Newcomerstown, Ohio

1950's Nugen Bridge E. State st. -- Pilling st.

The view from the bridge has changed

By Lois Zimmer Craig

On Dec. 20, 1871 the following account appeared in THE NEWCOMERSTOWN VISITOR:

"GONE DOWN — Last Wednesday was an eventful day. In the morning a canal boat loaded with ore for Massillon sank on the short level near Trenton (today it's called Tuscarawas) and on the same day a candy peddler met with considerable loss at Lock No. 17. He left his team standing on the towing path in front of Mr. Kinsey's grocery and went in to sell Kinsey a bill of goods. Imagine his surprise when he came out to get the goods at finding his team and wagon in the middle of the 'raging canawl' in about 6 feet of water. The horse was unhitched and swam out and the wagon was pulled out with the aid of a rope. The candy was gone down.

"And on the same day our friend D.B. Moore and J.D. Laughead who were driving a three-year-old colt, came very near meeting with a serious accident at the race near the woolen factory of Mr. James Pilling of Newcomerstown. The colt became frightened at the water and began to shy off and ran off the side of the narrow bridge across the race, taking wagon, drivers and all. The wagon was considerably broken, but no other damage was done. Why don't the authorities see to having side railing on all bridges?"

Now, more than 100 years later, it is difficult to imagine just how the area east of the town where James Pilling operated both a woolen factory and a sawmill really looked. Just a few days ago a bulldozer obliterated the last vestiges of the millpond which once extended north of the State Road. The area which pioneers jokingly called Pillingville is now marked by the house built by Pilling, by the office of Dr. David Booth and by Riverside Manor Nursing and Care Center.

All that is left of the millrace is the depression on the south side of East State St. facing the driveway of Riverside Manor. A similar depression on the north side of the street was visible until a few years ago when construction of the care center's driveway resulted in straightening the creek — identified on early maps as Bee Tree Gut — and filling the adjoining area.

When James Pilling brought his family to Ohio in 1841, a crude sawmill already was in existence down near the river on the land he had bought. It was powered by a waterwheel erected near the mouth of the creek. A dike built with the help of a horse-drawn scoop soon strengthened the banks of the creek and created a millrace. Water not needed to turn the machinery was diverted to the "borrow pit" which soon came to be called the millpond. A narrow bridge of planks carried the State Road over the millrace and another bridge crossed the stream carrying the overflow from the pond.

James Pilling was truly one of Newcomerstown's early entrepreneurs. First encountered by most of us in our high school economics classes, that word is one of today's TV newscasters' favorites when they refer to captains of industry.

Born in 1803 at Rawtenstall, Lancashire, England, Pilling began work as a boy in a woolen mill, attending night school for his education. He and his roommate named Hamer worked their way to the U.S. on a sailing ship when he was 18. Within a few years he was operating the Amity Woolen Mill at Redstone, Pa., where he met and married Sarah Cunard.

Sometime before 1840 he walked to Steubenville, where he bought the farm east of Newcomerstown at a receiver's sale and by the time he and Sallie came to Ohio they had four little girls — Anne, who became Mrs. Conrad Stocker of Port Washington; Rebecca (Mrs. Frank Little) of Birmingham; Ellen (Mrs. George Graham) and Sabrina (Mrs. George Reneker) the latter two of Dennison.

The couple lost three infants after their arrival in Ohio, but in 1847 a daughter, Maria, survived. She became Mrs. David B. Moore and eventually, my grandmother.

In 1845 Thomas Benton, whose wife Rebecca was Sallie Pilling's sister, brought his family to Newcomerstown and went into partnership with Pilling operation of the woolen factory which he had built on the bank above the river. And when the Pillings finally had a son born in 1850 he was named Benton Pilling.

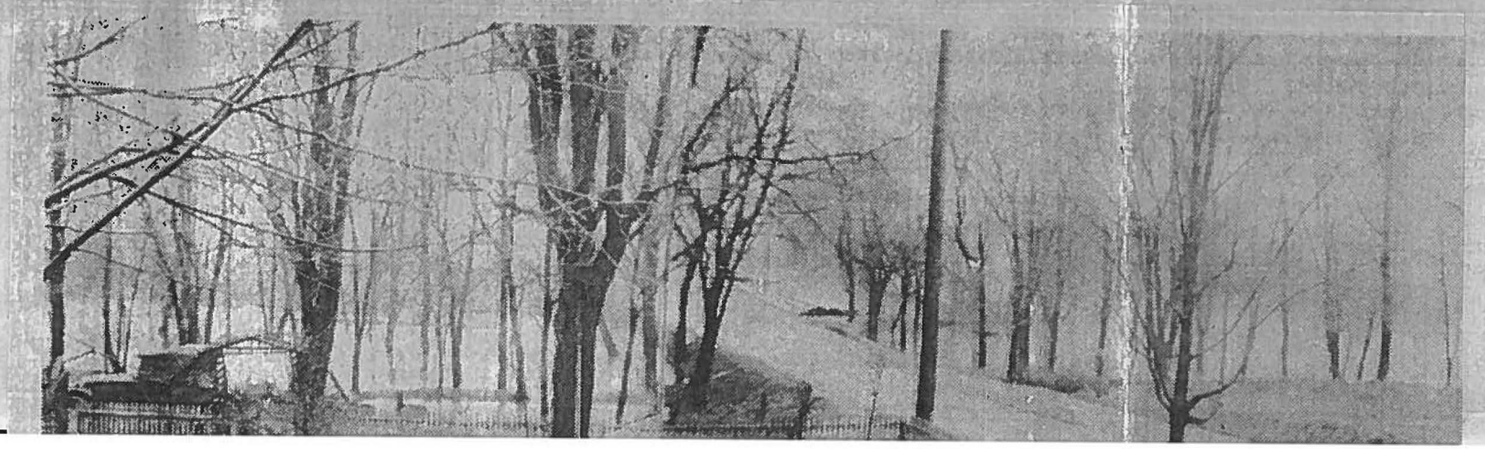
Both the sawmill and the woolen factory were prosperous enterprises for many years. The sawmill far pre-dated a circular saw, but worked instead with a straight blade which swished up and down through logs, many of which had been cut by early settlers farther up the river in exchange for whiskey, and floated down the stream. Lumber for many of the town's early houses was produced there and a story handed down in our family concerns the housewarming, sometime around 1860 when Pilling's own new house was completed. It was in the dead of winter and all the windows in the house were tightly closed against the cold. Friends from town had brought along the band. The party no doubt was rowdy, the band played loudly, and the next day a number of cracked windows were discovered, apparently shattered by the noise.

Just when the sawmill ceased operation is not known, but there is a definite date for that of the woolen factory — May 11, 1879. This is an excerpt of the newspaper account

westbound local of the P.C.& St.L Railroad neared Newcomerstown the train was cut into three divisions with the object of making a running switch at the beginning of the long side-track between the cemetery and the residence of Mr. Kenyon just east of town, when "old Jimmy Pilling — as he is familiary known — was as usual walking on the track from his residence to this place stepped out of the way of the first and second divisions, allowing them to pass; then being somewhat deficient in hearing and not knowing that another section was coming, he again stepped to the track, and the calls of the brakeman being of no avail, was struck by the moving car and hurled from the track, cutting a fearful gash in his head, and fracturing the skull.

He was hurriedly placed in a car and brought to the Commercial Hotel where his wounds were dressed by Dr. Beers, after which he was removed to his residence. His injuries were pronounced to be of a dangerous character, and after lingering until about 11 o'clock on Sunday, death released him from the extreme suffering he had undergone, although the old gentleman was apparently unconscious of what was going on around him from the time of the accident."

In 1880 my grandparents, David B. and Maria Pilling Moore, who had operated the Lone Star Hotel in Newcomerstown on the site of the present Huntington Bank building, bought the farm and moved to the Pilling home. Eventually the building housing the woolen factory was moved across the road to



WOMEN

Canton Repos

8 Feb 1942

That

nhandling Takes On rn Touch These Days

By Lois Zimmer

N, assistant cashier of the First National bank comerstown, is still a little puzzled over his en- with what he considers the latest thing in pan- an figure is that the gentleman had been brought iat old adage about the Lord helping those who

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man answered

are you?" he casperation. e banker was impatient, too, estion himself. lo you want?" ster, it's like wer. 'I"ve got got milk, and ers," pointing e spoke. "Now do is assure estaurant next ay her for do-

Lois Zimmer By-Line To Leave Ranks of Repository 'Regulars'

Feature Writer Leaves Job To Become Bride of Cambridge Doctor

ELSEWHERE in this newspaper you'll find articles carrying a by-line which has become familiar to tens of thousands of Repository readers: "By LOIS ZIMMER."

But with this issue, Miss Zimmer's byline will disappear from the ranks of the "regulars." For she is resigning from The Repository editorial staff to become the bride of Dr. C. A. Craig, Cambridge physician.

Miss Zimmer, daughter of Mrs. Albert Zimmer of Newcomerstown, and Dr. Craig, Guernsey county representative in the Ohio legislature, plan to be married late in February.

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A MEMBER of our news staff since February, 1940, Miss Zimmer entered newspaper work because she liked it.

During her eight years with us she handled assignments which few newspaper people can equal in volume, variety and interest.

After completing public school courses in her native Newcomerstown, and after graduating from Ohio State University, she set out to be a "schoolmarm." She taught one year in Newcomerstown and two years in Tuscarawas High school.

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BUT TEACHING was not to her liking. Among other accomplishments, she had studied stenography and typing. So she gave up her school position to take up secretarial work.

Creative writing interested her and her reportorial mind saw many opportunities for stories in the country around Newcomerstown.

She wrote several of these on a free lance basis, first for the Columbus Dispatch and then for The Repository.

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HER STORIES were so good that early in 1940 The Repository invited her to take a regular place on the writing staff. She accepted on the condition that she was to be regarded as a reporter and not as a woman's page writer.

Miss Lois Zimmer
From Her Friends: Best Wishes

This arrangement prevailed during her eight years with us. She wrote about all of the many things which require the attention of the newspaper in the course of its daily publication.

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DURING THE WAR when so many of The Repository's male reporters were away at war she literally "doubled in brass" on assignments seldom directed to feminine writers.

An ability to make stories both factual and fascinating has marked her work. Her Sunday women's section column, "Of This and That," had a widespread following.

In closing her desk to become a physician's wife, Miss Zimmer is bidding farewell to a full-time newspaper career. But she promises she'll be writing free lance stories now and then for The Repository.

A Country of Strangers

Ideas for Newcomerstown history talk to Garden Club..

SING: "I wandered today to the hill, Maggie, to watch the scene below
The creek, and the creaking old mill, Maggie, as we used to, long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill Maggie, where first the daisies sprung
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, when you and I were young."

on the piano it,
As a child when Mama played that/and Uncle Burress sang, I visualized Maggie as a white-haired tottery old lady, and the singer as a bewhiskered old gentleman who walked with a cane. They were the same couple, I was sure, as ~~they were~~ that involved in another song of the same period:

"Put on your old gray bonnet with the blue ribbons on it
While I hitch old Dobbin to the chaise
And through the fields of clover we'll drive up to Dover
On our golden wedding day."

In fact when I told her I was planning to do this she said, "Hatch out,

Now I didn't intend to leave you all shook up with such an unorthodox beginning for a speech, but I just wanted to emphasize the fact that all of a sudden ~~we're the remembering [illegible] that remembering generation ourselves. And when you still live in the same locality for all those years, there's a tremendous lot of remembering to be done.~~

we ourselves are that remembering generation.. And when you're living in the same house in which you were born maybe six decades or more ago, there's a tremendous lot of remembering to be done..

Not all folks do their remembering well, however. Take this as an example: There's a small tombstone up in our attic with the name Dora Thompson on it.. But it's actually a memorial to my step-great-grandmother's forgetfulness. She was, in the eyes of my grandmother and her sisters, a scheming young widow who beguiled my great-grandfather Pilling into marriage. Not long after she and her two half-grown children moved into the home which had been motherless ever since my great-grandmother Sallie Pilling, died in 1855, she prevailed on her new husband to buy a tombstone for a third child of hers who had died in infancy. But by the time the purchase was made, ~~completed~~, she'd lost sight of where the baby was buried. So we still have the tombstone..

But now to get back to wandering "today to the hill, Maggie." On New Year's Day because I had nothing else to do and shaking the 1966 cobwebs out of my brain seemed like a good idea, I wandered to the hill myself. I cut out across our field to the viaduct and up onto the hill through the big new cut below the reservoir, and I'll tell you, when you "watch the scene below" you realize "the green grove" isn't the only thing that's gone..

If it were't for our white house sitting over there on the river bank where it's been for more than a hundred years, I'd have had trouble getting my bearings. It's hard for me to believe, and I'm sure it's almost impossible for most of you to realize, that ~~in the late~~ as recently as 1930 Pilling Street was just the gravel road which led to the nugen bridge after it came across the railroad at Stewart's crossing and meandered up what we now call Maple St. From Maple St. north, it was just a sandy lane bordered with fences over which bittersweet clambered and raspberries twined. And at certain seasons in the rich loamy soil we'd find wild strawberries or mushrooms.

Have a town map for reference

I've always enjoyed trying to visualize how some particular spot must have looked, away back in the days before any of our ancestors came into this country and began adapting it to their idea of civilization. We in this section of Ohio are lucky for there's a well-known author who has conducted a great deal of research on that subject and has written it all down for us. For fear you may not have discovered his books, I'd like to tell you about them, for while they're fictional and exact geographical spots are not identified, except in one volume, they are a general description of this area.

The author is Conrad Richter and if you like historical novels, hurry to the library and get these books. Four of them carry the same characters along. Three of them, sometimes published as a trilogy, are "The Trees," "The Fields" and "The Town," and the first picks up the little family of emigrants as it follows the trail through western Pennsylvania and into the vast ocean of trees which was then Ohio. The next follows their progress as they establish a clearing and begin to acquire neighbors, and the third traces the creation of the state government. Just recently Mr. Richter published a fourth book in the series that answers a question left dangling by the earlier three -- "What happened to the little girl who was stolen by the Indians?" That one is called..... A Country of Strangers

But the fifth book is the one that involves this very area. It's called "Light in the Forest" and it was first run as a serial in the Saturday Evening Post where some of you may have read it. It's the story of a captive white boy's parting from his Indian adoptive parents at the time Col. Bouquet made the trip to Coshocton to reclaim the Indian prisoners in 1764 (?) and it describes their leaving the encampment at Walhonding and returning eastward along the Tuscarawas. This story also was produced on television by Walt Disney. And the references it makes to the boy's Indian home in a Delaware village always make me wonder if it wasn't right where we live, for at the time David Zeisberger came into the valley, the Delaware capital was located on the ground which my Great Grandfather Pilling bought. In fact a walnut tree still standing at that time was said to have been the one under which Chief Netawatwes cabin stood when Zeisberger stood in front of it one day in March, 1774 and preached the first Protestant sermon in the Northwest west of the Allegheny Mountains. Of course that would have been there's a lapse of 66 years between those dates and when I was a child I'd have doubted the connection, but now 66 years sounds like a relatively short span of time all of a sudden, 66 years sounds like a relatively short span of time. So maybe that was the same black walnut tree, for they say trees cut when the virgin forest was cleared often measured five feet or more in diameter.

I seem to keep wandering away from the subject

Well, to get back to my wandering today to the hill, Maggie. New Year's Day wasn't too cold and I not only climbed up on the new cut but walked through it until I could look down on the Buckhorn valley and if I'd been a little more properly dressed, I'd have been tempted to completed the circle by coming down on North College Street and have walked the long way back home. Instead, I turned back and stood for a long time, looking down on our own valley, marvelling at how many changes had come about just since the days when my brothers and my our dad and I used to tramp over those hills every Sunday.

the cemetery, the canal,

I believe I'm perfectly safe in saying that the river and the railroad, and our house are practically the only things visible and the sad old Nugen house are practically the only things visible that would have been there 100 years ago. It's a little hard to realize that back when we graduated from high school even Pilling St., as such, wasn't there. For Up until the mid-1920s it was just a gravel road, dusty in summer and muddy in winter that led from the bridge to the corner of Maple Street which one followed for about a block until you turned to the right and meandered over the railroad at Stewart's crossing.

Nugen made a curve

Macon East

Hackleman and Stewart's

It's sort of fun to have somethin personal to hang dates on.. For example, it's easy to remember that the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad was constructed through our valley in 1853, that's the year that Sally Pilling died,. and her daught youngest daughter, Maria, who became my Grandmother Moore,, used to tell how she and her little brother Benton,, who was [illegible], were [illegible] over to a cabin at the foot of the hill where their aunt,, lived, and on the way they saw the construction gang building the railroad..

In much the same way I can place the date when our river bridge -- the iron one which was replaced by the new Rt. 21 bridge a few years ago -- was built. That was the summer my mother was nine years old and at her birthday party she and some of her best friends ran down into the corner of the field next to where the bridge was being built, to play on the steel girders lying there on the ground.. The play ended when her mother went and rounded her up,, reminding her that was no way for a hostess to behave.. She's going to be 91 [illegible] next Tuesday, so you can do your own arithmetic about the bridge.

Even though I was asked to talk on the history of Newcomerstown,. I refuse to find it difficult to dwell too much on the orderly sequence of events or specific dates concerning the development of the community. I'd rather enumerate some of the happenings

You hear a lot,, these days, about the difficulties of operating three-generation households.. But I'm sure something very wonderful went out of life when three-generation households went out of style. Probably I'd have missed that rewarding experience,, had my parents gone to housekeeping by themselves immediately after their marriage.. Instead they were still living with my mother's parents one morning in May when my grandfather fell dead of apoplexy when I was less then six months old and my Grandfather Moore fell dead of apoplexy.. Such families have a contiunity between generations which surely can never be achieved where parents and grandparents live separately. Ours wasn't the only house in our neighborhood either, sheltering three generations..

There was Smith's,. down at the corner by the bridge where my dearest non-relatives lived. Grandpa Smith died when I was seven but Grandma Smith lived on with Aunt Sadie and Uncle Alvin Sperling and their son Walter, along with Aunt Jessie Smith who became Mrs. Jerry Starker.. Grandma Smith had been Elmira Nugen, one of the daughters of Col. Robert Nugen who had come to Newcomerstown in the early days of the canal.. Nothing makes me madder, these days,. than to see references to people who live on "Nugent" Street (Nugen spelled with a T) and nothing makes me sadder than to pass what now remains of that once lovely old house which has a miserable junkyard in the back and a filling station in the front. It's that old house across the street and slightly to the west of Stoffer's Restaurant..

Let me describe it as I remember it best. It isn't even located now where it used to be.. It sat in the middle of a lawn surrounded by maple trees with a smooth flagstone walk leading down out to what later came to be known as Pilling Street.. Only the main section of the house remains. Once,. to the right of it was a one-storied ell housing the living room where a cheery grate fire burned beneath the mantel, on one end of which hung a set of brass Chinese gongs with a [illegible] with which I could tap them as often as I wished; and on the wall was a cuckoo clock, performing regularly on the hour and the half-hour.. Above the sitting room was the low attic called "the long room," cosy even on the coldest days and full of an aged, musty odor that was constantly stirred as Aunt Sadie yielded to my [illegible] pleas for more scraps for dollclothes.. Downstairs,. opening off the living room was the dining room with a corner cupboard where an inexhaustible supply of gingersnaps could be found on the bottom shelf.. And back of that was the kitchen where there was a low [illegible] cookstove that had a little shelf in front with a grating where the red coals winked.. The thing I remember best about the kitchen is the candy that Aunt Sadie would make at the

In doing this, I'm really hoping to stimulate each of you into doing your own wandering to the hill and your remembering

~~At times these~~

Our grandmothers' sounds were the same as our own; we heard about all the things she had done living in the very same place, and we acquired a respect for our elders which unfortunately too many youngsters today seem to lack.

slightest hint; and believe me, I was a pretty good hinter.. I'd love to know now how she made that candy.. It was a chocolate brittle which she'd pour out onto a pie pan which she'd buttered generously and sprinkled with walnuts. I forgot to mention there was a walnut tree in the side yard.. My own grandmotherr

Well, there I go wandering again,. when all I started out to do was extoll the virtues of homes with grandmothers in them

who was considerably younger and
whom we called MaMoore was always too energetic for afternoon naps, but Grandma Smith took hers regularly and I remember tiptoing with Aunt Sadie through her room to get to the hall for our frequent trips upstairs to the long room.. That stairway is still there but less lovely than I remembered it with its white risers and balusters and deep brown walnut rail.. At the front of the house was the parlor with a lovely door in a curved frame,, and carved rosewood chairs with haircloth seats that scratched right through my panties..

Oh yes,. and Grandma Smith was a lady in the refined sense of the word; I never saw her do housework. Instead,. she sat all day by the side of the fireplace,. reading or knitting.. And much of her knitting turned out to be lace for my afore-mentioned pantaloons undergarments.

Well, there I go wandering again,. when all I started out to do was extoll the virtues of homes possessing grandmothers. Another thing I've noticed. There was a greater degree of dignity between women in those older generations. folks might live next door for years, but they never got on first-name calling terms.

So real did our grandmother's stories become that it sometimes seemed difficult for us to believe we hadn't been there ourselves. When her father came to Ohio in 1840 bringing his wife and their four little girls -- Anne,, Ellen,, Sabina and Rebecca-- it climaxed a plan he'd set in motion the previous year when he'd

NEWCOMERSTOWN, OHIO

HISTORY

Newcomerstown is situated in Tuscarawas County, and first was a Delaware Indian Village called "Gekelamukpechunk," which in 1764, under Chief Netawatowes, became the Delaware capital.

The earliest visit here by a white man (Christopher Gist) was in 1750. In the Gist journal it tells what must have been an example of the "eternal triangle" and how Newcomerstown got its name. Chief Eagle Feather became tired of his wife, Mary Harris, who as a child had been abducted by the Indian raiders. While on one of the tribe's raiding trips to Virginia, he captured a younger and more beautiful squaw. Mary Harris was jealous of the "Newcomer," as she was called. Then one morning the Indian Village was aroused by the cries of Mary Harris that her husband, Chief Eagle Feather, had been murdered and that the "Newcomer" had fled. She was pursued and recaptured and thereafter this settlement was known as "Newcomerstown."

Newcomerstown was laid out in 1827 and contained 34 lots in the original plot. There was one building here at that time, occupied by Nicholas Neighbor, who founded the settlement in 1814. He later built the first store building, which was operated by him and Jacob Overhold. By 1830 there were four buildings. By 1840 the population was 270; by 1860, 577. Aaron Schenk's tanning yards were built about 1827. In 1840 Pilling's Woolen Mill was established; in 1833, a sawmill, by Edmund Smith, and in 1836, a flour mill. Closest market for farm produce was Pittsburgh. The canal was built in 1827, and by 1860 the traffic on the canal was at its height. Each lock had a tender and nearly every lock had a strange story connected with it - it was an interesting period in the life of the young community of Newcomerstown.

On May 31, 1851, it was announced that the route of the Steubenville-Indiana Railroad would extend from Steubenville through Uhrichsville and Newcomerstown to Coshocton. It opened for traffic in April, 1855, but before 1860 it had gone into receivership. In 1861 it was merged with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Greatest of all events connected with the railroad was in 1861, when President Lincoln passed through on his way to Washington, making a personal appearance on the rear platform of the train just as is done today. During the 1880's the town hall was built, which brought many prominent actors and musicians to the town.

In the latter part of the 19th Century, Newcomerstown instituted what became a thriving fair each fall. Newcomerstown has been called the cradle of Protestantism west of the Allegheny Mountains. The first Protestant sermon was delivered to assembled Delawares at noon on March 14, 1771, by Rev. David Zeisberger. That event of lasting importance is commemorated by a monument that stands on the East side of Pilling Street.

Newcomerstown is located about 100 miles south of Cleveland, 100 miles east of Columbus, 100 miles north of Marietta, and 100 miles west of Pittsburgh.

Prepared by the Newcomerstown Chamber of Commerce Development Department.

List of Industrial Employers in Newcomerstown, Ohio.

Alchrome Products Company	-	Elizabeth Street
Baker Machine Shop	-	222 S. River St.
Brode, The W. M. Company	-	100 Elizabeth St.
Buss Burial Vaults	-	605 W. State St.
Byrd Ambulance Service	-	E. Main St., Ext.
Canned Milk Products	-	Rt. #3.
Davis Gun & Machine Shop	-	Rear 130 E. Main St.
Foundation Equipment Corp.	-	100 Elizabeth St.
General Electric Company	-	Newport Street
General Tire & Rubber Company	-	Pilling Street
Globe Specialties, Inc.	-	237 W. Canal St.
Goshen Brick Company	-	Rt. #3.
Groovfold Enterprises Corp.	-	1050 W. State St.
Groovfold Fabricators	-	1050 W. State St.
Gequip Corp.	-	1050 W. State St.
31st Corp.	-	1050 W. State St.
Heller Tool-Division Wallace-Murray Corp.	-	Heller Drive
Herco Tool Company	-	213 W. Canal St.
Industrial Tool Grinding Service	-	132 River Street
Jackson Tool Company	-	102 E. State St.
Kurz-Kasch, Inc.	-	199 E. State St.
Newcomerstown Truck Stop & Motel	-	Rt. #1.
Precision Automatic, Inc.	-	225 Ray St.
Wentz Concrete & Supply, Inc.	-	Rt. #3.

The above employers furnish employment for our people with an annual payroll in excess of nine million dollars. This is important to our growth and survival, so let us appreciate and respect the industry that is in our community.

T. D. Addy, President
Newcomerstown Chamber of Commerce

My Community and How it Came to be.

Lois Zimmer
1937

Although archeologists have definitely established that Mound Builders once lived in this location, this fact seems of little value to latter day residents, except to prove even more conclusively that as a place for desireable homesites, the Tuscarawas valley has been inviting since man's first arrival. Our memory of American colonial history will verify that all thisrregion was at one time claimed by both the French and the English. Many historians believe that LaSalle may have been the very first white man to discover the Tuscarawas and Muskingum rivers, but any definite proof of his ever having been in this locality is missing. At any rate, many French traders and voyaguers were found living among the Ohio Indians, by English explorers who arrived at a later date.

The English, of course, claimed all of the Ohio valley and the tributaries through their charters, most of which granted them land extending for a stated number of miles along the Atlantic coast, and reaching inland to the "Western Ocean".

The earliest record of a visit to this vicinity was made in 1750 by Christopher Gist. He was an explorer and surveyor, employed by a company of Virginians, among them George Washington. This Ohio Land Company was anxious to ascertain the nature of the country beyond the Alleghany Mountains, that they might buy land from the colonies to found new settlements. Gist traveled westward from the vicinity of Fort Duquesne, coming to the Tuscarawas River at the site of the present town of Bolivar. It should be mentioned just here, that this trail became most frequented by later explorers and pioneers, Gist records in his journal that an Indian town called Tuscarawas, and meaning "Old Town" was located at the point where he first reached the river. He followed down the river to the junction of the Tuscarawas and Whitewoman, which we know today as the Walhounding. He reached there on Dec.14, 1750. On Dec. 26, this entry is made in his journal."This day a woman that had long been a prisoner and had deserted, being retaken and brought into town on Christmas eve, was put to death in the following manner;They carried her without the town and let her loose; and when she attempted to run away, the persons appointed for that purpose pursued her and struck her on the ear on the right side of the head, which bent her flat on her face to the ground. They then struck her several times through the back with a dart to the heart;scalped her, and threw the scalp in the air, and another cut off her head. Thus the dismal spectacle lay until evening, and then Barney Curran,(a white trader) desired leave to bury her, which he and his men and some of the Indians did just at dark." This evidently took place at the present site of Coshocton.

Again in his journal, under the date of Tuesday,January 15,1751: "We left Muskingum and went west five miles to the White Woman Creek, on which is a small town. This white woman was taken away from New England when she was not above ten years old by the French Indians. She is now upward of fifty;has an Indian husband and several children.Her name is Mary Harris.She still remembers that they used to be very religious in New England;and wonders how the white man can be so wicked as she has seen them in these woods."

(Newcomerstown was incorporated in 1827)

Any of you who have driven from Coshocton to Mt.Vernon,will recall having seen a boulder at the side of the pavement not far from Walhounding, marking the site of White Woman's Town. These two entires in Gist's Journal furnish the most authentic basis for the legend regarding the name of Newcomerstown. Probably all of you are familiar with the story, but I'll repeat it,for the sake of continuity of my own story,and because it is undoubtedly the earliest account of the "eternal triangle" in this locality.

Eagle Feather, the chief whose wife was Mary Harris,became tired of her. One account says that in spite of the fact that he brought her home the finest meats for food, and the finest skins for clothing,she didn't have any papooses for him. But evidently this was just some old squaw's gossip, for Gist's journal states that she and her Indian husband had several children. At any rate, on one of their raiding trips into the Virginia frontier,Eagle Feather found himself a younger and more beautiful squaw. He captured her,bringing her home to live in the same wigwam with Mary Harris. Matters went from bad to worse,with Mary becoming more and more jealous of the Newcomer. Finally one morning,Mary awakened the Indian village with cries that her husband had been murdered. And sure enough, there Eagle Feather lay,his head neatly parted by a tomahawk. The Newcomer had fled. Of course this made it appear that she was the murderess, and the Indians set out in pursuit. They recaptured her at a small Indian town on the banks of the Tuscarawas,some distance above Coshocton,and from that time on,the site of her recapture by the Indians became known as The Newcomer's Town. Was it she whose execution was witnessed by Christopher Gist at Coshocton the day after Christmas in 1750? The legend relates that The Newcomer accused Mary Harris of murdering her own husband in a fit of jealousy,but Mary was clever enough to convince the Indians of her innocence. Of course you will all note a discrepancy here, for Gist does not connect the two women in his journal, and apparently Eagle Feather was still among the living when Gist visited Mary Harris.

Regardless of whether or not we accept this legend as the origin of our town's name, I'd like to make the plea that we endeavor to form the habit of saying and writing New'comerstown. Not only does it serve to preserve the origin, but is far more distinctive than Newcom'erstown.

The decade from 1750 to 1760 was one of strife between the French and English, with the Ohio country constantly overrun by warring tribes. However, from captives held by the Indians during this time,it has been learned that there was a Newcomer's town. About 1760,the French were driven out of this section,the English had captured Ft.Duquesne and renamed it Ft. Pitt, and all the territory lying west of the Alleghenies, and north of the Ohio,had been ceded to the English by the French. Messages sent to Indian chiefs by the commandant at Ft. Pitt were frequently addressed to Newcomerstown,according to copies preserved in a Journal kept by the missionary Hackewelder.

In 1761 and 62,two Moravian missionaries,John Heckewelder and Christian Frederick Post,came to the Tuscarawas valley,and built a small cabin at Bolivar,where they hoped to establish a mission among the Indians. However the tribes were so hostile that they were forced to abandon the attempt within the year.

In 1764,an expedition was sent out by the colonists from Philadelphia for the purpose of punishing the Indians who had continued to make depredations all along the frontier,destroying much property,and killing and capturing hundreds of whites. The expedition was under the leadership of Col.Henry Boquet. He came west by way of Ft.Pitt,following the usual trail to the Tuscarawas River at Boliver. But due to the fact that he had been warned of very hostile Indian towns situated along the banks of the river,he set out across country to his destination-Coshocton, traveling from Boliver to Winfield,SugarcreekChili and Coshocton. His expedition was large,and moved with military precision,so that the Indians readily acquiesced to his demands that all white prisoners be released to him on a certain date,or punishment of the tribes would follow. He had already held council with the heads of the various Indian nations,at Boliver, and had chosen the forks of the Muskingum as the most advantageous for handing over all prisoners. His army arrived there Oct.25,1764. The following is quoted from records of Col.Boquet:

"This place (forks of the Muskingum) was fixed upon instead of Wakatomica as the most central and convenient place to receive the prisoners,for the principal Indian towns lay around them from seven to twenty miles distant,except the lower Shawnee town situated on the Scioto River about eighty miles,so that from this place the army had it in their power to awe all the enimies' settlements, and destroy their towns,if they should not punctually fulfill the engagements they had entered into"

I wish each of you might read from Col. Boquet's journal of the arrival daily of different bands of Indians to this camp,each with a number of white prisoners. By the ninth of November,most of the prisoners had arrivedthat could be expected at that season,amounting to two hundred and six, besides about one hundred more remaining in possession of the Shawanese,which they promised to deliver the following spring,so the army returned to the east. Some of the prisoners had lived among the Indians for so many years that they grieved at parting,and in a few instances refused to leave the Indian husbands or wives and return to civilization. But these instances were far outnumbered by the joyous reunions which took place. In many cases,families had been separated for so many years th that identification of loved ones was very difficult. I will quote just one of these stories,which seemed to me the most beautiful.

"Harvey,in his History of Pennsylvania,says a great number of the restored prisoners were sent to Carisle,Pa.,and Colonel Boquet advertised for thise who had lost children to come and reclaim them. One old woman who had lost a child,and failing to recognize it among the returned captives, was lamenting her loss and wringing her hands,told Col.Boquet how she had years previous sungha little hymn to her daughter,who was so fond of it. The colonel told her to sing it to them, which she did as follows:

Alone,yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh,
He comes my every hour to cheer.

She had no sooner concluded,than her long-lost daughter,who had failed to know her mother by sight but remembered the hymn,rushed into her mother's arms."

David Zeisberger, in 1771 was the next white visitor. Sometime around 1760 Chief Netawatwas had moved his band of Delawares from western Pennsylvania to the site of Newcomerstown, and had invited Zeisberger to follow, since Netawatwes already knew of the Moravian's good work among the Indians. When Netawatwes made this his capital, he adopted the name of King Newcomer, and it was to this place that Zeisberger first came. Here he found the Indian village, nearly a mile square containing about one hundred log houses, many of them with evidences of civilization, such as shingle roofs, board floors, and one even had a staircase. It was here that the first Protestant sermon to be preached west of the Alleghenies was delivered to the Delaware Indians. At the time my great-grandfather bought the farm on which we now live, a large walnut tree was standing in the field about half-way between the present site of the railroad and the river. According to the story current at that time, Netawatwes' cabin stood under that tree, and it was there that Zeisberger had preached. This location has been confirmed by records of the Moriwan Church in Bethlehem, Pa.

Within a few years, the Dlsawares granted the Morivans use of part of their land for a mission, selecting as a site the Beautiful Spring; but since the story of Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten is already so familiar to all, I am going to omit it here.

For a time during the Revolution, the Tuscarawas became known as the "Bloody Valley", and it was during this time that the Moriven villages were abandoned and destroyed. Shortly after the Revolution, however, the settlers began entering the country west of the Alleghenies, and the first organized effort at settlement was undertaken at Marietta by a company of officers of the Revolutionary Army. They received a large grant of land from Congress, whichwas in turn divided up among the officers. They paid for the land with warrants which had been given them at the close of the war because the infant republic had no cash with which to pay its soldiers. Following the Revolution, the colonies had ceded to the new government all their claims to western lands. This section, as far as the Mississippi River, and north of the Ohio to the Great Lakes became known as the Northwest Territory, and in 1787 a set of laws, known as the Northwest Ordinance was drawn up to govern it. Two outstanding features of this ordinance were that slavery was to be forever prohibited from the Territory, and that certain portions of each section were to be definitely set aside for school use. It also specified that not less than three nor more than five states were to be made from this Territory when certain requirements as to population and territorial government had been fulfilled.

All of this locality was originally a part of Washington County, with the county seat at Marietta, and came under the Revolutionary land grants. Most of Oxford Township was granted to John Bever, who was a native of Virginia, and to Gen. John Stark of Manchester, N.H. Many of you may recall having heard the farms east of us-Dougherty's, Morrises, Barnett's Schlupp's, Woodwards, etc., referred to as "Stark Patent". John Bever owned the land west of this. Any resident of Newcomerstown, finding it necessary to have an abstract prepared today, would discover this on the front page:

John Adams, President U.S.A.
to
John Bever

: Whole 2nd Qr., Twp. 5, Range 3
Containing 3999.8 acres
Patent
March 20, 1800

By 1798, ten years after the first settlers had reached Marietta, the population had increased so rapidly, that steps were taken to form a territorial government, and by 1803, the territory was ready to become the 17th state in the Union. But as the farther part of Washington County began to be settled, the necessity for some closer governing body became apparent, and in 1804 Muskingum County, comprising what is now Muskingum, Morgan, Coshocton, Tuscarawas and Stark counties, split off from Washington. In 1808, the division was made still smaller, when Stark County and Tuscarawas County were separately organized.

It seems hard to believe that only 138 years ago, this particular section of land was still uninhabited. I would like to point out first that the childish conception which probably all of us have had at some time, regarding the early pioneers was wrong. The days of Indian fighting in the Tuscarawas valley were past before the white settlers came. Privations, swamps, malaria, mosquitos and wild animals were their enemies, but never Indians. The first settler known to be here was John Mulvane, who had an account at a store run by David Peter at Gnadenhutten. Several squatters families lived in cabins dotted about the valley and surrouding hills. The pioneers feared malaria and as a usual thing built their cabins on the hills, which were heavily wooded. David Johnson, a Mr. Sills, Daniel Harris, and Joseph and William Mulvane were among the very earliest pioneers. George Bible, Barney Riley and John Pierce, were hunters and since they had not obtained a legal right to the land on which they were living when the owners came, were known as squatters. One squatter, whose name may sound familiar, was Nicholas Funston, who was living on the Stark Patent prior to 1816.

In 1814, Nicholas Neighbor came from Morris County, N.J., and having been pleasantly impressed with the location, purchased 1900 acres of the original Bever patent for himself and others. The following year a colony of about sixty emigrants came from New Jersey. They came in wagons, probably drawn by oxen, consuming about four weeks in their journey. No shelter was available except the abandoned Indian cabins of the former Newcomerstown, so they lived in these until their own cabins could be built. In 1816 and 17, other settlers from New Jersey followed, among them being Crater Miller, Tufford, Gardner, Stouffer and Booth families.

According to one history of the township, the first school was taught by Jacob Miller at his cabin, situated north of the river and near the countyline. Not long afterward, Seth Hart, a stranger in the land, gave a term or two of school at the Stouffer cabin, a short distance above where the Nugen bridge is now located. The cabin contained two rooms, and the one occupied during the day as the school room, was used at night as a bed room by the family of Mr. Stouffer. Of course families had to pay individually for any schooling their children received.

The village of Newcomerstown was formally laid out in 1827, when the canal was built. The original plat contained 34 lots in three tiers, two north and one south of the canal. Bridge Street formed the eastern boundary, and Cross Street ran parallel to it. Basin (later changed to Main) Street and Canal Streets ran east and west, and divided the three tiers of lots in the other direction. These names all show that they are directly traceable to the Canal which was being built at that time. Names of many other streets however, keep the names of the early residents before us to this day. These are Neighbor, Mulvane, Goodrich, West, Nugen, and Pilling Streets.

At the time the village was founded, it contained but one building, located immediately south of the present depot; it had been built many years before, and was occupied by Nicholas Neighbor. He also erected the first store building, where Britten's store is now located. The first merchants were Nicholas Neighbor and Jacob Overholt, commencing about 1828. In 1830 the village contained four buildings. Ten years later, the town had a population of 270, showing the influence of the canal upon its growth.

Picture if you can, this village of Newcomerstown just one hundred years ago. There were around two hundred people who lived in log cabins. Probably they had glass in the small windows, and maybe they had rough board floors. Meals were cooked in the fireplace, or in the large kettles which they had brought over the mountains in their wagons, and had hung out-of-doors. There were no worries over what to cook, for provisions were scarce, consisting of wild game, and the vegetables grown in their gardens. Each spring they boiled down maple sap to make their sugar supply for the coming year. The regular visits of the canal boats brought high-priced coffee and tea, molasses and tobacco to the store. Of course they had very little ready cash, but could take their dried peaches and apples, or an extra hank of their own home-spun yarn to the store and trade for a little of these luxuries. When they killed a beef or deer, the meat was salted or dried, and the hide taken down to Aaron Schenk's tanyard, which had been built about 1827 on the corner of River and Canal Streets. After the hide was properly cured, they'd take the leather to the shoemaker. He'd measure thier feet, allowing plenty of room, for those shoes had to last an entire year. Regular applications of grease kept the shoes pliable enough that they could manage to get into them on cold winter mornings, though they were pretty stiff at first. The mothers had to keep spinning wool and knitting stockings about all the time, for children and grown-ups had to be supplied. Of course, after Pilling's woolen mill was built about 1840, they could take the wool there to be carded and spun and dyed, and could even have it woven into cloth.

At about this time too, a pottery was established on Basin Street, near where the railroad now runs. Of course it was a pretty rough kind of pottery, but very satisfactory, considering that there were few dishes except those brought from homes in the East, or very expensive ones brought in by the canal boats. Potter Fox made mostly jugs, jars, crocks and other pieces of the sort, but many uses were found for them; they were fine for all canning.

A sawmill was built by Edmund Smith about 1833, directly north of the canal on Buckhorn Creek, run as usual by water power. The pioneers could then take logs and have lumber made. A flour mill was built about 1836 at the west end of Basin Street. Before, they had had to grind their own corn and wheat, or drive long distances to other mills already built.

All of you have heard the story of the murder of the Post Boy in 1825, but perhaps few know that Oxford Township furnished the first man to be executed by hanging in Tuscarawas County. A man named Johnson, who was arrested soon after the post boy had been killed testified that although he was not guilty of the murder, he had heard the shot and had come out of the woods just in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of the assailant. He insisted that if he ever saw the man, he would be able to identify him. The county sheriff was inclined to beleive Johnson's story, since footprints found near the post boy's body did not fit Johnson's shoes. Accordingly, all the able-bodied men from the southern end of Tuscarawas County were called to appear at New Philadelphia on a certain day.

About 300 appeared and lined up along Broadway. Johnson was brought out and passed along the ranks. After scanning many of the men he pointed to John Funston, saying "There is the man". Funston at first denied the crime, but after trial and conviction, he confessed. He was hanged at New Philadelphia, Dec. 30, 1825. His sister, who lived on the Stark Patent, near where the Shalosky farm is now located, claimed his body, which was buried somewhere in the woods on that farm.

In the early days of the settlement, the closest market for farm products was Pittsburg; and the only way to take anything there was to drive. It was not unusual for the pioneers to see some drover coming east along the road, driving perhaps a large flock of turkeys, a herd of cattle or hogs. Then when the drover disposed of his live stock perhaps in Pittsburg, but sometimes in Philadelphia, he had to return by foot or horseback, carrying with him the profits of his trip. As a result, bandits frequently lay in wait on some lonely spot, hoping to rob the returning drover. Many taverns were the scenes of fights, and legends of murders are frequent about some of them.

Even amusements had to travel by wagon back in the early days. The circus came to town, and the animals walked all the way. My grandmother loved to tell us about the time she and her brother held up the circus to see the elephants. Great Grandfather Pilling's cabin stood in the yard just east of where our house stands now. At that time he had a saw-mill down by the river and the land north of the present culvert was covered by the mill pond. A small plank bridge carried the wagon road across the mill race. The children had seen the elephants with circuses before, and knew that rather than risk their great weight on the small plank bridge, the elephants would wade the mill pond. Of course once they got in the water they throughly enjoyed it, and the drivers had a time getting them out. This time Grandfather Pilling thought he'd help the children have even more fun, so told them to carry a basket of potatoes out and spread them in the road. When the elephants came along they stopped to eat the potatoes, and wouldn't budge until every last one had been found, in spite of all the angry drivers could do. So if any of your grandparents were worried that day about the circus arriving late at Newcomerstown, it was all my great-grandfather's fault!

About where the pump station now stands, a grove of wild plum trees grew, and here the circuses would stop and prepare for the grand entry, at the same time removing some of the dust that had accumulated since leaving the last stand.

The first church organization in the town was Luthern. The first church was a brick building located on the site of Salathial Neighbor's residence today. As I understand it, the church was remodeled to make this house, which back in our grandparents day was occupied by John Rodney and his wife Ellen.

Have you ever noticed in the old cemetaries the rows and rows of children's graves? Few parents could boast of having reared all their children to maturity, and countless mothers died in childbirth. Thats why so many of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers had two and often three or four wives. Many children died of cholera; and pneumonia, commonly called "sinking chills", took a terrible toll of people of all ages. Even though there were doctors back in the early days, their cures were simple and their supply of drugs scarce. Consequently many a pioneer family depended soley upon the mother's knowledge of home remedies, resorting to

herbs,poultices,and even at times to charms and incantations;preferring these to the doctor's hastily mixed and evil tasting powders.

And now I'd like you to come with me and stand on the high bridge over the canal at Bridge Street,the year about 1860. You can hear the driver swearing at the mules long before the boat rounds the bend below town. The mules,two of them,are hitched tandem to the tow rope,and walk along the tow path on the south side of the canal,probably fifty or sixty feet ahead of the boat which since it is evidently heavily laden,rides low in the water. The driver,brandishing his whip,walks close behind the mules, seeing to it that they don't loiter. Now the boat approches. It's probably fifteen feet wide and maybe four times that long,and has a compact,snug appearance. It's a fine day, and the passengers are sitting up on the top, on the benches. The steersman is lopping lazily against the tiller at the stern of the boat,depending on the pressure of his shoulders to steer the boat along a proper course while he scans the banks for a sight of some of his cronies,exchanging bantering pleasantries,or the latest gossip from down the canal.

Now the boat comes to rest against the bank,and unloading of passengers and cargo take place. Some of the passengers remain in their places though,since they are traveling farther up the canal;they spend the time laughing at the antics of Crazy Dave. He's a poor fellow,rather unbalanced mentally,but entirely harmless,who roams around town. As a canal boat pulls in he likes to shout to the passengers in a funny, singsong manner,"Crazy Dave will go cut the pigeon wing for a copper-cent-a-button." One of the passengers laughingly tosses down a coin and watches while Dave executes a queer little jig.

All manner of goods were shipped by way of the canal-wool,wheat, corn,whisky,feathers,dried apples and peaches,sorghum molasses and hides. and in exchange the boats brought back calico,coffee,tea,half-refined sugar,nails, and dishes. Mail was not carried as a usual thing,since other means of transportation were speedier. But as a carrier of news and gossip, the boat was unexcelled, for it moved slowly enough that conversation could be had at any point along it's route.

The canal was too narrow in most places for boats to pass,except at locks and basins. Frequent fights occured there between boat crews to settle the question as to who should pass through the lock first;consequently the man with ready fists found it easier to get the job. Each lock had a tender,and almost every lock had some weird story connected with it concerning this or that strange happening. A black dog was reported to be seen frequently roving about one of the locks near Port Washington on dark nights,and at Tusker's lock a headless man had appeared.

Think what excitement must have rushed over the people in Newcomerstown when the following announcement appeared in the Stubenville Messenger of May 31,1851. "The route of the Stubenville & Indiana Railroad,after careful surveys,has been determined upon. Its location was decided at the last meeting of the Board of Directors. It leaves Steubenville through the Cross Creek Valleythence by way of Urichsville to Coshocton." The road from Steubenville to Newark was opened for traffic in April 1855. But as it had no connections farther east or west, it did not prosper,and before 1860 passed into receivership. It finally was merged with the Pennsylvania railraod company in 1867,by which time direct connections had been established both to the east and to the west.

Few stories seem to have been handed down, concerning the building of the railroad, but various incidents during the Civil War times make mention of it. President Lincoln passed through here on his way to Washington in 1861 making appearances on the rear platform just as presidents do today. Mrs. Mary E. Dent, whom I'm sure some of you remember, liked to tell about Lincoln's train stopping at Port Washington. She was a little girl of six or seven then, and when her mother lifted her, the president stroked the child's head.

Into 1860, Newcomerstown had a population of 577. How deeply each of those 577 must have felt the loss of many young men from here who joined the Union Army. At first no company was mustered right at Newcomerstown, but several were raised in surrounding towns, which our men joined. They were given but a few weeks training, and then sent into battle. Trainloads passed through here, the men often sitting or standing in open flat cars.

In the autumn of 1861, Camp Meigs was established on the Dover fair grounds, and most of the enlisted troops from the country got a little early training there. The Fifty-first Regiment was organized at that place, and company C of that regiment was composed of Newcomerstown men. (Just as an illustration of the short training given the Civil War soldiers--my Grandfather Moore enlisted with a company raised at Port Washington in August 1862. They were sent for a short time to a camp at Mingo Junction, and then sent to take part in the western campaign, where at the battle of Perryville in Kentucky, early in October, he was critically wounded.)

Although the telegraph was in use before the time of the Civil War, it was used only for important communications, and the folks back home had no way of knowing what was happening except from the newspapers or heresay. Sometimes many weeks passed before they learned that loved ones had been killed or wounded. Very few daily papers came to town, and the common practice was 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 all the news of the war to the crowd which assembled daily for this event. Lists of companies engaged, names of killed or wounded, were always included in the day's news and many people in that way learned that a husband, father, son, or brother had been killed.

Newcomerstown made a steady growth in population even during the Civil War days, and the period following the war brought many inventions to add to the comfort and prosperity of the inhabitants. The canal was still the most popular throughfare, and many a returning soldier found employment along its banks. Although the telegraph was already in use and taken as rather a matter of course by the more urbane half of the citizenry, still its actual mechanism was as much a mystery to many, as television is to us today. They enjoyed telling of the man who returned to his home 'way out in the hills, after one of his very infrequent and therefore amazing trips to Newcomerstown, with the report that one of the telegraph wires "had busted and there was a bushel of messages piled up in a heap."

The C & M Railroad was built in 1873,and many stories are still current in the town about the camps of Irish laborers employed to build it. It's completion was marked by the usual ceremony of driving the final spike of gold.

The more prosperous housewives had sewing machines,and could turn out wonderful creations with yards of ruffling,banks with stays and dozens of buttons,and skirts with dust-ruffles to sweep a wide swath as one rustled her way down the street. Most of the early sewing machines made a chain stitch,and woe unto him who pulled the wrong thread. I have a nice little picture in my mind of what must have occured in the parlour about the time grandpa, dressed in his Sunday best and seated on the hair-cloth sofa courting grandma,innocently picked up a loose thread on her new merino polonaise.

In 1876,people heard that a man named Bell had invented a telephoneand though it was a full twenty years before the first one was installed in this locality, everyone began experimenting to see how the thing really worked.Not only the children,but some of the grownups as well, tried stretching a string from the wood shed to the outkitchen,with a tin can fastened on each end,and spent long hours shouting to each other.

During the '80's the present town hall was built,and with the completion of the Opera House,real progress was made on the way of entertainment. Not only did home talent shows prosper,but various troupes of actors,musicians,magicians,and minstrels,some of whom were already prominent in their particular fields, made stops here.

Newcomerstown,in the latter part of the 19th Century, had a thriving fair each fall. Although the fair grounds were really situated in Coshocton County(on the land directly west of the corporation line, and now owned by Dr. Geo. Kistler) still the fair belonged to Newcomerstown. It was called the Central Ohio District Fair,and as its name implies,was really larger than any of the county fairs. The four days of the fair were the high point of the year for Newcomerstown citizens and people came from miles around bringing the family lunch in large picnic baskets. Many a summer's hard work over the hot kitchen stove was climaxed for Grandma when her spiced peaches or marble cake was awarded the blue ribbon. And any girl whose beau did not polish up pa's buggy and take her in her new fall finery to see the horse races and side show,had real cause for complaint, for that was the fashion show of the season.

In 1895,the Glow plant was moved here,and lent much impetus to the growth of the population,in fact the census figure shows that it doubled in that decade. At the same time the industrial life of the community took on a new phase, for products manufactured before that time had been largely absorbed by local demand,and no active part had been taken in interstate and foreign trade.From that time on,shipping of manufactured products from Newcomerstown has steadily increased.It is not my intention here to occupy time in giving any account of the development of our community either in an industrail or social way since the beginning of the twentieth century,since this is current knowledge.It might however,be interesting to point out that in the 90 year period over which the United States Census figures are available for Newcomerstown,the greatest period of growth was that included in the thirty years between 1870 and 1900,when the population increased by 23% as compared with 193% for the thirty years preceding,and 60% for the thirty years following that period.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

BUREAU OF THE CENSUS

WASHINGTON

October 1, 1937

Miss Lois Zimmer,
Newcomerstown, Ohio

Dear Madam:

In compliance with your recent request, there is given below the total population of Newcomerstown in Tuscarawas county, Ohio, according to the Federal Decennial Censuses of 1850 to 1930, inclusive.

1950 4,514

1930	4,265	
1920	3,389	60%
1910	2,943	
1900	2,659	
1890	1,251	237%
1880	926	
1870	791	
1860	577	193%
1850	476	
1840	270	

Very truly yours,

Leon E. Truesdell,
Chief Statistician for Population

MRM:E

Diary of Newcomerstown

1939

Lois Zimmer

Copied from
Janet Cheney

My Community and How it Came to be.

Although archeologists have definitely established that Mound Builders once lived in this location, this fact seems of little value to latter day residents, except to prove even more conclusively that as a place for desirable homesites, the Tuscarawas valley has been inviting since man's first arrival. Our memory of American colonial history will verify that all this region was at one time claimed by both the French and the English. Many historians believe that LaSalle may have been the very first white man to discover the Tuscarawas and Muskingum rivers, but any definite proof of his ever having been in this locality is missing. At any rate, many French traders and voyaguers (vwa-ye-zhur') were found living among the Ohio Indians, by English explorers who arrived at a later date.

The English of course, claimed all of the Ohio valley and the tributaries thro their charters, most of which granted them land extending for a stated number of miles along the Atlantic coast, and reaching inland to the "Western Ocean".

The earliest record of a visit to this vicinity was made in 1750 by Christopher Gist. He was an explorer and surveyor, employed by a company of Virginians, among them George Washington. This Ohio Land Company was anxious to ascertain the nature of the country beyond the Allegheny Mountains, that they might buy land from the colonies to found new settlements. Gist traveled westward from the vicinity of Fort Duquesne, coming to the Tuscarawas River at the site of the present town of Bolivar. It should be mentioned just here, that this trail became most frequented by later explorers and pioneers. Gist records in his journal that an Indian town called Tuscarawas, and meaning "Old Town" was located at the point where he first reached the river. He followed down the river to the junction of the Tuscarawas and Whitewoman, which we know today as the Walhonding. He reached there on Dec. 14, 1750. On Dec. 26, this entry is made in his journal.
"This day a woman that had long been a prisoner and had deserted, being retaken and brought into town on Christmas eve, was put to death in the following manner; They carried her without the town and let her loose; and when she attempted to run away, the persons appointed for that purpose pursued her and struck her on the ear on the right side of the head, which bent her flat on her face to the ground. They then struck her several times through the back with a dart to the heart; scalped her, and threw the scalp in the air, and another cut off her head. Thus the dismal spectacle lay until evening, and then Barney Curran, (a white trader) desired leave to bury her, which he and his men and some of the Indians did just at dark." This evidently took place at the present site of Coshocton.

Again in his journal, under date of Tuesday, January 15, 1751:
"We left Muskingum and went west five miles to the White Woman Creek, on which is a small town. This white woman was taken away from New England when she was not above ten years old by the French Indians. She is now upward of fifty; has an Indian husband and several children. Her name is Mary Harris. She still remembers that they used to be very religious in New England; and wonders how the white men can be so wicked as she has seen them in these woods."

Any of you who have driven from Coshocton to Mt. Vernon, will recall having seen a boulder at the side of the pavement not far from Walhonding, marking the site of White Woman's Town. These two entries in Gist's Journal furnish the most authentic basis for the legend regarding the name of Newcomerstown. Probably all of you are familiar with the story, but I'll repeat it, for the sake of continuity of my own story, and because it is undoubtedly the earliest account of the "eternal triangle" in this locality.

Eagle Feather, the chief whose wife was Mary Harris, became tired of her. One account says that in spite of the fact that he brought her home the finest meats for food, and the finest skins for clothing, she didn't have any papooses for him. But evidently this was just some old squaw's gossip, for Gist's journal states that she and her Indian husband had several children. At any rate, on one of their raiding trips into the Virginia frontier, Eagle Feather found himself a younger and more beautiful squaw. He captured her, bringing her home to live in the same wigwam with Mary Harris. Matters went from bad to worse, with Mary becoming more and more jealous of the Newcomer. Finally one morning, Mary awakened the Indian village with cries that her husband had been murdered. And sure enough, there Eagle Feather lay, his head neatly parted by a tomahawk. The Newcomer had fled. Of course this made it appear that she was the murderess, and the Indians set out in pursuit. They recaptured her at a small Indian town on the banks of the Tuscarawas, some distance above Coshocton, and from that time on, the site of her recapture by the Indians became known as The Newcomer's Town. Was it she whose execution was witnessed by Christopher Gist at Coshocton the day after Christmas in 1750? The legend relates that The Newcomer accused Mary Harris of murdering her own husband in a fit of jealousy, but Mary was clever enough to convince the Indians of her innocence. Regardless of whether or not we accept this legend as the origin of our town's name, I'd like to make the plea that we each endeavor to form the habit of saying and writing New'comers town. Not only does it serve to preserve the origin, but is far more distinctive than Newcom'erstown.

Of course you will all note a discrepancy here, for Gist does not connect the two women in his Journal, and apparently Eagle Feather was still among the living when Gist visited Mary Harris.

The decade from 1750 to 1760 was one of strife between the French and English, with the Ohio country constantly overrun by warring tribes. However from captives held by the Indians during this time, it has been learned that there was a Newcomer's town. About 1760, the French were driven out of this section, the English had captured Ft. Duquesne and renamed it Ft. Pitt, and all the territory lying west of the Alleghenies, and north of the Ohio, had been ceded to the English by the French. ~~Copies of~~ Messages sent to Indian chiefs by the commandant at Ft. Pitt were frequently addressed to Newcomerstown, according to copies preserved in a Journal kept by the missionary Heckewelder.

In 1761 and 62, two Moravian missionaries, John Heckewelder and Christian Frederick Post, came to the Tuscarawas valley, and built a small cabin at Bolivar, where they hoped to establish a mission among the Indians. However the tribes were so hostile that they were forced to abandon the attempt within the year.

In 1764, an expedition was sent out by the colonists from Philadelphia for the purpose of punishing the Indians who had continued to make depredations all along the frontier, destroying much property, and killing and capturing hundreds of whites. The expedition was under the leadership of Col. Henry Boquet. He came west by way of Ft. Pitt, following the usual trail to the Tuscarawas River at Bolivar. But due to the fact that he had been warned of very hostile Indian towns situated along the banks of the river, he set out across country to his destination - Coshocton, traveling from Bolivar to Winfield, Sugarcreek, Chili, and Coshocton. His expedition was large, and moved

with military precision, so that the Indians readily acquiesced to his demands that all white prisoners be released to him on a certain date, or punishment of the tribes would follow. He had already held council with the heads of the various Indian nations, at Bolivar, and had chosen the forks of the Muskingum as the most advantageous for handing over all prisoners. His army arrived there Oct. 25, 1764. The following is quoted from the records of Col. Boquet:

"This place (forks of the Muskingum) was fixed upon instead of Wakatomica as the most central and convenient place to receive the prisoners, for the principal Indian towns lay around them from seven to twenty miles distant, except the lower Shawnee town situated on the Scioto River about eighty miles, so that from this place the army had it in their power to awe all the enemies' settlements, and destroy their towns, if they should not punctually fulfil the engagements they had entered into."

I wish each of you might read from Col. Boquet's journal of the arrival daily of different bands of Indians to this camp, each with a number of white prisoners. By the ninth of November, most of the prisoners had arrived that could be expected at that season, amounting to two hundred and six, besides about one hundred more remaining in possession of the Shawanese, which they promised to deliver the following spring, so the army returned to the east. Some of the prisoners had lived among the Indians for so many years that they grieved at parting, and in a few instances refused to leave Indian husbands or wives and return to civilization. But these instances were far outnumbered by the joyous reunions which took place. In many cases, families had been separated for so many years that identification of loved ones was very difficult. I will quote just one of these stories, which seemed to me the most beautiful.

"Harvey, in his History of Pennsylvania, says a great number of the restored prisoners were sent to Carlisle, Pa., and Colonel Boquet advertised for those who had lost children to come and reclaim them. One old woman who had lost a child, and failing to recognize it among the returned captives, was lamenting her loss and wringing her hands, told Col. Boquet how she had years previous sung a little hymn to her daughter, who was so fond of it. The colonel told her to sing it then, which she did as follows:

Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh,
He comes my every hour to cheer.

She had no sooner concluded, than her long-lost daughter, who had failed to know her mother by sight but remembered the hymn, rushed into her mother's arms."

David Zeisberger, in 1771 was the next white visitor. Sometime around 1760 Chief Netawatwas had moved his band of Delawares from western Pennsylvania to the site of Newcomerstown, and had invited Zeisberger to follow, since Netawatwes already knew of the Moravian's good work among the Indians. When Netawatwes made this his capital, he adopted the name of King Newcomer, and it was to this place that Zeisberger first came. Here he found the Indian village, nearly a mile square, containing about one hundred log houses, many of them with many evidences of civilization, such as shingle roofs, board floors, and one even had a staircase. It was here that the first Protestant sermon to be preached west of the Alleghenies was delivered to the Delaware Indians. At the time my great-grandfather bought the farm on which we now live, a large walnut tree was standing in the field about half-way between the present site of the railroad and the river. According to the story current at that time, Netawatwes cabin stood under that tree, and it was there that Zeisberger had preached. This location has been confirmed by records of the Moravian Church in Bethlehem, Pa.

Within a few years, the Delawares granted the Moravians use of part of their land for a mission, selecting as a site the Beautiful Spring; but since the story of Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten is already so familiar to all, I am going to omit it here.

For a time during the Revolution, the Tuscarawas became known as the "Bloody Valley", and it was during this time that the Moravian villages were abandoned and destroyed. Shortly after the Revolution however, the settlers began entering the country west of the Alleghenies, and the first organized effort at settlement was undertaken at Marietta by a company of officers of the Revolutionary Army.. They received a large grant of land from Congress, which was in turn divided up among the officers. They paid for the land with warrants which had been given them at the close of the war because the infant republic had no cash with which to pay its soldiers. Following the Revolution, the colonies had ceded to the new government all their claims to western lands. This section, as far west as the Mississippi River, and north of the Ohio to the Great Lakes became known as the Northwest Territory, and in 1787 a set of laws, known as the Northwest Ordinance,was drawn up to govern it. Two outstanding features of this ordinance were that slavery was to be forever prohibited from this Territory, and that certain portions of each section were to be definitely set aside for school use. It also specified that not less than three nor more than five states were to be made from this Territory when certain requirements as to population and territorial government had been fulfilled.

All of this locality was originally a part of Washington County, with the county seat at Marietta, and came under the Revolutionary land grants. Most of Oxford Township was granted to John Bever, who was a native of Virginia, and to Gen. John Stark of Manchester, N. H. Many of you may recall having heard the farms east of us - Dougherty's, Morrises, Barnett's Schlupp's, Woodwards, etc., referred to as "Stark Patent". John Bever owned the land west of this. Any resident of Newcomerstown, finding it necessary to have an abstract prepared today, would discover this on the front page :

John Adams, President U. S. A.	:	Whole 2nd Qr.,Twp.5, Range 3
to	:	Containing 3999.8 acres
John Bever	:	Patent
		March 20, 1800

By 1798, ten years after the first settlers had reached Marietta, the population had increased so rapidly, that steps were taken to form a territorial government, and by 1803, the territory was ready to become the 17th state in the Union. But as the farther parts of Washington County beganto be settled, the necessity for some closer governing body became apparent, and in 1804 Muskingum County, comprising what is now Muskingum, Morgan, Coshocton, Tuscarawas and Stark Counties, split off from Washington. In 1808, the division was made still smaller, when Stark County and Tuscarawas County were separately organized.

It seems hard to believe that only 138 years ago, this particular section of land was still uninhabited. I would like to point out first that the childish conception which probably all of us have had at some time, regarding the early pioneers was wrong. The days of Indian fighting in the Tuscarawas valley were past before the white settlers came. Privations, swamps, malaria , and mosquitos and wild animals were their enemies, but never Indians. The first settler known to be here was John Mulvane, who had an account at a store run by David Peter at Gnadenhutten. Several squatter's families lived in cabins dotted about the valley and surrounding hills. The pioneers feared malaria and as a usual thing built their cabins on the hills, which were heavily wooded. David Johnson, a Mr. Sills, Daniel Harris, and Joseph and William Mulvane were among the very earliest pioneers. George Bible, Barney Riley and John Pierce, were hunters and since they had not obtained a legal right to the land on which they

were living when the owners came, were known as squatters. One squatter, whose name may sound familiar, was Nicholas Funston, who was living on the Stark Patent prior to 1816.

In 1814, Nicholas Neighbor came from Morris County, N. J., and having been pleasantly impressed with the location, purchased 1900 acres of the original Bever patent for himself and others. The following year a colony of about sixty emigrants came from New Jersey. They came in wagons, probably drawn by oxen, consuming about four weeks in the journey. No shelter was available except the abandoned Indian cabins of the former Newcomerstown, so they lived in these until their own cabins could be built. In 1816 and 17, other settlers from New Jersey followed, among them being Miller, Tufford, Crater, Gardner, Stouffer and Booth families.

According to one history of the township, the first school was taught by Jacob Miller at his cabin, situated north of the river and near the county line. Not long afterward, Seth Hart, a stranger in the land, gave a term or two of school at the Stouffer cabin, a short distance above where the Nugen bridge is now located. The cabin contained two rooms, and the one occupied during the day as the school room, was used at night as a bed room by the family of Mr. Stouffer. Of course families had to pay individually for any schooling their children received.

The village of Newcomerstown was formelly laid out in 1827, when the canal was built. The original plat contained 34 lots in three tiers, two north and one south of the canal. Bridge Street formed the eastern boundary, and Cross Street ran parallel to it. Basin(later changed to Main) Street and Canal Streets ran east and west, and divided the three tiers of lots in the other direction. These names all show that they are directly traceable to the Canal which was being built at that time. Names of many other streets however, keep the names of the early residents before us to this day. These are Neighbor, Mulvane, Goodrich, West, Nugen, and Pilling Streets.

At the time the village was founded, it contained but one building, located immediately south of the present depot; it had been built many years before, and was occupied by Nicholas Neighbor. He also erected the first store building, where Britten's store is now located. The first merchants were Nicholas Neighbor and Jacob Overholt, commencing about 1828. In 1830 the village contained four buildings. Ten years later, the town had a population of 270, showing the influence of the canal upon its growth.

Picture, if you can, this village of Newcomerstown just one hundred years ago. There were around two hundred people, who lived in log cabins. Probably they had glass in the small windows, and maybe they had rough board floors. Meals were cooked in the fireplace, or in the large kettles which they had brought over the mountains in their wagons, and had hung out-of-doors. There were no worries over what to cook, for provisions were scarce, consisting of wild game, and the vegetables grown in the gardens. Each spring they boiled down maple sap to make their sugar supply for the coming year. The regular visits of the canal boats brought high-priced coffee and tea, molasses and tobacco to the store. Of course they had very little ready cash, but could take their dried peaches and apples, or an extra hank of their own home-spun yarn to the store and trade for a little of these luxuries. When they killed a beef or deer, the meat was salted or dried, and the hide taken down to Aaron Schenk's tanyard, which had been build about 1827 on the corner of River and Canal Streets. After the Hide was properly cured, they'd take the leather to the shoemaker. He'd measure their feet, allowing plenty of room, for those shoes had to last an entire year. Regular applications of grease kept the shoes pliable enough that they could manage to get into them on cold winter mornings, though they were pretty stiff at first. The mothers had to keep spinning wool and knitting stockings just about all the time, for children and grown-ups had to be supplied. Of course, after Pillings woolen mill was built about 1840, they could take the wool there to be carded and spun and dyed, and could even have it

woven into cloth.

At about this time too, a pottery was established on Basin Street, near where the railroad now runs. Of course it was a pretty rough kind of pottery, but very satisfactory, considering that there were few dishes except those brought from homes in the east, or a few very expensive ones brought in by the canal boats. Potter Fox made mostly jugs, jars, crocks and other pieces of that sort, but many uses were found for them; they were fine for all canning.

A sawmill was built by Edmund Smith about 1833, directly north of the canal on Buckhorn Creek, run as usual by water power. The pioneers could then take logs and have lumber made. A flour mill was built about 1836 at the west end of Basin Street. Before that they had had to grind their own corn and wheat, or drive long distances to other mills already built.

All of you have heard the story of the murder of the Post Boy in 1825, but perhaps few of you know that Oxford Township furnished the first man to be executed by hanging in Tuscarawas County. A man named Johnson, who was arrested soon after the post boy had been killed testified that although he was not guilty of the murder, he had heard the shot and had come out of the woods just in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of the assailant. He insisted that if he ever saw the man, he would be able to identify him. The county sheriff was inclined to believe Johnson's story, since footprints found near the post boy's body did not fit Johnson's shoes. Accordingly, all the able-bodied men from the southern end of Tuscarawas County were called to appear at New Philadelphia on a certain day. About 300 appeared and lined up along Broadway. Johnson was brought out and passed along the ranks. After scanning many of the men he pointed to John Funston, saying "There is the man". Funston at first denied the crime, but after trial and conviction, he confessed. He was hanged at New Philadelphia, Dec. 30, 1825. His sister, who lived on the Stark Patent, near where the Shalosky farm is now located, claimed his body, which was buried somewhere in the woods on that farm.

In the early days of the settlement, the closest market for farm products was Pittsburg; and the only way to take anything there was to drive. It was ~~a common sight~~ not unusual for the pioneers, to see some drover coming east along the road, driving perhaps a large flock of turkeys, a herd of cattle or hogs. Then when the drover disposed of his live stock perhaps in Pittsburg, but sometimes even in Philadelphia, he had to return by foot or horseback, carrying with him the profits of his trip. ~~to market~~. As a result, bandits frequently lay in wait in some lonely spot, hoping to rob the returning drover. Many taverns were the scenes of fights, and legends of murders are frequent about some of them.

Even amusements had to travel by wagon back in the early days. The circus came to town, and the animals walked all the way. My grandmother loved to tell us about the time she and her brother held up the circus to see the elephants. Great Grandfather Pilling's cabin stood in the yard just east of where our house stands now. At that time he had a saw-mill down by the river and the land north of the present culvert was covered by the mill pond. A small plank bridge carried the wagon road across the mill race. The children had seen elephants with circuses before, and knew that rather than risk their great weight on the small plank bridge, the elephants would wade the mill pond. Of course once they got in the water they thoroughly enjoyed it, and the drivers had a time getting them out. This time Grandfather Pilling thought he'd help the children have even more fun, so told them to carry a basket of potatoes out and spread them in the road. When the elephants came along they stopped to eat the potatoes, and wouldn't budge until every last one had been found, in spite of all the angry drivers could do. So if any of your grandparents were worried that day about the circus arriving late at Newcomerstown, it was all my great-grandfather's fault! there's the reason!

About where the pump station now stands, a grove of wild plum trees grew, and here the circuses would stop and prepare for the grand entry, at the same

time removing some of the dust they had accumulated since leaving the last stand.

The first church organization in the town was Lutheran. The first church was a brick building located on the site of Salathial Neighbor's residence today. As I understand it, the ~~first~~ church was remodeled to make this house, which back in our grandparent's day was occupied by John Rodney and his wife Ellen.

Have you ever noticed in old cemeteries the rows and rows of children's graves? Few parents could boast of having reared all their children to maturity, and countless mothers died in childbirth. Thats why so many of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers had two and often three or four wives. Many children died of cholera; and pneumonia, commonly called "sinking chills", took a terrible toll of people of all ages. Even though there were doctors back in the early days, their cures were simple and their supply of drugs scarce. Consequently many a pioneer family depended solely upon the mother's knowledge of home remedies, resorting to herbs, poultices, and even at times to charms and incantations; preferring these to the doctor's hastily mixed and evil tasting powders.

And now I'd like you to come with me and stand on the high bridge over the canal at Bridge Street, the year about 1860. You can hear the driver swearing at the mules long before the boat rounds the bend below town. The mules, two of them, are hitched tandem, to the tow rope and walk along the tow path on the south side of the canal, probably fifty or sixty feet ahead of the boat which since it is evidently heavily laden, rides low in the water. The driver, brandishing his whip, walks close behind the mules, seeing to it that they don't loiter. Now the boat approaches. Its probably fifteen feet wide and maybe four times that long, and has a compact, snug appearance. Its a fine day, and the passengers are sitting up on top, on the benches. The steersman is lopping lazily against the tiller at the stern of the boat, depending on the pressure of his shoulders to steer the boat along a proper course while he scans the banks for a sight of some of his cronies, exchanging bantering pleasantries, or the latest gossip from down the canal.

Now the boat comes to rest against the bank, and unloading of passengers and cargo takes place. Some of the passengers remain in their places though, since they are traveling farther up the canal; they spend the time laughing at the antics of Crazy Dave. He's a poor fellow, rather unbalanced mentally, but entirely harmless, who roams about the town. As a canal boat pulls in he likes to shout to the passengers in a funny, singsong manner, "Crazy Dave will so cut the pigeon wing for a copper-cent-a-button." One of the passengers laughlingly tosses down a coin and watches while Dave executes a queer little jig.

All manner of goods was 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, nails and dishes. Mail was not carried as a usual thing, since other means of transportation were speedier. But as a carrier of news and gossip, the boat was unexcelled, for it moved slowly enough that conversation could be had at any point along its route.

The canal was too narrow in most places for boats to pass, except at locks and basins. Frequent fights occured there between boat crews to settle the question as to who should pass through the lock first; consequently the man with ready fists found it easier to get the job. Each lock had a tender, and almost every lock had some weird story connected with it concerning this or that strange happening. A black dog was reported to be seen frequently roving about one of the locks near Port Washington on dark nights, and at DTucker's' lock a headless man had appeared.

Think what excitement must have flushed over the people in Newcomerstown when the following announcement appeared in the Steubenville Messenger of May 31, 1851 "The route of the Steubenville & Indiana Railroad, after careful surveys, has been determined upon. Its location was decided at the last meeting of the Board of Directors. It leaves Steubenville through the Cross Creek Valley, thence by way of

Uhrichsville to Coshocton." The road from Steubenville to Newark was opened for traffic in April 1855. But as it had no connections farther east or west, it did not prosper, and before 1860 passed into receivership. It finally was merged with the Pennsylvania railroad company in 1867, by which time direct connections had been established both to the east and to the west.

Few stories seem to have been handed down, concerning the building of the railroad, but various incidents during Civil War times make mention of it. President Lincoln passed through here on his way to Washington in 1861, making appearances on the rear platform just as presidents do today. Mrs. Mary E. Dent, whom I'm sure some of you remember, liked to tell about Lincoln's train stopping at Port Washington. She was a little girl of six or seven then, and when her mother lifted her, the president stroked the child's head.

In 1860, Newcomerstown had a population of 577. How deeply each of those 577 must have felt the loss of the many young men from here who joined the Union Army. At first no company was mustered right at Newcomerstown, but several were raised in surrounding towns, which our men joined. They were given but a few weeks training, and then sent into battle. Trainloads of troops passed through here, the men often sitting or standing in open flat cars.

In the autumn of 1861, Camp Meigs was established on the Dover fair Grounds, and most of the enlisted troops from the county got a little early training there. The Fifty-first Regiment was organized at that place, and company C of that regiment was composed of Newcomerstown men. Just as an illustration of the short training given Civil War soldiers - my Grandfather Moore enlisted with a company raised at Port Washington in August 1862. They were sent for a short time to a camp at Wingo Junction, and then sent to take part in the western campaign, where at the battle of Perryville in Kentucky, early in October, he was critically wounded.

Although the telegraph was in use before the time of the Civil War, it was used only for important communications, and the folks back home had no way of knowing what was happening except from the newspapers or hearsay. Sometimes many weeks passed before they learned that loved ones had been killed or wounded. Very few daily papers came to town, and the common practice was 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 all the news of the war to the crowd which assembled daily for this event. Lists of companies engaged, names of killed or wounded, were always included in the day's news and many people in that way learned that a husband, father, son or brother had been killed.

Newcomerstown made a steady growth in population even during Civil War days, and the period following the war brought many inventions to add to the comfort and prosperity of the inhabitants. The canal was still the most popular thoroughfare, and many a returning soldier found employment along its banks. Although the telegraph was already in use and taken as rather a matter of course by the more urbane half of the citizenry, still its actual mechanism was as much a mystery to many, as television is to us today. They enjoyed telling of the man who returned to his home way out in the hills, after one of his very infrequent and therefore amazing trips to Newcomerstown, with the report that one of the telegraph wires had busted and there was a bushel of messages piled up in a heap!"

The C & M Railroad was built in 1873, and many stories are still current in the town about the camps of Irish laborers employed to build it. It's completion was marked by the usual ceremony of driving the final spike of gold.

The more prosperous housewives had sewing machines, and could turn out wonderful creations with yards of ruffling, basks with stays and dozens of buttons, and skirts with dust-ruffles to sweep a wide swath as one rustled her way down the street. Most of the early sewing machines made a chain stitch, and woe unto him who pulled the wrong thread. I have a nice little picture in my mind of what must have

ocurred in the parlor about the time grandpa, dressed in his Sunday best and seated on the ~~horsehair~~ hair-cloth sofa courting grandma, innocently picked up a loose end of thread on her new merino polonaise.

In 1876, people heard that a man named Bell had invented a telephone, and though it was ~~almost~~ fully twenty years before the first one was installed in this locality everyone began experimenting to see how the thing really worked. Not only the children, but some of the grownups as well, tried stretching a string from the wood shed to the outkitchen, with a tin can fastened on each end, and spent long hours shouting to each other.

During the '80's the present town hall was built, and with the completion of the Opera House, real progress was made in the way of entertainment. Not only did home talent shows prosper, but various troupes of actors, musicians, magicians and minstrels, some of whom were already prominent in their particular fields, made stops here.

Newcomerstown, in the letter part of the 19th Century had a thriving fair each fall. Although the fair grounds were really situated in Coshocton County (on the land directly west of the corporation line, and now owned by Dr. Geo. Kistler,) still the fair belonged to Newcomerstown. It was called the Central Ohio District Fair, and as its name implies, was really larger than any of the county fairs. The four days of the fair were the high point of the year for Newcomerstown citizens and people came from miles around, bringing the family lunch in large picnic baskets. Many a summer's hard work over ~~preserving preserve kettles~~ the hot kitchen stove was climaxed for Grandma when her spiced peaches or ~~chowchow were~~ marble cake was awarded the blue ribbon. And any girl whose beau did not polish up pa's buggy and take her in her new fall finery to see the horse races and side shows, had real cause for complaint, for that was the fashion show of the season.

In 1895, the Clow plant was moved here, and lent much impetus to the growth of the population, in fact the census figures show that it doubled in that decade. At the same time the industrial life of the community took on a new phase, for products manufactured before that time had been largely absorbed by local demand, and no active part had been taken in interstate and foreign trade. From that time on, shipping of manufactured products from Newcomerstown has steadily increased. It is not my intention here to occupy time in giving any account of the development of our community either in an industrial or social way since the beginning of the twentieth century, since this is current knowledge. It might however, be interesting to point out that in the 90 year period over which United States Census figures are available for Newcomerstown, the greatest period of growth was that included in the thirty years between 1870 and 1900, when the population increased by 237% as compared with 193% for the thirty years preceding, and 60% for the thirty years following that period.

MY COMMUNITY AND HOW IT CAME TO BE

LOIS ZIMMER
1937

Although archeologists have definitely established that Mound Builders once lived in this location, this fact seems of little value to latter day residents, except to prove even more conclusively that as a place for desireable homesites, the Tuscarawas valley has been inviting since man's first arrival. Our memory of American colonial history will verify that all this region was at one time claimed by both the French and the English. Many historians believe that LaSalle may have been the very first white man to discover the Tuscarawas and Muskingum rivers, but any definite proff of his ever having been in this locality is missing. At any rate, many French traders and voyaguers were found living among the Ohio Indians, by English explorers who arrived at a later date.

The English, of course, claimed all of the Ohio valley and the tributaries through their charters, most of which granted them land extending for a stated number of miles along the Atlantic coast, and reaching inland to the "Western Ocean".

The earliest record of a visit to this vicinity was made in 1750 by Christopher Gist. He was an explorer and surveyor, employed by a company of Virginians, among them George Washington. This Ohio Land Company was anxious to ascertain the nature of the country beyond the Allegheny Mountains, that they might buy land from the colonies to found new settlements. Gist traveled westward from the vicinity of Fort Duquesne,coming to the Tuscarawas River at the site of the present town of Boliver. It should be mentioned just here, that this trail became most frequented by later explorers and pioneers, Gist records in his journal that an Indian town called Tuscarawas, and meaning "Old Town" was located at thepoint where he first reached the river. He follo
He followed down the river to the junction of the Tuscarawas and Whitewoman, which we know today as the Walhounding. He reached there on Dec. 14, 1750. On Dec. 26, thisentry is made in his journal. "This day a woman that had long been a prisoner and had deserted, being retaken and brought into town on Christmas eve was put to death in the following manner; They carried her without the town and let her loose; and when she attempted to run away, the persons appointed for that purpose pursued her and struck her on the ear on the right side of the head, which bent her flat on her face to the ground. They then struck her several times through the back with a dart to the heart; scalped her, and threw the scalp in the air, and another cut off herhead. Thus the dismal spectacle lay until evening, and then Barney Curran, (a white trader) desired leave to bury her, which he and his men and some of the Indians did just at dark. This evidently took place at the present site of Coshocton.

Again in his journal, under the date of Tuesday, January 15,1751: "We left Muskingum and went west five miles to the White Woman Creek, on which is a small town. This white woman was taken away from New England when she was not above ten years old by the French Indians. She is now upward of fifty; has an Indian Husband and several children. Her name is Mary Harris. She still remembers that they used to be very religious in New England; and wonders how the white man can be so wicked as she has seen them in these woods."

(Newcomerstown was incorporated in 1827

Any of you who have driven from Coshocton to Mt. Vernon, will recall having seen a boulder at the side of the pavement not far from Walhounding, marking the site of White Woman's Town. These two entries in Gist's Journal furnish the most authentic basis for the legend regarding the name of Newcomerstown. Probably all of you are familiar with the story, and I'll repeat it, for the sake of continuity of my own story, and because it is undoubtedly the earlies account of the "eternal triangle" in this locality.

Eagle Feather, the chief whose wife was Mary Harris, became tired of her. One account says that in spite of the fact that he brought her home the finest meats for food, and the finest skins for clothing, she didn't have any papooses for him. But evidently this was just some old squaw's gossip, for Gist's journal states that she and her Indian husband had vereral children. At any rate, on one of their raiding trips into the Virginia frontier, Eagle Feather found himself a younger and more beautiful squaw. He captured her, bringing her home to live in the same wigwam with Mary Harris. Matters weint from bad to worse, with Mary becoming more and more jealous of the Newcomer. Finally one morning, Mary awakened the Indian village with cries that her husband had been murdered. And sure enough, there Eagle Feather lay, his head neatly parted by a tomahawk. The Newcomer had fled. Of course this made it appear that she was the murderess, and the Indians set out in pursuit. They recaptured her at a small Indian town on the banks of the Tuscarawas, some distance abaove Coshocton, and from that time on, the sige of her recapture by the Indians became known as The Newcomer's Town.

Was it she whose execution was witnessed by Christopher Gist at Coshocton the day after Christmas in 1750? The legend relates that the Newcomer accused Mary Harris of murdering her own husband in a fit of jealousy, but Mary was clever enough to convince the Indians of her innocence. Of course you will all note a discrepancy here, for Gist does not connect the two women in his journal, and apparently Eagle Feather was still amoung the living when Gist visited Mary Harris.

Regardless of whether or not we accipt this legend as the origin of our town's name, I'd like to make the plea that we endeavor to form the habit of saying and writing New'comerstown. Not only does it serve to preserve the origin, but is far more distinctive than Newcomerstown.

The decade from 1750 to 1760 was one of strife between the French and English, with the Ohio country constantly overrun by warring tribes. However, from captives held by the Indians during this time, it has been learned that there was a Newcomer's town. About 1760, the French were driven out of this section, the English had captured Ft. Duquesne and re-named it Ft. Pitt., and all the territory lying west of the Alleghenies, and north of the Ohio, had been ceeded to the English by the French. Messages sent to Indian chiefs by the commandant at Ft. Pitt were frequently addressed to Newcomerstown, according to copies preserved in a Journal kept by the missionary Heckewelder.

In 1761 and 62, two Moravian missionaries, John Heckewelder and Christian Frederick Post, came to the Tuscarawas valley, and buiot a small cabin at Bolivar, where they hoped to establish a mission among the Indians. However the tribes were so hostile that they were forced to abandon the attempt within the year.

David Zeisberger, in 1771, was the next white visitor. Sometime around 1760 Chief Netawatwas had moved his band of Delawares from western Pennsylvania to the site of Newcomerstown, and had invited Zeisberger to follow, since Netawatwes already knew of the Moravian's good work among the Indians. When Netawatwes made this his capital, he adopted the name of King Newcomer, and it was to this place that Zeisberger first came. Here he found the Indian village, nearly a mile square containing about one hundred log houses, many of them with evidences of civilization, sucha as shingle roofs, board floors, and one even had a staircase. It was here that the first Protestant sermon to be preached west of the Alleghenies was delivered to the Delaware Indians. At the time my great-grandfather bought the farm on which we now live, a large walnut tree was standing in the field about half-way between the present site of the railroad and the river. According to the story current at that time, Netawatwes' cabin stood umbr that tree, and it was there that Zeisberger had preached. This location has been confirmed by records of the Morivan Church in Bethlehem, Pa.

Within a few years, the delawares granted the Moravians use of part of their land for a mission, selecting as a site the Beautiful Spring; but since the story of Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten is already so familiar to all, I am going to omit it here.

For a time during the Revolution, the Tuscarawas became known as the "Bloody Valley", and it was during this time that the Moravian villages were abandoned and destroyed. Shortly after the Revolution, however, the settlers began entering the country west of the Alleghenies, and the first organized effort at settlement was undertaken at Marietta by a company of officers of the Revolutionary Army. They received a large grant of land from Congress, which was in turn divided up among the officers. They paid for the land with warrants which had been given them at the close of the war because the infant republic had no cash with which to pay its soldiers.. Following the Revolution, the colonies had ceded to the new government all their claims to western lands. This section, as far as the Mississippi River, and north of the Ohio to the Great Lakes became known as the Northwest Territory, and in 1787 a set of laws, known as the Northwest Ordinance was drawn up to govern it. Two outstanding features of this ordinance were that slavery was to be forever prohibited from the Territory, and that certain portions of each section were to be definitely set aside for school use. It also specified that not less than three nor more than five states were to be made from this Territory when certain requirements as to population and territorial government had been fulfilled.

All of this locality was originally a part of Wahington County, with the county seat at Marietta, and came under the Revolutionary land grants. Most of Oxford Township was granted to John Bever, who was a native of Verginia, and to Gen. John Stark of Manchester, N.H.. Many of you may recall having heard the farms east of us-Dougherty's, Morrises, Barnett's, Schlupp's, Woodwards, etc., referred to as "Stark Patent". John Bever owned the land west of this. Any resident of Newcomerstown, finding it necessary to have and abstract prepared today, would discover this on the front page:

John Adams, President U.S.A.
to
John Bever

Whole 2nd Qr., Twp.5, Range 3
Containing 3999.8 acres
Patent
March 20, 1800

By 1798, ten years after the first settlers had reached Marietta, the population had increased so rapidly, that steps were taken to form a territorial government, and by 1803, the territory was ready to become the 17th state in the Union. But as the farther part of Washington County began to be settled, the necessity for some closer governing body became apparent, Coshocton, Tuscarawas and Stark counties, split off from Washington. In 1808, the division was made still smaller, when Stark County and Tuscarawas County were separately organized.

It seems hard to beleive that only 138 years ago, this particular section of land was still uninhabited. I would like to point out first that the childish conception which probably all of us have had at some time, regarding the early pioneers was wrong. The days of Indian fighting in the Tuscarawas valley were past before the white settlers came. Privations, swamps, malaria, mosquitos and wild animals were their enemies, but never Indians. The first settler known to be here was John Mulvane, who had an account at a store run by David Peter at Gnadenhutten. Several squatters families lived in cabins dotted about the valley and surrounding hills. The pioneers feared malaria and as a usual thing built their cabins on the hills, which were heavily wooded. David Johnson, a Mr. Sills, Daniel Harris, and Joseph and William Mulvane were among the very earliest pioneers. George Bible, Barney Riley and John Pierce, were hunters and since they had not obtained a legal right to the land on which they were living when the owners came, were known as squatters. One squatter, whose name may sound familiar, was Nicholas Funston, who was living on the Stark Patent prior to 1816.

In 1814, Nicholas Neighbor came from Morris County, N.J. and having been pleasantly impressed with the location, purchased 1900 acres of the original Bever patent for himself and others. The following year a colony of bout sixty emigrants came from New Jersey. They came in wagons, probably drawn by oxen, consuming about four weeks in their journey. No shelter was available except the abandoned Indian cabins of the former Newcomerstown, so they lived in these until their own cabins could be built. In 1816 and 17, other settlers from New Jersey followed, among them being Crater, Miller, Tufford, Gardner, Stouffer and Booth families.

According to one history of the township, the first school was taught by Jacob Miller at his cabin, situated north of the river and near the county line. Not long afterward, Seth Hart, a stranger in the land, gave a term or two of school at the Stouffer cabin, a short distance above where the Nugen bridge is now located. The cabin contained two rooms, and the one occupied during the day as the school room, was used at night as a bed room by the family of Mr. Stouffer. Of course families had to pay individually for any schooling their children received.

The village of Newcomerstown was formally laid out in 1827, when the canal was built. The original plat contained 34 lots in three tiers, two north and one south of the canal. Bridge Street formed the eastern boundary, and Cross Street ran parallel to it. Basin(later changed to Main) Street and Canal Streets ran east and west, and divided the three tiers of lots in the other direction. These names all show that they are directly traceable to the Canal which was being built at that time. Names of many other streets however, keep the names of the early residents before us to this day. These are Neighbor, Mulvane, Goodrich, West, Nugen, and Pilling Streets.

At this time the village was founded, it contained but one building, located immediately south of the present depot; it had been built many years before, and was occupied by Nicholas Neighbor. He also erected the first store building, where Britten's store is now located. The first merchants were Nicholas Neighbor and Jacob Overholt, commencing about 1828. In 1830 the village contained four buildings. Ten years later, the town had a population of 270, showing the influence of the canal up its growth.

Picture if you can, this village of Newcomerstown just one hundred years ago. There were around two hundred people who lived in log cabins. Probably they had glass in the small windows, and maybe they had rough board floors. Meals were cooked in the fireplace, or in the large kettles which they had brought over the mountains in their wagons, and had hung out-of-doors. There were no worries over what to cook, for provisions were scarce, consisting of wild game, and the vegetables grown in their gardens. Each spring they boiled down maple sap to make their sugar supply for the coming year. The regular visits of the canal boats brought high-priced coffee and tea, molasses and tobacco to the store. Of course they had very little ready cash, but could take their dried peaches and apples, or an extra hank of their own home-spun yarn to the store and trade for a few of these luxuries. When they killed a beef or deer, the meat was salted or dried, and the hide taken down to Aaron Schenk's tanyard, which had been built about 1827 on the corner of River and Canal Streets. After the hide was properly cured, they'd take the leather to the shoemaker. He'd measuredtheir feet, allowing plenty of room, for those shoes had to last an entire year. Regular applications of grease kept the shoes pliable enough that they could manage to get into them on cold winter mornings, though they were pretty stiff at first. The mothers had to keep spinning wool and knitting stockings about all the time, for children and grown-ups had to be supplied. Of course, after Pillings woolen mill was built about 1840, they could take the wool there to be carded and spun and dyed, and could even have it woven into cloth.

At about this time, too, a pottery was established on Basin Street,(Main) near where the railroad now runs. Of course it was a pretty rough kind of pottery, but very satisfactory, considering that there were few dishes except those brought from homes in the east, orvery expensive ones brought in by the canal boats. Potter Fox made mostly jugs, jars, crocks and other pieces of the sord, but many uses were found for them: they were fine for canning.

A sawmill was built by Edmund Smith about 1833, directly north of the canal on Buckhorn Creek, run as usual by water power. The pioneers could then take logs and have lumber made. A flour mill was built about 1836 at the west end of Basin Street. Before they had had to grind their own corn and wheat, or drive long distances to other mills already built.

All of you have heard the story of the murder of the Post Boy in 1825, but perhaps few know that Oxford Township furnished the first man to be executed by hanging in Tuscarawas County. A man named Johnson, who was arrested soon after the post boy had been killed, testified that although he was not guilty of the murder, he had heard the shot and had come out of the woods just in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of the assailant. He insisted that if he ever saw the man, he would be able to identify him. The county sheriff was inclined to beleive Johnson's story, since foot-prints found near the post boy's body did not fit Johnson's shoes. Accordingly, all the able-bodied men from the southern end of Tuscarawas County were called to appear at New Philadelphia on a certain day.

About 300 appeared and lined up along Broadway. Johnson was brought out and passed along the ranks. After scanning many of the men he pointed to John Funston, saying "There is the man". Funston at first denied the crime, but after trial and conviction, he confessed. He was hanged at New Philadeophia, Dec. 30, 1825. His sister, who lived on the Stark Patent, near where the Shalesky farm is now located, claimed his body, which was buried somewhere in the woods on the farm.

In the early days of the settlement, the closest market for farm products was Pittsburg; and the only way to take anything there was to drive. It was not usual for the pioneers to see some drover coming east along the road, driving perhaps a large flock of turkeys, a herd of cattle or hogs. Then when the drover disposed of his live stock perhaps in Pittsburg, but sometimes in Philadelphia, he had to return by foot or horseback, carrying with him the profits of his trip. As a result, bandits frequently lay in wait on some lonely spot, hoping to rob the returning drover. Many taverns were the scenes of fights, and legends of murders are frequent about some of them.

Even amusements had to travel by wagon back in the early days. The circus came to town, and the animals walked all the way. My grandmother loved to tell us about the time she and her brother held up the circus to see the elephants. Great Grandfather Pilling's cabin stood in the yard just east of where our house stands now. At that time he had a saw-mill down by the river and the land north of the present culvert was covered by the mill pond. A small plank bridge carried the wagon road across the mill race. The children had seen elephants with circuses before, and knew that rather than risk their great weight on the small plank bridge, the elephants would wade the mill pond. Of course once they got in the water they thoroughly enjoyed it, and the drivers had a time getting them out. This time Grandfather Pilling thought he'd help the children have even more fun, so told them to carry a basket of potatoes out and spread them in the road. When the elephants came along they stopped to eat the potatoes, and wouldn't budge until every last one had been found, in spite of all the angry drivers could do. So if any of your grandparents were worried that day about the circus arriving late at Newcomerstown, it was all my great-grandfather's fault!

About where the pump station now stands, a grove of wild plum trees grew, and here the circuses would stop and prepare for the grand entry, at the same time removing some of the dust they had accumulated since leaving the last stand.

The first church organization in the town was Luthern. The first church was a bridk building located on the site of Salathial Neighbor's residence today. As I understand it, the church was remodeled to make this house, which back in our grandparents day was occupied by John Rodney and his wife Ellen.

Have you ever noticed in the old cemetaries the rows and rows of children's graves? Few parents could boast of having reared all their children to maturity, and countless mothers died in childbirth. Thats why so many of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers had two and often three or four wives. Many children died of cholera; and pneumonia, commonly called "singing chills", took a terrible toll of people of all ages. Even though there were doctors back in the early days, their cures were simple and their supply of drugs scarce. Consequently many a pioneer family depended soley upon the mother's knowledge of home remedies, resorting to herbs, poultices, and even at times to charms and incantations; preferring these to the doctor's hastily mixed and evil tasting powders.

And now I'd like you to come with me and stand on the high bridge over the canal at Bridge Street, the year about 1860. You can hear the driver swearing at the mules long before the boat rounds the bend below town. The mules, two of them, are hitched tandem to the tow rope , and walk along the tow path on the south side of the canal, probably fifty or sixty feet ahead of the boat which since it is evidently heavily laden, rides low in the water. The driver, brandishing his whip, walks close behind the mules, seeing to it that they don't loiter. Now the boat approaches. It's probably fifteen feet wide and maybe four times that long, and has a compact, snug appearance. It's a fine day, and the passengers are sitting up on the top, on the benches. The steersman is lopping lazily against the tiller at the stern of the boat, depending on the pressure of his shoulders to steer the boat along a proper course while he scans the banks for a sight of some of his cronies, exchanging bantering pleasantries, or the latest gossip from down the canal.

Now the boat comes to rest against the bank, and unloading of passengers and cargo take place. Some of the passengers remain in their places though, since they are traveling farther up the canal; they spend the time laughing at the antics of Crazy Dave. He's a poor fellow, rather unbalanced mentally, but entirely harmless, who roams around town. As a canal boat pullsin he likes to shout to the passengers in a funny, singsong manner, "Crazy Dave will so cut the pigeon wing for a copper-cent-a-button." One of the passengers laughingly tosses down a coin and watches while Dave executes a queer little jig.

All manner of goods were shipped by way of the canal-wool, wheat, corn, whisky, feathers, dried apples and peaches, sorghum molasses and hides, and in exchange the boats brought back calico, coffee, tea, half-refined sugar, nails, and dishes. Mail was not carried as a usual thing, since other means of transportation were speedier. But as a carrier of news and gossip, the boat was unexcelled, for it moved slowly enough that conversation could be had at any point along it's route.

The canal was too narrow in most places for boats to pass, except at locks and basins. Frequent fights occured there between boat crews to settle the question as to who should pass through the lock first; consequently the man with ready fists found it easier to get the job. Each lock had a tinder, and almost every lock had some weird story connected with it concerning this or that strange happening. A black dog was reported to be seen frequently roving about one of the locks near Port Waahington on dark nights, and at Tucker's lock a headless man had appeared.d

Think what excitement must have rushed over the people in Newcomerstown when the following announcement appeared in the Stubenville Messenger of May 31, 1851. "The route of the Stubenville & Indiana Railroad, after careful surveys, has been determined upon. Its location was decided at the last meeting of the Board of Directors. It leaves Steubenville through the Cross Creek Valley, thence by way of Urichsville to Cashocton." The road from Steubenville to Newark was opened for traffic in April 1855. But as it had no connections farther east or west, it did not prosper, and before 1860 passed into receivership. It finally was merged with the Pennsylvania railroad company in 1867, by which time direct connections had been established both to the east and to the west.

Few stories seem to have been handed down, concerning the building of the railroad, but various incidents during the Civil War times make mention of it. President Lincoln passed through here on his way to Washington in 1861 making appearances on the rear platform just as presidents do today. Mrs. Mary E. Dent, whom I'm sure some of you remember, liked to tall about Lincoln's train stopping at Port Washington. She was a little girl of six or seven then, and when her mother lifted her, the president stroked the child's head.

Into 1860, Newcomerstown had a population of 577. How deeply each of those 577 must have felt the loss of many young men from here who joined the Union Army. At first no company was mustered right at Newcomerstown, but several were raised in surrounding towns, which our men joined. They were given but a few weeks training, and then sent into battle. Train-loads passed through here, the men often sitting or standing in open flat cars.

In the autumn of 1861, Camp Meigs was established on the Dover fair grounds, and most of the enlisted troops from the country got a little early training there. The Fifty-first Regiment was organized at that place, and company C of that regiment was composed of Newcomerstown men. (Just as an illustration of the short training given the Civil War soldiers-my Grandfather Moore enlisted with a company raised at Port Washington in August 1862. They were sent for a short time to a campat Mingo Junction, and then sent to take part in the western campaign, where at the battle of Perryville in Kentucky, early in October, he was critically wounded.

Although the telegraph was in use before the time of the Civil War, it was used only for important communications, and the folks back home had no way ofknowing what was happening except from the newspapers or heresay. Sometimes many weeks passed before they learned that loved ones had been killed or wounded. Very few daily papers came to town, and the common practice was 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 all the news of the war to the crowd which assembled daily for this event. Lists of companies engaged, names of killed or wounded, were always included in the day's news and many people in that way learned that a husband, father, son, or brother had been killed.

Newcomerstown made a steady growth in population even during the Civil War days, and the period following the war brought many inventions to add to the comfort and prosperity of the inhabitants. The canal was still the most popular throughfare, and many a returning soldier found employment along its banks. Although the telegraph was already in use and taken as rather a matter of course by the more urbane half of the citizenry, still its actual mechanism was as much a mystery to many, as television is to us today. They enjoyed telling of the man who returned to his home 'way out in the hills, after one of his very ingrequent and therefore amazing trips to Newcomerstown, with the report that one of the telegraph wires "had busted and there was a bushel of messages piled up in a heap".

The C & M Railroad was built in 1873, and many stories are still current in the town about the camps of Irish laborers employed to buil it. It's completion was marked by the usual ceremony of driving the final spike of gold,

The more prosperous housewives had sewing machines, and could turn out wonderful creations with yards of ruffling, basks with stays and dozens of buttons, and skirts with dust-ruffling to sweep a wide swath as one rustled her way down the street. Most of the early sewing machines made a chain stitch, and woe unto him who pulled the wrong thread. I have made ~~axnhain xxxxahy~~ a nice little picture in my mind of what must have occured in the parlor about the time grandpa, dressed in his Sunday best and seated on the hair cloth sofa courting grandma, innocently picked up a loose thread on her new merino polonaise.

In 1876, people heard that a man named Bell had invented a telephone and though it was a full twenty years before the first one was installed in this locality, everyone began experimenting to see how the thing really worked. Not only the children, but some of the grownups as well, tried stretching a string from the wood shed to the outkitchen, with a tin can fastened on each end, and spent long hours shouting to each other.

During the '80's the present town hall was built, and with the completion of the Opera House, real progress was made on the way of entertainment Not only did home talent shows prosper, but various troupes of actors, musicians, magicians, and minstrels, some of whom were already prominent in their particular fields, made stops here.

Newcomerstown, in the latter part of the 19th Century, had a thriving fair each fall. Although the fair grounds were really situated in Coshocton County (on the land directly west of the corporation line, and owned by Dr. Geo. Kistler) still the fair belonged to Newcomerstown. It was called the Central Ohio District Fair, and as its name implies, was really larger than any of the county fairs. The four days of the fair were the high point of the year for Newcomerstown citizens and people came from miles around bringing the family lunch in large picnic baskets. Many a summer's hard work over the hot kitchen stove was climaxed for Grandma when her spiced peaches or marble cake was awarded the blue ribbon. And any girl whose beau did not polish up pa's buggy and take her in her new fall finery to see the horse races and side show, had real cause for complaint, for that was the fashion show of the season.

In 1895, the Clow plant was moved here, and lent much impetus to the growth of the population, in fact the census figure shows that it doubled in that decade. At the same time the industrial life of the community took on a new phase, for products manufactured before that time had been largely absorbed by local demand, and no active part had been taken in interstate and foreign trade. From that time on, shipping of manufactured products from Newcomerstown has steadily increased. It is not my intention here to occupy time in giving any account of the development of our community either in an industrial or social way since the beginning of the twentieth century, since this is current knowledge. It might however, be interesting to point out that in the 90 year period over which the United States Census figures are available for Newcomerstown, the greatest period of growth was that included in the thirty years between 1870 and 1900, when the population increased by 23% as compared with 193% for the thirty years preceding, and 60% for the thirty years following that period.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

BUREAU PF TJE CENSUS

WASHINGTON

October 1, 1937

Miss Lois Zimmer,
Newcomerstown, Ohio

Dear Madam:

In compliance with your recent request, there is given below the total population of Newcomerstown in Tuscarawas county, Ohio, according to the Federal Decennial Censuses of 1850 to 1930, inclusive.

1930	4,265
1920	3,389
1910	2,943
1900	2,659
1890	1,251
1880	926
1870	791
1860	577
1850	476
1840	270

Very Truly Yours,

Leon E. Truesdell,
Chief Statistician for Population

MRM:E

In 1766, an expedition was sent out by the colonists from Philadelphia for the purpose of punishing the Indians who had continued to make depredations all along the frontier, destroying much property, and killing and capturing hundreds of white. The expedition was under the leadership of Col. Henry Boquet. He came west by way of Ft. Pitt, following the usual trail to the Tuscarawas River at Bolivar. But due to the fact that he had been warned of very hostile Indian towns situated along the banks of the river, he set out across country to his destination-Coshocton, traveling from Bolivar to Winfield, Sugarcreek, Chili and Coshocton, His expedition was large, and moved with military precision, so that the Indians readily acquiesced to his demands that all white prisoners be released to him on a certain date, or punishment of the tribes would follow. He had already head council with the heads of the various Indian nations, at Bolivar, and had chosen the forks of the Muskingum as the most advantageous for handing over all prisoners. His army arrived there Oct. 25, 1764. The following is quoted from records fo Col. Boquet:

"This place (forks of the Muskingum) was fixed upon instead of Wakatomica as the most central and convenient place to receive the prisoners, for the principal Indian towns lay around them from seven to twenty miles distant, except the lower Shawnee town situated on the Scioto River about eighty miles, so that from this place the army had it in their power to awe all the enemies' settlements, and destroy their towns, if they should not punctually fulfill the engagements they had entered into."

I wish each of you might read from Co. Boquet's journal of the arrival daily of different bands of Indians to this camp, each with a number of white prisoners. By the ninth of November, most of the prisonershad arrived that could be expected at that season, amounting to two hundred and six, besides about one hundred more remainingin possession of the Shawanese, which they promised to deliver the following spring, so the army returned to the east. Some of the prisoners had lived among the Indians for so many years that they grieved at parting, and in a few instances refused to leave the Indian husbands or wives and return to civilization. But these instances were far outnumbered by the joyous reunions which took place. In many cases families had been separated for so many years that identification of loved ones was very difficult. I will quote just one of these stories, which seemed to me the most beautiful.

"Harvey, in his History of Pennsylvania, says a great number of the restored prisoners were sent to Carisle, Pa., and Colonel Boquet advertised for those who had lost children to come and reclaim them. One old woman who had lost a child, and failing to recognize it among the returned captives, was lamenting her loss, and wringing her hands, told Col. Boquet how she had years previous sung a little hymn to he daughter, who was so fond of it. The colonel told her to sing it to them, which she did as follows:

Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh,
He comes my every hour to cheer.

She had no sooner concluded, than her long-lost daughter, who had failed to know her mother by sight but remembered the hymn, rushed into her mothers arms."

Lois Craig -- June 15, 1967

"I wandered today to the hills, Maggie, to watch the scene below
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie, as we used to long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, where first the daisies sprung
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, when you and I were young."

I hope my unorthodox beginning hasn't left you as badly shaken up as it did my sister when I told her I was planning to begin by singing.

"But aren't you afraid you'll get a reputation?" she asked.

That sort of shook me up, and I said, "What do you mean, "reputation"?

"Well, maybe reputation isn't the right word," she answered, "I guess what I mean is that people will begin thinking you're some sort of a character."

And then I realized she had visions of my becoming a feminine Joseph K. Hall. Actually, I don't think either of us ever saw Joe Hall, but like everyone else raised in Newcomerstown we'd heard all about him. And when you come right down to it, you realize that Joe's very queerness earned him more lasting fame than more noble acts of lots of other people who have tried harder.

I hope you'll forgive me for reading this, for it's much too easy to get carried away with my subject if I just talk. In fact I've been somewhat carried away with it ever since Bea asked me months ago. And what I've finally come up with after a great deal of thinking, note-taking, reading, and listening to my mother's reminiscences is not really a history of Newcomerstown but rather what I'm going to call "A Highly Personalized Chapter of the Ohio Story."

To me there is nothing more tiresome than history which is mere dates. It's people and the little unimportant incidents with which their lives were filled at a specific time which gives dates luster and make them memorable.

On New Year's Day because I had nothing to do and no one to do it with, I bundled up in my hiking togs and wandered to the hill myself. I cut out across our field to the viaduct and up onto the hill along the new U.S. 36 and on through the cut below the reservoir. In general it was the same route which we kids and our Dad used to walk almost every Sunday afternoon in pre-automobile days. And I'll tell you, when you "watch the scene below" today, you realize there's a lot more gone than the green grove and the daisies. And all of a sudden you're aware that now you and I are that remembering generation and there's so very much to be recalled.

One of the greatest hazards in historical research is that you get so carried away with reading that you forget what it was you wanted to find out in the first place, and I have that trouble with county histories. I consulted three different ones in writing this and if I'd taken time then to mark various paragraphs to read to you now, this would have been far more interesting. As it was, I wasted hours trying to locate them and never did succeed.

There's this, however, from an 1870 Atlas which affords a proper introduction: "Oxford Township first comprised the territory now in Oxford, Perry and Washington, and the south parts of Salem, Clay and Rush. An election at its formation was ordered at the house of John Beamers. Among the early pioneers were the Pierces, Runstons, Rileys, Carrs and Nicholas Neighbor; the latter came from N. J. in 1814 and bought 1900 acres of land. Returning home in the fall, the next spring he led out a company of 60 emigrants to his claim. Among these colonists were the families of William, David, Leonard and Nicholas Neighbor and that of John Welsh.

The Neighbors had clearings along a road south of the Panhandle RR and from their number and association, the settlement was named Neighbortown until 1827 when Neighbor laid out and named it New Comerstown. The second quarter, Twp. 5, Range 3, entered in 1800 by John Beaver was sold by him to Godfrey Haga, Presley Neville and Zacheus Biggs.

In Oxford Twp. north of the Tuscarawas was the first capital of the Delawares... They abandoned their capital and another tribe taking possession, called it New Comerstown. Judge Neighbor was the first postmaster appointed in 1815 and took the name for his new town.

George Bible was an early settler and a notable hunter....The first tavern kept on the old road had Andrew Creter for host. Dr. Upson was the earliest physician, and AAron Schenck started the first tannery. The first justice of the peace was James Douglass, appointed Aug. 11, 1808; then John Call; George Bible; Robert Coples; Joseph Wampler and Paul Sheridan.

John Junkins kept a public house at his home in 1808 and David Douglas ran a ferry across the river as early as 1809 since this was the date on record when license was required. The County Commissioners had held their first meeting at New Phila in April 1808.

The first preacher was Parker Williams, a circuit rider who held meetings at different houses according to appointment. He was present at the execution of John Hunston, murderer of the postboy.

In 1823 Schenck started shoemaking, and tanning in 1827. School was kept at settlers' cabins till as late as 1830. Judge Neighbor erected the first dwelling in the vicinity of the telegraph tower and the first store -- the latter a brick, on the southeast corner of Canal St. west of the Marietta RR. The first storekeepers were the firm of Overholt and Neighbor. In 1836, Nugen, Minnich and Everett were merchants and at this date, Jesse Burr and the Mulvaines started a store.

Before I go on with my "Personalized Chapter", I'd like to recommend five books to you -- all by the same author -- Conrad Richter. One you may already have read when it was serialized in the Saturday Evening Post or have seen on TV as adapted by Walt Disney. Called "The Light in the Forest" it's a story of a captive white boy's reluctant parting from his adoptive Indian parents when Col. Boquet made the trip to Coshocton in 1764 to reclaim the captives Indians had stolen from the colonies to the east. It describes their return along the Tuscarawas River; how unhappy the boy was back with his real family in Pennsylvania; and his return to the Indian village on a high bank along an unnamed river. Surely the author had Newcomerstown in mind for at least part of his story.

Even more valuable are Richter's four other books dealing with Ohio. The first three are called "The Trees," "The Fields", and "The Town", and you'll find them published separately and also as a trilogy, while the fourth, published only a year ago and called "Country of Strangers", answers an important question the others left dangling: "What happened to the little girl who was lost?"

They are fiction, of course, but so historically accurate that they provide a perfect description for us of the pioneers as they came into Ohio, cut down the trees, cleared the fields, founded the towns and set up the state government. Read them, and you'll feel a new sense of humility at the hardships our ancestors underwent to leave us this lovely valley.

The Tuscarawas valley was still in "The Trees" stage when David Zeisberger paid

his first visit here just seven years after those 206 white men, women and children under the protection of Boquet's army traveled back up the valley enroute to Ft. Pitt and reunion with their families.

His visit is described in this excerpt from the 1885 History of Tuscarawas County, and if you have one of these volumes, you'll find it on page 273: "In the spring of 1770 at a new Moravian village called Friedensstadt, on the Beaver River in Pennsylvania, a wampum belt was brought from the great council at Gekelemukpechunk (New Comerstown) with notice that, inasmuch as an epidemic had recently carried off many Delawares, and believed to have been brought on by the power of witchcraft, some of the counselors were of the opinion that by embracing Christianity the contagion would cease; It was therefore resolved that the remedy should be resorted to, and that whoever should oppose the preaching of the Gospel among them ought to be regarded as an enemy of the nation. An urgent request was sent to several of the Pennsylvania missions to remove to the valley of the Tuscarawas where they might have their choice of lands and dwell in peace and safety.

David Zeisberger, one of the missionaries, was impressed with the idea of removing the missions to this fruitful valley in Ohio. In March 1771, escorted by several Christian Indians, all mounted, he visited the Delaware capital, Gekelemuckpechunk. The town lay amidst a clearing, nearly a mile square, just east of the present Newcomerstown, and consisted of about one hundred houses, mostly built of logs. Zeisberger was the guest of Netawatwes, the chief of the nation, who dwelt in a spacious cabin with shingle roof, board floors, staircase and stone chimney.

"In this building, at noon on the 14th of March 1771, a throng of Indians, together with nearly a dozen white men, gathered to listen to the first Moravian sermon delivered in the territory now comprising the state of Ohio. His subject was the corruptness of human nature and the efficacy of Christ's atonement; and he exposed the absurdity of the doctrine then urged by Indian preachers, that sin must be purged out of this body by vomiting."

Now let's join my great-grandfather, James Pilling, who came to Ohio in 1840 and bought the tract of land which included the site of the abandoned Indian village where Zeisberger had preached seventy years before. About midway between the river and what

would later be the railroad stood a large walnut tree under which, he was told, the cabin of the Delaware chief Netawatwes had been. When I was younger I was inclined to doubt that story for 70 years seemed such a long time for a tree to stand. But now I know 70 years isn't at all, particularly when one reads that many of Ohio's virgin trees measured five or more feet in diameter when the forests were cleared.

After Jim Pilling visited the tract on which a cabin and small woolen mill had already been built and which possessed a sawmill down at the river's edge, be concluded its purchase at Steubenville. Then he returned to Redstone, Pa., to make arrangements for bringing his wife Sally, and their four little girls, Anne, Rebekah, Ellen and Sabina, to Ohio the following spring. His brother-in-law, Thomas Benton, came at aBout the same time and together they began restoring the woolen mill which operated with water power, as did the sawmill. The millpond, north of the present culvert and extending over much of the field to the east, was fed by a small stream running between the canal and the river, called Bee Tree Gut.

By 1840 the frontier had pushed much farther west and Ohio was a young and thriving state. The Ohio Canal had been in operation almost ten years, causing new little towns to spring up along its banks and helping the once isolated farmers to ship their produce to market at Cleveland or Ohio River ports.

Up in the hills about five miles to the east in the area which later became Glasgow, another family of my ancestors was living. Burress Moore and his family had come from Pennsylvania to Guernsey County in the fall of 1825 but two years later they had moved north into Tuscarawas County, cautiously avoiding the valley with its threat of ague and building their log cabin in the hills.

Perhaps they were lured by the Ohio Canal. I like to imagine the excitement which must have ensued when the canal proposal was first introduced as a resolution in the Ohio Legislature in 1817. It took five years, after that, until a survey could be authorized and then there were four routes considered. Finally the Summit County-Tuscarawas-Scioto plan was adopted, contracts for its building were let in sections of one-half to a mile each, and work was begin in 1825.

Incidentally, this was the same year that the postboy enroute from Cadiz to Zanesville was murdered in the southern part of Oxford Township. A man named Johnson who

heard the shot and was first at the scene was arrested as the prime suspect. He insisted he was innocent and that he would be able to identify the real murderer if he ever saw him again.

Consequently, all the able-bodied men in the southern part of the county were summoned to go to New Philadelphia on a specified day to be viewed by the prisoner. My great-grandfather Alexander Moore and his older half-brother, Thomas, were in the crowd of approximately 300 when Johnson, led among them and scanning each one carefully, suddenly pointed to John Funston and said, "There's your man."

Alex and Thomas Moore were among the men who helped build a section of the canal west of Port Washington, the contract for which was held by Abram Garfield from Cleveland. The Moores lived at home but they often lingered in the evenings with the other men whom Mr. and Mrs. Garfield boarded at their shanty because they liked to hear Mrs. Garfield sing.

In spite of the fact that the Garfield's son James, who was destined to become the president, was not born until 1831--the year after the canal was finished--stories persist that he helped build it. Every farm along its course even including our own, had a "Garfield spring" from which the budding president was reputed to have carried water.

After the Pillings came to Newcomerstown they lost three infants and their first Ohio-born child to survive was my grandmother, Maria, born in 1847. And with her arrival my "highly personalized history" really begins, for it was through her eyes that I saw so many of the events I'll describe.

There was her reference to foxfire seen on dark nights over the marshy bottomland at the foot of the hills to the south which always gave me a very spooky feeling. And last summer up in Michigan when they saw the same thing over a swamp and called it a flying saucer they no doubt felt spooky too.

She used to tell about the desolate feeling one got at seeing someone riding toward the little town carrying a long stick across his knees, for everyone knew he was on his way to the cabinetmaker to order a coffin, and the stick was the length of the corpse.

Marie was going on six and her little brother Benton was three the spring of 1853 when their mother died. Sally was a gaunt-looking woman, taller than her slight English husband and she'd been helping him at the sawmill, gotten wet and caught cold. She died of what they then called sinking chills, but we now call pneumonia.

On the day their mother died, the two young children were taken over to the foot of the hill, across the canal, to the home of a neighbor and on their way they stopped to watch workmen building the new railroad which was completed in 1855 between Steubenville and Newark. Sally was buried in the pioneer cemetery down in the middle of town beside her mother, Anne Cunard, who had died three years before, and Jim, distraught over some neighbor's contention that Dr. Brown had given her the wrong medicine, dispatched a rider to carry a sample of the powder to a chemist in Steubenville whose tests exonerated the physician of all blame. That doctor was Clancy Vogenitz's grandfather.

Despite the loss of their Mother, Maria and Benton had a happy childhood for they revered their father with his wonderful store of knowledge and adored their sister Becky who had taken over the management of the home.

Winters, they attended school down in Newcomerstown, Maria at first in a small school located about where the Presbyterian Church now stands, and later at the Union School--so named because it united the village and Stark Patent districts. This was the two-story wooden building which was moved back in 1900 to make way for erection of the brick high school building on College St., and I believe still stands on Cenden Ct. Maria's change of schools was sudden.

She and her neighbor and playmate, Bob Nugen, were at school one day when the fire bell rang. It would have been the one on the Lutheran Church which later became the Rodney house, and they learned that the lumber which was being kiln-dried to build the new school had caught fire. Frightened, the two children grabbed their dinner buckets and ran home, not to return to school until the new building was completed in 1857.

In the summer Maria and Benton helped around the sawmill where one of their duties was to strip the rough bark off logs before they were put through the mill, so the saw blade swishing up and down wouldn't become dulled too quickly.

Although there was no formal graduation, Maria attended the so-called high school as long as there were subjects left to study and then she got a summer teaching job in the one-room school near Hill's lock -- present site of the roadside park west of Port Washington. The white frame building sat on the north side of the valley where the road used to swing up and around the base of the hill providing early motorists, I can remember, with scary skids on rainy days. Much as I dreaded that road I loved it too, for more wildflowers seemed to grow there than anywhere else in the county and the first bloodroots always blossomed in the clearing around what we called MaMoore's schoolhouse.

She was teaching at Wolf Station when Dave Moore was discharged from the Union Army in the early summer of 1865, came back to his parents' log cabin in the hills, and found work driving a team pulling canal boats. Three years later they were married and began operating the Lone Star Hotel in Newcomerstown -- the building which we remember as Abe Davis's confectionery on the present site of the Reeves Bank.

At about that time, according to the 1870 Tuscarawas County Atlas, boundaries of the town were, on the west, a line about a block west of Goodrich St., which joined Buckhorn Creek at the north and confined the town around the bases of the hills and up along the Canal as far as West St., which ran along the cemetery to State St., which bounded the town on the south. The cemetery had been started about 1860 and a headstone in the northwest section with the name Frederick Rorabaugh, Nov. 11, 1860, marked, according to my grandmother, the first burial. A number of stones bear earlier dates but these identify people whose bodies were moved from other places.

During this time, Jim Pilling had married again. His wife, in the eyes of her resentful stepdaughters of practically the same age, was a conniving young widow named Zelinda Thompson. Her husband had been killed in the Civil War leaving her with two children who were half-grown at the time she remarried. In 1879 when my mother was three years old, her Grandfather Pilling met a tragic death. He was walking down the railroad to claim a shipment of machinery for the woolen mill when he was struck by a train and killed.

Dave and Maria Moore bought the farm, moved back to it, and it's been my mother's home ever since. She was eight, she says, the summer the iron bridge was built across the river, replacing the covered wooden bridge which had blown down in a storm. The bridge date stands out in her mind because the big iron girders lay in the corner of the field down next to the bridge, and on the day of her birthday party, June 20, 1884, she and a few chosen friends abandoned the rest of the guests and went down to play on the girders. Her mother went and brought her back and probably she got more than just a birthday spanking.

The Moores' closest neighbors were the Smiths who lived in a cosy-looking house set in a wide lawn circled with maple trees, at the corner. This was the old home of Col. Robert Nugen, Elmira Smith's father, who had been one of the community leaders ever since he'd helped build the canal and whose 800 acres of land stretching across the valley and up onto the hills on both sides had been divided up among his children. The Nugens and Pillings and their descendants were the closest of neighbors and best of friends for three generations and my own dearest non-relative was Aunt Sadie Sperling, the Smith's daughter who remained at the old home until it was sold.

Nothing makes me madder, now, than the street sign just east of the pump station which is spelled "Nugent", nor sadder than the sight of what remains of that lovely old Nugen house turned into a very filthy filling station and junkyard.

That neighborliness once brought an about-to-be-famous man to our house. My grandmother's eldest sister, Anne, was married in Sept. 1853 to Conrad Stocker (pronounced Coonrod) and two guests at the wedding were then visiting at Col. Nugen's. They were newly graduated from West Point -- his nephew John Nugen with his friend, Phil Sheridan. It was the custom in those days for all the wedding party to accompany newlyweds on horseback to their new home, and that day on the ride to Port Washington, Becky Pilling was paired off to ride with young Sheridan. If this were a historical novel rather than a true story, the ride no doubt would have blossomed into romance. Instead, devoted, unselfish Becky later became the second wife of a tight-fisted farmer out in Washington Twp., and died while still comparatively young, of cancer. The Stockers' first home was modest, but later they built the lovely brick house that recently has been restored to its original beauty and stands less than a mile west of Port Washington.

Brown-eyed Annie Moore stored up lots of memories of her school days. They were frequently highlighted, as soon as she and her friends had eaten their lunches, with trips down to Bridge Street where they'd stand on the canal bridge and watch for boats in the hope they could ride as the bridge would be opened and turned to permit passage of the boat and the team that pulled it. Bridges that turned were a new wrinkle; originally all of them were high enough for boat and team to pass beneath.

Or sometimes the children would go into Smith & Dickerson's Store which occupied the Baltimore corner, and watch the horse on a treadmill at the back which operated the elevator when farmers brought in wagonloads of grain to be stored for shipment on the canal. Boating, in the days preceding the building of the railroad, was big business, but by 1880 the railroads had taken all the passenger business and most of the freight hauling, except for shipments of such things as wheat, coal or lumber which did not require speed.

On their way downtown those schoolkids of the 1880's would pass Bill Deaver's general store where the Oxford Cleaners is now. In addition to a large population of cats, this store possessed both cracker and pickle barrels which were most attractive to children, hungry or not. But Mr. Deaver was best remembered by my mother's generation for his three daughters -- May who was a teacher in Cleveland; Dollie, the mother of author Henry Wolfe; and Alcie, mother of the late Bill Timmons, a highly successful photographer at Coshocton. Down on Main St. was M. Yingling & Son's grocery store and fine china store which was still in operation during our own childhood; and here, too, was a grandfather of a famous grandson -- Norman Bel-Geddes.

On down the street where Bair's is, was Dave Creter's store where thirsty men went to get a drink of liquor out of a tincup hung on the side of a barrel.

Incidentally, few names in local history have undergone as many changes as Crater which now seems to have general acceptance. On old plots of the town it is spelled Creter, and in Grandfather Pilling's daybook, it's Critter. Mulvane was spelled Mulvaine on the 1870 map and there was no E in Vogenitz.

Mr. Bicker, the undertaker who had come from Prussia and spoke with a dreadful accent, had a shop on Canal St. where the "new" hotel now stands, and when he wasnt making caskets or officiating at funerals. he made fine furniture. His daughter Clara became

the second wife of Israel Vogenitz and lived on the site of Mrs. Wallis's home.

Just up the street from Bicker's was the Andrew Creter tavern -- the house later owned by Lel Shoemaker. After the death of Mr. Creter's wife, he returned to New Jersey and brought his maiden sister, Aunt Sarah, to run his house and raise his children -- Jack, Clark, Anne and Elizabeth. None of these left survivers. But Jack's memorial is very noticeable -- the large monument topped with statuary on the east side of the cemetery along West St. He and his wife, Ella Patterson who I believe was a great-au nt of Lucille Deeslie's, lived in the big house on Bridge St. now owned by Buss Taylor.

My mother says Aunt Sarah Creter was a forceful character who as she got older became queer. Children liked to stop and sit on the stone wall backed up by shrubbery that surrounded the house, and Aunt Sarah was in the habit of sneaking up behind them and poking them with her cane.

My mother attended first grade in a small building which stood to the south of the Union School, next to the railroad. Her teacher was Miss Lillie McFadden who later became Mrs. John Keast, and she was memorable to little Anne Moore for the gorgeous breastpin she always wore -- a thing of dazzling beauty. These same first graders enjoyed sitting on the flat top rail of the board fence along the railroad and taunting a poor woman who lived across the tracks and took in washing. She possessed a peg-legged husband and a fat little daughter whom classmates called Rachie Pudding. Why, my mother wonders now, didn't Miss McFadden warm the little bottoms of the whole crew?

In the third grade Miss Nellie Miskimen, a woman of action, was her teacher. One day MissMiskimmen became so enraged at a bad boy named Lewis that she raised his slate over his bead, brought it down with a tremendous crash and left the frame draped over his shoulders. This is the same boy, who when a carnival came to town, departed with it and later was reported to have married the daughter of the man who ran the merry-go-round.

The Moore farm joined the Zimmer farm on the north and ever there in the Buckhorn Valley my dad was growing up in the house remodeled and now occupied by his nephew, Frank Wier. To share with you all the stories handed down from that side of the family would take at least this long again, so I won't start. Instead, I'd like to do a little reminescing of my own and, as I did last winter on another of my solitary walks, retrace

our route to school.

On zero mornings there was the hum of the wind in the tightly contracted telephone and telegraph wires above our heads and the inevitable chuckle that ensued as we recalled MaMoore's story about the town liar who rushed into Smith & Dickenson's store and announced, "The telegraph wire's busted and there's a whole pile of messages up there by the crossing."

That day last January when I "watched the scene below" I marveled at how few were the houses along State St. when Frederic, David and I used to walk to school, frequently joined at the end of the bridge by Ralph and Carl Portz. Marian, I should add, was so much younger than the rest of us that she missed all this. There were none but cinder paths half-way to town, and after passing Smith's at the corner the next house on the left was the one at the pump station, just as it is today. On the north side of the street there were four houses in a row -- Stoner's, Cole's, Asher's and Stewart's -- and then none until beyond the cemetery, so our route followed the broad cinder path on the south side of the street. At the east corner of the cemetery we crossed to the brick sidewalk skirting the hedge, with Thelma Nicodemus and Virginia Dorsey frequent ly joining themselves to the procession which by this time would have begun to straggle as the older children outdistanced the younger. The next house we came to was Wiandt's and I don't know why, but Hollis Stewart who was somewhat older than the rest of us but frequently amember of our growing delegation, always referred to Mrs. Wiandt as Mrs. Henny-Penny. Next came Chris Opphile's and then at the Chestnut St. corner was the green-painted house where the fourth-grade teacher, Miss Carrie Dougherty, lived.

Our teachers, of course, were different from those at the west building where strange children went who lived in the other end of town. No doubt those children felt the same way about us. That line of demarcation between the schools was as effective as the Berlin Wall in dictating a child's acquaintanceship, and on the rare occasions when we intermingled to practice for a cantata, I cherished for days the memory of some child I had met and admired. That, in fact, is my first recollection of Irene Morris Beauregard.

College Street in the days when we walked to school lugging our books and swinging our dinner buckets, came straight out to State Street without any bend at the railroad, and the Wise family -- whose sons Ralph and Francis usually attached themselves to our party -- lived in a one-story yellow house on the northeast corner. As we walked along past their fence we'd smell the hot tar on the pipes in Clow's yard across the street, and hold our cold hands up over our ears to shut out the noise of constant hammering.

Frequently we'd have to wait on a train when we reached the crossing and there we gained our first appreciation of far-away places with strange-sounding names. The Pullman cars had lovely, unpronouncable names printed along their sides, and people sitting in the diners with snowy white cloths and pretty little lamps on the individual tables embodied for us the ultimate in luxury. Oh, to be on one!

There was just one thing wrong with having to wait on trains. What if the last bell rang and we were late? I don't know about children of other families, but none of us three Zimmers ever could have lived down such disgrace.

I can't remember when I first saw an automobile; they seem always to have been in evidence. But I shall never forget the bliss of our first long ride. Ours was among the later families to acquire cars of their own. We didn't get one, in fact, until Frederic was old enough to drive. I'm sure however, that our Dad was waiting on the money, rather than on Frederic. For all those years when other people were getting them, we kids hung over our front gate with hope in our eyes and envy in our hearts.

The road past our house was the first to be paved in our end of the county -- in 1914, I believe -- and after that every Sunday there was a continual parade. People with Overlands and Buicks and Maxwells and Fords and Chandlers and Oldsmobiles spent Saturday polishing them and then on Sunday loaded up all their friends and relatives and spent the day grandly riding back and forth between our house and Rufenacht's (later Morris's) where a circular turn-about was smoothly beaten into the dust and four or five round trips was par for an outing.

But that first long ride! One Sunday morning when we three were in Sunday School down at the M. P. Church our Dad came and got us, announcing that Mr. Sam Robinson had invited us for a ride and we went all the way to Dennison and back. I suppose it took most of the day, though I don't remember. Neither do I know why our mother didn't go

along. Maybe it was just one of those men's and kids' parties and she wasn't even asked.

That must have been considerable later than another ride Dad took with Mr. Robinson which has gone down in family history as one of the more notable events in his life.

That also happened on Sunday. Did liked to sit on the front porch to read and he gladly accepted when Mr. Robinson came by about ten o'clock and invited him to go along on a spin to Uhrichsville.

Families who lived within hearing of the railroad were far more accustomed, in those days, to time things by trains than by clocks, particularly as there was confusion in the neighborhood between Central Standard Time and Sun Time which, I believe, was a half-hour slower. At any rate, after Dad and Mr. Robinson disappeared up the road in a cloud of dust on that hot Sunday, No. 10 went east; No. 19, at noon, went west, followed an hour or two later by that whizzing mail train, No. 11. Later we heard No. 6 go east and finally, right on the dot, we heard No. 3, west-bound, whistling for our crossing cut back of the sandhill. This was always our family's signal to go bring in the eggs, walk to the hill to drive the cows in for their evening milking, and start kindling the fire in the kitchen stove for supper. Still there was no sign of Dad. Then, just as my mother must surely have been approaching panic, there he came, walking from town.

They had repaired and changed tires the livelong day, he reported, and having only advanced as far as the Tuscarawas station by the time No. 3 came along, he had simply boarded the train and come home. I don't know yet when Mr. Robinson got back.

But let's go on downtown from East school building. Rogers Brothers had a grocery store where the Jack and Jill Shop is now and if a child had a penny he could buy an all-day sucker or a jawbreaker. I'm still deeply indebted to Mabel Draher for all the sharing she did with me. Joe Mulvane's Drugstore, I used to think, had the loveliest smell in town -- such a luscious mingling of drugs and perfumes. Then we'd cross the canal bridge to Beer's Drugstore where we bought our schoolbooks every September and where we returned frequently for pencil tablets trademarked either "Goldenrod" or "Conqueror of the Chiefs". The latter had a red cover with white paper inside and we Zimmers much preferred it.

On around Thalheimer's corner and down along Main St. one could find three dry-goods stores which all had a nice new-goodsy odor. These were the Factory Store,

Vogenitz's and Neighbor's, which had a millinery shop at the rear. I especially loved Mrs. Case's millinery store, for another of my neighboring non-relatives, Aunt Jessie Smith who later became Mrs. Jerry Starker, worked there as a trimmer and on one wonderful Saturday had me stay with her the whole afternoon while I made a doll hat.

And band concerts! Remember? We used to walk downtown and back in the evening with our parents, stopping in when the concert was over and before we started the long walk home in the dark, for dishes of ice cream at Emerson's store, about where Western Auto is now.

You see? This can go on indefinitely and I think it's fun. But I've had only one object in mind in ending up this "Highly Personalized Chapter of the Ohio Story" with memories of my own. And that was to stimulate the desire of everyone of you, too, to "wander to the hill to watch the scene below".

Think backward, and then try listing your memories under your five senses -- tasting, touching, seeing, smelling, hearing -- and you'll come up with a personalized chapter of your own that will touch everyone else's in places but never be quite identical. And in the pocess, you'll polish the edges of recollection which are beginning to darken and keep them forever bright.

"I wandered today to the hill, Maggie, to watch the scene below
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie, as we used to long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, where first the daisies spring
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, when you and I were young."

I hope that my unorthodox beginning hasn't left you as badly shaken up as it did my sister, when I told her I was planning to begin by singing.

"But aren't you afraid you'll get a reputation?" she asked.

That sort of shook me, and I said, "What do you mean? Reputation?"

"Well, maybe reputation isn't the right word," she answered. "I guess what I mean is that people will begin thinking you're some kind of a character."

And that made me realize she had visions of my becoming a feminine Joseph K. Hall. Actually, I don't think either of us ever saw Joe Hall, but like everyone else raised in Newcomerstown we'd heard all about him. And when you come right down to it, you realize that Joe's very queerness earned him more lasting fame than the more noble acts of lots of other people who have tried harder.

I hope you'll forgive me for reading this ~~what I have to say, rather than speaking from notes,~~ for it's much too easy to get carried away with my subject. In fact, I have been somewhat carried away with it ever since Bea asked me, ~~it seems nearly a year ago, if I'd talk about the history of Newcomerstown.~~ a few months ago. I just talk. And what I've finally come up with after a great deal of thinking ~~&~~ note writing ~~and~~ reading, and listening to my mother's reminiscences, is what I'm going to not really ~~call~~ a history of those call it instead, "A Highly Personalized Chapter of The Ohio Story."

There's nothing more deadly, ~~to me,~~ to me, than history which is ~~given in the form of mere dates.~~ full of dates. It's the people and the unimportant little incidents with which their lives are filled ~~who lived when these~~ at the time which give dates ~~became history which gives them~~ luster and make them memorable.

But now to get back to wandering "today to the hill, Maggie." On New Year's Day because I had nothing to do and no one to do it with, I bundled up in my hiking togs and wandered to the hill myself. I cut out across our field to the viaduct and up onto the hill along the new U.S. 36 and on through the ~~hill~~ pit below the reservoir. In general it was the same ~~general~~ route which we kids and Dad used to walk almost every Sunday afternoon in pre-automobile days. And I'll

tell you, when you "watch the scene below" today, you realize there's a lot more gone than the "green grove ~~[illegible]~~ and the daisies. All of a sudden you and I are that remarkable generation and there's so much to tell. Just for the sake of the record and because it's something I would have no way of knowing ~~[illegible]~~, I'm going to first read a ~~[illegible]~~ of the history of this area as it is written in the 1870 atlas of Tuscarawas County. You're familiar with it, I'm sure -

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One of the greatest hazards in historical research is that you get so carried away with reading that you forget what it was you were trying to find out in the first place.. I had access to three different county histories in writing this and ~~[illegible]~~ and if I'd taken time then to mark various paragraphs to read to you now, this would be a far more interesting review. ~~As it was, I spent about an hour trying to locate just one, and never did find it, though I'm sure it was somewhere in the history published around 1885. It referred to the booming opulent condition of the county, its low number of paupers but ended with the statement that there was increasing concern over growing numbers of "itinerant mendicants" or in other words, tramps.~~

Before I go on with my "Highly Personalized Chapter of the Ohio Story," I'd like to recommend five books to you -- all of them by the same author -- Conrad Richter. One, you may already have read or seen on television as it was adapted by Walt Disney. Called "Light in the Forest," it's the story of a captive white boy's reluctant parting from his Indian adoptive parents when Col. Bouquet made the trip to Coshocton in 1764 to ~~[illegible]~~ force the Indians to release the captives they'd taken from the colonies to the east. It described their return along the Tuscarawas River; how unhappy the boy was back with his real family in Pennsylvania; his return to the Indian village on a high bank along an unnamed river. Surely the author had Newcomerstown in mind for at least part of his story.

Even more valuable are Richter's four other books dealing with Ohio. The

first three are called "The Trees," "The Fields," and "The Town, while the fourth ~~and one~~ published only a year ago and called "Country of Strangers," answers a question which the first three left dangling --"What happened to the little girl who ~~became~~ lost?" They are fiction, of course, but so historically accurate that they provide a perfect description for us of the pioneers as they came into Ohio, cut down the trees, cleared the fields, ### founded the towns and set up the state government. Read them, and you'll feel a new sense of humility at the hardships our ancestors underwent to leave us this lovely valley.

The Tuscarawas valley was still in the first stage, "The Trees," when David Zeisberger paid his first visit here ###### just ~~ten~~ seven years after those 206 white men, women and children under the protection of Boquet's army had traveled back up the valley enroute to Ft. Pitt and reunion with their families. ~~On March 14, 1774, he stood in front of the Delaware Chief Netawatwes' cabin~~ His visit is best described in this ~~Now I'm going to read an~~ excerpt from the 1885 History of Tus. County If you have one of these volumes, you'll find it on page 273: "In the spring of 1770, at a new Moravian village called Friedensstadt, on the Beaver River in Pennsylvania, a wampum belt was brought from the great council at Gekelemukpechunk (now Newcomerstown) with notice that, inasmuch as an epidemic had recently carried off many Delawares, and believed to have been brought on by the power of witchcraft, some of the counselors were of opinion that by embracing Christianity the contagion would cease; it was therefore resolved that the remedy should be resorted to, and that whoever should oppose the preaching of the Gospel among them ought to be regarded as an enemy of the nation. An urgent request was sent to several of the Penn. missions to remove to the valley of the Tusc. where they might have their choice of lands and dwell in peace and safety.

David Zeisberger, one of the missionaries, was impressed with the idea of removing the missions to this fruitful valley in Ohio. In March 1771 escorted by several Christian Indians, all mounted, he visited the Delaware capital. Gekelemuck. The town lay amidst a clearing, nearly a mile square, just east of the present Newcom., and consisted of about one hundred houses, mostly built of logs. Z. was the guest of Netawatwes, the chief of the nation, who dwelt in a spacious cabin, with shingle roof, board floors, staircase and stone chi-

In this building, at noon on the 14th of March 1771, a throng of Indians, toge. with nearly a dozen white men, gathered to listen to the first Moravian sermon delivered in the terr. now comprising the state of Ohio. His subject was the corruptness of human nature and the efficacy of Christ's atonement; and he exposed the absurdity of the doctrine then urged by Indian preachers, that sin must be purged out of this body by vomiting."

Now let's join James Pilling, my great-grandfather, who came to Ohio in 1840 and bought a tract of land which included the site of the abandoned village where Zeisberger had preached nearly 70 years before. About midway between the river and what was later to become the railroad stood a large walnut tree under which, he was told at the time, the cabin of the Delaware chief had stood. When I was younger I was inclined to doubt that story, 70 years seemed such a long time for a tree to keep standing in the same place. But now I know 70 years isn't long at all, particularly when one reads that many of Ohio's virgin trees measured five or more feet in diameter when the forest was cleared.

After Jim Pilling visited the tract of land which already had a cabin on it and a sawmill down along the river he concluded its purchase at Steubenville & then he returned to Redstone, Pa., to make arrangements to bring his wife, Sallie, and their four little girls, Anne, Rebecca, Ellen and Sabina, to Ohio the following spring. His brother-in-law, Thomas Benton, came at about the same time and together they soon rented and subsequently bought the saw-mill which operated with waterpower.

By that time the frontier had pushed much farther west and eastern Ohio was young and thriving. The Ohio Canal had been in operation almost 10 years, causing new little towns to spring up along its banks and helping the farmers, once isolated, to ship their produce to market at Cleveland or Cincinnati.

Up in the hills about five miles to the east in the area which was later would become Glasgow, another family of my ancestors was living. Burress Moore and his family had come from Pennsylvania to Guernsey County in the fall of 1825 but two years later they had moved north into newly organized

Tuscarawas County, cautiously avoiding the valley with its threat of ague and building their log cabin in the hills.

~~I started reading about the beginning of the canal a few days ago and as I read~~ I have tried to visualize the excitement that must have resulted from the ~~this~~ canal proposal, first introduced as a resolution in the Ohio Legislature in 1817. It took five years, ~~of arguing~~, after that, until a survey could be authorized, and then there were four routes considered. Finally the Tuscarawas-Scioto plan was adopted, and contracts for its building were let in sections of one-half to a mile each. My great-grandfather, Alexander Moore and his older brother, Thomas, worked for a contractor named Garfield. The Moore boys lived at home while the work was in progress but Mr. and Mrs. Garfield boarded other workers in their shanty at the canal. In spite of the fact that their son James, who was destined to become president was not born until ~~1831~~, stories persist that he helped build ~~the Ohio Canal~~ it. Every farm along its course had a Garfield spring from which the budding president was reputed to have carried water, including one on our own farm, the site of which is now covered by the Rt. 36 by-pass.

~~My mother says she remembers, though maybe it's only because she heard it told for she was only five, that when President Garfield was assassinated and plans were announced for bringing his body to Cleveland for burial, her tottery old Grandfather Moore insisted he must attend that funeral ~~out of his great admiration~~ and it was only.~~

After the Pillings came to Newcomerstown they lost three infants and their first Ohio-born child to survive was my grandmother, Maria, born in 1847. And with her arrival my "highly personal history" really begins, for it was through her eyes that I saw many of these events ~~as a child~~.

There was her reference to seeing foxfire on dark nights over in the marshy bottom and at the foot of the hills to the south. Last summer up in Michigan ~~they~~ saw the same thing over ~~some~~ a swamp ~~and~~ called it flying saucers.

She used to tell about the desolate feeling one got at seeing someone

riding toward the little town carrying a long stick across ~~the~~ his knees. Everyone knew he was on his way to the cabinetmakers to order a coffin and the stick was the length of the corpse.

Maria was going on six ~~the spri~~ and her little brother Benton was four the spring of 1853 when their mother died. Sallie had been helping Jim at the sawmill, had gotten wet and caught cold. She died of what they then called sinking chills, but we now call pneumonia. On the day their mother died, the two ~~little~~ young children were taken over to the foot of the hill, across the canal, to the home of a neighbor, and on their way they stopped to watch workmen building the new railroad, which wasn't completed until 1857 between Steubenville & Newark. Sallie was buried beside her mother, ~~in the~~ Anne Cunard, who had died the previous year, in the pioneer cemetery down in the middle of town and Jim, distraught over some neighbor's contention that Dr. Brown had given her the wrong medicine, dispatched a rider ~~to a chemist in Steubenville, carrying a sample of the powder~~ to carry a sample of the powder to a chemist in Steubenville whose tests exonerated the physician of all blame.

Despite the loss of their mother, Maria and Benton had a happy childhood, for they revered their father and adored their sister Becky who ~~took~~ had taken over the management of the home.

Winters, they attended school down in Newcomerstown, Maria at first in a small school located ~~about where the Presbyterian Church now stands,~~ on W. Church St., and later at the Union School -- the wooden building which was moved back in 1900 to make way for erection of the brick high school building on College St. ~~Their~~ Maria's change of schools was memorable ~~although it was~~ She and her neighbor and playmate, ~~Robert~~ Bob Nugen, ~~who was at school with Maria the day they heard the~~ were at school one ~~that~~ day. The fire bell sounded--it would have been the one on the Lutheran Church which ~~stood~~ later became the Rodney house, and they heard that lumber which was being kiln dried to build the Union School had caught fire. Frightened, the two children ran home and didn't return until the new school was completed in 1857 ~~the following year~~ in the days before truant officers, obviously. It was called the Union School because it merged the vill. dis. & the Teachers Patent.

In the summer Maria and Benton ~~even~~ helped around the sawmill. One of their chores ~~was their job~~ was to strip the rough bark off the logs before they were put through the mill, so the ~~teeth~~ saw blade, scurrying up and down wouldn't be dulled quickly.

Maria's favorite story involved elephants.. In pre-railroad days circuses traveled by wagon with the menagerie riding in cages or trudging along behind. Such circuses! They were pitiful little outfits by Barnum and Bailey standards but in the scattered little towns they were sheer magic.

On this particular occasion a circus came along which had two elephants who refused to cross the little wooden bridge across the millrace, but took to the millpond instead.. The owner was cross and the keeper had a hard time getting them out,, for the tired elephants loved the cool water.

Then Jim Pilling had an inspiration ~~thought of a way to give his children an extra treat.~~. Hurriedly he told them to bring a basket of potatoes which was sitting by the well, and to scatter them in the road where the elephants would pass.. They found the banquet as they left the millpond and refused to budge until they'd very vacuumed the last bite from the dust with their funny,, snaky trunks,, giving the children perched on the fence in front of the cabin, ample time for a good long look.

Although there was no formal graduation,, Maria attended high school as long as there were subjects left to learn and then she got a summer ~~school~~ teaching job at the one-room school at Hill's ~~look at this look was~~ near the site of the present roadside park west of Port Washington. The white frame building sat ~~sat at the base of the hill~~ on the north side of the valley where the road used to swing up and around the base of the hill,, providing early motorists with extra thrills on rainy days ~~when the slippery clay might easily have sent a car plunging to the bottom of the bank.~~. Much as I dreaded that road I loved it too,, for more wildflowers seemed to grow there than anywhere else in the county and the first bloodroots always ~~seemed to~~ blossomed in the clearing around what we called MaMoore's schoolhouse..

~~That's where~~ teaching at Hoag's Station she was when Dave Moore was discharged from the Union Army in the early summer of 1865, and came back home,. After their marriage, three years later, they operated the Lone Star Hotel in Newcomerstown-- the building t that we remember as Abe Davis's confectionery on the present site of the Reeves Bank.. and found work driving a team pulling canal-boats -

Town anecdotes—1870—

In the meantime Jim Pilling had married again. His wife, in the eyes of her resentful step-daughters of practically the same age, was a conniving young widow married Melinda Thompson, who had two half-grown children. In 1879 when my mother was three years old her Grandfather Pilling met a tragic death. He was walking down the railroad to claim a shipment of machinery ~~which he had ordered~~ for the woolen mill when he was struck by a train and killed

Civil War

blown down in a storm.

My grandparents bought the farm, moved back to it, and it's been our home ever since ~~and reminiscenses then become~~ my mother ~~has~~ She was ~~nine~~ eight, she says, the summer the iron bridge was built across the river. The bridge date stands out in her mind because the long iron girders lay in the corner of the ~~young orchard~~ field down next to the bridge and on the day of her birthday party, June 12, she and a few ~~of her~~ chosen friends abandoned the rest of the guests and went down to play on the girders. Probably she got more than just a birthday spanking.

Some time before that the covered bridge had burned.

Their closest neighbors were the Smiths who lived in the house at the corner. This was the old home of Col. Robert Nugen, Mrs. Smith's father, who had been one of the leaders in the community ever since he'd helped build the canal and ~~his~~ whose 800 acres of land stretching across the valley and up onto the hills on both sides had been divided up among his children. The Nugens and Pillings and their descendants were the closest of neighbors and best of ~~friends~~ for three generations and my dearest non-relative was Aunt Sadie Spreling, the Smith daughter who remained longest at the old home.

~~[redacted]~~ nothing makes me madder, now, than the street sign just east of the pump station which is spelled Nugent, nor sadder than the sight of ~~that~~ ~~lovely~~ what remains of that lovely old Nugen house turned into a very filthy filling station and junkyard.

That neighborliness once brought a very famous man to ~~the Pilling home~~ our house. My grandmother's eldest sister, Anne, was married in Sept. 1853 to Conrad Stocker and two guests at the wedding were then visiting at Col. Nugen's. They were ~~classmates at~~ newly graduated from West Point -- his newphew John Nugen with ~~his~~ a friend, Phil Sheridan. It was the custom in those days for all the wedding party to accompany the newlyweds on horseback to their new home, and that ~~the~~ the ride to Port

Washington. Becky Pilling was paired off to ride with young Sheridan. The Stocker's first home was modest but later they built the lovely brick house that recently has been restored to its original beauty and stands less than a mile west of Port Washington..

Bright-eyed Annie Moore stored up lots of memories of her school days which were frequently highlighted, as soon as she and her friends had eaten their lunches, with trips down to Bridge Street where they'd stand on the canal bridge and watch for boats in the hope they could ride as the bridge was opened and turned to permit passage of the boat and the team that pulled it.

Sometimes they'd go into Smith and Dickenson's store which occupied the Baltimore corner, and watch the horse on a treadmill which operated the elevator when farmers brought in wagonloads of grain to be shipped out on the canal.. Boating, in the days preceding the building of the railroads, was big business. ~~At Canal Dover in 1850, for example, record showed that products shipped out included 250,362 # of butter; 450,899 bu. wheat; 30,787# eggs and 163,378 # of wool. Shipments arriving included the same year included 53,714# of coffee; 5,658 BBl. salt; and 39,964# crockery. 408 passengers arrived who had traveled an average of 31 miles each.~~. By 1880, however, the railroads had taken all the passenger business and most of the freight ~~business~~ hauling, except for shipments of such things as wheat, coal or lumber which did not require speed.

On their way downtown those schoolkids of the 1880's would pass Bill Deaver's general store, ~~#####~~where the Oxford Cleaners is now. This store had a cracker barrel and a pickle barrel both of which were attractive to hungry children. He also had numerous cats - But Mr. Deaver is best remembered as the father of three outstanding daughters -- May who was a teacher in Cleveland; Dollie, mother of Henry Wolfe; and Alcie, the mother of the late Bill Timmons. Down on Main St. was M. Yingling and Son, a grocery & china store in operation in our own childhood; and here too, was a grandfather of a famous grandson -- Norman Bel-Geddes..

On down the street where Bair's is, was Dave Creter's store where thirsty men went to get a drink of liquor out of a tincup hung on the side of ~~the~~ a barrel.

Incidentally, few names in local history have undergone as many changes as Crater, which now seems to have general acceptance. On old plots of the town it is spelled Creter, and in Grandfather Pilling's daybook, it's Critter.

My mother attended first grade in a small building which stood to the south of the Union School, next to the railroad. Her teacher was Miss Lillie McFadden who later became Mrs. John Keast, and she was memorable to little Anne Moore for the gorgeous breastpin she wore -- a thing of dazzling beauty. These same first graders enjoyed sitting on the flat top rail of the board fence along the railroad and taunting a woman who lived just across the tracks and possessed a peg-legged husband and a fat little daughter whom classmates called Rachie Pudding. Why, my mother wonders now, didn't Miss McFadden warm the bottoms of the whole crew?

Then in the third grade, there's the recollection of the teacher, Miss Nellie Miskimen, becoming so enraged at a bad boy named Lewis that she raised his slate over his head, brought it down with a tremendous crash and left the frame draped over his shoulders. This is the same boy who, when a carnival came to town departed with it, and later was reported to have married the daughter of the man who ran the merry-go-round.

Mr. Bicker, the undertaker, who had come from Germany and spoke with an accent, had a shop on Canal St. where the "new" hotel now stands and when he wasn't making caskets or conducting funerals, made fine furniture. Just up the street from him was the Andrew Creter tavern-the house later owned by Lel Shoemaker. Mr. Creter's wife had died ~~before he moved from N.J., but~~ and later he returned there to N.J. and brought his maiden sister, Aunt ~~Polly,~~ Sarah, to run his house and raise his children, Jack, Clark, Anne and Elizabeth -- none of whom left marriage. Jack's stone, however, is the big one along N. St. ~~with~~ topped by a woman's figure.

Aunt Sarah was a forceful character and as she got older got queerer. Children liked to stop and sit on the stone wall backed up by shrubbery that surrounded the house, and Aunt Sarah was in the habit of walking up behind them and poking them with her cane.

His daughter Clara became the second wife of Israel [illegible], lived on the site of Mr. Hall's home.

Our farm joined the Zimmer farm on the north and over there in the Buckhorn Valley my dad was growing up in the house remodeled and now occupied by his nephew. Frank Wier, ~~and~~ to regale you with all the stories handed down from that side of the family would take at least as long so I won't start.

Instead, I'd like to do a little reminiscing of my own and as I did last winter on another of my solitary walks, retrace our route to school ~~and Sunday School.~~

On zero mornings there was the hum of the wind in the tightly-stretched telephone and telegraph wires and the chuckle that always ensued as we recalled our grandmother's story about the town liar who rushed in to ~~store~~ Smith & Dickenson's store and announced, "The telegraph wire's busted and there's a whole pile of messages up there." ~~The sound of ringing bells, the dread of being late for school.~~

That day last January when I "watched the scene below" I thought how few were the houses along State St., when ~~we~~ used to walk to school, frequently joined at the end of the bridge by Ralph and Carl Portz. There were none but cinder paths ~~until we reached the brick sidewalk at the cemetery.~~ half-way to town. After passing Smith's at the corner, the next house on the left was ~~just as it is today~~ the one at the pump station, just as it is today, ~~but then it was occupied by the Sam Jones family.~~ On the north side of the street there were four houses (Stoner, Coles, Asher and Stewart) in a row and then none until beyond the cemetery, so our route followed the ~~board~~ cinder path on the south side of the street. At the cemetery we crossed to the brick sidewalk skirting the hedge, and the next house we came to was Wiandt's. I don't know why, but Hollis Stewart who was somewhat older than the rest of us but frequently a member of our growing delegation, always referred to Mrs. Wiandt as Mrs. Henny Penny. Next came Opphile's and then at the Chrstnut St. corner, the green-painted house ~~Dougherty's,~~ where the fourth grade teacher, Miss Carrie Dougherty, lived.

Our teachers, of course, were different from those at the west building where ~~those~~ strange kids went who lived in the other end of town. No doubt those children felt the same way about us; that line of ~~separation~~ demarcation was

as effective as the Berlin Wall in dictating a child's acquaintanceship,. ~~so far as I was concerned~~ and on the rare occasions when we intermingled to practice for a cantata or other school program,. I cherished for days the memory of some child I had met and admired.. That,, in fact, is my first recollection of Irene Morris.

College St.,, in the days when we walked to school lugging our books and swinging our dinner buckets,. came straight out to State Street, and the Wise family -- whose sons Ralph and Francis usually attached themselves to our party -- lived in a one-story yellow house on the northeast corner. Frequently we'd have to wait on a train when we reached the railroad, and there we gained our first appreciation of faraway places with strange-sounding names.. The pullman cars had lovely,. unpronouncable names printed along their sides; and people sitting in the diners with lovely white cloths and pretty little lamps on the individual tables for us the ultimate in luxury.. Oh,. to be on one !

I can't remember when I first saw an automobile; they seem always to have been in evidence,. but I can never forget the thrill of my first long ride. Ours was among the later families to acquire cars of their own we didn't have one until Frederic was old enough to drive, along about 1917.. For all those years when other people were getting them,. we kids hung over our front gate with hope in our eyes and envy in our souls.. The road past our house was the first to be paved in our end of the county -- in 1914,. I believe-- and after that every Sunday was a continual parade; people friends and relatives grandly back and forth between our house and Rufenacht's (later Morris's) where a circular turn-around was smoothly beaten in the dust.

But that first long ride ! One Sunday morning when Frederic and David and I were in Sunday School down at the M.. P. Church our Dad came and got us,. announcing that along with Mr. Robinson who had invited us for a ride,. and we went all the way to Dennison and back.. I suppose it took most of the day,. tho I don't remember.

That must have been considerably later than another ride Dad took with Mr. Robinson which has gone down in family history as one of the notable events in his life.

That also was a Sunday.. Dad had a habit of sitting on the front porch to read and he gladly accepted when Mr. Robinson came by about 10 o'clock and invited him to go along to Uhrichsville. Families who lived within hearing of the railroad were far more accustomed,. in those days, to time things by trains than by clocks and on this last Sunday No.. 10 went east; No.. 19,. at noon, followed by the whizzing mail train, #11; went west; No..6 went east,, and finally,. at almost supper time,. No..3 went west,. warning my mother and grandmother it was time to gather the eggs,. get ready to do the evening milking and round up us children for the night, and still Dad had not returned.. Then,. just as my mother was finally getting almost beside herself with anxiety,. he appeared, walking from town. They had repaired and changed tires all the way from Newcomerstown to Trenton -- that's the station where trains used to stop this side of 52 cut They had been repairing and changing tires the livelong day, he reported, and having only advanced as far as Trenton by the time No. 3 came along, he had boarded the train and come home.

But let's go on downtown from the East School Building. Rogers Brothers had a grocery store where the Jack and Jill Shop is now, and if a child had a penny, he could buy an all day sucker or a jawbreaker. Joe Mulvane's drugstore,. I used to think,. had the loveliest smell in town -- such a pleasing mixture of drugs and perfume.. Then we'd cross the canal bridge to Beers's, where we bought our schoolbooks once a year and returned frequently for pencil tablets,. trademarked either "Goldenrod" or "Conqueror of the Chiefs." On around and onto Main St., Thalheimer's corner one could find three drygoods stores -- the Factory Store, Vogenitz's,. and Neighbors.. I especially loved Mrs. Case's millinery shop,. for our neighbor,. Miss Jessie Smith who later became Mrs. Jerry Starker, worked there as her trimmer and on one memorable occasion, had me stay with her a whole Saturday afternoon while I made a doll hat..

~~Then there were~~ [And] band concerts. We used to walk there and back, stopping in before we started the long walk home in the dark for dishes of icecream in Emerson's store,, about where Western Auto is now.

You see? This can go on ~~infefinin~~ indefinitely and I think it's fun.. But I've had only one object in mind in ending up this "Highly Personalized Chapter in the Ohio Story" with some memories of my own. ~~and~~ that ~~is~~ [was] to ~~stir~~ stimulate your own desire ~~to remember and at least~~ figuratively speaking, ~~prompt you too~~, [too] to "wander to the hill and watch the scene below." ~~In that way you'll bring out your own recollections and in fendly reviewing them, keep them forever bright.~~

Think back and Try listing ~~them~~ (Those memories) under your five senses — seeing - hearing - smelling - touching, ~~tasting~~ — and you'll discover that through such fond reviewings you'll polish the edges which may be beginning to darken and keep ~~those memories~~ them (recollections) forever bright —

Think [illegible].

[illegible] a personalized chapter [illegible] elses in places [illegible] identical, + [illegible] process

Please return this as it's my only copy of a talk I gave to Nelscott Garden Club, probably about 1970 — Sorry it's so messy but I thought you'd enjoy it.

Lois Craig

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1900 words

There's a happy memory for just about every finger, I thought, that Sunday morning as I hastily tried, getting ready for church, to conceal my latest association with black walnuts by applying rosy nail polish.

After so many years I should have learned to avoid those tattle-tale brown stains which are impervious to everything but wear and tear. Yet there they were. Recently I'd partially solved the problem by wearing old boots in which I tramped out the rotting hulls with all my 120 pounds. But the matter of picking them up still remained. This time I'd been betrayed by a pair of leaky rubber gloves.

A devotee of black walnuts finds all one's senses involved: taste, touch, sight, smell--yes-- even sound. But before I begin enumerating such sense-stirring recollections I can't resist mentioning Cousin Junior, whose name even now is apt to prompt a guffaw from my two brothers with whom I shared so many happy times while our baby sister ~~missed~~ was missing all the fun.

On that late October Saturday, years ago, Junior and his mother who were visiting from their home at Dennison, decided to accompany us when we went nutting.

This involved a half-mile walk to the foot of our hill which also served as a pasture for our family's cows, then a breathless climb up it until we came to one of the more prolific walnut trees. Often we went to Old Pear Shape. Named by us, naturally, because the huge tree always bore pear-shaped nuts.

Being country kids, my brothers and I knew all about the hazards of nutting in cow pastures, but Junior didn't. So it

wasn't long until, racing to help gather the squishy nuts, Junior tripped. Flinging his hands out to break his fall, he found them both buried in a just-deposited-that-morning cowpat. However the six-year-old soul of nonchalance didn't shed a single tear despite our teasing. Instead, as his mother began the repulsive job of cleaning him up he calmly inquired, "Will this take off walnut stain?"

It was Junior too, who uttered the family's oft-quoted remark ##### while visiting at the home of another relative who had a stammering problem. Turning at the table as the stutterer began speaking, he warned, "Listen Mama! The band's going to play."

Is it any wonder Junior grew up to become a successful sports editor?

But aside from laughter, there are other sounds associated with walnuts.

There's that hearty "thunk" as moist, greenish-brown nuts, newly separated from the tree by a brisk autumn breeze, strike a grassy slope and roll to a stop against fallen branches. And months later there's the sharp ring of the hammer, frequently mingled with cries of pain as a thumb gets in the way of a blow meant to shatter the rocky shell.

But I prefer to think of taste. How I'd love to re-create Aunt Sadie's chocolate taffy which she poured over nutmeats spread in a buttered piepan. Oh the taste, and oh the smell! So early was I set on the road to tooth decay! Now with fillings on fillings, I wouldn't dare try it.

Aunt Sadie, who was a beloved non-relative neighbor, cooked the syrup of sugar, bitter chocolate, butter and water to crack stage in a small iron pot with a bail set down into a well of flame made by removing one of the round iron lids from the top

of her squatty old coal-burning range.

My recollection of the process is vague for her kitchen disappeared forever in the 1913 flood when I was going on ten, and my concern with candy-making then dealt more with results than with recipes.

There's another walnut odor I love that reaches back to summertime and blackberrying trips to the hill. Seeking a shady spot to rest our tired legs, catch our breath and mop our sweaty faces, we'd luxuriate in an atmosphere of pennyroyal and wild roses. And for a special personal sachet, we'd pick rough, green walnuts to warm in our hands, then take deep breaths of nature's own brand of pungent smelling salts.

After that refreshing interval we'd climb down into a fern festooned ravine, cup our hands to catch a drink from the spring that leaked from the rocks at the root of a chalky beech, dabble our scratched arms with the cooling water and start the long hot walk home, lugging our buckets of berries. Before that trip was over our pump beneath the grape arbor at home became as inviting a beacon as does that palmy oasis in the mind of a cartooned, thirsty desert wanderer.

As farm youngsters we three had evening chores to perform, so our fall nutting trips had to be carefully planned and we hurried on our mile-long walk from school to gain time. Walnuts were heavy and it didn't take too many to fill a burlap sack as full as we could carry it.

One time we developed a brilliant scheme: we'd haul them home in our teddy wagon. (Does anyone know why we called it that?) There was a smooth, sloping pile of slack scarring the face of our hill below the tipple of a long abandoned coalmine. All we'd need do was fill our sack with walnuts, tie it, put it in the

wagon and then, with all three of us serving as brakes, bring it gently straight down to the foot of the hill.

Today two boys who went on to college to become engineers probably will deny it ever happened. But I'm here to testify that gravity took over and no three kids or no bushel of walnuts were ever more quickly, widely scattered!

Once brought home, our walnuts always were heaped in the backyard to await hulling-- the least enjoyable step in the process which we tried to improve with a variety of inventions, such as pounding them through boards having conveniently-sized knotholes. Once hulled, they were put on the chicken house roof for the rain to wash and the sun to dry. Now I wonder why, after all our hard work, they weren't stolen by squirrels as mine surely would be today.

Fortunately, I now have a walnut tree right in the backyard which supplies enough nuts for me and any visiting rodents. It also frequently costs me lawnmower repaid bills, due to indigestible nuts getting caught in the gears. At any rate, I no longer go nutting to the hill, due to U.S. 36 having been carved across its bosom.

And besides, as a line in that once familiar old ballad says, "The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie...."

Lois Zimmer Craig
E. State St.,
Newcomerstown, O. 43832

2441 words

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A covered wooden bridge spanned the river only a few rods west of the sawmill and each spring as jagged ice and hurtling debris ground against its piers and abutments the family watched to see whether it would withstand the assault. It did, however,

then fell during a high wind sometime in the early eighties.

The date of the bridge's replacement is more firmly fixed in family history 900 than is the date of its destruction, due to my mother's (Anne Moore Zimmer's) recollection of her 10th birthday and her non-birthday spanking. Instead of remaining to entertain her guests in lady-like fashion she and a chosen companion took themselves off to the corner of the orchard next to the river where they could practice walking the iron girders newly delivered in readiness for the bridge's replacement. That was June 20, 1886.

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The family itself, however, had little time for fishing. Nor did we ever associate with some of the other people whom the river attracted. Gypsies regularly used a campground under a big maple at the south end of the bridge. As fascinated by their decorated wagons and gaudy clothes as we were distrustful of their habits, everyone breathed a sigh of relief when suddenly they moved on. Many of them came to our pump for water.

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AN EARLY CIRCUS

2200 words

Lois Zimmer

Newcomerstown, Ohio

Has it ever been your lot to be driving along a sunny summer highway, and suddenly come face to face with an elephant, who advanced at much more than elephantine speed over the brow of a hill? Of course the illusion lasts only until the grinding, steaming truck beneath him comes in sight.

They say that elephants are extremely intelligent creatures. Just what, do you suppose, a motorized elephant is thinking as he careens along over smooth highways, trying now and then with his trunk to snatch a leaf or two from a low-hanging branch which reaches down temptingly, just beyond his grasp? Certainly these elephants have the laugh on their predecessors anyway, for those old fellows were real troupers in the literal sense of the word.

Such musings tempt one to inquire into this matter of early wagon circuses - their equipage, personnel, and routes of travel. I found a number of interesting books and articles dealing with the subject, which all circus-loving Ohioans should enjoy. Some of these were discovered at the Carnegie Library in Columbus, and others at the Ohio State University Library. Then too, a painstaking perusal of files of the Ohio State Journal at the Carnegie Library brought to light circus advertisements of the 1850's, which, much to my enjoyment, employed the same adjectives used on circus posters this past summer. Even back in those days, it was a mammoth, breath-taking spectacle.

One of the most entertaining books I discovered was entitled "The Circus from Rome to Ringling" by Earl Chapin May, whose father was a trouper with the old wagon shows. In the introduction he makes the following observation: "In the days of few railroads and many horse-drawn vehicles, the smallest wagon show epitomized romance. It came colorfully out of Whither and went mysteriously Whence ..... Circus caravans preceded and followed our covered wagons."

American people always seem to have had a weakness for circuses, which by the middle of the last century, were conducted much on the same lines as those of the present day. The earliest venture at exhibiting wild animals occurred in Boston in 1720, when an enterprising Yankee sea captain sailed into port bringing an African lion. During the next one-hundred years, many other wild animals were brought to this country. The first elephant arrived in New York in 1796, and tramped weary miles over the roads of the baby republic, in order that people at every cross-road might have the privilege of beholding her. They gladly paid fifty cents each to the elephant's shrewd owner, who traveled the country roads after night with his unwieldy charge, so that close-fisted farmers couldn't see her pass by, thus saving their half-dollar. He had as an excuse however, that he did not wish to frighten the farmers' horses which he might meet along the road in daytime.

It must have been quite a profitable venture, for the early exhibitor had little overhead beyond buying hay for his elephant, paying for damages to property, and providing his elephant with "boots". These were made of leather and were placed upon the animal's forefeet to protect them from glass or nails which might be in the roadway.

The elephant was such a source of wonder to the early Americans that they listened intently to everything which the owner said of his possession, apparently believing it utterly. At least that must have been the reason why some small New England boys thought it would be permissible for them to hide behind a fence and do a little sharpshooting as the elephant plodded his way out of town; for the owner had said that the elephant's hide was impenetrable so far as bullets were concerned. But the boys were blessed (?) with beginner's luck, for one of their bullets entered the elephant's eye, and he instantly fell dead. No doubt those boys had to eat off the mantle for many a day, because their Yankee fathers had to pay the irate owner for the loss of his elephant.

By the middle of the 19th Century, few separate exhibitors of animals remained in the United States. Most of the menageries had joined with companies of acrobats, equestrians, etc., to form the American circus as we know it today. The following advertisement which I found in the Ohio State Journal published June 20, 1855, bears out this statement:

CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE

Signor Chiarini's Italian Circus

in connection with

Raymond & Co.,'s

Menagerie of Wild Animals

will exhibit at Columbus on Wednesday, July 4, 1855, for one day only. Doors open at 10, 2, and 7. Performance to commence one-half hour after.

This company will exhibit at Delaware July 2, Worthington July 3, Johnstown July 5, Mt. Vernon July 6, Walhonding July 7, Millersburg July 9, Wooster July 10.

The company will enter town in GRAND PROCESSION on the morning of exhibition accompanied by a FULL MILITARY BAND, driven through the streets in an appropriate carriage followed by the carriages, cages, elephants and vans containing the ANIMALS to the MAMMOTH PAVILION erected for the EXHIBITION.

Elephant Hannibal, Elephant Ann, 15 cages of lions, tigers, leopards, etc., etc., etc., together with Prof. Langworthy's Den of Royal Tigers! in which he fearlessly enters. The elephants, the pony and monkey will take part in the performance.

Definite date concerning the first circus which visited Ohio seems to be lacking. Considering however, that they traveled by wagon, and that the

Cumberland Road did not cross the Ohio River into the new state until 1825, it is probable that few circuses entered this region before that date. Certainly some time must have elapsed before they ventured far from the little towns strung along Zane's Trace, which at its eastern end was to become the Cumberland Road. Roads were crooked, rough,and in many places so steep or so deep in mud, that travel was out of the question except for a few weeks during the summer. The performers endured the jolting rides in springless wagons, or walked alongside; but each was a good trouper and was expected to perform many duties beside those included in his act. And following the wagons came the elephants, plodding many weary miles while excited pioneer children shouted their delight and amazement from clearings about log cabins. The elephant could average a speed of about five miles an hour on a good, hard-surfaced road, so undoubtedly the pioneer child had ample time for a good look at the strange animals as they tramped dusty miles along rough backwoods roads.

We treasure a circus story in our family that is an excellent portrayal of two small Ohioans' first circus:

Maria and Benton were the two youngest children of James Pilling, who had brought his family to Ohio in 1840. He had bought the land just east of Newcomerstown, which some sixty years previously had been occupied by the Delaware village. There, within a quarter-mile of the spot on which, according to the pioneers, King Newcomer's log cabin had stood, he built his own. A small stream called Bee Tree Gut ran down from the hillsides to the north, and just before it emptied into the Tuscarawas River, spread over the low-lying land in a swamp.

This seemed to Great-grandfather Pilling and his brother-in-law-, Thomas Benton, an ideal site for a woolen mill and accordingly they built one on the bank of the little stream, using its dammed-up water to furnish the power. But this enterprise did not occupy all of Great-grandfather's time, so

It seems that elephants are instinctively apprehensive concerning bridges, and although all the circus wagons preceding them had crossed the bridge without difficulty, the elephants refused to take any chances. Instead, they gleefully took to the water in the mill-pond, and there they stayed. Opportunity such as this did not come often, and the hot, dusty creatures apparently decided to indulge in this luxurious, shady bath until their elephant hearts were satisfied. The keepers called and scolded all in vain, while their charges frolicked in the water. One can imagine that many phrases not found in Maria's school books were addressed to the elephants that pretty June morning, but so excited were she and her brother that they were oblivious to all but the phenomenon of elephants bathing in <u>their</u> mill-pond. The pond was both deep and wide, and the wily elephants settled themselves comfortably in the middle of it, flapping their ears and waving their trunks, as though they were saying to the keepers, "I double dare you---".

I'm sorry I can't say just how many elephants there were. As a child, I took it for granted that there were many of them, comparing them in my mind to herds of cattle, or flocks of sheep. But now that I've inquired into the matter, it seems more likely that my drove of elephants has shrunk to two or three foot-sore individuals.

Finally the elephants tired of their game, and yielding to the coaxing of their keepers, emerged on the opposite side of the pond, and once more started trudging down the dusty road toward Newcomerstown. But scarcely had they traced a dozen wet foot-prints in the loose dust, than their roving eyes detected potatoes. Now this seemed a particularly delectable banquet to follow so refreshing a plunge. They stopped at once and began a careful search

of the roadbed for every bit of potato. They sifted all the dust methodically, presaging in their rhythmic sweeping motions, the electric sweepers we push about our floors today.

Maria and Benton watched delightedly from behind the fence, sharing many surreptitious giggles as the exasperated keepers raged at their irresponsible charges. And they sighed regretfully as the elephants, finally convinced that every morsel had been found, switched their inadequate tails and stepped off briskly down the road to join the rest of the circus which had stopped a half-mile beyond. There, in the shade of a wild-plum grove, preparations would be completed for the grand entry into Newcomerstown.

929 words

Perhaps the greatest blessing of a childhood spent in a three-generation home is the wealth of shared memories so frequently recounted that long-ago experiences finally become one's own. 28

Were I, like Rebecca in Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" given the opportunity to relive certain events, I'd choose happenings in the lives of three eight-year-olds: my grandmother, my mother and myself. 32

Grandmother was eight and her ~~little~~ brother five that June morning in the mid-1850's when they spied a cloud of dust approaching from the east and stood, breathless with excitement, as first wagons of a traveling circus rumbled over the bridge spanning the millrace that powered their father's sawmill down by the river. 51

"Hurry, children!" Great Grandfather called, peering up the road. "Bring a basket of potatoes and scatter them in the road, there beyond the bridge." 23

Obediently, though with great reluctance, they raced to the cabin nearby, relayed their father's strange request, hurried back and carried out his instructions. Then just as they resumed their places by the roadside, two of the biggest creatures they'd ever seen in their lives came plodding along swinging their snaky-looking trunks and switching their ridiculous tails. 57

Elephants! They'd seen pictures, of course. Now here were the real things. Big and gray and dusty and tired! 19

But there was trouble. The elephants refused to set foot on the short wooden bridge no matter how hard their drivers beat and urged t hem forward. Suddenly the larger of the two spied the millpond, flung the other a "Last one in's a rotten egg" look, splashed to the center of the pond, sank to his knees in the cool, shadowly water and trumpeted in delight. 64

Great-Grandfather hadn't anticipated this performance and perhaps he regretted having squandered the basket of potatoes, for his children 19

Insert 2

The huckster's wagon was exciting too, for it provided a ~~treat~~ weekly visit with ~~a favorite aunt of my mother's who lived 10 miles away out on Irish~~ Ridge. Starting the day with a stock of enamelware and crockery, staple groceries and other manufactured necessities, the huckster was in reality a traveling storekeeper, trading his wares for the produce of farms: eggs, butter, chickens or other poultry, hams, bacon, maple sugar, and dried apples, corn or peaches.

Back in town, some of the things he'd collected would be sold to local housewives, while the rest would be packed in barrels for shipment by rail to Columbus or Pittsburgh. Eventually such Ohio produce might be found in markets as far away as St. Louis or New York.

As the most distant point on his route, Aunt Becky's home was the huckster's half-way point where he would stop to water and feed his hourses, and have dinner, he'd work ~~with her and her invalid husband.~~ Then he's resume his travels, always returning in early evening over the river bridge where an eager little girl would be waiting for the letter Aunt Becky had sent to her mother, and ~~more especially for~~ the package of ginger cookies which were her own special reward.

had ample time to feast their eyes on the elephants. Nor was the show over. For when the angry roustabouts finally succeeded in driving their charges from the pond at a point beyond the bridge the two animals immediately found the treat the children had spread for them. Carefully they vacuumed the dust with their trunks and moved on toward town only when the last morsel had been enjoyed.

A generation later pack peddlers and huckster wagons rated tops in my mother's world. The arrival of the first peddler after a long, hard winter was a far better sign of spring than a robin's song. Peddlers stooped beneath packs as huge as small trunks, might seem to be of an alien race and speak English with strange accents, but those who regularly made the rounds were family friends to be happily greeted by name and invited to stay for dinner.

And their packs! How could so many things be so compactly bound? Calico for new spring dresses; muslin for petticoats or gowns- tablecloths buttons - pins; elastic; needles-ribbons - thread- hooks and eyes - laces - combs. Spread out on the sitting-room floor they made a rainbow in the firelight, and a child grew impatient waiting for her mother to conclude bargaining and permit her to choose by herself the bolt of material which would yield the new pinafore she'd been promised.

No doubt tranquil summer evenings on our front porch back in my own childhood were less satisfying to my weary parents and grandmother than they were to me, snuggled against my father's shoulder on the porch swing. Life was not easy for grown-ups. ~~To my brothers and me~~ There was a lot of truth in that Sunday school song "Work, for the Night Is Coming." ~~had real meaning, for we too, had our chores.~~

But ######## approaching darkness brought a time of relaxation, with magical sights and sounds. Only a few of our neighbors had cars and seldom did they drive after night. When they did, however, we had a magic lantern show as their slowly advancing headlights cast shadows of

grandmother's hanging baskets, causing them to move in a quiet procession along the wall behind us. First came the feathery asparagus fern, next the oxalis, then long fronds of the Boston fern, and finally her begonia.

Their shadows began at the far end of the porch and floated silently toward the direction from which the car was approaching, only to be swallowed in darkness again, as it passed. And the phenomenon caused by our picket fence of slow-turning wheels ~~seeming to~~ running backward was equally engaging.

Then quiet would settle once more and we'd enjoy our evening concert: crickets, katydids, tree toads, occasional querulous screech owl remarks, conversations of robins getting settled for the night, and like an orchestral background, the deep-throated voices of frogs along the riverbank. Regularly, we'd await the sound of one who surely was the frog patriarch.

"Now listen," Dad would warn us. "It's just about time."

And sure enough, just as if he were uttering some sage observation to his friends, would come a resounding "Karooo-ooom!" from down under the bridge. It was as if someone had plucked a single string on a great watery bass viol and set it vibrating. For a moment after that all the clamorous smaller voices would die away as though lesser frogs were heeding a reprimand from their betters. Cautiously, then, they'd resume and soon their singing would swell to fortissimo again.

Today the porch is still there with its hanging baskets dripping ferns and begonias, summertime. But their racing shadows cast by fast cars are no longer distinguishable. And the sweet chorus of night voices, if it still exists, is drowned in the roar of grinding trucks, hot-rodding cars and squealing tires.

But deep in the night, if one is wakeful, it's pleasant still to review drowsily, all that passing parade of elephants, peddlers, and early ~~[illegible]~~ autos, tuckered,

Lois C.

Bolshevism & Menshevism

The two main branches of Russian socialism from 1903 - 1918. In 1903 the Russian Social-Democratic Workers' party split into two factions. One, led by Lenin had a temporary majority & was therefore known as Bolsheviks (majority members), their opponents, led by Plekhanov was dubbed Mensheviks (minority members). The Bolsheviks favored a small party of professional revolutionaries and the establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat and peasantry. The Mensheviks wanted a loosely organized and mass party and held that before reaching socialism, Russia must develope a bourgeois-democratic stage. In the 1917 Russian Revolution the Mensheviks took part in the Karensky provisional government, which was overthrown by the Bolsheviks in the October Revolution. The Bolsheviks became the Russian Communist Party in 1918 and had suppressed all rival political groups by 1921. In 1952 the party adopted its present name — Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

Copied from
Janet Chaney

TAMARA PAWL 1

Lois Craig

The train had been almost ready to leave the station when Cousin Carl came running with one last gift. It had been a book of Russian classics, and having received it, Tamara had grown more frightened and excited than ever. Carrying books out of Russia was absolutely forbidden, and perhaps had she known how far and how weary her journey was to become, she would not even have been tempted to disobey the Bolsheviks. But she had no way of knowing then that her way led a third of the distance around the world, and would not end until eighteen years later, when it reached a pleasant house by the side of a winding road in a little eastern Ohio village.

The village, Bakersville, lies on the extreme northeastern edge of Coshocton County; the road is State Route 75. Motorists hurrying by suspect no more than do Bakersville residents themselves, the story that one young woman there can tell. Perhaps you've already passed by Tamara's house. Perhaps you've even stopped next door at her father's factory and have watched while the milk in the huge copper kettles was heated and transformed into great disks of cheese. Perhaps you've wandered into the storage cellar next door where the cool salty dampness is reminiscent of a country spring-house, and there you've stood hungrily by while the proprietor generously passed out lacy, wedge-shaped samples cut from a golden moon.

That day in March 1919, Tamara thought the journey would last only a week, and she was glad of her chance to add one last little memento to her few belongings. Now Cousin Carl's book stands in the modern open shelves lining a delightful living room - a room whose soft carpeting,

colorful hangings and comfortable chairs reflect its owner's excellent taste and artistic ability. But should one notice in that living room a lack of those things which indicate a cherished background and family ties he has only to remember that all those things had to be left behind that day in March. The Bolshevik officials took pains to see that no refugee exceeded his limitation of forty pounds of baggage, one piece of jewelry, and one piece of silverware. No doubt twelve-year-old Tamara felt those limitations far less keenly than did her mother who was forced to abandon not only her fine table linen and silver, but all the keepsakes which every woman spends her life accumulating - things which were beyond price to her because of their associations. She hadn't even been allowed to take Tamara's baby pictures. But the Bolsheviks had no way to regulate the weight of her heart!

This fall, when eight-year-old Vera Braswell snatches up her books and goes racing with her playmates past her grandfather's cheese factory, around the corner by the general store, across the creek and up the hill to take her place in the third grade of Bakersville school, her mother may be occupied with thoughts similar and yet quite different from those of other American mothers. And while Vera will be attending an Ohio school in which eight-year-olds will have little occasion to think of war, her mother's thoughts like most mothers', will be busy with those millions of little folks across the Atlantic. But Vera's mother will understand just what those children are facing, for twenty-five years ago this fall she was a little Russian schoolgirl. Her name was Tamara Pauli and she was just as old as Vera when the world became confused with war. For the millionth time her thoughts will race over those many stange events, and bring her again to that day in March, that train of dilapidated boxcars, and the grief which she and

her mother felt when they looked for the last time on their native land.

It hadn't been quite the same for her father, for he had really been going home. Rudolph Pauli had left Switzerland when he was eighteen to join his brother in the Province of Smolensk in Russia. There he had prospered making Swiss cheese from the great quantities of cow's milk produced by the herds on the huge Russian estates. Buyers of the cheese came from Moscow, and soon he was one of the most prosperous men in the neighborhood. There he married Bertha Winkler who although born in Russia was of Swiss parentage.

The Pauli's little daughter Tamara had lavished upon her all the provileges and attentions of a wealthy child. A prosperous foreigner belonged to the privileged class and his children were raised as such from both choice and necessity. There being no system of compulsory education in Russia at that time, most of these children had private instruction. Tamara had a German governess; then a German-Russian tutor. What schools there were were private, and it was necessary for a child to pass examinations before entering them.

In the spring of 1914, Tamara took her entrance examinations at Riga. All she remembers of it was that it took place in a large room with green tables, and having passed, she looked forward to entering a private school in Riga that fall. But by fall the first World War was one month old and Riga's schools were already closed. As a result she was sent to a private boarding school in Petrograd, and there she began an education international in its scope.

It was at Petrograd that for the first time poor little eight-year-old Tamara realized fully what an insignificant speck of humanity she really was. Decked out in a black and brown uniform exactly like three hundred and ninety-nine other girls, she missed dreadfully the individual attention and lavish affection which had been her's at home and homesickness almost overwhelmed her. One thing very especially made her conscious of her difference and accentuated her great loneliness. All the other little girls in the dormitory had small icons fastened to the heads of their beds and there they said their prayers. Her lack of one was a great source of worry and embarrassment. Finally she became well enough acquainted to say her Protestant prayers at the head of her Orthodox neighbor's bed, and she felt much better!

This school was an especially nice one, because it was under the patronage of the Tsarina herself. Two teachers, one French and one German, had charge of the children's living quarters, and as the two alternated in their duties daily, the students eventually had a fairly good training in both languages. Tamara, like all the others, had spoken Russian at home.

At the very beginning, the war did not affect greatly the Province of Latvia in which the Pauli's lived, beyond the consciousness of soldiers being seen more frequently.

During the second winter that Tamara went to school in Petrograd however, the Russian Revolution broke out. Then the

to school in Petrograd however, the revolution broke out. Then the teachers guarded the children carefully indoors, for a prison was just close by and the rifle fire grew more and more constant. When a quiet evening came, they would permit them to walk briefly in the garden where shells littered the ground. Not far from the Winter Palace, the school faced the same river into which Rasputin's body was reported to have been thrown following his murder.

When Tamara went home for vacation in the summer of 1917, she was frightened and bewildered at the change. Perhaps to quote an excerpt from one of her own college themes will tell the story best: "The reality of war was glaring at me. My parents were living along the western front; our spacious house was experiencing the flux and reflux of changing population. One day it gave shelter to the seemingly carefree soldiers going to fight; the next day its walls resounded to the moans of wounded men. Everything breathed of suffering. The songs of the birds and whispers of the forest were drowned in the unceasing sound of cannon. The smell of gunpowder replaced the fragrance of flowers; while on the highway the weary line of war refugees moved slowly onward with but one thought, 'to escape the enemy!'"

All that summer the Pauli family slept fully clothed, for they never knew at what hour it would become necessary for them to join that slow-moving, weary line disappearing into the uncertain distance. But the summer passed without the dreaded alarm, and with the coming of winter, Tamara's schooling must go on. One can't but wonder if she didn't rebel at being forced to leave home in the face of such excitement.

During the summer, the private school in Petrograd had been closed by the Revolutionists, because it was an institution representative of

wealth. The steppes of the Ukraine now seemed strangely peaceful in contrast to the confusion in which the Pauli's lived, so it was decided that Tamara should be sent to stay with her uncle who lived at Mariupol on the shores of the Sea of Azov. One can only guess with what apprehension and dread Tamara's mother must have set out to travel across Russia to deliver her little girl safely into his care. Trains were still operating after a fashion at this time however, and they arrived without great difficulty.

For a time after Tamara's mother left her at Mariupol she heard from her parents intermittently. The uncle with whom she was staying lived fifteen miles from the town, and it was necessary for her to ride this distance daily by train to attend school. At first there were passenger cars to ride in, but these grew fewer and fewer, and finally before the winter was over, she counted herself fortunate to ride in even a boxcar.

Then quite unexpectedly one day, the Germans were everywhere. Aided by the Royalists in the district, they had succeeded in overcoming the Reds. The Ukraine was now in enemy hands, but since their occupation of the district seemed to alleviate matters somewhat for the peasants, they met with little opposition. Tamara was now, technically, an enemy of her own father and mother. For six months no word of them reached her.

But surprisingly, one morning in late spring when she awoke and rubbed her eyes, there sat her mother on the edge of the bed! She looked tired, and old, and had much to tell. It had taken both strength and courage to travel seven hundred and fifty miles, and to break through the German lines to reach her little daughter. Home was no longer in Latvia, but in the Province of Smolensk where she and her husband had

established themselves after fleeing before the advancing German armies.

Having rested for a few days, Mrs. Pauli and Tamara started north again. The trip beside being dangerous, was long and arduous now. Many railroads had ceased operation because they were worn out or destroyed, and it was only occasionally they could ride a short distance on a train already so crowded that everybody stood. Sometimes they were fortunate enough to secure horses to ride; but much of the way they walked.

This experience ended Tamara's efforts toward a formal education in the confusion that was old Russia. The next winter she attended a Bolshevik school, riding six miles on horseback to the nearest town. As that year marked the inception of compulsory education under the Bolsheviks, one has no difficulty understanding Tamara's meaning when she says, "The pupils got away with murder." But loyally she adds, "One shouldn't judge a thing like that in its infancy."

Sometimes there were sudden vacancies in the ranks of the older students in the Bolshevik school and wondering why, one remembered rifle fire, and the executions which took place daily as punishment for petty offenses labeled "traiterous". Yes, life was uncertain even for children. The Pauli's, although they were under the protection of the Swiss government and had more privileges than did their less fortunate Russian neighbors, knew the meaning of death and of hunger.

The peasants preferred the old Tsarist regime, and took every opportunity to annoy the Bolsheviks. One evening some of them came to tell Mr. Pauli that there was fighting in the village between their own people and the enemy. Knowing that he was still regarded by them as their friend and adviser, he went along. The disturbance proved to be

nothing of any consequence, but returning alone to his home, Tamara's father was pursued and captured by the guards. Discovering however, that he carried no weapon other than a pocket knife, they took it and released him.

This occurrence precipitated the half-formed determination in Mr. Pauli's mind to return to Switzerland. The relations between Russia and her neighbors were becoming more aggravated daily, and when word came that the Swiss Consulate was to be evacuated, he realized they must wait no longer. Several trains of boxcars to carry Swiss refugees out of the region had already been provided. The Pauli's left Russia on the third of these in March 1919; the train which also carried the consular officials. Not only were the refugees limited to forty pounds of baggage apiece, but as each frontier was crossed, so thoroughly were they searched that they were required even to remove their clothing. ~~But somehow, Tamara managed to keep her cousin's book.~~

Instead of travelling directly from Russia through Germany to Switzerland, their route led north to Finland and then to Sweden, across the northern Baltic Sea in an ice-breaker on which everyone was forced to stand up most of the night, so crowded was it. The clean bustling streets of Stockholm offered a strange contrast to the debris and confusion of Russia. They were almost unprepared to meet happy, placid ~~faces~~ faces. After daily encounters with these paled by terror and drawn with famine. And foods, the taste of which they had all but forgotten, were heaped in every store window.

After a three-day delay in Sweden they crossed the southern part of the Baltic Sea to the Island of Rujen. Here they were forced to wait a week, while the miles of international red-tape incident to post-war refugees were wound and rewound. At last they were permitted to enter

Germany, boarding immediately a special train sent by the Swiss government. As they crossed Germany the people in various towns where stops were made had food prepared to give them, and while it consisted usually of a queer soup made of noodles and dried figs, it tasted good to the hungry refugees.

But there in Switzerland, while Rudolph Pauli found safety for his wife and daughter close to his old home, he did not find peace or happiness. Times were hard in Switzerland too; the country was crowded with refugees, and work was at a premium. For two years he struggled to provide a living for his family, working most of the time as a laborer on the railroads, while his wife worked in the hotel where they lived.

Neither was Tamara having a very happy time. Although her parents were living in the part of Switzerland which was predominantly French, she had been sent to attend a girl's school in Zurich, because she spoke German with less difficulty ~~than French~~. But while the Swiss schools outshone all others so far as scholastic attainments were concerned, they apparently neglected some of the finer things; all the children referred to poor thirteen-year-old Tamara as "that damned Russian". Finally this became more than she could bear, so the second year she was allowed to remain with her parents and attend a French-speaking school. School in Switzerland is a year 'round affair with only short vacations. These made the only bright spot in the year, for her grandfather's home was in the mountains; his fields sloped upward to the sky.

Such was the unhappy state of the Pauli family fortunes when Cousin Carl Mishler arrived from the vicinity of Millersburg, Ohio, for a brief visit at the old home. His story of life across the Atlantic made Mr. Pauli hope that even yet he might find happiness for his family,

and in March 1921, he came to the United States.

Three months later, Tamara and her mother followed. Already her father had found work in a cheese factory near Sugarcreek and had been able to borrow money for their passage. Tamara cried almost all the way, so homesick was she for Russia. Neither she nor her mother knew any English and when the immigration authorities in New York tied tags on them marked "Sugarcreek, Ohio", they were left to the mercy of the railroads. Herded on a train with a large group of immigrants, they next found themselves in Baltimore, then Pittsburgh, and finally Wheeling. Utterly lost and bewildered, they were finally rescued there by a man who spoke German and knew the location of Sugarcreek.

That fall when the term began in the country school in Troyer's Valley, Tamara was enrolled. Possibly it was a happy co-incident so far as she was concerned, that the majority of the children at the Troyer Valley were Amish, for they spoke a hybrid German which she could at least partially understand.

see duplicate page 9

Of course she learned English rapidly, and three years later graduated from Sugarcreek-Shanesville High School with the highest honors. Then she went to Business College, worked, and later went to college. She paid her way through two years of University work at Athens by doing housework, and paradoxically, during this menial interval, turned down two opportunities for full-time positions in which her knowledge of languages would have commanded a large salary. But Tamara had plans for the future which included John Braswell of Canton.

Today both the Pauli's and the Braswell's live in Bakersville, ~~just on the extreme northeastern edge of Coshocton County~~. Mr. Pauli is once more a prosperous cheese maker, a member of the Ohio Swiss Cheese Association, and a loved and respected citizen of the community.

The Braswell's live next door, and the facility with which little

But even then, Tamara's desire for education wasn't satisfied. Having resigned from her position, she enrolled at Ohio University at Athens, earning her way for two years by doing housework. Paradoxically, during this menial interval, she turned down two offers for positions where her knowledge of languages would have commanded a large salary. But Tamara had other plans, for she had met John Brasswell before she left Canton.

Today both the Pauli's and the Brasswell's live in Bakersville, just on the extreme northeastern edge of Coshocton County. Mr. Pauli is once more a prosperous cheese maker, a member of the Ohio Swiss Cheese Association, and a loved and respected citizen of the community.

The Brasswell's live next door. Their children - Vera, Rudolph, and Anne, chatter Russian with their Grandmother Pauli just as volubly as they chatter English with their playmates, and Vera the eldest, is now almost as old as was Tamara when she began her many adventures as a little Russian schoolgirl.

October 7, 1954

There is no doubt that the most stormy period of our sixty years of club life has been the last decade.

It was our ancestors who set the ball to rolling when they conceived a "government of the people, by the people and for the people." A government where all people are equal and where the "Golden Rule" prevails.

It is hard to conceive that most of the last ten years we have been in actual war. Thus, it is not strange that our club work has been spent in active service in war problems, that were varied and numerous.

For quite sometime prior to war days, our club had frequently talked about an organization composed of all the clubs of the city. A club that would mean strength and united effort to functioniin city projects of any nature.

Our idea was well received by other clubs and in due time one big clube was organized to be known as "The Civic League." Charter members were: The Woman's Club, Parmi Nous, Music Study Club, Mothers' Club and Beta Circle. The first president was Mrs. Clancy B. Vogenitz.

Sooner than we had expected, there seemed to be plenty of work for willing hands to do. That Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was fired upon, will always stand out vividly in minds, but our "Civic League" was ready in a moment's notice to function. To our surprise and delight, ours was the only woman's organization of its kind in Tuscarawas County and we received honorable write-ups in a number of papers through-outthe county and state.

It was not long till we found many opportunities in which this new club could function. Knowing the craftiness and deception of the Japs, a casualty station was considered necessary. This was fitted up in the basement of the Lutheran church. A group or committee was appointed to take care of this project. I recall that Mrs. D. B. Moore was active in this. I also remember of giving Dr. Agricola a check for twenty-five dollars, June 18, 1942, as a contributionf rom the Civic League. Last, but not least, by any means, was the commendation given by Tuscarawas County to Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Ashelman. They worked each Tuesday and Thursday for the duration of the war and perhaps for months later. The work consisted of folding bandages, requiring care and precision. During the club year we saw little of these members, as Thursday afternoons meant hours of labor to them. As club members, we were proud of their achievement. This station was not disbanded till after peace was made, and to our lasting joy we never had a reason to make use of it.

"The Canteen," located at Dennison was very outstanding and it was served by women's organizations of the surrounding communities. Our new club was very faithful in this field of service. While members of the Civic League, we worked as individual clubs in the project.

The purpose of the Canteen was to serve service men traveling on their furloughs on the regular passenger trains which stopped at Dennison. Troop trains we could not serve; they has their own kitchens and diners. Sometimes as many as three hundred boys would be served from one train, filing off and receiving the sandwiches, doughnuts, fruit, cigarettes, etc, and hot coffee, all of which they carried on the train to eat.

The people of our communities contributed freely and while the work was laborious, we felt it was very worthwhile. This Canteen became known from coast to coast; "the boys" looked forward to it. I think it must have seemed like a touch of home, served by women who were more than anxious to please.

This Canteen functioned long after the war ended. In fact, as long as boys were being transported across the states.

The citizens of towns and outlying districts gave very generously each time we served. The following is a good avarage: 200 paper bags, 100 cups, 4 rolls of wax paper, 1 quart milk, 2 quarts cream, 152 candy bars, 4 pounds coffee, 20 tangerines, 24 dozen doughnuts, 38 dozen cookies, 12 dozen cup cakes, 2 bushels apples and $17,50 cash.

Being entirely unprepared for war, it was necessary to work fast and furiously. The first questionnaire, as I recall, was one in preparation for any emergency and including all of our citizens able to work. Every type of occupation you can imagine was named: clerical work, mechanical, engineering of different types, nursing and many others. People responded splendidly, in fact stood in line to await their turn, though I think it was the coldest weather of the winter. This was conducted in the American Legion Hall. Everyone was very weary by night, but I remember the American Legion served the committee a dinner that was much appreciated.

Many more weary days were to follow very soon and in close succession. The rationing of sugar, meat, gasoline, oil, and later came extra canning sugar which required an extra long period of work for committees to whom this was a new experience, but with patience, everyone came through with glowing colors.

It seems to me that one of the hardest days came when we registered out boys eligible for service. I shall never forget the day when those we had known from childhood were being signed up to fight in a foreign country with an enemy that would have little mercy for American boys.

After we thought we were through with checking and double checking, some men conceived the idea that all of the business planes should be visited to make sure they had the proper ceiling prices posted, lest an inspector might visit the town. Prices were constantly changing and it was almost impossible to take care of the rapid changes. So, rather than have our business friends caught napping, we made a survey of the town.

The Civic League functioned for a short time after World War II and only till this year did it cease to exist when it was

abandoned and a fund of $237,50 was turned over to the proper authorities to help bring to Newcomerstown the Seiberling Company Plastic Plant, now nearing completion.

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October 7, 1954

There is no doubt that the most stormy period of our sixty years of club life has been the last decade.

It was our ancestors who set the ball to rolling when they conceived a "government of the people, by the people and for the people." A government where all people are equal and where the "Golden Rule" prevails.

It is hard to conceive that most of the last ten years we have been in actual war. Thus, it is not strange that our club work has been spent in active service in war problems, that were varied and numerous.

For quite sometime prior to war days, our club had frequently talked about an organization composed of all the clubs of the city. A club that would mean strength and united effort to functionin city projects of any nature.

Our idea was well received by other clubs and in due time one big clube was organized to be known as "The Civic League." Charter members were: The Woman's Club, Parmi Nous, Music Study Club, Mothers' Club and Beta Circle. The first president was Mrs. Clancy B. Vogenitz.

Sooner than we had expected, there seemed to be plenty of work for willing hands to do. That Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was fired upon, will always stand out vividly in minds, but our "Civic League" was ready in a moment's notice to function. To our surprise and delight, ours was the only woman's organization of its kind in Tuscarawas County and we received honorable write-ups in a number of papers through-outthe county and state.

It was not long till we found many opportunities in which this new club could function. Knowing the craftiness and deception of the Japs, a casualty station was considered necessary. This was fitted up in the basement of the Lutheran church. A group or committee was appointed to take care of this project. I recall that Mrs. D. B. Moore was active in this. I also remember of giving Dr. Agricola a check for twenty-five dollars, June 18, 1942, as a contributionf rom the Civic League. Last, but not least, by any means, was the commendation given by Tuscarawas County to Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Ashelman. They worked each Tuesday and Thursday for the duration of the war and perhaps for months later. The work consisted of folding bandages, requiring care and precision. During the club year we saw little of these members, as Thursday afternoons meant hours of labor to them. As club members, we were proud of their achievement. This station was not disbanded till after peace was made, and to our lasting joy we never had a reason to make use of it.

"The Canteen," located at Dennison was very outstanding and it was served by women's organizations of the surrounding communities. Our new club was very faithful in this field of service. While members of the Civic League, we worked as individual clubs in the project.

The purpose of the Canteen was to serve service men traveling on their furloughs on the regular passenger trains which stopped at Dennison. Troop trains we could not serve; they has their own kitchens and diners. Sometimes as many as three hundred boys would be served from one train, filing off and receiving the sandwiches, doughnuts, fruit, cigarettes, etc, and hot coffee, all of which they carried on the train to eat.

The people of our communities contributed freely and while the work was laborious, we felt it was very worthwhile. This Canteen became known from coast to coast; "the boys" looked forward to it. I think it must have seemed like a touch of home, served by women who were more than anxious to please.

This Canteen functioned long after the war ended. In fact, as long as boys were being transported across the states.

The citizens of towns and outlying districts gave very generously each time we served. The following is a good average: 200 paper bags, 100 cups, 4 rolls of wax paper, 1 quart milk, 2 quarts cream, 152 candy bars, 4 pounds coffee, 20 tangerines, 24 dozen doughnuts, 38 dozen cookies, 12 dozen cup cakes, 2 bushels apples and $17,50 cash.

Being entirely unprepared for war, it was necessary to work fast and furiously. The first questionnaire, as I recall, was one in preparation for any emergency and including all of our citizens able to work. Every type of occupation you can imagine was named: clerical work, mechanical, engineering of different types, nursing and many others. People responded splendidly, in fact stood in line to await their turn, though I think it was the coldest weather of the winter. This was conducted in the American Legion Hall. Everyone was very weary by night, but I remember the American Legion served the committee a dinner that was much appreciated.

Many more weary days were to follow very soon and in close succession. The rationing of sugar, meat, gasoline, oil, and later came extra canning sugar which required an extra long period of work for committees to whom this was a new experience, but with patience, everyone came through with glowing colors.

It seems to me that one of the hardest days came when we registered out boys eligible for service. I shall never forget the day when those we had known from childhood were being signed up to fight in a foreign country with an enemy that would have little mercy for American boys.

After we thought we were through with checking and double checking, some men conceived the idea that all of the business planes should be visited to make sure they had the proper ceiling prices posted, lest an inspector might visit the town. Prices were constantly changing and it was almost impossible to take care of the rapid changes. So, rather than have our business friends caught napping, we made a survey of the town.

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OXFORD TOWNSHIP

Oxford Township first comprised the territory now in Oxford, Perry, and Washington, ans the south parts of Salem, Clay, and Rush. It now constitutes the southwest corner township in Range,3, Township 5. An election at its formation was ordered at the house of John Beamers. Among the early pioneers of the township were the Pierces, Funstons, Rileys, Carrs, and Nicholas Neighbor; the latter came from New Jersey in 1814, and bought nineteen hundred acres of land. Returning home in fall, the next spring he led out a company of sixty emigrants to his claim. Among these colonists were the families of William, David, Leonard, and Nicholas Neighbor, and that of John Welsh. The Neighbors had clearings along a road south of the Pan-Handle Railway, and from their number and association the settlement was named Neighbortown until 1827, when Neighbor laid out and named it New Comerstown. The The second quarter, Township 5, Range 3, entered in 1800 by John Beaver, was sold by him in part as follows: to Godfrey Haga nineteen hundred acres, to Presley Neville nine hundred and forty-six, and to Zacheus Biggs three hundred acres. In Oxford Township, north of the Tuscarawas, was the first capital of the Delawares. In March, 1771, Zeisberger made his first visit here, and was the guest of the chief, Netawatwes, who had a cabin with shingle roof, board floors, staircase, and stone chimney. On the 14th, the first Protestant sermon uttered in Ohio was preached before a throng of Indians and a dozen whites.

The Delawares abandoned their capital, and another tribe taking possession called it New Comerstown. Judge Neighbor was the first Postmaster appointed, in 1815, and took the name for his new town.

George Bible was an early settler and a notable hunter. He made the acquaintance of Neighbor by placing a deer against the judge's door, and frightening and pleasing the family by first seeing and afterwards

feasting upon its venison.

The first tavern kept on the old road had Andrew Crater for host. Dr. Upson was the earliest physician, and Aaron Schenck started the first tannery. The first Justices of the Peace were James Douglass, appointed August 11, 1808; John Carr, June 5, 1810; George Bible, same date; Robert F. Coples and Joseph Wampler, in 1812; and Paul Sheridan, in 1813. John Junkins kept a public house at his home in 1808, and David Douglass ran a ferry across the river as early as 1809, and perhaps earlier, since this is the date on record when license was required.

The first preacher was Parker Williams, a circuit rider, who held meetings at different houses according to appointment. His companion everywhere was an enormous dog. Williams was present at the execution of the wretched murderer Funston. Rev. James T. Donohue preached in this locality as a point on his circuit. Schenck was the class-leader; the class numbered about a dozen members.

In 1823, Schenck started shoemaking; tanning in 1827. School was kept at settlers' houses till as late as 1830. The first dwelling-house built in New Comerstown was by Judge Neighbor. He also erected the first store building,-a brick on the southeast corner of Main Street, west of the Marietta Railroad. The first store-keepers were the firm of Overholt & Neighbor. In 1836, Nugen, Minnich, and Everett were merchants. At this date Jesse Burr and the Mulvanes started a store.

Jacob J. Miller erected the first hotel in the town. Judge Patrick tells the humorous story of Judge Canfield's desire, when riding tired and hungry towards the village tavern, for some "persley root?" The two had finished their judicial labors, and Canfield was ill at rest in the backwoods, at the prospect of poor lodgings. Judge Patrick not only got him the desired lodgings, but being well acquainted with the hostess, secured for him the coveted"persely root."

In 1836, Levi Sargent started a saddler-shop in New Comerstown. Robert Nugen settling near by was recognized as a leading citizen. He bought eight hundred acres of land at eight dollars per acre, and served as Superintendent of the Ohio Canal from its inception till his decease, in 1873. Nicholas Neighbor served as Associate Judge of Tuscarawas County fourteen years. The canal being completed, the first boat, the "Union," came down from Dover. Wheat and corn were the leading articles of export. The population of New Comerstown in 1870 was seven hundred and ninety-one. Its recent growth has been and is rapid. Schools are prosperous. Churches indicate a good religious sentiment. Paul Roberts was the builder of a grist-mill in past time. Pilling & Benton started a woolen-factory in 1838. The town sustains the newspaper, "Argus", edited by Mr. Buchanan. Railroad, canal, and river cross the northwestern part of the township. To the northeast, two and a half miles above the town, the Tuscarawas receives from Washington Township the waters of Dunlap's Creek. The stream has its name from an early settler upon its banks. Settlements are numerous along the river's course, but rather sparse and remote. Along the roads houses are numerous, and the zigzag course of the routes of travel indicates the uneven surface of the country. The valley of the Tuscarawas is rich in nutrient material. Year by year the spring freshets bring down layers of sediment, and slowly raise the surface. Here on Stark's patent lie the remains of Funston; here is one of the old Indian cornfields; and here reside families whose hospitalities recall the legends of the "latch-string" out for all who come that way.

From-

1875 Tuscarawas Co. Atlas

MY COMMUNITY AND HOW IT CAME TO BE

LOIS ZIMMER
1937

Although archeologists have definitely established that Mound Builders once lived in this location, this fact seems of little value to latter day residents, except to prove even more conclusively that as a place for desireable homesites, the Tuscarawas valley has been inviting since man's first arrival. Our memory of American colonial history will verify that all this region was at one time claimed by both the French and the English. Many historians believe that LaSalle may have been the very first white man to discover the Tuscarawas and Muskingum rivers, but any definite proff of his ever having been in this locality is missing. At any rate, many French traders and voyaguers were found living among the Ohio Indians, by English explorers who arrived at a later date.

The English, of course, claimed all of the Ohio valley and the tributaries through their charters, most of which granted them land extending for a stated number of miles along the Atlantic coast, and reaching inland to the "Western Ocean".

The earliest record of a visit to this vicinity was made in 1750 by Christopher Gist. He was an explorer and surveyor, employed by a company of Virginians, among them George Washington. This Ohio Land Company was anxious to ascertain the nature of the country beyond the Allegheny Mountains, that they might buy land from the colonies to found new settlements. Gist traveled westward from the vicinity of Fort Duquesne, coming to the Tuscarawas River at the site of the present town of Boliver. It should be mentioned just here, that this trail became most frequented by later explorers and pioneers, Gist records in his journal that an Indian town called Tuscarawas, and meaning "Old Town" was located at thepoint where he first reached the river. He follo
He followed down the river to the junction of the Tuscarawas and Whitewoman, which we know today as the Walhounding. He reached there on Dec. 14, 1750. On Dec. 26, thisentry is made in his journal. "This day a woman that had long been a prisoner and had deserted, being retaken and brought into town on Christmas eve was put to death in the following manner; They carried her without the town and let her loose; and when she attempted to run away, the persons appointed for that purpose pursued her and struck her on the ear on the right side of the head, which bent her flat on her face to the ground. They then struck her several times through the back with a dart to the heart; scalped her, and threw the scalp in the air, and another cut off herhead. Thus the dismal spectacle lay until evening, and then Barney Curran, (a white trader) desired leave to bury her, which he and his men and some of the Indians did just at dark. This evidently took place at the present site of Coshocton.

Again in his journal, under the date of Tuesday, January 15,1751: "We left Muskingum and went west five miles to the White Woman Creek, on which is a small town. This white woman was taken away from New England when she was not above ten years old by the French Indians. She is now upward of fifty; has an Indian Husband and several children. Her name is Mary Harris. She still remembers that they used to be very religious in New England; and wonders how the white man can be so wicked as she has seen them in these woods."

(Newcomerstown was incorporated in 1827

Any of you who have driven from Coshocton to Mt. Vernon, will recall having seen a boulder at the side of the pavement not far from Walhounding, marking the site of White Woman's Town. These two entries in Gist's Journal furnish the most authentic basis for the legend regarding the name of Newcomerstown. Probably all of you are familiar with the story, but I'll repeat it, for the sake of continuity of my own story, and because it is undoubtedly the earlies account of the "eternal triangle" in this locality.

Eagle Feather, the chief whose wife was Mary Harris, became tired of her. One account says that in spite of the fact that he brought her home the finest meats for food, and the finest skins for clothing, she didn't have any papooses for him. But evidently this was just some old squaw's gossip, for Gist's journal states that she and her Indian husband had vereral children. At any rate, on one of their raiding trips into the Virginia frontier, Eagle Feather found himself a younger and more beautiful squaw. He captured her, bringing her home to live in the same wigwam with Mary Harris. Matters weint from bad to worse, with Mary becoming more and more jealous of the Newcomer. Finally one morning, Mary awakened the Indian village with cries that her husband had been murdered. And sure enough, there Eagle Feather lay, his head neatly parted by a tomahawk. The Newcomer had fled. Of course this made it appear that she was the murderess, and the Indians set out in pursuit. They recaptured her at a small Indian town on the banks of the Tuscarawas, some distance abaove Coshocton, and from that time on, the sige of her recapture by the Indians became known as The Newcomer's Town.

Was it she whose execution was witnessed by Christopher Gist at Coshocton the day after Christmas in 1750? The legend relates that the Newcomer accused Mary Harris of murdering her own husband in a fit of jealousy, but Mary was clever enough to convince the Indians of her innocence. Of course you will all note a discrepancy here, for Gist does not connect the two women in his journal, and apparently Eagle Feather was still amoung the living when Gist visited Mary Harris.

Regardless of whether or not we accipt this legend as the origin of our town's name, I'd like to make the plea that we endeavor to form the habit of saying and writing New'comerstown. Not only does it serve to preserve the origin, but is far more distinctive than Newcom'erstown.

The decade from 1750 to 1760 was one of strife between the French and English, with the Ohio country constantly overrun by warring tribes. However, from captives held by the Indians during this time, it has been learned that there was a Newcomer's town. About 1760, the French were driven out of this section, the English had captured Ft. Duquesne and re-named it Ft. Pitt., and all the territory lying west of the Alleghenies, and north of the Ohio, had been ceeded to the English by the French. Messages sent to Indian chiefs by the commandant at Ft. Pitt were frequently addressed to Newcomerstown, according to copies preserved in a Journal kept by the missionary Heckewelder.

In 1761 and 62, two Moravian missionaries, John Heckewelder and Christian Frederick Post, came to the Tuscarawas valley, and buiot a small cabin at Bolivar, where they hoped to establish a mission among the Indians. However the tribes were so hostile that they were forced to abandon the attempt within the year.

In 1764, an expedition was sent out by the colonists from Philadelphia for the purpose of punishing the Indians who had continued to make depredations all along the frontier, destroying much property, and killing and capturing hundreds of white. The expedition was under the leadership of Col. Henry Boquet. He came west by way of Ft. Pitt, following the usual trail to the Tuscarawas River at Bolivar. But due to the fact that he had been warned of very hostile Indian towns situated along the banks of the river, he set out across country to his destination-Coshocton, traveling from Bolivar to Winfield, Sugarcreek, Chili and Coshocton, His expedition was large, and moved with military precision, so that the Indians readily acquiesced to his demands that all white prisoners be released to him on a certain date, or punishment of the tribes would follow. He had already held council with the heads of the various Indian nations, at Bolivar, and had chosen the forks of the Muskingum as the most advantageous for handing over all prisoners. His army arrived there Oct. 25, 1764. The following is quoted from records fo Col. Boquet:

"This place (forks of the Muskingum) was fixed upon instead of Wakatomica as the most central and convenient place to receive the prisoners, for the principal Indian towns lay around them from seven to twenty miles distant, except the lower Shawnee town situated on the Scioto River about eighty miles, so that from this place the army had it in their power to awe all the enemies' settlements, and destroy their towns, if they should not punctually fulfill the engagements they had entered into."

I wish each of you might read from Co. Boquet's journal of the arrival daily of different bands of Indians to this camp, each with a number of white prisoners. By the ninth of November, most of the prisonershad arrived that could be expected at that season, amounting to two hundred and six, besides about one hundred more remaining in possession of the Shawanese, which they promised to deliver the following spring, so the army returned to the east. Some of the prisoners had lived among the Indians for so many years that they grieved at parting, and in a few instances refused to leave the Indian husbands or wives and return to civilization. But these instances were far outnumbered by the joyous reunions which took place. In many cases, families had been separated for so many years that identification of loved ones was very difficult. I will quote just one of these stories, which seemed to me the most beautiful.

"Harvey, in his History of Pennsylvania, says a great number of the restored prisoners were sent to Carisle, Pa., and Colonel Boquet advertised for those who had lost children to come and reclaim them. One old woman who had lost a child, and failing to recognize it among the returned captives, was lamenting her loss, and wringing her hands, told Col. Boquet how she had years previous sung a little hymn to he daughter, who was so fond of it. The colonel told her to sing it to them, which she did as follows:

Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh,
He comes my every hour to cheer.

She had no sooner concluded, than her long-lost daughter, who had failed to know her mother by sight but remembered the hymn, rushed into her mothers arms."

David Zeisberger, in 1771, was the next white visitor. Sometime around 1760 Chief Netawatwas had moved his band of Delawares from western Pennsylvania to the site of Newcomerstown, and had invited Zeisberger to follow, since Netawatwes already knew of the Moravian's good work among the Indians. When Netawatwes made this his capital, he adopted the name of King Newcomer, and it was to this place that Zeisberger first came. Here he found the Indian village, nearly a mile square containing about one hundred log houses, many of them with evidences of civilization, such as shingle roofs, board floors, and one even had a staircase. It was here that the first Protestant sermon to be preached west of the Alleghenies was delivered to the Delaware Indians. At the time my great-grandfather bought the farm on which we now live, a large walnut tree was standing in the field about half-way between the present site of the railroad and the river. According to the story current at that time, Netawatwes' cabin stood under that tree, and it was there that Zeisberger had preached. This location has been confirmed by records of the Morivan Church in Bethlehem, Pa.

Within a few years, the delawares granted the Moravians use of part of their land for a mission, selecting as a site the Beautiful Spring; but since the story of Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten is already so familiar to all, I am going to omit it here.

For a time during the Revolution, the Tuscarawas became known as the "Bloody Valley", and it was during this time that the Moravian villages were abandoned and destroyed. Shortly after the Revolution, however, the settlers began entering the country west of the Alleghenies, and the first organized effort at settlement was undertaken at Marietta by a company of officers of the Revolutionary Army. They received a large grant of land from Congress, which was in turn divided up among the officers. They paid for the land with warrants which had been given them at the close of the war because the infant republic had no cash with which to pay its soldiers.. Following the Revolution, the colonies had ceded to the new government all their claims to western lands. This section, as far as the Mississippi River, and north of the Ohio to the Great Lakes became known as the Northwest Territory, and in 1787 a set of laws, known as the Northwest Ordinance was drawn up to govern it. Two outstanding features of this ordinance were that slavery was to be forever prohibited from the Territory, and that certain portions of each section were to be definitely set aside for school use. It also specified that not less than three nor more than five states were to be made from this Territory when certain requirements as to population and territorial government had been fulfilled.

All of this locality was originally a part of Wahington County, with the county seat at Marietta, and came under the Revolutionary land grants. Most of Oxford Township was granted to John Bever, who was a native of Verginia, and to Gen. John Stark of Manchester, N.H.. Many of you may recall having heard the farms east of us-Dougherty's, Morrises, Barnett's, Schlupp's, Woodwards, etc., referred to as "Stark Patent". John Bever owned the land west of this. Any resident of Newcomerstown, finding it necessary to have and abstract prepared today, would discover this on the front page:

John Adams, President U.S.A.
to
John Bever

Whole 2nd Qr., Twp. 5, Range 3
Containing 3999.8 acres
Patent
March 20, 1800

By 1798, ten years after the first settlers had reached Marietta, the population had increased so rapidly, that steps were taken to form a territorial government, and by 1803, the territory was ready to become the 17th state in the Union. But as the farther part of Washington County began to be settled, the necessity for some closer governing body became apparent, Coshocton, Tuscarawas and Stark counties, split off from Washington. In 1808, the division was made still smaller, when Stark County and Tuscarawas County were separately organized.

It seems hard to beleive that only 138 years ago, this particular section of land was still uninhabited. I would like to point out first that the childish conception which probably all of us have had at some time, regarding the early pioneers was wrong. The days of Indian fighting in the Tuscarawas valley were past before the white settlers came. Privations, swamps, malaria, mosquitos and wild animals were their enemies, but never Indians. The first settler known to be here was John Mulvane, who had an account at a store run by David Peter at Gnadenhutten. Several squatters families lived in cabins dotted about the valley and surrounding hills. The pioneers feared malaria and as a usual thing built their cabins on the hills, which were heavily wooded. David Johnson, a Mr. Sills, Daniel Harris, and Joseph and William Mulvane were among the very earliest pioneers. George Bible, Barney Riley and John Pierce, were hunters and since they had not obtained a legal right to the land on which they were living when the owners came, were known as squatters. One squatter, whose name may sound familiar, was Nicholas Funston, who was living on the Stark Patent prior to 1816.

In 1814, Nicholas Neighbor came from Morris County, N.J. and having been pleasantly impressed with the location, purchased 1900 acres of the original Bever patent for himself and others. The following year a colony of bout sixty emigrants came from New Jersey. They came in wagons, probably drawn by oxen, consuming about four weeks in their journey. No shelter was available except the abandoned Indian cabins of the former Newcomerstown, so they lived in these until their own cabins could be built. In 1816 and 17, other settlers from New Jersey followed, among them being Crater, Miller, Tufford, Gardner, Stouffer and Booth families.

According to one history of the township, the first school was taught by Jacob Miller at his cabin, situated north of the river and near the county line. Not long afterward, Seth Hart, a stranger in the land, gave a term or two of school at the Stouffer cabin, a short distance above where the Nugen bridge is now located. The cabin contained two rooms, and the one occupied during the day as the school room, was used at night as a bed room by the family of Mr. Stouffer. Of course families had to pay individually for any schooling their children received.

The village of Newcomerstown was formally laid out in 1827, when the canal was built. The original plat contained 34 lots in three tiers, two north and one south of the canal. Bridge Street formed the eastern boundary, and Cross Street ran parallel to it. Basin(later changed to Main) Street and Canal Streets ran east and west, and divided the three tiers of lots in the other direction. These names all show that they are directly traceable to the Canal which was being built at that time. Names of many other streets however, keep the names of the early residents before us to this day. These are Neighbor, Mulvane, Goodrich, West, Nugen, and Pilling Streets.

At the time the village was founded, it contained but one building, located immediately south of the present depot; it had been built many years before, and was occupied by Nicholas Neighbor. He also erected the first store building, where Britten's store is now located. The first merchants were Nicholas Neighbor and Jacob Overholt, commencing about 1828. In 1830 the village contained four buildings. Ten years later, the town had a population of 270, showing the influence of the canal up its growth.

Picture if you can, this village of Newcomerstown just one hundred years ago. There were around two hundred people who lived in log cabins. Probably they had glass in the small windows, and maybe they had rough board floors. Meals were cooked in the fireplace, or in the large kettles which they had brought over the mountains in their wagons, and had hung out-of-doors. There were no worries over what to cook, for provisions were scarce, consisting of wild game, and the vegetables grown in their gardens. Each spring they boiled down maple sap to make their sugar supply for the coming year. The regular visits of the canal boats brought high-priced coffee and tea, molasses and tobacco to the store. Of course they had very little ready cash, but could take their dried peaches and apples, or an extra hank of their own home-spun yarn to the store and trade for a few of these luxuries. When they killed a beef or deer, the meat was salted or dried, and the hide taken down to Aaron Schenk's tanyard, which had been built about 1827 on the corner of River and Canal Streets. After the hide was properly cured, they'd take the leather to the shoemaker. He'd measure their feet, allowing plenty of room, for those shoes had to last an entire year. Regular applications of grease kept the shoes pliable enough that they could manage to get into them on cold winter mornings, though they were pretty stiff at first. The mothers had to keep spinning wool and knitting stockings about all the time, for children and grown-ups had to be supplied. Of course, after Pillings woolen mill was built about 1840, they could take the wool there to be carded and spun and dyed, and could even have it woven into cloth.

At about this time, too, a pottery was established on Basin Street, (Main) near where the railroad now runs. Of course it was a pretty rough kind of pottery, but very satisfactory, considering that there were few dishes except those brought from homes in the east, or very expensive ones brought in by the canal boats. Potter Fox made mostly jugs, jars, crocks and other pieces of the sort, but many uses were found for them: they were fine for canning.

A sawmill was built by Edmund Smith about 1833, directly north of the canal on Buckhorn Creek, run as usual by water power. The pioneers could then take logs and have lumber made. A flour mill was built about 1836 at the west end of Basin Street. Before they had had to grind their own corn and wheat, or drive long distances to other mills already built.

All of you have heard the story of the murder of the Post Boy in 1825, but perhaps few know that Oxford Township furnished the first man to be executed by hanging in Tuscarawas County. A man named Johnson, who was arrested soon after the post boy had been killed, testified that although he was not guilty of the murder, he had heard the shot and had come out of the woods just in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of the assailant. He insisted that if he ever saw the man, he would be able to identify him. The county sheriff was inclined to beleive Johnson's story, since foot-prints found near the post boy's body did not fit Johnson's shoes. Accordingly, all the able-bodied men from the southern end of Tuscarawas County were called to appear at New Philadelphia on a certain day.

About 300 appeared and lined up along Broadway. Johnson was brought out and passed along the ranks. After scanning many of the men he pointed to John Funston, saying "There is the man". Funston at first denied the crime, but after trial and conviction, he confessed. He was hanged at New Philadeophia, Dec. 30, 1825. His sister, who lived on the Stark Patent, near where the Shalosky farm is now located, claimed his body, which was buried somewhere in the woods on the farm.

In the early days of the settlement, the closest market for farm products was Pittsburg; and the only way to take anything there was to drive. It was not usual for the pioneers to see some drover coming east along the road, driving perhaps a large flock of turkeys, a herd of cattle or hogs. Then when the drover disposed of his live stock perhaps in Pittsburg, but sometimes in Philadelphia, he had to return by foot or horseback, carrying with him the profits of his trip. As a result, bandits frequently lay in wait on some lonely spot, hoping to rob the returning drover. Many taverns were the scenes of fights, and legends of murders are frequent about some of them.

Even amusements had to travel by wagon back in the early days. The circus came to town, and the animals walked all the way. My grandmother loved to tell us about the time she and her brother held up the circus to see the elephants. Great Grandfather Pilling's cabin stood in the yard just east of where our house stands now. At that time he had a saw-mill down by the river and the land north of the present culvert was covered by the mill pond. A small plank bridge carried the wagon road across the mill race. The children had seen elephants with circuses before, and knew that rather than risk their great weight on the small plank bridge, the elephants would wade the mill pond. Of course once they got in the water they thoroughly enjoyed it, and the drivers had a time getting them out. This time Grandfather Pilling thought he'd help the children have even more fun, so told them to carry a basket of potatoes out and spread them in the road. When the elephants came along they stopped to eat the potatoes, and wouldn't budge until every last one had been found, in spite of all the angry drivers could do. So if any of your grandparents were worried that day about the circus arriving late at Newcomerstown, it was all my great-grandfather's fault!

About where the pump station now stands, a grove of wild plum trees grew, and here the circuses would stop and prepare for the grand entry, at the same time removing some of the dust they had accumulated since leaving the last stand.

The first church organization in the town was Luthern. The first church was a bridk building located on the site of Salathial Neighbor's residence today. As I understand it, the church was remodeled to make this house, which back in our grandparents day was occupied by John Rodney and his wife Ellen.

Have you ever noticed in the old cemetaries the rows and rows of children's graves? Few parents could boast of having reared all their children to maturity, and countless mothers died in childbirth. Thats why so many of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers had two and often three or four wives. Many children died of cholera; and pneumonia, commonly called "singing chills",took a terrible toll of people of all ages. Even though there were doctors back in the early days, their cures were simple and their supply of drugs scarce. Consequently many a pioneer family depended soley upon the mother's knowledge of home remedies, resorting to herbs, poultices, and even at times to charms and incantations; preferring these to the doctor's hastily mixed and evil tasting powders.

And now I'd like you to come with me and stand on the high bridge over the canal at Bridge Street, the year about 1860. You can hear the driver swearing at the mules long before the boat rounds the bend below town. The mules, two of them, are hitched tandem to the tow rope , and walk along the tow path on the south side of the canal, probably fifty or sixty feet ahead of the boat which since it is evidently heavily laden, rides low in the water. The driver, brandishing his whip, walks close behind the mules, seeing to it that they don't loiter. Now the boat approaches. It's probably fifteen feet wide and maybe four times that long, and has a compact, snug appearance. It's a fine day, and the passengers are sitting up on the top, on the benches. The steersman is lopping lazily against the tiller at the stern of the boat, depending on the pressure of his shoulders to steer the boat along a proper course while he scans the banks for a sight of some of his cronies, exchanging bantering pleasantries, or the latest gossip from down the canal.

Now the boat comes to rest against the bank, and unloading of passengers and cargo take place. Some of the passengers remain in their places though, since they are traveling farther up the canal; they spend the time laughing at the antics of Crazy Dave. He's a poor fellow, rather unbalanced mentally, but entirely harmless, who roams around town. As a canal boat pullsin he likes to shout to the passengers in a funny, singsong manner, "Crazy Dave will so cut the pigeon wing for a copper-cent-a-button." One of the passengers laughingly tosses down a coin and watches while Dave executes a queer little jig.

All manner of goods were shipped by way of the canal-wool, wheat, corn, whisky, feathers, dried apples and peaches, sorghum molasses and hides, and in exchange the boats brought back calico, coffee, tea, half-refined sugar, nails, and dishes. Mail was not carried as a usual thing, since other means of transportation were speedier. But as a carrier of news and gossip, the boat was unexcelled, for it moved slowly enough that conversation could be had at any point along it's route.

The canal was too narrow in most places for boats to pass, except at locks and basins. Frequent fights occured there between boat crews to settle the question as to who should pass through the lock first; consequently the man with ready fists found it easier to get the job. Each lock had a tinder, and almost every lock had some weird story connected with it concerning this or that strange happening. A black dog was reported to be seen frequently roving about one of the locks near Port Washington on dark nights, and at Tucker's lock a headless man had appeared.

Think what excitement must have rushed over the people in Newcomerstown when the following announcement appeared in the Stubenville Messenger of May 31, 1851. "The route of the Stubenville & Indiana Railroad, after careful surveys, has been determined upon. Its location was decided at the last meeting of the Board of Directors. It leaves Steubenville through the Cross Creek Valley, thence by way of Urichsville to Coshocton." The road from Steubenville to Newark was opened for traffic in April 1855. But as it had no connections farther east or west, it did not prosper, and before 1860 passed into receivership. It finally was merged with the Pennsylvania railroad company in 1867, by which time direct connections had been established both to the east and to the west.

. Few stories seem to have been handed down, concerning the building of the railroad, but various incidents during the Civil War times make mention of it. President Lincoln passed through here on his way to Washington in 1861 making appearances on the rear platform just as presidents do today. Mrs. Mary E. Dent, whom I'm sure some of you remember, liked to tall about Lincoln's train stopping at Port Washington. She was a little girl of six or seven then, and when her mother lifted her, the president stroked the child's head.

Into 1860, Newcomerstown had a population of 577. How deeply each of those 577 must have felt the loss of many young men from here who joined the Union Army. At first no company was mustered right at Newcomerstown, but several were raised in surrounding towns, which our men joined. They were given but a few weeks training, and then sent into battle. Train-loads passed through here, the men often sitting or standing in open flat cars.

In the autumn of 1861, Camp Meigs was established on the Dover fair grounds, and most of the enlisted troops from the country got a little early training there. The Fifty-first Regiment was organized at that place, and company C of that regiment was composed of Newcomerstown men. (Just as an illustration of the short training given the Civil War soldiers-my Grandfather Moore enlisted with a company raised at Port Washington in August 1862. They were sent for a short time to a camp at Mingo Junction, and then sent to take part in the western campaign, where at the battle of Perryville in Kentucky, early in October, he was critically wounded.

Although the telegraph was in use before the time of the Civil War, it was used only for important communications, and the folks back home had no way of knowing what was happening except from the newspapers or heresay. Sometimes many weeks passed before they learned that loved ones had been killed or wounded. Very few daily papers came to town, and the common practice was 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 all the news of the war to the crowd which assembled daily for this event. Lists of companies engaged, names of killed or wounded, were always included in the day's news and many people in that way learned that a husband, father, son, or brother had been killed.

Newcomerstown made a steady growth in population even during the Civil War days, and the period following the war brought many inventions to add to the comfort and prosperity of the inhabitants. The canal was still the most popular throughfare, and many a returning soldier found employment along its banks. Although the telegraph was already in use and taken as rather a matter of course by the more urbane half of the citizenry, still its actual mechanism was as much a mystery to many, as television is to us today. They enjoyed telling of the man who returned to his home 'way out in the hills, after one of his very ingrequent and therefore amazing trips to Newcomerstown, with the report that one of the telegraph wires "had busted and there was a bushel of messages piled up in a heap".

The C & M Railroad was built in 1873, and many stories are still current in the town about the camps of Irish laborers employed to buil it. It's completion was marked by the usual ceremony of driving the final spike of gold,

The more prosperous housewives had sewing machines, and could turn out wonderful creations with yards of ruffling, basks with stays and dozens of buttons, and skirts with dust-ruffling to sweep a wide swath as one rustled her way down the street. Most of the early sewing machines made a chain stitch, and woe unto him who pulled the wrong thread. I have made ~~axxhain stitchy~~ a nice little picture in my mind of what must have occured in the parlor about the time grandpa, dressed in his Sunday best and seated on the hair cloth sofa courting grandma, innocently picked up a loose thread on her new merino polonaise.

In 1876, people heard that a man named Bell had invented a telephone and though it was a full twenty years before the first one was installed in this locality, everyone began experimenting to see how the thing really worked. Not only the children, but some of the grownups as well, tried stretching a string from the wood shed to the outkitchen, with a tin can fastened on each end, and spent long hours shouting to each other.

During the '80's the present town hall was built, and with the completion of the Opera House, real progress was made on the way of entertainment. Not only did home talent shows prosper, but various troupes of actors, musicians, magicians, and minstrels, some of whom were already prominent in their particular fields, made stops here.

Newcomerstown, in the latter part of the 19th Century, had a thriving fair each fall. Although the fair grounds were really situated in Coshocton County (on the land directly west of the corporation line, and owned by Dr. Geo. Kistler) still the fair belonged to Newcomerstown. It was called the Central Ohio District Fair, and as its name implies, was really larger than any of the county fairs. The four days of the fair were the high point of the year for Newcomerstown citizens and people came from miles around bringing the family lunch in large picnic baskets. Many a summer's hard work over the hot kitchen stove was climaxed for Grandma when her spiced peaches or marble cake was awarded the blue ribbon. And any girl whose beau did not polish up pa's buggy and take her in her new fall finery to see the horse races and side show, had real cause for complaint, for that was the fashion show of the season.

In 1895, the Clow plant was moved here, and lent much impetus to the growth of the population, in fact the census figure shows that it doubled in that decade. At the same time the industrial life of the community took on a new phase, for products manufactured before that time had been largely absorbed by local demand, and no active part had been taken in interstate and foreign trade. From that time on, shipping of manufactured products from Newcomerstown has steadily increased. It is not my intention here to occupy time in giving any account of the development of our community either in an industrial or social way since the beginning of the twentieth century, since this is current knowledge. It might however, be interesting to point out that in the 90 year period over which the United States Census figures are available for Newcomerstown, the greatest period of growth was that included in the thirty years between 1870 and 1900, when the population increased by 23% as compared with 193% for the thirty years preceding, and 60% for the thirty years following that period.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

BUREAU PF TJE CENSUS

WASHINGTON

October 1, 1937

Miss Lois Zimmer,
Newcomerstown, Ohio

Dear Madam:

In compliance with your recent request, there is given below the total population of Newcomerstown in Tuscarawas county, Ohio, according to the Federal Decennial Censuses of 1850 to 1930, inclusive.

1930	4,265
1920	3,389
1910	2,943
1900	2,659
1890	1,251
1880	926
1870	791
1860	577
1850	476
1840	270

Very Truly Yours,

Leon E. Truesdell,
Chief Statistician for Population

MRM:E

History of

Newcomerstown, Ohio

AN INDIAN LOVE TRIANGLE GAVE NEWCOMERSTOWN ITS NAME

By

Lois Zimmer

Indian tongues were wagging! White Woman's Town was all a-murmur, and many a gnarled old squaw or wrinkled chief made the sage remark that no good would come of it. In their way those dusky gossips were right; and today a thriving little town with an engaging name remains as a constant admonition to man that he should never attempt the feat of living with two wives in one dwelling.

Perhaps you have wondered just how Newcomerstown, a small industrial city in the southwestern corner of Tuscarawas county, came by that lengthy name. All the historical significance of the name is controlled by its spelling, and small wonder it is that citizens find it annoying to receive mail addressed to New Comerstown!

Several years ago a boulder was placed at the side of Route 36, about half-way between Coshocton and Walhonding, which marks the original site of White Woman's village. The white woman whose name was Mary Harris, had been captured by Indians in New England sometime between 1730 and 1740. She had been a young woman at that time, quite beautiful according to legend, and captivated by the romantic nomadic life, had become the wife of Chief Eagle Feather.

She evidently was very popular and influential among the Indians, for the settlement of wigwams surrounding that of Eagle Feather soon came to be known as White Woman's Town; the Walhonding river from that place to its confluence with the Tuscarawas at Coshocton was called by the Indians "the White Woman."

Apparently Mary really loved her Indian husband, and as years passed seemed in many ways to lose the qualities and refinements of her race.

She was proud of him and always helped in his preparations to join hunting parties or bands of marauders plotting fresh attacks on exposed colonial frontiers.

One wonders if Mary Harris experienced any qualms when Eagle Feather returned to their wigwam from these raiding parties, bearing the scalps of her white neighbors from beyond the mountains. Perhaps she did not, for Christopher Gist who visited Mary Harris records in his journal that she remembered that the people of New England were very religious, and wondered how they could be so cruel as the white men who roamed the forests.

Life finally palled for Eagle Feather sometime around 1750. Various guesses have been made as to the reason. Some old squaws even went so far as to hint that it was because, in spite of Eagle Feather bringing home to Mary the choicest meats for food and the finest skins for clothing, she did not bear any papooses for him.

Christopher Gist refutes this however, for he mentions in his journal that Mary Harris had several children. More likely, it seems, that Eagle Feather, having been so captivated by one white woman's charms, was thereby made all the more vulnerable to those of another, and perhaps looked forward to twice as much domestic felicity. At any rate, he returned from a raiding trip to the Virginia frontier with a second wife, installing her in the wigwam with the first.

Mary seethed with jealousy and resentment, and, unless Indian villages were very different from those of their white successors, the gossips had a picnic! The first Mrs. Eagle Feather made no secret of her distaste for the second Mrs. Eagle Feather, to whom she scornfully referred as "the Newcomer."

Poor old Eagle Feather must frequently have regretted that blissful mood in which he had proudly brought home to Mary his beautiful, young second wife, for immediately Mary reverted to type, and raged and stormed

just like her white sisters.

No doubt Eagle Feather was hen-pecked, but it seems indisputable that he brought it all upon himself! Some legends do say though, that Eagle Feather finally screwed up his courage and talked back to Mary; that he may even have ventured to suggest that her's wouldn't be the first white scalp he had lifted.

It is easy to see that the old squaws' prophecy was bound to come true, and sure enough, one frosty autumn morning Mary aroused the sleepy village with cries that her husband had been murdered. Excitement rushed over the cluster of wigwams as old and young, the Indians hurried to gaze upon Eagle Feather, where he lay on the floor of his wigwam, his head neatly cleft by his own tomahawk which was still deeply buried in the wound.

Of course Mary immediately accused the Newcomer of the dreadful act, and as she had vanished from the wigwam it was natural for the Indians to believe Mary's story. Accordingly they set out in pursuit, and before long recaptured the fleeing woman at a small Indian town on the banks of the Tuscarawas river some distance east of the forks of the Muskingum.

The town at which she was recaptured by the Indians was ever afterward called "The Newcomer's Town" by the Indians. The captive denied the act saying instead that Mary had killed her own husband, and that she- the Newcomer-had fled because she, too, feared Mary's hatchet.

She was taken, in spite of her protestations of innocence, to another Indian town situated at the forks of the Muskingum- the site of the present city of Coshocton. There, in accordance with the rule of the tribe that all escaped prisoners who were recaptured should be put to death, she was killed.

The History of Newcomerstown (Continued)

Lois Zimmer

Christopher Gist, was an early explorer and surveyor. He was employed by the Ohio Land Company (composed of 12 Virginians, among whom was George Washington) to investigate the nature of certain land bordering the Ohio river, and the feasibility of planting settlements upon it.

Late in the fall of 1750 he had come into the Tuscarawas valley, finally reaching the Indian town on the site of Coshocton about a week before Christmas.

Finding a few friendly white traders there, he remained for several weeks. He kept a diary of his journey, and one entry in particular is believed by many historians to have a bearing on this story. This entry is quoted form Mitchener's "Pathfinders of Eastern Ohio."

"Wednesday, 26 - This day a woman that had long been a prisoner and had deserted, being retaken and brought into town on Christmas eve, was put to death in the following manner: They carried her without the town and let her loose; and when she attempted to run away, the persons appointed for that purpose pursued her and struck her on the ear on the right side of the head, which bent her flat on her face to the ground. They then struck her several times through the back with a dart to the heart; scalped her, and threw the scalp in the air, and another cut off her head. Thus the dismal spectacle lay until evening, and then Barney Curran desired leave to bury her, which he and his men and some of the Indians did just at dark."

Although Christopher Gist does not say that the woman was a deserter from White Woman's village, does not in fact say whether the woman was white or Indian, still the legend persists that it was the Newcomer whose execution he witnessed, that day after Christman in 1750; and most people believe too, that she was white.

Regardless of Gist's relationship to the event the Newcomer's Town must have come into being at about that time, for previously, history

makes no mention of it. Every white visitor who followed Gist however, mentions Newcomer's Town.

The decade from 1750 to 1760 was one of strife in the Tuscarawas valley, and no attempts were made by white men other than occasional hunters or adventurers, to penetrate the hostile Indian country. It seems apparent, however, from tales told later by whites held captive among the Indian tribes, that the name Newcomer's Town was already in general use. In 1760 Ft. Duquesne became Ft. Pitt, and records still in existence show that messages sent out from there by the commandant were frequently addressed to Indian chiefs or white scouts at New Comer's Town.

Sometime around 1760 Chief Netawatwes moved his band of Delawares from western Pennsylvania to Newcomer's Town. Forthwith, he changed his own name to King Newcomer.

Some historians give as the reason for this that Newcomer was really the English interpretation of the Indian Name Netawatwes. This sounds a trifle far-fetched, and makes one wonder if wily Netawatwes, during his proximity to the whites in Pennsylvania, had not heard enough about the king of England and the king of France to reason: "Why not a king of Newcomer's Town?"

At any rate, he established his Delaware capital on the bank of the Tuscarawas, within the limits of the present Newcomerstown. The town must have been more civilized that most Indian villages, for when the Moravian missionary David Zeisberger, visited it some 10 years later, he found many of the Indians living in log cabins. One cabin, that of King Newcomer, had a shingle roof, board floor, and some reports even mention a staircase.

Zeisberger came at the invitation of King Newcomer, who had heard of his good work among the Indians in Pennsylvania. King Newcomer's

cabin stood under a large walnut tree; this tree still marked the site when white settlers entered the valley nearly a half-century later. Under this tree in front of the cabin Zeisberger preached the first Protestant sermon to be delivered west of the Alleghenies, at noon on March 14, 1771.

Soon after this he returned to Pennsylvania. The following year he came again to the valley, bringing with him many of his Indian converts from his earlier mission. The Delawares welcomed him gladly, for subswquent to his sermon the previous year, the smallpox which had been scourging the valley had miraculously disappeared.

True to their promise the Delawares granted the Moravians a tract of land on which to found a mission. The site selected was that surrounding a large spring just south of the present city of New Philadelphia, and the appropriate name Schoenbrunn was given it.

King Newcomer by this time was growing old. He had earned the displeasure of the colonists eight years before when he had refused to attend the conference which Colonel Bouquet had held at the forks of the Muskingum.

Now within his tribe there was great dissension, for the Revolutionary war was about to begin, and the young men of the Delaware nation were anxious to take up the hatchet. Some wished to join their English friends at Sandusky and Detroit, while others wanted to help the colonists east of them. King Newcomer and other important chiefs of his clan were anxious to follow the teachings of their Moravian brothers and keep peace.

In 1774 the Delawares abandoned their capital at Newcomer's Town and moved to Goschachgunk (Coshocton). At the same time they extended the grant of land to the Moravians to reach as far as the big bend in the river below Newcomer's Town. Thus the Moravians came to own the fertile, wooded valley for a distance of approximately 30 miles along the river's course.

The abandoned cabins of the former Delaware capital remained untenanted during the next 40 years. Perhaps they sometimes sheltered

sheltered roving war parties or weary hunters, and no doubt during the ensuing decade which witnessed the destruction of peace-loving Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten more than one blood-thirsty band paused there.

The Tuscarawas came to be known as the Bloody Valley, and following the massacre at Gnadenhutten, many superstitious Indians followed the trail through the hills in order to avoid the Evil Spirit which hid in the beautiful groves along the river.

At the close of the Revolunion, Tuscarawas county was a part of the grant made by congress to officers of the Colonial army. Although it was included in Washington county, it was settled much later than parts touching the Ohio river.

Consequently, not until 1814 did the abandoned Delaware capital see an influx of pioneers. These pioneers led by Nicholas Neighbor of Morris county, N. J., weary from their laborious journey across the mountains, hailed with delight the empty Indian cabins of Newcomer's Town, and made them their dwellings until their own could be erected.

From the very first, Indian relics in the vicinity were numerous; so numerous in fact, that little value was placed upon them. Soon after the pioneers arrived, they discovered an Indian burial ground on the bank of the river just south of King Newcomer's cabin. Here, each spring, the flooding Tuscarawas caused the bank to crumble, exposing numerous skeletons.

Nothing was preserved, however, except bracelets, beads, or other trinkets found in the burials, and in time even these were lost. Quite recently a second extensive Indian burial ground was discovered in South Mulvane street in Newcomerstown, when workmen were excavating for a sewer. Several of the partial skeletons were preserved and are kept in a case in the high school building.

Mar 2-47.

CANTON Rep

Of This and That

By Lois Zimmer

Reminiscences of Flood-Times on the Tuscarawas

I DON'T suppose I'd have turned nostalgic over springtime and its floods if it hadn't been for that story a few days ago headed "Full Data on Past Floods Now Available for Ohio."

The point is, I helped collect that data. But it's a long story.

I've never heard the matter discussed but I'm inclined to think that any family which lives on the bank of one stream for several generations becomes possessive. It speaks of the stream as "our river"; it boasts of its beauties and even, to a certain extent, takes pride in its misdemeanors, so richly does the river endow existence with drama.

That's how we came to claim the Tuscarawas at Newcomerstown. It first became ours when Great-Grandfather James Pilling came to Ohio more than 100 years ago and set up a mill on the bank to saw big walnut logs which ambitious settlers cut and floated down the stream.

Great-Grandfather himself had numerous opportunities to observe "our river" in flood, but the time most frequently recounted despite the fact my Grandmother Moore had it only through hearsay, was the month she was born in 1847.

The Pillings still lived in a log cabin, then. Early summer rains had been unduly heavy and baby Maria was only a few days old when the river started walking up the bank. One of the relatives rode in on horseback to evacuate mother and child, but Great-Grandfather Pilling exhibited that "River, Stay 'Way From My Door" spirit.

He put a chair a-top the kitchen table and sat and read "Josephus" while the angry waters swirled about the legs.

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The river was still "ours" through the closing decades of the 19th century and on into the early years of the 20th, when we youngsters looked in awe at the chiseled mark on the bridge abutment that indicated the crest of the flood of '89.

"Gee!" we'd say. "Just think! All that water!"

And then one rainy day in March, 1913, our Dad came hurrying to school to get my brothers and me because the greatest flood of them all was threatening to cut us off from home within the hour. We were too young to be frightened, but we somehow had a feeling that the whole world stood with us watching while the rapidly spreading river kept swallowing the stakes Dad drove at the edge of the water to gauge its rise.

The yellow torrent made a rushing sound that was punctuated with rattling iron each time an uprooted tree came riding down the current to bang against the bridge.

Naturally it was a sleepless night for the grownups. And when we children got up the next morning the mile-wide valley was filled with water from hill to hill.

The crisis

duration, but it was thrilling while it lasted. And this is the story we always liked best:

The morning the flood was at its height, my father spied one of our big cast-iron kettles floating blithely down the road that now was part of the river.

The kettle had come to Ohio in the covered wagon of one of our great-grandfathers. It was at least 30 inches in diameter and so heavy it required two men to heave it onto the hook above the fire when butchering time came. But the flood picked it up and sailed it away as gently as did the "sea of sleep" that dream boat of Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Dad saved the kettle, though. Hastily obtaining a long pole, he reached out, tipped the rim, and the water flowed in and sank it, right there in the middle of the road.

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AND now at last we come to that collection of data about floods.

We children were still in high school when the U. S. Geological Survey concluded it was time to start measuring that river of ours. A stream gauge was installed on the bridge railing and, since we lived closer than anybody else, we were employed as observers.

Taking morning and evening readings was a monotonous task in summertime when prolonged drouths made the water sink lower and lower, but it held thrills a-plenty each time a flood threatened and the roaring, muddy current licked upward to set the weight spinning on its chain.

We felt important, too, knowing that our reports determined whether mailmen and school buses started out on their routes, whether farmers would move their stock from the lowlands, whether people on down the Muskingum at Coshocton and Zanesville would begin hasty preparations for leaving their homes.

Shortly afterward the U. S. Weather Bureau brought us a rain gauge and added "cooperative" to our title. Eventually the Muskingum Conservancy District was created and it sought our services too.

But now our glory is past. They've harnessed our river with dams at Clendenning, Tappan, Leesville, Atwood, Dover and Beach City. They've even taken away our gauge, for today the tricky Tuscarawas is as innocuous as Nimishillen Creek.

But we do sort of miss the excitement. And naturally we think of it most often in March.

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may insist, the 16th, 18th or 19th, here's how: Hunt up a print of the Great Seal of Ohio and count the arrows in the sheaf in the foreground.

We discovered that important key the other day in a book about the state after we'd wasted a half-four trying to find a history or encyclopedia that would tell us outright.

Of course, the trick will be always to know where you can lay your hands on a Great Seal of Ohio.

But don't jump at conclusions. It's not that sign on liquor store windows.

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I HEARD last week of a man who jumped at conclusions when someone found a stray suitcase bearing the initials G.O.D. and took it into his residence for safekeeping until the owner would discover its loss and return to claim it.

"It probably belongs to some crackpot evangelist who'll never come back," he told himself.

But the owner who arrived to reclaim it a few days later turned out to be the last person in Canton who ever should be guilty of losing a suitcase. It was Miss Grace O'Donnell, secretary to Travelers Aid Society.

She would have been in need of Travelers Aid herself, had she not been on her way to visit relatives in Pittsburgh who rallied to her assistance when she arrived, suitcaseless.


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