

# Remembering When

BY ERWIN C. JOHNS

In last week's Newcomerstown News, a special edition reporting the history and progress of numerous area businesses was printed. Much evidence of this progress can be seen in old photographs and newspapers on display at the Temperance Tavern Museum.

The transformations of Newcomerstown, however, are also recorded in the memories of Erwin Johns, 134 Chapman Ave., Newcomerstown. Mr. Johns, who has lived in Newcomerstown since April 1, 1901, was asked by Dortha Marshall, president of the Newcomerstown Historical Society, to write a letter describing Newcomerstown as he remembers it from his youth. He was seven years old when he and his family moved into Newcomerstown from the Wolf Station area. His letter is as follows:

"The first place west on the north side of the C&M Railroad was the Dr. Beers home, and back of that on Bridges St., was the Tom Shannon Insurance Office. Across the street from the Richard Robinson home on Bridge St. was Crayton Norman's Livery Barn.

On the northwest corner of Bridge and Main was Brown & Montgomery Grocery Store, then going west was Longshore's Music Store. Next was Mrs. Case's store. She sold dry goods and lady's hats. Next was the Jay Peck home with Jake Hummel's Tailor Shop in one room.

Where the Elk's building now stands was Sheldon Dickerson's home, and the spot where Scott's store now stands was the Mollie Dent-Tom Banks home. Across the

alley was the Factory Store, and after that, the Oxford Bank, Eagon's Drug Store and Ern Crater's Jewelry Store. Next was a barber shop and poolroom, and on the corner was the Clint Whitting home.

Across Cross St. was Dr. Hosick's home and office. Next (where Phillips' Sundries is located) was the Shy Emerson Ice Cream Parlor, a poolroom and then, the John Hinds grocery. Across the alley was the Schnieder home and Buggy Shop and back of that, was the Dan Laub Blacksmith Shop (later Ike Norris).

Going west on the south side of Main St. where Zimmer Lumber Co. is located was the Cole Lumber Co. and then, the First National Bank. Across the street on the corner was the Baltimore Clothing, and next, in a small building was the Joe Kieser's Barber Shop. Next was Wilgus Hardware and then the Neighbor Shoe Store. Then came Yingling's Grocery Store. Across the alley was Mrs. Weir's Hotel. Next was the Sam Douglas Saloon in the room that was later the Swigert Meat Market. (At that time they were called 'butcher shops').

Next was the Crater Hardware, then Vognitz Dry Goods & Lady's Wear, and then a couple of small buildings. One was the Swigert Meat Market, and the other was a Tobacco Store & Gramophone Players, with the old cylinder records. Next on the corner of Cross St. Court (now called the "square") was the Jim Hillyer Harness Shop. (Later it was George Pace and then, Ernest Swigert). On the back of the Court were two small buildings; one was the Dan Harris Meat Market, and

the other was a Mr. Barr's Shoe Repair Shop. There were hitching racks all around the Court square.

On the other corner, heading west, were several small buildings. One was a restaurant, one was the Porter Michel Saloon and another was Jake Bolt's Saloon. Next was the Leiser Shoe Store and last was the Lydick Furniture & Funeral Home and the Neighbor Family Dry Goods & Hat Store. They employed a couple of women just to make lady's hats. On the corner across River St. was Dr. Goudy's office.

On the west side of River St. going south was the Jesse Gotchel Shoe Repair Shop. Next was the Canal & River St. bridge. Then George Miskimen's Hardware. Across Canal St. was Jay Peck's Shoe Store and Dave People's Grocery. Starting from the Canal on the east side of River St. was George Barnett's Feed Store and the Tom Banks Grocery. Across Canal St. was the Masonic Building with Willis Grocery on the 1st floor. Next was the building where the Newcomerstown Index weekly paper was published. On down the street on the northeast corner of River & Church Sts. was the Scott's Grocery.

On the west side of Bridge St. after the Baltimore and heading south was the Beer's Drug Store & School Supplies. (We had to buy our own school books then). Next was the Post Office and then the Canal and bridge. Next was the George Douglas Saloon and Mulvane's Drug Store. Across Canal St. was the Odd Fellow Bldg. and the Rodgers' Brothers Grocery.



This was the site of Morgan's Pharmacy before it moved to its present location on College Street. The building had been a pharmacy since the turn of the century. A bowling alley was above the pharmacy.

# Business thrived at turn of the century

Erwin Johns, who lived in the Newcomerstown area from his birth on April 1, 1901, to his death in 1981, was once asked by Dorothea Marshall, president of the Newcomerstown Historical Society, to write down what he remembered about the early days of the century.

Johns, who moved to Newcomerstown with his family when he was seven years old, responded with a written "map" of the business district of the village, describing the various businesses.

The News first ran the story in May of 1980 but is reprinting it here for our readers to provide a fascinating look at what our forefathers had in the village.

## BY ERWIN JOHNS

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On the northwest corner of Bridge and Main streets was Brown & Montgomery Grocery Store, then going west was Longshore's Music Store. Next was Mrs. Case's store. She sold dry goods and lady's hats. Next was the Jay Peck home with Jake Hummel's Tailor Shop in one room.

Where the Elk's building now stands was Sheldon Dickerson's home, and the spot where Scott's Store (now TG&Y) is was the Mollie Dent-Tom Banks home. Across the alley was the Factory Store, and after that, the Oxford Bank, Eagon's Drug Store and Ern Crater's Jewelry Store. Next was a barber shop and poolroom, and on the cor-

ner was the Clint Whitting home.

Across Cross Street was Dr. Hosick's home and office. Next, where Phillips' Sundries is located, was the Shy Emerson Ice Cream Parlor, a poolroom, and then, the John Hinds grocery. Across the alley was the Schneider home and Buggy Shop and back of that was the Dan Laub Blacksmith Shop, later owned by Ike Norris.

Going west on the south side of Main Street, where Zimmer Lumber (now Rubber Roofers, Inc.) is located, was the Cole Lumber Co. Then came the First National Bank. Across Bridge Street on the corner was the Baltimore Clothing and next, in a small building, was Joe Keiser's Barber Shop. Next was Wilgus Hardware and then the Neighbor Shoe Store. Then came Yingling's Grocery Store. Across the alley was Mrs. Weir's Hotel. Next was the Sam Douglas Saloon in the room that was later the Swigert Meat Market. At that time they were called butcher shops.

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## Bridge Street area

On the west side of Bridge Street after the Baltimore, heading south, was the Beer's Drug Store and School Supplies. We had to buy our own school books then. Next was the Post Office and then the Canal and bridge. Next was the George Douglas Saloon and Mulvane's Drug Store. Across Canal Street was the Odd Fellow Building and the Rodger's Brothers Grocery.

Next, in the back of the Odd Fellows Building, was the Wilkin Saloon and then Elmer Sells' house. Across the alley was the Andrew Crater home and then the Crescent

Hotel and Saloon, operated by Elmer "Shorty" Sells.

On the east side of Bridge Street, going south from the First National Bank building (which had the W.M. Brode Co. office upstairs, as well the Home Telephone Central office), was the Newcomerstown Light and Power Company office. Electric power was made at the Novelty Brick Company, owned by R.L. Shoemaker. Next was the Reed Meat Market and Frank Johns Barber Shop. Across the Canal on the northeast corner was the Jack Woods Grocery.

On the southeast corner was the Globe Hotel and Saloon, operated by A.J. Snavelly. Next was Jake Edwards Saloon, the township building, and then Buckor's Saloon. On the northeast corner of Bridge and Church streets was Mr. Carson's Restaurant. Across Church Street was Jake Hummel's house and then, the Fountain Hotel and Saloon, operated by John Cooley.

On the south side of Canal Street, going west, was a saloon and restaurant operated by a Mr. Smith. On the north side of Canal Street, heading west, was the John Douglass Barber Shop. The Zimmer Lumber Co. was located at the present site of the American Legion parking lot, between the canal and the street.

A Mr. Lowry operated the South Side Hotel and Saloon on Clow Avenue.

When I was a boy at home, we lived in what was known as the Dever property at 343 E. Canal St., now owned by Mrs. Harry Loader. Henry Wolf, the writer, world traveler and lecturer, was born in this house. The Devers were his grandparents.

Mention of the canal brings back many happy memories of skating,

fishing and swimming. When a canal boat came along, a few of us boys would follow it to the Railroad Bridge and watch Ben Burdett, the crossing watchman at Canal Street, raise the bridge. Then we boys would help the village marshall turn the Bridge Street bridge around to let the boat through. Then we would go to the River Street bridge to help turn that one around. Next we would follow the boat and watch it go through the lock at the Emerson Flour Mill.

Warren Jones started the first movie picture show in the building that had been used by Porter Mitchell's Saloon. It had benches for seats — with no backs. I think the admission for children was five cents. A Mr. Charles Erwin stood up on the stage with a pointer and explained the picture. One thing he always said when the men were chasing the women was, "the villain still pursues her!"

Three dentists and three lawyers had their offices in the second stories of the buildings mentioned. Dentists were Dr. Miskimen, Dr. Calhoun, and Dr. Leech. Lawyers were T.J. Russell, Sam Robinson, and E.E. Lindsay, who later became county prosecuting attorney and then later, Common Pleas Court judge.

There were about 13 saloons in Newcomerstown when they were voted out by local option about 1904 or 1905. They each had to pay a \$1000 license fee to the village each year. In checking, I find only 12 saloons mentioned so somewhere I missed one, because I know there were 13 when they were voted out.

I hope that I have made the above information plain enough so that anyone interested will understand what I have been trying to say.



I Lived Here and Liked It

## Arrived in 1896 On Ohio Canal Boat

By Charles E. Lieser

(One of a series)

When you reach the age of fourscore years and have lived in a certain community the greater part of that time you certainly must have a favorable opinion and find memories of such a place. Newcomerstown is the place in question—ideally located in a fertile valley in the southwest corner of Tuscarawas County, Ohio, along the beautiful Tuscarawas River amid rolling wooded hills and now practically in the midst of eastern Ohio's great industrial area. Here was enacted to a great extent the drama of the early settlement of Ohio and the Northwest Territory, not only by white men but by their predecessors, the Indians, who found this a good place to hunt and fish and live until they were crowded westward by the march of civilization.

On the following lines we will relate some history and incidents connected with the early life of the town. In most cases we will relate from memory some events that occurred here during the last three quarters of a century beginning about 1896. Especially do we want to pay tribute by name to many persons that we like to remember and tell, in most cases, how we were associated with them.

IN THE SPRING of 1896 the writer, with his parents, moved to this village from the county seat of New Philadelphia — at that time the father, Henry Lieser, was looking for a promising location to resume his mercantile business and was attracted to the village by the fact that the James B. Clow plant had recently located here. He thought, and rightly too, that this meant a great industrial future for the town.

Mr. Lieser discontinued his business connection with the River Mills Co. and, together with his wife, the former Lydia A. Hawk, and their six children and all their worldly goods, embarked on a canal boat for a day's gala cruise to their new home. The Ohio Canal was still in operation and the boat, some forty to fifty feet long, was one used by the milling company for transporting grain and flour up and down the valley between Cleveland and Portsmouth.

The boat was drawn by a team of mules driven along the tow-path and the trip, which was not much more than twenty miles, required most of the day. It was someone's birthday and we were not in a hurry. The furniture and all household goods were loaded at Lockport (South Broadway in New Philadelphia) and unloaded in Newcomerstown

at Benton's Planing Mill dock just east of College Street on East Main Street Extension. This dock was quite near the rear of the property at 203 North College Street which had recently been purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Neighbor.

**HENRY LIESER**, while quite young, started his career as a merchant in Stone Creek and part time in Canal Dover and later moved to Bakersville in Coshocton County, Ohio. After six years there he sold his store to Stonebrook Brothers and became co-owner with his brother, Adam Lieser, and Augustus Beyer in the flour mill at New Philadelphia. Mr. Lieser served as traveling salesman for the company.

Desiring to get back into retail business, he came to Newcomerstown and made arrangements to purchase the Deaver store, corner Main and Bridge Street, with inventory to start the following Monday morning. But when Monday morning came there was no store. It had burned down the night before. Instead he then purchased the W. Phineas Mulvane Store on the north side of Main Street and carried on business at that spot for several years. A general store in those days sold groceries, dry goods, clothing, boots, shoes, millinery, hardware and most everything the average town or family needed.

Merchants at that time received crackers in large wooden barrels. Also sugar, salt, lime, vinegar, kerosene, etc. Modern packaging was unknown at that time. Plug tobacco for chewing was a fast-seller with a tobacco cutter an important part of every store's equipment. Another necessity in the shoe department and in most every home also was a boot jack, for men and boys wore knee high leather boots and they were hard to get off.

The second story of the Mulvane building was used for storage of obsolete and unsalable merchandise such as women's narrow pointed shoes, millinery and dress trimmings of Civil War days.

*Country*

## Two Papers Here, Index, News at Century's Turn

By Charles E. Lieser  
President, Newcomerstown  
Historical Society

(One of a series)

Continuing east, at the corner of Main and College Streets was the home and publishing house of the Newcomerstown Index, owned and published by Professor John T. Duff and M. C. Julien and their sons Ed Duff and Otto Julien.

On the return of the younger men from the Spanish American War of 1898 the partnership was dissolved, the Duffs having built a building on River Street to continue publishing the Index and the Juliens took over a new weekly newspaper, the "News."

At first the "News" room was on the second floor of Vogenitz Building, central Main Street, and was managed by J. Willkie Rusk. If we had continued another block east from corner of Main and College Streets along the canal we would have come to the Benton Planing Mill and adjoining it at the North side was A. F. Ward & Son Machine Shop and Feed Mill.

Machinist Ward or his son or helpers, Francis Charles, Mr. Leonhard and Ed Rippl could repair any threshing machine or traction engine brought in and you should have seen mother Ward toss full sacks of feed and grain. Young son, Lee Frazer, although he later became a good machinist, was at his younger age not too industrious. Often we would hear a stern voice calling out "Alle! Alle! Where are you Come home and help your mother".

**NOW BACK DOWN** to Main Street, on the northeast corner of Bridge and Main was the Dr. A. M. Beers home and office while the northwest corner was occupied by the Longshore Building.

**Here** the Longshore family lived and had their music store and rented out one or two business rooms, one of them to Mrs. Lucy A. Case's Dry Goods and Millinery Shop. At the rear of their lot facing Bridge Street was a large building where the Longshore pianos were assembled. Down Main was a confectionery, the Wilgus property, where Ja-

cob Hummel had a tailor shop, a small room occupied by the Speers Shoe Store, a house where James Lewis lived and finally the Mary Dent — Thomas Banks home still standing now occupied by Thelma Harding Real Estate Agency.

The Oxford Bank was next to our store on the west of Central Main Street followed by a drug store owned by Homer H. Eagon (later the Davis Rexall and now Lawler's Store) and then came the E. C. Crater Jewelry Store (now the "News" building). Next is a residence and store building occupied by William Rothenstein, clothier, and on the corner which now is the beautiful structure of The Oxford Bank was a wooden two story house then occupied by D. C. Whiting, painter and paper hanger.

**BEYOND CROSS STREET** was Dr. Hosick's home and office (the recent Dr. Henry Kistler property), next came the new Sherd Emerson Ice Cream Parlor, a pool room, now the Western Auto, a small shop for Verge Wells, jeweler, and the corner building soon to be taken over by John Hinds for his expanding grocery business. Next west across the alley still stands Charles Snyder's Buggy and Wagon Shop, with a blacksmith shop to the rear owned and operated for many years by Isaac Norris.

Across the canal down River Street George W. Miskimen owned and operated a hardware store in the large structure now occupied and owned by the Eureka Store Company. The Eureka is a co-operative concern organized by James Montgomery while in the grocery business in the Longshore building. Ralph Portz has managed the Eureka Store for many years.

Next on River Street was the J. Peck Shoe Store corner and near by were a couple of small wooden structures, one occupied by Breakall's Laundry. On the corner diagonally across from the Methodist Church for a long time owned by Haver Electric Company, S. W. Scott, and Lucille, father of Vane, conducted a grocery.

**THE VILLAGE SCALES** was on the canal bank about where

Church St.

For several decades E. E. Heskett leased and managed the town hall or the "opera house" as it was called and it is interesting to read the announcements and programs offered to the public in those days. Among these were minstrel shows, concert lectures, dramatic shows and the "best movies, the kind you like."



## All Businesses On Main St., Including Several Saloons

By Charles E. Lister

(One of a series)

At the beginning of the twentieth century business places in Newcomerstown, as in most other towns, were all lined up along the main street. Here a barber shop, a bank, a grocery, a feed store, restaurant, furniture store, a hotel, blacksmith shop, and the course of all ages, the saloon or several of them.

Across the street from our store was the Central Hotel, operated by the Weir family. The Globe Hotel, A. J. Snavely, manager, was at the corner of Canal and Bridge Streets. The Globe, with the adjoining bar, was a beehive of activity in the early days especially after the canal and railroads were in operation. The Fountain House, John Cadley, owner, was at the other end of Bridge Street, near the railroad station and across the street from the Fountain was the fourth hotel. The Commercial House, operated many years in turn by Elmer Sells and Porter Mitchell.

It is hard to realize that all four hotels did a thriving business for many years on the Pennsylvania Line east and west and the C & M Railway north and south stopped daily to leave off and take on traveling salesmen and other passengers. It is said that 40 trains stopped here daily in early days.

**WE MUST RECALL** that there were no automobiles or modern highways at this time. Many people owned horses and buggies of some kind and two or three livery stables did quite a business of hiring out rigs for pleasure driving or for going for short distances.

The Norman livery barn was on North Bridge Street and the other two barns were on South Bridge Street east of the C & M tracks: one was the Fleming Barn. Across the street from our store, which was located on the north side of Central Main St., was also the M. Yingling & Sons (Will and Manuel) Grocery Store which, to give service to outlying districts, conducted one or two huckster wagons. When

filled with groceries, they would start out in a certain direction, make a circuit, and be back in several days or a week, bringing produce (butter and eggs) from the farmers. A Mr. Thompson drove one of the wagons.

Next to the Yingling Store, east, was Zack Thalheimer's Clothing Store. In nice weather the town loafers would gather in front of this store and swap stories or discuss and settle town, state and national problems. Possibly the ablest authority and certainly the most well read man in such leisure time groups was Mr. Robert Lyons who owned a farm in the Wolf Station district. Mr. Lyons could answer any question and could discourse on a subject for hours at a time. He had a fine library of classic and scientific books. Mose Kennedy, member of the Grand Army of the Republic, had his law office upstairs.

**NEXT DOOR EAST**, still on the south side of the street, was the Wilgus Hardware Store with Billy Lee as tinner and service man and further on was the barbershop of Joe Keiser who possibly stayed in business as long as anyone in town. At times he moved to different locations but ended only recently his career in the shop just across the street. When Mr. Lloyd Murphy rebuilt on the corner lot a two story brick structure Thalheimer moved his clothing store to the new location and it has been occupied by a clothing store ever since and is known as the Baltimore Corner.

Just west of the Central Hotel was the property owned by Sam L. Douglas. He was supposed to operate the "most respectable" saloon in the village. Next to Douglas was the I. Crater Hardware Co. with the big five foot high sheet iron padlock as a sign on a post on the outside of the sidewalk. When the new Vogenitz building was built next door some few years later the Lister Shoe Store took the east half and John Hinds Grocery the west half.

Two small buildings occupied by Kelly's News Stand and Ernest Swigert Harness Shop, successors to George Pace Harness Shop, respectively filled the space till the dead end of Cross Street. On the next half block were the Vogenitz furniture, dry goods and music store owned successively by Israel Vogenitz, son Oliver and grandson Lorin. Then came another saloon and the Hartshorn Restaurant and Bakery, the Ort Variety Store, formerly Otto Kennedy, then the saloon owned by Porter Mitchell in the two story brick building he had just built and last a wooden furniture warehouse later replaced by the three story brick building owned by Dent L. Lydick & Son.

**LYDICK FURNITURE** and Undertaking had one of the business rooms and the Neighbor Dry Goods Co. occupied the corner room for many many years. First was Theodore Neighbor, a GAR veteran and at his death son Slathiel and sisters Minnie and Coe were in charge.

Most of the store buildings on the south side of Main Street reached back to the Ohio Canal and in some cases merchandise was delivered to the stores by canal boats. Below River Street Jesse Gotchall repaired shoes in a small building on the north canal bank. Below Goodrich there was a cider press and wood working shop owned by John Warner & Sons who had moved from New Philadelphia in 1896.

Also on the north side of the canal, further down and at the lock, was the huge Wlandt, later Emerson Flour Mill. It was destroyed by fire, rebuilt and later burned down again. East of the C & M tracks on Main Street was the Saw Lumber Yard, later owned by James Cole, then by Roy Mulvany, etc. Mill purchased by Albert and Henry Zimmer and later operated by Henry's son, Arthur, and still later by grandson Robert.

# Manufacturing Here Is Traced From 1844

By D. E. Moore

The first pottery in Newcomerstown was established in about 1844 by Harmon and Gustavus Fox. It was located on Main Street.

After 1870 another pottery was established on State Street, between River and Goodrich Sts. by George Bagnall. Both outfits have long since disappeared.

James Pilling, who came to Newcomerstown in 1841, established a woolen factory and sawmill on what is now Route 21 at the east edge of Newcomerstown. As far as is known it was the first manufacturing establishment here. Mr. Pilling was a grandfather of Mrs. Anne Zimmer, E. State Road, and D. B. Moore, Canal St.

The first tannery owned by Aaron Schwenk was located at the south-west corner of Canal and River Streets; a second one five or six years later was established by David Mulvane, on what is now West Main Street between River and Goodrich Streets.

The first flour mill was built and operated by William Gardner and Paul Roberts; power was derived from a flume from the Ohio Canal which in turn operated the big water wheel. The mill stood at the extreme end of Main Street.

**A SECOND MILL** built in 1853 by William H. Craig stood on the south side of the canal opposite to the one mentioned above.

James Pilling started a woolen mill in 1841 about a mile east of town. Later he also operated a saw mill. Thomas Benton had joined Mr. Pilling as a partner. The woolen mill was enlarged and continued in operation until 1880.

A foundry was built by Kenyon and Ferguson in 1879; in 1883 it was known as the Peerless Bell and Machine Works. The Enterprize Manufacturing Company, owned and operated by R. L. Shoemaker, was located on the north west corner of Canal and Bridge streets, the plant manufactured cigar boxes, churns and bee hives. Quite an assortment.

Charles Schneider operated a buggy and wagon plant, with a blacksmith shop immediately in the rear operated by Dan Laub who sweat the iron tires on the the buggy and wagon wheels. The building is still standing on

the north side of Main Street on an alley just north of River Street, and is owned by Miss Helen Gefeller.

**GEORGE BENTON** operated a planing mill about one hundred yards east of College Street, on the north side of the canal; nearby was the machine shop of Mr. Ward, owned and operated by himself, his wife, and son. His two machinists were Francis and Ed Ripple. Mrs. Ward was a skillful a machinist as any of the men.

The first brick plant was owned and operated by Thomas Crawford just west of the West Street cemetery, along the railroad. He dug the clay on his lot, ground it in an old fashioned pug mill with the power being furnished by an old horse going round and round. The brick was commonly known as red brick. Some of them are still in use in chimneys around town.

The next brick plant was one called The Novelty, owned and operated by R. L. Shoemaker of this town, and Mr. Cassingham of Coshocton. The plant was located south of the river about a quarter of a mile south east of the present Ohio Power sub station. This plant specialized in the manufacture of paving bricks for streets and side walks. The first street lights in Newcomerstown were from an electric generator at this plant.

Another plant just north of Newcomerstown was called The Globe Brick Co. owned and operated by the H. J. Heineke Co. of St. Louis, Mo.

This company is still in operation although the plant has long since disappeared. They manufactured principally blocks for the building of high smoke stacks. They not only made the blocks, but erected the stacks. Some of the huge stacks at the smelters in Colorado were erected by this company.

**J.D. LONGSHORE** operated a piano and organ factory for a time in a building where the Reeves Bank now stands.

In 1901 and 1902, a company was organized here to erect a sheet mill to be erected west of Newcomerstown, and adjacent to the Penna. Railroad. This was done and the plant operated for a few years, but competition from larger plants became so keen that this little plant was forced to

close.

About 1900, a gentleman named White arrived here from New York. He announced that he intended to build a city called White City just east of Newcomerstown.

He opened an office with several imported draftsmen and a surveying crew. Then he proceeded to take options on about 600 acres of good level farming land. Soon the surveyors were at work, and in no time the draftsmen had it all projected on paper, several parks, hundreds of building lots, and the land along the railroad reserved for manufacturing. With this all done, Mr. White went to New York to secure the necessary financial aid, which sorry to say was not forthcoming. The bubble burst, the farmers went on plowing their fields and that was the end of White City.

**THE JAMES B. CLOW** Company had a plant at New Philadelphia, Ohio, manufacturing cast iron pipe. This plant burned and the company decided to locate at Newcomerstown, after public spirited citizens subscribed sufficient funds to buy a location.

This plant started in 1895, and manufactured cast iron pipe in sizes varying from 4" to 48". Later a gas steam radiator department was added.

In 1911 the pipe foundry was moved to Coshocton. The only reason assigned at that time was that Coshocton offered more money than Newcomerstown could afford. Later the radiator department was also moved, so today, nothing but a few memories, and a bunch of empty foundry buildings remain.

The Kurtz Kash Company, a branch of a Dayton firm located here a few years ago, providing employment for many. They manufactured moulded plastic pieces.

Grooveld Fabricators started their plant here in 1963. They are located in what was once the Ford Garage.

The Globe Specialties, a commercial sewing company, started operations here several years ago.

**THE SIMONDS** Saw and Steel Company now owns and operates the Heller Bros. Company, which company had purchased the Rex File Company, a locally owned concern. Simonds acquired the

plant in 1955 and changed the name to Heller Tool Co.

During the Heller Brothers' ownership the plant was enlarged.

Heller Brothers Co. was founded in 1933 by Elias Heller in New Jersey. The firm came to Newcomerstown in 1917 taking over the old Rex File Co. which had been destroyed by fire.

The Seiberling Rubber Co. located its Plastics Division in Newcomerstown in 1954. It has been marked by steady growth. In 1959 an additional 20,000 square feet of floor space was added. In 1963 the plant was expanded again by the same amount. Employment and production have continued to rise steadily. Weather-Seal, Inc., with home offices in Barberton, started production in its plant on West St. in February of this year. The new plant is the most completely automated laminating plant in the country. It was designed to laminate plywood for the Eling Building Products Division of Weather-Seal which produces a complete line of cabinets.

The Alchroma Products Company manufactures bath room and lavatory fixtures. This plant was started in 1946 by Herbert Smith, the present owner.

The Hillside Egg Farm, operated by Kenneth and Gwendolyn Johns, is something new for Newcomerstown. Operated on their farm approximately 3 1/2 miles south of this town, they have a completely modern place with 6,000 hens, and one rooster. Daily production now is between 4,500 and 5,000 eggs per day, all sold to a large chain of stores in Ohio. It takes about 5 tons of food per week for the old birds.



My Home Town  
Gekelemukpechunk  
(Newcomerstown , Ohio)  
by David Burress 'D.B.' Moore (circa 1963)  
PREFACE

If any of the true stories which I have written cause you to laugh - or even chuckle - then I will consider that my time has not been entirely wasted, and that I am fully repaid for my labor.

Credit is due my sister, **Mrs. Anne Zimmer**, for a couple of the stories, also for the genealogical history of our grandparents; also to **Miss Melba Steffen**, who proofread the stories and made the necessary corrections in punctuation, spelling, and the like - no doubt there were plenty of corrections necessary.

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This book is lovingly dedicated to the memory of my father, **David Burress Moore** and to my mother, **Maria Pilling Moore**, without whose great sacrifices and hard toil on the farm, it would not have been possible for me to have completed my high school education, graduating in a class of ten in **1901**.

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Back in the early **1870's**, the aristocracy (*so called*) of the village of **Newcomerstown** were preparing for a grand ball. It was by invitation only. Naturally, some of the young bucks here did not measure up to the social standards, and were not invited. These few arrived at a reprisal, which I think was the filthiest trick ever perpetrated.

The dance was held on the second floor of a building which had only all outside stairway with a protecting balustrade extending from the second floor to the ground level. When the dance was in full swing, these young miscreants took a bucket of filth and a brush and smeared the railing from top to bottom. They then proceeded to sound the fire alarm, which consisted of banging a wagon tire suspended from a tree limb with a piece of an iron rod.

When the alarm was heard in the dance hall, all activity stopped; and all rushed outside to the balcony and down the stairs, naturally supporting themselves on the balustrade. Imagine their consternation and dismay when they reached the ground to discover that the ladies' dresses as well as the gentlemen's clothing were ruined, indescribably filthy, and stinking to high heaven!

It goes without saying that the miscreants were never discovered; and it was probably a good thing for them, for tempers ran high for several weeks afterwards.

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In the early seventies, practically every small town had a so-called bully, and **Newcomerstown** was no exception. In our case, it was a man named **Bob Mardis**, a man better than six feet tall and weighing better than two hundred pounds, a stone mason by profession, and strong as a bull. When he was drinking, people would cross to the other side of the street to avoid meeting him.

**Mardis's** favorite sport was to walk into a saloon and demand a drink. If he did not get it; he would go behind the bar, get his drink, and walk out without paying for it.

Father and Mother had moved to town and had purchased a hotel which stood where the **Reeves Bank** now is located. Father called his hotel **The Lone Star**, probably named after the **Lone Star Masonic Lodge** of which he was a member.

There was a saloon near by, and on the evening in question **Bob Mardis** was drunk again. He walked into the saloon and demanded a drink; the bartender refused him, telling him he had had enough. **Mardis** started around the end of the bar to help himself. He never did make it; as the bartender swung the butt end of a billiard cue about two-and-a-half feet long. **Bob** went down like he had been shot, with his head-or rather his scalp-laid open from his forehead back to the crown of his head.

Some of the loafers dragged **Mardis** across the street to **Dr. A.M. Beers' office**. The good doctor was a **Civil War** veteran having served as an army surgeon. His long list of profanity he must have acquired when in service. I do not think that there ever was another man who could swear for a full five minutes without using the same "cuss word" twice.

After so long, the Doctor went to work and sewed up the wound. **Mardis** was still unconscious and it took about twenty stitches. Later on in the evening after he was conscious again, some cronies walked him home. He wasn't drunk any more, but he had a mighty sore head!

Later in the evening, **Dr. Beers** came into the office of the hotel and said to my father, "*David, I just blame that bartender for one thing;*" to which my father replied, "*What was that, Doctor?*" The doctor's reply very terse and to the point, "*I should have killed the son-of-a-bitch.*"

**Mardis** tried the same stunt several years later at **Porter Mitchell's saloon** at the **Crescent Hotel** down near the depot. The result was the same, with this exception: Porter used a ball bat and hit **Bob** in practically the same spot where he had been hit before, with the same result - his head again laid open. This took all the fight out of **Mardis** and he was a very peaceful man to the time he passed away.

In the 1870's **Newcomerstown** had but one railroad which is now known as the **Pennsylvania**, running from east to west.

**Colonel A. J. Warner** of **Marietta** decided that a railroad from **Cleveland** to **Marietta** would be a paying investment. After a great amount of difficulty had been overcome in the financing of the road, work was finally started in about 1872.

Construction in those days was by hand labor with a few teams of horses and spans of oxen dragging scrapers. For the most part, the work was performed by immigrants from *(the Oud Sod)* **Ireland**; they were a hard-working, herd-drinking and hard-fighting crew.

These men built two tunnels, one north of town between here and **Stone Creek** the other one just a mile south of town. These are still used by the **Cleveland and Marietta Railroad**; however, repairs have been made from time to time.

In later years, I recall when there were three passenger trains each day each way, plus long trains of coal north and empties south, all of this being accomplished on a single-track road.

Sad to say that due to the inroads of trucks and passenger buses this has all changed. Now there is only one local freight train each day with the exception of Sunday both



ways between **Cambridge** and **Dover**.

But, to get back to my story about the **Irish laborers'**. During the winter of **1872** there were probably one hundred of them quartered here in very poor shelter. About the middle of the winter, one of their number took sick with pneumonia and died. However, before his passing on, he made his friends promise that they would bury him in the highest cemetery there was around here; for, as the poor devil put it, "*I want to be as near Heaven, as I can get.*"

After much deliberation, his friends decided on **Bethel Cemetery**, which is about five miles north of **Newcomerstown** and is on top of a hill. With this preliminary out of the way, the nearest priest (who was located in **Stuebenville**) was called and the wake was started in earnest and continued for two days.

It was bitterly cold and there was a fine sleighing snow. The services were soon over, the casket, which consisted of a few rough boards hastily nailed together, was placed in the first sled with the eight pall bearers sitting on it; the remaining mourners were loaded into eight more sleds and the procession started for **Bethel**.

By the time the procession reached **Wolf Station**, about four miles from the starting point, trouble broke out among the pall bearers; some one had stolen their whiskey! The procession stopped; the pall bearers lifted the casket out of the sled and stood it upright in the fence corner, so poor Timmy could see the fight. A real Donnybrook ensued, mourners and pall bearers all taking part in it. The scrap was finally stopped when some good Samaritan in one of the other sleds produced a jug of whiskey for the pall bearers; poor Timmy's casket was loaded back in the sled; the pall bearers took their seats upon the casket with their jug of whiskey, and the poor devil was buried without any further trouble.

Another little story of the **Irish** while they were located here: At this time there was no fire protection, with the exception of a dozen volunteers armed with leather buckets. If a fire broke out a couple of hundred feet from the canal, the chances were about ninety-nine to one that the building would burn. The only method of fighting the fire was by what was called the **Bucket Brigade**, the men passing the full buckets of water from the canal to the blaze, while the women in the other line passed back the empty buckets to be refilled. I might also add that when the men and women turned out to fight the flame, they generally brought their own buckets; so there was no scarcity of them

On this night, a shack probably one hundred feet from the canal was on fire. The bucket brigade was busy passing water to the blaze; when two of the **Irish** aroused by the noise, come running up to the fire and wanted to help. They were told to go to the end of the line and fill buckets at the canal. They both started on the run, and one of them yelled, "*Where in hell is your damn old canal?*" Just then both stepped off the bank into waist deep icy water; one of them yelled out, "*Whoost, I've found it,*" and they climbed out and went to work.

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**Bill Mayberry** had a hotel and saloon on the corner of **Bridge and Canal Streets**, which is now a vacant lot.

At the fire which I have just mentioned; **Bill** did not offer any assistance, saying that he did not own the building, and it made no difference to him whether it burned or not.

Retribution generally follows an act such as this, and a few months later **Bill** had a fire

in his hotel kitchen. Not many people turned out to fight the blaze. Luckily, it was subdued without much damage.

**Bill** had a pet parrot in the bar room who was a good talker. **Bill's wife, Kate**, liked a drink of whiskey better than a cat liked milk, but **Bill** was a very stingy man, and the only way **Kate** could get a drink was whenever **Bill** went to the store for groceries. On this occasion, **Bill** had stepped out for a few minutes; so **Kate** slipped into the bar and took a couple of man-sized drinks and hurried back to the kitchen. Soon after, **Bill** came back to the hotel; and when he entered the bar room, the parrot let out a squawk, "*Bill, Bill, Kate's been at the whiskey.*" I never heard how **Bill** and **Kate** settled this affair.

In a small town the size of ours, there were always practical jokers. The two best known were **Ern Crater**, who had a jewelry store on **Main Street** where our newspaper, **The Newcomerstown News**, is now located; and **Porter Mitchell** (whom I mentioned before). **Porter** had sold his saloon and hotel and was presently running a saloon on **West Main Street**, about where a second-hand store is now located.

Now, I can remember the following episodes which happened in the early nineties; so you can see that I am no spring chicken:

The beginning of these jokes began when **Porter** heard **Ern** say that he would like to get about a peck of turnips. Shortly after, **Porter** saw **Brock Couets**, a farmer out in the hills; and told him that **Ern** wanted five bushels of turnips and just to take them down to **Ern's** house and clump them on the front porch. This the old man did, but I do not think that he ever got paid for the turnips. **Ern** decided to get even, and this is how he accomplished it. The morning of the **Fourth of July** dawned hot and dry. Big doings were expected in town that day - a ball game, foot races, sack races, catching a greased pig, tub races on the canal, and (in the evening) a grand display of fireworks. By mid-morning there were plenty of visitors, and all the twelve saloons were doing a rushing business. **Ern Crater** came down **Main Street** carrying an enormous firecracker en route to **Porter's saloon**. The firecracker later on was found to be a two-foot length of stovepipe covered with red paper with both ends sealed and a short fuse protruding from one end.

To describe **Porter's bar**, it was a long, low building extending from the sidewalk back to the berm of the canal. It had a front and back door, the back door being within three feet of the canal; so that if a person was not too drunk he could step out of the back door make a sharp right run, and go down along the canal to **River Street**. This I think sets the stage for what happened.

**Ern** stopped at the front end of the bar next to the front door and laid the giant cracker down very gingerly. **Porter**, knowing what **Ern** desired for a drink in the morning, set out the whiskey bottle and a glass and said, "*Ern, what in the world are you going to do with that big fire cracker?*" Meanwhile, most of the customers came up to look at the giant cracker and, after making a few remarks about what a noise it would make, returned to their places at the bar.

*"Well," said Ern, "You know that this is the Fourth of July, and I'm going to set her off out at the ball park before the game this afternoon. I'll guarantee she will make a noise; there are three pounds of black powder in it!"*

Very nonchalantly, **Ern** finished his drink, poured another for good measure, lighted his cigar, and at the same time ignited the fuse to the cracker. Someone yelled, "*My God, he's set fire to it!*" and the exodus started through the back door; as all were



afraid to go out the front door, as the cracker was up there. The first two or three made the sharp turn and escaped the canal. By this time the pressure was too great and the poor devils landed in the canal; **Porter**, being next to the last, also took his bath.

**Ern** picked up his cracker, hurried up the street, and went into seclusion for the rest of the day. He knew full well that should he be found, most any thing might happen. **Porter** was the most angry of the bunch and swore that he would kill **Ern** on sight. However, by the next morning, tempers had cooled; the whole town was laughing about the joke, and **Porter** and **Ern** renewed their friendship.

Another little story about **Porter Mitchell**: In the late 1890's telephones were installed in **Newcomerstown**. I know, because the grocery store of **M. Yingling** was given *Number One*, while ours at home was *Number Two*. Anyhow, one of **Porter's** customers forgot his umbrella and left it at the saloon. When the gentleman arrived at home without the umbrella, his wife wanted to know what had become of it, because it was hers. Very crestfallen, the gentleman told her he must have left it at **Porter's saloon**. She got on the phone and called **Porter** to find out if the umbrella was there. **Porter** answered and said that he would look. In a short time he was back holding the umbrella in front of the phone and asking, "*Is this it?*"

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The **Fall Street Fair** in **Newcomerstown** was three wonderful days - not only for the small fry, because school would be dismissed - but for their elders. Prizes were offered for the best farm products-namely: wheat, oats, barley, corn, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, etc.; also for the best apples, peaches, pears - in fact everything that grew on a farm. The women were not overlooked either; they competed for the best canned fruit, as well as the best jellies and jams, not to overlook their finest quilts, bed spreads, embroidery and such, also for the best cakes, pies, etc. How we kids use to envy the ladies who were appointed judges of the ladies' culinary arts! They would go around sampling this cake or that pie, as well as tasting the various jellies or jams, while we kids stood around with our tongues practically hanging out.

There was always free entertainment of some kind and, of course, band concerts. One bit of entertainment which I remember was announcement that a local boy **Bob Bassett**, would walk a tight wire stretched from a building on the corner of **Bridge and Main Streets** to a building on the opposite side of **Main Street**. (**Bob** was the son of **Garry Bassett**, the postmaster, a deep-dyed Democrat who had no use for any one who did not vote the straight ticket.) A large crowd gathered to see the performance, and soon **Bob** appeared at the window, attired in what he hoped people would believe were tights, but which I have always claimed was a suit of red flannel underwear with the barn-door flap on the rear sewed up.

After a selection by the band, **Bob** started across, using a long balancing pole. He made it over and back, for which he deserved great credit, but the funny part at which every one laughed was the sight of his father, a little old man walking along under **Bob** with his arms outstretched, looking up at his son, ready to catch him if he fell. The wire was twenty feet above the ground, and had **Bob** fallen and hit the old gentleman, there would not have been too much left of **Garry**!

This year there was a grand parade, and I recall one of the floats vividly - a cage built on a wagon. In this cage was a large stone lion, weighing probably four hundred pounds, the product of a local stone mason. It did not look too much like a lion, but it sufficed. In the cage with the lion was a local character named **Fuller**, attired in a suit of red underwear, wearing a "plug" hat and carrying a pitchfork for protection.

Before the parade, some of **Fuller's** many friends had been plying him with whiskey, so he would not be afraid of the beast. When the parade started, I think that it was one of the funniest sights that I ever saw. The street was rough; and the lion would slide a little on the floor, whereupon **Jim** would take a jab at the lion with his fork, and utter yells (some of them a trifle risqué) which could be heard a half mile away.

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The **Ohio Canal** was of great help in the settling of this valley. The boats going north were loaded with various grains, also coal; while on the return trip the load would consist of various kinds of merchandise, especially whiskey. In those days, a license was not required to dispense the fiery liquid; so many of the stores along the canal had a keg of whiskey on the counter with a tin cup chained to it. For a three-cent piece, you were entitled to fill the cup with liquor.

There were two grain storage elevators that I recall. One stood on the corner of **Bridge and Main Streets**; the other, on **River Street** where the **Eureka Hardware** store is located. By the way, this is the same building from which I saw boats loaded with wheat. At that time the building was owned by **G. W. Miskimen**.

It was not too much of a task to load a boat; because you just ran a spout from either the second or third story of the building to the boat, and in a few hours it would be loaded, ready to start the journey north. It was more trouble elevating the grain. To accomplish this, on the first floor was a horse hooked to a merry-go-round contraption. The horse walked 'round and 'round, turning a shaft, which in turn transmitted power to a gear box, which in turn moved an endless belt with small leather buckets on it. In this manner the grain was moved to the upper two stories.

A canal-boat crew generally consisted of four persons: first, the captain, then the cook (generally his wife or some other woman), the bowsman, and the driver (commonly known as the mule skinner).

All duties are easily understood, with the exception of the bowsman, whose duty it was to be located in the bow of the boat and look out for floating debris which might punch a hole in the boat. His next task was the hard one, for it was up to him to jump off the boat when they were about a mile from the lock and hurry there and get the lock ready for the boat. For instance if his boat was going north, he would have to close the large gates at the upper end of the lock, then open the small weir gates in the large gates at the lower end of the lock and drain the lock. After this was accomplished, he would open the large gates at the lower end of the lock; and it would be ready for his boat. As soon as the boat was in the lock, he would have to close the large gates, as well as the small weir gates, open the weir gates at the other end of the lock; and soon the boat would be raised to the upper level so it could proceed.

To be a good bowsman, you had of necessity to be a good fighter; for quite often the bowsman on a boat coming in the opposite direction would decide to take the lock for his own boat. When this occurred, a fight would always ensue, with no holds barred - biting, gouging the eyes, jumping on a man when down, and kicking in the ribs with their heavy boots. Anything went, and to the victor belonged the lock.

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In my early days at school we had a superintendent named **John T. Duff**, a disciplinarian of the old school, who firmly believed in the old adage of "*Spare the rod and spoil the child.*" I can assure you that he did not spare the rod, as many of the boys could testify. After you had been whipped, you generally ate your meals standing up; as you were too sore to sit down.

**Mr. Duff** was naturally left handed, but he had learned to write with either hand, and very beautifully too. I have seen him walk up to the blackboard with a piece of chalk in each hand, and write two different sentences at the same time.

In those days, many people in town kept their own cows; and the superintendent was no exception. However, he decided to get rid of his cow, so he placed an advertisement in our local newspaper called **The Index**. It read as follows: "*For sale, gentle cow Annie, (named after his daughter Annie), with calf by her side.*"

A few days after the notice had appeared in the paper, **Mr. Duff** came to school with a beautiful "*shiner*." Not only was his eye swollen shut, but it was the most beautiful black and purple that I ever saw. We in school did not know what had happened until later in the day when the story got out. The evening before, he was milking "*Gentle cow Annie*," when she kicked over the bucket of milk, also kicking him. You may be sure that no one laughed about it to his face; but there were plenty of smiles behind his back, both pupils and scholars alike.

Another little story about **Ern Crater**. He was a watch repairman - and a good one - but he did not like to work. Not that he was afraid of work; he could lie down and go to sleep by it.

His jewelry store was located on **Main Street** where **The Newcomerstown News Publishing Company** now is. His father, "**Butch**" Crater, had a hardware store just across the street, where the **Marlowe** store is located.

Anyhow, a farmer had brought his old turnip of a watch into **Ern** to have it put in running order about a month previous. The old gentleman came in every Saturday to get his watch, but **Ern** would have the same excuse ready - that he was so busy that he would surely have it ready by the following Saturday. The fact of the matter was that **Ern** had never looked at the watch. The old gentleman was exasperated, and said, "*Ern, you are the damnedest biggest liar in Newcomerstown.*" **Ern** replied, "*Oh, no I'm not. The biggest liar in town is my father, 'Butch,' who runs the hardware store across the street.*"

The next Saturday when the old gentleman came in looking for his watch, **Ern** had it ready, lying on the showcase, with two or three small gear wheels beside it. Said **Ern**, "*Here's your watch. I could not find a place for these other gears, but it seems to run all right. If it doesn't keep good time, bring it back and maybe I can find where these other gears go.*" The old gentleman was really angry. He grabbed up his watch, gave **Ern** fifty cents, and went out swearing that he never would come back. After he was gone, **Ern** picked up the gears (which belonged to another watch) and had a good laugh.

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In the early eighteen nineties; **Newcomerstown** (still a small village) had a surplus of saloons. As I recall it, there were twelve - give or take one or two and there was no occasion for a man to go without a drink providing of course that he had the money.

In those days there was plenty of lumber being sawed and hauled into **Newcomerstown** to be carried and shipped out on the railroad. Hauling was, of course done with wagons; and quite often a driver would have a few drinks before he started his homeward journey. One such man I saw one day heading back home, evidently having had more than one drink. He had also bought himself a sack of bananas. He was sitting on the rear hounds, or axle, of his wagon with the lines wrapped around the brake handle, busily eating bananas, while the horses plodded along the dusty road. However, he did not take the time to take the rind off the



bananas, but was eating them rind and all. I'll bet he was a sick boy when he got home!

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**Sam Douglas** had a saloon on **Main Street**, where **Joe Visintainer** now has a meat market. **Sam** ran an orderly place - no swearing, no loud talk; and if you had too much to drink when you came in **Sam** would refuse to sell you anything and politely escort you out of the front door.

**Sam's saloon** was the only place visited by **Carrie Nation** of hatchet-wielding fame. She was notorious for walking into a saloon, berating the saloon keeper, and with a few swipes of her trusty hatchet (aided and abetted by some of her zealous followers) destroy any thing in sight - bottles, glasses, etc. - and always taking a few lusty swipes at the large glass mirror behind the back bar. Following the singing of a hymn, giving the bartender a thorough dressing down, and warning him to repent, she and her satellites would depart, leaving behind plenty of wreckage.

During this performance, **Sam** stood at the far end of the bar and never, never said a word. After the female wreckers had departed, he proceeded to clean the debris up. No doubt he thought aplenty.

This was the only saloon raided; as the word had got around, and the rest of the saloon keepers had very prudently locked the front doors to their establishments and departed.

While on the subject of saloons, I cannot help but recall one run by **Hanson Crater** on **Canal Street**, where the **Ortt Radio store** is now located.

**Hans** was a large man, very pompous, dressed in the height of fashion in those days: a swallow tail coat white vest, string tie and a "plug" hat. I think that **Hans** wore the first bifocal eyeglasses that I ever saw - if you could call two pair of glasses that. He wore one pair which hooked over his ears; while the other pair which were called "nose pincers," were down on the end of his nose. When he wanted to see the person to whom he was talking, it would be necessary to tilt his head back; so he could bring the object in proper focus in both pairs of glasses.

**Hans'** living quarters were over the saloon. Whether he was a widower or a bachelor, I never knew. However, he had a big voluptuous blonde who was his housekeeper.

**Hans** decided that he wanted her picture painted, so he hired an artist to come out from **Pittsburgh** to make the picture. In four or five weeks, the picture was completed. It was about three feet wide and six feet long, long enough to cover the back bar. On the day the painting was completed, **Hans** very carefully carried the painting downstairs to the bar room, and he and his bartender fastened it on the back bar glass, then stood back to look at it. It was a full length picture of his housekeeper, clad in her bare skin, reclining on a tiger-skin rug. Business boomed in that saloon; many came to see the painting, and of course would buy a drink or two.

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One Saturday night there was a fire in a livery stable belonging to **Jim Sondles**, located on the corner of **Minden Court** and **Bridge Street**, just south of the present **Oxford Township Building**. Most of the horses were saved; although there were six which would have to be shot, as they were burned so badly.

As soon as Sunday School was dismissed the following morning, I hurried down to

see what was left of the barn. The six horses which were burned so badly were hardly able to walk. Every one was wondering who would shoot the poor beasts and put them out of their misery. No one volunteered to do the shooting, until **Hans Crater** said that he would, so he hurried home and got his squirrel rifle and announced that he was ready. This was a gruesome procession and I'll never forget it to my dying day. There was **Hans**, dressed fit to kill with his plug hat, white vest (a trifle stained by tobacco juice), a cut-away coat, string tie, etc., walking ahead with his rifle over his shoulder; behind him strung out the poor horses hardly able to walk.

Finally the burial spot was reached, and the horses put out of their misery.

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In the early days of **Newcomerstown**, the post office was located on **Goodrich Street**, somewhere between **Canal and Church Streets**, (I have never found the exact location).

When the stage coach would arrive in town carrying the mail, the driver would give several lusty toots on his horn, signaling his arrival.

The postmaster would meet the coach at the curb, and the small package of letters and papers would be handed him. Quite often the postmaster would dispense with the formality of taking the mail into the office, and would open the pouch to hand out the various pieces of mail to the persons gathered there, without bothering to stamp the pieces as being received at **Newcomerstown**.

This is a far cry from the way the mail is now handled.

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With the coming of the **Cleveland and Marietta Railroad** through **Newcomerstown**, it was necessary for the company to establish a drawbridge over the **Ohio Canal** to permit passage of the canal boats. The bridge at best was a crude affair as compared to the present-day bridges, but it answered the purpose. It was hinged on the north end, and was raised and lowered by one man's operating the ponderous gears.

There was a bridge tender on duty during daylight hours only, as canal boats did not operate during the night. The bridge tender I remember was a gentleman named **Benjamin Burdette**, a gentleman getting up in years and with very poor vision. The lenses in his glasses appeared to be a quarter of an inch thick, and without them **Benny** could not identify anything, even at close range.

There were plenty of days when there was no traffic on the canal, and the time hung heavy on **Benny** (twelve hours a day and seven days a week)- so he became an avid fisherman, sometimes catching a carp or a catfish. Before he would leave for home in the evening he would bait two or three hooks and set the poles in the bank, hoping that he might have an unwary fish on the hook when he returned in the morning.

One evening after he had headed for home, some boys fashioned a dummy out of a pair of overalls and jacket, stuffed it with straw, fastened a slouch hat where the head should have been, weighted it a little so that it would sink below the surface, and fastened it on one of the lines. Then they anxiously awaited the next morning to see what **Benny** would do. When the old gentleman arrived on the scene, he noticed that one of his lines was acting like he had a fish on it. Hastily setting down his dinner bucket, he grabbed the pole and commenced to pull. Imagine his surprise when the dummy came into view!

The old man threw the pole into the canal, crying, "*My God I've caught a dead man!*" The boys who were in hiding, watching the fun, commenced to laugh. One of them pulled the pole to the bank, with the dummy attached; and **Benny** saw that someone had played a joke on him.

In no uncertain words the old man declared himself, telling what he would do to the person or persons who had played such a joke on him!

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**Captain Ad Miller** was a veteran "*Canaller*." His wife had been dead many years; and he had for a housekeeper and cook, **Mag Simpkins**, who also would take her turn at the tiller whenever the captain had to leave his post.

The captain had one son, **Warren**, who in early childhood was unfortunate in that he swallowed a piece of egg shell which lodged in his wind pipe. Surgery was necessary, and in those days it was quite crude. The operation consisted of cutting his windpipe to remove the shell. The operation was a success, but it left **Warren** with a very husky voice, its being hard sometimes to understand him.

**Warren** did not like canal life; but he did like horses which was very understandable, as his father was a lover of fast horses all his life. The captain bought **Warren** a few old plugs of horses and **Warren** started training and driving them at the county fairs. Once in a while he would finish in the money, and I tell you it was exciting to see **Warren** driving a race. The sulkeys in those days were five-foot-high wooden-wheel affairs - very cumbersome and heavy compared to the present "Bikes," which weigh only thirty-five pounds. When **Warren** would be coming down the home stretch, yelling at his horse with that lion's roar voice and using the whip copiously, it really was something!

On one of the captain's trips north, he heard of an ungainly colt called "*Sorrel Billy*." He looked the colt over, purchased him for almost nothing, and turned him over to **Warren** to train. From almost the beginning, the colt proved that he would be a good racer, and soon was recognized as one of the fastest racers in Ohio. Soon **Warren** was winning plenty of purses.

The captain thought so much of this horse, that when he (the captain) died in 1901, he made a provision in his will that there should be a bronze statue of "*Sorrel Billy*" made and placed on top of his tombstone. This was done; and today, if you visit the cemetery on **West Street**, you will see the statue of "*Sorrel Billy*," a bronze figure about twenty inches long by a foot high standing proudly on the monument.

**Tom Watkins**, a colored man, had a barbershop on **Main Street** about where the **Egler Bakery** is located. In those days, there were no screen doors; and **Main Street** was lined with hitching racks for the horses, so you can imagine how bad the flies were in the summertime.

**Tom** had arranged a contrivance in the shop, both to keep the flies away from his customers and to provide a little air circulation. It consisted of a two-bladed fan fastened to the ceiling, with a belt running to the back room, where his son **Dallas** sat astride of a frame similar to our bicycle frames of today. The belt from the fan ran around a wheel probably two feet in diameter. The more **Dallas** sat there and pumped, the faster the fan went; but it was not a very pleasant job on a hot day.

**Tom** was also a practical joker I remember my father going to the shop one hot

afternoon to get shaved **Tom** had father all lathered ready to shave; however; before he started, he dipped the razor in some ice water and drew the back of the razor across father's throat. Dad was sure that his throat was cut, and he yelled. **Tom** thought it was a good joke, but father was not so sure.

The barber was a great fisherman, and on Sunday mornings you would see him going to the river with a long cane pole and a can of worms. However, his fishing backfired on him one morning. He came down the road past our house with his pole over his shoulder, the other hand very carefully holding the hook, which had gone entirely through his lower lip. He was on his way to get the hook cut out. I'll bet that was the biggest thing he ever caught, and why he did not cut the line loose from the hook I'll never know.

**Smith and Dickenson** had a general store on the corner of **Bridge and Main Streets** (where the **Baltimore Clothing store** is now located), the first floor being devoted to the store, while the second floor was a grain elevator from which they loaded canal boats with grain. There was a small basin just back of the store, where the boats would tie up to take on their loads. The store had a full supply of goods, from needles and pins to dress goods; also, a full line of groceries.

One morning, an eccentric old gentleman whose name was "**Jockey**" **Thompson** came in and purchased a half-dozen eggs from **Mr. Dickenson**. His eccentricity was that whatever small purchase he made, he would put it in his "plug hat" and put it back on his head. He disposed of his eggs in this manner and went back to join the customary crowd of loafers gathered around the big pot-bellied stove. The men were mostly tobacco-chewers; so, rather than have them spit on the stove, a few small boxes filled with sawdust were placed strategically for their use. The management had also put up a sign saying, "**IF YOU EXPECT TO RATE AS A GENTLEMAN, YOU WILL NOT EXPECTORATE ON THE STOVE OR FLOOR.**" Some of the old boys could score a bull's-eye at a distance of six feet.

**Mr. Smith**, also a practical joker, had noticed where the old man had stowed his eggs. After "**Jockey**" had got comfortably settled, he walked back and hit him a good wallop on top of this hat, driving it down over his ears and breaking all the eggs. The poor old man must have been a funny sight with the eggs running down over his face into his beard!

All the old fellow did was to look up pathetically at **Mr. Smith** and say, "*Garrett, I'll never forgive you for this.*"

A few years later **Mr. Smith** retired from the store; and he and his wife, **Elmira**, lived in the home which had originally belonged to her father, **Colonel Nugent**. The home (located at the corner of what is now **Pilling and State Streets**) and about a hundred acres of land had been left to her in her father's will. In fact, part of the original home has been moved onto **State Street** and serves as a filling station operated by **Mr. Bliss**. The original home was a large one, having many rooms and porches, sitting back quite away from either street.

It's a good thing that the house was large; as there was a large family, consisting of six children, **Robert, Howard, Jennie, Sarah, Christine** and **Jessie**.

**Mr. Smith** kept a few cows, and it was his duty to drive them to and from the pasture fields across the canal morning and evening. It was also my task to drive our cows along the same road to the fields.

One hot summer morning our cows happened to meet at the crossroads intersection,



and the usual hooking and bumping ensued. **Mr. Smith**, disgusted, ran up and took a mighty kick at a cow. Unluckily, he missed her; his other foot went out from under him and he sat down in the dusty road. The dust rose around him in a cloud and I laughed. I knew that I should not, but it was funny and I really laughed, long and loud. My laughing did not particularly please the old gentleman; so he got to his feet, jumped up in the air, cracked his heels together and said, "*By Gad, sir, I can do it again!*" He ran up and kicked a poor old cow in the ribs who was not even in the fighting. His vanity satisfied, we drove the cows on the pasture field without any more trouble.

**Mr. Smith** was an excellent story teller. Many a winter evening he would come up to our house and spend the evening, sitting in his favorite chair (a straight-backed one which I believe in these modern days is called a "Captain's chair"), with my mother and father my sister **Anne**, and I all gathered around in front of the large open fireplace enjoying his tales of the early days in **Newcomerstown**.

One which he told was in regard to the early horse races. Practically every Saturday, young fellows would race their horses from **Wolf Station** to the **Globe Hotel** in **Newcomerstown**, a distance of about four miles. On this particular Saturday, a young man came riding up to the hotel, the winner. When he dismounted he said, "*There has been a bad accident up the road! Was anybody killed but me?*"

His favorite story, however, was the killing of the postboy, so-called because he carried the mail from **Cadiz** to **Coshocton** on horseback, having the mail in two saddle pouches.

The killing occurred on what was then known as the **Cadiz Pike**, a road leading from **Cadiz** to **Coshocton** south of **Newcomerstown** about four miles. On this morning, the postboy was shot from ambush, killing him instantly.

The sheriff, after a thorough search, arrested on suspicion a man from that neighborhood, who admitted that he had been hunting in that vicinity on the morning of the murder, but who denied the shooting. His story was that he had heard the shot and then saw a man emerge from the underbrush, and approach the dead man; also, that he could identify the killer if he saw him.

The sheriff, half-believing the accused's story, ordered that all able-bodied men from **Newcomerstown** and the vicinity of the murder appear at the **Tuscarawas County** jail and pass in single file before the accused man's cell, thus giving him an opportunity to identify the killer. It was winter, and the only means of transportation was by sled. Many had passed the poor man's cell, but he had been unable to identify the killer.

The last load of men were preparing to leave for the jail. There was room for one more, and someone asked a man by the name of **James Funston** to go along. **Funston** swore that he had no business at the jail; but, after a few drinks and with the insistence of some of the men, he decided to go. Upon reaching the jail, the men filed one by one past the accused man's cell. **Funston** was the last in line; and when he got opposite the cell the accused man cried out, "*There is the man!*" **Funston** very profanely denied the accusation; but the prisoner said to the sheriff, "*Seize that man, and pull back his right coat sleeve. See if there is not a long scar extending from the back of his hand to his wrist.*"

The sheriff and his deputies did as requested; and, sure enough, there was the scar. The prisoner then explained that when **Funston** came out of the underbrush he had his rifle on his right shoulder; and that his coat sleeve was pulled back, exposing the

scar.

The innocent man was freed and **Funston** placed in jail. He confessed the murder, was tried for murder in the first degree, was convicted and hung in the courthouse yard. This was the only execution in **Tuscarawas County**. His body was claimed by his relatives and was buried about three miles east of **Newcomerstown** in a hollow, just north of **U.S. 36 and 16**. After the body was placed in the grave, the grave was filled with heavy stones; and two large trees were felled across it. This was done to keep grave robbers from exhuming the body and selling it to some medical school for dissection.

The **Funston** family lived in what was known as **Stark Patent**, one of several squatter families living there. When my grandfather **Pilling** would run short of logs for his sawmill, he would shoulder a three-gallon keg of whiskey and go up and make a deal for so many logs for the whiskey. The logs would be cut and floated down the **Tuscarawas River** to the saw mill.

**Stark Patent** was a large tract of land about three miles east of **Newcomerstown**, named for **General Stark** of **Revolutionary War** fame, who was given this tract of land as payment for his services in that war.

One more little story about **Mr. Smith**: He did not like to work. One day he was leaning against a fence, talking to my father who was cutting corn. **Mr. Smith** said to my father, "*David, you know that I have the knack of cutting corn as well as any man, but I can- not set it up worth a damn.*" That was where a lot of the hard labor was.

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Many of the streets in **Newcomerstown** were named for early residents; for instance, **Mulvane Street** named for the **Mulvanes**, **Neighbor Street** named for the **Neighbors**, **West Street** named for **Thomas West**, **Nugent Street** named for **Col. Nugent**, **Smith Street** named for **G. B. Smith**, (a son-in-law of **Col. Nugent**), and **Pilling Street** named for my grandfather, **James Pilling**. Did you know that at one time **Main Street** was called **Basin Street**, due to its proximity to the canal basin back of the **Smith and Dickenson store**?

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In my early childhood days, I can recall many things that happened to me. Once when I was about five years old, I followed my Father into the barnyard where he was putting out feed for the cattle. Father owned a span of oxen, **Buck** and **Berry**. **Buck** was a quiet old fellow, but **Berry** was a devil. He spied me standing against the side of the barn and started at me. Both oxen had exceptionally long horns tipped with brass knobs. A horn passed on either side of me, and his horns were so long that he could not butt me. I yelled; Father came running, and with a few jabs of his pitchfork drove old **Berry** off. He picked me up, set me over the fence, and made it plain that I never was to come in that barnyard again; and you can bet that I never did!

That afternoon, Father was going to town with the big wagon, driving the oxen. I coaxed so hard that he finally agreed to take me along. I was sitting flat in the wagon bed, and everything was going fine until we reached the corner of **Canal and River Streets**. Old **Berry** was loafing and Father raised his ox-goad to hit him. The old rascal saw it coming and lunged forward, throwing Father off balance, and he sat down on me. I passed out, and did not come to until father had carried me into **J. Peck's shoe store** and had me lying on the counter. In a few minutes I recovered; just had the breath knocked out of me. Father was worried about what Mother would say; so he bribed me with a nickel bag of candy not to tell, and I never did until Father had

passed on.

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Father was an even tempered man, not at all hard to get along with; but when it became necessary, he could take his own part.

Father and I were walking to town one morning. A few days previously, a man by the name of **Rankin Frame** had got into an argument with Dad, at which time **Frame** said, *"You are too big a man for me to whip, but I'll get someone to help me, and we'll beat the hell out of you;"* to which my Father replied, *"Any time,"* and let it go at that.

We were almost to the railroad crossing on **Maple Street**, when two men in an open-topped buggy came toward us. They stopped and jumped out of the buggy; we saw it was **Frame** and a friend of his, **Porter Mitchell**. **Frame** yelled, *"Now we are going to beat you up!"* Father said to me, *"Get over to the side of the road and stay there,"* which I did very willingly.

As the two men advanced, Father got out his pocket knife; and it was a big one-the blade was almost three inches long and sharp as a razor. He opened it and said, *"Now come on, but someone is going to get carved up!"* The two men stopped, and Father said, *"Come on; if you don't, I'm coming for you."*

Discretion was the better part of valor; for both men ran and jumped into their buggy, hit the old horse with the whip, and went galloping up the road. Father closed his penknife, put it in his pocket and said, *"Come on, let's go to town,"* and that was that.

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The only time I ever saw my father really angry was at **our Fair**. (I call it **our Fair**; as the grounds were just west of **Newcomerstown**, on what is now owned by the **Kistler** heirs.) **The Fair Association** consisted of three counties - **Guernsey**, **Coshocton**, and **Tuscarawas**. It was known as the **Central Ohio District Fair**, commonly called by many people the **C.O.D. Fair**. There is one of the buildings still standing; I believe it was the **Agricultural Hall**.

I was about eight years old, and this was to be a big day for me. As soon as Father had his chores finished we started to walk the two miles from our home to the grounds. Mother had given me a quarter to spend, and that was a lot of money; The first thing I saw after we had entered was a queer contraption with a sign saying, *"Pay ten cents and hear Thomas Edison's Phonograph play real music."* It was oddly made, consisting of a large coil spring which, when wound tightly, provided the power for turning the shaft on which the wax cylinder was placed. There were six sets of earphones on either side of the machine, and for a dime you were permitted to plug the phones in your ears and listen to a selection. I spent a dime of my money, and that was the first canned music that I had ever heard.

After that we made the rounds of the various barns, looking at the fat cattle, sheep and hogs; also the horse barn (Father was a great lover of horses), not forgetting to stop at **Warren Miller's stable** to look over some of the horses he would race that afternoon.

It was time for dinner, and we went to the dining hall to eat. As I recall the dinner, it was roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy with plenty of side dishes. Everything was lovely until Father forked into his mashed potatoes and came up with a piece of



dishcloth. That spoiled our dinner.

After an exciting afternoon of watching the races Father and I started to the wagon gate on our way home, where there were several so-called "hacks" carrying passengers to town. To describe a hack - it was commonly a spring wagon with seats along each side. The drivers were always in a hurry at this time in the evening, anxious to get to town, unload their passengers, and hurry back for another load.

Somehow I got lost from my father, and the first thing I knew a drunken hack driver had hit me with the pole of his wagon, knocking me down. Luckily, the team and wagon passed over me and I was not hurt only frightened. I got up crying, holding on to my sack of ice-cream candy I was taking home to Mother and sister **Anne**, and started looking for my Father. Seeing the hack stopped a short distance ahead and a crowd gathering, I went there looking for Father. I got there just in time to see Father pull the driver from his seat to the ground and give him a real good thrashing. It was soon over; the driver climbed back to his seat and drove on at a much more sedate gait. That was the only time I ever saw my Dad really angry. We started on home, but were soon hailed by a neighboring farmer who invited us to ride home with his family in his road wagon, which we gladly did.

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I mentioned **J. Peck's shoe store** previously. In those days, each store had a shoe repairman, commonly called a "*cobbler*". **Mr. Peck's** cobbler was **Matty Sultz**, whose shop was in the back of the shoe store. Father and I went to **Matty's shop** one cold winter day to have my boots half-soled. Father and I were sitting around the stove while **Matty** was putting a patch on a shoe with a new process called cementing, and I might say that the cement smelled to high heaven.

**Tim Morris**, a farmer, came in accompanied by his shepherd dog. **Tim** sat down, and the dog curled up close to the stove. Soon **Matty** uncorked his bottle of cement. **Tim** sniffed the air and looked at his dog. Soon he got up and, walking over to the door, opened it and called the dog. As the dog approached the door, **Tim** gave it a mighty kick in the rear; and the dog landed in the street. **Tim** closed the door, walked back and sat down. **Matty** said to him, "*Tim, what in the world made you kick that dog?*" **Tim** replied, "*My God, couldn't you smell him?*"

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**Doctor Beers' son George** had a drugstore where the **Gray electric store** is now located. **George** was very proficient at profanity, having no doubt learned much from his father, the old doctor.

**George** did not care to have a practical joke played on him, but I recall this one especially: A few miles south of **Newcomertown** lived an eccentric character named **Joe Hall**. He was not so dumb either, as he got by without working. He generally wore two or three suits of clothes, with a cane fastened to a long chain around his neck. For a nickel or dime, he would do a song or dance for you. He carried what little change he collected in a woman's long stocking, keeping the stocking rolled up and put away in one of his many pockets. On this occasion he came into **Jake Barnhouse's Barber shop** early in the morning, while I was getting shaved. I gave him a dime to go across the street to **Beers' Drugstore** to stand in the open doorway and sing his song and do a dance. **Joe** proceeded across the street, took his stand in the doorway, and started his song. **George Beers** must have been in the back of the store, because he did not realize what was going on for a couple of minutes, but when he did, he really came charging out of the door, swearing at the top of his voice. Poor **Joe** was scared and started to run toward **Main Street**, with **George** after him; we in the barber shop had reserved seats and saw the whole show.

Another little story which was related to me by **George** had to do with his experience with a tramp. As **George** told it, he and his wife, **Lula**, were sitting at the breakfast table one morning when a tramp knocked on the kitchen door and asked for a handout. **George** told him that he and his wife were having toast and jelly and coffee and would be glad to give him some; however, the tramp told **George** that he wanted some meat sandwiches. **George** said, *"That made me mad, and I jerked open the screen door and started after him. On my way across the porch, I picked up a ball bat which one of the children had left lying there. The bum started to run; so I threw the bat at him, shouting, 'Come back you Son of a bitch, and I'll have my wife kill a chicken for you!'"*

**Grandfather Pilling** was as **English** as any one could possibly be. He never wore a necktie, but, rather, a scarf wrapped around his neck, with a bell-crowned beaver "plug hat." He had never lost his taste for mutton, insisting on having it served at least once a week, and sometimes twice.

For the above reason, he kept a small flock of sheep, among which was a cross old buck. One cold morning, Grandfather - plug hat and all - was out in the feed lot putting shelled corn in the trough for the sheep. When Grandfather was stooped over, pouring out the grain, the old buck came up behind him and hit him a wallop, knocking him across the trough to the other side. Grandfather picked himself up, put his hat back on his head, and proceeded to scatter what grain was left. All of a sudden, the old buck also changed sides and hit him again, knocking him back on the side of the trough from which he had originally started.

Enough was enough; so Grandfather gathered up his empty bucket and his beloved beaver hat and went home. He was not given much to profanity, but I can imagine that he said plenty as he walked out of the field!

Grandfather learned the trade of a weaver, having served his apprenticeship of four years in a large woolen mill. At the age of eighteen, he decided to emigrate to the **United States**. Not having sufficient money to pay his passage, he worked as a common sailor before the mast. The trip across the ocean consumed sixty-eight days, due to heavy storms blowing them off course; also, too many days that the ship laid becalmed due to the absence of wind. Finally, he reached **Philadelphia**, where he had some friends from **England**.

After living in **Pennsylvania** several years, he married **Sarah Conard**, daughter of **Anthony and Anne Wheatley Conard**, on **October 20, 1831**. To this union, there were four daughters born while they lived in **Pennsylvania**: **Anne**, born in 1833; **Rebecca**, born in 1835; **Ellen**, born in 1837; and **Sabina**, born in 1840.

In 1838, Grandfather made a trip to **Ohio** and purchased the farm, part of which is still in the family, belonging to my sister, **Mrs. Anne Zimmer**. In 1840, when their youngest child, **Sabina**, was a mere baby Grandfather decided to emigrate to **Ohio**. Loading all their belongings in a two-horse wagon they set forth. The three oldest little girls, together with their mother and father, walked most of the way; as there was no room for them on the wagon. They came by the **National Pike** through **Brownsville, Pennsylvania**, then to **Wheeling, West Virginia**; then across country to their new home at **Newcomerstown**.

Their new home wasn't very prepossessing. It was a log cabin of two rooms with a lean-to shed, not very big for six persons, quite different from the home in which they had previously lived in **Pennsylvania**; but it was their own, and they were happy.

In a few years, Grandfather had his woolen mill built and in operation. He bought the fleeces of wool, washed and carded it, spun it on spinning wheels into woolen thread, dyed it and then wove it into cloth, either for wearing apparel or for blankets.

Soon he got a sawmill, and both the woolen mill and the sawmill were operated by water power. He had dammed the waste-way from the **Ohio Canal**, which ran through his field, making a pond of two or three acres. The sawmill was vastly different from the present day mills, in that he did not have a circular saw, but what was known then as an up-and-down saw, a straight blade which operated up and down.

In the meanwhile, Mother had been born in **1847** and her brother **Benton** in **1850** in the log cabin.

Grandmother died in **1853**, and I well remember Mother telling me that a neighbor took her and her brother **Benton** home with her until the funeral. The art of embalming was not in practice then. Two of the neighbor women wrapped Grandmother in a winding sheet; all that was visible was her face. On the day of the funeral, Mother said that Grandmother was laid out on two or three planks supported by two wooden trestles.

Soon Grandfather decided that the cabin was not large enough for his family; so he sawed all the material for the new home, building the house in which my sister, **Mrs. Zimmer**, now lives. Quite a few years ago the house was modernized; but the original floor beams, rafters, and joists are still there. Some of the rooms are finished in the black walnut which Grandfather sawed.

Later on in life, Grandfather was married the second time to a widow, **Zelinda Thompson**. They had one son, **Richard** - or "**Uncle Dick**," as we called him.

Grandfather met an untimely death. He was very hard of hearing, and was walking down the railroad track to town, when a train came up behind him knocking him off the track and killing him. He died **May 11, 1879**.

A few years previous, his son **Benton** was also killed on the railroad. He had been on an excursion trip and was standing between two of the coaches. He leaned out to see if he could see the engine, and was hit in the head by a high switch-stand, killing him instantly.

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A quick run down of my aunts and to whom they were married:

**Anne** married **Conrad Stocker**. Their children were **Benjamin**, **Ella**, **Gussie** and **Virgil**.

**Rebecca** married **Frank Little**, one of the meanest men I ever knew. I was only about three years old when Mother would take me with her when she went to visit them out on what was known as "**Irish Ridge**." The old devil had a nasty habit of tripping me with his cane, and he really seemed to enjoy seeing me cry.

**Ellen** married **George Graham**. Their children were **Rebecca** and **Ada**.

**Sabina** married **George Reneker**; and their children were **James**, **Lilly**, and **Milly**, who died shortly after graduating from High School.



The dates when each of my aunts and uncles were born: **Anne, 1833; Rebecca, 1835; Ellen, 1837; Sabina, 1840; Maria (Mother), 1847; Benton, 1850; and Uncle Dick, 1858.**

Grandfather **Alexander Moore** was born in **New Jersey, November 19, 1802**, emigrated to **Ohio** and died in **1882**. He married **Jane Martin**, of **Eldersville, Pennsylvania**, who was born **May 20, 1817**, and who died at my father and mother's home in **1888**. They were married **July 29, 1841**.

To this union were born the following children, with the year of their birth: **David** (my father), born **1842; Elizabeth, 1844; Melissa, 1846; Roland, 1848; Margaret, 1851; Caroline, 1854; Catherine, 1856, Ruhama, 1859; and William, 1861.**

Father and Mother were married **April 19, 1868**. Father died in **1904**, and Mother in **1929**.

Judging from the number of children born to my grandparents, there was no danger of race suicide!

As to the present generation; my sister **Carlesta** married **Alvin Eckfeld**, an engineer on the **Pennsylvania Railroad**, (both deceased).

Of their children, **Lesta** (deceased) married **Frank Hanst**. Their children, **Richard** and **David**, are both captains for the **Capital Air Lines** and live near **Washington, DC**. **Jane** married and has three children, lives in the West. **Patricia Anne**, married with three children is living in **Pennsylvania**; and **Jimmy**, the baby, is married and living in **Pittsburgh**.

**George**, married twice, with a daughter who is married, lives in the East. **Dorothy**, married to **Walter Ebner**, lives on a farm near **Bulger, Pennsylvania**. **Mary**, married to **Denny Hayes**, lives in **Petersburg, Michigan**; and **Grace** and **Josephine** live in the old home in **Dennison, Ohio**.

My sister **Anne**, married to **Albert Zimmer** (deceased) has four children. **Frederic**, superintendent of a division of the **Ohio Power Company** at **New Philadelphia**, married **Olive Kinsey**, his childhood sweetheart. They have three daughters: **Jane** is married to **Harold Barnett** and living in **Canton** with their two daughters, **Betsy** and **Judy**, who will soon be young ladies. **Lily Anne** is married to **Dr. Charles Howarth**, an eye specialist, and lives in **Boise, Idaho**. They have two children, **Matthew** and **Melissa Anne (Missy)**. **Alberta**, married to **Rev. Robert Menter**, lives in **Littleton, Colorado**. They have two children, **Mark** and **Paul**.

**Lois**, married to **Dr. Craig** (deceased), lives in **Cambridge, Ohio**.

**David**, a ceramic engineer, married **Christine Laughlin**. They live in **Roseville, Ohio**. They have two sons. **David, Jr.**, a lieutenant in the **Air Force**, and his wife, the former **Rosemary Beckett**, live in **Anchorage, Alaska**, with their infant daughter, **Celeste Michelle**. The other son, **Albert**, is studying for his doctorate degree in education at the **Ohio State University**. However he has enlisted in the **Air Force**, and will be called after **January 1, 1964**.

**Marian**, married to **Russell Craig**, lives on a large stock farm, situated east of **Senecaville, Ohio**, specializing in Hereford cattle.

As for me, I was married to **Nina Jim Creel** (deceased) in 1913.

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When I was in the eighth grade at school, my teacher, **Miss Neva J. Tidrick**, assigned me the task of committing to memory the poem "*Evangeline*", and reciting it before the class in two weeks. Believe me, that was a task; but I did it, and got by with a few mistakes. That was many years ago, but two of the verses have stuck in my mind.

This is the first one:

*"Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."*

This is the second one:

*"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted, That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain."*

Yours,

**"D. B."  
(David Burress  
Moore)**



### School of Newcomerstown

The first school in the pioneer history of the township was taught by Jacob Miller at his cabin north of the river—near the county line. Another school was said to be taught by Seth Hart in the Stoffer cabin—farther east along the river.

The parents paid individually for their child's tuition but only the most elemental instruction was available—the three "R's" were the only studies followed and text books consisted of whatever "literature" the pioneers brought with them on their journey westward—the Bible was one of the mainstays of the "reading class" quite different from the modern schools of today with their diversified classes and many activities in music, dramatics, and the field of sports open to the students.

### Plotting of Newcomerstown

The village of Newcomerstown was laid out in 1827, the year the canal was built, and contained thirty-four lots in the original plot. Basin and Canal streets ran east and west and Bridge and Cross streets separated the town lots in north and south lines. Many of the pioneer settlers' names are preserved in the streets laid out at a later period, these are Neighbor, Mulvane, Goodrich, West, Nugen and Pillings streets.

There was but one building in the little village when it was first plotted and that was occupied by Nicholas Neighbor, he very shortly after erected the first store building and with Jacob Overholt operated the first store.

By 1830 there were four buildings in the village and by 1840 there was a population of 270 persons, most of whom lived in log cabins, with small glass windows and rough board floors.

Meals were cooked in the fireplace or in large kettles hung out of doors. Wild game and garden vegetables formed the principal provisions which were scarce. The meat was salted and dried and the hide cured at Aaron Schenk's tan yard, built about 1827—then taken to the shoemaker for the annual pair of shoes.

The pioneer women spun wool and knit the family stockings but by 1840 Pillings Woolen Mill was established where wool could be taken to be carded, spun, dyed, and even woven into cloth. A saw mill was built by Edmund Smith in 1833 and a flour mill was erected in 1836—before this the settlers ground their own corn and wheat or traveled long distances to mills already established.

At this time the closest market for farm products was Pittsburgh and it was a common sight to see a drover, eastward bound, driving a flock of turkeys, a herd of cattle or hogs. Many were the tales of banditry that befell these drovers returning from market carrying their hard earned profits.

### The Canal

The canal was the focal point of interest around which the life of the town centered for many years and which added very materially to its growth. By 1860 the traffic of the canal was at its height. In operation two mules were hitched tandem to two ropes and walked along the tow path on the south side of the canal between fifty to sixty feet ahead of the boat—before the boat rounded the bend below town, the driver could be heard using the expressive language of his kind, and cracking the long whip used to keep the mules in motion.

The boats were about fifteen feet wide and about four times that long—on a fine day the passengers sat up on top on benches while the steersman leaned his shoulders against the tiller and busily scanned the canal banks that he might exchange pleasantries or gossip with his cronies of the town.

All sorts of commodities were shipped by way of the canal—wool, wheat, corn, whiskey, feathers, dried apples and peaches, sorghum molasses and hides and in exchange the boats brought back calico, coffee, tea, half refined sugar, mails and dishes—however mail was generally brought in by speedier transportation.

The canal boat was a great source of news as its travel was slow enough that conversation could be carried on all along its route. Boats were unable to pass in most places except at locks and basins—often fights took place between boat crews over disputed right as to which should pass through the locks first and a ready fighter was much in demand for work on the canal. Each lock had a tender and nearly every lock had strange stories connected with it & legends built up around them & a strange and interesting period in the life of the young community of Newcomerstown.

### Coming of the Railroad

On May 31, 1851 it was announced that the route of the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad & after careful surveys, had been determined upon at a Board of Directors meeting and would travel from "Steubenville through Cross Creek Valley by way of Uhrichsville to Coshoc-ton"—and great excitement and enthusiasm prevailed in Newcomerstown.

The road was opened for traffic in April 1885 but did not prosper and passed into receivership before 1860 as it had no connection further east or west. In 1867 it merged with the Pennsylvania railroad company by which time it had established the necessary east and west connections. Little has been handed down concerning the building of the railroad and outstanding incidents regarding the railroad seem to have taken place during the Civil War period.

The greatest of all events connected with the railroad and the history of the town was in 1861 when President Lincoln passed through on his way to Washington—making personal appearances on the rear platform of the train as presidents do today.

One citizen, well remembered in the town, Mrs. Mary E. Dent, told of her experience which she never forgot—a little girl then of six or seven—she was lifted by her mother and the great Lincoln placed his hand on the little girl's head.

### The Civil War

By 1860 Newcomerstown had a population of 577. The Declaration of War and the call to arms fell especially hard on the small community. At first no company was mustered in the town but many volunteered at once and joined the companies of nearby towns. In the fall of 1861 Camp Meigs was established on the Dover fair-grounds and most of the enlisted troops of the county received early training there—a few weeks of drilling and then off to the battle fronts. The Fifty-first Regiment was organized at Fort Meigs and Company C of that regiment was made up of Newcomerstown men. Trainloads of troops passed thru Newcomerstown, the men sitting or standing in open flat cars—what greetings they received from the people as they passed through and what anxious times followed. The telegraph was used only for most important messages and the folks at home could only wait for newspapers and "hearsay."

Often weeks went by before they learned of the death or wounding of a loved one. Very few newspapers reached the

town and it was the custom for some good reader to take the Cincinnati Enquirer as soon as it arrived, mount a box at what is now the Baltimore Corner and read aloud the war news to the crowd which assembled daily for this event. Many touching scenes were enacted as relatives learned for the first time of the death of a father, son, or brother.

Even during the war Newcomerstown made a steady growth in population and the period following the war brought inventions that added to the comfort and prosperity of the community. The canal still flourished as the "most popular throughfare" and the returning soldiers often found employment along its banks.

The C. & M. Railroad was built in 1873. The more prosperous housewives of the period had sewing machines—most of which sewed with a chain-stitch which often resulted in embarrassing situations! In 1876 a man named Bell was reported to have invented the telephone but it was 20 years later that the first one was installed in Newcomerstown.

During the eighties the town hall was built and this brought many prominent actors and musicians to the town. In 1895 the Clow Plant moved to Newcomerstown and added to the growth of the population to such an extent that it doubled in the next ten years—from that time on the industrial and social life of the town has had a steady growth. In the latter part of the 19th century Newcomerstown instituted what became a thriving fair each fall.

It lasted four days and was the high point of the year not only for Newcomerstown, but for

people from miles around. Everyone came with filled baskets and every girl in her new fall finery, for this was the fashion show of the season—expected to be escorted by her beau in the good old horse and buggy—to witness the horse races and side shows and see who received the blue ribbons for the best spiced peaches or marble cake or dainty piece of "doily." There were also bicycle races, balloon ascensions, and other diversions to entertain the visitors.

PAMPHLET  
 NEWCOMERSTOWN HISTORY OF  
 12/15/52



20  
10 like

This book is lovingly dedicated to the memory of my father, David Burress Moore and to my mother, Maria Pilling Moore, without whose great sacrifices and hard toil on the farm, it would not have been possible for me to have completed my high-school education, graduating in a class of ten in 1901.



> PREFACE

20/10 B/c

20/10 title

If any of the true stories which I have written cause you to laugh-- or even chuckle--then I will consider that my time has not been entirely wasted, and that I am fully repaid for my labor.

Credit is due my sister, Mrs. Anne Zimmer, for a couple of the stories, also for the genealogical history of our grandparents; also to Miss Melba Steffen, who proofread the stories and made the necessary corrections in punctuation, spelling, and the like--no doubt there were plenty of corrections necessary.

$\frac{20}{8}$  late

9 point slug

1

Back in the early eighteen-seventies, the aristocracy (so called) of the village of Newcomerstown were preparing for a grand ball. It was by invitation only.

Naturally, some of the young bucks here did not measure up to the social standards, and were not invited. These few arrived at a reprisal, which I think was the filthiest trick ever perpetrated.

The dance was held on the second floor of a building which had only an outside stairway with a protecting balustrade extending from the second floor to the ground level. When the dance was in full swing, these young miscreants took a bucket of filth and a brush and smeared the railing from top to bottom. They then proceeded to sound the fire alarm, which consisted of banging a wagon tire suspended from a tree limb with a piece of an iron rod.

When the alarm was heard in the dance hall, all activity stopped; and all rushed outside to the balcony and down the stairs, naturally supporting themselves on the balustrade. Imagine their consternation and dismay when they reached the ground to discover that the ladies' dresses as well as the gentlemen's clothing were ruined, indescribably filthy, and stinking to high heaven!

It goes without saying that the miscreants were never discovered; and it was probably a good thing for them, for tempers ran high for several weeks afterwards.

\* \* \*

In the early seventies, practically every small town had a so-called bully,

and Newcomerstown was no exception. In our case, it was a man named Bob Mardis, a man better than six feet tall and weighing better than two hundred pounds, a stone mason by profession, and strong as a bull. When he was drinking, people would cross to the other side of the street to avoid meeting him.

Mardis's favorite sport was to walk into a saloon and demand a drink. If he did not get it; he would go behind the bar, get his drink, and walk out without paying for it.

Father and Mother had moved to town and had purchased a hotel which stood where the Reeves Bank now is located. Father called his hotel the Lone Star, probably named after the Lone Star Masonic lodge of which he was a member.

There was a saloon near by, and on the evening in question Bob Mardis was drunk again. He walked into the saloon and demanded a drink; the bartender refused him, telling him he had had enough. Mardis started around the end of the bar to help himself. He never did make it; as the bartender swung the butt end of a billiard cue about two-and-a-half feet long. Bob went down like he had been shot, with his head-or rather his scalp-laid open from his forehead back to the crown of his head.

Some of the loafers dragged Mardis across the street to Dr. A. M. Beers' office. The good doctor was a Civil War veteran having served as an army surgeon. His long list of profanity he must have acquired when in service. I do not think that there ever was another man who could swear for a full five minutes without using the same "cuss word" twice.



After so long, the Doctor went to work and sewed up the wound. Mardis was still unconscious and it took about twenty stitches. Later on in the evening after he was conscious again, some cronies walked his home. He wasn't drunk any more, but he had a mighty sore head!

Later in the evening, Dr. Beers came into the office of the hotel and said to my father, "David, I just blame that bartender for one thing;" to which my father replied, "What was that, Doctor?" The doctor's reply, very terse and to the point, "He should have killed the S of a B."

Mardis tried the same stunt several years later at Porter Mitchell's saloon at the Crescent Hotel down near the depot. The result was the same, with this exception: Porter used a ball bat and hit Bob in practically the same spot where he had been hit before, with the same result-his head again laid open. This took all the fight out of Mardis and he was a very peaceful man to the time he passed away.

In the 1870's Newcomerstown had but one railroad, which is now known as the Pennsylvania, running from east to west.

Colonel A. J. Warner of Marietta decided that a railroad from Cleveland to Marietta would be a paying investment. After a great amount of difficulty had been overcome in the financing of the road, work was finally started in about 1872.

Construction in those days was by hand labor with a few teams of horses and spans of oxen dragging scrapers. For the most part, the work was performed by immigrants from (the Ould Sod) Ireland; they were a hard-working, hard-drinking and hard-fighting crew.

These men built two tunnels, one north of town between here and Stonecreek, the other one just a mile south of town. These are still used by the Cleveland and Marietta Railroad; however, repairs have been made from time to time.

In later years, I recall when there were three passenger trains each day each way, plus long trains of coal north and empties south, all of this being accomplished on a single-track road.

Sad to say that due to the inroads of trucks and passenger buses this has all changed. Now there is only one local freight train each day with the exception of Sunday both ways between Cambridge and Dover.

But, to get back to my story about the Irish laborers'. During the winter of 1872 there were probably one hundred of them quartered here in very poor shelter. About the middle of the winter, one of their number took sick with pneumonia and died. However, before his passing on, he made his friends promise that they would bury him in the highest cemetery there was around here; for, as the poor devil put it, "He wanted to be as near Heaven as he could get."

After much deliberation, his friends decided on Bethel cemetery, which is about five miles north of Newcomerstown and is on top of a high hill. With this preliminary out of the way, the nearest priest (who was located in Steubenville) was called; and the wake was started in earnest and continued for two days.

It was bitterly cold and there was a fine sleighing snow. The services



were soon over; the casket, which consisted of a few rough boards hastily nailed together, was placed in the first sled with the eight pall bearers sitting on it; the remaining mourners were loaded into eight more sleds and the procession started for Bethel.

By the time the procession reached Wolf Station, about four miles from the starting point, trouble broke out among the pall bearers; some one had stolen their whiskey! The procession stopped; the pall bearers lifted the casket out of the sled and stood it upright in the fence corner, so poor Timmy could see the fight. A real Donnybrook ensued, mourners and pall bearers all taking part in it. The scrap was finally stopped when some good Samaritan in one of the other sleds produced a jug of whiskey for the pall bearers; poor Timmys' casket was loaded back in the sled; the pall bearers took their seats upon the casket with their jug of whiskey, and the poor devil was buried without any further trouble.

Another little story of the Irish while they were located here: At this time there was no fire protection, with the exception of a dozen volunteers armed with leather buckets. If a fire broke out a couple of hundred feet from the canal, the chances were about ninety-nine to one that the building would burn. The only method of fighting the fire was by what was called the Bucket Brigade, the men passing the full buckets of water from the canal to the blaze, while the women in the other line passed back the empty buckets to be refilled. I might also add that when the men and women turned out to fight the flame, they generally brought their own buckets; so there was no scarcity of them.

On this night, a shack probably one hundred feet from the canal was on fire. The bucket brigade was busy passing water to the blaze; when two of the Irish, aroused by the noise, came running up to the fire and wanted to help. They were told to go to the end of the line and fill buckets at the canal. They both started on the run, and one of them yelled, "Where in hell is your damn old canal?" Just then both stepped off the bank into waist deep icy water; one of them yelled out, "Whoost, I've found it," and they climbed out and went to work.

\* \* \*

Bill Mayberry had a hotel and saloon on the corner of Bridge and Canal streets, which is now a vacant lot.

At the fire which I have just mentioned; Bill did not offer any assistance, saying that he did not own the building, and it made no difference to him whether it burned or not.

Retribution generally follows an act such as this, and a few months later Bill had a fire in his hotel kitchen. Not many people turned out to fight the blaze. Luckily, it was subdued without much damage.

Bill had a pet parrot in the barroom who was a good talker. Bill's wife, Kate, liked a drink of whiskey better than a cat liked milk, but Bill was a very stingy man, and the only way Kate could get a drink was whenever Bill went to the store for groceries. On this occasion, Bill had stepped out for a few minutes; so Kate slipped into the bar and took a couple of man-sized drinks and hurried back to the kitchen. Soon after, Bill came back to the hotel;

and when he entered the bar room, the parrot let out a squawk, "Bill Bill, Kate's been at the whiskey." I never heard how Bill and Kate settled this affair.

In a small town the size of ours, there were always practical jokers. The two best known were Ern Crater, who had a jewelry store on Main street where our newspaper, The Newcomerstown News, is now located; and Porter Mitchell (whom I mentioned before). Porter had sold his saloon and hotel and was presently running a saloon on West Main street, about where a second-hand store is now located.

Now, I can remember the following episodes which happened in the early nineties; so you can see that I am no spring chicken:

The beginning of these jokes began when Porter heard Ern say that he would like to get about a peck of turnips. Shortly after, Porter saw Brock Coutts, a farmer out in the hills; and told him that Ern wanted five bushels of turnips and just to take them down to Ern's house and dump them on the front porch. This the old man did, but I do not think that he ever got paid for the turnips. Ern decided to get even, and this is how he accomplished it. The morning of the Fourth of dawned hot and dry. Big doings were expected in town that day - a ball game, foot races, sack races, catching a greased pig, tub races on the canal, and (in the evening) a grand display of fireworks. By mid-morning there were plenty of visitors, and all the twelve saloons were doing a rushing business. Ern Crater came down Main street carrying an enormous firecracker en route to Porter's saloon. This firecracker later on was found to be a two-foot length of stovepipe covered with red paper with both ends sealed and a short fuse protruding from one end.



To describe Porter's bar, it was a long, low building extending from the sidewalk back to the berm of the canal. It had a front and back door, the back door being within three feet of the canal; so that if a person was not too drunk he could step out of the back door, make a sharp right run, and go down along the canal to River street. This I think sets the stage for what happened.

Ern stopped at the front end of the bar next to the front door and laid the giant cracker down very gingerly. Porter, knowing what Ern desired for a drink in the morning, set out the whiskey bottle and a glass and said, "Ern, what in the world are you going to do with that big fire cracker?" Meanwhile, most of the customers came up to look at the giant cracker; and, after making a few remarks about what a noise it would make, returned to their places at the bar.

"Well," said Ern, "You know that this is the Fourth of July, and I'm going to set her off out at the ball park before the game this afternoon. I'll guarantee she will make a noise; there are three pounds of black powder in it!"

Vern nonchalantly, Ern finished his drink, poured another for good measure, lighted his cigar, and at the same time ignited the fuse to the cracker. Someone yelled, "My God, he's set fire to it!" and the exodus started through the back door; as all were afraid to go out of the front door, as the cracker was up there. The first two or three made the sharp turn and escaped the canal. By this time the pressure was too great and the poor devils landed in the canal; Porter, being next to the last, also took his bath.

Ern picked up his cracker, hurried up the street, and went into seclusion for the rest of the day. He knew full well that should he be found, most any thing might happen. Porter was the most angry of the bunch and swore that he would kill Ern on sight. However, by the next morning, tempers had cooled; the whole town was laughing about the joke, and Porter and Ern renewed their friendship.

Another little story about Porter Mitchell: In the late 1890's telephones were installed in Newcomerstown. I know, because the grocery store of M. Yingling was given Number One, while ours at home was Number Two. Anyhow, one of Porter's customers forgot his umbrella and left it at the saloon. When the gentleman arrived at home without the umbrella; his wife wanted to know what had become of it, because it was hers. Very crestfallen, the gentleman told her he must have left it at Porter's saloon. She got on the phone and called Porter to find out if the umbrella was there. Porter answered and said that he would look. In a short time he was back holding the umbrella in front of the phone and asking, "Is this it?"

\* \* \*

The Fall street fair in Newcomerstown was three wonderful days - not only for the small fry, because school would be dismissed - but for their elders. Prizes were offered for the best farm products-namely: wheat, oats, barley, corn, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, etc.; also for the best apples, peaches, pears - in fact everything that grew on a farm. The women were not overlooked either; they



competed for the best canned fruit, as well as the best jellies and jams, not to overlook their finest quilts, bed spreads, embroidery and such; also for the best cakes, pies, etc.. How we kids use to envy the ladies who were appointed judges of the ladies' culinary arts! They would go around sampling this cake or that pie, as well as tasting the various jellies or jams, while we kids stood around with our tongues practically hanging out.

There was always free entertainment of some kind; and, of course, band concerts. One bit of entertainment which I remember was the announcement that a local boy, Bob Bassett, would walk a tight wire stretched from a building on the corner of Bridge and Main Streets to a building on the opposite side of Main Street. (Bob was the son of Garry Bassett, the postmaster, a deep-dyed Democrat who had no use for any one who did not vote the straight ticket.) A large crowd gathered to see the performance; and soon Bob appeared at the window, attired in what he hoped people would believe were tights, but which I have always claimed was a suit of red flannel underwear with the barn-door flap on the rear sewed up.

After a selection by the band, Bob started across, using a long balancing pole. He made it over and back, for which he deserved great credit; but the funny part at which every one laughed was the sight of his father, a little old man walking along under Bob with his arms outstretched, looking up at his son, ready to catch him if he fell. The wire was twenty feet above the ground, and had Bob fallen and hit the old gentleman, there would not have been too much left of Garry!

This year there was a grand parade, and I recall one of the floats vividly - a cage built on a wagon. In this cage was a large stone lion, weighing probably four hundred pounds, the product of a local stone mason. It did not look too much like a ~~lion~~<sup>lion</sup>, but it sufficed. In the cage with the lion was a local character named Fuller, attired in a suit of red underwear, wearing a "plug" hat and carrying a pitchfork for protection.

Before the parade, some of Fuller's many friends had been plying him with whiskey, so he would not be afraid of the beast. When the parade started, I think that it was one of the funniest sights that I ever saw. The street was rough; and the lion would slide a little on the floor, whereupon Jim would take a jab at the lion with his fork, and utter yells (some of them a trifle risqué) which could be heard a half mile away.

\* \* \*

The Ohio Canal was of great help in the settling of this valley. The boats going north were loaded with various grains, also coal; while on the return trip the load would consist of various kinds of merchandise, especially whiskey. In those days, a license was not required to dispense the fiery liquid; so many of the stores along the canal had a keg of whiskey on the counter with a tin cup chained to it. For a three-cent piece, you were entitled to fill the cup with liquor.

There were two grain storage elevators that I recall. One stood on the corner of Bridge and Main Streets; the other, on River Street where the Eureka

Hardware store is located. By the way, this is the same building from which I saw boats loaded with wheat. At that time the building was owned by G. W. Miskimen.

It was not too much of a task to load a boat; because you just ran a spout from either the second or third story of the building to the boat, and in a few hours it would be loaded, ready to start the journey north. It was more trouble elevating the grain. To accomplish this, on the first floor was a horse hooked to a merry-go-round contraption. The horse walked 'round and 'round, turning a shaft, which in turn transmitted power to a gear box, which in turn moved an endless belt with small leather buckets on it. In this manner the grain was moved to the upper two stories.

A canal-boat crew generally consisted of four persons: first, the captain, then the cook (generally his wife or some other woman), the bowsman, and the driver (commonly known as the mule skinner).

All duties are easily understood, with the exception of the bowsman, whose duty it was to be located in the bow of the boat and look out for floating debris which might punch a hole in the boat. His next task was the hard one, for it was up to him to jump off the boat when they were about a mile from the lock and hurry there and get the lock ready for the boat. For instance, if his boat was going north, he would have to close the large gates at the upper end of the lock, then open the small weir gates in the large gates at the other end of the lock and drain the lock. After this was accomplished, he would open the large gates at the lower end of the lock; and it would be ready for his boat. As soon as the boat was in the lock, he would have to close the large gates, as well as the small weir gates, open the weir gates at the other end



of the lock; and soon the boat would be raised to the upper level so it could proceed.

To be a good bowsman, you had of necessity to be a good fighter; for quite often the bowsman on a boat coming in the opposite direction would decide to take the lock for his boat. When this occurred, a fight would always ensue, with no holds barred-biting, gouging the eyes, jumping on a man when down, and kicking in the ribs with their heavy boots. Anything went, and to the victor belonged the lock.

\* \* \*

In my early days at school we had a superintendent named John T. Duff, a disciplinarian of the old school, who firmly believed in the old adage of, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." I can assure you that he did not spare the rod, as many of the boys could testify. After you had been whipped, you generally ate your meals standing up; as you were too sore to sit down.

Mr. Duff was naturally left handed, but he had learned to write with either hand, and very beautifully too. I have seen him walk up to the blackboard with a piece of chalk in each hand, and write two different sentences at the same time.

In those days, many people in town kept their own cows; and the superintendent was no exception. However, he decided to get rid of his cow, so he placed an advertisement in our local newspaper called THE INDEX. It read as follows: "For sale, gentle cow Annie, (named after his daughter Annie), with calf by her side."

A few days after the notice had appeared in the paper, Mr. Duff came to school with a beautiful "shiner." Not only was his eye swollen shut, but it was the most beautiful black and purple that I ever saw. We in school did not know what had happened until later in the day when the story got out. The evening before, he was milking "Gentle cow Annie," when she kicked over the bucket of milk, also kicking him. You may be sure that no one laughed about it to his face; but there were plenty of smiles behind his back, both pupils and scholars alike.

\* \* \*

Another little story about Ern Crater. He was a watch repairman - and a good one - but he did not like to work. Not that he was afraid of work; he could lie down and go to sleep by it.

His jewelry store was located on Main street where the Newcomerstown News Publishing Company now is. His father, "Butch" Crater, had a hardware store just across the street, where the Marlowe store is located.

Anyhow, a farmer had brought his old turnip of a watch into Ern to have it put in running order about a month previous. The old gentleman came in every Saturday to get his watch, but Ern would have the same excuse ready - that he was so busy that he would surely have it ready by the following Saturday. The fact of the matter was that Ern had never looked at the watch. The old gentleman was exasperated, and said, "Ern, you are the damndest biggest liar in Newcomerstown." Ern replied, "Oh, no I'm not. The biggest liar in town is my father, "Butch," who runs the hardware store across the street."



The next Saturday when the old gentleman came in looking for his watch, Ern had it ready, lying on the showcase, with two or three small gear wheels beside it. Said Ern, "Here's your watch. I could not find a place for these other gears, but it seems to run all right. If it doesn't keep good time, bring it back and maybe I can find where these other gears go." The old gentleman was really angry. He grabbed up his watch, gave Ern fifty cents, and went out swearing that he never would come back. After he was gone, Ern picked up the gears (which belonged to another watch) and had a good laugh.

\* \* \*

In the early eighteen nineties; Newcomerstown (still a small village) had a surplus of saloons. As I recall it, there were twelve - give or take one or two and there was no occasion for a man to go without a drink providing of course that he had the money.

In those days there was plenty of lumber being sawed and hauled into Newcomerstown to be carred and shipped out on the railroad. Hauling was, of course, done with wagons; and quite often a driver would have a few drinks before he started his homeward journey. One such man I saw one day heading back home, evidently having had more than one drink. He had also bought himself a sack of bananas. He was sitting on the rear hounds, or axle, of his wagon with the lines wrapped around the brake handle, busily eating bananas, while the horses plodded along the dusty road. However, he did not take the time to take the rind off the bananas, but was eating them rind and all. I'll bet he was a sick boy when he got home!

\* \* \*

Sam Douglas had a saloon on Main Street, where Joe Visintainer now has a meat market. Sam ran an orderly place - no swearing, no loud talk; and if you had too much to drink when you came in, Sam would refuse to sell you anything and politely escort you out of the front door.

Sam's saloon was the only place visited by Carrie Nation of hatchet-wielding fame. She was notorious for walking into a saloon, berating the saloon keeper, and with a few swipes of her trusty hatchet (aided and abetted by some of her zealous followers) destroy any thing in sight - bottles, glasses, etc. - and always taking a few lusty swipes at the large glass mirror behind the back bar. Following the singing of a hymn, giving the bartender a thorough dressing down, and warning him to repent, she and her satellites would depart, leaving behind plenty of wreckage.

During this performance, Sam stood at the far end of the bar and never, never said a word. After the female wreckers had departed, he proceeded to clean the debris up. No doubt he thought aplenty.

This was the only saloon raided; as the word had got around, and the rest of the saloon keepers had very prudently locked the front doors to their establishments and departed.

While on the subject of saloons, I cannot help but recall one run by Hanson Crater on Canal Street, where the Ortt Radio store is now located.

Hans was a large man, very pompous, dressed in the height of fashion in those days: a swallow tail coat, white vest, string tie, and a "plug" hat. I think that Hans wore the first bifocal eyeglasses that I ever saw - if you could call two pair of glasses that. He wore one pair which hooked over his ears;

while the other pair, which were called "nose pincers," were down on the end of his nose. When he wanted to see the person to whom he was talking, it would be necessary to tilt his head back; so he could bring the object in proper focus in both pairs of glasses.

Hans' living quarters were over the saloon. Whether he was a widower or a bachelor, I never knew. However, he had a big voluptuous blonde who was his housekeeper.

Hans decided that he wanted her picture painted, so he hired an artist to come out from Pittsburgh to make the picture. In four or five weeks, the picture was completed. It was about three feet wide and six feet long, long enough to cover the back bar. On the day the painting was completed, Hans very carefully carried the painting downstairs to the bar room; and he and his bartender fastened it on the back bar glass, then stood back to look at it. It was a full length picture of his housekeeper, clad in her bare skin, reclining on a tiger-skin rug. Business boomed in that saloon; many came to see the painting, and of course would buy a drink or two.

\* \* \*

One Saturday night there was a fire in a livery stable belonging to Jim Sondles, located on the corner of Minden Court and Bridge Street, just south of the present Oxford Township building. Most of the horses were saved; although there were six which would have to be shot, as they were burned so badly.



As soon as Sunday School was dismissed the following morning, I hurried down to see what was left of the barn. The six horses which were burned so badly were hardly able to walk. Every one was wondering who would shoot the poor beasts and put them out of their misery. No one volunteered to do the shooting, until Hans Crater said that he would; so he hurried home and got his squirrel rifle and announced that he was ready. This was a gruesome procession, and I'll never forget it to my dying day. There was Hans, dressed fit to kill with his plug hat, white vest (a trifle stained by tobacco juice), a cut-away coat, string tie, etc., walking ahead with his rifle over his shoulder; behind him strung out the poor horses hardly able to walk.

Finally the burial spot was reached, and the horses put out of their misery.

\* \* \*

In the early days of Newcomerstown, the post office was located on Goodrich Street, somewhere between Canal and Church Streets, (I have never found the exact location).

When the stage coach would arrive in town carrying the mail, the driver would give several lusty toots on his horn, signaling his arrival.

The postmaster would meet the coach at the curb, and the small package of letters and papers would be handed him. Quite often the postmaster would dispense with the formality of taking the mail into the office, and would open the pouch and hand out the various pieces of mail to the persons gathered there, without bothering to stamp the pieces as being received at Newcomerstown.

This is a far cry from the way the mail is now handled.

\* \* \*



With the coming of the Cleveland and Marietta Railroad through New-comerstown, it was necessary for the Company to establish a drawbridge over the Ohio Canal to permit passage of the canal boats. The bridge at best was a crude affair as compared to the present-day bridges, but it answered the purpose. It was hinged on the north end, and was raised and lowered by one man's operating the ponderous gears.

There was a bridge tender on duty during daylight hours only, as canal boats did not operate during the night. The bridge tender I remember was a gentleman named Benjamin Burdette, a gentleman getting up in years and with very poor vision. The lenses in his glasses appeared to be a quarter of an inch thick; and without them Benny could not identify anything, even at close range.

There were plenty of days when there was no traffic on the canal, and the time hung heavy on Benny (twelve hours a day and seven days a week); so he became an avid fisherman, sometimes catching a carp or a catfish. Before he would leave for home in the evening he would bait two or three hooks and set the poles in the bank, hoping that he might have an unwary fish on the hook when he returned in the morning.

One evening after he had headed for home, some boys fashioned a dummy out of a pair of overalls and jacket, stuffed it with straw, fastened a slouch hat where the head should have been, weighted it a little so that it would sink below the surface, and fastened it on one of the lines. Then they anxiously awaited the next morning to see what Benny would do. When the old gentleman

arrived on the scene, he noticed that one of his lines was acting like he had a fish on it. Hastily setting down his dinner bucket, he grabbed the pole and commenced to pull. Imagine his surprise when the dummy came into view!

The old man threw the pole into the canal, crying, "My God I've caught a dead man!" The boys who were in hiding, watching the fun, commenced to laugh. One of them pulled the pole to the bank, with the dummy attached; and Benny saw that someone had played a joke on him.

In no uncertain words the old man declared himself, telling what he would do to the person or persons who had played such a joke on him!

\* \* \*

Captain Ad Miller was a veteran "Canaller." His wife had been dead many years; and he had for a housekeeper and cook, Mag Simpkins, who also would take her turn at the tiller whenever the captain had to leave his post.

The captain had one son, Warren, who in early childhood was unfortunate in that he swallowed a piece of egg shell which lodged in his wind pipe. Surgery was necessary, and in those days it was quite crude. The operation consisted of cutting his windpipe to remove the shell. The operation was a success, but it left Warren with a very husky voice, its being hard sometimes to understand him.

Warren did not like canal life; but he did like horses, which was very understandable, as his father was a lover of fast horses all his life. The

captain bought Warren a few old plugs of horses and Warren started training and driving them at the county fairs. Once in a while he would finish in the money, and I tell you it was exciting to see Warren driving a race. The sulkeys in those days were five-foot-high wooden-wheel affairs - very cumbersome and heavy compared to the present "Bikes," which weigh only thirty-five pounds. When Warren would be coming down the home stretch, yelling at his horse with that lion's roar voice and using the whip copiously, it really was something!

On one of the captain's trips north, he heard of an ungainly colt called "Sorrel Billy." He looked the colt over, purchased him for almost nothing, and turned him over to Warren to train. From almost the beginning, the colt proved that he would be a good racer, and soon was recognized as one of the fastest racers in Ohio. Soon Warren was winning plenty of purses.

The captain thought so much of this horse, that when he (the captain) died in 1901, he made a provision in his will that there should be a bronze statue of "Sorrel Billy" made and placed on top of his tombstone. This was done; and today, if you visit the cemetery on West Street, you will see the statue of "Sorrel Billy," a bronze figure about twenty inches long by a foot high, standing proudly on the monument.

Tom Watkins, a colored man, had a barbershop on Main Street about where the Egler Bakery is located. In those days, there were no screen doors; and Main Street was lined with hitching racks for the horses, so you can imagine how bad the flies were in the summertime.



Tom had arranged a contrivance in the shop, both to keep the flies away from his customers and to provide a little air circulation. It consisted of a two-bladed fan fastened to the ceiling, with a belt running to the back room, where his son Dallas sat astride of a frame similar to our bicycle frames of today. The belt from the fan ran around a wheel probably two feet in diameter. The more Dallas sat there and pumped, the faster the fan went; but it was not a very pleasant job on a hot day.

Tom was also a practical joker. I remember my father going to the shop one hot afternoon to get shaved. Tom had father all lathered ready to shave; however, before he started, he dipped the razor in some ice water and drew the back of the razor across father's throat. Dad was sure that his throat was cut, and he yelled. Tom thought it was a good joke, but father was not so sure.

The barber was a great fisherman, and on Sunday mornings you would see him going to the river with a long cane pole and a can of worms. However, his fishing backfired on him one morning. He came down the road past our house with his pole over his shoulder, the other hand very carefully holding the hook, which had gone entirely through his lower lip. He was on his way to the doctor to get the hook cut out. I'll bet that was the biggest thing he ever caught, and why he did not cut the line loose from the hook I'll never know.

\* \* \*



Smith and Dickenson had a general store on the corner of Bridge and Main Streets (where the Baltimore Clothing store is now located), the first floor being devoted to the store, while the second floor was a grain elevator from which they loaded canal boats with grain. There was a small basin just back of the store, where the boats would tie up to take on their loads. The store had a full supply of goods, from needles and pins to dress goods; also, a full line of groceries.

One morning, an eccentric old gentleman whose name was "Jockey" Thompson came in and purchased a half-dozen eggs from Mr. Dickenson. His eccentricity was that whatever small purchase he made, he would put in his "plug hat" and put it back on his head. He disposed of his eggs in this manner and went back to join the customary crowd of loafers gathered around the big pot-bellied stove. The men were mostly tobacco-chewers; so, rather than have them spit on the stove, a few small boxes filled with sawdust were placed strategically for their use. The management had also put up a sign saying, "IF YOU EXPECT TO RATE AS A GENTLEMAN, YOU WILL NOT EXPECTORATE ON THE STOVE OR FLOOR." Some of the old boys could score a bull's-eye at a distance of six feet.

Mr. Smith, also a practical joker, had noticed where the old man had stowed his eggs. After "Jockey" had got comfortably settled, he walked back and hit him a good wallop on top of this hat, driving it down over his ears and breaking all the eggs. The poor old man must have been a funny sight with the eggs running down over his face into his beard!

All the old fellow did was to look up pathetically at Mr. Smith and say, "Garrett, I'll never forgive you for this."

A few years later Mr. Smith retired from the store; and he and his wife, Elmira, lived in the home which had originally belonged to her father, Colonel Nugent. The home (located at the corner of what is now Pilling and State Streets) and about a hundred acres of land had been left to her in her father's will. In fact, part of the original home has been moved onto State Street and serves as a filling station operated by Mr. Bliss. The original home was a large one, having many rooms and porches, sitting back quite away from either street.

It's a good thing that the house was large; as there was a large family, consisting of six children, Robert, Howard, Jennie, Sarah, Christine and Jessie.

Mr. Smith kept a few cows, and it was his duty to drive them to and from the pasture fields across the canal morning and evening. It was also my task to drive our cows along the same road to the fields.

One hot summer morning our cows happened to meet at the crossroad intersection, and the usual hooking and bumping ensued. Mr. Smith, disgusted, ran up and took a mighty kick at a cow. Unluckily, he missed her; his other foot went out from under him and he sat down in the dusty road. The dust rose around him in a cloud and I laughed. I knew that I should not; but it was funny and I really laughed, long and loud. My laughing did not particularly please the old gentleman; so he got to his feet, jumped up in the air, cracked his heels together and said, "By Gad, sir, I can do it again!" He ran up and kicked a poor old cow in the ribs who was not even in the fighting. His vanity satisfied, we drove the cows on to the pasture field without any more trouble.

Mr. Smith was an excellent story teller. Many a winter evening he would come up to our house and spend the evening, sitting in his favorite chair (a straight-backed one which I believe in these modern days is called a "Captain's chair"), with my mother and father, my sister Anne, and I all gathered around in front of the large open fire place enjoying his tales of the early days in Newcomerstown.

One which he told was in regard to the early horse races. Practically every Saturday, young fellows would race their horses from Wolf Station to the Globe Hotel in Newcomerstown, a distance of about four miles. On this particular Saturday, a young man came riding up to the hotel, the winner. When he dismounted he said, "There has been a bad accident up the road! Was anybody killed but me?".

His favorite story, however, was the killing of the postboy, so-called because he carried the mail from Cadiz to Coshocton on horseback, having the mail in two saddle pouches.

The killing occurred on what was then known as the Cadiz Pike, a road leading from Cadiz to Coshocton, south of Newcomerstown about four miles. On this morning, the postboy was shot from ambush, killing him instantly.

The sheriff, after a thorough search, arrested on suspicion a man from that neighborhood, who admitted that he had been hunting in that vicinity on the morning of the murder, but who denied the shooting. His story was that he had heard the shot and then saw a man emerge from the underbrush, and approach the dead man; also, that he could identify the killer if he saw him.



The sheriff, half-believing the accused's story, ordered that all able-bodied men from Newcomerstown and the vicinity of the murder appear at the Tuscarawas County jail and pass in single file before the accused man's cell, thus giving him an opportunity to identify the killer. It was winter, and the only means of transportation was by sled. Many had passed the poor man's cell, but he had been unable to identify the killer.

The last load of men were preparing to leave for the jail. There was room for one more, and someone asked a man by the name of James Funston to go along. Funston swore that he had no business at the jail; but, after a few drinks and with the insistence of some of the men, he decided to go. Upon reaching the jail, the men filed one by one past the accused man's cell. Funston was the last in line; and when he got opposite the cell, the accused man cried out, "There is the man!" Funston very profanely denied the accusation; but the prisoner said to the sheriff, "Seize that man, and pull back his right coat sleeve. See if there is not a long scar extending from the back of his hand to his wrist."

The sheriff and his deputies did as requested; and, sure enough, there was the scar. The prisoner then explained that when Funston came out of the underbrush, he had his rifle on his right shoulder; and that his coat sleeve was pulled back, exposing the scar.

The innocent man was freed and Funston placed in jail. He confessed the murder, was tried for murder in the first degree, was convicted and hung in the courthouse yard. This was the only execution in Tuscarawas County. His body



was claimed by his relatives and was buried about three miles east of Newcomerstown in a hollow, just north of U. S. 36 and 16. After the body was placed in the grave, the grave was filled with heavy stones; and two large trees were felled across it. This was done to keep grave robbers from exhuming the body and selling it to some medical school for dissection.

The Funston family lived in what was known as Stark Patent, one of several squatter familys living there. When my grandfather Pilling would run short of logs for his saw mill, he would shoulder a three-gallon keg of whiskey and go up and make a deal for so many logs for the whiskey. The logs would be cut and floated down the Tuscarawas river to the saw mill.

Stark Patent was a large tract of land about three miles east of Newcomerstown, named for General Stark of Revolutionary War fame, who was given this tract of land as payment for his services in that war.

One more little story about Mr. Smith: He did not like to work. One day he was leaning against a fence, talking to my father, who was cutting corn. Mr. Smith said to my father, "David, you know that I have the knack of cutting corn as well as any man, but I cannot set it up worth a damn." That was where a lot of the hard labor was.

\* \* \*

Many of the streets in Newcomerstown were named for early residents; for instance, Mulvane Street named for the Mulvanes, Neighbor Street named for the Neighbors, West Street named for Thomas West, Nugent Street named for Col. Nugent, Smith Street named for G. B. Smith, (a son-in-law of Col.

Nugent), and Pilling Street named for my grandfather, James Pilling. Did you know that at one time Main Street was called Basin Street, due to its proximity to the canal basin back of the Smith and Dickenson store?

\* \* \*

In my early childhood days, I can recall many things that happened to me. Once when I was about five years old, I followed my Father into the barnyard where he was putting out feed for the cattle. Father owned a span of oxen, Buck and Berry. Buck was a quiet old fellow, but Berry was a devil. He spied me standing against the side of the barn and started at me. Both oxen had exceptionally long horns tipped with brass knobs. A horn passed on either side of me, and his horns were so long that he could not butt me. I yelled; Father came running, and with a few jabs of his pitchfork drove old Berry off. He picked me up, set me over the fence, and made it plain that I never was to come in that barnyard again; and you can bet that I never did!

That afternoon, Father was going to town with the big wagon, driving the oxen. I coaxed so hard that he finally agreed to take me along. I was sitting flat in the wagon bed, and everything was going fine until we reached the corner of Canal and River Streets. Old Berry was loafing and Father raised his ox-goad to hit him. The old rascal saw it coming and lunged forward, throwing Father off balance, and he sat down on me. I passed out, and did not come to until father had carried me into J. Peck's shoe store and had my lying on the counter. In a few minutes I recovered; just had the breath knocked out of me.

Father was worried about what Mother would say; so he bribed me with a nickle bag of candy not to tell, and I never did until Father had passed on.

\* \* \*

Father was an even tempered man, not at all hard to get along with; but when it became necessary, he could take his own part.

Father and I were walking to town one morning. A few days previously, a man by the name of Rankin Frame had got into an argument with Dad, at which time Frame said, "You are too big a man for me to whip, but I'll get someone to help me, and we'll beat the hell out of you;" to which my Father replied, "Any time," and let it go at that.

We were almost to the railroad crossing on Maple Street, when two men in an open-topped buggy came toward us. They stopped and jumped out of the buggy; we saw it was Frame and a friend of his, Porter Mitchell. Frame yelled, "Now we are going to beat you up!" Father said to me, "Get over to the side of the road and stay there," which I did very willingly.

As the two men advanced, Father got out his pocket knife; and it was a big one - the blade was almost three inches long and sharp as a razor. He opened it and said, "Now come on, but someone is going to get carved up!" The two men stopped, and Father said, "Come on; if you don't, I'm coming for you."

Discretion was the better part of valor; for both men ran and jumped into their buggy, hit the old horse a cut with the whip, and went galloping up the road. Father closed his penknife, put it in his pocket and said, "Come on, let's go to town," and that was that.

\* \* \*

The only time I ever saw my father really angry was at our Fair. (I call it our Fair; as the grounds were just west of Newcomerstown, on what is now owned by the Kistler heirs.) The Fair Association consisted of three counties - Guernsey, Coshocton, and Tuscarawas. It was known as the Central Ohio District Fair, commonly called by many people the C.O.D. Fair. There is one of the buildings still standing; I believe it was the Agricultural Hall.

I was about eight years old, and this was to be a big day for me. As soon as Father had his chores finished, we started to walk the two miles from our home to the grounds. Mother had given me a quarter to spend, and that was a lot of money. The first thing I saw after we had entered was a queer contraption with a sign saying, "Pay ten cents and hear Thomas Edison's Phonograph play real music." It was oddly made, consisting of a large coil spring which, when wound tightly, provided the power for turning the shaft on which the wax cylinder was placed. There were six sets of earphones on either side of the machine, and for a dime you were permitted to plug the phones in your ears and listen to a selection. I spent a dime of my money, and that was the first canned music that I had ever heard.



After that we made the rounds of the various barns, looking at the fat cattle, sheep and hogs; also the horse barn (Father was a great lover of horses), not forgetting to stop at Warren Miller's stable to look over some of the horses he would race that afternoon.

It was time for dinner, and we went to the dining hall to eat. As I recall the dinner, it was roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy with plenty of side dishes. Everything was lovely until Father forked into his mashed potatoes and came up with a piece of dishcloth. That spoiled our dinner.

After an exciting afternoon of watching the races, Father and I started to the wagon gate on our way home, where there were several so-called "hacks" carrying passengers to town. To describe a hack - it was commonly a spring wagon with seats along each side. The drivers were always in a hurry at this time in the evening, anxious to get to town, unload their passengers, and hurry back for another load.

Somehow I got lost from my father, and the first thing I knew a drunken hack driver had hit me with the pole of his wagon, knocking me down. Luckily, the team and wagon passed over me and I was not hurt, only frightened. I got up crying, holding on to my sack of ice-cream candy I was taking home to Mother and sister Anne, and started looking for my Father. Seeing the hack stopped a short distance ahead and a crowd gathering, I went there looking for Father. I got there just in time to see Father pull the driver from his seat to the ground and give him a real good thrashing. It was soon over; the driver climbed back to his seat and drove on at a much more sedate gait. That was

the only time I ever saw my Dad really angry. We started on home, but were soon hailed by a neighboring farmer who invited us to ride home with his family in his road wagon, which we gladly did.

\* \* \*

I mentioned J. Peck's shoe store previously. In those days, each store had a shoe repairman, commonly called a "cobbler" Mr. Peck's cobbler was Matty Sultzer, whose shop was in the back of the shoe store. Father and I went to Matty's shop one cold winter day to have my boots half-soled. Father and I were sitting around the stove while Matty was putting a patch on a shoe with a new process called cementing, and I might say that the cement smelled to high heaven.

Tim Morris, a farmer, came in accompanied by his shepherd dog. Tim sat down, and the dog curled up close to the stove. Soon Matty uncorked his bottle of cement. Tim sniffed the air and looked at his dog. Soon he got up and, walking over to the door, opened it and called the dog. As the dog approached the door, Tim gave it a mighty kick in the rear; and the dog landed in the street. Tim closed the door, walked back and sat down. Matty said to him, "Tim, what in the world made you kick that dog?" Tim replied, "My God, couldn't you smell him?"

\* \* \*

Doctor Beers' son George had a drugstore where the Gray electric store is now located. George was a very proficient at profanity, having no doubt learned much from his father, the old doctor.

George did not care to have a practical joke played on him, but I recall this one especially: A few miles south of Newcomerstown lived an eccentric character named Joe Hall. He was not so dumb either, as he got by without working. He generally wore two or three suits of clothes, with a cane fastened to a long chain around his neck. For a nickel or dime, he would do a song or dance for you. He carried what little change he collected in a woman's long stocking, keeping the stocking rolled up and put away in one of his many pockets. On this occasion he came into Jake Barnhouse's Barber shop early in the morning, while I was getting shaved. I gave him a dime to go across the street to Beers' Drugstore to stand in the open doorway and sing his song and do a dance. Joe proceeded across the street, took his stand in the doorway, and started his song. George Beers must have been in the back of the store, because he did not realize what was going on for a couple of minutes; but when he did, he really came charging out of the door, swearing at the top of his voice. Poor Joe was scared and started to run toward Main Street, with George after him; we in the barber shop had reserved seats and saw the whole show.

Another little story which was related to me by George had to do with his experience with a tramp. As George told it, he and his wife, Lula, were sitting at the breakfast table one morning when a tramp knocked on the kitchen door and asked for a handout. George told him that he and his wife were having toast and jelly and coffee and would be glad to give him some; however, the tramp told George that he wanted some meat sandwiches. George said, "That made



me mad, and I jerked open the screen door and started after him. On my way across the porch, I picked up a ball bat which one of the children had left lying there. The bum started to run; so I threw the bat at him, shouting, 'Come back you S-- of a b----, and I'll have my wife kill a chicken for you!'"

Grandfather Pilling was as English as any one could possible be. He never wore a necktie, but, rather, a scarf wrapped around his neck, with a bell-crowned beaver 'plug hat." He had never lost his taste for mutton, insisting on having it served at least once a week, and sometimes twice.

For the above reason, he kept a small flock of sheep, among which was a cross old buck. One cold morning, Grandfather - plug hat and all - was out in the feed lot, putting shelled corn in the trough for the sheep. When Grandfather was stooped over, pouring out the grain, the old buck came up behind him and hit him a wallop, knocking him across the trough to the other side. Grandfather picked himself up, put his hat back on his head, and proceeded to scatter what grain was left. All of a sudden, the old buck also changed sides and hit him again, knocking him back on the side of the trough from which he had originally started.

Enough was enough; so Grandfather gathered up his empty bucket and his beloved beaver hat and went home. He was not given much to profanity, but I can imagine that he said plenty as he walked out of the field!

Grandfather learned the trade of a weaver, having served his apprenticeship of four years in a large woolen mill. At the age of eighteen, he decided to emigrate to the United States. Not having sufficient money to pay his passage, he worked as a common sailor before the mast. The trip across the

ocean consumed sixty-eight days, due to heavy storms blowing them off course; also, too many days that the ship laid becalmed due to the absence of wind. Finally, he reached Philadelphia, where he had some friends from England.

After living in Pennsylvania several years, he married Sarah Conard, daughter of Anthony and Anne Wheatly Conard, on October 20, 1831. To this union, there were four daughters born while they lived in Pennsylvania; Anne, born in 1833; Rebecca, born in 1835; Ellen, born in 1837; and Sabina, born in 1840.

In 1838, Grandfather made a trip to Ohio and purchased the farm, part of which is still in the family, belonging to my sister, Mrs. Anne Zimmer. In 1840, when their youngest child, Sabina, was a mere baby, Grandfather decided to emigrate to Ohio. Loading all their belongings in a two-horse wagon, they set forth. The three oldest little girls, together with their mother and father, walked most of the way; as there was no room for them on the wagon. They came by the National Pike through Brownsville, Pennsylvania; then to Wheeling, West Virginia; then across country to their new home at Newcomerstown.

Their new home wasn't very prepossessing. It was a log cabin of two rooms with a lean-to shed, not very big for six persons, quite different from the home in which they had previously lived in Pennsylvania; but it was their own, and they were happy.

In a few years, Grandfather had his woolen mill built and in operation. He bought the fleeces of wool, washed and carded it, spun it on spinning wheels into woolen thread, dyed it and then wove it into cloth, either for wearing apparel or for blankets.

Soon he got a sawmill, and both the woolen mill and the sawmill were operated by water power. He had dammed the waste-way from the Ohio Canal, which ran through his field, making a pond of two or three acres. The sawmill was vastly different from the present day mills, in that he did not have a circular saw, but what was known then as an up-and-down saw, a straight blade which operated up and down.

In the meanwhile, Mother had been born in 1847, and her brother Benton in 1850 in the log cabin.

Grandmother died in 1853, and I well remember Mother telling me that a neighbor took her and her brother Benton home with her until the funeral. The art of embalming was not in practice then. Two of the neighbor women wrapped Grandmother in a winding sheet; all that was visible was her face. On the day of the funeral, Mother said that Grandmother was laid out on two or three planks supported by two wooden trestles.

Soon Grandfather decided that the cabin was not large enough for his family; so he sawed all the material for the new home, building the house in which my sister, Mrs. Zimmer, now lives. Quite a few years ago the house was modernized; but the original floor beams, rafters, and joists are still there. Some of the rooms are finished in the black walnut which Grandfather sawed.



Later on in life, Grandfather was married the second time to a widow, Zelinda Thompson. They had one son, Richard - or "Uncle Dick," as we called him.

Grandfather met an untimely death. He was very hard of hearing, and was walking down the railroad track to town, when a train came up behind him, knocking him off the track and killing him. He died May 11, 1879.

A few years previous, his son Benton was also killed on the railroad. He had been on an excursion trip and was standing between two of the coaches. He leaned out to see if he could see the engine, and was hit in the head by a high switch-stand, killing him instantly.

\* \* \*

A quick run down of my aunts and to whom they were married:

Anne married Conrad Stocker. Their children were Benjamin, Ella, Gussie, and Virgil.

Rebecca married Frank Little, one of the meanest men I ever knew. I was only about three years old when Mother would take me with her when she went to visit them out on what was known as "Irish Ridge." The old devil had a nasty habit of tripping me with his cane, and he really seemed to enjoy seeing me cry.

Ellen married George Graham. Their children were Rebecca and Ada.

Sabina married George Reneker; and their children were James, Lilly, and Milly, who died shortly after graduating from High School.

The dates when each of my aunts and uncles were born: Anne, 1833; Rebecca, 1835; Ellen, 1837; Sabina, 1840; Maria (Mother), 1847; Benton, 1850; and Uncle Dick, 1858.

Grandfather Alexander Moore was born in New Jersey, November 19, 1802, emigrated to Ohio and died in 1882. He married Jane Martin, of Eldersville, Pa., who was born May 20, 1817, and who died at my father and mother's home in 1888. They were married July 29, 1841.

To this union were born the following children, with the year of their birth: David (my father), born 1842; Elizabeth, 1844; Melissa, 1846; Roland, 1848; Margaret, 1851; Caroline, 1854; Catherine, 1856; Ruhama, 1859; and William, 1861.

Father and Mother were married April 19, 1868; Father died in 1904, and Mother in 1929.

Judging from the number of children born to my grandparents, there was no danger of race suicide!

As to the present generation; my sister Carlesta married Alvin Eckfeld, an engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, (both deceased).

Of their children, Lesta (deceased) married Frank Hanst. Their children, Richard and David, are both captains for the Capital Air Lines and live near Washington, D.C. Jane married and has three children, living in the West. Patricia Anne, married and with three children, lives in Pennsylvania; and Jimmy, the baby, is married and living in Pittsburgh.

George, married twice, with a daughter who is married, lives in the East. Dorothy, married to Walter Ebner, lives on a farm near Bulger, Pa. Mary, married to Denny Hayes, lives in Petersburg, Michigan; and Grace and Josephine live in the old home in Dennison, Ohio.

My sister Anne, married to Albert Zimmer (deceased), has four children. Frederic, superintendent of a division of the Ohio Power Company at New Philadelphia, married Olive Kinsey, his childhood sweetheart. They have three daughters: Jane is married to Harold Barnett and living in Canton with their two daughters, Betsy and Judy, who will soon be young ladies. Lily Anne is married to Dr. Charles Howarth, an eye specialist, and lives in Boise, Idaho. They have two children, Matthew and Melissa Anne (Missy). Alberta, married to Rev. Robert Menter, lives in Littleton, Colorado. They have two children, Mark and Paul.

Lois, married to Dr. Craig (deceased), lives in Cambridge, Ohio.

David, a ceramic engineer, married Christine Laughlin. They live in Roseville, Ohio. They have two sons. David, Jr., a lieutenant in the Air Force, and his wife, the former Rosemary Beckett, live in Anchorage, Alaska, with their infant daughter, Celeste Michelle. The other son, Albert, is studying for his doctorate degree in education at the University of Wisconsin. However, he has enlisted in the Air Force, and will be called after January 1, 1964.

Marian, married to Russell Craig, lives on a large stock farm, situated east of Senecaville, Ohio, specializing in Hereford cattle.

As for me, I was married to Nina Jim Creel (deceased) in 1913.

\* \* \*



When I was in the eighth grade at school, my teacher, Miss Neva J. Tidrick, assigned me the task of committing to memory the poem "Evangeline", and reciting it before the class in two weeks. Believe me, that was a task; but I did it, and got by with a few mistakes. That was many years ago, but two of the verses have stuck in my mind.

This is the first one:

"Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the  
angels."

This is the second one:

"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was  
wasted;  
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to  
the fountain."

Yours,

"D. B."

His mother, Mrs. William Reu-  
dicord, resides at 329 Ray St.

## Moore Estate

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The will of David Burress Moore, E. Canal St., who died Sept. 22, leaves \$250 each to his nieces, Grace and Josephine Eckfeld, Mary Hayes and Dorothy Ebner, an antique clock to his nephew, Frederick Zimmer; an antique stand to his niece, Lois Craig; an antique dresser to a niece, Marian Craig; a pair of Civil War army pistols to a nephew, David A. Zimmer; and the rest of the estate to be equally divided to nieces and nephews, Frederick Zimmer, Lois Craig, David Zimmer and Marian Craig. Frederick Zimmer nominated executor without bond.





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# David B. Moore Dies Tuesday At Age Of 81

David Burrell (D. B.) Moore, 81, of 141 E. Canal St., died Tuesday, September 22, at 5:30 a.m. in Conhocton Hospital where he had been a patient three days.

He was born September 12, 1883 in Newcomerstown the son of David B. and Maria Pilling Moore. On Feb. 3, 1913, he was married to Nina J. Creel, who died May 27, 1962.

Mr. Moore graduated from Newcomerstown high school in 1901. He was a retired Newcomerstown business man who for several years was area wholesale distributor for the Sinclair Oil Co. and also operated a retail station.

Prior to that he was a machinist in the Dennison shops for the Pennsylvania railroad.

He was a 60-year member of the Lone Star Lodge No. 173, F. & A.M., a 57-year member of the Nugea Chapter No. 124 R.A.M. and a Past Exalted Ruler of B.P.O.E. No. 1855.

He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Albert Zimmer, Newcomerstown, five nieces and three nephews. One sister is deceased.

Funeral services will be held today (Thursday) from the Our-ani Funeral Home with the Rev. William Hewitt officiating. Burial will be in the East State St. Cemetery.

Masonic services were held Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

## Mrs. Chas. Kennedy

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Obituary notice for David B. Moore, died Tuesday, At Age Of 81. Includes details of his life, family, and funeral services.

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Albert Zimmer

### Zimmer Family

Albert Zimmer, 1862-1937, was the only son of Christian Zimmer, 1818-1893, and Eliza Fisher, 1835-1911. Christian, a stonemason, was a son of Philip Zimmer, 1785-1877, and Katrina Cline, 1790-1866.

The entire Zimmer family migrated from Rockenhausen Bavaria to Tuscarawas County about 1835. Both parents died in Bucks Twp. Eliza was a daughter of Jonathan Fisher, 1802-1877, and Esther Levan, 1799-1873, of Somerset, Pennsylvania. The Fishers were in Sugar-creek Twp. by 1830 and he operated a woolen mill there.

The Christian Zimmer farm was a mile north of Newcomerstown in Buckhorn Valley. First engaged in farming and dairying, Albert later became a partner with his half-brother, Henry, in the Zimmer Lumber Co. but withdrew when his health failed. A leader in community affairs, he was a charter member of both Newcomerstown Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club and a 50-year member of the Masonic Lodge.

Married January 3, 1900, his wife was Anna Myrtle Moore, 1876-1973, younger daughter of David Burriss Moore, 1842-1904, and Maria Pilling, 1847-1929, both Tuscarawas County natives.

Her father enlisted in 1862 in Co. K, 98th O.V.I., was wounded in the battle of Perryville, but served until the end of the war.

Anna's paternal grandparents were Alexander Moore, 1802-1882, and Jane Martin, 1817-1888, both natives of Pennsylvania. Alexander's parents were Burriss Moore, 1769-1862, and Mary White, who died in Salem Township in 1828. First settling in Guernsey County, they had moved to Salem Township in Tusc. County in the 1820's. Jane's parents were David Martin, 1780-1854, and Esther Miller.

Anna's maternal grandparents, James Pilling, 1803-1879, who came to America about 1820 and Sarah Cunard, 1808-1853, a New Jersey native, came to Oxford Township in 1841. He operated a sawmill and woolen mill on property still in the family and built the house in 1860 now occupied by a great-granddaughter.

His parents were Richard Pilling, 1782-1858, and Anne Lord, 1782-1859, of Lancashire, England. Sarah's parents were Anthony Cunard, 1748-1819, a great-grandson of Thones Kunders, one of the founders of

Germantown, Pennsylvania, and Anne (Nancy) Wheatley, 1868-1850, of Red Bank, N.J. Anthony died and was buried at Red Stone, Pennsylvania, after returning from a trip back east to inquire about property in downtown Philadelphia which he and his sister, Elizabeth, had owned jointly.

David and Maria Moore bought the Pilling farm in 1880. Albert and Anna Zimmer resided with them. Their children, Frederic 1901, Lois 1903, David 1905-1980 and Marian 1913 were born there. All four are Ohio State University graduates.

Frederic's family history is published elsewhere in this volume. David, a ceramic engineer, and Christine Laughlin, 1908, of East Liverpool were married in 1937 and their children are: David 1939 of St. Louis and Albert 1940 of Chicago. Christine's parents were Hugh Laughlin, 1869-1942, of Lore City and Sylvia Pike, 1877-1955, of Lisbon.

David Jr. and Rosemary Beckett, 1940, of Baltimore, Ohio were married in 1961 and have two daughters, Celeste, 1963 (Mrs. Gerald Hoerner) of Dayton and Cecilia, 1966, of St. Louis.

Marian and Russell H. Craig 1913-1986 were married in 1942 and spent most of their married life on a farm near Senecaville. His parents were Charles A. Craig M.D., 1879-1962 and Louisa Kaho, 1879-1946, both of Guernsey County.

Lois, formerly a newswriter, and Russell's father were married in 1948 and resided in Cambridge where he practiced medicine until retirement. The two widowed sisters now reside on the family homestead at 1909 East State Road, Newcomerstown. - Submitted by Lois Zimmer Craig

Moore ←

# PEDIGREE CHART

Chart No. 3

Person No. 1 on this chart is  
the same as Person No. 3 on  
Chart No. 1

b--birthdate  
pb--place of birth  
m--marriage  
pm--place of marriage  
d--death  
pd--place of death

2. David Burriss Moore  
(father of no. 1)

b 25 Aug 1842  
pb Salem Twp, Ind  
m 17 Apr 1868  
pm Oxford Twp  
d  
pd 16 May 1904

1. Anna Myrtle Moore

b 20 June 1876  
pb Two Cameristown  
m Oxford Twp  
pm 5 Jan 1900  
d 5 Aug 1973  
pd Oxford Twp

3. Maria Pilling  
(mother of no. 1)

b 24 June 1847  
pb Oxford Twp  
d  
pd 7 Mar. 1929

4. Alexander Moore  
(father of no. 2)

b 19 Nov. 1802  
pb Lycoming Co Pa (?)  
m 29 Sept 1841  
pm June Co  
d 15 Jan 1882  
pd Oxford Twp

5. Jane Martin  
(mother of no. 2)

b 20 May 1817  
pb Eldersville, Pa  
d 7 Jan 1888  
pd Oxford Twp

6. James Pilling  
(father of no. 3)

b 8 May 1803  
pb Kates Hill,  
m Lancashire Eng  
pm 21 Oct 1831 Redstone Pa  
d 11 May 1879  
pd Oxford Twp

7. Sarah Cunard  
(mother of no. 3)

b 5 Dec 1808  
pb N.S. or Redstone Pa  
d 6 Mar. 1853  
pd Oxford Twp

8. Burriss Moore  
(father of no. 4)

b  
pb  
m  
pm  
d  
pd

9. Mary White  
(mother of no. 4)

b  
pb  
d  
pd

10. David Martin  
(father of no. 5)

b  
pb  
m  
pm  
d  
pd

11. Cather Miller  
(mother of no. 5)

b  
pb  
d  
pd

12. Richard Pilling  
(father of no. 6)

b  
pb  
m  
pm  
d  
pd

13. Anne Loed  
(mother of no. 6)

b  
pb  
d  
pd

14. Anthony Cunard  
(father of no. 7)

b  
pb  
m  
pm  
d  
pd

15. Anne Wheatley  
(mother of no. 7)

b  
pb  
d  
pd

Compiled by:

Date

# Ancestor Chart

Name of Compiler Lois Zimmerman Craig Person No. 1 on this chart is the same  
 Address E. State St. person as No. 6 on chart No. 1.  
 City, State Newcomerstown, Oh.  
 Date Sept. 22, 1985

Chart No. \_\_\_\_\_

b. Date of Birth  
 p.b. Place of Birth  
 m. Date of Marriage  
 d. Date of Death  
 p.d. Place of Death

4 Burriss Moore  
 (Father of No. 2)  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 p.b. New Jersey (?)  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. 18 Sept. 1862  
 p.d. Center Point, Ia.

2 Alexander Moore  
 (Father of No. 1)  
 b. 19 Nov. 1802  
 p.b. Lycoming Co. Pa.  
 m. 29 Sept. 1841  
 d. 15 Jan. 1882  
 p.d. Oxford Twp.

5 Mary White  
 (Mother of No. 2)  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 p.b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. 19 Oct. 1828  
 p.d. Salem Twp. Tusc. Co., Ohio  
(Benton Cem.)

1 David Burriss Moore  
 b. 25 Aug. 1842  
 p.b. Salem Twp. Tuscarawas Co.  
 m. 19 Apr. 1868  
 d. 16 May 1904  
 p.d. Oxford Twp. Tusc. Co.

6 David Martin  
 (Father of No. 3)  
 b. ca. 1790  
 p.b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 m. ✓ 1807  
 d. ✓ 1854  
 p.d. Indiana (?)

3 Jane Martin  
 (Mother of No. 1)  
 b. 20 May 1817  
 p.b. Eldersville, Pa.  
 d. 7 Jan. 1888  
 p.d. Oxford Twp.

7 Esther Miller  
 (Mother of No. 3)  
 b. ca. 1786  
 p.b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. bet. 1820-1830  
 p.d. \_\_\_\_\_

Maria Filling  
 (Spouse of No. 1)  
 b. 24 June 1897 d. 7 Mar. 1929  
 p.b. Oxford Twp. p.d. Oxford Twp.

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(Father of No. 4)  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 p.b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 p.d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Mother of No. 4)  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 p.b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 p.d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Father of No. 5)  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 p.b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 p.d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Mother of No. 5)  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 p.b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 p.d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Father of No. 6)  
 b. Bet. 1740-1750  
 p.b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. 1797  
 p.d. Washington Co., Pa.  
(3)  
 (Mother of No. 6)  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 p.b. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. before 1783  
 p.d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Father of No. 7)  
 b. ca. 1760-1765  
 p.b. Ireland  
 m. ca 1785 - Maryland  
 d. 1815 or 1817  
 p.d. Hickory, Pa.  
 (Mother of No. 7)  
 b. 1767 - to Amer. ca. 1776  
 p.b. Ireland  
 d. 18 Dec. 1840  
 p.d. New Plymouth, Ohio

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b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Father of No. 8, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Mother of No. 8, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Father of No. 9, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Mother of No. 9, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Father of No. 10, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Mother of No. 10, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Father of No. 11, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Mother of No. 11, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Father of No. 12, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Mother of No. 12, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Father of No. 13, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Mother of No. 13, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Father of No. 14, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Mother of No. 14, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Father of No. 15, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 m. \_\_\_\_\_  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_  
 b. \_\_\_\_\_ (Mother of No. 15, Cont. on chart No. \_\_\_\_\_)  
 d. \_\_\_\_\_

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EXPIRED SUDDENLY.

D. B. Moore Dies from Heart Disease  
On his Premises.

Mr. David B. Moore, a prominent citizen of this city, died quite suddenly on his premises at the east side of town on Monday morning, the 16th inst., from heart trouble.

Mr. Moore had gone to the stable to hitch up his buggy preparatory to making a trip down town. His wife was assisting him and had gone to the house to get a basket. On returning she found her husband lying on the ground near the vehicle in a dying condition. She called to her daughter, Mrs. Albert Zimmer, who was in the house, and then stooped to assist her husband, but he was unable either to rise or talk, and immediately became unconscious. A physician was at once summoned, but resuscitation was impossible.

Mr. Moore was born Aug. 25, 1842, near Glasgow, this county, his parents being Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Moore. April 19, 1868, he was united in marriage to Miss Maria Pilling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Pilling. He is survived by his wife, two daughters and one son—Mrs. Carrie Eckfeld of Dennison, Mrs. Anna Zimmer who resides, together with her family, at the parental home, and D. B. Moore jr., who is employed in the railway shops at Dennison.

Mr. Moore served his country in the civil war, being a member of Company K, 98th O. V. I., and was a brave, fearless soldier. He was wounded twice and carried his battle scars to the grave.

He became a member of the Masonic fraternity in 1867 and was one of most prominent and faithful brothers of Lone Star Lodge, being one of its trustees at the time of his death.

The funeral services were held at his late residence Wednesday afternoon, conducted jointly by Rev. C. E. Sheppard and the Masonic fraternity of this place, assisted by members of the Masonic Order

from Uhrichsville, Port Washington and Coshocton. The casket was literally covered with floral offerings expressive of highest esteem and sincere sympathy. Interment was made in the village cemetery attended by a large concourse of friends and citizens.

Among those who attended the solemn obsequies from abroad were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reneker, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Graham, Mrs. Geo. Eckfeld, Mrs. J. J. Williams and daughter Anna, Miss Bessie Graham, Messrs. D. O. Brooks, Arnold Schweitzer, F. W. Thompson, Chas. Jeffries, Oliver Stocker, John Hopkins, Jacob Steen, Ross Shafer, Jas. Woods, Wm. Stein, Jas. Jefferson, Clark Hopkins, Henry Beck, O. L. Peters, Dr. E. A. Wolfe and Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Eckfeld and family all of Dennison; Mr. Jas. Reneker of Logansport, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lytle of Akron and Mrs. Jno. Schwank of Columbus (the ladies being sisters of the deceased); Mr. Burriss Moore of Winterset; Mrs. J. M. Eberlein of Allegheny, Pa., and Mrs. Harvey Mathias of New Phila.

W. H. Galligher Dead.

A telegram was received Thursday morning by Mr. F. W. Wise of this city announcing the death of Mr. W. H. Galigher at his home in Lancaster, O. Mr. Galigher had suffered from a paralytic stroke for several years past and his death was caused from its effects. His wife died last December. The burial will take place to-day, Friday, at 2:30 p. m. Mr. Galigher was a member of the Odd Fellow fraternity of this place, and formerly a member of Dion Lodge K. of P.; he was also engaged in business at this place some years ago.

Died at Grant Hospital.

Mrs. Maggie Magness Harbold was born near Birds Run, O., Mar. 23rd, 1877, and died at Grant Hospital, Columbus, O., May 11, 1904. She was united in marriage to Charles Harbold Jan. 9, 1896. To this union were born three children Francis Ray, aged 7 yrs.; Jesse Blair, aged 5 yrs., and Anna Mildred, aged 2 yrs., all of whom survive her.

She also leaves a husband, father, mother, sister and two brothers to mourn their loss.

Mrs. Harbold united with the Birds Run M. E. church at the age of 15, and, sometime ago, transferred her membership to the Linton Mills M. P. church of which she was a faithful and consistent member at the time of her death and in which she will be greatly missed.

She was taken to Columbus to the hospital about two weeks ago for treatment but it proved of no avail, and she peacefully passed away last Wednesday at 10 A. M.

Mrs. Harbold was a kind and affectionate wife and mother, and was personally known by many and loved by all, but no more shall we see her happy face or hear her winning voice.

The family chain is broken.  
One link is laid aside,  
A wife and mother has gone  
Beyond the swelling tide.  
Our home is sad without her face  
To smile upon our little ones.  
We think this world a dreary place,  
Yet we say, "Thy will be done."

FRIEND.

FAMILY GROUP No. 2 Husband's Full Name Alexander Moore

This Information Obtained From: His Family Bible  
 Husband's Data: Birth 19 Nov 1802 City, Town or Place Oxford Twp. Tuscarawas County Ohio  
 Chr'nd Mar. 24 Sept 1841 County or Province, etc. Benton Cem. Salem Twp.  
 Mar. 24 Sept 1841 State or Country Ohio  
 Death 15 Jun 1852 Add. Info. on Hu  
 Burial Benton Cem. Salem Twp.

Places of Residence  
 Occupation Second Church Affiliation Mary White Military Rec.  
 Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Mary White  
 Make separate sheet for each mar. Second

His Father Burnis Moore Mother's Maiden Name Mary White  
 Wife's Full Maiden Name Jane Martin  
 Wife's Data: Birth 20 May 1817 City, Town or Place Eldersville (Pa) County or Province, etc. Pa.  
 Chr'nd 7 Jan. 1838 State or Country  
 Death 7 Jan. 1838 Add. Info. on Wif  
 Burial

Compiler Lois L. Craig Places of Residence  
 Address E. State Rd. Occupation if other than Housewife Church Affiliation  
 City, State Newcomer St. Ohio Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Her Father David Martimer  
 Make separate sheet for each mar. Mother's Maiden Name Esther Miller  
 Date 5 May 1983

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Child
	1 <u>David Business Moore</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>Maria Filling</u>	Birth <u>25 Aug 1842</u> Mar. <u>19 Apr. 1868</u> Death <u>16 May 1904</u> Burial <u>E State St. Cem. Newcomerstown</u>				<u>Salem Twp. Tusc. Co. Ohio</u> <u>Oxford</u> <u>Newcomerstown</u>	<u>Tusc. Co.</u> <u>Ohio</u>	<u>Ohio</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>
	2 <u>Elisabeth</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>N. C. C. McClain</u>	Birth <u>27 July 1844</u> Mar. <u>30 Apr. 1865</u> Death <u>7 Feb. 1884</u> Burial				<u>Salem Twp. Tusc. Co.</u>	<u>Tusc. Co.</u>	<u>Ohio</u>	<u>✓</u>
	3 <u>Melissa</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>Moses R. Ross</u>	Birth <u>28 Sept 1846</u> Mar. <u>20 Feb 1875</u> Death <u>Mar. 1901</u> Burial <u>E State St. Cem. Newcomerstown, Ohio</u>				<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>
	4 <u>Rollin C.</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>Margaret Huff</u>	Birth <u>13 Dec. 1848</u> Mar. <u>31 Oct. 1869</u> Death <u>30 Jan. 1888</u> Burial				<u>Salem Twp. Tusc. Co. Ohio</u>	<u>Tusc. Co.</u>	<u>Ohio</u>	<u>✓</u>
	5 <u>Margaret Helen</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>John Swenk Schwenk</u>	Birth <u>18 Jan. 1851</u> Mar. <u>3 Oct. 1869</u> Death <u>1925</u> Burial <u>Indiana. Prob. Columbus, Ind.</u>				<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>
	6 <u>Caroline Frances</u> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth <u>28 Feb 1854</u> Mar. <u>12 June 1876</u> Death <u>12 June 1876</u> Burial <u>Benton Cem.</u>				<u>Salem Twp. Tusc Co. Ohio</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>
	7 <u>Mary Catherine</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>Wm. H. Little</u>	Birth <u>19 May 1856</u> Mar. <u>24 May 1874</u> Death <u>12 July 1925</u> Burial <u>Akron, Ohio</u>				<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>
	8 <u>Rishema Agnes</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>Benjamin Huff</u>	Birth <u>9 May 1859</u> Mar. <u>18 May 1876</u> Death <u>18 Dec. 1927</u> Burial				<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>
	9 <u>William A.</u> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth <u>17 Feb. 1861</u> Mar. <u>18 Apr. 1876</u> Death <u>18 Apr. 1876</u> Burial <u>Benton Cem.</u>				<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>	<u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u> <u>✓</u>
	10 <u>Full Name of Spouse*</u>	Birth Mar. Death Burial							

\*If married more than one No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or information.

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FAMILY GROUP No. 2 Husband's Full Name Alexander Moore

This Information Obtained From: His Family Bible

Husband's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	19	Nov	1802				
Chr'nd							
Mar.	24	Sept	1841				
Death	15	Jan	1852	Oxford Twp., Tuscarawas County	Ohio		
Burial				Benton Cem., Salem Twp.			

Places of Residence  
 Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Church Affiliation \_\_\_\_\_ Military Rec. \_\_\_\_\_

Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.  
 His Father Baptist Moore Mother's Maiden Name Mary White

Wife's Full Maiden Name Jane Martin

Wife's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth	20	May	1817	Eldersville (E)		Pa.	
Chr'nd							
Death	7	Jan	1853				
Burial							

Compiler Louis Z. Craig Places of Residence \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address E. State Rd. Occupation if other than Housewife \_\_\_\_\_ Church Affiliation \_\_\_\_\_

City, State Newcomerstown, Pa. Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.  
 Date 5 May 1983 Her Father David Martine Mother's Maiden Name Esther Miller

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
	1 <u>David Business Moore</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>Maria Filling</u>	Birth	25	Aug	1841	Salem Twp., Tusc. Co.	Ohio		
		Mar.	19	Apr.	1868				
		Death	4	May	1909	Oxford			
		Burial				E. State St. Cem., Newcomerstown			
	2 <u>Elisabeth</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>N. C. C. McClain</u>	Birth	27	July	1844	Salem Twp., Tusc. Co.	Ohio		
		Mar.	30	Apr.	1865				
		Death	7	Feb.	1894				
		Burial							
	3 <u>Melissa</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>Moses R. Ross</u>	Birth	29	Sept	1846				
		Mar.	20	Feb	1875				
		Death		Mar.	1901				
		Burial				E. State St. Cem., Newcomerstown, Ohio			
	4 <u>Rollin C.</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>Margaret Huff</u>	Birth	13	Dec.	1848	Salem Twp., Tusc. Co.	Ohio		
		Mar.	31	Oct.	1869				
		Death	30	Jan.	1883				
		Burial							
	5 <u>Margaret Helen</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>(Schenk) Schenk</u>	Birth	18	Jan.	1851				
		Mar.	3	Oct.	1869				
		Death			1925				
		Burial				Indiana, prob. Columbus, Ind.			
	6 <u>Caroline Frances</u> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth	29	Feb	1854	Salem Twp., Tusc. Co.	Ohio		
		Mar.							
		Death	12	June	1896				
		Burial				Benton Cem.			
	7 <u>Mary Catherine</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>Wm. H. Little</u>	Birth	19	May	1856				
		Mar.	24	May	1874				
		Death	10	July	1925				
		Burial				Akron, Ohio			
	8 <u>Ruhama Agnes</u> Full Name of Spouse* <u>Benjamin Huff</u>	Birth	9	May	1859				
		Mar.	18	May	1876				
		Death	18	Dec.	1927				
		Burial							
	9 <u>William A.</u> Full Name of Spouse*	Birth	17	Feb.	1861				
		Mar.							
		Death	15	Apr.	1876				
		Burial				Benton Cem.			
	10 _____ Full Name of Spouse*	Birth							
		Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							

\*If married more than once No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or information.

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**FAMILY GROUP NO.** 1

**Husband's Full Name** Alexander Moore

This Information Obtained From:

His Family Bible

Husband's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. o
Birth	19 Nov 1802				
Chr'nd					
Mar.					
Death	15 Jan 1882	Oxford Twp, Tusc. Co - Ohio			
Burial	Benton Cem	Salem			
Places of Residence	Salem and Oxford Twp.				
Occupation	Farmer	Church Affiliation		Military Rec.	

Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.  
 His Father Burriss Moore Mother's Maiden Name Mary White

**Wife's Full Maiden Name** Elisabeth Ritchey

Wife's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on
Birth	About 1801				
Chr'nd					
Death	14 May 1834				
Burial	Benton Cem - Salem Twp.	Tusc. Co - Ohio			

Compiler Louis Z. Craig

Address E. State St.

City, State Newcomerstown Oh

Date 5 May 1983

Occupation if other than housewife \_\_\_\_\_ Church Affiliation \_\_\_\_\_  
 Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.  
 Her Father \_\_\_\_\_ Mother's Maiden Name \_\_\_\_\_

Sex	Children's Name in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Child
1	<u>Sarah Ann</u>	Birth	<u>22 Oct. 1830</u>				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.	<u>29 Sept 1841</u>				
	<u>Abrace S. Brown</u>	Death					
		Burial					
2	<u>Ezra S.</u>	Birth	<u>April 1833</u>				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.					
		Death	<u>14 Oct. 1836</u>				
		Burial					
3	<u>Robert S.</u>	Birth	<u>9 Mar. 1835</u>				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.	<u>12 Nov. 1863</u>				
	<u>Margaret Benton</u>	Death	<u>25 Oct. 1906</u>	<u>Canton, Ohio (?)</u>			
		Burial					
4	<u>Mary Jane</u>	Birth	<u>1 Jan. 1834</u>				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.	<u>4 July 1834</u>				
	<u>James Ripley</u>	Death					
		Burial					
5		Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
6		Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
7		Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
8		Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
9		Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
10		Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					

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\*If married more than once No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add info on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references.



**FAMILY GROUP NO.** 1

**Husband's Full Name** Alexander Moore

This Information Obtained From:

His Family Bible

Husband's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth	19	Nov	1802				
Chr'd							
Mar.							
Death	15	Jan	1892	Oxford Twp. Tusc. Co.		Okio	
Burial				Benton Cem	Salem		
Places of Residence	Salem and Oxford Twp.						
Occupation	Farmer		Church Affiliation	Military Rec.			
Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.							

His Father Borris Moore Mother's Maiden Name Mary White

**Wife's Full Maiden Name** Elisabeth Ritchey

Wife's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth	About		1801				
Chr'd							
Death	14	Nov	1839				
Burial				Benton Cem	Salem Twp. Tusc. Co.	Okio	

Compiler Leis Z. Craig  
 Address E. State St.  
 City, State Newcomerstown Oh.  
 Date 5 May 1937

Places of Residence  
 Occupation if other than housewife  
 Church Affiliation  
 Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.  
 Her Father  
 Mother's Maiden Name

Sex	Children's Name in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
	1	Birth	22	Oct	1832				
		Mar.	29	Sept	1871				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Death							
	<u>Horace S. Brown</u>	Burial							
	2	Birth		April	1832				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death	14	Oct	1876				
		Burial							
	3	Birth	4	Mar	1835				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.	12	Nov	1862				
	<u>Margaret Benton</u>	Death	25	Oct	1902	Canton, Ohio (?)			
		Burial							
	4	Birth	1	Jan	1839				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.	4	July	1859				
	<u>Mary Sene</u>	Death							
		Burial							
	<u>James Ripley</u>								
	5	Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	6	Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	7	Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	8	Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	9	Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	10	Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							

\*If married more than once No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or information.

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MOORE

595 Thayer St  
Akron Ohio 44311  
June 15 1988

Mrs C A Craig  
East State Street  
Newcomerstown Ohio

Dear Mrs Craig

I want to tell you that my cousin Donald Hinkle and I most appreciate our visit with you and the help you gave us with the Moore family. I thought you might appreciate a copy of Alexander Moore's obituary.

I am trying to push back another generation if I can. The obituary states that Burriss Moore had nine sons and three daughters. I have followed up on the sons mentioned in the obituary so that I can get a pattern of birth dates before trying the Lycoming County Pennsylvania Census for 1820. What I have found is Alexander was born Nov 19, 1802; Thomas M April 21, 1812; Hiram 1815; and Ira 1825. I would appreciate any information you have on the missing ones.

Hiram, in the biography of his son Hiram K (Archet) was said to have went with his parents to Iowa, and then rode back to Gurnsey county on horseback. I did find a son of Marcus W Moore. It is

the Tuscarawas County Cemetery book (Salem Township  
Dyde?) cemetery.) that gave a death date 1800 of  
1838 age 58 years but also was S/ Burns,  
Knowing the difficulty of copying old stones  
is this the wife of Burris or someone else?  
my cousin and I have been looking for the  
graves of our great grandfather Archibald  
(+1896) and his wife Cassey (+1888) and his  
daughter Jane. Thought when we found his  
son James W on Irish Ridge that they would  
also be there. I feel I may have made a  
mistake in not making a map of all  
the stones on the modern side of the cemetery  
Will make sure the next time I am down  
although they should have occurred in  
Conner.

Again my cousin and I thank you  
for allowing us to visit you and your  
sister and appreciate the help you gave  
us. Should you have information or any  
of the above or suggestions we would be  
most appreciative to hear from you

Sincerely  
Robert W Little



**FAMILY GROUP No. 72** Husband's Full Name (N) **MOORE, Burris (B)**

This Information Obtained From:	Husband's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Hu
B) Family Bible of Grace Moore	Birth	ca. 1769	Northampton		Pa. (T)	
T) History of Tuscarawas Co. #112	Chr'nd					
Chicago, Warner Beers 1884	Mar.					
N) Notes from statements of family members of Grace Moore	Death	18 Sep 1862	Center Point (Z)	Linn	Iowa (T)	
	Burial					

Places of Residence	Occupation	Church Affiliation	Military Rec.
Jersey Shore Pa. 17740			
U.S. Census Ohio 1840 Tuscarawas	Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.		
U) 1820 Millfin Twp, Lycoming Co. Pa.	His Father	Mother's Maiden Name	

73 Wife's Full Maiden Name (T) <b>WHITE, Mary (B)</b>						
Wife's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on WU	
Birth		Northampton		Pa. (T)		
Chr'nd						
Death	19 Oct 1828	Port Washington, Salem Twp	Tuscarawas	Ohio		
Burial						

Compiler Willa Evans						
Address	Occupation if other than Housewife	Church Affiliation				
6710 AUDEN						
City, State HOUSTON TX 77005	Other husbands, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.					
Date 1964-83	Her Father	Mother's Maiden Name				

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Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Date	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Chl
1	B MOORE, William White Full Name of Spouse* McCARTER, Mary Payne	Birth	9 Jan. 1795	Jersey Shore	Lycoming	Pa.	
		Mar.					
		Death	6 Dec. 1869	Leon	Decatur	Iowa	
		Burial					
2	(N) (Z) MOORE, Alexander Full Name of Spouse* 2. MARTIN, Jane d 7 Jan 1888	Birth	19 Nov 1802		Lycoming	Pa.	
		Mar.	29 Sep. 1841				
		Death	5 Jan 1882				
		Burial					lived Newcomertown Ohio
3	(N) (T) (Z) MOORE, Thomas Mjr. Full Name of Spouse* DIXON, Nancy	Birth	21 Apr. 1812		Lycoming	Pa.	lived New Phil. Ohio
		Mar.	29 Oct. 1835	29 Oct 1835			
		Death			TUSCARAWAS CO	OHIO	
		Burial					
4	(N) (Z) MOORE, Elisha Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					lived Maryville Mo
		Mar.					d. after 1882
		Death					possible son of Cloud, Burt, Jr
		Burial					
5	(M) (Z) MOORE, Hiram Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					lived Gurnsey Co. Mo
		Mar.					d. after 1882
		Death					killed by horse ch.
		Burial					
6	(M) (Z) MOORE, Ira Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					lived Cleveland Oh
		Mar.					tailor by trade
		Death					
		Burial					
7	(R) Phillip? Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
8	(R) Isaac? Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
9	(R) Robert? Full Name of Spouse*	Birth					
		Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
10	(P) (Z) (R) MARY Full Name of Spouse* NEIGHBOUR, Phillip (Z) SQUIRE Milton	Birth	14 Sep 1818				lived Center F. Mo
		Mar.	14 Oct. 1836				Linn Iowa (F)
		Death	after 1882				Washington Twp

3 sons 1810-2  
1 son 1805-  
1 son 1882-4



Picture taken by Bernice Anthony (1970) Iowa  
Bernice Anthony (1970) Iowa

FAMILY GROUP No. 36 Husband's Full Name MOORE, William White

This Information Obtained From:	Husband's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
f. family Bible	Birth	9	Nov	1795 <sup>f</sup>			Pa.	
h. family "hear say"	Chr'nd							
U. U.S. Census, Bartholomew County Indiana 1850	Mar.							
B. Brewer "hear say"	Death	6 Dec	1869 <sup>f</sup>	Lean	Decatur	Iowa		
M. Grace Moore's notes	Burial							
A. Anthony family Bible	Places of Residence	Jersey Shore, Lycoming Pa. 1815, Moore's Vineyard, Bartholomew, Ind. 1850						
Cyrus Tufft Moore	Occupation	farmer, miller						
P. Tuscarawas County Ohio	Church Affiliation							
Marriages 1808-1844	Other wives, if any, No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.							
	His Father	MOORE (O'MOORE) Burris			Mother's Maiden Name		WHITE, Mary	

Wife's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
37	17	Dec	1794 <sup>f</sup>				
	Chr'nd						
	Death	27	Dec	1863 <sup>f</sup>			
	Burial			New York	Wayne County	Iowa	

Compiler	Places of Residence	Occupation if other than Housewife	Church Affiliation
Willia (Mrs Keith) Evans			
Address 6710 Auden			
City, State Houston Tex 77003			

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Date	Day	Month	Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Child
M	1 MOORE, Burris h.f.	Birth	12	June	1815		Lycoming County	Pa. f.	
X	h.f. Full Name of Spouse* b. 22 Nov 1917	Mar.	23	Feb.	1937		Tuscarawas County	Ohio P.	
	GARDNER, Julian	Death	30	Oct	1878				
		Burial							
	2 MOORE, Alex (h.)	Birth			1825 <sup>ca</sup>			Pa. u	
	Full Name of Spouse* Mary Ann (u.)	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	3 MOORE, Daniel (h.)	Birth			1820				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.	12	July	1846				
		Death			1854				
		Burial							
	4 MOORE, Rachel (h.)	Birth						Pa u	
	Full Name of Spouse* B. (P)	Mar.	25	April	1839 <sup>P</sup>	by David Gram	P. Tuscarawas County Ohio <sup>P</sup>		
	OGILVIE, Sam	Death							
		Burial							
	5 MOORE, William T. (u)	Birth			1828 <sup>ca</sup>				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	6 MOORE, Cyrus Tufft (u.h.)	Birth	11	Aug	1833 <sup>(u.h.)</sup>			Ohio	
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.	3	Aug	1857 <sup>h.</sup>				
	BODLE, Eliza Jane h.	Death	22	Sep.	1897 <sup>A</sup>				
	b. 27 Feb. 1837	Burial							
	7 MOORE, Adam King B.	Birth			1827 <sup>ca.</sup>				
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death	11	Feb.	1884 <sup>B</sup>	age 57			
		Burial							
	8	Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse* Phillip?	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	9	Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse* James?	Mar.							
		Death							
		Burial							
	10	Birth							
	Full Name of Spouse*	Mar.							
		Death							

GRACE MOORE (u.h.) nine boys and the girl in this family

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William E. Davis  
6713 Auden, Houston, Tex. 77095  
A.C. 713 667-328  
July 1979

The colateral line(Moore) which I positively know to have been in New Philadelphia, Tuscarawas County Ohio in 1880 was that of Mjr. (retired) Thomas Moore b. 21 Apr. 1812, Lycoming County Pa. I do not know in which war he achieved his rank, it could have been the Blackhawk; Mexican or Civil War.

Our mutual ancestor is the father of Thomas, Burriss Moore b. (ca.) 1769 and his wife Mary WHITE b. \_\_\_\_\_. They were both reportedly born in Northampton County Pa. according to the Warner Beers County Biographer. #72

If one takes the biography at face value, it would appear no other kin made the trek. I have found that non paying bros. and sisters were not mentioned by County biographers although they may have lived down the street. At any rate these three are reported to have moved to Gurnsey County Ohio in 1825 from Pa.

#36

The brothers of Thomas, any of whom may have made the trek at about the same time (most moved further west subsequently) are:  
1. William White Moore, B. 9 Jan 1795, Jersey Shore, Lycoming County Pa. (my ancestor)

2. Elisha Moore - lived in <sup>Marvillie</sup> Mo. (1900 ±) had several sons, <sup>Possible sons</sup> Claud Burt, John

3. Alexander Moore - lived in Newcomerstown, descendent Allie Moore Brown Swank ma reported to "live" there (1900 - 1930 conjecture from age of source Grace Moore b. 1884-d.1966)

4. Ira Moore - tailor by trade

5. Hiram Moore "killed by a horse in Ohio"

These names were obtained from her grandfather by Grace Moore, forementioned.  
There was another brother \_\_\_\_\_

There were 9 bros. and three sisters in 1820 census of Lycoming county, Mifflin Twp. 1820

The biography states that father (Burriss), mother (Mary) and son Thomas moved to Port Washington, Tuscarawas County Ohio in 1827. It is reported that Thomas worked as a laborer (\$10. a day) for Abraham Carfield, father of the Pres., (A-p.387) when Abraham contracted for 1/2 mile of canal between Port Washington and Newcomerstown. The Moore family Bible states that Mary Moore died in 1828, the county biog. in 1831.

Family hearsay makes my ancestor Burriss (2nd.) a Supervisor on the canal. He married in 23 Feb 1837, Julia Ann or Julian Gardner, daughter of Joshua Gardner of Newcomerstown. He and his father William W. and brother Alexander moved on to Indiana possibly to survey for their canal as Burriss was a surveyor in Barthelomew County Indiana in 1850.

Thomas Moore married Nancy Dixon 29 Oct. , 1835.

Thomas moved to New Philadelphia in 1847 and prospered there, according to his biographer. The U. S. census shows him in 1850 running a boarding house with his wife Nancy. Listed children; Willen (? sp.), a girl b. 1839 (ca.)

James G. b.1841 (ca.)

Thomas Edson b. 1842 (ca.) buried New Philadelphia 25 Jun 1875 age 29

Henry C. b. 1843 (ca.)

Thomas' biographer reports that there were four sons and five daughters , two of which, twin daughters were living in 1880.

No further info on his descendants

MOST of this information came from THE HISTORY OF TUSCARAWAS CO. OHIO Warner, Beers and Co. 1884 p. 712, 713 another page was listed as A 387

Family hearsay says "Moore's lived around New Philadelphia.

Names used in subsequent generations which may have been repeated from previous generations are: Phillip, Robert, James, Burris, Frank Daniel, Cyrus, Adam King and William.

Repeated female names are: Rachel (Rate), Mary, Grace, and Alice (Allie)

The key name for this line is Burris and I have found an earlier one than the father of Thomas, if only I could find a tie!

If there seem to be any ties, I have more details on my line and speculation on previous whereabouts of preceding generations.

100M-5-63 (REV. 1-7-74)  
(PRINTED)

**HUSBAND MOORE, Cyrus Tufft**

Born 11 Aug 1833 Place Ohio (u)  
 Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Marr. 3 Aug 1857 Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Died 22 Sep. 1897 Place \_\_\_\_\_

Bur. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_

HUSBAND'S FATHER MOORE, William White b 1800/12/25 HUSBAND'S MOTHER McCarter or McCarthy, Mary Payne  
 HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES Nancy J. 1820-1897 buried Leon, Decatur County Iowa d. (D.)

**WIFE BODEL OR BOPLE, Eliza Jane** h. A.

Born 27 Feb 1837 Place \_\_\_\_\_

Chr. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_

Died \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_

Bur. \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_

WIFE'S FATHER \_\_\_\_\_

WIFE'S MOTHER \_\_\_\_\_

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS \_\_\_\_\_

NAMES: WATSON, John Henry  
 PLACES: Sharon, Wndsr, Vrmn

ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER:  
 DATES: 14 Apr 1794

To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

SEX M F	CHILDREN List Each Child (Whether Living or Dead) in Order of Birth SURNAME (CAPITALIZED) GIVEN NAMES	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED		
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY	MONTH	YEAR
	1 MOORE, Rebecca (Becky) <sup>A.D.</sup>	30	July	1858				McIntire, Tom	18	Jan	1905
	2 Rachel (Kate) <sup>A.D.</sup>	13	June	1860				McIntire, (Tom's brother)	11	Jan	1945
	3 Mattie	7	Sep	1863				Hamilton	11	Apr	1951
	4 Margaret (Maggie) <sup>A.D.</sup>	17	Dec	1865				Re... Ren	16	June	1951
	5 Frank	36	Apr	1868					18	Feb	1882
	6 Belle	14	Feb.	1871				GRDAM,	17	Jul	1951
	7 Alice	25	Feb	1874				Anthony	4	June	1951
	8 Grace	7	Nov	1877					14	Aug	1878
	9										
	10										
	11										

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

A Family Bible - Alice Moore Anthony and her daughter Bernece Anthony  
 (Grand Sylvia & Frances Baker, Des Moines Iowa)  
 1 - Family "Newspaper" - Grace Moore  
 4 - U.S. Census 1850 Bushkemp County Indiana  
 10 - Blue Book - Ill. (Gov. Denton)

OTHER MARRIAGES

FAMILY GROUP RECORD



MASON, PRES WAYNE MUTUAL INSURANCE 1872 F.D. INFORMATION GATHERED BY WILLA HAYNER ELLIS

**HUSBAND** (full name) **MOORE, Burris (surve)** (r)  
 Born (date) **12 June 1815** (B) Place **Lycoming County Pa. (possibly Jersey Shore)** (C) 4710 AUDEN, HOUSTON TX 77005  
 Chr. (date) \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_ 1945-1982  
 Marr. (date) **23 Feb. 1837** (B) (T) Place **Franklin County Ohio** (F)  
 Died (date) **30 Oct. 1891** (1885 or 1888) Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bur. (date) **age 73 yrs 4 mos 18 days** Place **NEW YORK CEMETARY, WAYNE COUNTY IOWA** (O) (T) b. 17 Dec 1794 (F) (New York, Wayne, Iowa)  
**HUSBAND'S FATHER** (full name) **MOORE, William White** 1797-1869 DAR V.7 **HUSBAND'S MOTHER** (full maiden name) **MCCARTER, Mary Payne** (B) (D) d. 27 Dec 1863 69 F-1  
**HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES** buried **LEON, DECATER IOWA** FATHER'S 2nd wife: **Nancy J. 1800-1897** buried Leon, Decatur County Iowa d. 52  
**DAR V.7 Leon. Decatur** (F)

# 19  
**WIFE** (full maiden name) **GARDNER, Julian or Julia Ann** (B) (C)  
 Born (date) **22 Nov 1817** (B) Place **Newcomerstown, Tuscarawas County Ohio** (F) (C)  
 Chr. (date) \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Died (date) **1 May 1879** (B) (C) Place \_\_\_\_\_  
 Bur. (date) **2 May 1879** (2 yrs 5 mos 10 days) Place **New York Cemetery, Wayne County Iowa** (C)  
**WIFE'S FATHER** (full name) **GARDNER, Joshua** (ca. from 4-50 TUSCARAWAS CO. OHIO) **WIFE'S MOTHER** (full maiden name) **NEIGHBOUR Catharine** b. N.J. illiterate 1850  
**WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS** \_\_\_\_\_

NAMES: WATSON, John Henry  
 PLACES: Sharon, Windsor, VI  
 To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.  
 ENTER ALL DATA IN THIS ORDER:  
 DATES: 14 Apr 1794  
 FAMILY GROUP RECORD

SEX M F	full names CHILDREN List Each Child (Whether Living or Dead) in Order of Birth SURNAME (CAPITALIZED) GIVEN NAMES	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED		
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY	MONTH	YEAR
	1 MOORE, Sarah Neugent <sup>BFC</sup>	2	Mar	1838	Adam Mill	Maskingum	Ohio	6 Oct 1854 <sup>1/4</sup> 1866 BEOWN, Otis P. / GOODELL, Horace Emmons			
	2 MOORE, Robert Hunter Neugent <sup>FC</sup>	9	Feb	1840			Ohio	never married died of flux	27	Oct.	1857
	3 MOORE, Mary Catharine (Cass) <sup>BFC</sup>	31	Dec	1841		Tuscarawas	Ohio	22 Oct. 1868 GOODELL, Lucien H. (Luce)			
	4 MOORE, Rachel Ogilvie <sup>BFC</sup>	27	Jan	1844				19 Mar 1863 HAYNER, John David	17	Apr.	1913
	5 MOORE, Joshua Gardner <sup>BFC</sup>	7	July	1846			Ohio	died of measles at seige at Vicksburg 4TH IOWA CAVALRY	22	Feb	1864
	6 MOORE, William Lewis <sup>BFC</sup>	11	Mar.	1849	Moore's Vineyard <sup>F</sup>	Bartholomew	Indiana	4 Sep. 1879 <sup>C</sup> McINTIRE, Margaret Ellen (Maggie) d. 1934 F-	1928	San Antonio Tex	
	7 MOORE, Cornelia Ann (Neil) <sup>BFC</sup>	30	Apr.	1852				DENTON, Albert (Al.) d. 1921			
	8 MOORE, Eliza G. (infant) <sup>B</sup>	1	Dec.	1854					1	Dec.	1854
	9								1	Dec.	1855
	10										
	11										

SOURCES OF INFORMATION  
 C. County History - Wayne - Appanoose Iowa, Warner Beers (T) Tombstone  
 B. Family Bible. Grace Moore. dau. Wm. L # 6  
 U. U.S. Census Bartholomew Co Ind. 4-50  
 F. Family "hear-say" Grace Moore  
 F-P " " Mrs. Robt. (Olive) Denton, Wayne County Iowa 1970  
 d. death certificate  
 WPA - GRAVE RECORDS - WAYNE COUNTY - Burris Moore d. 30 Oct 1891 age 73

OTHER MARRIAGES

East State St.,  
Newcomerstown, Oh. 43832  
March 17, 1983

Mrs. Keith Evans  
6710 Auden  
Houston, Tex. 77005

Dear Mrs. Evans:

It was a pleasure, while looking through the card file at our county genealogical society's library, to discover that you are a descendant of Burriss Moore. Maybe away back there, somewhere, we are distant cousins.

As long time residents of this area, my ancestors were associated with many of the people who probably were your forebears. A few years ago, as one of my services to the society, I recorded all the grave markers in the East State St. Cemetery which were still legible, and remember finding many Gardners.

I am puzzled, however, as to the connection between your Burriss Moore and mine, and am enclosing a portion of my family chart which pertains to the Moore family. My great-grandfather, Alexander Moore, was born in Lycoming County, Pa., a son of Burriss Moore and Mary White. Our county history says both were natives of Northampton County, Pa. The family came to Tuscarawas County in 1827 after a brief stop in 1825, in Guernsey County, Oh. Mary White died in 1831 and Burriss Moore moved on west, dying in Iowa when he was 93 years old. But I have been unable to find either his birth or death dates.

At the time of my great-grandfather's death in 1882, his obituary pasted in one of our family Bibles lists five siblings still living. Originally he had had eight brothers and sisters. Those remaining in 1882 were Thomas, New Philadelphia, Oh.; Elisha, Missouri; Hinam, Guernsey County, Oh.; Ira, Cleveland, Oh. and Mrs. Mary Squires, Iowa.

I don't know why, when Alexander Moore's first child by his second wife, Jane Martin, was born in 1842 and named for his two grandfathers-- David Martin and Burriss Moore--the family began spelling his name "Burriss." Perhaps it was to distinguish him from others using the original spelling. He was my grandfather and his son also was named David Burriss. Unfortunately my uncle had no children, so the male line of that branch of the family has come to an end.

I remember our family making frequent references to "Uncle" Burriss Moore who lived near Winterset in Guernsey County. Just the other day I found in that same Bible the heavy black memorial card printed in gold evidently sent out at his death, Oct. 10, 1888, aged 73. I was always told that altho our family called him "uncle" he actually was my grandfather's cousin. Three of his children, Nan Kennedy, Alice and Nick Moore, lived in the old family home until their deaths, as I remember probably in the late 1950's.

More puzzling to me are three marriages listed in one of the books covering the period 1803 -1844 published by the genealogical

society, as follows:

Burriss Moore and Eliza Athurton, 16 May 1833  
Burriss Moore and Julian Gardner, 25 Feb. 1837  
Burriss Moore and Margaret Lowrey 21 Sept. 1837

Perhaps you already have all this information, but if not, I'm sure you will find it as interesting as I have. If you have any more information than mine about the parentage and date of birth of the first Burriss Moore and are willing to share it, I shall be most grateful.

This brief chart will show you where I fit into the picture.

With best wishes,



1090 East State Rd.,  
Newcomerstown, Oh. 43832  
September 26, 1980

Dear Cousin Robert:

I'm embarrassed at sending such a late reply to your letter which arrived in June. Please blame it on that miserably hot summer. Marian and I just existed and didn't get anything worthwhile done. But things are finally improving. Today Marian is canning tomatoes while I do this.

I think you caught me at a bad moment, when you and Donald stopped, last June, for there was much more family information I could have shared. And I am returning the copy of Alexander's obituary you sent, for I'm the one who supplied it to the genealogy library and you may wish to share this with someone else. The original copy is pasted in the front of Moore family Bible--the one belonging to David B. Urress and Maria Pilling Moore.

And I'm also sending you the charts of Alexander's two families, which I prepared a couple of years ago from Alexander's family Bible. I have it, but will be glad to give it to you as you and Donald have families to whom such keepsakes can be passed on to the next generation, while I have none.

I can't remember, now, what documents of mine you borrowed, took to the library and returned to me last summer. to copy  
But if and when you'd like to come down and get the Bible it's better to let me know when you'll be here, for we don't seem to stay at home too well.

Over the years I've had quite a bit of correspondence with some Moore descendants--one in Colorado and another in Texas who were trying to establish when the original Burris Moore died. As I now remember, it was in Iowa in the early 1860's, but I haven't reviewed any of those letters for some time and don't want to begin digging into it this morning.

At any rate, I'm hoping these charts will help answer some of your questions about his family.

Sincerely,



October 23, 1976

Dear Myrtle:

It's taken me so long to reply to your letter of Aug. 4 that you probably think me very unappreciative. And had I not been invited to a "cousin party" last Sunday at Cleveland (cousins on my Pilling side) I probably would have continued to be negligent. But they had urged me to bring along my genealogy records and that forced me to spend Saturday evening reorganizing my files and now I feel very self satisfied with everything neatly arranged in a loose leaf notebook.

My special excuse to you is that your letter arrived just when I was most deeply involved in our big arts and crafts festival, as a result of which I read it quickly, placed it in my genealogy envelope and forgot it would be polite to answer promptly!

I didn't realize that we had not given you one of my uncle's little books, so I'm enclosing one for you. I confess that at the time he wrote it he wanted me to proofread it, but I found an excuse not to, for I knew my mother didn't approve of some of the things he'd written about and he said such unflattering things about the Bassett family in particular, that I worried that he'd run into trouble. But now I wish I had, for there are mis-spelled names, etc. And now, 13 years after its publication, many of the family members he named already are gone, or in some cases names have been changed through divorce and remarriage.

I'm returning the chart you sent, after making some minor changes. For example, our home is outside Newcomerstown's corporation line, so officially things that took place here were in Oxford Twp. But my mother was born in Newcomerstown because that's where my grandparents were operating a hotel at the time. They bought this place in 1879 after the death of G. Grandfather James Pilling.

Had I written you that following my mother's death we children sold all the land except that immediately surrounding the house? A nursing home is supposed to be built on it--something which would not be detrimental to the neighborhood and so nearby, might sometime seem a welcome haven to some of us. But as yet it has not been started, for they have had difficulty in getting it funded, tho we're still hoping it will be soon.

I envy you California's pleasant climate this time of year tho until the last couple of weeks it was really beautiful here with a longer-than-usual colorful autumn. But last Sunday when we were at Cleveland we saw a few snowflakes and, worst of all, I came home to discover that my furnace pilot light had gone out and the house was cold as a barn. I tried to take comfort from the fact that as children we lived in this house with heat only from the kitchen cookstove and the grate in the living room. But believe me I was grateful for my electric blanket and mighty glad to see the plumber when he arrived Monday morning.

I still haven't done much real research in genealogy and surely could learn a lot from you. One of my Cleveland cousins has proposed that she and I go to eastern Pa. and N. J., next spring to try and track down our Anthony Cunard whose history seems the most intriguing. Between a query which I ran in Yankee Magazine (are you familiar with it?) and information I've picked up in the Genealogical Helper I've become involved in correspondence with Wheatleaves Cunardo



Mrs. Myrtle Molyneaux  
4701 East Ocean Blvd.  
Long Beach, CA 90803  
Aug. 4, 1976

Dear Lois,

It was a pleasure to get your letter and I do appreciate the clipping on the Weiricks. Mary Miller Weirick is g.g.g.aunt to both of us, but I already have a clipping on their golden wedding anniversary and am delighted to add this one. Also I see that they lived until after the 1880 census, which I can look up and see where both parents were born. We know that Elizabeth McNeis was born in Ireland, but no one seemed to know whether Samuel Miller was born in Ireland or on the ship coming over. Another reason to have more information on Mary Weirick is that I have two of her old glass goblets. One was given to Aunt Daisy and one to Aunt Bell by our g. aunt Isabel Shoup and my sister managed to see that I got them, since they were marked with an M and I was the only one to have that initial for a last name.

The day after your letter arrived our relative, Esther Oudeans, sent me a copy of your uncle's write-up on the family. (I had mentioned when I saw <sup>in the</sup> Tuscarawas County brochure that I would like to see a copy.) I have just loved reading it, his sense of humor and his zest for life came through on every page. I also remember how your mother missed him when he passed away -- it must have taken a lot out of her life. And what a grand lady she was!

I have made a pedigree chart of your lines that I had -- some of which your mother gave me. If you want to make a copy for yourself and correct or add to mine and send it back, I will add anything I run across. I see a marriage in Fayette Co., Penn., and I am going to look through deeds there to see if the Martins were there early. So I might just as well check the indexes for your couple, also. The earliest that William Martin can be found on the records of Washington, Co., Penn., was 1787, but there is an early deed that he recorded for a James Martin in 1776 from Fayette Co. I have not been able to trace any of his children except David, and only his deeds. But recently I found by a deed that he was living in Brooke Co., Va., (now West Va.,) in 1832. He was on the 1810, 1820, and 1830 U. S. censuses living in Eldersville, Pa., and in 1840 was living in Tuscarawas Co. I have two deeds from there, one dated in 1850, but he is not on the 1850 census there. He lived in Carroll Co., Ohio between 1830 and 1840, marrying there for a second time. He was said to have moved to Indiana, supposedly with his daughter, Mary Thompson, but if he did he is not on any deed in the courthouse, nor is there a gravestone for him in old Moore's Vineyard. It is disconcerting not to have his birth nor his death date. His grandson, David Finley Martin, remembered that his farm was sold at his death and that he and my grandfather got a small sum of money, and said the farm was in Indiana. Have gone through the index of 1850 census of Indiana at the State Library and checked out every David Martin (over 20) and none of them was our. So that is where we are now on the Martins. If you should ever be in the Tuscarawas Co., courthouse and want to look for any additional deeds of David's, it might be helpful, especially land that he sold which might give his new place of residence. We have copies of deeds where he sold to Robert O'Neal and Charles Wolfe.

Well, I should never have worried your mother or you by writing my suspicion of William Martin's participation in the Indian affair. Have never found any real proof (most records were destroyed anyway, deliberately), just went by the fact that his close friends and neighbors were <sup>involved</sup> -- those who signed his will, etc. We'll just hope he didn't take part.

*Will look forward to hearing from you again.*

*Yours,*

April 16, 83  
6710 Auden  
Houston TX 77065

Dear Tom, Gary,

Was able to get to the Xerox place for your copies. Hope you enjoy them and can use them for class. I would appreciate any group sheet you may have. In this line, I have found name repetition very helpful, that group sheet can be very useful. How about Alexander Moore's family?

1. Was your record of the East State Street published? I would very much like to see, or better yet, to purchase a copy.

2. Are any descendants of your "Uncle" Burice

more, formerly living near Winterset in

Germany county, alive now?

You have probably checked out every possible person in the area who might

have mutual kin, however.

Dean Seabro of Denver told me about

your genealogical society. I am very pleased

with the newsletter and your inquiry. I hope

we can add to our mutual store of information.



Willa Evans  
6710 Zuden  
Houston Tx  
77005  
April 3, 1983

My dear Mr. Craig,  
Greetings to another Burriss Moore descendant!  
Working on this line all alone down here in  
the South has been lonely. I'm awfully glad  
to know about you!

I can deal up one of your problems. My Burriss  
married Julian Gardner 25 Sep. 1837. He was  
the grandson of our mutual Burriss. His  
father was William White Moore. Burriss (2nd)  
was born 12 June 1815, Lycoming County Pa.  
William White Moore, was born 9 Nov. 1795 (family Bible  
of New Jersey or Lycoming County Pa" (quote from family Bible)  
which I assume, but can not prove was Jersey Shore,  
Lycoming County Pa.  
Wm. White <sup>Moore</sup> married Mary Payne Mc CARTER (b. 17 Dec 1794)  
Pa. d. - 27 Dec. 1863  
W.W. Moore d. 6 Oct 1869. He was the brother of your Alexander

I have group sheets for my Burriss (2nd & 3rd!)  
William White Moore and a list on our mutual  
Burriss.

I am frantically searching through my notes  
which I continually rearrange supposedly for  
efficiency, but it seems to my confusion!



My interest in this line started with Grace Moore, an older cousin of mine. She had family Bible pages and personal notes going back to our mutual Burris. I have not been able to push back further but I have been able to "plump out" the information she gave me in 1964.

Her notes state that Burris (our mutual ancestor) whom she referred to as ~~Senior~~ Burris Senior may have been named O' Moore ~~which~~ which would make him Irish rather than Scotch. I have his death date as 18<sup>th</sup> <sup>May</sup> Sep. 1862 but can not find my source just now. I have the death date for Mary White <sup>name</sup> as 19 Oct 1828.

My Burris, his father William White Moore, older brother of your Alexander, and his father Burris (Senior) moved to Iowa around 1859. My Burris went to <sup>New York</sup> Wayne County, his father William is buried at Decatur, Leon County <sup>Iowa</sup> ~~Ohio~~, Mary Squires married #1 Phillip WEIGHBOUR 14 Oct 1836 and #2 Milton SQUIRES m. 22 Nov. 1867. They lived in Linn county Iowa. Except for the essential whereabouts of Burris (Senior) your Iowa research has been done.

As I said, pushing this line further back has not been possible for me but I do have some suspicions. Northampton County Pa is close to the New Jersey line. Jersey Shore Pa. (located in Lycoming County) was settled by people from New Jersey.

In New Jersey I have found Burroughs and White family names. Spelling was not too important during early days. (My Catherine GARDNER (NEIGHBOUR) was illiterate in 1850) Burrus could easily be a corruption of Burroughs. This is my theory. I can not make it materialize.

I will send you the group sheets of Burrus (senior) and William White Moore, co-lateral of your Alexander at a later date.

I have been out of town and found your letter upon my return, this evening. I don't want you to wait any longer for these tid bits. I know how exciting they can be. The sheet prepared in 1979 might interest you — the names are the same — the clues are different!

Happy hunting. I'm interested in your theories and clues too!

Hopafully  
Willie Evans

P.S.

Have you heard of Allie Moore Brown Sewant, mentioned by my cousin Grace?

Willa Evans (Keith)  
6710 Auden  
Houston, Tex. 77005

May 6, 1983

Dear Willa:

Now that it's established that we're cousins, I think it's time to dispense with the formality of "Mrs." Don't you? You and Dian Searles are such dedicated genealogists that my amateur efforts seem almost ridiculous. Perhaps it's because that to date my pursuit of ancestors has been largely a hobby. Also, having lived in the same house with my maternal grandmother Moore, I seem to have absorbed much of the family lore rather than actively seeking it. But I'm learning!

Last evening I filled out the group chart for the Alexander Moore family and found it a very interesting task, since all I had to do was copy it out of his family Bible. But I'm going to wait to send you that until I have the chance to go to our genealogy library at New Philadelphia and get more sheets, so I can also send you the chart for the family of his first wife.

As yet the records for Newcomerstown's East State St. Cemetery have not been published, as records for other cemeteries in the township are still to be copied. It's partly my fault, for as yet I simply haven't taken the time to do all the rest and so few people are interested enough to help. But I'll keep trying. I don't think Salem Township has been published either, but that is the one which would include Port Washington and the Benton Cemetery where the Moores were buried, including Mary White.

As I wrote Dian, the Benton Cemetery has now been surrounded by coal stripping and I doubt whether one could drive near it. But I have been there several times in the past. The last time my mother and I ever visited it, the approach was difficult and all the stones that were left had been removed and leaned against the fence. Years ago we transplanted some myrtle from there which has never stopped growing, so if you have a yard and think it would grow in Texas, I can send you a root as a living memorial of our first Ohio ~~####~~ ancestors.

You inquired whether any descendants of "Uncle" Burris Moore still were living in Guernsey County and so far as I know there are none. I can't remember now, which of the three, Alice, Nan or Nick died last and I think maybe they had perhaps a niece or nephew or two at a distance. But the man who at the time was the manager of the Guernsey County Home where some of them died was named executor of the modest estate that was left and as he was a good friend of all our family, suggested that my mother, sister and I go out to the house and see if there was anything we wanted. There was pitifully little there, but I think my sister salvaged a little broken rocking chair and I chose a little stand. It was the first time Marian or I had ever been in the house, but our mother had many fond memories of visits there as a girl.

The name Nugen, rather than Neugent, has a lot of significance and very likely has a local connection. "Col." Robert H. Nugen was one of the early supervisors of the Ohio Canal and his family was my family's closest neighbors. Since the building and early use of the canal was about the most important thing happening here at the time the Moore family came to Ohio--and it's in the back of my mind that either you or Dian wrote me that Burris even



had worked on its building--as did Thomas and Alexander-- it would be the most natural thing in the world for some of the Moore children to have been given the name. A few years ago I researched and did a story for the local paper about the Nugen family and never was able to establish that the title "Col." was anything but honorary. I should explain that I am a retired newspaperwoman, so enjoy doing such things.

It was not until I studied the charts more carefully that I understood who your cousin Grace Moore would have been. She surely must have been a wonderful source of information. I like some of the theories you have advanced for the location of the Moore family back in Pennsylvania, and even think you might have a good idea about how Burris evolved from Burroughs. If only we could prove such things!

I have no idea who Allie Moore Brown Swank might be, tho when you received the charts which I hope I'll be able to send you in a few days, you'll see that a daughter in the first wife's family married a Brown and one in the second family married a Swank (also written Schwenk) in the Bible.

Thank you so very much for taking time to write, and to send the charts. Several years ago I had correspondence with a Dr. Moore in Sarasota, Fla., a descendant of Thomas Moore. If I still have any of it and can find it, I'll send you his address as he might also be a good source of information.

With lots of good wishes,

Lois Z. Craig  
East State St.,  
Newcomerstown, Ohio 43832

P.S: Allow me to point out an error on your Chart #18 about the marriage of Burris Moore and Julian Gardner. They were married in Tuscarawas County, rather than Franklin.

8.25.80

*Ans Sept 23*

Dear Cousin,

I am doing some research on the Neighbour family. To be more specific, I am trying to update a book published in 1906 titled Descendants of Leonard Neighbour compiled by Lambert Bowman Neighbour of Dixon, Illinois. Perhaps, you are familiar with the book or even have a copy.

Since the book is about 75 years old work must be done now to update it or it will be too late. For instance, my maternal grandfather, James Hance Neighbour, was a baby when the book was compiled and would now be in his eighties if he were still living.

I would appreciate any information you could send me about your family such as birth, marriage, and death dates for you, your parents, your grandparents (great-grandparents, aunts, uncles, siblings, etc.) so that I may "fit" you into the family tree. Brief biographical sketches on some primary figures would be welcome too. It could include such things as occupation, military service, and any outstanding accomplishments. If you know of anyone whom you think I should contact for additional family data please send me their names and addresses. I would be most happy to correspond with them.

I am in the process of having the book reprinted. (hard back covers) Would you be interested in purchasing a copy? I do not yet know how much each copy will cost, but estimate a ballpark figure of \$~~25~~<sup>15-20</sup>. Naturally, the cost per book depends on the number of copies printed. The book consists of about 25 pages of detailed data, 25 pages of letters, wills, etc. and a dozen photos. If you do not want a copy, or in the meantime, I would be happy to share any information with you.

The ultimate goal of this research project would be to print an updated version of the book. However, the research is most likely to take years and considerable expense to complete. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people need to be contacted and the the material must be organized. Therefore, an updated version would be years in the offing, if ever. That would depend on the success of responses to my letters.

Hope to hear from you soon.

Dian J. Searles  
1241 S. High Street  
Denver, Colorado 80210

*Dian*

P.S. The name was originally Americanized to Neighbour from the German Nachbar. Apparently, the "u" was dropped by many branches of the family.

John Neighlan (1801-1892) married John Hoglan, a stone  
Mason who died in 1859. Their daughter Permina married  
Philip Zimmer

Tois Zommer Craig  
East State Street

Newcomer town  
Ohio 43833

Dian J. Searles  
1241 S. High Street  
Denver, Colorado 80210  
March 17, 1983

Dear Tois,

Marion Marsalis recently sent me a pedigree chart on you from information she obtained from the book Tuscarawas Co. Genealogy Society just published. My interest in your chart lies in Burrin Moore.

For some six months I've been looking for proof to my theory that Burrin Moore is the father of Mary More b Sept 14, 1818 who married Philip W. Neighbor, eldest grand child of Nicholas Neighbor. Philip and Mary were married in Tusc Co. in 1836. About 1850 they moved to Center Point, Iowa and raised a large family.



Points supporting my theory are:

1. Portrait & Biographical Album of Linn Co, Iowa Chipman Bros. 1887 pg 653 Milton Squires - His third wife was Mary Neighbor, widow of Philip. It says she was the daughter of Burris Moore.
2. Mary Moore Neighbor had a son born in 1839 named Hinam (named after her deceased brother)
3. MMN had a son born 1846 named Burris Moore Neighbor.

The fact that I learned from your chart that Burris died in Center Pt. also lends support.

Most of the data I have on Burris Moore and family is from Mrs. Willa Evans 6710 AULDEN Houston, Texas 77005. She is descended from Burris Moore's oldest child Wm. White Moore. Wm. WM had a son, Burris, who married Julian Gardner. Julian (or Julia Ann) is the daughter of Joshua and Catharine (Neighbor) Gardner. So Willa is a Neighbor descendant which is how I found her.

Catherine Neighbor is dau of David, Nicholas brother.  
Winnifred Julian Moore moved to Corydon, Wayne co.  
IOWA in <sup>circa</sup> 1850's. Their descendants are there today.

I have sent Willa your pedigree chart so you  
may be hearing from her. I would be interested  
to know what you think of my theory.

I should remind you that I am working on the  
project to update the book Descendants of Leonard  
Neighbor. You wrote to me a couple of years ago  
about Pennina Hoagland Zimmer.

Sincerely,

Dian J Searles

Newcomerstown, Oh. 43832

March 21, 1983

Dear Dian:

Your letter arrived today and altho I'm usually not in the mood to reply to one so promptly, my news for you is so positive that I am anxious for you to have it.

I'm sure your theory about Mary Neighbor Squires being the daughter of Burris Moore is correct, the proof being a couple of photographs in the Moore family album with which I've long been familiar. The one, my mother had marked "Mary Squires, sister of Grandfather Alexander Moore." The other is marked "William Squires" but there easily could have been a mistake in the family here about his given name.

Both photos were made in a studio in Central Point, Ia., and are in excellent condition. The couple look quite ancient in their old fashioned clothes tho probably they were younger when that trip to the photographer was made than I am now. 79! If you know of any of that family who would like to have the two pictures, I shall be glad to send them.

I am especially glad to know that the family was located at Central Point and now with that information I may be able through census records to pin down Burris Moore's place of death and birth. Until now I had only known that he dies in Iowa, aged 93, and don't know why it never before occurred to me to look at the location of that photographer as a point of reference.

Incidentally, the marriage date for Mary Moore--for some reason the name is spelled Moor on the microfilm record from which the genealogy society's "Tuscarawas County Marriages 1808-1844" was copied-- and Philip Neighbor is Oct. 13, 1836. I helped copy some of those records and was aware that some of those early breachers and Justices of the Peace were a little careless with their spelling.

Altho I have been a member of our county society for a number of years, I have been lucky in having "inherited" a lot of genealogy and never have had to work very hard to acquire my records. But just recently I've begun attending a class on doing it properly, and am hopeful of filling in some of the blanks.

Just a few days ago I wrote to Mrs. Evans in Houston, after having found her chart with its reference to Burris Moore in our society's library. One of the puzzles I'd like to have solved is why, when my grandfather David Burress Moore was born in 1812, the spelling of Burris was changed to Burress. His father was Alexander Moore, born in 1802 in Lycoming County, Pa., and he was named for his two grandfathers-- David Martin and Burris Moore. My only theory is that there were so many named Burris around, that they altered the spelling to lend distinction.

I do hope the information about the photographs provides the link you are needing. With best wishes,

The log cabin of Burris Moore was on the route to Ottumwa for turkey headers or drivers. One night, a man stood outside the cabin and shouted inquiring if he could spend the night here. Burris expected more propriety, even expected polite knocking and inquiry, opened his door and shouted back "Yes, you can stay right there" and slammed his door leaving the man outside.

Olive Denton

Burris Moore also expected proper pronunciation. As a surveyor, he was once asked to run a "lion" (line) down the creek. Burris replied that he was afraid of the beast and refused the job because he did not like the men's diction.

Horace Goodell - Houston

Golden Colorado

Horace Goodell (remembered riding with Burris Moore?) reported that Burris Moore would urge on a horse pulling a wagon in which Burris rode by punching the horse with his pointed survey stake.

Mary Catharine "Cass" Jewell

The ... when ... the ... of ... .. limited diet which ...

... ..

... ..



Alex had 8 bro & sisters - surviving in 1882 -  
 when he died - Jas - Nell Phila - Eliza,  
 Hiram, Lewis, Ira, Clive - Mrs. Mary

Alex, Mahee 1802  
 Elizabeth Kitchey  
 Sarah Ann { 30 Horace 1849  
 Era S. { 33 d 1856  
 Robert S. { 35 Maria 1865  
 Mary Jane { 39 James 1859

Alex Mahee  
 Jane Martine 1817  
 David Ferris { 42  
 Elizabeth { 44  
 Melissa { 46 Rod  
 Kollin { 48 Maria 1869  
 Margaret { 51 John 1869  
 Caroline { 54  
 Mary Katherine { 56 Kittle  
 Keekama { 59 Whiffing  
 William A. { 61

Ben  
 Huff

Sarah Ann Mahee N-13 Jan 1883 age 78y 6m  
 Annie Faulkner N-13 Jan 1883 age 78y -

East State St.,  
Newcomerstown, Oh. 43832

Mrs. Keith Evans  
6710 Auden  
Houston, Tex. 77005

Dear Mrs. Evans:

It was a pleasure, while looking through the card file at our county genealogical society library, to discover that you are a descendant of Burriss Moore, and perhaps away back there somewhere, we are cousins.

As long time residents of this area, I am also familiar with the Gardner name, and a few years ago when I copied the grave markers in the East State Street cemetery, remember finding many of that family buried

As long time residents of this area, my ancestors were acquainted with many of the people who probably were your forebears. A few years ago as one of my contributions to the genealogy library, I recorded all the grave markers still legible in the East State St. cemetery and remember finding a number of Gardners.

I am puzzled however, as to the connection between your Bussis Moore and mine, and am sending along the portion of my family chart which pertains to the Moore family. My great grandfather, Alexander Moore was born in Lycoming County, Pa., a son of Burriss Moore and Mary White. The family came to Tuscarawas County in 1828 after a brief stop in Guernsey County beginning in 1825. Mary White died in 1839 and later Burriss Moore moved on west, dying in Iowa aged 90. But I have been unable to find his birth or death dates. *above*

At the time of my great-grandfather's death in 1882, his obituary pasted in one of the family Bibles lists the following siblings: Thomas, New Philadelphia; Elisha, Missouri; Hiram, Guernsey County; Ira, Cleveland; and Mrs. Mary Squires, Iowa. still surviving:

I don't know why, when Alexander Moore's first child by his second wife, Jane Martin, was born in 1842 named for his two grandfathers--David Martin and Burriss Moore--the family began spelling the name Burress. Perhaps it was to distinguish him from others named Burriss. He was my grandfather and his son also was named David Burress. Unfortunately my uncle had no children, so the male line of that branch of the family ended.

I remember the family making frequent references to "Uncle" Burriss Moore who lived near Winterset in Guernsey County and just the other day found in that same Bible the heavy black memorial card printed in gold evidently sent out at his death, Oct. 30, 1888, aged 73. I was always told that altho our family called him "uncle" he actually was my grandfather's cousin. Three of his children, Nan Kennedy, and Alice and Nick Moore lived in the old family home until their deaths, probably in the 1950's.



*provided copy of  
Alex Moore genealogy sheet*

Newcomerstown, Oh. 43832  
July 20, 1983

Dear Willa:

It was so good to receive your letter and the xerox of your marionette poster. What a very busy person you are and what an interesting life you lead, including the trip to Germany. Were you chasing ancestors there, too? By comparison with your accomplishments, I seem to have little to show for all the time I manage to put in. But much of it in the summertime goes into keeping my yard and flowerbeds looking attractive, for there is a nursing home as my closest neighbor and one of my self-imposed obligations is seeing that they have pretty surroundings. Right now my daylilies look much like they did a year ago when this picture was taken. But my 79 years are beginning to show when I have weeds to pull.

I wish I had learned proper record keeping when I first started on genealogy, for nothing of mine is organized and I have never taken the time to sort things out and know where I found things the first time, let alone where they are by the time I want them again! Yesterday, in going over some old notebooks while hunting something for my Zimmer line, I came on correspondence from Moore inquiries, and thought this one from four years ago might be of special interest to you. We had some correspondence at the time, and I've kept his address, but there is no need for you to return the letter I'm enclosing.

I'm also sending you my article about the Robert Nugen family, and also a map of our area which will help you to get a better idea of locations. While none of this will help in any way with the Moore genealogy, at least it will prove to you that I want to be helpful.

I find your interest in marionettes particularly interesting since until of very recent years I was deeply involved in arts and crafts generally. In fact I'm one of the founders of the Ohio Arts and Crafts Guild, now in its 20th year. Also, I wonder if you and I may have a mutual friend. She is Mrs. M. Paul Redinger (Rachel) of Dover, Ohio, who is involved with puppetry and I know has attended national meetings of the organization. But maybe I'm exhibiting my ignorance in assuming that puppets and marionettes are the same. At any rate, Rachel is known state-wide not for that, but as the founder of Ohio's first outdoor historical drama, "Trumpet in the Land."

Right now I am trying to tie up the loose ends of a variety of things as I'm getting ready to go to my second session of Elderhostel the week of July 31. You're probably too young to be interested, but it is the organization of colleges and universities all over the country where people over 60 can go and stay in dormitories while attending classes and lectures on all kinds of entertaining subjects. Last year I went to Lake Superior State College at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and this year I'm going to California State College at California, Pa. This is in western Pennsylvania in an area where some of my other ancestors lived for a time before migrating to Ohio, so I'm anxious to go for that reason too.

I'll look forward to hearing from you again, and of course I always appreciate the Moore data you so generously share.

Sincerely,

7/22/76  
9640 Market St. E.H.  
North Lima, Ohio  
44452

Dear Lois,

Not sure if you will remember me, but I am one of the Moore girls' nieces;

Virginia Brown, daughter of Mildred Moore, granddaughter of Frank Moore who was Elorothy, Madge, Sadie, Nell & Hallie's brother.

I am attempting to trace the family history and have very little information.

I thought perhaps you would know relatives from Newcomerstown and be able to help. Aunt Elorothy is in a Nursing Home in Massillon, 92 years old, & not able to remember things now.

I retrace the inf. I have on the back & hope you can help or would know someone who could.

Thanks so much for any inf. & hope to see you again. Live in Youngstown - N. Lima is on Route 7.  
Sincerely,

Virginia Brown  
9640 Market St. E.H.  
North Lima Ohio 44452



My mother Mildred Mae Moore was the  
daughter of:

Frank Boston Moore  
Born - July 3, 1867  
Died - Dec. 5, 1945 - Canton

Rebe Della Burris Moore  
Born - Aug. 6, 1870 - <sup>Wingre</sup> - ~~County~~ Md.  
Died - Feb. 17, 1941 - Canton

Rebe Della Moore - My grandfather's half-sister  
Born - Oct. 25, 1906  
Died -  
referred to as

Margaret Boston Moore My great-grandmother's sister  
Born -  
Died - Rebecca Conrad

Burris  
Died -

July 30, 1976

9640 Market St. E.H.  
North Lima Ohio  
44452

Dear Lois,

Was delighted to hear from you so quickly and get all the wonderful information!!  
It's nice to know that we are some kind of cousins.

I found all the information most interesting and have interpreted it on the chart I'm attaching. Will you please read and correct me if I'm wrong? And any information I have missed I'd appreciate your filling in for me, *(and sending the corrected chart back)* I want to use your chart forms when I retype. I became interested in genealogy a year ago and began tracing my maiden name Brown which is difficult to do. Have been successful and with the help of the DAR have traced a grandfather (GGG) back to Revolutionary War service and am now waiting on his pension papers from Wash D.C. for official records. He served the whole war and was under Col. Anthony Wayne went in as a Lt. and out as a Col. Just hoping that they can find his papers, some were burned when the British burned Wash.

Then my cousin <sup>(Walter's daughter)</sup> (Patti Moore Talbot) wrote from Arizona for family information, so have been concentrating on the Moore, Benton families, but you have given me more information than anyone, I sure do appreciate it.

Aunt Dorothy is quite feeble, I visited her 6 weeks ago and she knew me but was confined to a chair and her mind wandered, she would tell me things that weren't right and I would correct her and then she would know and would make sense for awhile. She has so few visitors and gets so confused with all the people at the nursing home and her roommate is so depressing. Her sight is failing (has cataracts) hearing bad and very bent over. They tie her up in a chair all day. I'm going to my class reunion in Canton Aug. 7 and will try to get to see her.

Auntie Moores always talked about you through the years as I was growing up and visiting them and they always spoke so highly of you and your accomplishments.

Am I correct in thinking that George Benton was my great grandmothers, Margaret Benton's brother?

Also if your great grandmother Sarah Cunard and Rebecca Cunard Benton were sisters? if Margaret J was her niece, thought perhaps they must be sisters (Sarah & Rebecca).

I've worked here for 9 years at Strouss (May Dept. store) was Fashion Director then a buyer and now Dept.'s Manager, so am busy working but all this history I find most interesting and hope to get everything down in black & white for my children whether they are interested now or not.

Hoping to hear from you soon and perhaps can visit you someday as my husband Bob has a sister in Cambridge and we go down occasionally.

↑  
Virginia Hutchison

Sincerely,

Virginia

Virginia Brown Bream

3860 Blue Stone Way, Sarasota, Fla. 33582

August 4, 1979.

Dear Mrs. Craig,

Thank you very much for your very interesting letter; I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Since my letter to you I have gathered two more bits of information regarding the Moores:

1. 1820 Pennsylvania census - Mahoning Twp. Columbia Co.

Burris Moore

males - 1 under 10; 1 over 45

females - 1 under 10; 1 betw. 16-26, 1 over 45

2. 1870 Tuscarawas Co., O. Census.

Thomas Dixon was found to be 3 years older than Nancy Dixon Moore and therefore was probably her brother, not her father, as I erroneously surmised. His wife's name was Caroline.

Several years ago my mother, Helen Moore Smith, and my sister, Helen Moore Edmundson, tried to buy the iron coach dogs in

front of the "Moore" house. They were unsuccessful, but I looked very hard for those iron dogs on High St. - they are no longer there, and it seems so has the memory of the people I asked in the neighborhood.

By the way, if it is of help to you - Walter Moore and Della Moore, among others, signed a consent for sale of real estate from the estate of Nancy Dixon Moore 3/2/1894. - I cannot identify them, maybe that "bit" is of some help to you.

Thanks again for your gracious reply.

Sincerely,

Walter F. Edmundson M.D.



Dear Doctor Edmundson:

It was so nice to receive your letter regarding our Moore ancestors, for after your visit to the Tuscarawas County Genealogy library Mrs. Glazier had phoned to tell me about your being there. I'm so sorry to have missed talking to you, for had I not had a previous engagement that particular evening, I would have been in charge of the library.

I'm afraid I can't be of much help to you in tracing the ancestry of Burriss and Mary White Moore, and as our line has no connection with your Dixon line, I have no information there. However I could have pointed out to you the house in New Philadelphia where Thomas Moore lived, as my mother who died six years ago shortly after her 97th birthday had many pleasant recollections of visits to the home of her great-uncle and always mentioned the house when we passed it. It was distinctive because a pair of iron coach dogs lay at the ends of the front steps leading to the low porch. But I believe they disappeared years ago. We also hunted his tombstone in the Fair Ave. cemetery.

My great-grandfather was Alexander Moore, born Nov. 19, 1802 and while he was highly respected in the community, never attained the place of prominence as did his brother Thomas. I have just now consulted an old photograph album in which I remembered seeing a picture of another member of the family. On the back of it my mother had written "Mary Moore Squires, daughter of Burress and Mary Moore, Sister of Alexander, Thomas, Ira, William and others." She is slender, even features and white hair, and dressed in fashion of the 1870's. Her husband on the opposite page also is slender and white haired, with white whiskers. The photographs were made at Center Point, Iowa.

There seems to be some question in my family records as to whether Alexander was born in New Jersey or Lycoming County, Pa., from where he is reported to have come to Ohio. Both Mary White Moore and Alexander Moore's first wife were buried in the Benton Cemetery--later called the Dye Cemetery-- on a hilltop northwest of Port Washington that now has been completely surrounded by coal stripping. The last time I was there the few markers that were left had been piled against the fence. My own line is descended from Alexander's second wife, Jane Martin.

I have no explanation of why the spelling of my grandfather's name--David Burress Moore 1842-1904--differs from that of his grandfather, Burriss Moore. The alternate spelling was continued when my uncle also was named David Burress. It makes me wonder if maybe Burress may have been originally correct but the more commonly known Burriss was carelessly substituted.

Until shortly before his death in 1882 Alexander and Jane continued to live in the log cabin on a hill north of Glasgow. That was a little community which thrived for a time about 100 years ago when a vein of iron ore was discovered and furnaces were built there. One of the stories I've frequently heard was about the building of the Ohio Canal which would have been in progress when Burriss Moore and his family moved there in the 1820's. I've always understood that Alex lived where Burriss had lived. At any rate, the contract

for construction of that section of the canal was held by Abraham Garfield, the father of President Garfield. Mrs. Garfield boarded the men who worked for them and as she had a very sweet voice got into the habit of singing in the evening after the work was done and Alex and his brothers frequently went down to listen.

Another story my mother told which she said she remembered was about her grandfather's bitter disappointment (by that time they had sold the little hill farm and were living with my grandparents) at not being permitted to attend President Garfield's funeral at Cleveland, due to his very frail health. She remembered him saying, "Davey, I just have to go. I knew his mother so well!"

While these recollections don't directly affect your own line too much, I thought you'd be interested to hear them.

Again I say how sorry I am not to have had the opportunity to talk to you personally and I hope if you ever make another trip to Ohio you'll stop here at Newcomerstown. It was gratifying, too, to find the M.D. after your name, as my late husband was a general practitioner at Senecaville and Cambridge, Ohio, for more than 50 years.

Sincerely,



the past four

and Mahlon  
N. J., were  
Sheets, Sunday  
tor to Kirksville,  
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ty.

ge bundle for 5c

10c a book at

## New Filling Station At Port Washington

D. B. Moore, local distributor of Sinclair gasoline, oil and grease, announces the opening of a new filling station on the main street in Port Washington on Saturday, Sept. 13. On this date, with every purchase of five gallons of gasoline at the Port station, the purchaser will receive a gallon of gasoline or a pint brick of ice cream.

*D.B. Moore*



A Little Step Away  
To close the eye, to fall asleep,  
To draw a labored breath,  
To find release from daily cares  
In what we know as death...

Is this the crowning of a life,  
The aim or end thereof?  
The totaled sum of consciousness,  
The ripened fruit of love?

It cannot be, for works of God  
Are wrought for nobler ends,  
And those away continue on  
In the hearts of kin and friends.

It cannot be, for they live on  
A little step away.  
The soul, in the everlasting life,  
Has found a better day.....

O. J. HANSON

In Memory Of  
DAVID B. MOORE

Born  
September 13, 1883

Passed Away  
September 22, 1964

Time of Service  
Thursday, September 24, 1964  
2:00 p.m.

Place of Service  
Ourant Funeral Home  
Newcomerstown, O.

Clergy  
Rev. William Hewitt

Interment  
East State Street  
Cemetery

Ourant Funeral Home  
Newcomerstown, Ohio

Sept 16. A tough day for me.  
Erma brot a fried fish  
supper for me

Sept. 13, 1964 - 81 years  
old today - to dinner  
up home - Lois - Marian  
Rus, David, Christine  
Anne and myself.

A wonderful chicken  
dinner with every  
thing that goes with it.

Sorry that I did not  
have much appetite for  
such a good meal.

Birthday cake from Erma,  
waste basket and jig saw  
puzzle from Lois, bath  
robe from Anne, she never  
forgets me; cards from  
Erma, Lois, D. and Christine,  
Albert, Frederic, and  
Alberta.

Sept. 14.



JUNE 1955



Dr Waelder, Denny and Mary, Marian and Ros (Very Cute) David and Rosemary, with a note about the baby.

Visitors on the 13th, Cecil Gardner & wife, Nell Palmer, Hazel Starbuck

Sept. 15 - a brochure from Mildred Pilling telling of her retirement from an insurance company after 18 years service with three pictures of her, also a note on the back congratulating me on my birthday & birthday card from Rosemary Hammersley

A letter from Bill Day, his wife very bad.



Vogentz  
NEWCOMERSTOWN, O.











*Wm. H. ...*  
1878





Buress Moore, circa 1900-1905