must make a confession of a crime I would not for anything have the public know of, even though punishment for it is long since barred by the statute of limitations.

Bill had a box of fine minnows tied to a stake in front of the house wherein he and Mam lived on the bank of the lake. There came a strong east wind and, the waves lashing the box, the string that held it was broken and it drifted against the great pile of saw dust on which we played so many times below Mart Hillabold's steam saw mill, and there Doug and I found it.

Now we had lines set in the lake at that very time, and though we had made most strenuous efforts to get minnows to bait them with, on account of the very high water in the creek we were unable to do so. And casting about for justification for the crime we desired to commit it occurred to us that without doubt Bill had many times stolen fish off our lines. And so we hastily procured a minnow pail and began transferring the minnows from Bill's box into it.

While we were making this transfer Doug peeped over the bank of sawdust behind which we were quite well hidden and discovered Bill approaching us, not more than a hundred feet away. Hastily telling me to finish the job, her ran to meet him and grapple with him in a wrestling match, such as were commonly had there, not dreaming but then he should be thrown, for he was fourteen years old, while Bill was twenty-one. But to his own surprise, and to Bill's too, I am quite certain, and greatly to mine, he took Bill down and firmly held him, flat on his back until I had finished swiping the minnows and had effectually hidden the pail and the box. This, I believe, is the greatest crime that Doug or I can be truthfully charged with. Doug did, however, afterward get to stealing gill nets, but I don't think that should be held against him, for examples of it were set him by his elders, many of them the best people of the town—even such citizens as Eli Bushong, and Fred Butt, and Ed Miles, and fifty more that I could name. And again, I

wish to pledge you not to mention our robbery of Bill, for indeed I have not Doug's permission to tell it, even to you.

November 14, 1935

A month ago I received a letter from our good friend Leonard Brown regarding the early factories of Syracuse. The facts he fave me he stated were simply notes for my use, but coming now to make use of them, it appears to me that I cannot do better than to copy his letter as he writ it, as follow:

"Syracuse has come to be quite a manufacturing town, that sends its products for sale abroad. It made a start in this line quite a while ago—soon after the Defreeses came into control of the mill, which then became a merchant mill. Flour of Syracuse manufacturers stood high in the New York market, as of superior quality.

"Now, about 1846 Peter Smith and Peter Hayner, (Smith's son-in-law) blacksmiths, began the manufacture of cow bells on quite a large scale in Syracuse. These were manufactured to be sold abroad—in distant parts—sent I do not know where.

"Of course, the town had possessed two distilleries, the product of which was not all sold, I trust, in the home market, thought the home demand was not small. And other distilleries existed not far off—one in Benton, where William Strombeck was distiller. I remember that once I accompanied my father to bring a barrel of whisky for Mr. Strombeck to his home west of Syracuse.

"Native lumber was manufactured on quite a large scale at the saw mill. And, too, George Mann, senior, as early as 1836, carried on the business of a tanner on his farm northwest of Syracuse.

"I gave you the name of Sylvester Blackmer (not Blackman) as the husband of Sarah Cory, sister of my mother. (Mr. Blackmer it was who for a long time manufactured lumber in the old water saw mill.)

"But of the family of Peter Smith there were several sons—James, William, George and Anthony, and two daughters—Hannah and Martha. Hannah became the wife of Peter Hayner and after his death married John Gill. Martha, if I remember right, married a man named Snyder. It was her husband's shop that burned down, and in the burning cremated the young man.

"George Smith is still living. He is a Baptist preacher in Iowa. James and William, I believe, are dead.

"I am greatly interested in your history, and it is very correct."

Yours truly,

Leonard Brown

Bob Phebus' dwelling house and shop it was that burned. Harvey Snyder was the name of the young man cremated, and he was unmarried.

The business of the flouring mill was indeed large. After the Hon. J.H. DeFrees took it back from the Kindigs's, the full story of which I have told you, Samuel F. Eisenhour was sent here to conduct it and the store in the old building that still stands near the Dunkard church. And one of God's noblemen was Mr. Eisenhour. A large man was he—

large physically, morally and intellectually—of boundless generosity and kindliness—just one of those gentlemen you run onto occasionally who is not really entitled to much credit for being good, since nature had made him so and he couldn't be bad if he tried. The people here made him township trustee and trusted him with unbound confidence, and he did and immense business for Mr. DeFrees. He remained here during the war and thereafter until about the close of the sixties, and many a "war widow" invoked blessings on him for kindnesses bestowed upon her. And then Mr. Defrees sold the mill to J.L., or Lewis Lape, who ran it until after the building of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad.

Mr. Lape had a partner—a Mr. McConnell, who was little known here, but who lived east of Ligonier, and, I believe, ran the old mill at Rochester, on the river there. And the mill here continued to do a large business and to ship a great deal of flour to the New York market, where it was received with much favor, under Mr. Lape's management, but for some reason the business became unprofitable to him and losses accumulated until he failed in 1875. Mr. Nathanial Crow was one of the heaviest creditors of the firm, and he purchased the mill. Mr. Lape then moved to Ligonier, where he was a long time employed in the mill of the Ligonier Milling Co., and where he died a few years ago. His wife, by the way, who had been Catharine Hess, sister of John and Ephriam Hess, of near this place, died at Ligonier during the present year. They had three children—Mellie, the oldest, a daughter, who never married, and John, and a younger son who was a small boy when they left here, and whose name I have forgotten. The sons now live somewhere in the west.

Mr. Lape was a most honorable man, and a generous and very valuable citizen of the town, and his misfortune was very deeply deplored. And, indeed, it was a severe blow to the town, for thereafter the business of the mill waned, and shortly the new roller process of making flour same in vogue, and Mr. Crow refusing to abandon the old buhrs, it finally died out altogether, Joseph Hendeson held a lease of the mill and made heroic efforts to hold the trade of the farmers and people of the town, but the new process of milling had come to stay, and his business finally waned until, having lost the capital he had brought here with him he was compelled to abandon it. After that, about 1888, Mr. Crow modernized the mill with a new process outfit, and on its completion made it over to his son, Benjamin F., who moved to town and took charge of it.

But, the prosperity of former years was not to return. Mr. Crow Jr., ran it a year successfully, and then, on a winter night in 1890, it took fire and was completely destroyed.

Mr. Crow's untimely and most unfortunate death following a few years the destruction of his mill, and there being some apprehension that the water power might fall into the hands of persons who would take away the dam for the purpose of draining some low lands contiguous to Wawasee Lake, a corporation was organized, in the stock of which the late Eli Lilly and the B. & O. railroad company became the principal investors, call the Syracuse Water Power Company, and from the estate of Mr. Crow this company purchased the water power privileges, with the dam and the lands that belonged to them, and from it the town now holds a lease of the power and uses to run its works. This lease, by the way, which was made about 1896 or 1897 was to the Syracuse Manufacturing Company, established here by David Lamb and George Banta,

and after that concern, which was unsuccessful here, had been moved to North Manchester, the lease was purchased by the town.

I have now given you in full the history of the dam and water power that was the basis on which the town was established. Created by Samuel Crosson and Henry Ward somewhere between 1832 and 1835, it brought them, for all their hopes of fortune, only financial ruin and poverty ten years later. The Defreeses owned it in a more auspicious time, and it brought them considerable profit, I have no doubt, but to the Kindigs, who acquired and owned it in the bad business years just before the war, it brought bankruptcy. During the war period when wheat mounted to $3.00 a bushel and flour to fabulous prices Hon. J.H. Defrees no doubt again profited largely by its possession but it wrecked the fortune of poor Louis Lape in the panic following the year 1872. And in the years that followed it was the source of much loss to the Crows, father and son, and to Mr. Henderson, who during some ten years held a lease of it. So of a total of nine men that held interests in it from the time of its establishment down to its purchase by the Syracuse Water Power company, to one of them only did it bring profit, to two it caused severe losses, and to five it brought financial ruin and bankruptcy. Had this record been foreseen the lake would never have been dammed, and there would be no town of Syracuse.

And most fortunate indeed it is that it was not foreseen, for it was the building of the dam that brought the two lakes to a common level and made them into one, and thus created Wawasee as it is and ever will be thanks to the Water Power Company, and that has caused the building of hundreds of beautiful summer homes about the lake and will cause the building of hundreds more of them in the years to come. And so Crosson & Ward builded better than they knew. Though their motives were no doubt selfish, and they probably dreamed only of the building of their own fortunes, a dream that never came true, bu their act they became great public benefactors. And I hope that some time enduring monuments, bearing appropriate inscriptions, will be placed at their graves in the cemetery here by the public spirited citizens of the town.

Another considerable industry of the town in the old time was the making of barrels. And it was dependent very greatly on the mill, the product of which was shipped altogether in wood in those days.

But not altogether on the mill did it depend, for Indiana was then famous as an apple producing state, and every fall thousands of barrels of that king of fruits were shipped from Syracuse.

And then, what we used to call tight barrels, for containing cider and vinegar, and whisky too in antebellum days when we had distilleries, were all home and hand made, out of native oak. So not, all in all, quite a number of men had regular employment at coopering.

The old cooper shop stood at what was then the foot of Harrison street on the ground now occupied by Mrs. Sarah Juday's barn, whither it had been moved by Evan Miles. It was of hewed logs and had been a church, erected first a mile or more north of town.

And besides being a cooper shop, it was a sort of a club room, where at met on many and diverse occasions most of the male residents of the town and the country round

about, at times for the discussion of current events, local and national, at others to learn who were luckies at winning turkeys by throwing seven pennies out of a hat and counting heads or tails, three throws for a dime, but oftenest to decide who was most skillful at seven up or auction pitch. And once a month or so there would be a well attended shooting match for turkeys, and sometimes for a beef, out in the street in front of the shop. And there was some drinking, too, as there always was in those times at gatherings of the kind, but it was never excessive, as I remember. Nor was there ever fighting or quarreling, or bad blood. Indeed, I believe the sports and diversions had within and about the old cooper shop were of a harmless nature, that have left only agreeable memories behind them. But what a rendezvous it was for many years!

And Mr. Brown, in his letter quoted Herein, says that lumber was manufactured on quite a large scale in his time. Speaking relatively I hardly think his statement quite correct, for the only saw mill here in his time was the one run by water, and you could start its saw into a log and safely take a nap while it sawed off a single board. But about the time he left here, that process becoming too slow, another mill to be run by steam, was about to be established. I thought to tell you of it in this paper, but have not space left for it, so it will have to wait.

November 21, 1935

I have told you of the Hillabolds, who came in 1839 and settled on a farm northwest of town. Germans they were—father, mother and seven children—four sons and three daughters, and older ones of which were born in the old country. The sons, in the order of their ages, were John, Martin, Christopher and William. John and Martin first became to be known as the John Kline farm and is now owned by E.A. Ketring, a mile west of town.

And I have also told you of the Widners, who came about 1843, and lived on the farm further west of the Milford road, now owned by David Meloy—Jacob, the father, Henry, the oldest son, who married a sister of Allen Richhart and moved to the west in an early day, Zebedee, who spent his life in Syracuse, John, who moved to Millersburg shortly after the war and still lives there, and a daughter who died when she was quite young, and whose name I do not know.

About 1853 the Hillabold brothers disposed of their far, and Martin and Zebedee Widner, who had also sold whatever interest he had in the farm of his father, came to town and engaged in the mercantile business in a frame store building that stood where the postoffice now is located under the firm name of Widner & Hillabold, though a man of considerable native ability, was altogether uneducated.

The business was not successful, and the firm shortly failed, and the money the partners had invested in it was lost.

Mr. Hillabold them with Mr. Joseph Mullendore, a worthy citizen whose name has not heretofore appeared in the history, engaged in the business of manufacturing lumber, and established a steam saw mill on the bank of the lake, on the lot whereon now stands the United Brethren church.

Mr. Mullendore retired from the business shortly and moved away to the west, and left Mr. Hillabold to conduct it alone. This he did for nearly twenty years, until the building of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in 1874.

Now, if I knew that the interesting incidents that occurred in and about Mr. Hillabold's saw mill I would have a fund of materials out of which I could construct a series of stories sufficient to fill these columns for a year. I remember very well the old mill. A two storied structure it was, its frame of hewn logs, with the boilers and engine below stairs and the saw and carriage above. At first the saw was an up and down affair that ran so rapidly that the settlers, who had long been accustomed to the old water saw mill, viewed it with open-mouthed wonder.

Some two dozen lots that are now covered with comfortable dwelling houses constituted the log yard. And it was piled full all the year of logs such as are not to be found at this time in all the land—great black walnuts and poplars as much as six feet in diameter, sound and straight grained, that were to be made into lumber such as cannot be purchased in any market now. And the monster oaks, too, that were then of much less value than the others. And oftentimes ash and linns, but never elms, which were valueless then. And though lumber was very cheap, so anxious were the farmers to clear their lands that the finest of trees could be bought for a dollar, or two apiece, and Mr. Hillabold made much money in his business.

About 1859 James Benner, now deceased, a young man then, came here from near Wooster, Ohio, and entering Mr. Hillabold's employ, he shortly took charge of the mill, and for a number of years conducted it as head sawyer and foreman.

Some time in the sixties, the old up and down saw outfit having often broken and caused much trouble and expense, it was replaced with a circular saw. And this was another great wonder.

Now, in those days, everything shipped from here had to be teamed to some railroad, and many were the teams regularly employed hauling lumber from the saw mill and flour from the flouring mill of Mr. Defrees to Millersburg, to Goshen or Ligonier. About all the lumber was hauled to Millersburg, I believe, that being the shortest haul by a mile or two. There it was disposed of for cash to dealers who loaded it onto cars and shipped it to the markets of the east.

Those were strenuous years for Mr. Hillabold, who labored hard and became one of the first citizens and probably the principal capitalist of the village. And he was a generous man, and also did much to assist the families whose husbands and fathers were in the army during the war.

When the railroad came, for the locating of which through the town he labored very hard and made greater sacrifices than did any other one, he owning all the land about where the depot was located, including that on which now stand the works of the Sandusky Portland Cement Company, and believing that the division point of the railroad was to be located here (and he had good reason to so believe, as I will show you later) he thought himself sufficiently well off to retire, and he quit the lumber business and leased his mill to others, who gradually permitted it to go down, until it was abandoned altogether.

But alas! the division point and the railroad shops were located at Garrett, and Syracuse and Mr. Hillabold were disappointed. And the panic following the year 1873 reduced the values of real estate holding almost by half. And before his death, which occurred ten or twelve years ago at the home of his son in Kansas I believe, his fortune had been altogether dissipated and lost. His wife, who died here within a few years after the building of the railroad, was Mary Hendrickson, sister of Zachariah Hendrickson, who still lives here. His children, were Geniza, a daughter, who became the wife of George W. Shaffer, and who died here some ten years ago, her husband's death having preceded her own by several years; Milton, now of Stoddard, Kansas, Charles of Pueblo, Colorado, Timothy, deceased within the last year, and Lyman the youngest who was a resident of Holgate, Ohio, when I heard of him last.

The Hillabold family was an honorable one, and occupied a large place in the history of the town for twenty-five or thirty years. The parents were strong Christian believers, firm in the faith of the Lutheran church, and their influence was always for honesty and uprightness. The lack of opportunity of securing at least the rudiments of an education was a great handicap to Mr. Hillabold during all his business career, and was always deeply deplored by him. Had he had this opportunity in his youth I have no doubt his success would have been much greater, and that he would have left a large estate at his death.

Samuel Bashore came here from near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, just after the close of the war, and began work promptly on his arrival in Mr. Hillabold's mill, under Mr. Benner, who was his cousin. He continued in this service until after the business in this mill had gone down when, having received some money from the estate of his father, he put in a new mill near the creek west of the flouring mill. He conducted it there for a number of years and did a considerable business, but not so large a one as had previously been done in the mill of Mr. Hillabold. And twenty-five years ago he sold it to Francis M. Ott, who has conducted it continuously since down to the present time. On the sale of his mill, Mr. Bashore moved onto a tract of land he had previously purchased near Ida Grove, Iowa.

This, I believe, closes the story of early manufacturing in Syracuse that I started last week to tell you about; that is, the manufacturing of such things as were to be shipped away to market. You should understand, that for home consumption many things were made at home that are now only manufactured in large factories.

Buggies were made almost altogether in local shops, and wagons were largely, though I believe the Studebakers had begun to absorb the business of making them. The Widners, after the failure of Widner & Hillabold, engaged in this business, Zebedee at making the woodwork in the shop that still stands on the hill, and John, who was a blacksmith, the iron work, in another that stood by it. And my father, Preston, and his brother, Elhanan W. Miles, had another blacksmith shop on the lot now occupied by Ed McClintic's business building, on Huntington street. This latter shop was built, by the way, by a Mr. Shelmadine, and was the one Leonard Brown tells me he helped to build and afterward learned the blacksmith trade in.

Men and boys wore boots altogether, and most of them were made at home, as were many of the shoes worn by the women—the boots mostly out of cowhide and the shoes

of calfskin—all with heavy soles, stiff as wooden ones, and spiked on with wooden pegs. I can imagine one of our daughters of this latter day stumping along the street in a pair of these home made calfskin shoes! And the young dandies, sometimes, would have boots made of calfskin intended only for ladies with heels two inches high and so light it took all the strength of their arms and legs to force them over their feet. And they would go to dances in them, and suffer from compressed blood vessels until beads of sweat stood out on their foreheads.

I remember a long string of names of old time shoemakers. There was Miller, who used to make of an old boot the effigy of some fancied enemy and commit most horrible assaults upon it, and who was the father of Copper Teakettle, Casting and Eggs, and the boy with his toes grown together that worked his ears, and Phebe who swiped my fifty cent piece, of whom I have told you. And Phil Fusselman, who dwelt in the old house that stood at the corner of Huntington and Washington street, where Charles Knorr's residence now is, that burned later when Dr. A.R. Collar occupied it, and wherein John Fusselman was married. There was a hideous belling at this marriage, at which Isaiah Ketring, still a resident of the town, discharged a shotgun many times in the darkness and did not know, until the following morning, that he had shot some of the cornice off of the house. Germans were the Fusselmans, and quite humorous characters, though they took themselves quite seriously and never knew it.

And then John Wayer, who came originally from Holland and located here about 1870, or before. He did quite a thriving business for a number of years and at times had several journeyman shoemakers employed to help him. And, being thrifty, as Hollanders usually are, he accumulated some property at the business. At the time of the building of the railroad he built the brick building on Main street now owned by Mr. Benjamin Stiver and occupied by Daniel Klink's meat market. He married here Martha, oldest daughter of John Bushong, who had been the second wife and was the widow of Zachariah Kindig, of whom I have told you. After leaving here he lived in Goshen for several years where he kept a shoe store in South Main street, and where his wife died. He is still living in Los Angeles, California, I believe.

And then there was Henry Mitchell, who died some years ago, and Oliver Cromwell, still an honored resident of the town who came here as a shoemaker and worked at that trade for many years thereafter.

House furniture was not made in large factories in the early days, but was manufactured in little shops at home. I have told you of Bob Phebus, cabinetmaker, whose shop and house burned on that fateful Christmas eve. And the late Nathan Sloan, father of the Sloan family of Syracuse, and Zachariah Hendrickson, still living here, followed the business, and I doubt not some of their handiwork could yet be found in the homes of some of the older residents of the town.

In those days we were taught and firmly believed that competition is the life of business. Now for competition we are asked to substitute cooperation—a good word enough but its use implies the hateful one monopoly as matters are now. I wonder how near the time we are when we will find a way that cooperation may be enlarged and increased and monopoly prohibited.

November 27, 1935

John Benner used to ask me regularly, whenever I met him, if I "ever saw the cars," and as I had not ever seen them, and as I was a lad of ten years and more, and could therefore not answer the question without stultifying myself, I always grew righteously indignant when he asked it, as I had a right to do. And this yielded him such good fun that he never forgot to ask it when he saw me.

Thirty-five years had passed since the plat of the original town was made by Crosson & Ward, and it had grown to have thirty-seven or thirty-eight dwelling houses and a half dozen small frame business rooms, and a population of some two hundred people that were supposed to be alive. The cemetery held as many more. And then from somewhere came vague rumors of the possibility of a railroad hitting this place.

"Old Bill Guy" (he died in 1868 at the age of 50 years) had for ten years predicted that some time the Baltimore & Ohio railroad would extend its lines to Chicago, and that when it did it would strike Syracuse. Now this was thought to be a pipe dream that came to him while he slept by the little stove in his dark and gloomy old grocery store on the corner, and nobody took it at all seriously. But sure enough, the line it was now rumored might come was the very one he had predicted would come sometime and if his faith was predicated on a dream it was on one that, it now appeared, might come true.

Milford, that had through all the years been a rival of Syracuse, had been fortunate enough to secure the Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan, (now the Michigan branch of the Big Four) that had been built from Elkhart to Anderson by Mr. A.G. Wells and his associates three or four years previously, and had paid, in the way of money subscriptions and taxes, a good round sum to get it, and the people of that town had since looked down somewhat on the poor, benighted citizens of Syracuse.

You may guess what fond hopes it raised in the bosoms of us all, this rumor that the railroad might come to us. Immediately the wise men of the village began to get busy to learn if they might do anything to promote its coming. For along with the new born hope was the fear that, if the road were built, it might miss us. The Baltimore & Ohio was a rich corporation, it was said, that was looking for transcontinental business, and would take the shortest route to reach Chicago, regardless of whether it touched any towns along the way or not. Knowledge of this gave us not a little worry, it never occurring to us that this very fact might prove to our advantage; for if the object were to hit towns along the way a pretty sure guess it would not come to Syracuse.

Now Martin Hillabold and Uncle Adam Ketring, father of Silas L. and Louis Lape and others of the wise ones, thought of a plan to cinch the location of the road near the town. It would be impracticable to build it through the great hills to the south of the lake, and not wise, if the line chosen were as far south of the Lake Shore as Albion to swing off here to the north any further than was absolutely necessary, they said, and they knew a route across Buck Island and the channel that, with but two bridges of moderate length over shallow water, would be just the one to locate it on. And you

may be sure they lost no time in bringing this route to the attention of the company's engineers, then working somewhere to the east of us.

And you may be sure also that they did not neglect to assure the railroad agents of their willingness to assist in securing right-of-way and voting money subsidy too, and doing anything in reason and within their means to secure the building of the road on this route. For they had in mind the fate of Benton, that in the earlier days was a prosperous trading point, surrounded by a most beautiful farming country, and that gave promise of being one of the best towns in Elkhart county until the Lake Shore railroad was built a little to the north of it and brought Millersburg into existence, and caused its death. It was said that Benton might have had this road too, but several of its most prominent citizens, at the time the road was built, had opposed its coming there, contending that it would ruin the business of the teamsters who had regular employment hauling flour away from the town and merchandise into it. And with this object lesson before them, the people of Syracuse were prone to bestir themselves, lest the fate of their town be similar.

Now, had the lake not been where it is the railroad would never have been swung north far enough to hit the town. But then, had the lake not been where it is the town wouldn't have been here either. But the lake being where it is, and it being necessary to select the route across Buck Island, it was hardly possible that the road could hit Milford, though the people there were willing and anxious to do anything possible that might be required of them to bring it to their town.

There was a railroad meeting held in the school house here in which Milford sent a delegation of her representative citizens to beg of the people of Syracuse their assistance to induce the railroad people to locate the road through or near their town, and I rmember it very well, for then only did I ever see Dr. Higbee, father of E.W. Higbee, banker, of Milford. And boy though I was, he made an impression on me that remains yet, as fresh as though it were made yesterday.

I have no recollection of those who were with him, though there were a number of them, with all whom I probably became well acquainted afterward. But Mr. Higbee's lustrous eyes and his black mustache, and the masterful appeal he made in behalf of his town, all impressed me deeply. I felt then, and I have never doubted since, that I was in the presence of one of God's noblemen and an intellectual master.

I have never given Ed Higbee, his son aforesaid, any particular credit for being the fine fellow that he is. It's in his blood, and I doubt if he could be less a gentleman if he tried to be. And his splendid intelligence, too, is a direct inheritance from his father, in my opinion.

December 5, 1935

I told you last week that in 1870, and later, up to the building of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, our village had grown to have 37 or 38 dwelling houses, and to contain as many families that constituted a total population of about 200 souls. At least six of these houses had been built during the ten years immediately preceding that date; so in 1861

there were probably 30 families here, and hardly more than 150 people, al told—men, old and young, and women and children. And that was the year, as you all so well know, when the immortal Lincoln was first inaugurated president of United States, and the dreadful war for the preservation of the Union began.

And you should know, too, that conditions in the country surrounding the village were much different from what they are now. The best improved farms, yet consisted of comparatively small areas of cleared land, made up of little fields still dotted with stumps large and small and surrounded by great forests. And the men who owned them had long struggles yet before them, ere they should have their debts cleared away and comfortable homes made for their wives and children. Many of them lived in log houses of the rudest and cheapest construction and the practice of the sternest economies and all sorts of self-denials was the common custom. It would be little wrong to say that the entire community was struggling against poverty. I have told you that a few years before, Mr. Defrees' bank here had been assessed for tax purposes for one-half as much as all the remainder of the personal property in the entire township.

And yet, during the four years that followed, this village of Syracuse and the country immediately surrounding it gave up at least 114 able bodied men, who went off to the south at the president's call, to the south at the president's call, to offer their lives in support of his determination that this great government of the people, by the people and for the people, as he said, should not perish from the earth.

Of these men fully one-half were married and left behind them wives and children to be supported, they knew not how, during their absence. Oh, the labors and sacrifices of those days as war widows! How they ***ed, and what economics and self-denials they practiced that their little ones might not go hungry to bed while their minds were far away and their hearts were being eaten out with fear and apprehension! How they haunted the little postoffice, kept for a time by good "old Johnnie" Bushong, and later by Sharon Hall, anxiously looking for letters from the front, and how their trembling hands feared to open them when they came! But I cannot draw such a picture for you that you will understand it all. Your own imagination must do it for you. I have told you how many people were here, and what proportion of them were in the army. Imagine 60 war widows in this poor little community. And then 60 more mothers and fathers with sons in the army, many of them mere boys still of tender years. And then imagine, if you can, the fear, the apprehension, the dread of hearing the news each day that all anxiously waited for, of the battles fought and the names of the killed, wounded and missing. How the newspapers that reached the village 2 or 3 times a week, when the mails were brought across from Goshen, were almost breathlessly read, and with what dread lest the name of a husband, or father or son, or brother, or friend should appear among the lost.

Of those who enlisted from here, James Vannamon, son of Harvey and brother of Harrison, afterward treasurer of Elkhart county, and half brother of Mahlon, who later also became a soldier, was taken prisoner early in the war and shut up in Libby prison at Richmond, where he died a miserable death from starvation.

George William Gordy, oldest brother of C.M. Gordy, now of this place, sickened and died in a hospital at Paducah Ky. His father, John Gordy, sent Uncle Zebedee Widner after his body and it was brought back and buried in the cemetery here.

George Epert, brother of Thomas, was taken prisoner and was probably saved from the horrors of Andersonville or Libby by being drowned, with many others, by the breaking of a pontoon bridge while he was being taken off south by the confederates.

John Searfoss, son of the late Peter Searfoss and brother of Daniel and Thomas, and John Gonderman were both killed in the battle of Crab Orchard, Ky.

Oliver Cromwell, who lives in Syracuse, received a shot that destroyed one of his eyes, and he lay hovering between life and death for a long time in a hospital to which his wife, Alice, went to nurse him.

David Rosenbarger received a bullet in his ankle that made him a cripple for the few years after the war that he survived.

Theodore Sheffield came home deaf from disease contracted during his service.

Of all those who left home in the strength of vigorous manhood, hardly a one was there who, on his return, was not broken and wrecked by diseases created by exposure and hardships, one of the chiefest of which latter was insufficient, bad and illy prepared food.

I have been at some pains to collect a list of all those who enlisted from here, for it makes up a roll of honor that must not be omitted from this history. There is no record of them except that stored in the memories of those who lived here during the years of the war. If my list is not complete, I appeal to any one to give me the names of any who are left out. For the list as I have it, I am much indebted to Mr. Frederick Butt. It is as follows:

Oliver Cromwell
Thomas Edgar
Levi Akers Zachariah
Joseph Bushong
Carlisle Phebus
James Vannamon
J.N. Brady
Thos. J. Brady
Wesley Westlake
Thomas Epert
John Willard
Lewis Butt
Fred Butt
John Sloan
Eli Holloway
Ed. F. Holloway
Aaron Portzman
George Epert
Jacob Rentfrow
Moses Rentfrow
John Juday
Conrad Strieby
William Strieby
John B. Strieby
Samuel Strieby
Joel B. Strieby
David Strieby
Daniel Strieby
Eli Grissom
David Tully
William Tully
Henry Tully
Eli Bushong
Milton Phebus
Amos King
Edw. E. Miles
Samuel Akers
Jeremiah Snyder

Allen Ruple
Adoniram Cory
Alonzo Cory
David Megarity
Jeremiah Searfoss
Hiram Grissom
Jacob Wolf
Daniel Brown Noble Hall Philip Facil
Benj. Hentzell
Rantz Acker
Adam Juday
John Gonderman
Geo. Sharp
Abraham Brower
John Jones
Thomas Mobley
Reuben Hoover
Elia Hoober
John searfoss
Geo. Wm. Gordy
John Coy
John Bonar
David Snyder
Seth Meloy
Isaac Carpenter
Thomas Oram
Jeremiah Holsinger
Aaron Weaver
Martin Weaver
Levi Weaver
Cyrus Weaver
Michael micolai
Simeon Bunger

Theo. Sheffield
Daniel F. Ott
S.B. Stiffler
Wm. Nyce
Lewis Jarrett
A.M. McClintic
John Stuard
Ezra Brown
Shephard Cory
Jacob Funk
A.J. Kitson
Alfred Kitson
Hezekiah Bushong
Rufus Dennis
Wm. Bowld
James Benner
Samuel Wyland
David Brady
Mahlon Vennamon
Morgan Snyder
Horace Malcom
Benj. Kauffman
Massilon Haney
Harvey Foster
John Miles
William funk
Jas. H. Guy
Frank Stewart
George Snyder
David Rosenbarger
Benj. McCrary
Levi Ott
William Crow
Robert Edsall

The first regiments made up to fill the earlier call of President Lincoln were from all over the state. The first from the above named to enlist were assigned to the ninth and 29th infantry regiments and the second Indiana cavalry. In the autumn of 1861 came the forming of the 13th infantry regiment in northern Indiana, and Aaron Weaver, George Epert, Cyrus Weaver, John B. Strieby and others enlisted for service in it. This regiment was engaged in many battles, the principal one being Chicamauga where the late Henry M. Stoner, formerly of this place, from which he was elected sheriff of Kosciusko county, while carrying the regiment's colors, fell with a bullet in his shoulder.

In the winter of 1861-62 came the forming of the 48th regiment at Camp Ellis in the old fair ground this side of Goshen. More than 20 of those above named became members of it, including Cromwell, Mitchell, Edgar, Gordy, Meloy, Carpenter, Holtzinger, Portzman, the Rentfrows and others. This regiment also saw much hard service during the remaining years of the war.

Next came the 57th, in 1862, and Levi Akers, John Widner, Zachariah Hendrickson, Jos. Bushong, Reuben Hoover, Eli Holloway, Robert Edsall and probably others joined it from here. It was in the hottest of the bloody battle of Murfreesboro, or Stone River, but luckily no one from here was killed there.

Next came the 74th, to which belonged of the foregoing, Thomas Epert, John Bonar, Hiram Bonar, David Snyder, Alfred Kitson, David Megarity and others. Alfred Roberts was also a member of this regiment but he enlisted from Leesburg. The 74th was formed in 1862 and saw hard service.

In the last year of the war came the formation of the 152nd in this vicinity. To this regiment Syracuse furnished more than 25 men, some of them, boys who had been too young to join the earlier ones. But the surrender of Lee and all of the confederacy came within a few months.

And now imagine if you can the effect on people of this village, of the news that Richmond had fallen, that Lee had surrendered, that those of our soldier boys who had survived would return to their families and friends.

I started out in this letter to write the history of the Grand Army post of Syracuse—Lake View Post No. 246. But after telling you of the real grand army of Syracuse that existed during the war, I find there is not much of interest to be added. The post was organized in the fall of 1883, and had then on the roster the names of some 70 members in all. Among them I find, besides those who enered service from Syracuse, the following:

William Wallis	John W. Setler
Henry M. Stoner	Francis M. Corn
Jonathan Culler	Alfred Roberts
John Dullinger	Wm. Colwell
John Hurd	Elias R. Tobias
John T. Howard	Addison Warner
James W. Orn	Geo. W. Proper
Preston Fuller	C. Hammom
C.E. Flaggart	I.J. Chilcote
Abram M. Jones	Charles Wead
H.N. Callander	Wm. H. Pence
H.W. Case	C.V. Smith

Most of these have been and some of them now are citizens of the town and their names, too, belong on the roll of honor first mentioned.

December 19, 1935

In June of the following year the lodge held its first memorial service. Some of its present members have asked me to republish the address delivered over the grave of their brother at that time, and at risk of being accused of vanity I am going to reprint it here.

I quote from the Syracuse Register, Ed. C. Graham, editor and proprietor, date June 14, 1894, as follows:

"Notwithstanding the excessively hot weather a large number of people and the Syracuse Band accompanied K. of P. [Knights of Pythias] lodge 230 east of town to Lake Bethel Cemetery, where was witnessed a most beautiful and impressive ceremony at the grave of the late Benj. F. Crow, last Sunday, June 10, at 3 p.m. After all had arrived at the cemetery and the band had rendered a choice selection, the people present, with the band and the lodge at their head, marched to the grave where a short ceremonial was read, at the close of which the grave was decorated with a wealth of fine flowers. Chancellor Commander Geo. Miles then paid an eloquent tribute to the departed brother in the following eulogy:

"My Friends and My Brothers:

"We come today to perform one of our saddest, sweetest duties, by paying tribute, in this fitting manner, to one we loved, and by reviving memories of his virtues, which were many, and which I hope not one of us will fail to emulate.

"The most precious of all man's aculties is memory. True there are remembrances that we would have allotted out if we could, but the pleasant ones always by far predominate. Deprived of memory, man would be an imbecile, and his fondest pleasures would be hateful to him. King Reason himself would be nothing without the help of memory, which accumulates facts and holds them for him to practice his art upon.

"There are those who tell us that in that future state of happiness we all fondly hope to attain, all will be new; that we will be born into it much as we were into this, bringing none of the old loves with us. I scarcely prefer their doctrine to that of the atheist who assures me that I am to have no future existence at all. If the person who secures the place I may earn in heaven will have no recollections of this life, although I am he and he is I, what interest can I have in him? If I am responsible for his existence I cannot help it. I have never seen him. I never can see him. He is a perfect stranger to me and must always remain so. I hope his future may be a happy one, but I confess it were scarcely worth the trouble for me to try to secure such a state for him. If, when I go down to the grave, all the old loves are to be buried, all the old friendships blotted out, all the old memories forgotten; if I am to know my wife no more, and my children are to be strangers to me, let me sleep on forever, for a resurrection will mean nothing to me.

"I can conceive of no greater happiness that can come to any man than to be reunited with friends and cherished ones who have been lost to him. And until the time when the great blessing may be granted him perhaps the next greatest is to remember them as when he was blessed with their presence. This latter we may enjoy here today. And until we shall enter the great beyond and be permitted to see our lost one as he is, let us be thankful that ever faithful memory will place him before us as he was a little

more than a year ago. We may hear the old ringing, cheerful laugh, we may feel again the kindly, genial, unselfish presence; we may be warmed anew in the sunshine of his friendship.

"Here before us, wrapped in the cold clay and the green sod, lies the poor handful of earth to which nature has returned the form we loved to meet. No fitter place could have been found for its burial. Across these fields and through these woods his infant feet have pattered over many paths. Here did he attend the district school; here was preached to him regularly the Word of the Great Master. This horizon, these skies—all these scenes were familiar to him from his boyhood. Here he was born, where every ovject is associated with memories of his happiest days, let him sleep. The birds that sing above his tomb at morn are not unfamilith with his face; you stream, as it flows slowly by this hallowed spot, will murmur softly of the days long gone by when it washed his naked feet, and the trees which sigh sadly their story of the pranks he played beneath their soft shadows or among their boughs. Here no sight may meet the eye, no sound may greet the ear, but his name will come with it. Here may he rest in peace.

"There was not, neither is there, any manlier, kindlier, more unselfish one than he. His every thought seemed to be for the welfare of those about him. His generosity to others was so great as to oft times make him ungenerous to himself. A lodge made up of members like him would in truth be an ideal one. Happy would we be could he have been spared to us and to his family, which was dearer to him than life itself; but in the springtime of life, ere his son had reached its summer solitice, death sent its poisoned arrow into his breast, and he fell and was lost to us. No greater loss could have befallen our lodge.

These flowers will speak for us today better than any poor words of mine, for they are symbols that appeal to the heart, and the tongue has no language in which the heart can converse. I assure all present, however, that the duty we perform here is not done because our law compels it. The hands that place these flowers are willing hands. Friendship and love have brought us here, and of all masters, these are the pleasantest to serve. The labor this poor demonstration has cost has been a labor of love.

"And now we are about to return to our homes, again leaving our lost brother here. But memories of him will go with us. The sunshine of his kindly, generous, unselfish nature, and his warm friendship will remain with us throughout the years that are to come, and will make us better Knights, better friends and better citizens."

I sat down, one afternoon with Frederick Butt, and he gave me the names of all those who had enlisted from Syracuse in the war for the union that he could remember at the time. There were 114 of them when we finished. I gave the list to the printers two weeks ago, but they made a mistake in putting it in type and left out one line, or two names as follows:

Benjamin Cable Hiram Bonor

So only 112 were printed.

Now neither Mr. Butt nor myself supposed that it was a complete list of all those who went to the war from here, and I asked at the time that any omissions be noted so that they might be included in a future paper.

The first one to call on me and to correct me was Theodore Sheffield, who, besides noting the omission of Benjamin Cable informed me that also his brother, Charles Sheffield was a soldier in the war of the republic.

Now, I very well remember Chas. Sheffield. He was a justice of the peace in the township for several years after the war, and one of its prominent and popular citizens; but I did not know that he had been a soldier.

And then came Daniel Searfoss, our night policeman, with a number of names to add to my list: Job Sharp, William Ruple, John McClintic, John Alexander Clemens, Levi Wogoman, Martin V. Crum, William Wogoman, Adam Hammon, John H. Mick, John Long, (son of Jacob Long), Allen Hoover, Eli Fetters and Thomas Jones; a very considerable list of forgotten names.

And then, Fred Hinderer reminded me that I had missed Elias Rapp and George Howser.

Then a letter from my good friend Andrew Strieby says: "I see in your list of soldiers you missed a good many of my chums and friends of my younger days. To begin with, there is John Clemens, who lives in Pierceton, and Joseph Clemens, who was shot in battle, and John Long who lives in Garnet, Kans., and Jacob Long, his brother who died in a hospital, and Mart Crum, who lives in Kansas, and Samuel Stiffler, an uncle of Samuel B. Stiffler, and Andrew Phebus, Joseph H. Wilkinson, Pleas Overstreet, Jefferson Overstreet, William Wilt, Joseph Nyce, a brother William Nyce who died in Libby prison, and John Pendlam who was shot and killed in the first battle he engaged in, and Fred Harper, and John Harper his son, and William Cable, a brother of John and Benjamin, and Jerry Searfoss, and Levi Wogoman, and Silas Wuland, and Samuel Weaver, and William Miller who died a few years ago, and Emanuel Stiffler. These are all I can call to mind now. But Philip Fancil was not a soldier in the Civil War.

For all of which my sincere thanks to Mr. Strieby.

After this, John Juday left in the Journal office for me a list of soldiers I had not named: John Rookstool, Joseph Rookstool, who died in the army, Adam Rookstool, and John Black, who died in the army, Franklin Hapner, Nelson Hapner, who died in the army, Henry Keller, Milton Darr, John Long, all three of whom died in the army, George Hapner, John J. Shannon, Allen Stetler and Al Woods.

This is an addition of 53 to the list as printed two weeks ago and there were 112 names on that list. Making a total of 165 able bodied men that this little community offered its country for the preservation of the union—just about as many as there souls all told in the village of Syracuse, men, women and children. And there were many more of them sacrificed that I remembered of as the foregoing will show.

Last week in giving the names of the charter member of Kosciusko Lodge No. 230, who are still members of that lodge, I missed the name of John Hendrickson, and I am under obligations to Otis C. Butt present keeper of records and seal, for calling my attention to the omission.

So that, of the original twenty-two, who organized the lodge in 1889, nine are members instead of eight as stated before.

I ought to add that the lodge now has an even hundred members.

January 3, 1936

Since my last list of names of those who went to the Civil War from Syracuse was published, quite a number have been given me. First Samuel B. Stiffler left at the office:

Wm. Character, enlisted in Co. B., of the 30th Indiana regiment.

Lewis Noel of Co. K. of the 57th.

Nathaniel Stiffler, Co. 1, of the 35th regiment, now lives in Kansas.

Emanuel Hoover of co. G., 48th regiment, died in the south.

Philip Fusselman of co. C., 13th regiment, now lives in Iowa.

John Hoover, regiment unknown, who died in the south.

And then Mrs. James Bortz left a list for me containing the following: Adam Fancil, Jacob Fancil, John Fidler, Levi Bartholomew, William Tom, Henry Tom and Henry Keefer.

Geo. W. Jones, besides the names of Emanuel, John and Cornelius Hoover that Mr. Stiffler had given me, adds that of Marion Jones who was this brother.

Ed. E. Miles handed me the names of George Adams, Turpin Rentfrow and William Birdwhistle. I am uncertain whether Mr. Birdwhistle really enlisted from here. He was a member of the 152nd regiment, was an Englishman and a friend of the late William Bowld, and probably claimed Syracuse as his home.

John Cable adds the names of Francis Clemens, who was a brother of Joseph Alexander, and Joseph, whose names have appeared.

After these came a letter from my friend, Wesley Westlake, adding: William Jarrett; Jesse Jarrett, who were brothers of Lewis, whose name has appeared; Harmon Whistler, an old time resident who is buried at North Webster; Levi Oats, Jacob Hans, who died in the army; Jonas Gardner, who was the third husband of Katie Spangle (Zintz??? Was her fourth husband, adds Mr. Westlake, and she outlived them all) Gardner also died in the army.

This makes 25 names to be added to those heretofore published and brings the list up to 190.

After that, Mrs. Andrew Edmonds reports that her oldest brother, David Shavely, enlisted from here, first for 3 years and afterwards reenlisted, so that his entire service was not less than four years. After the war he went back to Ohio where he died a few years ago. This makes the number 191.

When we are reasonably certain that the list is complete in every way, the Journal will have it neatly printed and suitable for framing. This cannot be done until there is no further possibility of making further corrections or changes in it. So let every reader of the Journal consider that it is his duty to help get it perfected, and to not fail to report any error he may discover in it.

January 9, 1936

In connection with the question of whether the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company can be compelled to open a way for the passage of boats through The Channel, the story of the first steamboat that was ever run on our lake will be of interest.

It was of size sufficient to carry 50 or 60 passengers, and belonged to Martin Hillabold, and it ran in the early times of the war—about 1862. It had a disagreeable habit of getting people to the farther end of the lake and then breaking down, or

refusing to work and failing to get them home again—much such a bad habit have many of the costly gasoline launches of the present time.

Old timers remember particularly one excursion party of which Hon. Joseph H. Defrees was a member. Somehow the steamboat had won the confidence of its owner and engineers, and a cheerful party of a few men and a goodly number of women were hastily got together to enjoy a ride on it. Mamas, some of them war widows, left their kitchens and their little ones to enjoy the sport and joined the party, expecting to return in an hour or two.

But alas! the boat's promise to reform had been fraudulent, and intended to deceive. It got them far up on the "big lake" and then sat deliberately down, and kept them there. Nor did the pleadings of the women and the tearful tales of crying babies at home affect it in the least.

The men of the party labored and belabored, but effected nothing. And the coming on of night had no effect on the stubborn boat, which quietly sat on the water and refused to budge.

I do not know how the party were finally rescued, but they did not reach their homes till 1 or 2 o'clock of the following morning, until which time the town was uncertain whether the boat had been sufficiently criminal to carry the wholeof them to the bottom of the lake.

After that, this steamboat was unable to ever regain the confidence of the people of the town, and it fell into disuse. But old timers still remember it well, and at least two of them, Mrs. Oliver Cromwell and Mrs. Ed. F. Holloway, who were of the party I have told you about, would be quite willing to testify in any court that there was a steamboat on the lakes here as early as 1862.

Oh! the great rafts of logs that Mart Hillabold and his men used to bring from the upper end of Wawasee through the channel to his saw mill at the foot of Pearl street! Hundreds of them, held together with poles stapled fast to them, and propelled with other poles in the hands of the men who stood upon them. And such logs! Great black walnuts and poplars and oaks with diameters of five and six feet and even seven feet—such logs as will never in all the world be seen in these parts again.

Unless, indeed one of them shall be brought up from the bottom of the lake. For sometimes these rafts encountered storms that drove them out into the wild waters of the lake, where the waves broke them up, while the men took to their boats for safety, and some of the heavier oaks and walnuts sank to the bottom, where many of them still lie, bedded in the ooze and marl I have no doubt.

The second steamboat on the lake was called the Nodac, and was owned and operated by John Egbert, now of the Sanders & Egbert Co., of Goshen. That was in 1875, the year after the railroad had closed The Channel with its bridge. It was of size similar to the first one, and of not dissimilar construction. But it was more faithful disposition and seldom refused to go, or to make an honest attempt to do so. But its engine was small and weak, and was at times unable to hold it against a strong wind. It ran on the smaller lake for a part of the summer, but there being hardly enough people here to give it a profitable business had each of them ridden on it every day, a thing which, of course, each of them could not do, along in July it was in some way taken over

or under the bridge and for the rest of the season it ran on the larger lake. I have no record of it after that. All I know is that Mr. Egbert retired from the steamboat business and became a druggist in Goshen, and afterwards a lumberman, much to his own profit I am certain.

And then within a year or two, Capt. Abraham Jones, who had first associated with him, Mr. Thomas Doll, built the Roxy, the first steamboat on the lake with power sufficient to give reasonable assurance that if you went up the lake on it you could likewise come down again. And when this boat had outlived its usefulness, Mr. Jones had built its successor, the Anna Jones, a much larger boat, that remained in commission until two or three years ago.

At the time of the building of his hotel at Vawter Park (and that was in 1885) Captain John T. Vawter placed on the lake the Gazelle, a beautiful and well appointed boat, that also continued in commission until two years ago. The Gazelle could accommodate 100 or more passengers and in its time was much admired.

Later (in what year I do not know) Capt. Ed Rosson put in commission his boat, the Wawasee, and still later Geo. Lamb and Jos. P. Moore brought from somewhere the American Girl, with her steel hull, and these two are still in commission. But with the improvement of gasoline launches, of which there are many more than 100 on the lake, the steamboat business has grown unprofitable.

There was still another steamboat on the lakes that I have not told you of. In the early 90's it was put on the lake here by half dozen of the town's business men who hoped to help the business of the town by running it to the bridge where it met Mr. Jones' boat for the transfer of passengers. But the trouble of transferring people across the railroad, and the uncertain connections there, proved obstacles that prevented the success of the business. This was the third and last steam boat to be tried on the small lake.

In the times when the only passenger boats were propelled by steam, the people of the town were little disposed to agitate the opening of the bridge for them, for a swinging bridge would then have been necessary. But now that gasoline launches have taken the place of the steamboats, and all necessary to permit them to traverse The Channel freely would be to slightly raise the present bridge, the expense of which would be no more than five or six thousand dollars, the railroad must be compelled to restore to us this old passage way between the lakes. And that it will shortly be compelled to do so I have not the slightest doubt.

January 16, 1936

It has been suggested to me that in telling of the boats that in early days ran on our lakes, the existence of which thereon may help to prove them to be navigable waters, I left out the story of a very important one that was built and used not for the transporting of passengers, but as a freighter. Well indeed do I remember it, for it was built and owned by my father, Preston Miles and his brother, Evan, father of P.F. and Perry Miles of Milford. Forty feet long and ten feet wide it was and capable of hauling 15 or 20 cords of wood or stave and heading blocks at a cargo. And the "machinery" for propelling it was four very large oars to be worked like the galleys of ancient Rome. And

although I was but a youthful lad, I was not so young but that many times I was compelled to do the Ben Hur act on this old craft, for which I had no liking, I assure you. But truly, this boat should have its place in the record of the lake's commerce. It was in commission for several years and hauled, besides much timber and wood, considerable lake sand for building purposes, until the building of the railroad stopped its passing through the Channel and ended its usefulness.

Over at Goshen recently I met Mr. Isaac Carpenter, whom old timers here will well remember. He was a resident of Syracuse and had a harness shop here before the war and from here joined the 48th Indiana regiment. On his return from the war he settled down in Goshen, where he has resided since.

Mr. Carpenter reminded me of the first brass band ever organized in Syracuse. Indeed, I well remember it, though it was organized in 1858m the year I was born in, and went out of existence three years later, on the breaking out of the war, on account of the enlistment of many of its members, who were Mr. Carpenter, Martin Hillabold, James Vennaman, Thomas Edgar, Thomas Baird, Aaron Protzman, I believe, Ed F. Holloway and Oliver Cromwell, both of whom are still residents of the town, and several others whose names have escaped me. George Weyburn of Goshen, used to come over weekly and drill the band, and stay over night with my parents in the old Tavern. And oh, how I admired him, and with what delight I listened to the playing of that band! And the tunes it played are in my memory yet, as fresh as they were when Mr. Weyburn stood me on a bench in the old tavern and had me sing them for him, as he often did.

I now have numerous additions to make to my list of soldiers who went to the war from here, published two weeks ago Benjamin Cable gave me Jacob Flook, William Robison, Jacob Fetters, David Tom, Andrew Tom, Jacob Nyce, Hyner Vaughn, Simon Wyland, Samuel Swank, William Overleas and Geo. Kreager—11 additions. But, he says, too, that Levi Bartholomew, whose name was in the list, was not a soldier. So his report makes a net gain of 10 and raises the total to 201.

After Mr. Cable's report came William McClintic and Allen Ruple, who gave me these additional names: Daniel Gensinger, Isaac Jarrett, Jonas Hammond, Alexander Harper, Joseph Miller, John Bray, George Richhart, Abraham Carey, Benjamin Slabaugh, John Baugher, Christopher Acker, Daniel Tom and Franklin Tom; but they report to me also that Adam Hammond and John Jones whose names are in the printed list were not soldiers. So their report shows a net gain of 11 and leaves us at 212.

Aaron Rasor adds the name of Andrew Meloy, who died in the army, and that makes 213.

Dr. Samuel France was our principal physician here in war time, and him we have overlooked until Michael Nicolai reminded me of the omission. And Jos. K. Mock reports that his brother, Louis Mock, enlisted from here in the 38th regiment, and was out twice in the service. And Pat Kelly discovered that I had omitted the names of James Harvey Guy and the elder John Strieby. Besides these Chas. Johnson reports his father, Sherman Johnson and his uncles Deskin Davis, John Davis, Babel Davis and Austin Davis, who lived near the farm of Massilon Haney and can rightly be claained by Syracuse. And besides all these, Mr. Nicolai reports David Helms, John Rose brough and his father, whose first name he cannot remember, all of whom we seem to be justified

in claiming. And George Unrue gives me the names of Jacob Unrue and George Unrue, cousins of his whom I had missed, making a total of 14 more, and bringing the corrected grand total up to 227.

Two hundred and twenty-seven able bodied men furnished by this small community, including the little village of Syracuse and the sparsely settled territory surrounding it comprising little more than a township, as the list now stands, and I doubt if it is complete yet. Read it all over carefully now, and if you can discover wherein it needs correction, let me know.

January 23, 1936

North Webster had had a Masonic lodge for several years, the 318th one organized in the state. And a few of the men of our village had become members of it. and then later a lodge had been instituted at Milford, and after that, Milford being nearer to us than North Webster those of our citizens who desired to become members of the order joined that lodge. Of these two lodges at least 11 of the principal citizens of the two had become members in 1872; John Wayer, S.L. Ketring, Preston Miles, David Fry, Adam Ketring, Samuel Akers, Levi Akers, Edward E. Miles, Martin Hillabold, James Benner and Daniel Brown. And then, on account of the inconvenience of attending the meetings of the lodge in our two sister villages, it was decided that a lodge should be instituted here.

There were not member sufficient to secure a charter but a dispensation was procured, and under it the installing of additional members was begun. The first meeting seems to have been held on July 19, 1872, and the first officers were: John Wayer, Master; Preston Miles, Junior Warden; David Fry, Treasurer; Adam Ketring, secretary; Edward F. Miles, Senior Deacon; Samuel Akers, Junior Deacon, and Levi Akers Tyler. At that first meeting was received the petition for membership of Joseph Rippey. And Joel Spangle was present as a visitor from Hacker Lodge Number 318 of North Webster.

In October following, Isaac Kitson, Aaron Juday, Dr. N. Hartshorn and Samuel Shaffer were accepted as members, and in January, 1873 were added the names of Michael Nicolai, Hugh N. Callander, Samuel Bashore. In February 1873, Joel Spangle changed his membership from North Webster to the forming new lodge, and in March following, Samuel Grissom and John Wyland were accepted as members. And following this, with a membership, it appears, of all the foregoing, numbering 24, a charter was issued to the new lodge bearing date May 27, 1873, and the number of it drew was 455.

Of these 24 charter members David Fry, now approaching 90 years of age, Samuel Akers, Levi Akers, Isaac Kitson, Michael Nicolai, S.L. Ketring, John M. Ott and Ed. E. Miles are still residents of Syracuse. And Mr. Fry is still the lodge's treasurer, and has been continuously since it was finstituted, and is likely to continue to be as long as he lives. Old a decript now with failing memory he is hardly able to attend to business of the office, but others cheerfully do it for him, and it has come to be a sentiment with the members of the lodge that, on account of his long, faithful and careful service the office shall remain in his name as long as he lives.

Of the other charter members, Preston Miles, father of the writer and of Edward E.; Adam Ketring, father of S.L.; Martin Hillabold, James Benner, Daniel Brown, Joseph

Rippey, Dr. Hartshorn, Samuel Shaffer, William F. Bonar and Joel Spangle are dead. John Wayer is a resident of Los Angeles, Cal,; H.N. Callander is president and one of the principal owners of the bank of Lusk, at Lusk, Wyo.; Samuel Bashore, who built and first operated the saw mill, later and for many years, down to the present time, owned and operated by F.M. Ott, moved to Iowa some 25 years or more ago, and from that state moved to one of the Dakotas where he died within the last two years, I am informed. Samuel Grissom, I believe, lives somewhere in the west. John Wyland is dead, too I believe. Where Aaron Juday now lives, I cannot tell.

Thus are the 24 charter members of the Syracuse Lodge 454 F. and A.M. accounted for. Twelve of them, at least are dead, and of the 12 remaining, none is under 60 years old, I believe.

In the record made by the secretary of the lodge under date of August 8, 1873, I find the following: "Visitors present Frank Jackson and John W. Stetler of Goshen Lodge No. 12."

I am not a little surprised to find the first one to become a member of the new lodge after a charter was granted to it was, "Dr." H.W. Shock who was elected July 4, 1873 and whom I have had occasion to mention heretofore in this history. For besides being, by courtesy, permitted to call himself "Dr." because it was thought he had knowledge of medicine sufficient to give a fellow calomel without extracting his teeth, he essayed, at times, in the absence of an ordained pastor, to preach in the pulpit of the Church of God, of which he was an obstreperous member. And his brother John was an ordained minister of that church, and the leader of the anti-Masonic branch of it, who had no doubt whatever thought that the devil kept his earthly headquarters in the mysterious and carefully guarded chambers of the different secret lodges. And as the two brothers were on good terms and I never heard of them having differences over this question, I strongly suspect that the membership of the doctor, at least as against the minister, was one of the secrets of the order.

Dr. Shock, like many other men of limited knowledge, used to get a bunch of farmers around him and attempt, by the use of words neither they nor he knew the meaning of, to impress them with his learning and wisdom. Once upon a time, when I was a school boy and was having some physiology lessons on the heart and circulation of the blood, I was present in Eli Holloway's drug store when he was explaining to a half dozen fellows his ailment—a trouble with his heart that he expected to shortly cause his death.

"The human heart is shaped like a cup" he said, closing his extended hand in illustration. "It is covered, out and inside, with a membrane, but that of it on the outside is called the pericardium, while that on the inside is called the pericarditis. My trouble at present in inflammation of the pericardium. This will gradually extend up over the top of the heart and down inside" (illustrating by pointing to the closed hand) "and then I will have inflammation of the pericarditis, which will cause me to die suddenly."

You may laugh at this, if you please, but I would have you know that Dr. Shock was as well educated in his profession as were many of his contemporaries. Seldom was it that one of them had a diploma from a medical college, and if he did, he possibly bought it from some fake concern for a few dollars. Or if he got it honestly, in any event, it cost

him the study of but two short years. For the laws of the state made no requirements of those who live off the people by professing to cure them of their ills.

But this is a diversion as I started out to tell you about the Masonic Lodge.

In 1875, John W. Stetler moved over here from Benton and became the partner of Joseph A. Kindig in a general store, and changing his membership to the new lodge here he shortly became Master of it, and thereafter almost continuously acted in that capacity to the time of his death in 1889. But for his it is possible that the lodge would have gone out of existence. Its membership was small, and for years it had to fight against a fierce opposition from many members of the churches. But Mr. Stetler's strong personality held together a little band of faithful ones that kept it alive—among them Uncle David Fry, Levi and Samuel Akers, Joseph Rippey, Michael Nicolai, John M. Ott, Oliver Cromwell, Ed Miles and a few others.

With the new life of the town that came in the '90's the lodge beganto increase its membership, and its growth has been constant since. It now has a few more than 100 members who are much attached to it, and is in a very prosperous condition.

If it weren't for our natural feeling of kindness for animals, we'd suggest horse and buggy for the Roosevelt boys.

February 6, 1936

In the years just before the beginning of the last century, and when George Washington was president of the United States, Jeremiah Stillwell, grandfather of John F. Stillwell, one of the directors of the State Bank of Syracuse, and of Benjamin B. Stillwell, who lives north of town, being a resident of Pennsylvania, became a soldier under General Anthony Wayne, and came with him into the great forests of the west to fight the hostile Indians here. For three years did he continue in this service, and he was present at the building of the fort at Fort Wayne.

If I knew even a few of the details of the hardships that he with his comrades were compelled to endure in those three years, I could tell you a story here much more interesting than any I have yet set down in this history. But you must know that in the trackless forest of northern Indiana there were no roads, and the country being mostly level and without drainage, it was impossible for supply trains of wagons to keep up with the army. And there being no sort of civilization here, nor any inhabitants but the Indians there was no such thing as the army gaining any part of its subsistence by forage.

It seems that there were no writers with the armies to tell us of the hardships and horrors of those early campaigns against the Indians. We are told a little about them in the history of the life of Andrew Jackson, but so far as I know, no writer has set down for us any account of the personal trials of the men who made up the armies of Generals Wayne and Harrison. Grandfather Stillwell used to recount them to his children and grandchildren, and I wish I had heard his stories, so that I might repeat them here for you.

After the ending of his three years of army service he returned to Pannsylvania, and later moved from there to Ohio, where he continued to reside until 1837 or 1848, when he moved to Indiana, and settled in Elkhart county. A year or so later, in 1849, his son

Jeremiah, father of the Stillwell family that we know, followed and settled on a farm in Jefferson township, in that county. From there, in 1854, with his family he moved to Benton township, having purchased the farm north of town that is still the property of his sons.

There were six children in the family: John F., the oldest, a sister who is the wife of George Juday of near Benton; Jasper who lives near Bangor, Mich.; Benjamin and Emma, who reside on a part of the old farm and have never married; Louisa W., who died when she was a young lady. The wife of John was Mary A., daughter of Samuel Ott, senior. She died in 1883.

Always ever since I can remember, have the Stillwells been considered to be one of our very best and most reliable families.

Just north and a little west of Syracuse in Jackson township, Elkhart county, there is a section that was settled, it seems, later than was Benton township and the other lands hereabout. And who were the ones that first entered the lands there I cannot tell you. Whoever they were, they seem to have not settled on them, or to have held them not many years.

To this section came Abraham L. Neff in 1854, then 24 years old, and lately married to Lydia Whitehead, who was born in Elkhart county in 1836, and was a daughter of Samuel Whitehead, a pioneer who had come to the county in 1832 or 1833. Mr. Neff was born in Franklin County, Va., in 1830. From there he came west to Montgomery county, Oh., and in 1852 came to Indiana. He assisted in building the Lake Shore railroad in 1853.

He built a log cabin in the woods on the land he had acquired, to which he brought his young wife. Often when felling trees to clear away a field on which corn might be raised he would call her from the cabin, uncertain if he could prevent the trees falling on it.

In the years that followed the little farm gradually grew into a large one. Retired from it now, at the age of 80, full of honors, Mr. Neff and his wife are most highly respected citizens of our town.

His family are Lewis A., one of our most substantial citizens and now a member of the board of trustees of the town; John S., Henry M. and Daniel E., all of whom still reside north of town near the old home, where each of them owns a large farm, and Sara A., who is the widow of Peter Long, formerly on Lagrange county, where she now resides.

Like the Stillwells, the family of Neffs are of our best and most substantial citizens.

Joseph Gilbert and his wife Julia Ann came from near Dayton, O., in 1845 and procured a farm near that of Mr. Neff, where they reared a family of three sons and four daughters; the sons being George W., now deceased; William E., who resides in Goshen; John who lives in Laporte county; and the daughters, Sophia who married Samson Harshman and moved to Kansas; another whose name I do not know who married a man named Dillon and also moved to Kansas; Martha, who died unmarried when a young woman; Katharine, now deceased who was first the wife of Henry Deardorff and after his death married Rudolph Wilkinson.

The farm of James, or, as he was always known, “Uncle Jimmy” Rentfrow, was near that of Mr. Neff and is now owned by Lewis A. Neff. I have told you before of “Uncle

Jimmy." One of the earliest pioneers was he, having come in 1835 or 1836. And well was his good wife known as "Aunt Charity." His sons were Jacob, still a resident of Syracuse; Henry, who died when he was a young man; Moses, who is still living. He had but one daughter, Sarah, who became the wife of Frederick Ott and moved to Kansas. It was at the home of this daughter that "Uncle Jimmy" died at a ripe old age some 19 or 12 years ago.

Jacob Adams came about 1860. George, who still lives north of town was his only son. He had three daughters, Jane, the wife of Marion Steele of Ligonier; Margaret, who never married and lives in Syracuse; and Mary A. who married Frederick Weyrick, who in some unknown manner lost his life while driving a horse and cart on his way from Milford to Nappanee some 15 years ago. It will be remembered that he was found lying face downward, in a ditch near where the highway crosses Turkey Creek west of Milford.

John Weybright, whose wife was Joanna Lindemann, came to Elkhart county, to the Elkhart prairie about 1834. In 1850 he acquired a farm near that of Mr. Neff and moved on it, and there he raised a family of five sons and five daughters. William and Jacob still reside near the old homestead north of town; John lives southeast of Milford; Wesley lives southeast of New Paris; David died about a year ago; Elizabeth married Peter Troup; Christina married Solomon Rodibaugh; Ellen, now deceased was married to William Ness, of Mildford.

John Lindamann came about 1850. His son Jacob still lives on the old home place. John died about 25 years ago. There were four daughters of whom Mary married Theodore Hamman; Sarah married a man named Riggle (she died more than 20 years ago) Christine was another daughter who married, I cannot tell you whom, and there was still another daughter whose name I cannot tell you.

John Rodibaugh also came in the early '50's. He had but two children. His son, Solomon, still lives on the old home farm, and his daughter Elizabeth became the wife of Noah Rasor, who lives northwest of twon, and the mother of Aaron Rasor, of the Bank of Syracuse.

William Lavering came somewhat earlier, in the 40's. His sons were Daniel, who was for many years a resident of Syracuse; Samuel who was a cripple, both of whom died; and William, who is still alive, resides at Oswego. His daughters were Christie, who married a man named Cooper, and Elizabeth, who became the wife of Benjamin McCrary.

Isaac Unrue also came in the early '50's. He had two sons, Jacob, who died here a few years ago, and Andrew, who lived and died in Goshen. I don't believe that he had any daughters.

But I have not space in this paper to tell you about all these settlers northwest of town, whose names should have place in this history, and will stop here and keep the rest of them till next week

February 13, 1936

Abraham Neff had a brother, Samuel, who also lived not far from him, three and a half miles northwest of town, where he settled about 1852 and continued to reside until in the early sixties, when he moved to Kansas. He had a family of eighteen children.

Simon Boomershine came with his parents about 1840, or possibly earlier. I don't know whether his son Hiram is living, but he had a son named Daniel, who lives in or near Millersburg, and another named Gabriel, who died about twenty-five years ago. Whether there were any daughters I cannot tell you.

Jesse Deardorff, about 1852, acquired a farm some four miles northwest of town, whereon he died many years aog. His widow, who was Rebecca Boomershine and a sister of Simon, named above, now resides in Syracuse, and with her lives her daughter, Ellen, who never married. William H., the oldest son, married a sister of Alonzo W. Banta of Benton. He died about twenty-five years ago. A daughter, Ida, became the first wife of William Butt, now of Syracuse, and was the mother of Otis Butt, our efficient town clerk. She also died a good many years ago. Another son, Jerome, lives here, and is carrier on route number 2 out of Syracuse post office.

James Tully, whose farm was one and a half miles northwest of town, where he and his wife, Catharine, lived and died, came in the early fifties. His sons John and Adam live in Claypool, in this county, and Levi and Nathan live in Goshen. There were three daughters, but I can tell you little about them, except that one of them married Elijah LeCount's son, James.

The farm of Robert Watson, whereon still dwells his widow, Sarah, who is nearly 90 years old, lies two miles northwest of town on the Goshen road. There Mr. Watson came about 1850, or possibly in the forties. There were two sons and two daughters. The father died about 1855. Alexander, one of the sons, died when he was about sixteen years old. David still lives with his mother on the old home farm. Nancy a daughter, died unmarried at about the age of 20, and near the time of the death of her brother. Rhoda became the wife of Adoniram Cory and moved with him to Kansa, where she also died a good many years ago.

Samuel Rookstool, who was a brother of James, an account of whom I have heretofore given, came in the early forties. He and his wife died near together sometime during the war. Shortly after their death Andrew and Cornelius, two sons, moved to Kansas. William, another son, purchased a farm on the Syracuse and Milford road two and a half miles west of Syracuse, that is still owned by his widow. He died there about thirty years ago. There were three daughters, of whom Jane became the wife of William Filbert, who now lives in Goshen, Lovina married Timothy Loehr, who lives somewhere in Michigan, and Sophia became the wife of the late M.J. Rippey, of Syracuse, and is the mother of J. Edgar Rippey, of the Maple Grove dairy farm.

Tobias Keim came in the sixties. His farm was two an da half miles northwest of town, and there he and his wife, Anna, lived and died. His oldest son was Frederick, who died in Goshen a few years ago John lives in Kansas, Samuel in Nebraska, and Adam, who married a daughter of George Unrue, lives in South Bend. Elizabeth married Daniel Close and lives in Goshen, Mary married a man named Hammond who lives in Starke County, Indiana, Susan married David Welibaum, and, with her sisters Ellen and Anna, lives in Goshen.

Benton Marvel, whose farm was three miles northwest of town, came early in the fifties. His wife's name was Sarah. Their only child, I believe, was a son whose name was Stephen. After comparatively few years here they moved to Oswego, and my notes lose track of them there.

Cyrus Lentz, whose farm was also about three miles northwest of town, came about 1854. His wife was Mary Whitehead, and she was a sister of the wife of Abraham Neff. After living there about ten years he moved west of New Paris. He died near the Frog Pond school house about four years ago. His sons were Albert M., who lives in Wakarusa, Moses M., who lives in Milford, and a younger one whose name I do not know. There were three daughters. Dessi married Bert Dubbs and lives with him west of Waterford, Jennie married Charles Hammond, and Olive married a man named Groves.

This completes the list of the farmers northwest of town accounts of whom I have. I suspect there are a few more families that ought to be included in it; notably that of Noble LeCount, who lived there for a number of years. He had two beautiful daughters, who, as I remember, both died young, and no other children that I know of. And his name brings to mind a story.

Mr. LeCount had a habit of loafing in town rather late of nights. Morgan Snyder had been given some sort of an appointment as a special marshal. One night about closing time there being some disturbance in the saloon of Mr. William Bowld, then in the building that stood where is now located Eli Bushong's barber shop, Mr. Snyders rushed into the place, and without making much inquiry as to who was causing the ruction, struck Mr. LeCount on the head with a heavy cane. There followed a long drawn out suit in the circuit court at Warsaw, in which LeCount attempted to establish that the assault on him was unwarranted and wrongful, and that his health had been permanently injured by it. This lawsuit divided the people of the town into two factions and gave them food for discussions and dissensions for a year or so. In the end, as I remember, it cost Mr. Snyder something like a thousand dollars.

Henry Coy, who was born in 1812, rode horseback from Winamac, Ind. Entered a farm just north of the Rookstool place on the Milford road and moved there in 1849. He died there at a ripe old age not very many years ago. His widow, who was Mary Grissamer, is still living, and is past 81 years old. Thomas, their oldest son, lives just north of town where he now owns the farm long the home of the family of the late John Gordy. Benjamin owns and lives on the old Harvey Vennaman farm that I have told you about, a mile west of town on the Milford road. Irvin and Marion, the two remaining sons, live in Syracuse or near it, I believe. There were five daughters, Mahala married Seth Meloy, whose farm was also along the Milford road three miles west of town, and who died there some years ago, Hettie married Marion, oldest son of Isaac Kitson, Tillie married Benjamin Vorhis and now lives with her mother, Louisa married William Baird, and Permilia became the wife of Daniel M. Deeter.

February 20, 1936

The first sporting place at the lake and the love story of Kale and Mam.

I am somewhat flattered to learn that a Chicago writer is understaking to do for his city exactly what I have been doing for Syracuse. Out of old newspaper files and from o her sources he is collecting material to enable him to tell the story of the birth and growth of Chicago. His papers will appear from day to day in the Chicago Evening Post. I can safely say of them that the farther back his own personal recollections go the more interesting will they be.

Mam, the widow of -----Woods, tall, slender, and with the facial expression of a pickerel, with her only son, Bill, also tall and slender, and much resembling his mother, lived in a little one story frame house that stood on the bank of the lake a little way south of Carrol street. The property belonged to them, but they had little, if anything, besides. Bill was a comical fellow without intending it. Once when he had plunged into the lake much as would a crane and captured a large bull frog, he held it before him and grinned as he exclaimed "Me and Mam'll cat you." But the frog, by a last supreme effort, slipped from his grasp and, jumping back into the water, disappeared, "Go to," said Bill, as he contemplated the loss, "frogs is blue meat anyway."

For a good many years after the death of the husband and father Mam and Bill continued to subsist together in their little cottage by the lake, poorly enough, no doubt, and how at all the neighbors hardly knew. For the boy did not work, though he fished and caught muskrats, and thus probably managed to provide a little money at intervals. There was not any rent to pay, and fuel could be had for the hauling of it. And the hauling of it cost but little.

Now Mam, as a housekeeper, had a most distressing reputation on account of her want of cleanliness. If a neighbor woman ever called she was wont to grab a broom, so that she might be discovered industriously sweeping, all innocent that every condition within her dwelling betrayed he bluff. But in her heart here was pride that prompted her ever to conceal her poverty, though her poor old stomach was often empty, I have no doubt. And she had her son, Bill, and as good a right to hope that he might some time be president of the United States as had those prouder mothers, her neighbors. And Bill had finally come to be nearly twenty years old, and had grown to be most expert in capturing muskrats and selling their hides to the Hewish collectors that visited Syracuse occasionally, in which latter he manifested much ability such as many famous men of this latter day employ in the amassing of large fortunes, by slipping among his pelts numbers of the skins of large house rats, and having the accepted as "kittens."

On land that belonged to nobody knew whom squatted Kaleb and Thomas Oram, brothers, bachelors lately from England, some two or three years before the breaking out of the war. Middle aged men were they then. Thomas I remember very well, indeed, though I knew him only when I was a very small boy. A tall, slim, athletic fellow he was and at some time in his life he had had small pox which left his face deeply pitted. Kaleb, or "Kale" was of medium height and of heavier build. He sang one or two Scottish songs with a beautiful mellow voice, but unfortunately could only be induced to sing them after he had imbibed rather too freely of strong drink. Now, of all stages of a jag, from mild hilarity to unconsciousness, the musical stage stands probably in least favor among sober people. And so Mr. Oram never acquired the popularity as a singer that his voice might have brought him.

The brothers built a cabin of logs, probably knitted for themselves some gill nets, and began fishing for a livelihood. And, oh, the fish they took from the lake and hauled over to Goshen and sold there! If I knew all the truth about their catches and should set it down faithfully for you here you would not believe it. And they were not disturbed, for in those days there was no law against taking fish with net, or spear, or trap, or in any way you pleased.

And their cabin shortly became headquarters for the men from all the country round about who came to the lake either to catch fish or to purchase them. And it was said that, among their other accomplishments, they could decoct a really palatable drink out of raw alcohol and lake water, sweetened, and flavored as only they knew how to flavor it.

Their cabin had an old fashioned fire place, in front of which were enacted many scenes that would be of interest now if I knew sufficient of them to set them down here. But I do not, and you must imagine them. I have told you of the customs of the time, and of the commonness of whisky drinking. And you know what kindo f bait men still often require most of when they go fishing. And putting this and that together it will not be hard for you to correctly conclude what kind of a place the brothers' domicile became, or what kind of a reputation it acquired in the community. To its credit I will say though, that, thanks to the generous good nature of the brothers, it never became a place of real rowdyism and low brutality. Of such a thing as a fight there I never heard. But of polly sprees there were a plenty.

Kalab had a great liking for dog, and of them he always kept a large number, ofter as many as fifteen, with unprintable names, many of them. And when you came near they would set up a howling that could have had no more terrors for me had they been wild, savage wolves; though I guess they were harmless enough.

Thomas had the reputation of being a very good cook, and of habits of fair cleanliness. But Kaleb was slovenly, and besides was afflicted with a distressing physical weakness on account of which he carried ever about with him a most offensive smell.

In the early part of 1865 Thomas enlisted in the 162nd regiment of Indiana infantry volunteers, and went off to the south, leaving his brother Kaleb alone. And on his return from that service he shortly left for Kansas, or some point in the west, never to return here.

Now, Kaleb had by this time lost his last or sir name altogether, and was known not otherwise than as "Old Kale." And not any of the children, nor many of their elders knew that he had ever had any knew that he had ever had any name other than this latter. And the island of some twenty-five acres on which he and his brother had squatted, together with the home they had built upon it, had come to be known as Kale Island. And as Kale Island it is known still and ever shall be.

And now, I wish I were practiced in the art of telling love stories, for I have material here out of which to make a famous one. And I am indeed sorely tempted to try what I can do with it, only that I fear I should make myself so ridiculous as to drive you from reading the many things I am anxious to yet tell you about our town and lake.

But I must report to you that “Old Kale,” missing the cooking and housecleaning of his brother, and being powerfully disinclined to essay the performing of those homely tasks for himself, fell into melancholy.

Only one comfort was left to him; his ability to decoct a fragrant mint julep or tanzy bitters had ever been the equal of that of his brother, nor had he ever discovered any aversion to the agreeable task of decocting them. But to cook, and to scour pans and pots was not for him. And still much less to his liking was the washing of dirty shirts and bed clothes. There seemed to be but one hope of relief from his embarrassment, and that to implore the help of Cupid.

And Cupid, who is always obliging at such times to all manner of men and women, directed him to the village of Syracuse, to the bank of the lake, and to the domicile of Mam. And Cupid attended him there, and shot his little dart, that went true to the heart of the widow.

Now just here is where my lack is most apparent, and great is your loss that my imagination is untrained, that I might write you down a love scene befitting the people and the occasion. Of course, I was not there, and I do not know what transpired, no more than do you. But were I trained as a writer of amorous fiction the situation furnishes material for a tale that should flood your eyes, and cause you, right at this point, to blow your nose most violently.

But I am only a writer of dry history, and have but to tell you that the village and the community and a considerable portion of the town of Goshen sat bolt upright held up their hands, and exclaimed, “Well, did you ever!” when it became known that Kale and Mam were married.

And Mam and Bill at once gathered up their belongings and took them out to Kale Island and thereafter the three of them resided there together. And Bill came to be known as Bill Kale.

The moral tone of Kale Island was hardly improved by the acquisition of Mam and Bill. Nor was it improved at all in the matter of cleanliness of cooking and housekeeping. But whatever the shortcomings in these matters, Kale himself was no longer responsible for them. And he was content in his environment.

But a perverse legislature passed a law making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine, to take fish with a net, and some meddling person took it upon himself to enforce this law, and against Old Kale, too. And he was made to pay what was, to him, a heavy fine.

And then, about the time of the building of the B. & O. railroad, Martin Hillabold and another gentleman purchased and acquired title to the island on which Kale and Mam and Bill had been satisfied to live without troubling themselves to make inquiry as to whom it belonged, and served notice on them to vacate the premises. And they were required to retire to the little cottage on the bank of the lake in Syracuse from which as his bride Kale had taken Mam but a few short years before. There, chagrined, defeated and discouraged, he survived but a short time. His unmarked grave is somewhere in the cemetery on the hill.

Mam lived but a year or two after his death and sleeps near him. And after she died Bill disappeared from here, and I have never seen him since. Rumor has it that he now lives somewhere in Kansas, where he owns much land, and that he never married.

February 27, 1936

The establishment of the two parks at the lake and their occupants

Kale and Tom had managed to have cleared away the trees from some fifteen or twenty acres of the land on Kale Island. Many of these had been splendid polars that had been made into lumber and gone into some of the houses of the village, and oaks that had been made mostly into barrel staves. And there was much firewood hauled from the island to Syracuse in the large boat I told you about three or four weeks ago. And on the land thus cleared Kale had planted a vineyard of several acres of Concord, Delaware and other grapes. Except by boat the only way to reach his abode was down a private lane through the farm of Milton Phebus at the east side of the smaller lake and around the margin of the marsh above the railroad to and hence along or in the water of the larger one.

Now, after Kale and Mam and Bill had been banished from Kale Island March McCroery, who long afterward was a guard at the penitentiary at Michigan City, came over from Goshen and leased the place from Mr. Hillabold, and built thereon, near the cabin of Kale, the first summer hotel at Wawasee. This was in 1873 or 1874. A very inexpensive structure it was, "sided up and down" with rough, green planks without plaster or other lining inside. As the planks dried and the cracks widened the mosquitos grew more and more cheerful and optimistic. And the swarms of them were much greater than they are in these times, though they are yet plentiful enough, goodness knows.

I remember one miserable torturous night spent in a room of this "hotel," through the cracks of which these marauders swarmed with their bands and orchestras—a night that did, finally, come to an end, though I almost despaired of it ever doing so, and that most severely tried my faith in the beneficence of things natural.

Notwithstanding the inconvenience of getting to the place it did considerable business. Mr. McCroory conducted it, as I remember, one season; possibly two. In 1875 it was rented by Ed E. Miles, now our town treasurer, and Jack Kitson, who moved their families out there and ran it during the summer. After that it failed to secure a respectable tenant, and its reputation descended from bad to worse. A tall, slim man past middle age, a widower or bachelor named Hinman, ran it for a year or so, and was at much pains to exploit his ability to make turtle soup, a dish up to his time unknown in these parts. There were no women about the place, and it degenerated into a poker and booze joint, visited only by bums and loafers, and shunned by people with any claims of respectability. And James Getty, another single man, probably a widower, had charge of it for awhile, I believe. At any rate he made his headquarters there. Gossip had it that Mr. Getty, who had come from somewhere about Pierceton, had formerly been possessed of considerable property. But the fire of an unquenchable thirst was dragging him down, body and soul, and whatever of wealth he may have possessed was dissipated and lost.

The drunken carousals and the gambling at Kale Island had come to be a shame and disgrace to the lake and the community. And finally on a certain night, the "hotel" took fire and was totally destroyed. Nobody ever knew whether the fire that destroyed it

was of incendiary origin. But nobody ever had the least doubt that it was. And so passed the first attempt at creating a place for the entertainment of summer guests at Wawasee. The hotel itself had been known and advertised as the Island house.

You may wonder at the abode of Kale being called an island, for at this time it is not, but is rather a peninsular. But in his time the neck of land to the east, next to Pickwick Park, was covered with water, much of the time so that one could run a boat over it. In those days, when the Hon. Joseph H. Defrees owned the mill and water power here, the lake was held more than a foot higher than it is now. And besides, this neck has been filled and made into dry ground, so that, from an island to a peninsular the change of place has been artificially made.

The purchase of Mr. Hillabold and his Chicago partner that included Kale Island, also included the tract adjoining it on the east and north, now known as Pickwick Park and that now owned by Mr. John McMahon of Goshen, first known as Conrad's Island, and afterward as Bob Epert's place. And into a log cabin that stood near the lake in this Pickwick Park tract, near the time that Kale was banished from his island, moved William Dillon.

Mr. Dillon's wife must have died when he was a young man. He had three children, at this time all grown, viz: Wilson, or "Wils" who lived in one of the Dakotas the last I heard of him, and John and Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart, who both live in Syracuse.

I cannot tell from whence Mr. Dillon came nor when, but he was a pioneer such as there were many of in the early days. He loved to hunt and fish, and to live a solitary life. For several years he occupied his little cabin, only rowing or walking down the railroad to town occasionally for supplies necessary for his meager needs.

Now in those days, when the Chicago extension of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was new, there were two long bridges, one on each side of Buck Island. On the farther one of these bridges, on an unlucky day in 1880, Mr. Dillon, while on his way home from town, was struck by a passenger train and killed. The train was stopped and the train crew carried his lifeless body over to his cabin by the lake, from which it was given a respectful burial.

Mr. Dillon was a kindly, likeable man, much beloved by everyone who knew him, and his death was deeply deplored in the community. Nor did ever his place acquire any such unsavory reputation as did that of his neighbor Kale and his successors on Kale Island. After his death, his cabin came into possession of his daughter, Mrs. Stewart, and her husband, the late Francis M. Stewart who occupied it until the death of the latter, which occurred there several years later. And, indeed, she continued to reside there until the land was bought by J.A. Spielman, then superintendent of this division of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, about 1892 or 1893. It was Mr. Spellman who named the place Pickwick Park on his acquisition of it. Up to that time it had been known as Dillon's.

In 1896 Kale Island was purchased by the writer hereof, who at the same time purchased a right-of-way for and constructed a road to it leading off at and over Dog Creek Dam from the highway to Conkling Hill, and bridging and filling The Channel at the Fish Trap.

A strip along the lake front was platted into lots for summer cottages, and the plat was recorded under the old name of Kale Island. The same year the adjoinging tract was purchased from Mr. Spellman by George Lamb, now of Nappanee, and Joseph P. Moore, of this place, and likewise platfed as Pickwick Park. That year the cottage now owned by Mr. P.F. Miles was built, as was also a new cabin of tamarack logs near the spot where had stood the cabin of Kale. The following year the cottages of Daniel Zook and John and Frank Coppes of Nappanee were built, as was also that of Will Felkner and Omar Neff of Milford, which was later sold to Mrs. Dora M. Hamilton. And either in that year or the one following were built the first cottage of Haines and John Egbert and the summer home of Frank P. Abbott, of Goshen. Other cottages have followed until now Kale Island and Pickwick Park, which are really one stretch of beach, contain about twenty of the best summer homes at the lake.

The vineyard planted by Kale, Mr. Hillabold or some of his tenants long ago grubbed out, and the last vestige of his cabin has disappeared. There is nothing left at the Island to perpetuate his memory except the land itself and its summer village that bears his name, and one large apple tree, still bearing, that he probably planted. The beds of mint that he fondly cherished and made much use of remained long years after they missed his kindly care, but finally abandoned hope of his ever returning to nurture them, gave up their long struggle against the encroachments of the blue grass that annually beset them, and disappeared.

March 5, 1936

The story of Gordanier and the part of the lake which bears his name.

East of the adjoining Pickwick Park lies Gordanier Bay, and back of it the marsh of the same name that in early days was a famous place for duck shooting. I used to wonder how this bay and marsh came by its name, as no settler or resident ever lived near it from whom it could have been taken. But I find by reference that the county records that in earliest times a very considerable tract that included much of this marsh did belong to somebody whose name was Gordanier or Gardanier. As I can find no trace or memory of him here, I take it he must have been a nonresident proprietor. But somebody who knew of his ownership evidently gave his name to the place, and it stuck to it for fifty years or more. And it is a good enough name, and on account of its age ought to be continued.

Forming the east shore of Gordanier Bay, a half mile from Pickwick Park, is Conrad's Island. Now, if you are not an old timer you will not recognize it by this name, for I came into the possession of the late Bob Epert, sometime in the early nineties, and was thereafter known as "Eperts" or "Bob's" place, as which it attained a fame more broad than enviable. For "Bob" converted it into a beer garden and booze joint whereat there was much lawlessness and rowdyism, that continued each summer until his untimely death four or five years ago, and until the people of the township by remonstration put all the saloons out of existence. Indeed, in the consummation of this latter the manner in which this resort had been conducted was a potent influence in aid of the anti-saloon people of the community. Since the death of Mr. Epert the place, which is now the

property of John McMalon, of Goshen, has practically been without a name. I hope its old time name will be restored to it, for it is ancient and altogether honorable.

Henry Conrad was one of the interesting characters among the pioneers about the lake. An old man he was, always, it seems to me. At any rate, when I was a small boy he was known as one of the oldest men in the community. And all the children were afraid of him; for no other reason than his reputed great age and his vigor and strength which, associated with his habit of living all alone on an island out at the lake every season from earliest spring until the waters were covered with ice in the fall, made us look upon him as wizardous and uncanny. He was altogether harmless; rather was of a kindly nature to the few that really knew him.

And every spring, with the first blue birds and robins he came, it appeared to us out of the nowhere, back to his beloved island, carrying with him all his belongings, except his old, well rotted boat and the much repaired oars that he had hidden among the trees the last autumn and took up his abode again in the little shack that was unworthy the name of a cabin, there through the summer months to remain, solitary and alone. Rarely did he have a visitor, nor did he seem pleased to have one, ever. If he sickened, or had need of a doctor or a nurse, nobody learned of it.

At intervals he would appear in the village, probably to sell a few fish and to secure some luxuries or necessities. And when the children saw him approaching they all scampered to cover, much as they would have done had they knew him to be the pied piper returned again; which always gave him pain, for he really loved children. Once on a day when Hillabold's saw mill was quiet and deserted, and a half dozen boys had taken advantage of the absence of the mill hands to play therein, he appeared as though he had dropped out of space, picked up an old ale,? and made a noise and permitted the boys to discover him pretending to be filing his teeth preparatory to devouring them. There was a stampede he was powerless to check, though he made serenuous efforts to do so, as the children tumbled pell mell over each other off the high car track in the rear of the mill, at great risk of their limbs and necks. And this was ten years before my time, these boys being much older than myself.

Though Mr. Conrad never made any claim of being the owner of his beloved island, and it was generally known that he was not, nobody ever thought of disturbing him in his possession and enjoyment of it. And he continued to return regularly and abide there every year until near the time when Mr. Eppert acquired the place. But time in the end won the long battle against him, and he finally disappeared to return no more. Nobody knew his age, but everybody thought him to be upward of ninety, and nobody would have been surprised at proof that he was a hundred or more. He must have been born before the beginning of last century, probably while George Washington was president of the United States. His last summer at the lake was sometime in the eighties. And the last time I saw him he looked to me exactly as he did the first time I saw him. How many seasons in all he spent on his idland at Wawasee I cannot tell you.

Rumor used to have it that he had married in his early life, and that he had children, then old men, with whom he spent the long tedious hours of the winters. But whether these rumors were true, or where these children lived, I never knew. To me he was like

the wild geese that only left the lake when the winter drove them away from it, and reappeared suddenly in the early spring time, from I knew not where.

Rather under medium height was Mr. Conrad, but strong of build, of weight probably a hundred and seventy-five pounds, and of athletic step and motion that age seemed not to affect. Reticent of speech, unassuming of manner, loving solitude, whatever of the history of his life anyone knew he had learned not from him. I have tried herein to draw a portrait of him as I see him yet, and as he was known about the lake twenty and sixty years ago. If I had a picture of him I would use it to illustrate this paper, but I doubt if he ever had one taken. As I have said, he was probably the most interesting of all the old time characters about the lake. Certainly it is due to his memory that his loved island be forever permitted to retain his name.

The small island in Bordanier Bay just back of and near Conrad's Island, that is now the property of Mr. Mager, of Garrett, and on which he has a cottage, has time out of mind been known as Calf Island. How it came by this name I cannot tell you, but somehow it always seemed to me to be appropriative; probably on account of its relative size and location as to the larger ones.

Between March 12 and March 19, 1936???

The continued story of old historic points around Lake Wawasee—Johnson's

It must have been during or just before the war that Charles Ogden moved on the island that has since borne his name. Unlike his neighbors, Kale and Dillon and Conrad, he acquired title to the land from which he cleared the trees and on which he lived.

Ogden Island is now, too, a peninsular. But when Mr. Ogden settled on it, and for a long time there after, what is now known as the Sand Bar that connects it with the main land to the north was covered with water three or four feet deep at most of the seasons of the year, and the only way to reach his abode was by boat.

After living for several years on Ogden Island and clearing from several acres of it the trees that would be worth a small fortune to it now if he had let them stand, he traded the tract to William Moore for another just south of the present grounds of The Inn—a tract the lake frontage of which now belongs to Major Elliott Durand, of Chicago, whose beautiful summer home stands near the spot on which stood Mr. Ogden's cabin. There he lived probably ten years, and then he disposed of this latter tract to Mr. Moore and left these parts, never to return. I believe he went to Oregon when he left here.

I have but one distinct recollection of Mr. Ogden, and that is that he was a strong Seventh Day Adventist, and the first one of the sect known to this community. And he had a thousand reasons why that his faith was the only true one, and was ever willing to recite them all to any one who had patience to listen to them, which nobody ever had, to them, which nobody ever had. He did not trust, as did the others I have described, to fishing and trapping to furnish him a living, but rather depended on the soil of his modest land holdings, which he cultivated in berries and small fruits. What became of him or his family after they left here, or whether they are still living, I cannot tell you.

East and around the point of Ogden Island lies an arm of the lake that in itself would make a lake of very respectable size, familiarly known as Johnson Bay, and around it is a large marsh, in which grow lilies, and cattails, and wild rice, known as the Johnson

marsh. This marsh, next to that of Conkling adjoining the west end of the lake was of old the most famous place for duck hunting around the lake. It was named for one of the very earliest pioneer families of these parts—the family of Johnson.

I cannot at this time give you a complete story of this family. I do not know the name of the father nor all his children. They settled on land near the marsh and bay they gave their name to nearly eighty years ago.

Two of the sons, Isaac and Martin, I knew very well. Whether there were more I do not know. There were daughters, but how many, or what their names, I cannot tell you.

Isaac lived out his days on the little tract that had been the family homestead, and died at an advanced age there some twelve or fifteen years ago. His widow, the wife of his second marriage, who is the mother of Mrs. Benjamin Vorhis, still lives in Syracuse.

Martin became the owner of a small tract, now the property of the Sandusky Portland Cement Co., that ran down to the head of the marsh and bay, and on that built log cabin in which he resided until some twenty years ago, when he sold it and left to seek a newer country, where fish and muskrats were more plentiful.

Not ambitious of acquiring much wealth were the Johnsons. Here at a time when the finest of lands couldbe secured by little effort, they were content with a few acres on which to make their home. Nor were they so much concerned about the richness of the soil as that they should be located where game and fish and fur bearing animals were plentiful. But they were peaceful law-abiding citizens, and always, held the respect of the community.

Martin was the smallest one of the family, physically and intellectually, and the enactment of laws prescribing the manner in which he might fish and hunt were galling and offensive to him, particularly as they limited his means of obtaining a living. But he was not one to court trouble with the officers by setting them at defiance, as did most of his neighbors.

There is a small island in Johnson's Bay, just north of Ogden Island, and surrounded by the waters and the cattails and lily pads of the marsh, that on account of the thick growth of oak trees upon it is known as Oak Island.

Across the open water the lake a little east and a mile south of Ogden Island, lies Eagle Island, containing nearly twenty acres. I used to hear that this name was given it by the early settlers because some eagles annually nested there. It lay out in the lake a hundred yards or so from the lands of Mr. Nathaniel Crow, who probably might have made good a claim of title to it had he set it up, but who never did. And it seemed to be no man's land.

Just after the close of the Civil War, William T. Morrison, some where near Warsaw, for his second wife wedded Ann, oldest daughter of Nathan Sloan, of this place, and with her and his two children by a former marriage, moved to Syracuse, and made application to be employed to teach the village school the following winter. In those days the patrons of a school elected a teacher for it each winter by ballot at a school meeting held for that purpose. And the term was of four months duration, instead of eight or nine months, as it is now. What qualifications were required of the teacher I do not know. They must, indeed, have been very meager. I believe that he was required to pass some sort of an examination at the county seat.

The application of Mr. Morrison met with favor, and he was duly elected to teach the school.

I will not attempt to describe to you the school that he taught, my object being in this paper to tell you the story of Eagle Island. It was neither better or worse than many others of its time, however.

In the summer following Mr. Morrison moved out to Wawasee lake and erected a cabin on the no man's land of Eagle Island, and squatted down there with his family, and he there continued to abide undisturbed for some theirty years.

In the meantime, and after twenty years of unchallenged possession, he had brought an action in court to perfect his title to the place, and by grace of the statute of limitations, had succeeded.

If the full and true story of the family of Mr. Morrison for the thirty years in which he lived on this island could be told I doubt not it would prove as interesting as the story of Robinson Crusco. There was a large number of children and about their only means of subsistence was fishing. After twenty years Mr. Morrison, who had been a soldier in an Ohio regiment during the war, was granted a small pension, and that improved the family fortunes somewhat.

Then came the building of summer homes at the lake, and the platting of most of its available frontage into lots that grew in value up to several hundred dollars each. And Mr. Morrison's Eagle Island, the title of which was now safely vested in him had a long stretch of beautiful frontage. And finally, some five or six years ago, some gentlemen of Cromwell and Ft. Wayne purchased the island from him for more money in a lump sum, than he had probably over earned in all his life, all put together. There are now located on it a half dozen or more of the best summer homes at the lake.

Mr. Morrison, after disposing of his island, moved, with his wife, to the state of Oregon, but shortly becoming dissatisfied there he returned to Indiana and took up his abode near Ligonier, where he now resides in the enjoyment of his fortune, and his pension, which latter has grown by several increases to be a rather respectable monthly allowance.

Across the far south end of the lake to the west of Eagle Island is another old time duck shooting ground known as McClintic's marsh. I have told you the story of Eston McClintic, who entered a large tract of land to the west of the south end of the lake, and who died there more than fifty years ago while he was still a young man. Much of this land still belongs to his descendants. His widow lived to an old age and died but a few years ago. It was on her authority that I told you the story of the Indians riding across the lake on their ponies from near her home to Cedar Point in the days before the building of the dam.

The bold promontory known as Cedar Point retains its ancient name, given it in the earliest days on account of the red cedars that grew upon it.

Now, I believe I have given you about all I know of the ancient history of Wawasee Lake. The story of its growth as a summer resort I have yet to tell you.

March 26, 1936

The first summer hotel and clubhouse to become prominent

1879 should be set down as the real birth of Wawasee as a summer resort, for in that year was organized the North Lake and River Association, that erected the first building at the lake for the entertainment of summer guests worthy to be called a hotel.

The idea of forming a sporting club and building a clubhouse at some suitable place in Northern Indiana was born in Wabash, at a time when Theron P. Keator was making somewhat of a stir in that city as editor and proprietor of the Wabash Plaindealer. And when the Association was finally completed most of its members were residents of that place.

George T. Agar was then editor of the Goshen Independent, that was afterward transformed by Thos A. Starr into the Goshen News and is now the News-Times. Mr. Ager promptly joined the Association, and at the time of the location of the club house was one of its influential members.

What is known as Wawasee Lake then had several names. On the oldest maps, made by the U.S. government surveyors it had been set down as Turkey Lake. Later, for no sufficient reason, it had come to be generally known as Nine Mile Lake.

It was easily decided by the new North Lake, but another question, not so easy to decide, was, at what point on the lake it should be located. People of Syracuse, then for the first time realizing the great mistake they had made when they permitted the Baltimore & Ohio railroad to close The Channel with its bridge at Buck Island, naturally wished to have it as near the town as possible, and did their utmost to induce the committee appointed to decide the matter, when it visited the lake for that purpose, to favor Conkling Hill. Mr. Ager was a member of that committee, and being a neighbor, the business men here counted on his assistance inthis, but he gave them disappointment, and probably did more than any other member of the committee to have the house placed on the opposite side of the lake.

The long stretch of beach extending north from the Sand Bar to where the Lilly cottage now stands was then known as the Yellow Banks, so named on account of the high banks there and their decidedly yellow color, and they were the property of the late William Moore. There, it was finally decided, the new clubhouse should be located, and at the north end of the Yellow Banks a tract of five acres, frosting several hundred feet on the lake, together with a right-of-way one rod wide over the farm of Mr. Moore to the highway a mile away was purchased for the sum of four hundred and fifty dollars, that being ninety dollars an acre for the hotel site, not counting the right-of-way.

And now, having decided on this location for a home, and having completed the purchase of these grounds, the next duty the committee seemed to think incumbent on it was to change the name of it. It seemed never to occur to them that the old name of Yellow Banks was a good and distinctive one, and ought not to be thrown away. There were a few small shrubs of red cedars growing along the bank and these gave Mr. Ager an idea. He proposed that the place should be called Cedar Beach. The suggestion seemed to please the fancy of the rest of the committee, and the name was adopted. All this in the late summer or autumn of 1879.

During the winter that followed plans were completed and adopted, and early in the spring of 1880 began the building of the first hotel at Cedar Beach, and at the beginning of the season of that year it was opened for business. A hotel and clubhouse indeed it

was, members being kept there at special rates and having certain privileges that were denied the general public.

Judge John U. Petit, of Wabash, father of Harry Petit, now U.S. marshal at Indianapolis, was the first president of the North Lake and River Association, and Ed Harter, also of Wabash, was its first secretary. The judge is long since dead. Mr. Harter, I am informed by Mr. Edward Ditton, is now in the livery business in the city of Huntington, Indiana.

I wish I had a complete roster of that old club. It would comprise a list of citizens than which there could hardly have been made up a better one of its length in the state. A most congenial bunch they were. And fish and ducks were plentiful. Oh, the pleasant memories of the first years at Cedar Beach will continue as long as there remains alive a single one who was fortunate enough to be permitted to join in the pleasures of those times.

The first person instilled to host at the new hotel was Dr. Craybill, of Wabash, whose first name I have forgotten. He was a splendid gentleman, and popular, but he conducted it but one or two seasons, and was followed by Captain Weightman, who had acquired his title by service in the state militia some years before. Mr. Wightman remained in charge for several years, until occurred his sudden and rather tragic death. After him came Judkin & Draper for a season, and then, Mr. Judkin retiring, Col. Draper had charge of the place until his untimely death occurred sometime in the early nineties.

Col. Draper was a most genial host and a splendid genrleman, and under his management the place became extremely popular. Many old timers cherish among their fondest memories the summers spent as his guests at Cedar Beach.

The Club having been organized at Wabash, most of its original members were residents of that city. There were Alfred Harter, a brother of Ed, the secretary, and Joseph Miliron, who afterward purchased and for a short time was the owner of Conkling Hill, and Frank Rittig, now deceased, and R.F. Lutz and Hon. Carrie E. Cowgill, who have cottages near Vawter Park and still spend their summers at the lake, and William Ditton, father of Edward, proprietor of the popular fisherman's haven on the south side of the lake, and eccentric old Dr. J.C. Dupuy, with his sons, and C.M. Saylor and Dr. Thompson, both of whom are dead, and Matt Whiteside, and Harvey Eikenberry, bachelor, who later became known to all the people of Syracuse, and died a few years ago, and James McNames, and Lewis Hymen, and George King, father of Sherman, who lost his life in the fatal automobile accident a year ago last summer, and W.G. Sayre, exspeaker of the house of representatives, and Judge J.D. Conner and his son Ovid, who now lives in Wabash, and William Stitt and Will Snayely, and Norman Beckley, superintendent of the Cincinnati, Wabash, & Michigan railroad, now the Michigan branch of the Big Four, and Mr. Gardner, who had been the partner of Mr. A.G. Wells in the construction of the railroad foresaid, and many others.

From Huntington there were Thad Butler, editor of one of the Huntington newspapers, George Whitaker, William Campbell and Moses Milligan; from Alexandria Seth M. Henshaw, who still spends most of his summers here; from Columbus Dr. Wright, who created the lake village of Wright Place; from Rushville Ben L. Smith, who

also continues to make Wawasee his summer home, and from Goshen besides Mr. Ager, General Milo S. Hascall.

Good namer, there, every one of them, collected from memory with the assistance of Mr. Ed Ditton, who is entitled to my thanks and yours. And there are many more like them that should go into the history of the lake if ever it be printed in permanent form.

The balance of the history of Cedar Beach must be reserved for a future paper.

April 2, 1936

Some memorable sporting events—Recollection of a famous ball team.

It was sixteen years ago, or nearly that. It will be hard for you to make yourself believe so many years have passed since, so rapidly have they flown; but here is the local newspaper of the time, with its telltale date.

Nappanee also had a famous ball team that had cleaned up about every club in this part of the state except our own. And ours had likewise to its credit similar victories, but had not yet met that of Nappanee. And each feared to meet the other on its own ground.

Taking advantage of which latter, the people of Milford secured the game, when it finally was arranged, for their town. And there was an immense crowd present to witness it, for the fame of the two clubs extended far.

Frank Brown, of Nappanee, was made umpire, and he promptly started in to steal the game for his team. Two or three innings were played and many ineffectual protests against his decisions were recorded, and then, when Capt. Mart Landis was in a brazenly fraudulent manner carried out at second base, he called to his men to gather up their belongings, and they left the field.

You may imagine the tension of the fans of the two towns after that. And when the two clubs again faced each other on the Milford grounds two weeks later it was with a Mr. Neff, of Leesburg, who had been agreed upon, and umpire, and under a binding agreement to abide by his decisions. And about all of Syracuse and Nappanee, and many people of the cities, towns, villages and country round about, were present at the game.

And here is the report of it they appeared in the following number of the Syracuse Register, issued on the 13th day of September, 1894:

"**We Have Met the Enemy and They Are Ours."**

"The much advertised game between the Syracuse and Nappanee ball clubs at Milford was played to a finish last Friday and was won by Syracuse in the presence of not less than a thousand people. The features of the game were the good batting of the Nappanee, Syracuse's splendid fielding, the fine work of both batteries, and extraordinary running catch by Joe Miller in left field, another by Jacobs, the catcher for the Naps, and a nice double play by Kehr, Kindig and Landis that shut out the Naps in the sixth. Nine men were caught out by Miller and Erwin for Syracuse, while the work of the infield was sharp, and was marred by few errors. Rosebrough pitched a fine game for the Naps, but was insufficiently supported.

"The game throughout was the finest and most exciting one played anywhere in this part of the state this year. Every man in each team went into it fully determined to win. Syracuse tallied a score in the first inning on hits by Kehr and Landis, and took the lead in the second, Holloway getting a base on balls, and Brady and Colwell each hitting safe, scoring Holloway and getting around themselves through Nappanee's errors. They were unable to score again until the eighth, when, with two men out and two strikes charged against Holloway, at the bat, a wild throw to third by Jacobs let Landis home and scored the winning run. Nappanee tallied one in each the second, third, fourth and fifth innings, after which not one of them was able to cross the plate.

"Mr. Neff of Bremen umpired the game to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, we believe. His decisions were prompt and always impartial. Milford treated her guests nicely, and seemed much pleased at the splendid game that was put up for her. In fact, the occasion was most enjoyable and ended in such manner as should strengthen friendships between the people of the three towns, which is what Syracuse has all along desired.

"The Milford Band discoursed splendid music for the occasion, as they always do.

"The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Syracuse	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	5
Nappanee	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	4

Syracuse did not bat in the ninth.
Struck out by Kehr, 5; Rosebrough 12.
Punted balls, none.
Bases on balls, Kehr 1; Rosebrough 3.
Double play, Kehr to Kindig to Landis.
Time of game, two hours.
Umpire, Neff."

There was another sporting event during the following summer that created an excitement only exceeded in the history of the town by that of the great ball game aforesaid. It was a bicycle race west and south on Main street, across the railroad, east along the road, adjoining the railroad to Huntington street and north on Huntington street to Main again. Around this course times enough to make ten miles. Stephen Russell was our local champion, Carl Kleder, son of C.T. Kleder, was that of Milford, William Glick represented Cromwell, Travie Butler was entered from Benton and a Mr. Hubert from North Webster.

I copy again from the Syracuse Register, this time of date July 18, 1895:

"This was a big day for Syracuse. The Bremen club came in at 10:45 and game was called at 2 p.m. with Bremen at bat. They took the lead in the first inning and although the home nine played good steady ball they could not get

hits when most needed. The game was one that abounded in heavy hitting and both batteries were well supported in the field. The score stood 12 to 7 in favor of Bremen. After the ball was over the crowd started for town where the 10-mile bicycle race was to be run between Carl Kleder of Milford, Stephen Russel of Syracuse, Will Glick of Cromwell and Hubert of North Webster. Butler of Benton did not run. The four riders got a good start with Glick as pacemaker, but at the end of the first mile Kleder was leading, with Russell second and Hubert third; a three minute gait was kept up for the next two miles, when Russell took the lead but was passed by Kleder who held it until passed by Russell in the last half-mile; then with a splendid burst of speed he spurted ahead, and soon won the race, Kleder coming second and Hubert third. Glick has the misfortune to break his wheet in the first mile and was left far behind. He, however, rode a plucky race. Time 36 minutes, which is fast considering the track. Russell won the race on an "Ariel," the celebrated Goshen, wheel, and we here take occasion to remark that this wheel is fast becoming the favorite among bicycle riders. The 125-year dash, five entries, was won by John Dunniman of Goshen, time 9 seconds. Russell was one of the contestants in the dash race, but here his good fortune deserted him and his wheet broke by colliding with Glick's in the start. Thus ended the day's sport and the crod departed well pleased."

April 16, 1936

Some dates and facts gleaned from a bunch of old newspapers

Come, sit down with me here and let you and I look through a stack of old Syracuse Registers that my wife stored away in the attic of our home one day not long ago. If you have lived in Syracuse twenty years or more your interest in them will no doubt be keen, as I know mine will be. They will bring to us many unwelcome reminders of the flown and fleeting years. But what of that! Has not the calendar done the same already? And are we to be denied the pleasures of renewing memories of the good old days by fear of approaching age? No thought of it! We'll sit down here, if you will, and revel in whatever recollections the old discolored papers may have stored for us, all reckless or the future, and without thought of adding the number of years that have passed since to the number we were of age then.

And here is the first one:

January 8, 1881. James Ritter was publisher of the paper then, and it was newly established. You remember Mr. Ritter? He came here from some little town along the B. & O. railroad in Ohio, with an old army press that slid the paper along over the type and gave it a Dutch appearance of ink enough was used to make a black print, and a handful or so of warn out type that had been rescued from the wreck of a fire, as I remember, and succeeded, with this outfit, in earning an honorable living for himself and his wife. How he accomplished it I never could figure out.

In this issue is recorded the deaths of Tobias Keim and Mrs. Anna Guy. Nineteen years since they died! I wouldn't have believed it.

I have the best of reasons for remembering the incidents that attended the death of Mrs. Guy. Widow she was of James Harvey Guy, who froze to death on what is now the Charles Thompson farm while on his way home from Syracuse in the winter of 1874-75, and sole legatee of his estate; the death of Perry, their only child, having occurred four years previous to that of his father. John W. Stetler was appointed commissioner to dispose and distribute the proceeds of her estate among her relatives, of whom there were twenty-three, or many degrees of relationship, and I assisted him in the capacity of attorney. And that was nineteen years ago.

March 17, 1872. Here it is announced that the Wawasee Club filed articles of association, the fee for membership in which was $250. Its director were James B. Suitt, Eli Lilly, A.H. Nordyke, Ben L. Smith, J.F. Wright, C.E. Cowgill, H.S. Tucker, C.C. Foster, T.E. Griffith, T.H. Spann, and W.J. Lucas. There was no fixed amount of capital stock. And it is further stated that "A new hotel is to be build, to take place of the one recently destroyed by fire." And that proves that the old Cedar Beach club house was burned in the first days of 1892—Eighteen years ago. It had been built in the spring of 1880 as I told you week before last, by the North Lake and River Association, and it stood twelve years, and then, on a winter night when it was deserted of any guiest or occupant, took fire and was destroyed. It was strongly suspicioned that the fire was the work of an incendiary, though what motive anyone could have had for the crime could hardly be conjectured. And promptly the present Inn was built, much larger and more pretentious than was the first building. And the new club, that took over the grounds of the old, was given the new name that had been adopted for the lake, taken from the Potawattamie chieftain, Wa-waus-see, the contemporary of Musquawbuck and Flat Belly, the story of whom I have told you.

And so, the Inn, as we see it now, is eighteen years old. It was opened for guests early in July, 1892, with S.E. Arnold as manager, as a later one of those old newspapers informs us.

Here is a local paragraph that tells us that the wall-eyed pike taken from Wawasee lake, mounted and hung in the postoffice here by Col. Eli Lilly was two years old, being one of the ten million fry planted in the lake by the united States Fish Commission in 1890. Twenty years ago.

This was the first planting of fish in our lake, and much did we expect from it. and when this specimen, that would have weighed two pounds, was taken from the lake, and many others of its size were seen therein, so that we were certain many of the fry planted were maturing, we had not any doubt that soon the waters would be populous with them. But we were to be disappointed! Something, we know not what to this day, was wrong in the environment, and they failed to reproduce their kind. For several years occasionally one of them was taken, most often by netters who did not make public announcement of the catch, but they must have been all of the fry originally planted or nearly so. But rarely now do we hear of one of them being seen. And if we do hear of one being seen or hooked at all it is always a large one, probably twenty years old.

Now, reason ought to have taught us in the beginning that our efforts would be futile, for were the environment proper here for wall-eyed pike nature would have filled

our waters with them, at no cost of labor to ourselves, they being natives to all streams and lakes tributary to Lake Michigan.

In the great inland sea that inundated all the lands of this section after the passing of the glaciers the fishes must have circulated freely, and probably all species of them that flourished therein were land locked in every such lake as is Wawasee, formed as the waters receded. And all of them in each of these lakes that found proper environments there continued, while the others died out and disappeared. And it being hardly a possibility that present environments are more favorable than were the original ones, it is folly to attempt to establish species artificially where nature failed.

Conversely, we have the small mouthed black bass in Wawasee lake, and they are to be found in very few of the lakes of Indiana, if, indeed, they exist at all in any other one. And we have them by a mere scratch. They spawn here a month later than do the large mouthed bass, and that is altogether unnatural. On the gravelly bottoms of the rivers, their natural home, they make their nests early in May, at the same time as do their cousins of the larger mouths.

Now the large mouthed bass fasten their spawn to mosses and lily roots, and in every fresh water they find grounds suitable for their nesting. Their small mouthed relatives can hatch their broods only around stones and gravel. For them there are breeding grounds in Wawasee Lake all proper except that the water over them is much deeper than it ought to be, and acquires the proper temperature only when the sun is high in June. Were it just a little deeper it would not reach this temperature until quite too late, and our small mouthed bass would disappear.

Anyhow, it is not wise to be expending our energies trying to stock our lake with new species. Those already there cannot be improved upon, and the varieties of them are quite sufficient. Let us rather exert ourselves to protect and replenish those we already have, which we know to thrive and multiply there.

Now we sat down to revel in these old newspapers, and our time is up, though we have hardly begun it. We shall have to put them away until another time.

April 23, 1936

Some dates and facts gleaned from a bunch of old newspapers.

February 1, 1894. Ed C. Graham was then editor and proprietor of the Syracuse Register, and Aaron Rasor, now vice-president of the Bank of Syracuse, and his wife who were in California, were writing some interesting letters for publication in it, describing their travels. John A. Ketring, now of Chesterton, Indiana, was proprietor of the Syracuse flouring mill.

And here is an account of the death of William Snyder, father of Charles Snyder and Mrs. Rosa Juday, still of Syracuse, which sets out that he was the son of Henry and Elizabeth Snyder, who settled on the Milford road a mile west of town forty years previously—fifty six years ago, counting from this time, or in 1854. The family, as I remember then, were George Washington, or "Wash," who married the oldest daughter of A.C. Cory, and moved to California, where he died a few years ago, William aforesaid, who became the owner of the family homestead and died there, Morgan, who spent his life in Syracuse and died here several years ago, John, who lives in Goshen, Wessley,

who for ten years, up to a year ago, was owner of and lived in the carriage shop on the hill, Lucy, widow of John Alexander, Mary Jane, who was the wife of Amos King, and Elizabeth, the youngest daughter, who died single many years ago.

June 7, 1894. Here is the announcement of John W. Stetler that he would be a candidate to be nominated for election to the legislature at the republican convention to be held the following week. Anxious days then, for theretofore when the county political pie was passed round scarce a crumb of it ever was dropped to us poor hungry patriots way up here in the corner of the county. But the fates politically were preparing to deal with us more generously. Mr. Stetler was successful when the convention time came, and in the following autumn was elected to represent us in the state assembly at Indianapolis. And, his services there being satisfactory, when two more years had passed he was returned to the same position.

And here is another statement of interest in this connection: that the board of directors of Oakwood Park are preparing to build a large dinning hall, and will shortly plat a portion of the ground just purchased at Conkling Hill, into lots for summer cottages. Cedar Beach has sixty-one guests. And George McCarter, county surveyor, re-surveyed and marked out the lots in the Crow, or rather the old Strombeck & Weaver addition to the town, and it was fast filling up with new cottages—the firat time in all the years the village had experienced anything that had the least semblance of a boom.

Isaac Johnson oldest surviving member of the family of Johnson, for whom Johnson's Bay was named, of whom I told you several weeks ago, died at his home, which had been the home of his father, near that Bay, as did also Anna Russell, the young wife of Lewis B. Fretz, who had been pastor of the Church of God and for a time editor of the Register.

John T. Vawter reported that a committee of the Presbyterian church were negotiating with him for the purchase of his hotel and his farm at Vawter Park to be used for an annual Chautauqua assembly. Winona! Ah, little did we dream them of what it would grow to be, else we might with more interest have aided Mr. Vawter in his efforts to land it.

Bob Epert platted a lake village between his place and Jones' hotel and named it Willow Grove, and immediately disposed of several lots therein on which the erection of cottages was promised. Sarah, the wife of Noah King, died. The Journal recorded the death of her husband last week. The drug store of A.H. Cory & O., of which firm Mr. S.H. Widner, of the Star Clothing Store, was a partner, was sold to Mr. Thoedore Miller, of Angola, Ind. Theodore Miller! I had almost forgotten him. What a peculiar, good-natured fellow he was! He kept the store here for several years and then disappeared, to be heard of no more.

Here are accounts of the deaths of W.H. Widner, oldest brother of Samuel H., of James Ott, Adam Frampton, the infant son of Samuel Akers, Jr., and of George Widner, another brother of Samuel who was killed in the Standard Oil Co., works at Whiting by being caught in a belt and carried around a large and rapidly revolving pulley. And here too is the announcement of the death of Catharine Miles, mother of the writer hereof.

It is stated that Anson O'Dell, who has now been blind for more than a year, has gone to Indianapolis with Dr. J.H. Bowser, still hoping that it may be possible something can

be done to restore his sight. If this cannot be done he will remain at the Institure for the Blind there to learn some useful trade by which he may possibly be able to support himself.

All these things in the year of 1894—16 years ago.

But we have run into a bunch of papers that are furnishing too many sad and cheerless memories that put me in no mood for writing, and I am going to lay the rest of them aside until another time.

April 30, 1936

Some dates and facts gleaned from a bunch of old newspapers.

Eighteen ninety-two. At the May election Abe Hire and Sheldon Harkless were chosen town trustees, Benjamin F. Crow, treasurer, A.W. Strieby, clerk, and Oliver C. Wolfe, marshal. In March previous Isaac Kindig bought the furniture store of Miss Amy Aber. July 7th the New Inn at Wawasee (the present one) was opened for guests, with S.E. Arnold in charge. The middle of August following Col. Eli Lilly struck a flowing well at his Wawasee cottage. In November occurred the deaths of A.C. (Curtis) Cory and Joseph Kauffman.

Mr. Kauffman was an old resident of the town, having come here from Pennsylvania in 1855. When in 1874, he established a dray line, that by purchase and inheritance has come down to the present day through many ownerships; and is now the property of Mr. Jacob McNutt.

Mr. Kauffman had three sons: Benjamin, who went to the war from here as a private in the 152nd regiment of Indiana infantry volunteers and who for many years was foreman in the lumber mills of Lesh, Prouty & Abbott at East Chicago, at which place he died some two years ago, Frederick, who was a railroad engineer and was killed in a wreck in the southwest several years ago, and John, who resides on the old Moses Byers farm east of Wawasee lake. He had also two daughters, on of whom, Sara, was the first wife of John Miles, and the other, Alice, married a Mr. Taman of near New Paris. Both of those are dead, leaving John the only surviving member of the family.

Mr. Kauffman was ever a highly respected citizen of the town. He was one of the first members of the Church of God, and remained faithful to it until his death. His wife, who came with him from Pennsylvania, had died some twenty years before he did, and he never remarried.

December 8 is reported the death of Robert, son of Orange L. Cory, of rabies, he having been bitten nearly a year previously by a strange dog that appeared about the B. & O. depot. He was a little under fifteen years of age. The horror of his sufferings and death are not likely to have grown dim in the memory of any one who was a resident of the town then—eighteen years ago.

Eighteen ninety-five. Noah King was town marshal. His new made grave is now in our cemetery. The biological station and summer school of the university of Indiana was established at Vawter Park. It remained there for some three years and then was moved to Winona, where it is still maintained.

Here is an aricle stating that there was a movement among the farmers about Wawasee lake to raise money by subscription and purchase the dam and rights of the

estate of the late Benjamin F. Crow, and to then destroy the dam and lower the water in the lake for the improvement of some of the low lands lying about it. News of this impending danger was also telegraphed to the newspapers in Chicago and Indianapolis, and coming to the notice of Col. Eli Lilly and the officials of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company, they at once set to work to organize a company to purchase the dam and save the lake, each pledging a thousand dollars to the project. Persons having property interests around the lake and public spirited men of the town became interested, a company with three thousand five hundred dollars of capital stock was organized, called the Syracuse Water Power Company, nearly all of its stock was sold at par, and the property was purchased from the Crow estate for three thousand dollars, its appraised value, and thus was the present water level of the lake made secure for all time. It is from this company that the town has leased the water power to run its water works.

In June occurred the death of Thomas K. Warner, of North Webster, father of ex-commissioner Ab. Warner, and of the wife of Mr. S.L. Ketring. Mr. Warner was one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of the county. In August closed the term of Joseph P. Dolan, trustee of Turkey Creek township—the first democrat who had been elected to that office since Samuel F. Eisenhour moved away from Syracuse at the close of the war. And that same month J.W. Rothenberger, who had recently come to twon from his father's farm bought the furniture store of Isaac Kindig.

September 5 is reported the drowning of Bert Sarjent and Nettie Vannatta at Black Stump Point—one of the very few drownings that had occurred in our lake up to that time. These young people, who were guests of the family of Mr. George Bowersox, that was camping at Epert's, with another young lady, went across the lake to bathe. After having pushed out to where the water was deeper than they thought, Sarjent pulled Miss Vannatta from the boat and they sank to the bottom together. In terror the other girl witnessed the drowning, but was powerless to prevent it. Hearing her screams Col. Eli Lilly and Alfred Roberts, who were fishing not far away, hurried to the place of the drowning, found the bodies and brought them to the surface, but too late to save them.

In September, October and November, occurred the deaths of John Whetten of Milford, ex-county commissioner, Emma, wife of George Proper, Margaret, wife of Valentine and mother of Isaiah and Aaron Ketring, and the wife of Thomas Epert, now of Syracuse. George Lamb let a contract for the building of a new hotel at Black Stump after its erection to be renamed Lake View.

May 7, 1936

Some dates and facts gleaned from a bunch of old newspapers.

Eighteen ninety-six Fourteen years ago, January 9th, J.J. Burns, who now has cars running in the city of Goshen, and has also come into possession of the city street car lines of Elkhart, will proceed to connect his tracks of the two cities and extend them to Lake Wawasee, by the way of Syracuse. "Hark, from the tombs, a doleful sound!"

We had few doubts then that Mr. Burns, who had been a successful promoter, and had acquired much fame and, it was thought, large wealth, through the exploiting of his Buttermilk soap, a large factory for the manufacture of which had been built in Goshen, would succeed in his project of connecting us with the outside world with a trolley line.

And when he had finished it some three miles this way from the city, out to Waterford, we had scarcely a doubt at all. But he failed; whether on account of the great panic, which the country had not yet recovered from, I do not know; and his lines were later sold, and passed into other hands. The purchaser of the did connect the cities of Goshen and Elkhart, and also South Bend, the line in which latter city they had also acquired, but they had so little faith in the extension to the lake that they abandoned it, and tore up the track Mr. Burns had built out to Waterford.

Before the Goshen and Elkhart lines had passed finally out of the hands of Mr. Burns, came Nagle, Holcomb and Co., of Chicago, a wealthy firm of railroad contractors and builders, who would have built a road from Goshen to Wawasee if the commissioners of Elkhart county had acted favorably on their request for permission to use the highway, and if they could have made favorable arrangements for entrance into Goshen. But Burns, who had not yet given up, was able to influence the officials of Elkhart county and the city of Goshen against them, and they abandoned the project in disgust. This another good prospect was blasted.

Simon Straus, of the firm of Straus Bros. & Co., of Ligonier, later became interested in the building a line to the lake, and with some Goshen gentlemen had a prospectus made and went east with it, but failed to induce capitalists with whom he was in touch there to agree to take the bonds he offered them.

Then came the Rothwell Brothers, of St. Louis, with whom was associated Mr. Wilbur L. Stonex, of Goshen. Their project was to connect Goshen with Ft. Wayne, and to build by the way of Syracuse and Lake Wawasee. They had thorough surveys made and spent much money. Subsidy elections were held along the line, most of which resulted in their favor; but after two years of strenuous efforts they, too, were forced to confess defeat.

After then came the project of building a line from Ft. Wayne to South Bend, by the way of Lake Wawasee, Syracuse, Nappanee, and Mishawaka, promoted by a dozen local people, including Mr. Knowlton, who was the founder of the Wolf Lake Trolley. Again subsidies were voted, and it looked for a time as though these gentlemen would succeed, but they fell down, too, as had their predecessors.

And last came Weist and the American Engineering Company of Indianapolis, with their plan of building a road from Goshen to Columbia City and later on to Indianapolis. This last is so recent that it is unnecessary to tell the story of it here. They got along further than had any of those who preceded them, which is some reason to hope that possibly the next fellows that tackle the job may accomplish final success. But after spending considerably more than a hundred thousand dollars in actual construction work, and having laid five miles of track and graded nearly twice that distance, the Indianapolis capitalists who were putting up the money got cold feet and laid down.

This is the story of fourteen years of disappointments and hopes deferred. And the end is not yet. For the connection of the principal cities of Northern Indiana by way of Lake Wawasee must come. And whoever accomplishes it will be abundantly rewarded.

To return to our old newpapers: March 26: George Miles is building a new road across The Channel to his newly acquired lands at Kale Island. The Pickwick road that we have heard much of lately. For ten years the public was permitted to use this road, and then, in 1906, it was closed to them. The question of whether it shall now be

purchased by the township and made into a public highway is pending in the Kosciusko Circuit Court.

April 8: Two million white fish fry were put in the lake here by the United States Fish Commission. Fourteen years ago, and nothing has ever been seen or heard of them. If a single one of them ever came to maturity it has not shown itself, to my knowledge.

There is a joke connected with the planting of these fry that was told in one of these papers a month or more earlier, but is worth retelling. Notice had been given to Joseph P. Dolan, then principal of our school, that a consignment of fry from the U.S. Fish Commission would be sent here, presumably in his care, to be planted in the lake. He had no idea in what manner they would be shipped, but requested Mrs. Dolan to promptly notify him on their arrival. I have told you that the biological station of the Indiana University was then located at Vawter Park. Dr. Eigenman, principal of that school, decided to send here for scientific use ten gallons of good pure alcohol, and without notice he shipped it up from Bloomington to Mr. Dolan, sealed in a square can. On its arrival Mrs. Dolan promptly sent word to her husband at the school house that the government consignment he was looking for had arrived. Leaving his classes he hurried out upon the street, found two gentlemen who were not busy, one of whom happened to be a prohibitionist and the other a Sunday school superintendent, put the matter into their hands, and hurried back to his work. These gentlemen carried Dr. Eigenman's alcohol to Black Stump Point, over the deep water out from which place they cut a hole in the ice, and there carefully poured it into the lake. The fry from the Fish Commission came along in a government special car a month or so later.

September 20, 1904, we were informed that Henry M. Stoner had been for a second term elected sheriff of Kosciusko county. Always proud were we to claim Mr. Stoner as a citizen. He had come to Syracuse from near Auburn about 1876 or 7, and purchased Conkling HIll and the forty acres of land that went with it. And with him had come the family of Dr. C. Knorr, the father of his wife, which family, besides the mother, consisted of Charles W., still a resident of the town, and Harry and Jennie Foster, grandchildren and orphans, whose guardian Mr. Stoner was. Their mother, another daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Knorr, had fallen a victim of tuberculosis, which same scourge claimed her son, Harry, aforesaid, several years ago, while he was still a young man. Jennie became the wife of J.D. Casey, of Ligonier. They now reside at Auburn, where he is connected with the Zimmerman automobile company.

Mr. Stoner had been a member of the thirteenth regiment of Indiana volunteer infantry and received a bullet through his shoulder while carrying the colors of his regiment at Chicamauga. In 1892 he sought the nomination for sheriff in the republican county convention, and after a hard battle was successful. And I believe him to have been the first official ever furnished the county from Turkey Creek township. Harvey Vennamon, who was always claimed by Syracuse, was one of the three county commissioners first chosen when the county was organized, but his homestead was over the line in Van Buren township.

Mr. Stoner served the county as sheriff two terms—four years—most creditably, and the, instead of coming back to Syracuse, settled down for the balance of his days in Warsaw, where two of his daughters had married. He died there within a few years

from a heart affection that was due to the wound he had received in the army. His widow, with her three daughters, the eldest of whom, Daisy, is now also a widow, and the youngest, Lucile, is, I believe, still unmarried, lives in Warsaw.

May 21, 1936

Further Reminiscences of Henry Conrad—of the lake as a summer resort.

Two months ago I gave you a pen picture of Henry Conrad, of Conrad's Island, Lake Wawasee, as I remembered him. And you will remember that I said that if I had a picture of him I would use it to illustrate my description, but that I doubted whether he had ever had one taken.

Within two days after the issue of the Journal appeared in which that paper was printed there was handed to me not only one, but two different likenesses of Mr. Conrad; one by Mrs. Frank Younce, daughter of the late Jacob and Sarah Ott, and the other by Mr. Daniel Searfoss, our efficient night policeman.

Little Miss Ott (now grandmamma Younce) was one child who was not afraid of Mr. Conrad. She knew him better than did the rest of us, for he was a frequent visitor at her home, when kindnesses were shown him. Mother Ott often baked bread for him, and frequently did his washing, and little Sarah becoming a great favorite of his, he gave her this tintype, which she has sacredly kept.

Mr. Searfoss is a relative of Mr. Conrad—a great nephew, I believe. I have chosen his picture for reproduction, thought it is the least characteristic of the two, because that of Mrs. Younce is so dim that a good cut could hardly be made from it.

I want to set down here to the credit of Mr. Conrad's memory that he was always a true sportsman, and no violations of the laws for the protection of the fish of the lake were ever charged against him, so far as I know. At a time when others paid no attention to these laws and the state made no effort to enforce them, so that their infraction brought little or no risk of punishment, he was content to abide by them, and the lake never in the least suffered on account of his annual presence here. May his memory long survive.

Could Henry Conrad and William Dillon come back to their beloved lake now they would be much surprised and no doubt displeased at the changes there. The name of it would be strange and unpronounceable to them. And the solitude that they sought about its shores and upon its broad bosom they would not find, for all around on its 20 miles of shores, since have come into being some seventeen villages containing in all more than seven hundred residence lots, on many of which have been built beautiful homes that are regularly occupied each year by upward of a thousand people. And besides these they would find five large hotels, entertaining half as many more. And on the lake itself, which they were accustomed to see dotted now and then with the row boats of a few fishermen, they would find plying more than a hundred motor boats. The change has come in a little more than twenty years.

Vawter Park was the first lake village, and it was platted in March 1887, by Commodore John T. Vawter. In the original plat there were 45 lots, wo which Mr. Vawter afterward added 14. To these have been added 26 by the Stuard heirs and 41 by Mr. Charles A. Sudlow, making 126 in all. And I am counting only lots that have a

frontage on the lake. I believe some back lots have also been laid out at Vawter Park, and at a few other places around the lake.

In 1888 John Snavely platted Lake View Park, with 15 lots, and A.H. Nordyke platted Nordyke Park, with 21. These latter are now the property of Major Elliott Durand, of Chicago.

In 1889 South Park, with 42 lots, was platted by Milton Woods and Benjamin F. Draper. To these Mr. Woods and Joseph P. Moore afterwards added 33. And the same year William Moore platted 20 lots at Ogden Island Park. To these latter William N. Crow has added 43.

John F. Wright, of Columbus, Indiana, having purchased a part of the farm of the late George Howser, platted Wright Place in 1892. It has 20 lots.

Oakwood Park, the summer home of the Evangelical Church, was first platted as a village in 1894. Two additions to the first plat have since been made, and it now has 128 lots, nearly one fourth of which have been built upon. Willow Grove, with 9 lots, was also platted by the Eperts in 1894.

In 1896 Kale Island was platted with 58 lots, and in 1897 Ketring and Blanchard platted Ideal Beach, with 57, and Lamb & Moore laid out Pickwick Park, which has 17.

Col. Eli Lilly platted 71 lots at Wawasee Station in 1898, but none of these has ever been put on the market.

In 1903 Cedar Point was platted by W.N. Crow and Sarah Sloan, children and heirs of the late William Crow, with 33 lots.

In 1904 Truesdell Lodge was platted by Mrs. M.C. Truesdell, R.H. Brunjes and W.C. Hillabold, with 10 lots on the lake.

In 1905 Morrison's Island, so long the home of the family of William T. Morrison, was purchased by Elwood George, of Ft. Wayne, and Moore & Schlabach, of Cromwell, and made it into a village of 37 lots.

In 1906 Odl Jarrett's Landing of "Buttermilk Station" was purchased by George and Mrs. Truesdell, platted into 25 lots and given the name of Cottingham Beach.

Besides these sixteen villages, with their seven hundred and sixty-eight lots, there are a number of small cottages on grounds leased from Mr. Nathaniel Crow between Cedar Point and Morrison's Island, in a colony that Jim McDonald, of the Ligonier Banner, who is a member of it, has given the very appropriate name of Nattycrow Beach (He insists on spelling it with the "W" lopped off—a crime that should not be permitted.)

Such has been the growth of the lake as a summer resort in the comparatively few years that have passed since Mr. Conrad disappeared from it.

When the first lots were laid out they were thought to be well sold at a hundred dollars each. Now vacant lots like them are bringing as much as a thousand dollars apiece, that being equivalent to $20 a foot of lake frontage. And the entire lake frontage, at that price worth a million dollars.

May 28: John W. Stetler was a second time nominated by the republican convention for representative in the legislature. At the fall election following he was again elected.

September 10 is reported the death of Mr. J.M. Blair, agent of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. He had served in that capacity here three years previously, and was exceedingly popular with our people, being, besides an intellectual gentleman, a most

genial and likeable fellow. In the closet back of the depot he was attacked with apoplexy and died within a few hours. He left a wife and two small children, who moved away from Syracuse shortly after his death. His successor as agent for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was Mr. H.W. Buchholz, who still holds that position.

MAY 28, 1936

For twenty years or more there had been some laws standing on the statue books for the protection of the fishes of our lakes and streams, but the efforts to enforce them had been feeble and spasmodic and they had come to be ignored almost altogether. When the bass were bedding nearly every night their breeding grounds were lighted like a city by the fires of spearmen taking them from their nests and leaving their fry to perish. Every day of the spring and autumn numerous netters were busy over all the shallow flats of Wawasee, whereon they would set their gill nets, and by circling around them and ponding the water with poles, would drive the fish into them. During the winter the nets were stretched under the ice and the fish were driven into them in a similar manner. Then, when the ice was of sufficient strength, frequently for driving a horse and sleigh was used. The fish caught were mostly peddled throughout the country and to towns about the lake and sold at a low price, and much of the money collected for them was spent for booze. And legal fishing with hook and line had become a tiresome pleasure.

In the spring of 1889 there was held in the office of the writer hereof in Syracuse a quiet meeting that was attended by somewhat more than a dozen citizens of the town who had decided that, though it should cost them each a considerable personal sacrifice, an effort should be made to put an end to this lawlessness and desecration. A pledge was drawn up and signed by everyone present that when appointed to do so he would do detective duty on the lake or employ a man to do it for him, and one was appointed captain to make the appointments. The following day the collection of evidence on which to base prosecutions of the violators was begun. Quietly the work progressed for some two weeks, everyone keeping the pledge he had signed, and much evidence was collected, as the illegal fisherman were busy and exceedingly bold. And the George M. Ray, prosecuting attorney, was induced to come here from Warsaw, and prosecutions were begun in the court of a justice of the peace.

Now I should tell you that the laws prescribing how fish should be taken (or rather, how they should not be) were exceedingly unpopular among the farmers and people living around the lake at that time. So much so, indeed, that the members of the little association brought about their ears a storm – a very tornado of indignation. Violence was threatened to their persons and their property. Quite undaunted they pressed the matter, however, to the conviction of nearly a dozen persons, each of which was let off with as light a fine as possible, coupled with notice that he might expect harsher treatment if found guilty a second time. One of the worst offenders escaped the officers, ran away, and has never returned. That was good riddance.

The effect was immediate and salutary. True, not all the illegal fishing was stopped, but the wholesale devastation that had been openly practiced was. The little association kept itself together nearly two years and proper fishing in the lake was very noticeably improved. But as the State then was making scarcely any effort to enforce its fish and game laws it had no outside help and was unable to continue active.

Then, in 1891, when W.T. Dennis was Commissioner of Fisheries, the late Col. Eli Lilly, of Indianapolis, whose name will always be venerated around Lake Wawasee for the many good

and unselfish things he did here, raised a fund (out of his own pocket I guess) and placed it in the hands of the Commissioner to be expended here. A detective named Ten Brook-McCarty, whom I remember very well, was sent here by Mr. Dennis, and he took up the work where the association I have described had left it and carried it forward with considerable success, making numerous arrests. After he went away D.R. Howser and Charles Benner were employed by Mr. Dennis to patrol the lake. (To Be Continued)

JUNE 4, 1936

(Continued From Last Week)

Then came the election of Claude Matthews governor, in 1892, who shortly after his inauguration the following January appointed Phillip P. Kirsch to succeed Mr. Dennis as Commissioner of Fisheries. The first and last we ever heard of Mr. Kirsch here was in the notice of his appointment printed in an Indianapolis newspaper. And conditions at Wawasee relapsed to about what they had been before the organization of our little association. Probably Mr. Kirsch should not be blamed, however, for his total appropriation was then, as I remember, $800 a year, which included his salary of $500.

Then came the election of Governor Mount, in 1896, and as Mr. Kirsch's successor he appointed Mr. Z. T. Sweeney, of Columbus, who has continued in the office, the title of which is now Commissioner of Fishers and Game, down to this time. Mr. Sweeney, believing that these lakes and streams of ours are pleasure and recreation grounds that the state should protect as a city protects its parks, at once began to build up his office into a respectable executive department of the state government. Shortly we began here to benefit by his labors. As the funds given him were increased a few deputies were sent to Wawasee at intervals and some arrests were made. But the funds at his command were not sufficient that he could keep them here, and in their absence the violators grew more and more aggressive and bold.

In the summer of 1903 was organized the Wawasee Protective Association, with the object of inducing the cottagers and property owners around the lake and some of the people of Syracuse to assist the Commissioner in the hope that constant and effectual protection might thereby be effected. It set out its purpose to be "To promote fish culture, to protect properly the fish of Lake Wawasee and the property of the Association's members, to secure adequate legislation, and to labor generally for the promotion of the interests of Lake Wawasee and those interested in its welfare." Its membership dues were fixed at ten dollars annually. Charles Benner was employed as permanent warden. Mr. Sweeney commended the forming of the Association and agreed to pay one half the salary of the warden, which he has done ever since. After serving three years as warden Mr. Benner was succeeded by D.R. Howser, who also served three years. The present Warden is a Mr. Peck, who was sent here by Mr. Sweeney. In 1906, in order that it might in better manner conduct its affairs, the Association was incorporated and given a charter by the Secretary of State.

Since the organization of this Association, seven years ago, our lake has had effective protection. I do not mean by this that illegal fishing has been altogether prohibited. There are, and perhaps will always be those who will set their wits against the wardens and take the chance occasionally of slipping a net into the lake in the night and escaping. Now and then one of them will be picked up and well fined, and they will do the lake little harm. But the continuous and wholesale raking of the lake with nets of former days has been unknown since 1903, nor has there been any spearing by firelight whatever since that date. And hook and line fishing has been vastly improved. I sincerely hope that the Association will be continued as a

permanent institution of the lake, that there may never be danger of returning to conditions such as existed before its organization.

And I want to place a tribute here to that first little band of men of Syracuse whose organization I described at the beginning of this paper. Most of them are dead. Their names should ever be kept in honorable memory by the present Association.

Old Residents Aged More Than 90, "Remember"

Attending Syracuse's 100th Birthday party will be five ladies who don't mind admitting they are more than 30 years of age. Each one is more than 90 years of age.

They are: Mrs. Minerva Benner, who was 90 last Monday; Mrs. Josephine Woods who is 93; Mrs. Margaret Wehrly who was 90 last summer; Mrs. Jane Bachman who is 92; Mrs. Susan Nicolai, who will be 93 in November.

Mrs. Benner, daughter of Preston Miles, Sr., who died 50 years ago, came with her parents to Syracuse, 82 years ago, by covered wagon, from Miamaburg, O.

She remembers the children in the party playing in the back of the wagons all day and sleeping in them at night and their parents sleeping beneath the wagons. She said her parents, and her father's brothers and half-brothers and a man named Seese, and their families were in the party.

Mrs. Benner said much of the way was cut through timber, before the lake and Syracuse was reached.

In 1864 she married James Benner who went to the Civil War. She remembers that at the time Syracuse received mail by wagon from Goshen, but twice a week, and the returning soldiers reached Goshen without word being sent to Syracuse so had to walk to town. She said when they reached the Huntington hill there was never such a shout as they set up, and which residents returned, but when they reached Main street for a community reunion, it was as sorrowful as it was joyful because there were so many who did not come back.

Mrs. Benner remembers the Indians when she first came here, with her parents. She remembers when the first burial was made in the Syracuse cemetery-it was a baby, she said, and the baby was buried at the foot of a tree, because it was thick forest there then, where the cemetery is now located.

She said her husband, whose people had come here two years after her parents had made the journey, used to move houses in Syracuse, and that for a long time Mrs. Jane Bachman's house was the furthest one down Huntington street, but then her husband moved theirs to the present C.E. Brady lot. She said she remembers standing her children on the fence around the yard, to the "iron horse" go past, as there was nothing to block their viewing the railroad tracks from there. She said she remembers the old logs of Crosson & Ward's mill standing in the air, after part of the mill had sunk, and that her children used to play on these logs, before these finally went down in the quicksand too.

Mrs. Josephine Woods is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Baker, and her parents came to Indiana in a covered wagon, when she was six years old. They settled on a farm which edged on Papakeetchie lake. She was married to Milton…….

In that block was the Kern building.

William Bowld's father had a saloon downstairs and they lived upstairs. Dan Deeter later tore this building down and moved the lumber to the Frank Bushong farm. Dr. Violet was located next door to Bowld's.

The old Kitson home, later the Kindig home, was on the present location of Ruple's filling station. It was moved in recent years, across Syracuse lake, and Kenneth Harkless remodeled it, and recently sold it.

Miss Irene Sprague's father died in the house which stood next to the Lake House. This house was moved down Main street and is the present home of Dave Dewart.

The first school house was a log one, and was located in the vicinity of the present grade school. It has been plastered and made over, Mrs. Benner said, and is owned by Wm. Bowld, and occupied by the Droke family. Following this school house a frame one was built, and when it was torn away, half of it was made into a barn by Dr. B.F. Hoy, and the other half is the present Katharine Rothenberger property on Huntington street.

Mrs. Benner said the teacher in the log school house was Mr. Thades, and the first in the frame school house was Mr. Cowan. The real Syracuse school house was built in 1874, with the coming of the B & O. through town, and it was succeeded by the present Grade school, built in front of it in 1908. The 1874 building was recently torn down.

Ed McClintic had the Elhanan Miles house moved from the front of his present home property on Huntington street, to the lot where the Community building now stands. Mrs. Hillabold and daughter, later Mrs. Dale Bachman lived in this house.

Kitson and Gordy's lumber company had built a house where Sam Searfoss's shop now stands, for Mrs. Hillabold and her daughter. This house was later moved and is now the house in which Mr. and Mrs. H.W. Montgomery make their home.

Mrs. Ellen Traster bought the Hillabold house from the present community building lot, and it was moved to Main street, near the present bridge, and is the house in which "Duck" Traster and brother Ort live.

The school board had bought a number of lots where Searfoss's shop now is, which was the reason for moving the latest Hillabold house, and it was thought the school would be built there. But when put to a vote of the town it was decided to build the school on Main street in 1908.

According to Milt Weaver, the house in which W.M. Wilt lives in the summer, on the point, on Syracuse lake, was lived in by George Thomas, an early minister here, on a lot near where the Methodist church now stands. Ownership of this house changed often, John Weaver owning it, and later Dave Fry.

In early years, Milt Weaver said that across the mill race was known as 'Over the Rhine," because there was a saloon on West Boston street. When the B. & O. first came through Syracuse, the depot was on West Boston, near the Stough crossing.

Huntington street was not opened as far down as the railroad. It only went as far as Mrs. Jane Bachman's house, because beyond this point, it was thought to be only quicksand. The way to Goshen when Mrs. Benner first moved here, was down Main street to the Dunkard church corner, then through the cemetery, which was all trees, she said, to a point on the present Huntington road near Emmett Weaver's farm. She said later the road went up over the hill from Main street.

"The Ruff 'N' Ready" was moved to the point where Mrs. Josie Snavely's brick house now stands; later the old building was moved to the location of the pool room today. After being moved it became Grissom's harness shop. Then the building was taken up the hill and is the house in which Lehman lives.

Silas Ketring built the house in which Will Rapp lives, on Main street. The building in which Hal had his post office was bought from Mrs. Benner.

She said that later Sam Kindig gave the corner where Insley's parlor now stands, for a post office, and that it was located there for many years.

Because it was thought the land beyond Mrs. Jane Bachman's home was quicksand, the road wasn't opened for some time. Sam Akers owned the lot on which Joe Rapp's house stands, having paid $10 for it. He had 80 loads of dirt filled in there, and then sold the house for the same $10 to Bill Miller, who had some more load filled in, and sold the lot for $100 to Morgan Snyder. He continued filling the lot and sold it to Warren Rentfrow, who built on it. He didn't dig a cellar, though. He built a wall, put his house on that, and filled dirt around the wall until it became a cellar.

Silas Ketring owned the lot where L.A. Seider's house is, and Milt Weaver said that he hauled 400 loads of dirt one winter to fill in that lot for Ketring.

Hillabold bought from Skinner the present Thompson farm, which extended from West Main street to the lake. Hillabold donated to the B. & O. railroad the land for a depot, and it was built at its present location (the present freight house used to be this passenger depot). Then Hillabold had his addition and Strombeck's laid out into lots. Hillabold owned a saw mill where the U.B. church now stands.

When the depot was located at the Huntington crossing the road was extended from Mrs. Jane Bachman's home, to that point, and was the kind of road on which one drove though water much of the way, Milt Weaver said.

He said he remembers when he first drove to Conkling Hill, now Oakwood Park, when he had to hold back the team all the way, as it meant weaving around stumps from the forest which had been cut down there to make a road.

Weaver said the first church in Syracuse, was Methodist and services were held in the building in which Levi Kitson now lives. Mrs. Benner said she remembered going to Sunday school there. Mrs. Benner said that this church discontinued in a few years, and that a man from Goshen who owned lots on the hill gave these to the town for the construction of a church which would be for all sects. It is the present, Church of God, but when first built, different church had different hours for their "turns" and Mrs. Benner remembers going to Sunday school in the afternoon.

Weaver said the first "calaboose" or jail was located where the former Miles' property, now that of M.M. Smith stands. There was a blacksmith shop in charge of Nick Basney where the Sol Miller home is located. Basney shod oxen.

Weaver said that John and Ed Widner had a blacksmith shop on the hill, North Huntington street.

The present feed mill was the first stock-selling scheme in Syracuse. It was built after stock in it had been sold to residents here, 50 years ago.

Mrs. Benner said after her marriage to James Benner, they moved their house from in back of the present location of Insley's beer parlor, to the lot where C.E. Brady lives. That was 65 years ago, and that is the same house. She said Yankee Mitchell had built the present Benner property on the lot where the Hursey home now stands, and they moved and remodeled the house, 33 years ago.

She said most of the buildings in town when she first came here at the age of 8, were long, narrow buildings, one story in height, except Phebus's two story building, which stood where Bushong's barber shop now stands, and which burned down, burning Harve Snyder, who could not escape.

All the buildings in town and in the vicinity numbered 25 when Mrs. Benner's parents arrived here, 82 years ago.