

Newcomerstown, Westing

NEWCOMERSTOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY
NEWCOMERSTOWN, OHIO

My Community and How it Came to Be

Lois Zimmer

1937

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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 voyageurs 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 Belliver. 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 Walkhounding, marking the site of White Woman's Town. These two entizes in Gist's Journal furnish the most authentic basis for the legend regarding the name of Newcomertown. 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 Heckwelder and Christian Frederick Post, came to the Tuscarawas valley, and built a small cabin at Boliver, 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, Sugarcreek, Hill 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 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 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 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 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 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 Netawatwas already knew of the Moravian's good work among the Indians. When Netawatwas 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, Netawatwas' 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 Gnadenhutzen 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 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—Deugherty's, Morrises, Barnett's Schlupp's, Woodward's, 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 136 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 Gnadenhutzen. 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 swamps 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 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 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 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 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 is 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 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 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 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 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 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 Salathiel 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 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. That's 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. 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 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 occurred 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 revving 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 New-comerstown 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 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 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 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.

See 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. Its 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, backs 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 occurred 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 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 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 Clew 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 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

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 Be 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, Kunstons, 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 ~~Main~~^{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 Night 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 single 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, he 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 begun 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 HaMoore'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, Elmer 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 wasn't making caskets or officiating at funerals, he made fine furniture. His daughter Clara became

*Old Teapeerance
House Museum* 11

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 survivors. 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-aunt 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 Miss Miskimmen became 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.

Mae 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 reminiscing 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 frequently 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 a member 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 Glow'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, unpronounceable 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. Dad 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 process, you'll polish the edges of recollection which are beginning to darken and keep them forever bright.



Albert Zimmer

Zimmer Family

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**PILLING
ZIMMER
CRAIG**

Obituary - ALEXANDER MOORE

Life's panorama is widely varied, and death's devastations are everywhere. Tuscarawas Valley is mourning the decease of the pioneer, Mr. Alexander Moore. His death occurring the evening of Jan. 15th, 1882 at the residence of his children, Mr. and Mrs. David B. Moore, just east of Newcomerstown, the disease being but the infirmities and debility ascribable to his advanced age. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Burris Moore (Mary White) and was born in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, November 19th, 1802. He had eight brothers and three sisters, the following surviving him: Thomas Moore, New Philadelphia; Elisha, Missouri; Hiram, Guernsey Co., Ohio; Ira, Cleveland; and Mrs. Mary Squires, Iowa.

His parents came to Ohio and located in Guernsey County in 1826, coming to Tuscarawas County in 1828. Alexander came to this valley in 1828, returning that year to Lycoming County where he married Miss Elizabeth R. Richay, and Salem Twp. became the abode of himself and bride. She died April 9, 1839 and the grass in the Benton Cemetery grows on the mound where she slumbers. September 29, 1841 he was again married, to Miss Jane Martin of Salem Township, by his brother, Thomas. She was a devoted companion and lived to sooth his dying days. He was not real certain whether he was baptised during infancy, and had Rev. Summers officiate at the baptismal service a month previous to his death.

He left special directions as to his interment, and said he would like to be buried in a winding sheet. Mild and calm as was his career on earth, was his death. Rev. Summers, the Lutheran minister filling the lamented Dr. Knisely's pulpit, directed his funeral ceremonies on Tuesday, and preaching from Job 10:14 mingling with his enconions of the dead, his sympathy with the living. He was buried at his desire, where Mrs. Moore and three of his children lay side by side in the Benton Cemetery.

His living children are: David B. Moore, Newcomerstown; Robert S. Moore, Wolf's Station; Rolland Moore, Salem Twp.; Mrs. Sarah Ann Brown, Columbus, Ind.; Mrs. Mary J. Ripley, Wolf's Station; Mrs.

Elizabeth McClain, Desota, Ill.; Mrs. Margaret H. Swant, Moore's Vineyard, Bartholomew Co., Ind.; Mrs Melissa Ross, Wolf's Station; Mrs. Catherine M. Lytle, Cambridge; Mrs. Ruhana Agnes Huff, Newcomerstown.

Mr. Moore endured all the privations of pioneer life while in the wilderness and by his thriftiness and energy secured enough of the earth's wealth to purchase its luxuries, but he was an individual of simple habits and humble desires and would divide his all with the poverty stricken any day. He was noted as a synpathizer with suffering. He was an affectionate companion and as such was revered and is mourned by the immediately bereaved, the citizens of Salem Township, and in the entire length of the Tuscarawas valley.

This was copied from a newspaper account pasted inside the family Bible of the late David Buress Moore and Maria Pilling Moore of Newcomerstown, grandparents of Lois Zimmer Craig. Benton Cemetery was later known as Dye Cemetery.

***** ***** ***** ***** *****

ANCESTORS

If you could see your ancestors
All standing in a row
Would you be proud of them?
Or don't you really know?

Strange discoveries are sometimes made
In climbing the family tree.
Occasionally one is found in line
Who shocks his progeny.

If you could see your ancestors
All standing in a row,
Perhaps there might be one or two
You wouldn't care to know.

Now turn the question right around
And take another view,
When you shall meet your ancestors
Will they be proud of you?

from Genealogical Helper, June 1952

Ancestor Chart

Name of Compiler Lois Zimmer Craig
 Address East State St.,
 City, State Newcomerstown, Oh. 43832
 Date April 22, 1982

Person No. 1 on this chart is the same person as No. _____ on chart No. _____.

Chart No. 56

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

4 Christian Zimmer
 (Father of No. 2)
 b. 8 Oct. 1818
 p.b. Doernbach
 m. 25 April 1860
 d. 3 March 1893
 p.d. Oxford Twp. Tusc. Co.

2 Albert Zimmer
 (Father of No. 1)
 b. 10 Dec. 1862
 p.b. Oxford Twp. Tusc. Co.
 m. 3 Jan. 1900
 d. 6 April 1937
 p.d. Oxford Twp. Tusc. Co.

5 Elisa Fisher
 (Mother of No. 2)
 b. 3 Jan. 1835
 p.b. Sugarereek Twp. Tusc. Co.
 m. 25 Jan. 1911
 p.d. Newcomerstown, Ohio

1 Lois Zimmer Craig
 b. 16 Dec. 1903
 p.b. Oxford Twp. Tusc. County, Ohio
 m. 26 Feb. 1948
 d.
 p.d.

9 David Burrass Moore
 (Father of No. 3)
 b. 25 Aug. 1842
 p.b. Salem Twp. Tusc. Co.
 m. 19 April 1868
 d. 16 May 1904
 p.d. Oxford Twp. Tusc. Co.

3 Anna Myrtle Moore
 (Mother of No. 1)
 b. 20 June 1876
 p.b. Newcomerstown, Ohio
 d. 5 Aug. 1973
 p.d. Oxford Twp. Tusc. Co.

7 Maria Pilling
 (Mother of No. 3)
 b. 24 June 1847
 p.b. Oxford Twp. Tusc. Co.
 d. 7 March 1929
 p.d. Oxford Twp. Tusc. Co.

Charles Alfred Craig, M.D.
 (Spouse of No. 1)
 b. 16 Nov. 1879 d. 18 Sept. 1962
 p.b. Westland Twp. Guernsey Co. Oh. p.d. Cambridge, Oh.

8 Philip Zimmer
 (Father of No. 4)
 b. 14 Jan. 1785
 p.b. Doernbach
 m. 24 July 1807 Rukenhausen
 d. 10 June 1877
 p.d. Bucks Twp. Tusc. Co.

9 Catherine Klein
 (Mother of No. 4)
 b. 1790
 p.b. Doernbach
 d. 1866
 p.d. Bucks Twp. Tusc. Co.

10 Jonathan Fisher
 (Father of No. 5)
 b. 17 Feb. 1802
 p.b.
 m.
 d. 8 Aug. 1877
 p.d. Sugarereek Twp. Tusc. Co.

11 Esther Lavan
 (Mother of No. 5)
 b. 17 April 1999
 p.b. Somerset Co., Pa.
 d. 21 Nov. 1873
 p.d. Sugarereek Twp. Tusc. Co.

12 Alexander Moore
 (Father of No. 6)
 b. 19 Nov. 1802
 p.b. Lysoming Co. Pa.
 m. 29 Sept. 1841
 d. 15 Jan. 1882
 p.d. Oxford Twp. Tusc. Co.

13 Jawa Martin
 (Mother of No. 6)
 b. 20 May 1817
 p.b. Eldersville, Pa. (?)
 d. 7 Jan. 1888
 p.d. Oxford Twp. Tusc. Co.

14 Janna Pilling
 (Father of No. 7)
 b. 8 May 1803
 p.b. Rawtenstall Lancashire, England
 m. 21 Oct. 1831
 d. 11 May 1879
 p.d. Oxford Twp.

15 Sarah Cunard
 (Mother of No. 7)
 b. 5 Dec. 1808
 p.b. Redstone, Pa. (?)
 d. 1853
 p.d. Oxford Twp., Tusc. Co.

16 Johann Zimmer
 (Father of No. 8, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. Doernbach, Bavaria
 m.
 d.

17 Marie Madeline Bitz
 (Mother of No. 8, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b.
 d.

18 Jacob Klein
 (Father of No. 9, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b.
 m.

19 Catherine Gabelman
 (Mother of No. 9, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b.
 d.

20
 (Father of No. 10, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b.
 m.

21
 (Mother of No. 10, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b.
 d.

22 Jacob Lavan
 (Father of No. 11, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 3 April 1767
 m.

23 Mary Wiak (Winch)
 (Mother of No. 11, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 d. 26 Feb. 1824
 b. 1764

d. 1838

24 Burriss Moore
 (Father of No. 12, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. Lysoming Co. Pa. (?)
 m.

25 Mary White
 (Mother of No. 12, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 d. 1831 Salem Twp. Tusc. Co.

26 David Martin
 (Father of No. 13, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. About 1780
 m. About 1805
 d. About 1854, Indiana

27 Esther Miller
 (Mother of No. 13, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. Before 1830
 d.

28 Richard Pilling
 (Father of No. 14, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 1782
 m.

29 Anne Lord
 (Mother of No. 14, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 d. 1858
 b. 1782
 d. 1859

30 Anthony Cunard (Conrad)
 (Father of No. 15, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 27 Aug. 1748
 m. 1791
 d. 5 Feb. 1819, Redstone, Pa.

31 Anne Wheatley
 (Mother of No. 15, Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 10 Sept. 1768
 d. 27 Nov. 1850
 p.d. Oxford Twp., Tusc. Co.

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Nc'town care facility to expand



Michelle Glazer/Newcomerstown News

The former home of Marian and Lois Craig of Newcomerstown was recently torn down on E. State Road, Newcomerstown, across from Riverside Manor Nursing and Rehabilitation Center. The demolition of the house is part of the care facility's expansion project.

The former Craig home on E. State Road was demolished recently in order to make way for the Riverside Manor Nursing and Rehabilitation Center to extend their facilities.

The new "green wing" as it will be known will become a state-of-the-art

rehabilitation area consisting of 19 private suites for short-term Medicare rehabilitation stays.

It will be designed with a large area convenient to servicing in-patient and out-patient needs.

There will be a Dementia Unit with staff trained

specifically for dementia, as well as offer "Comfort Care" rooms to meet the end-of-life needs for patients.

So far, the architectural plans and land survey are complete.

Construction is expected to start soon.

A Highly Personalized Chapter
Of The Ohio Story

By Lois Zimmer Craig

“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 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 will 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 scenes below” today you realize there's a lot more gone than 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 our 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 the 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 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, Funstons, Rileys, Carrs and Nicholas Neighbor; the latter came from New Jersey in 1814 and bought 1900 acres of land. Returnig home in the fall, the next spring he led out a company of 60 immigrants 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 Newcomerstown. 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 was Andrew Creter for host. Dr. Upson was the earliest physician, and Aaron Schenk started the first tannery. The first justice of the peace was James Douglas, appointed August 11, 1808; then John Call; George Bible; Robert Caples; Joseph Wampler and Paul Sheridan.

John Junkin 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 recorded when liscense 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 the appointment. He was present at the execution of John Funston, murderer of the Post Boy.

In 1823 Schenck started shoemaking, and tanning in 1827. School was kept at settlers' cabins till as late as 1830. William Neighbor erected the first dwelling in the vicinity of the telegraph tower. Nicholas erected the first store— 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 Mulvanes 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 Night in the Forest” it’s a story of a captive white boy’s reluctant parting from his adoptive Indian parents when Col. Bouquet 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 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 the 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 triology, while the fourth, published only a year ago and called “Countr 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 Bouquet’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 1884 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 Friedensstradt, on the Beaver River in Pennsylvania, a wampum belt was brought from the great council at Gekelemukpechunck (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 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.

DavidZeisberger, 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, Gekelemuckpechunck. 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

Netawarwes, the chief of the nation, who dwelt in a spacious cabin with a 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 this territory now comprising the state of Ohio. His subject was the corruption 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 Zeeisberger 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 this 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 saw mill down at the river's edge, he 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 the 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 mile each, and work was begun in 1825.

Incidentally, this was the same year that the postboy route 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 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 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 family 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 of 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 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 cabinet maker to order a coffin, and the stick was the length of the corpse.

Maria was going on six and her brother Benton was three the spring of 1853 when their mother died. Sallie 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 know now it was 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' 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 test exonerated the physician of all blame. The 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 Street, and I believe still stands on Center Court. 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 blood-roots always blossomed in the clearing around what we called MaMoore's school house.

She was teaching at Wolf's 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 the Davis's Confectionary 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 Street, which bounded the town on the south. The cemetery had been started about 1860 and a headstone in the northeast 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 Moore's closest neighbors were the Smiths who lived in an easy-looking house set in a wide lawn circled with maple trees, at the corner. This was the old house 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 children were the closest 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 filthy filling station and junkyard.

The neighborliness once brought an about-to-be-famous man to our house. My grandmother's sister, Anne, was married in September 1853 to Conrad Stocker (pronounced Coonrod) and two guests at the wedding were the 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 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 tightfisted 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 bank which operated the elevator when farmers brought in wagonloads of grain to be stored for shipment on the canal. Boating, in those 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 school kids 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 Street was M. Yingling & Son's grocery store and fine china store which was still in operation during our own childhood; here, too, was a grandfather of a famous grandson—Norman Bel Geddes.

On down the street where Bair's is, was Dave Crater'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 name's 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 Vognitz.

Mr. Bicker, the undertaker who had come from Prussia and spoke with a dreadful accent, had a shop on Canal Street where the "new" hotel now stands, and when he wasn't making caskets or officiating at funerals, he made fine furniture. His daughter, Clara, became the second wife of Israel Vognitz 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 sister, Aunt Sarah, to run his house and raise his children—Jack, Clark, Anne Elizabeth and Catherine. None of these left survivors. (**Elizabeth was married and had a large family. (MDM) But Jack's memorial is very noticeable—the large monument

topped with statuary on the east side of the cemetery along West. Street. He and his wife, Ella Patterson who I believe was a great-aunt of Lucille Deeslie's, lived in the big house on Bridge Street 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 McFaden 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 Miss Miskimen became 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.

The Moore 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. 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 reminiscing 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 humm 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 & Dickinson'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 years the houses along State street 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 was 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, Ashers, and Stewarts—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 frequently joining ourselves to the procession which by this time would have begun to straggle as the older children out-distanced the younger. The next house we came to was the Wiandt's and 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 Chris Opphile's and then the Chestnut Street corner was the green-painted house where the fourth-grade teacher, Miss Carrie Daugherty, 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 of 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 at 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 unprouncable 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 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 don'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 n 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 kid's 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. Dad liked to sit on the front porch to read and he gladly accepted when Mr. Robinson came about ten o'clock and invited him to go along on a spin to Uhrichsville.

Families who live within hearing of the railroad were far more accustomed, in these 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 our 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 as no sign of Dad. Then just as my mother must have been approaching panic, there he came, walking from town.

They had repaired and changed tires the live long 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 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 jaw-breaker. I'm still deeply indebted to Mabel Draher for all the sharing she did with me. Joe Mulvane's Drug Store, 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 Chief." 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 Street, one could find three dry-goods store which all had a nice new-goodsy odor. These were the Factory Store, Vognitz'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 subject 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's else's in places but never be quite identical. And in the process, you'll polish the edges of recollection which are beginning to darken and keep them forever bright.

June

June 15, 1967

OLD NUGEN HOUSE WAS ONCE A LOVELY DWELLING

By Lois Zimmer Craig

Last spring's Sunday afternoon fire-fighting drill when the remains of the old Col. Robert H. Nugen house on E. State Street were burned brought a sad but welcome end to a once lovely dwelling.

Now, except for a cemetery monument, the last local trace of that popular and highly respected family is gone. Col. Nugen's only son, Robert, eventually lived in California and so far as is known left no family, and none of his daughter's descendants live in this area.

There is no record of when the Nugen residence was built, though this probably took place not long after Col. Nugen came to Newcomerstown in connection with building and operating the Ohio Canal. His wife was Sarah Hoagland and the fact their eldest daughter, Elmira, was born in 1833 might indicate their marriage took place elsewhere. [Robert H. Nugen and Elmira Hoagland were married 19 February 1832, Tuscarawas County, by George K. Fankboner-Bk. 1-3, p. 193, #1537] MDM

His name first appears in county records in connection with land purchases in Oxford township, the first being from Phillip Neighbor in 1836. Additional deeds were recorded from John W. Cooley in 1836; William Gardner in 1841; Levi Sergant, in 1842; Harlow Chapen, 1842; John V. Cowell, 1845 and George Harries, 1848. Four years after his death in 1872, landowners listed in Michener's "Annals of the Muskingum and Tuscarawas Valley", shows Col. Nugen's estate included 783 acres at a total valuation of \$60,000. The major part of this was the broad, rich bottom land south and east of the bend in the river presently owned by Mrs. Robert Brode and Carl Portz.

Apparently that same year the estate was divided among his children, for the 1876 County Atlas shows broad strips running between the river and the hills to the south belonging to Phedora (incorrectly spelled Theadora) Timmons; Elizabeth Vognitz; R.H. Nugen, Jr.; Camilla S. Nugen and Lillis Shields. The homestead and other land north of the river, carried the name Elmira, the eldest daughter whose husband was Garrett B. Smith.

Col. Nugen, Democrat, served one term in Congress from 1861 to 1863, and at the time of his death was superintendent for the leasing of the Ohio Canal. From 1861 to 1879 it was leased to a group of private individuals in the hope that such an operation would be more efficient and profitable.

The Nugen house, surrounded by lawn with trees at intervals along its outer side, faced the land which eventually became Pilling Street. A smooth flagstone walk extended from the front porch to the road and grape hyacinths blossomed each spring in the grass. I have been told that decorative iron fence once enclosed the yard most of these disappeared and the ones left were becoming overgrown with trumpet vines. By that time, too, all that

remained of the orchard in the field to the north were a few broken trees, among them duchess, rambo, and queen apples; the last named so juicy and sweet that anyone attempted to gather the fallen fruit had to battle the honey bees.

As a child I thought I loved the Old Nugen home more than my own, for I spent countless happy hours there in appointments more luxurious, by comparison, than our own more austere and utilitarian surroundings. Especially memorable are the hall with its white stairway and gracefully curving mahogany rail; the upstairs guest room where was a beautiful four-poster bed; and the cozy sitting room, above which was a "long room." Actually this was the attic where fascinating things always could be found to entertain children.

Fortunately ours was a generation in which children were permitted to adopt their neighbors as relatives, so to me the occupants of the house were Grandma and Grandpa Smith, their daughter, Aunt Jessie, who later became Mrs. Jerry Starker, and their son-in-law and daughter, Uncle Alvin and Aunt Sadie Sperling whose son was Walter.

But things were never the same after the 1913 flood, when water covered the first floor of the house. The chimney in the dining room which formed an ell at the west side facing the river, collapsed, filling the room with rubble and ruining the kitchen which lay beyond. The house was reduced in size, remodeled and the family continued to live there for the next few years. Then about 1917 the Sperlings moved to California and Grandma Smith who had been a widow since 1911, went downtown to live with her daughter, Mrs. Starker, where she died in 1923.

Finally the property was sold and later the house moved from its location. For a number of years it was occupied by renters, but finally it became a make-shift filling station.

So far, efforts to establish the origin of the "colonel" always associated with Robert H. Nugen's name have been fruitless, and the idea that he was a West Point graduate has proved to be erroneous. The error undoubtedly arises through confusion between his last name and that of a nephew John Nugen.

Recent correspondence with the archives department of the Academy established his identity and serves to verify an anecdote handed down in the Pilling family, the Nugens' closest neighbors and my ancestors.

On January 28, 1853, James Pilling's eldest daughter Anne was married to Conrad Stocker. Among the wedding guests were a nephew of Col. Nugen and his West Point Classmate, Phil Sheridan, both of whom were visiting at Col. Nugen's home. Following the ceremony, as was the custom at the time, all the young people including Nugen and Sheridan rode horseback to accompany the newlyweds to their home in Port Washington. Later Mr. and Mrs. Stocker built and occupied the large brick house about a half-mile west of the village, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dichler.

The West Point letter, dated September 22, 1975, sheds interesting light on both young men, and part of it follows: "The only Nugen to graduate from the U.S. Military Academy was a John Nugen from Newcomerstown, Ohio, who entered the Corps of Cadets on July 1, 1848 with two other Ohioans—Philip Sheridan and George Crook graduated on July 1, 1852, and together served in garrison at Ft. Columbus, N.Y. immediately after graduation. Nugens military career was indeed a brief one. He died October 22, 1857, at Ft. Sheilacoom, Washington, at the age of 27.

Incidentally, Sheridan, while a First Classman, was suspended from October 18, 1851 to October 28, 1852. for insubordination conduct and consequently did not graduate until July 1, 1853.

Neither did enquires to the National Archives in Washington, D.C. nor to Ohio's Adjutant General's office produce any record of Col. Nugen's military involvement. However, not knowing from what state he came to Ohio, one surmises he may have served in some other state's militia. Perhaps some one of his fourth generation descendants on reading this, will be able to provide more information.

The Nugen daughters received a more aristocratic upbringing than those of their neighbors, the Pillings'. A hired man driving the family carriage regularly conveyed them over the Guernsey county hills to Madison College at Antrim where they received suitable instruction to young ladies of the day. According to Wolf's "Stories of Guernsey county," the college opened in 1839 and flourished until the civil War. "Students could obtain board, "Wolfe wrote, "for \$1.50 a week".

Today, Col. Nugen's great-great grandchildren are scattered throughout the U.S. and but many, if not all, of the proceeding generation already are gone. Two among these who attained prominence were Judge Robert Nugen Wilkin of the U.S. Federal Court in Cleveland, and photographic artist, Denver Timmons of Coshocton.

Attorney Post whose grandmother was Virginia Wilkin was the Smith's eldest daughter, perhaps represents the largest group o descendants since she and her husband, Attorney Foster Wilkin, had eight children---Wilbur, Garrett, Marcia Post, Maxine Blake, Dave, 'Reid, Jim and Robert. The family lived in New Philiadelphia, as did another Smith daughter, Christina Sargent, whose sons, Fred and Garrett, now live in the West. Walter Sperling, who graduated from Newcomerstown High School in 1913, lives in Los Angeles.

The Smiths also had two sons, Robert who operated a grocery store here on River St., and died childless, and Howard who lived in Mansfield and had one son, Garrett. Another Smith daughter, Marcia Raif, left a daughter, Clara. Their youngest child, Ellie, died of diptheria when she was eight.

The Smith and Timmons produced all of the Nugen descendants, for three other daughters, Elizabeth Vogenitz, Camilla Sharp, and Lillis Shields---left no children.

Showcase for Ohio Talents

By GRACE GOULDER

A SHOP WINDOW in the business center of Cambridge, O., is sure to stop every passerby. One day its eye-catcher may be hand-blown perfume bottles arranged beside old-time, gaudily decorated tole ware; the next, water colors and oil paintings of local landmarks are backdrops for folk toys like rag dolls with dried apple faces.

The displays fascinate everyone. Impressive idea is that every article is produced in Ohio by Ohioans—and is hand-made.

Enticed inside this unusual store, which is on Wheeling Avenue near the Court House, a visitor finds a well-run sales room and office. It is the headquarters of a young and vigorous organization called the Ohio Arts and Crafts Guild.

A few Cambridge artisans conceived the plan of joining with other Ohioans of like interests to exchange ideas, stimulate high quality work and

to provide a sales outlet for what they make. Patterned after long-established associations in southern and New England states, Ohio's guild was launched last year. It met with quick response. Already it lists close to 300 members representing 60 cities, towns and villages from Lake Erie to the Ohio River.

"It is astonishing how many gifted persons enrolled and how varied and fine their work is," said a prime mover, Lois Zimmer Craig, corresponding secretary. A descendant of early settlers in Tuscarawas County, Mrs. Craig is a former columnist on Canton's Repository and now on the staff of Cambridge's Daily Jeffersonian.

"The guild comes to the fore at an opportune time," she continued. "A growing revolt is apparent against machine-age standardization. With more leisure available there is opportunity to develop handcraft talents, and folks are discovering in themselves abilities and

creative flairs they never suspected."

Another dedicated member, Harry G. Dotson, Mansfield high school teacher, who spends vacations spreading the gospel of the guild throughout Ohio, spoke of a nostalgic trend toward revival of good things of the past. "The guild," he states, "is capturing some of the lost techniques of pioneers, preserving them and acting as a clearing house for workers in these lines."

"OUR aim is to encourage creation of truly useful and artistic Ohio-made handcraft and art. We hope to hasten the day when travelers through the state can find nothing marked on the front 'Souvenir of Ohio' and on the back 'Made in Japan.'"

Only top flight craftsmanship and art are accepted, declared Miss Naomi Wickens of Lowell, recording secretary. She makes small wooden banks that are authentic replicas of covered bridges in



Ohio. Also, she transforms all sorts of antique finds (such as wooden apple butter stirrers) into lamp bases. She explained that a committee on standards, like the one previewing May Show entries at the Cleveland Museum of Art, passes on everything submitted for sale in the guild shop.

"We want only the best," said Vice President Edwin L. Rowe, retired Zanesville High School teacher, now a wood turner. "No sequin-encrusted egg shells or hand-painted dishtowels. No useless 'busy work' or dust-catcher trifles." Rowe is acting head of the guild since the president, Mrs. Robert W. Conners, recently moved out of the state.

Amidst the shop's overwhelming array, my attention was caught almost at once by a porcelain doll head. It was an unmistakable likeness of Astronaut John Glenn. Proportionately scaled reproductions of his hands and feet lay beside it. All were ready, priced \$20, to be affixed to a doll body.

These "portraits" were sculptured and fired from first-hand studies of the space man. The creator is a neighbor, Mrs. Rosamond McCall of New Concord, Col. Glenn's home town. She ships her fragile heads to lucky little girls in all parts of the country and reports difficulty keeping up with orders, especially at this holiday season.

The apple dolls were new to me, but I learned they were everyday playthings for Ohio frontier children. As the fruit shrivels it forms realistic and amusing facial expressions. Dolls on display, meticulously outfitted in 18th century modes, were fashioned by Mrs. Lena Pollock, of Claysville, and by Mrs. Craig who was thus carrying on a tradition in her family. The dolls were more collector rarities than toys, it seemed to me.

THE growing popularity of hand-blown and hand-etched glass was reflected in the tumblers, carafes, candlesticks and dishes in all shapes, sizes and colors, lining shelves and counters. One was reminded that this town for years was headquarters of the Cambridge Glass Co., now defunct. Blowers and etchers once identified with that factory are keeping alive old skills in little shops that have sprung up hereabouts. Among them is one headed by Edwin Griffith, for 40 years a cutter with the old firm.

Unusual glass phenomena...



Photos by GRACE GOULDER

Mrs. Charles Cowdin acts as volunteer manager of the headquarters and sales room of the Ohio Arts and Crafts Guild in downtown Cambridge.

original designs from craftsmen in Zanesville and Beverly, as well as cathedral stained glass window plaques from the Massillon studio of Miss Betty Fisher.

You came upon surprising things like, for example, copies of colonial tavern signs made by Mrs. Beverly Witter of Galion, who has developed a nice business out of this idea. Nearby were arrow heads, chipped Indian style with deer antlers. They were contributed by a genuine Indian princess, Little Pigeon, better known as Clara Nichols in the community where she lives near Newark. It appeared that anything you

Framed pictures—landscapes, portraits, still life, floral cut-outs—covered every wall, almost from floor to ceiling. The guild sells pictures, manages a painting rental service and conducts art classes. Plans are afoot for apprentice training in various lines of handcraft, for cooperation and leadership classes in homes for the aged and in therapeutic projects in veterans' hospitals and mental institutions.

Office manager Mrs. Charles Cowdin and her assistant, Mrs. James Frame, who were my hostesses, are volunteers. Guild members pay \$3 annual dues. Only members may submit wares

MRS. SARAH NELSON

Mrs. Sarah Nelson, 83, died at her home in Orange Wednesday evening, Jan. 29th following a three days' illness from apoplexy and pneumonia. Mrs. Nelson had been failing in health since last fall, after she had recovered from influenza.

Sarah Baker was born in Bakersville April 2, 1838. She was a resident of that village for 42 years. After her marriage to Samuel Nelson Mr. and Mrs. Nelson moved to Orange where they spent the remainder of their lives. Mrs. Nelson has been an inhabitant of Orange for the past 40 years. Her husband died in 1906 and the body was taken to Bakersville for burial.

Mrs. Nelson was a member of the Orange M. E. church and had been a regular attendant of that church for several years. She was a religious woman and by her Christian spirit Mrs. Nelson gained numerous friends.

The following children survive: Jack A. Nelson and A. J. Nelson, both of Zanesville; Mrs. Nicholas, and Robert Nelson of Columbus; Mrs. Samuel Felver, West Lafayette; Clarence Nelson, Isleta, and Mrs. C. C. Vittetoe of the late home in Orange.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. church at Orange, Friday morning at 10 o'clock with Rev. C. C. Falkenstein in charge.

Mrs. Nelson was buried beside her husband in the Bakersville cemetery.

JAMES BENTON DIES

Relatives in this city have received word of the death of James P. Benton, formerly of Port Washington, which occurred at the home of his brother, John Benton, at Lilepsic, Ohio.

Mr. Benton was a brother of Geo. Benton and Mrs. J. R. Mulvane, both deceased, and is survived by his brother John and one sister, Mrs. Margaret Moore of Canton.

The body will arrive in Newcomerstown this Wednesday afternoon at 3:26 over the Penna. Lines, and will be taken to the home of a niece of the deceased, Miss Mae Benton, of E Canal st., with whom he resided, following the death of his sister Sarah, until last December.

Funeral services will be held at the Moravian church at Port Washington on Thursday at 1:30 p. m., conducted by Rev. Flynn. Burial in the Port Washington cemetery.

FORMER RESIDENT

Word has been received by Mrs. D. B. Moore of the East End announcing the death of Mrs. Zelinda Pilling, aged 87, widow of the late James Pilling, formerly of Newcomerstown, which occurred at Louisville, Ky. Burial was made Jan. 26. Her death was caused by blood-poisoning resulting from injuries received in a fall down stairs which broke her leg. She is survived by three children, Robert Thompson, Ada Thompson Phelps and Richard Pilling, all residing in Louisville.

SEPT. 11, 1912

CONRAD STOCKER.

Conrad Stocker, aged 83 years, died Sunday morning at his rural home near Port Washington, where he was born and spent his entire life. He was the son of Henry and Elizabeth Bremer Stocker. In 1833 he was united in marriage to Miss Anna Pilling. They celebrated their golden wedding 9 years ago. Six children were born to them, two of whom are dead. He is survived by wife and 4 children: Benjamin and Mrs. Geo. Ludwig of Port Washington, Virgil of Wolf Station and Mrs. Amos Owsley of Phoenix, Ariz; also leaves a sister, Mrs. Sarah Brough of Box Elder, Montana. Funeral Tuesday 1 p. m. from residence, conducted by Rev. T. W. Shields, pastor of the Moravian church, of which deceased was a member. Interment in Union cemetery.

FORMER RESIDENT DIES

George Graham, 83, former resident of this vicinity, died early Saturday morning at his home in Dennison. He was born near Newcomerstown Meh. 10, 1840, and lived here until 1884 when he moved to Dennison. Mr. Graham was an employe of the Penna. Ry. Co. for 26 years, retiring at the age of 70 years. He was married in 1865 to Ellen W. Pilling, who died four years ago. Surviving are three children, Charles Graham, Penna. passenger conductor, Mrs. Ada Welch and Miss Bessie Graham at home, also one brother, J. M. Graham of Keawick, Iowa. Funeral services were held Monday. 21 Feb. 1923

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LILLIAN PILLING COONS

Friends in this vicinity will learn with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Lillian Pilling Coons which occurred Tuesday, Feb. 20, at a hospital in Council Bluffs, Iowa, following an operation for appendicitis.

She was born in Newcomerstown, leaving here for Iowa at the age of 18 years to make her home with her brother Grant. At the age of 14 years she united with the Everals U. B. church, later transferring her membership to an Iowa church. Her age was 44 years.

She was united in marriage to H. C. Coons of Macedonia, Iowa. To them was born one son Lester. Besides the husband and son, she leaves one brother, Grant Pilling of Macedonia, Iowa, and three sisters, Mrs. Oscar Lacey and Mrs. Biglow Dorsey of Newcomerstown and Mrs. B. F. West of New Philadelphia.

Feb 28, 1923

Col 1 cont'd

Col 2 cont'd

Col 3 cont'd

virtues bestowed upon them by later writers of historical novels. The following descriptions of the members of a typical Indian family were written by the Moravian bishop, Edmund deSchweinitz, from his study of Rev. Zeisberger's journals. While they probably describe Mohawk Indians of New York, with whom the missionary lived to learn the Indian language, they no doubt would fit any Indians of that period.

"The husband was the personification of indolence. He had a beardless face, and his chest, neck and arms were tattooed with curious figures. His head was bald, except for a circle of hair on its crown and two twists hanging down on either side which were tricked out with strings of beads, brass and silver ornaments.

Similar trinkets dangled from his ears and nose. A small blanket, known as a matchcoat, covered his shoulders and a breech cloth, his middle. His feet were dressed in buckskin moccasins, decorated with beads and embroidery.

Squaw's Attire Gaudy.

"His squaw had long black hair profusely anointed with bear grease hanging down to her hips. The ends were wrapped in cloth and gay with ribbons and silver buckles. Another piece of cloth, laid double and reaching below her knees, was bound around her waist like a petticoat. Over it fell a white shirt daubed with red paint, or a shirt of colored cotton. Her moccasins were embroidered more richly than her husband's."

times be steadfast friends, their vindictiveness knew no bounds.

Rev. Zeisberger himself wrote: "They love to be deemed honest and good, even when detected in the worst of villainies. They are double faced and double hearted."

Perhaps David Zeisberger did not find conditions quite so unpleasant that day in March 169 years ago, when for the first time he came to the Tuscarawas river, crossed it on a raft, and rode his horse down along its northern bank to the Delaware capital.

With almost 30 years of experience among the Indian tribes already behind him, he came with no thought of fear in response to an invitation from old Netawatwes himself. Not only could he speak the Delaware language, but he could read wampum which was used by the Indians to convey messages.

Minister Indian's "Relative."

Adopted many years before at Onondaga into the Onondaga tribe of the Iroquois nation, clan of the Turtle, Rev. Zeisberger came to Gakelemukpechunk not as a stranger, but as a relative. His adoption into the Turtle clan made him especially welcome, for the Delawares whom he was about to visit were also of this clan.

The Iroquois had a legend about the flood which was said to have given rise to the universal Indian veneration for the turtle:

"The earth having been submerged, several human beings, among them two or three women, saved themselves on the back of a turtle who had reached so great an age that his shell bore moss. These requested a loon, who happened to cross their path, to look for land. He complied, diving to the depths of the water, but found none.

"At last he flew far away and returned with a small quantity of earth in his bill. Guided by him the turtle swam to the place where a little spot of dry land was seen, on which the survivors settled and repeopled the earth."

For thirty years, the Moravians had been laboring among the Indians of New York and Pennsylvania. They had gained the confidence of many of the tribes through their fairness and sincerity, often protecting them from the vengeance of whites whose only desire was to exterminate the race.

wherever they pleased, but should likewise be considered as adopted into their family."

But not until the following spring did Rev. Zeisberger, together with four of his converts—Anthony a Delaware, Glikhikan a Monsey, Jeremiah a Mingo, and one unnamed Delaware—set out for the Ohio country. They traveled on horseback, requiring six days to make the journey from Friedenshutzen, on the Beaver river in Pennsylvania.

Visit Hailed By Indians.

Arriving at the Delaware capital, Zeisberger was hailed by Chief Netawatwes as a brother, and welcomed to his cabin. This cabin, incidentally, rivalled those of the pioneers beyond the mountains. It had a shingle roof, board floors, a staircase, and a stone chimney.

Word that their white brother had arrived spread rapidly, and so it was that when the missionary rose to speak at noon on March 14, 1771, the throng of Indians was so great that many of them could not get inside the cabin.

Nearly a dozen white traders were there too, and they listened quietly with the Indians while the Moravian talked to them about the corruption of human nature and the power of Christ's atonement.

By simple yet powerful words and signs, he explained to the Delawares, who themselves were forceful orators, the absurdity of their own doctrine which held that sin could be purged from an Indian's body only by torture or vomiting.

Thus was the story of Christianity first brought into the Tuscarawas valley. So great was the success of that first Moravian missionary that a year later he returned, bringing with him the converts from western Pennsylvania who founded Schoenbrunn. Five years later, the year in which their patriot neighbors to the east signed the Declaration of Independence, 414 Christian Indians were living in the valley.

Tribes Become Civilized.

In this connection, the missionaries had published a description of their Christian Indians in Pennsylvania in 1763, as a means of protection: "They are always clothed. They are never painted and wear no feathers, but hats or caps. They let their hair grow naturally. They carry their guns on the shoulders with the shaft upwards."

The Moravians' fame had spread among the Indians to such an extent that the Delawares finally sent for them, even offering a place of refuge to all their converts if they would come to live along the Muskingum.

The message was conveyed to

Indians Hailed 'Brother' 169 Years Ago

Rev. Zeisberger Was First Minister Of Delawares In Tuscarawas Valley.

By LOIS ZIMMER.

Could one have looked down upon the Tuscarawas river valley 169 years ago next Thursday, he would probably have been impressed with the strange current of excitement which stirred through all the great Delaware capital. A day of unprecedented importance was at hand, for at last the Indian's "white brother" from beyond the mountains had come.

Considered in terms of world history, those 169 years represent but a short span of time. Yet, so far as Ohio is concerned, they reach back almost to the beginning of white men's knowledge of this region.

Today, entering Newcomers-town from the south, U. S. route 21 sweeps over a long viaduct above the Pennsylvania railroad. Just a few hundred yards to the east of the viaduct in the middle of a cultivated field, is a spot which, although unmarked, is hallowed by many Ohio Protestants.

First Sermon In Territory.

There, at noon on March 14, 1771, Rev. David Zeisberger preached the first Protestant sermon ever delivered west of the Allegheny mountains.

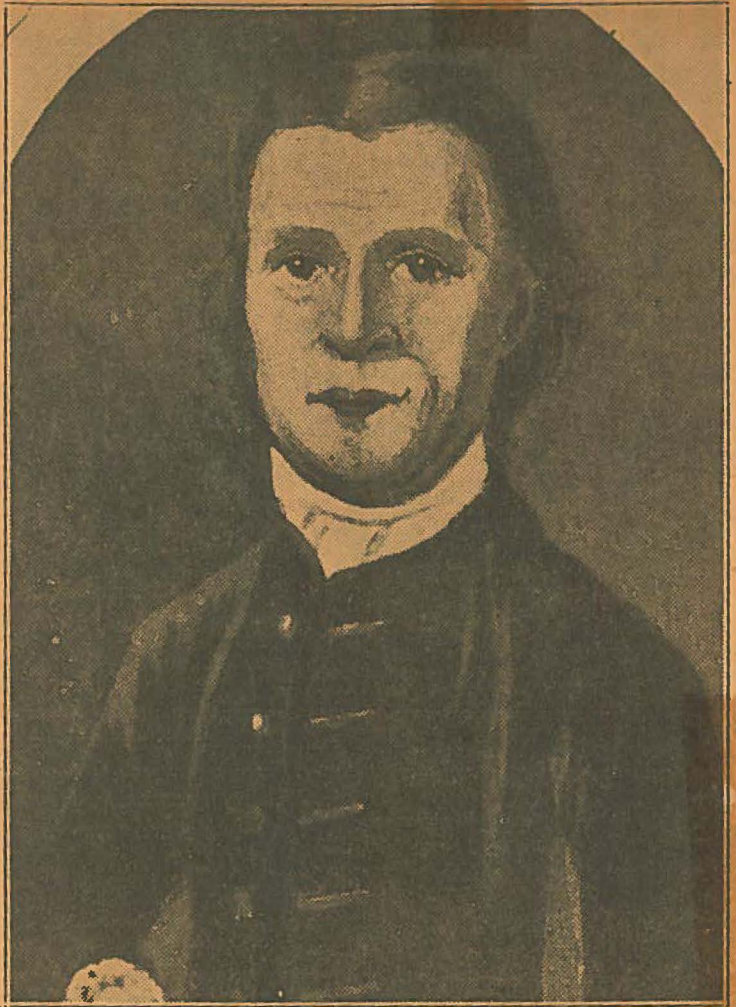
At that time, Gekelemukpechunk, the capital of the Delaware nation and seat of their grand council, occupied a space almost a mile square in the Tuscarawas valley. The village contained around 100 dwellings, many of them constructed of logs after the manner of those of white settlers on the frontier 150 miles to the east. Extensive corn fields lay on the south side of the river.

Even at that time, legend has it that the Indian capital was called "Newcomer's Town," and Chief Netawatwes was said to have taken the name "King Newcomer" for his own. There were already many evidences of the white man's influence upon his Indian neighbors.

Many primitive ways of doing things had been abandoned in favor of the white man's methods. Guns had replaced bows and arrows, iron or copper cooking vessels were used instead of native pottery, and in many instances cloth procured from traders was used to fashion Indian clothing.

Indians Lacked Heroic Virtues.

Although David Zeisberger loved Indians as few other white people could, he had no illusions whatever about the nobility of their character; honesty forbade



REV. DAVID ZEISBERGER, Moravian missionary, as he was pictured by some early artist. The picture was reproduced in the book, "Zeisberger and His Brown Brethren," which traces his missionary work among the Delaware Indians.

The children's clothing was scarcely worthy of mention. At an early age girls were trained in the performance of slavlike duties, while the boys went unrestrained. Indian parents seldom disciplined their sons with anything worse than a dash of cold water, for fear or revenge when they grew to manhood.

While Indian women did practically all the work, their efforts must often have been turned toward other things than house-keeping. Rev. Zeisberger found their living quarters filthy in the extreme, filled with smoke, and infested with fleas. The cooking utensils were seldom washed, although a pack of ravenous dogs kept them well polished.

General Lawlessness Abounded.

Once white traders came in contact with the Indians, drunkenness prevailed to such an extent that it was not unusual to find almost the entire population of a town in the wildest state of intoxication. Lying, cheating, stealing, and murdering, the whites who went among them found that

the missionaries then at Fried-enshutten, Pa., together with a belt of black wampum, from the grand council of the Delawares held at Gekelemukpechunk in the summer of 1770, and was interpreted by the missionaries in this way:

Nation Open To Missionaries.

"That in consideration of the epidemical disease which had raged among them for some time carrying off great numbers of Delawares and believed to have been brought on them by the powers of witchcraft, some of the councilors were of the opinion that by embracing Christianity the contagion would cease.

"That, therefore, they were unanimous that the remedy should be resorted to and that they hereby declared that the word of God should be received by them. And that further, who-soever should oppose the measure ought to be considered an enemy to the Nation.

"They also promised that the brethren should not only be tol-



Dorothy Ellen Moore



Bernice Ellen Moore



Bernice Ellen Moore

OHIODDITIES - - - - By Nichols and Barsotti



**A CITY NAMED FOR A TRAGEDY
- NEWCOMERS TOWN -**

Chief Eaglefeather, happy with his captive wife, Mary Harris, thought to double his happiness by taking another white squaw. In spite of the anger of Mary Harris, a captured woman was brought to him at his settlement, White Woman's Town. Immediately after the arrival of the "Newcomer," as the Indians called her, Eaglefeather lost his domestic felicity and, in a few days, his scalp. Each wife accused the other of the chieftain's murder but Mary's seniority overrode the Newcomer's protestations of innocence. Since Dec. 26, 1750, the day the Newcomer was accused and brutally killed, the site of the

Proud to be part of Library

Editor, The News:

I'm so proud to be a member!

That's the thought which was running through my mind last Wednesday afternoon when I was enroute home from a Friends of the Library meeting.

Where else could one find a more dedicated, enthusiastic group of volunteers? And it is all because we are working on a project we truly believe in: that of helping refurbish Newcomerstown's soon-to-be-remodeled public library. Surely there is no better way to serve all the people of our community, young or old, than to make all kinds of literary services accessible to them.

Wednesday's session was devoted to brain-storming the best means of urging every individual in the area to become involved.

Someone suggested that school children saving their pennies have been said to work miracles, and one only needs to see a kindergartner importantly checking out his or her own book selection to believe how willingly elementary school kids would help.

But we are aiming at the elders who have so much to gain by providing our community with a modern library. Many of them are probably too busy to think they need such a facility. But it is an important element in persuading newcomers — and especially industry — to give our area serious consideration. The library is the primary source of all sorts of information for education, business and industry, and finally for the average resident seeking relaxation through reading.

Probably there are hundreds of people in our community who never have been inside a library, and until they are, have little realization of what a wonderful institution it really is. The telephone urges us to reach out to people, but how many have thought that the library, too, helps us to reach out? It's the source of all kinds of valuable information, for it is part of a vast network of libraries from which to seek special reference material or to borrow books. Whether it's just to settle an argument, or provide the correct address for whom to write to register a wrathful complaint at the latest gadget's breakdown, the local library can supply the answers. How many people know that large print books are available or that libraries can help the sightless arrange to have talking books delivered to their homes?

Friends of the Library are going to be reaching out with letters to their friends and neighbors within the next few days. What they are asking will be no more than they are going to do themselves — make a substantial contribution through providing funds to purchase required furnishings or equipment. The letters will contain an article explaining the project, along with a "shopping list" with prices of items needed.

The grants committee consists of M.M. "Bill" Krebs (chairman), Elizabeth Shaw Portz, Carol Palmer Abbuhl, June Latham Stevens, and myself, the vice chairman.

We fervently hope everyone receiving these letters will give them very serious thought and willingly join us in this important work. Anyone who fails to receive a letter is urged to contact any member of the committee to offer their help or to request more information.

Lois Zimmer Craig

Newcomerstown

Please change the road's name

Editor, The News:

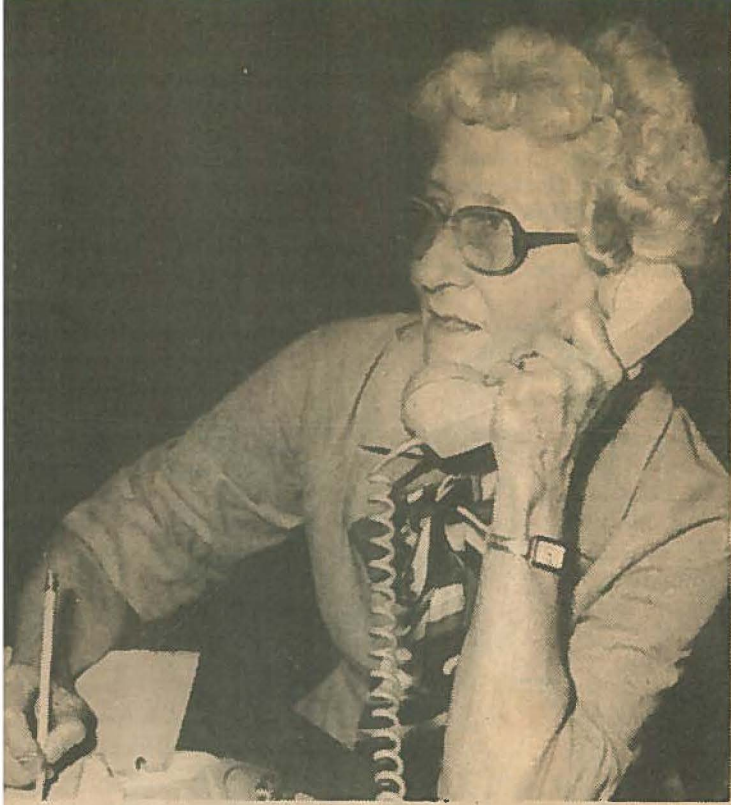
For anyone concerned with local history, belated news that residents living along East State Road (Co. Road 15) in Oxford Twp. have been assigned postal delivery numbers for "Mizer Addition Road" comes as a shock and deserves a vehement and immediate protest.

This road was traveled by pioneers from the time Ohio was settled and was always called the State Road because it led from the federal land office at Steubenville directly to the state capital. It was used not only by families moving westward, but by drovers, Forty-Niners, and even by traveling circuses. To have it named instead for a real estate developer who came into the area in the 1920's, bought the farm adjoining our own and began selling lots is offensive to every resident who values his or her heritage.

We so regret our failure to follow up the protest we made in a special trip to the Tuscarawas County Engineer's office to register a protest several years ago. A sign reading Mizer Addition Road had been erected at the corner of our property where East State Street and State Route 258 (Pilling Street) intersect. We pointed out that it didn't belong there, but were told that nothing can be done. Now Mayor Gordon DeMarco has assured me that the village will take up this matter and see that a proper sign reading East State Road is placed.

Since we live within the Newcomerstown corporation, our official address is on East State Street, as are those of Riverside Manor, Riverside Apartments, and Dr. David Booth's office. Therefore, none of us can legally initiate a petition to the county commissioners regarding the name change out in the township. Anything further is the responsibility of property owners along Co. Road 15. Dec. 31 is the deadline for filing. Can't someone do something?

Lois Craig and Marian Craig



Mrs. Lois Craig

15-4-81 NN

Arts foundation honors founder

By MARLLYS VICTOR

Mrs. Lois Craig, Newcomerstown, a founder of the Ohio Arts and Crafts Foundation, was made a lifetime honorary member of that organization at its recent meeting.

The foundation, sponsor of the annual Salt Fork Arts and Crafts Festival, was incorporated in 1969 by Mrs. Craig, Robert W. Amos and Arthur Marr for the purpose of staging the first festival. At that time, Mrs. Craig was women's editor of *The Daily Jeffersonian*.

Mrs. Craig's activities in arts and crafts go back to 1963. She was one of the founders of the Arts and Crafts Guild, which was organized that year in Cambridge.

She says she and the other founders were "embarrassed at the shabby stuff offered along the National Pike and labeled 'Souvenir of Ohio.'" Their solution was to promote artists and craftsmen doing quality work.

The first president and organizer of the guild here was Mary Elizabeth Conner, whose husband was an RCA engineer. Within a year members were consigning their arts and crafts to be sold at a small shop on U.S. 22-40 west owned by Bob Frisbee.

Guild members brought in their handwoven pieces, smocked dishions, knitting, glassware and woodcarvings. All was ready for the June 4 opening when a flash flood filled the building to within four inches of the top.

The disaster did not stop the guild project. Contributors were called to come for their work so Mrs. Conner and her crew could get their rooms and start cleaning out. By late June the shop was restocked and ready to open for the summer.

In addition to running the shop that first season, guild members took a display to the Ohio State Fair in Columbus and sold their work. By then artists and craftsmen had joined from Coshocton, Canton, Cassillon and Belmont County.

After a season on Route 40, it became apparent that tourists weren't leaving I-70 to come around by the shop. So the guild moved downtown. The last place guild members consigned their work was Drake's Country Store.

The idea of an arts and crafts festival for Cambridge had been discussed many times, but it didn't become a reality until the incorporation of the Ohio Arts and Crafts Foundation 12 years ago.

Looking back on the growth of the festival, Mrs. Craig says, "It has done wonderfully. I hope it never gets smaller."

She regards financing of the festival as one of the major challenges for the foundation since it is impossible to charge admission in the park location.

Reflecting on the impact of the guild and the foundation on Ohio, Mrs. Craig says, "The guild has been the nucleus for the craftsmen who have sprung up all over the state and the festival has set the pattern for festivals all over the state."

The result has been that "artists and craftsmen get more selective about the festivals they want to be in, and festival people are more choosy about whom they will accept," she says.

The guild has a yearly tie-in with the festival since it sponsors the annual Dutch treat breakfast for artists and craftsmen the last day of the event.

The only other main festival with which the guild is associated is the Yanklee Peddler at Canal Fulton. Each weekend of the festival those displaying there donate an object to be auctioned for the benefit of the guild's Lois Zimmer Craig Art Scholarship fund named for Mrs. Craig.

The Arts and Crafts Guild, now centered in northern Ohio, has 800 members and will have its first show this fall at the student center at Kent State University. It publishes a bi-monthly magazine, "Creative Ohio" and offers a \$500 yearly scholarship for a student above the junior level studying art in an Ohio college or university.

Mrs. Craig, honored by the guild scholarship bearing her name and now a lifetime Foundation membership, continues to promote the

Lois Zimmer Craig

Lois Zimmer Craig, 89, of 1090 E. State Road, Newcomerstown, died at her home early Wednesday (June 9, 1993). She was a well-known local writer deeply involved in community service in both Newcomerstown and Cambridge, including being a co-founder of the Salt Fork Arts and Crafts Festival.

She died in the same house in which she was born on Dec. 16, 1903, at the family home built by her great-grandfather, James Pilling, in about 1860. She was the daughter of the late Albert Zimmer, who died on April 8, 1937, and the late Anne M. Moore Zimmer, who died Aug. 5, 1973. She was a 1922 graduate of Newcomerstown High School and graduated from The Ohio State University with a bachelor of arts degree in 1926. She taught school for several years and was a bookkeeper for the Zimmer family business for a short time.

She began writing feature stories for newspapers, which she illustrated with her own photography. She wrote for both the *Columbus Dispatch* and the *Canton Repository*, doing general reporting and developing her own Sunday column, called "Of This and That." She received several awards from the Ohio Newspaper Women's Association while she was with the *Repository*. While a resident of Canton, she belonged to the College Club, the Business and Professional Women's Club and Christ Presbyterian Church.

She later moved to Cambridge and was a member of the staff at *The Daily Jeffersonian* for many years. While in Cambridge, she was a member of the First Methodist Church, the former Business and Professional Women's Club and the former American Association of University Women. She also served on the boards of both the Red Cross and the United Way.

In March of 1963, Mrs. Craig helped organize and became a co-founder of the Ohio Arts and Crafts Guild. Together with R.W. Amos and Arthur W. Marr, she and this organization worked to annually sponsor the Salt Fork Arts and Crafts Festival in Cambridge. This Guild now has several thousand members in many states. The Arts and Crafts Foundation also provides other cultural events in the community.

Mrs. Craig returned to Newcomerstown in 1966. She is a member of the First Presbyterian Church,



LOIS ZIMMER CRAIG

16-6-1993 v

ment Corporation and was honored by the Knights of Columbus in 1981 with their "Wise Owl Award" for community service.

Former *Jeffersonian* editor Robert W. Amos, who hired Mrs. Craig, said, "Lois as a journalist had a style that was intelligent, compassionate, professional and committed to high purposes. We at the *Jeffersonian* had great respect for her judgment and her sense of fair play and complete confidence in her craftsmanship."

Amos added, "Always a lady, Lois was a digger for facts and writer of excellent news and feature stories. This community (Cambridge) and Newcomerstown, where Lois lived in recent years, are better because she contributed so much to make them so."

Mrs. Craig was preceded in death by her husband, Dr. Charles A. Craig, who died on Sept. 18, 1966. They were married on Feb. 26, 1941. Mrs. Craig leaves her sister, Maria Zimmer Craig of Newcomerstown; a sister-in-law, Josephine Craig of Salesville; three nieces, Lily Ann Puckett of Boise, Idaho, Albert Menter of Cincinnati and Jan Glover of Canton; a nephew, Albert L. Zimmer of Chicago; and several great-nieces, great-nephews, step-grandchildren; and step-great-grandchildren.

Memorial services were held Monday, June 14, at the First Presbyterian Church in Newcomerstown with the Rev. Michael Sydney officiating. Burial was at the East State Street Cemetery in Newcomerstown. The Ourant Funeral Home c



COMMITTEE CONTINUES WORK

Craig, Mrs. Edith Lee and John Heller were three of the members of Committee for Better Streets who were helping promote both a 3.5 percent levy and a one-half percent income tax increase with a stand at Simpson's IGA recently. Mrs. Craig emphasized that any former residents also encouraged to help support the issues by donating funds for passage.

The Editor's Chair

Another luminary

BY RAY BOOTH
News editor

Another luminary passed across the Newcomerstown horizon last week, with Lois Craig passing away during the night on June 9.

We were among Lois' many fans, not only of her writing ability but also her ability to organize, her ability to envision the way things should be, and her ability to get things done.

Lois was never afraid to tell us when we were wrong and never afraid to tell us when we were right. That's not as common a trait as what you might think. She was a straight shooter and was as tough as you might expect a red journalist to be.

Her work with local groups, such as the Newcomerstown Friends of the Library, and her work with other groups, such as the Ohio Arts and Crafts Guild, will be missed. It was part of her vision that helped create the Salt Fork Arts and Crafts Festival. Many of the projects that have helped improve life in Newcomerstown over the past six years have been helped by the active support shown by Lois and her sister, Marian Craig.

Just as with the late mayor, Gordon DeMarco, Lois' role in the community will be hard to replace. We will miss her telephone calls and stops at the office and we will certainly remember her words of advice to make this a better newspaper and Newcomerstown a better place to live.

One of the problems with having had a dynamic mayor like Gordon DeMarco was that many of us got used to him taking care of a lot of different things.

With Gordon around, we didn't have to think about who might be applying for grants to help us with some of the different projects. We knew he would be involved. We didn't have to worry about who would make the tough decisions and be willing to take the heat. We knew he would. We didn't have to worry about being represented on the county level or being represented on the state level, because we knew Gordon would take care of it. Now, we're a little more worried about some of those types of things.

It's a compliment to the current village government that things are continuing to run fairly smoothly (not exceptionally smoothly, just fairly smoothly) but we're talking about the next level, where the village continues to reach and strive and envisions a more prosperous future.

We've all become reactive instead of pro-active, to use a current buzzword. We react to situations instead of creating continuous positive influences. We wait until something bad happens until we take action, forcing us to spend our time dealing with negative situations instead of spending our time looking for ways for the village to improve and prosper.

And that editorial "we" refers not only to our friends and neighbors who have been given of themselves to serve on local village, school and community

groups, it refers to the people who don't cut their grass, who leave old appliances on their front porches, old mattresses in their yards, allow their dogs to bark until 2 a.m. every day, wait until there isn't any paint left on their house before they repaint it, allow old junk cars to sit around and just generally trash up the neighborhood.

There aren't any excuses. Each of us could do something more about improving our village. We're not. Why not?

We received an unsigned "Letter to the Editor" recently and while we'll follow our policy on this one and not print it, we will address the point of the letter.

The writer complained that there were only a few students who received most of the scholarships announced at the Newcomerstown High School graduation and said there were other deserving students who applied and did not receive scholarships.

We serve on the Citizens Scholarship Foundation, along with a group of area residents, and we can attest that every student who applied for a scholarship through that organization received one. Every year, Denny Belle, guidance counselor, hands out the scholarship application forms. And every year, only a few students turn them back in. We don't have the exact figures, but these will be close. Out of the 66 students in the class, 31 picked up scholarship applications. Only 12 turned them back in. There were 14 scholarships given out by the Citizens Scholarship Foundation, so two students received two scholarships. The names are blacked out on the application forms seen by the CSF.

And quite frankly, the best students got the most awards. No surprise there. They exhibited the most ability to dedicate themselves to excellence, did the work and went out of their way in extra-curricular activities to make this a better school district. They deserved what they got.

We can't speak for the other groups that give out scholarships, such as the Newcomerstown Emergency Rescue Squad and the Newcomerstown Elks Lodge and others. But we're willing to bet that they go through much the same process — taking applications, reviewing applications and then giving their scholarships to the students who are the most deserving.

That's the way it works. The students who work the hardest and accomplish the most get the most rewards. Parents of students should make a note of this now. School records back through Middle School are included as part of the application.

We think the system is about as fair as it can get. Our advice to a student who wants to go on to college (or even a technical school) is to work as hard as possible in high school, keep out of trouble and then apply for every scholarship in sight. There is money available for that type of student.

Memory of Lois Craig will endure with Ohio Arts and Crafts Guild

21-7-93

By ROBERT W. AMOS
Special to The News

Memory of Lois Zimmer Craig, an interesting, memorable person, will be treasured at least as long as the Ohio Arts and Crafts Guild lasts.

She was a co-founder and board member of the guild, helping to establish it in 1963 in Cambridge. The effort was the result of the interest of Lois and several others, including Mary Elizabeth Conner Nelson, of California, and Mrs. J.W. (Shirley) Knight, Cambridge, in handicraft items, paintings, etc., produced in Ohio. Shirley was treasurer of the group. Valuable assistance also was given by Cooperative Extension Service.

Lois' enthusiasm for the project was sparked when she visited the Ozarks and witnessed craftsmen and artists at work in their homes and shops. She took particular interest in the art of producing apple figures and after returning home did considerable work along this line as a hobby.

Her interest in such artistry was enhanced when she visited Gatlinburg, Tenn., a mecca for craftsmen and artists.

The upshot was the establishment of the guild. For a time it marketed items produced by area craftsmen and artists by maintaining a retail store in Cambridge. It was manned by volunteers.

Lois Craig also was a leader in the movement to establish an arts and crafts show in Cambridge, an offshoot of the guild.

At that time Lois' husband, Dr. Charles A. Craig, died after a long illness and she had taken a position on *The Daily Jeffersonian* news staff in Cambridge.

The idea of a festival of some sort in Cambridge had been bounced around for years, strongly advocated by *The Jeffersonian*. It was nurtured by leaders in the recently formed Arts and Crafts Guild.

The idea didn't bear fruit until

Lois died and demanded action, saying, "It's time to quit talking and do something."

Within a short time the Ohio Arts and Crafts Foundation was born with Lois one of its three founders. This year marks its 25th anniversary.

The first foundation-sponsored show, called the Salt Forks Arts and Crafts Festival, ran for four days in August, 1969, with 65 exhibitors and an estimated attendance of 16,000 persons. The following year it was limited to three days, a format followed ever since.

State officials were so impressed with the show in 1970 that they announced plans to build a pavilion and amphitheater at Salt Fork State Park, near Cambridge, to accommodate the festival. However, the plans were never implemented and the festival continues to be at the Cambridge City Park, considered as one of the best shows of its kind in the state.

Lois Craig, who started out as a school teacher after graduating from The Ohio State University, said she was not satisfied with her work until she began writing feature stories for the Columbus Dispatch and the Canton Repository. In 1940 she joined the Repository editorial staff. She was the recipient of several Ohio Newspaper Women's Association awards.

Shortly after retiring from *The Jeffersonian*, Lois returned to her native town, Newcomerstown, residing there with her sister, Marian, also a widow. They lived in the family home built by their great-grandfather, James Pillingabout, in

'Lois was never afraid to tell us when we were wrong and never afraid to tell us when we were right.'

Ray Booth, News Editor, speaking of Lois Craig

1860. It was there where Lois died in her sleep June 9, 1993.

As we pass through life, we are allowed to meet only a few true genuine human beings. Those who knew Lois intimately have had such a privilege. She was totally dedicated in all she was involved.

She was a doer, but by nature self-effacing. She never sought headlines for herself, but readily promoted and built-up names of other high achievers.

Lois was not one who tiptoed through life. She was never hesitant to express her dissatisfaction about anything she believed detrimental to her community or any organization she supported.

Ray Booth, editor of the Newcomerstown News, said, "Lois was never afraid to tell us when we were wrong and never afraid to tell us when we were right."

"That's not as common a trait as you might think," he continued. "She was a straight shooter and as tough as you might expect as retired journalism to be."

Those who knew her as a close friend have lost one irreplaceable. We thank God for the privilege of having known Lois Craig.

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See "GERMANY," page 10

LEMONADE — 15 cent

McEld and Lee Seed, Grandma Mary Hunt's (not pictured) fresh-squeezed lemonade was sold Thursday at the corner of Church and Goodrich streets. Eight lemons donated by Mrs. Miller, children of Linda and Peter (not pictured) and Hazel Shryock, sons of Roger and Kirby Shryock, young four-year-olds, helped make the lemonade stand and made...

Board certifies petition of independent candidates

Replacement for Lenzo to be named

NEW PHILADELPHIA — The... County Board of Elections' Democratic central committee is expected to name someone to replace a Newcomerstown trustee on the Nov. 7 ballot.

Audrey J. Lenzo, a Democratic candidate for Newcomerstown Village Council, has withdrawn from...

names Lenzo's replacement, the board will certify the new candidates. The board last week certified independent candidates' petitions for the Nov. 2 election, including: Wayne J. "Pacley" McFarland and Howard Joseph "Ike" Meek, a Democrat, who will run; and Susan... Audrey J. Lenzo, Newcomerstown...



AMONG THOSE HONORED

Lois Craig of Newcomerstown, second from right, was among those honored at the Salt Fork Arts and Crafts Festival in Cambridge recently. Awards were presented by Jack Taylor, left, president of the Ohio Arts and Crafts Foundation, to the founders of the Festival, which included Robert Amos, second from left; Mrs. Craig; and Art Marr, right.

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17th annual Salt Fork Fest has roots that go back over two decades

By MARY ANNE DeCENZO

The Salt Fork Arts and Crafts Festival is about to open the artists' tents for the 17th time Aug. 9-11 at the Cambridge City Park.

The idea for the festival came more than 20 years ago, before either I-70 or I-77 existed, and all traffic traveled Route 40 going straight up Wheeling Avenue. One person traveling that route was Lois Craig, now of Newcomerstown.

Mrs. Craig and her friends would travel Route 40, occasionally stopping at the little souvenir shops along the way.

"The souvenir shops sold dinky little things of Ohio. They never put on a good face of what Ohioans could do," Mrs. Craig said recently in the home her great-grandfather built in Newcomerstown.

At the time, Mrs. Craig lived in Cambridge on East Eighth Street, where the Bank One building now stands. A group of friends organized The Ohio Arts and Crafts Guild in 1963. The guild later moved north and now has between 1,500 and 2,000 members from all over the state.

"When RCA left in 1965, we thought that would be the end of the guild, but there was enough done before that to keep the guild

going," said Mrs. Craig, who did publicity for both the guild and the festival from 1969-1972, when illness forced her to stop.

Many local people felt, as Mrs. Craig did, that there was a need to display Ohioans' artistic abilities. In 1969, the desire to have a festival in Cambridge was encouraged by the Ohio Arts and Crafts Guild.

In that same year, the Ohio Arts and Crafts Foundation was co-founded by Robert W. Amos, Arthur Marr and Mrs. Craig.

"A number of us had been involved with the guild and saw how these festivals worked," Mrs. Craig said. "It was a lot of work, but also a lot of fun.

"From the very beginning, we knew that Cambridge would be the center of things because of its development as the crossing of the highways.

"The idea was that it would be moved to Salt Fork State Park, but as time went on, people liked it so well at the City Park."

Foundation members decided to stay at City Park because of convenience and the exhibitors loved the shaded areas.

The first festival was a big undertaking, but according to Mrs. Craig, there were fine people working to get it started.

Mrs. Craig said, "Arthur Marr was president of the foundation and

the festival manager for the first several years. He had just retired as the Penney's store manager and knew how to organize things.

"Bob Amos has been the one with a good business mind and helped keep us sound financially. As a native of Cambridge, he had more ties than the rest of us did."

Together they set out to promote Ohio artists and craftsmen setting up the exhibitors in one big tent. The objectives were to have exhibiting, demonstrations, performing arts and food. A class tent and performing arts were a part of the first festival.

Over the years, all three co-founders have remained active in the festival and watched it grow into one of Ohio's largest late summer attractions.

"I think the festival is drawing artists and craftsmen into the area," said Mrs. Craig. "It must have an influence on children."

As a child, Mrs. Craig "dabbled with a lot of things.

"The art training we got was meager, but I liked to draw and I liked to sew."

Mrs. Craig sees the Student Art Festival, which is held in conjunction with the Salt Fork Arts and Crafts Festival, as a wonderful thing, as it gets young people interested in art. She is appreciative of McDonald's for subsidizing the

entire student segment of the festival.

Mrs. Craig attributes much of the success of the festival to foundation presidents Marr, Amos, Bill Coffey, Evelyn Hannaway, Marie Lekorenos, Dr. Jim Mitchell, the late Dick Lenhart and now Laura Bates.

"It is amazing the numbers of people who are willing to volunteer their time for this. No one knows how much time is sacrificed," Mrs. Craig said.

"It's not just the exhibitor and artist that makes the festival a success, but the local volunteers who put in so much work.

"My biggest dividends have been all the people who I have come to know and admire.

"So much of the expertise has come from people who work in industry and local companies. They know about management."

Mrs. Craig credits festival managers Marr, Dave Ogle and Grant Hafley, "who made the biggest constructive changes by giving the festival a firmer foundation," David Stout, Martie Moore and now John Croft for organizing the festival to be one that others look to.

"Our Salt Fork Arts and Crafts Festival is the one that gave a lot of other towns the idea of a festival. Human nature is to copy

what is successful. Unfortunately, it does take away some of the exhibitors that might have come to ours.

"The quality of the work has been improving. That's an advantage of festivals. People see each others' work and improve their own."

Mrs. Craig sees artists able to do that at the festival's Sunday morning breakfast. Originally held in local restaurants, McDonald's now serves the exhibitors and board at City Park as they get acquainted and talk over problems.

"One of the reasons some of the exhibitors keep coming back is because they enjoy the atmosphere," said Mrs. Craig.

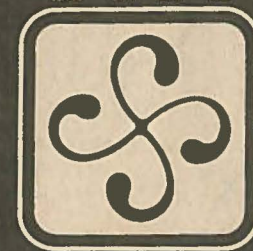
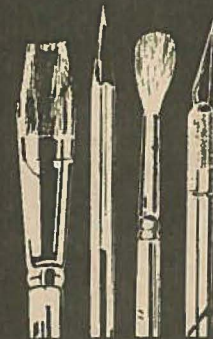
The awards for the festival have grown in numbers over the years also, according to Mrs. Craig.

"Shannon Rodgers was interested from the very start in offering financial help. More people became interested in giving the awards due to the quality of the festival. They were proud to have their names associated with the festival.

"If it weren't for the annual membership drive, the festival couldn't go on. Primarily, it is made up of Cambridge people supporting the festival."

Mrs. Craig sees today's festival much like the original, only with more exhibitors and visitors.

17th Annual
SALT FORK
Arts & Crafts Festival
CAMBRIDGE, OHIO



August 9, 10 and 11, 1985

She points out that it is one of the few festivals that doesn't charge admission. Also, she feels the art work is within the family economic reach.

In addition, it affords the people of Cambridge, and the area, the chance to grow. "It can give people the opportunity to compare and you learn by observation," Mrs. Craig said.

The Salt Fork Arts and Crafts Festival is funded in part by the Ohio Arts and Crafts Foundation, with support from the Ohio Arts Council.

March 23 Marks 60th Anniversary of Flooding Here

By LOIS CRAIG

A rainy Easter Sunday, March 23, 1913, ushered in Ohio's most disastrous and most memorable week, just 60 years ago.

No human lives were lost in this immediate area and compared with property losses in other parts of the state, Newcomerstown's were negligible.

Now, thanks to creation of the Muskingum Watershed Conservancy District such a catastrophe is unlikely to occur here again. But truly "THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS!"

Each family met the crisis in its own way, sharing with its neighbors in small isolated groups. The following excerpts from the diary of Frederic Zimmer, then aged 12, describe one such neighborhood. Zimmer, now retired, resides near East Sparta and his mother, Mrs. Albert Zimmer, still occupies the home where the family lived in 1913.

March 24:

"Rained all day . . . We went to the "Swiss Bell Ringers" (at the Opera House in the evening. The gutters, sidewalks and roads were a sea of mud. The river has started to rise."

Tuesday:

"Rained all day again. River is still rising. Tonight it lacked a foot of filling the arch of the culvert."

the river stopped rising, having reached 5¾ inches over the bridge coping. Our cellar is full . . . the water is from hill to hill . . . The water floated whole tie piles from the railroad down the river . . . Smith's have been getting coal, milk and bread from us (by boat) . . . Papa, Walter Sperling (Smith's grandson) and I went to town along the hills. We got one film at Eagon's. Then we went back on top of the hills and took pictures. The whole town was flooded. The water across from the schoolhouse (College St.) is up to the bed of the railroad cars. Now the river has fallen only about six or seven inches. I went down to Walter's in the boat and helped rescue their chickens. Uncle Alvin Eckfeld is in Columbus with his train (he was engineer of the morning-evening "accommodation")."

Friday:

"The river is down now, so we can get to the barn without boots. Miss Sada Cochran, my teacher, Miss Price and Mr. Dye, both high school teachers, came and they, Papa, Mama, David and I walked up the railroad to the Glasgow curve (east of present I-77 interchange). The track was washed out and the rails with the ties hanging to them hung over the spaces.

"We met a motor boat up there with a civil engineer in it, Lyle Scott and another fellow

Wednesday:

"The river was one foot deep over the road (at the culvert) this morning. It rained almost all day. Papa came for us (Frederic was in the sixth grade, Lois in the third and David in the first) just after school took up in the afternoon."

"In the morning the river raised three inches an hour. This increased until at noon it raised a foot an hour. The levees at Hill's (below Port Washington) Stark Patent and Nicodemus's have broken. At three o'clock I walked to town for a lantern globe. The water from the river was coming down Chestnut St. into the canal. I had to wade it but got home all right."

"We drove the cattle to the hill over the sandbank, carried the pigs into the barn and put the calf in the barn. We carried the fruit, sausage, lard and other things out of the cellar. By this time we could scarcely get to the corncrib. Water was rising three inches an hour. At six o'clock the water was coming around the cherry trees. At eight o'clock it was washing over the coping of the bridge abutment. Smiths (who lived in the old Nugen home at the corner of State and Piling St.) have moved to their upstairs."

Thursday:

"This morning at four o'clock

from Urhichsville. They were seeing how much damage there was (sent by the railroad). We came home and had dinner and Papa and I went to town. The lower end of town was awful."

Saturday:

"Smith's chimney fell in the dining room and smashed a hole in the floor. We saw the first of the culvert come into sight at noon today. The ballast trains are working on the railroad."

Sunday:

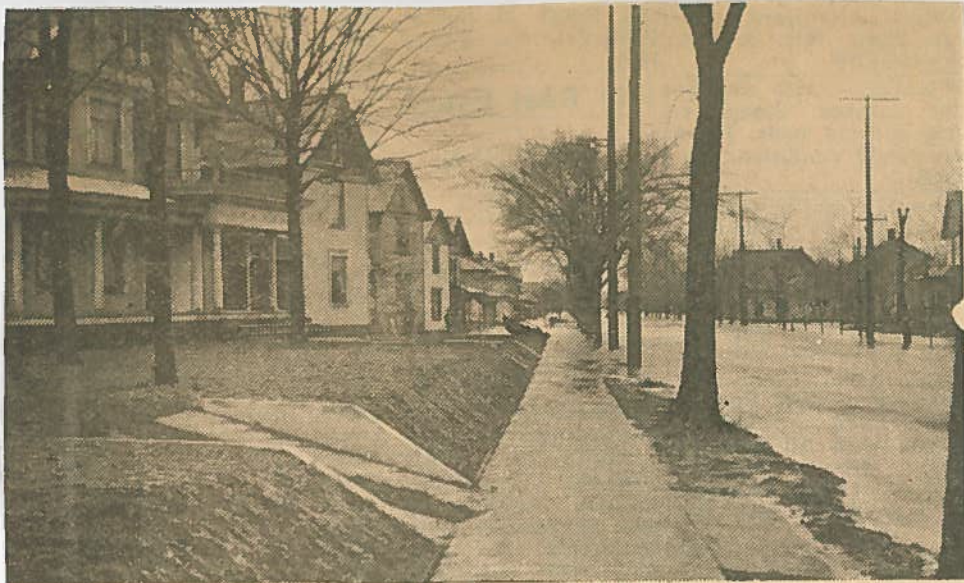
"The water is down now so people can drive. Mama and MaMoore (the children's grandmother) worked in the cellar this morning and got it cleaned. Papa and I made a new horse stable approach. Smiths and Sperlings were here for dinner. There was no Sunday School in town."

Monday:

"David and I went to town for a sack of lime and saw the Dennison work train that had come through. Mr. West came down to drain the wheatfield. Uncle Alvin and his crew walked along the hills from Trinway and got home to Dennison at seven o'clock."

Tuesday, April 1:

"We got our first newspaper (probably the Plain Dealer) since the flood today . . . got one for Monday and one for Saturday. The people are out over town trying to identify their outbuildings."



Waters roll down West St. St.



This is East Canal St. looking from West St.



West State St. near Goodrich St. looked like this.



On Park Hill the view looked like this.

View west from 3rd St., Missineau St.



This photo was taken from the present Eureka Hardware store looking west.



East Canal St. from the C & M Railroad Crossing.

And the rains came

1913 flood was one of worst in history

By Lois Craig

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Thursday:

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coal, milk and bread from us (by boat)...Papa, Walter Sperling (Smith's grandson) and I went to town along the hills. We got one film at Eagon's. Then we went back on top of the hills and took pictures. The whole town was flooded. The water across from the schoolhouse (College St.) is up to the bed of the railroad cars. Now the river has fallen only about six or seven inches. I went down to Walter's in the boat and helped rescue their chickens. Uncle Alvin Eckfield is in Columbus with his train (he was engineer of the morning-evening "accommodation")."

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Guest column

Turning attitudes

BY LOIS CRAIG
Special to the News

13-5-1987 NN

Gratification and consternation got equal attention when Citizens for Better Streets assembled for breakfast the morning after the successful passage of two measures to improve Newcomerstown's streets.

"Your's was a work of love for the town," Mayor Gordon DeMarco told the volunteers who had been meeting regularly for the last six weeks solely to turn around that "Don't Care" image which the village had so blatantly projected.

But there was consternation, and several important questions remain to be answered: Why are so many who benefit from municipal services so indifferent about maintaining them? And why are so many residents not registered to vote?

Some of the volunteers wondered whether those who are registered but do not bother to vote ever read anything in the papers except the sports section or the comic page. Have they no feeling of pride or obligation to shoulder their share of civic responsibility? Everyone realizes that some people back in school days found subjects like civics and government boring. But now they are out in the real work-a-day world, and the majority have learned that not all obligations, though necessary, are pleasant.

The corps of telephone volunteers discovered that sometimes people gave difficult reasons for not being registered voters. Carol Widder (498-6360) or Carl Lenzo (498-6127) can help secure registration before the next election.

Various excuses were offered by others, with volunteers frequently assuming some wished to avoid having their names on poll books in the mistaken belief it made them vulnerable to be called for jury duty. Such lists are now compiled from the Bureau of Motor Vehicle registrations.

Some registered voters stay away from the polls on primary election day because they do not wish to disclose their political preferences. But the May 5 election in Newcomerstown was a "Special Election," devoid of politics. All it required was a "yes" or "no" vote on two simple questions.

A frequent question concerned the names of people residing outside the

village limits having been included in the list of names in the "Enemies of Potholes" advertisement in the Newcomerstown News. Such neighbors use our streets, patronize our business establishments, and send their children to our local schools. So, although they couldn't vote, they willingly helped pay for the advertising, printing, postage, and radio spots.

Carol Widder, CBS treasurer, said Enemies of Potholes had been extremely generous in donating funds to promote and stage the successful campaign and that even on Election Day, she still was receiving contributions by mail. She estimated that a balance of around \$1,000 will remain after various outstanding bills are paid. The consensus is that the fund will be turned over to the village to help defray the cost of the Special Election, for which approximately \$1,500 is due the Tuscarawas County Board of Elections.

A complete financial report will be published as soon as these matters are concluded.

Now that Citizens for Better Streets have attained their first objective, they have no plans to discontinue their efforts for the town. They have pledged to monitor the entire procedure assuring that, as the law stipulates, every cent of money provided by the tax levy and increased income tax is used only for street improvements. And they will continue to hold meetings, with new members welcome at any time. It is simply a discussion group, having no by-laws and collecting no dues.

For many of the volunteers, the satisfaction of helping achieve what the committee had set out to accomplish was not the only dividend. Working with people whom they might otherwise never have known has brought new friendships and giving them increasing appreciation of what organized leadership, such as that exemplified by chairman Lou Vannucci, can produce.

And yes, there is bound to be one last question: Just who paid for that celebration breakfast? Did it come out of the pothole fund?

Absolutely not! The breakfast was definitely planned as a Dutch treat affair. But Chairman Vannucci stole a march on his friends and made it his personal party.

13-5-87

Guest column

I remember when

BY LOIS CRAIG 12-11-1986

It's going to take some time to adjust our thoughts to the unhappy results, locally, of the recent election. But maybe this 50-year-old tale from the 1936 election will bring someone a smile.

It rained cats and dogs and Democrats that Election Day of 1936 and by bedtime most people had learned by listening to their radios that Franklin D. Roosevelt was going to be our president for another four years.

Sometime after midnight I was awakened by terrified squawks coming from our chicken house which was located in the backyard perhaps 100 feet from the house and I hurried across the hall to rouse my parents. My father who then was bedfast in his final illness remarked at once that probably a skunk or a possum was the cause of the disturbance. My mother was already pulling on a robe and slippers and we hurried downstairs, donning raincoats over our long nightgowns and slipping our bare feet into galoshes.

Then, with one rather feeble flashlight, we waded through the pouring rain, with my mother pausing at the clothesline long enough to grab a slender pole.

Once through the chicken wire fence and inside the building it was easy to locate the source of the noise. Fixed by the beam of the flashlight, a large possum cowered, frozen in mid-bite into the neck of a squalling hen while all her neighbors hovered in cackling fear on the top-most roost in the farthest opposite corner.

Prepared for battle, Mother handed me the flashlight and with one strong thrust of the clothespole, pinned the varmint in the corner of the room, back beneath the roost. But she wasn't through. Handing the pole to me and taking the flashlight, she told me to stay put while she waded back out through the rain to the garage in search of a pitchfork.

Only one who has stood in her bedraggled nightgown and raincoat in an

inky-black building listening to the rain while poking a possum with a pole can really imagine my state of mind as the moments dragged. Actually she was soon back and once again handed the flashlight to me.

Taking aim with the pitchfork and energized with fury at the loss of her nice big hen, she drove her weapon so powerfully through the possum that obviously it was impaled forever. After that we returned to bed and the night was peaceful.

As was his custom, my uncle, Burrell Moore (D.B. who had the Sinclair station where Sunoco now stands) came up to have breakfast with us the next morning. Having been told the story of our night's adventure, he volunteered to go out and dispose of the corpse. But he was back almost immediately, carrying the pitchfork and laughing.

The possum, he reported, was nowhere to be found, and neither was the hen! And that's why I still dislike rainy Election Days.

There's nothing at all scientific about it. But it's a nice idea. Nature is recognized by all as the original recycling agent. And if through leaves for nutrients, why not color for beauty?

Surely springtime's flowers mark the resurgence of autumn's painted leaves. Where but from the tulip poplar's towering yellow spires could daffodils obtain such glowing color? On the darkest days the poplars stood like fat yellow candles brightening dull hillsides, and on sunny days they shone like lighted cathedral windows.

And where, but from maples, sassafras and sumach could tulips have inherited such glorious reds, pinks and oranges?

Surely no one in Eastern Ohio will soon forget 1986's beautiful autumn. The memory should be enough to keep us warm all winter!

Early graduates provided many area memories

BY LOIZ ZIMMER CRAIG
Special to the News

My mother, Anna Moore Zimmer, who died 15 years ago at age 97, would have been deeply concerned had she read, as I did, the statement that Newcomerstown High School's first graduation was held in 1896. That was either a misunderstanding or a misprint.

A member of the Newcomerstown High School Class of 1894, she took great pride in keeping a record of the 1950 edition of the Newcosean which carried a roster of classes dating back to the first group of five students in 1880.

Those early graduates left us many reasons to remember them. They

provided our village with well-known community leaders and a number of outstanding teachers, many of whom played an integral role in our own lives. And from them also sprang several illustrious persons to whom Newcomerstown still clings tenuously with special pride.

For example, there was the late Henry Wolf, a nationally known journalist and author, whose mother was Dollie Deaver, a member of the Class of 1883. A name even more widely known because his daughter, Barbara, still carries it on, was that of the late Norman Bel-Geddes, a famous artist and showman. He was the son of Lulu Yingling, who graduated from Newcomerstown High School in 1885.

It became a sad task, by one my mother performed faithfully, as obituaries appeared and one by one she placed marks before the names of all her contemporaries until finally all her old friends were gone and she was marking names of many graduates whom she never had known.



DECORATION DAY PARADE

This picture, provided by Lois Zimmer Craig of Newcomerstown, shows students marching in the annual Decoration Day Parade in Newcomerstown in 1912 or 1913. This was in the pre-long pants days for schoolboys. In the center of the picture is Frederic Zimmer, probably in the sixth or seventh grade, as the parade was entering the State Street Cemetery.

No longer is it possible to think of NHS alumni as a close-knit group, for numbers are too large. But in pre-World War I days, when we were children the annual alumni banquet was one of the social highlights of the year. The anticipation of seeing old friends who had come from a distance lent excitement to our elders for days in advance. When all travel was by train, as compared to today's speedy cars and planes, there was little "dropping in." People who had come several hundred miles usually stayed for a visit and it was a happy circumstance that Decoration Day (nobody called it Memorial Day came within a few days of the other event.

For that reason, the East State Street Cemetery was always the site for another happy reunion with the living as well as the deceased. This was especially true for some local residents who might not have been graduates but yet valued many of the visitors as old friends or neighbors.

In the minds of many of us, having a new outfit for Decoration Day was more important than getting one for Easter. For girls, white dresses were the order of the day and each of us had chosen far in advance which friend would be her partner in the parade. This always formed at the East School — the former building which housed the high school on the second floor. The elementary pupils from the West as well as the East building gathered in the other rooms where children mingled with contemporaries they might never have seen, except, perhaps, at Sunday School.

The Hyperion Band, led by Manuel Yingling, headed the parade up Canal Street. I particularly looked forward to passing the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Barnett. There Mrs. Barnett always studded potatoes with little flags and hung them around the cornice of the porch, where the little red white and blue balls twirled with every little whisper of air.

Behind the band marked veterans of the Spanish-American War while steadily dwindling numbers of the surviving Civil War veterans rode splendidly in the town's first few automobiles. The long lines of school children came last, each teacher walking at the side of her flock, ready to subdue any giggling or pranks.

Traditionally, the band broke into "Onward Christian Soldiers" just as it entered the gate off West Street and continued toward the flagpole where also stood a trellis-like object on which the bouquets carried by the children could be arranged.

Once the solemn memorial ceremonies and speeches were concluded, the adults began visiting as they strolled about, hunting gravestones and trading reminiscences about long-gone friends. And the long-awaited climax had arrived for the children. Crowding around our teachers we eagerly accepted our grade cards, happy that at long last, our real summer vacation had begun!

Guest column

Ville de Newcomers

BY LOIS ZIMMER CRAIG

Special to the News 1-3-1989

According to a recent magazine, the way some places get ahead in the world is by adopting some distinctive feature to create a memorable image. St. Louis has its Golden Arches; New York has its Big Apple.

How many of us have stopped to think that Newcomerstown, too, has something distinctive? And it's not man-made, it's built-in. It's the name itself. So far as anyone knows, there is not another Newcomerstown anywhere. So what time could be better than right now to call it to everyone's attention? Let's welcome newcomers!

Properly, our name is pronounced NEWCOMERStown. When one says NewCOMERSTOWN, the implication is that somewhere there is an old Comerstown, just as there is an old Philadelphia, from which New Philadelphia derives its name.

Verification of Newcomerstown's name is found on two early maps. One is the Thomas Hutchins map of 1766 which traces the route followed by Col. Bouquet. The other is one published in 1782 in "Letters from an American Farmer." The author was Michel-Guillaume Jean de Crevecoeur, who was born in France, served with Montcalm during the French and Indian War and explored the Great Lakes and Muskingum and Ohio River areas. He later became an American citizen. His map plainly shows Ville de Newcomers on the Tuskaraway River. Also shown are locations of the Moravian missions, proving that he had been in the area sometime after their founding in 1772.

There are two versions of the origin of the name although there is no absolute way to prove either one. The first is simply that the Delaware Indian chief's name, Netawatwes, translates into the English "Newcomer."

The other is told in "Centennial History, Events of a Century in the Muskingum and Tuscarawas Valleys." First published in 1876, it has been republished by the Tuscarawas County Genealogy Society. Modern historians view the romantic tale with skepticism. But it makes exciting reading

and closely associates Newcomerstown with White Woman's Town in Coshocton County.

As the story goes, the white woman was Mary Harris, who, according to her own account to Christopher Gist, had been captured on the frontier sometime between 1730 and 1740. Her presence in the Indian village so dominated life that the town came to be called "the white woman's town." But there is no proof for the rest of the legend.

The story goes that all was peaceful in the village until Chief Eagle Feather, Mary's Indian husband, returned from another raid on the frontier bringing back a younger and more attractive white woman whom the Indians began calling the "newcomer."

Mary was outraged. One morning, Eagle Feather was discovered in his bed with his skull bashed in by a tomahawk. The newcomer was nowhere to be found and Mary claimed that she had been the murderer. The braves started out in pursuit and caught up with her at an Indian village on the banks of the Tuscarawas River. Ever afterward, that village was called Newcomerstown.

Christopher Gist's journal, kept while he was employed by George Washington's Virginia Land Company about 1750 to seek out desirable locations in the Ohio country, verifies Mary Harris's existence. Another portion describes his visit to an Indian village where a woman, an escaped captive who had been recaptured, was tortured and slain. The implication is left by the author that this was the "newcomer."

But history aside, why hasn't our town more fully developed the potential of its distinctive name? Have we really shown all the appreciation which we, as natives, might toward all newcomers over the years who have come here as industrialists, professionals and other workers to live among us and help in so many ways to stimulate civic pride and community development?

This won't even cost us money. All it requires is a positive, rather than a negative, attitude and a readiness to give strangers a welcoming smile.

Parade memories brought back for area

BY LOIS CRAIG

Special to the News

28-12-1988 NW

How many of today's adults as they watched their grandchildren's delight awaiting the recent Christmas parade, fondly remembered their own similar experience?

Back in 1939 children were given a lot to remember.

Perhaps that remarkable warmth of community spirit was an afterglow from the town's successful 125th birthday celebration which had taken place the previous summer. At any rate, Christmas took on a new meaning when the Civic League of Women's Clubs, then in existence, began inquiring why Newcomerstown didn't have a living Christmas tree. Members deplored the usual practice of cutting down a large tree, setting it up and decorating it to be briefly admired and then destroyed.

With permission of the village council and cooperation of the Chamber of Commerce arrangements were made to plant a live tree on the Neighbor St. parkway. Almost immediately three public-spirited residents came forward with donations of four trees. They were Mrs. Ruth Murphy and Miss Bess Evans, both of whom were primary teachers, and Mrs. Virgil Stocker whose late husband had been a sawmill operator.

After that six more trees were provided by the Chamber of Commerce and two more were donated by Mrs. Mayme Calhoun and Mrs. John Jones whose homes, like that of Miss Evans, faced the park. And the Ohio Power Co. provided the lighting.

All the trees, 10 Norway spruce and two Scotch pines, were planted in

the early fall and the park became the center for the Christmas celebration. There, according to an account in the Newcomerstown News "on Saturday afternoon nearly 1,400 sacks of candy, nuts, oranges and balloon squawkers were given to children who formed a line half-way down to Goodrich St. Santa Claus was there to greet them after he had toured the residential and business sections in a motorized sleigh. The candy distributed was made possible through donations of local business and professional men and women."

The following Sunday afternoon 54 under-privileged children were treated to Christmas dinner at the American Legion home where the food was cooked by auxiliary members and served by Walden Walters, William Rothenstein, Ira Miller, Russell Reynolds, Albert Thompson and Fred Evans, after Fred Trees had carved the turkeys.

Around 75 children on Christmas morning were entertained at the Elks annual party and received treats, clothing and toys.

Still more food for needy families was provided by Fulton Eurich at his tabernacle which still stands near the west corporation line. There with the help of donations from the Rotary Club, Gamble's Bakery, the Penney Co., and the Chamber of Commerce, another Christmas dinner was served.

Today at the Neighbor St. park only one of the Scotch pines and four of the Norway spruce survive and until the shade tree commission last summer arranged for their pruning and care they were in a sad state of neglect. Just what happened to the other seven, no one seems to know, though it is assumed that some of them fell during the tornado which struck in the mid-1950's.

A bit of history

Bequest helped set up cemetery fund

BY LOIS ZIMMER CRAIG
Special to the News

What is the connection between a vacant lot in Newcomerstown, two large monuments in the East State Street Cemetery, Union Hospital at Dover and Newcomerstown Ordinance 11-92, passed recently into law by the Newcomerstown village council?

The involved answer recently uncovered by former cemetery superintendent, Terry Jurin, should interest many local history lovers. His curiosity was aroused when he began wondering about the source of approximately \$10,000 which has become the nest-egg for the newly established expendable trust fund for the "perpetual care and enlargement of the cemeteries of the village of Newcomerstown."

What he sought in a trip to the Tuscarawas County Courthouse was the will of Mary Ellen Creter, written shortly before her death in 1919. His conclusion was that Mrs. Creter was a very public-spirited woman for her time.

Quite amazing now is the fact that in 1919 the village of Newcomerstown had, but relinquished, the opportunity to establish its own hospital.

Most local residents will easily recall the large white house, torn down only a few years ago, which stood on the southwest corner of S. Bridge and Church streets. Originally this was the spacious residence of a childless couple — Andrew Jackson Creter and his wife, Mary Ellen.

Their attractive front porch was a popular stopping place to rest and visit when walking was the usual means of travel. In the pre-1913 flood days, I frequently was a visitor there when I accompanied a neighbor on shopping trips downtown, none of which would have seemed complete without a stop at "El-Jack's." Unfortunately, I never inquired why Mrs. Creter bore that nickname. But I remember the luxury of sitting on that porch on a hot summer day watching the C&M trains go by.

Andrew Jackson Creter (1829-1913) was a son of Andrew Creter, who came here from New Jersey in 1817 and in 1841 established what is now known as the Old Temperance Tavern Museum. The whole Creter family background can be found in the 1884 History of Tuscarawas County at our local library. It contains the biographies of Morris Creter and Sarah P. Creter, the elder Andrew's brother and sister who came to Newcomerstown from New Jersey in 1830.

Mary Ellen Creter, born in 1844, was a daughter of Elias and Sarah Patterson. When she died in 1919 the area surrounding her home was still bustling with plenty of rail traffic on both the C&M and the Pennsylvania, only a block to the south. Across Bridge Street was the Fountain Hotel, also a busy place.

Mrs. Creter's will covered many pages, meticulously prepared by her attorney, John Hance of New Philadelphia. She left cash bequests to known heirs of both the Creter and Patterson families and \$300 each to both St. Paul's Lutheran and First Presbyterian churches. One thousand dollars was given to the trustees of the Newcomerstown Cemetery to be held in trust and used for the perpetual care of plots in the East State Street Cemetery where she and her husband and both sets of parents were, or would be, buried. Apparently, the monument marking her and Andrew's graves, the large stone topped by a female figure which is easily seen from West Street, had already

been erected. But Mrs. Creter directed that an imposing monument of Barre granite was to be placed at the other burial sites where grime from the railroad adjoining the northeast and oldest section of the cemetery already had eroded the earlier marble stones until they were illegible.

After all these instructions had been carried out, she directed that her "house and lot with all appurtenances thereto belonging" be given to Newcomerstown to convert into a hospital. With the gift was a bequest of \$1,000 to be used in helping provide equipment. But all this depended upon the town's ability to provide at least \$3,000 annually to maintain and operate the hospital. Should the village at any time fail to fulfill its annual obligation, the entire bequest was to go to Union Hospital.

Obviously the prospect of finding \$3,000 every year in a small struggling village like Newcomerstown proved insurmountable to local officials and the offer was rejected. In that case Union Hospital was instructed to sell the property, with the proceeds "for the purpose of equipping and maintaining one or more free beds for the benefit of indigent patients."

Meanwhile, the \$1,000 bequest provided for perpetual cemetery care was put in a bank and drew modest interest which now has accrued to approximately \$10,000, with very few expenditures from the fund having been made to the present time.

Creter family helped establish the museum

By Iris Fruchey

In 1841, Andrew Creter saw the need for a place for bed and breakfast accommodations so he purchased a tract of land bordering on the old Erie Canal here in Newcomerstown. That spot is known as the Old Temperance House Museum.

Creter rounded up a crew of workers and constructed the Temperance Tavern. The building was made of native timbers. The woodwork in the home is made of walnut and the bricks were all handmade on the property.

Not only were the canal boats going by the property, but it was also near the stagecoach route to Scio. It wasn't long after that until the C & M and the Pennsylvania railroads were going through Newcomerstown. The Erie Canal was finished in 1828 and the railroads were completed in 1858.

Shortly after the Temperance Tavern was built, Creter's wife passed away and he had his two sisters come from New Jersey to help with the cooking and other household duties.

When you visit the museum, one of the most interesting items in the home is the large original fireplace in the basement (tavern room). You will also see the original walnut

meals which were cooked at the fireplace. Several of the original iron pots are still on display. You will also see the oven where the bread and other goodies were baked.

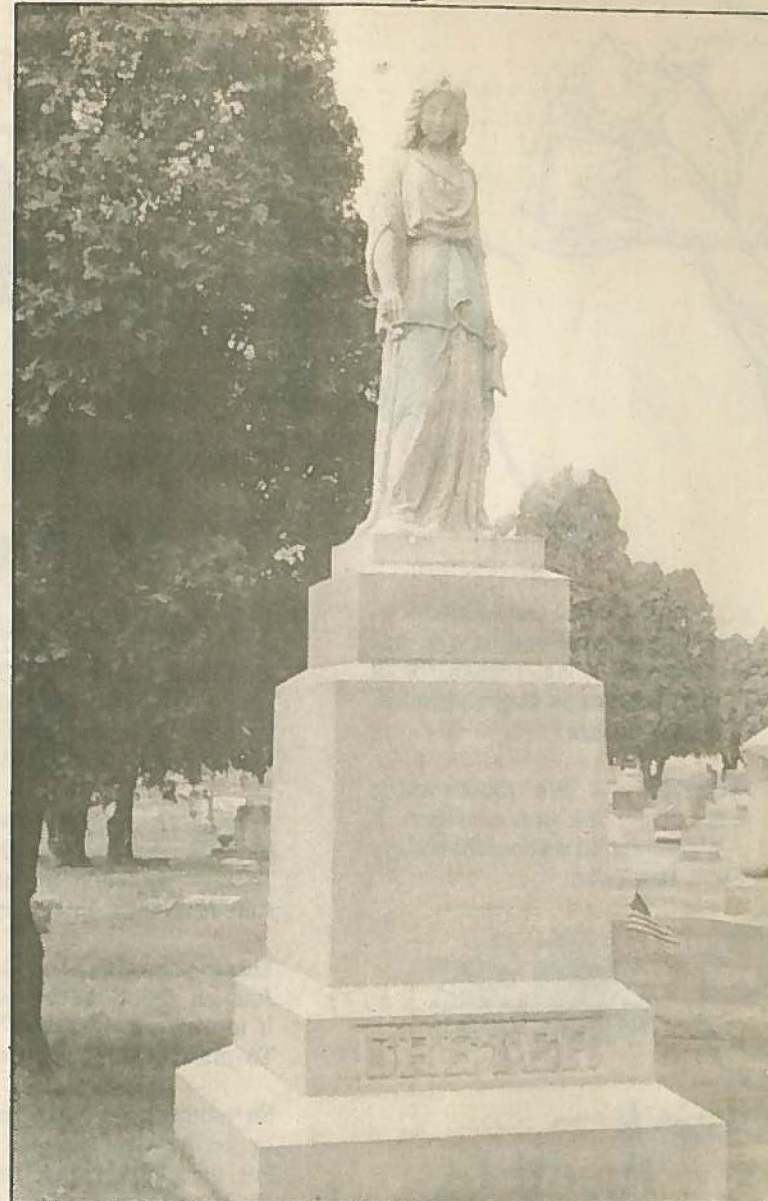
To the left of the fireplace, you will see the opening to the underground railway where a number of slaves took refuge. It was arranged so that at a moment's notice they could travel up through this passageway to the third floor and stay until the "all clear" signal was given.

It is noted that Ohio had more underground railroads than any other state. It is believed that Newcomerstown had four of them.

The third floor of the museum is now used for storage, but in the 1840's it was a place where people of questionable character were assigned and as previously stated, it was a harbor of safety for the runaway slaves.

There are many other items of interest at your local museum.

We have many points of interest in our town and we look forward to many more happy and prosperous times. Andrew's w.d. 1829



MONUMENT AT WEST STATE CEMETERY

Mamie Rodney: Perplexing Question Haunts Her Children

By Lois Zimmer Craig

Although the Hardy and Rodney families were closely related, their difference is apparent even in their monuments in the East State Street Cemetery. They memorialize two couples who took with them to their graves the answer to a perplexing question.

Who was Mamie Rodney? Just about 100 years ago people here in Newcomerstown began asking that of one another.

Of those two monuments, that marking the burial places of John Hardy and his wife, the former Emily Stewart, is by far the more imposing, and it is plainly visible from the cemetery's south gate.

In a way it seems to reflect that gentleman's reputed taste for arrogance and the ostentatious, just as did his large brick Victorian mansion at Shady Bend, presently being restored by Charles Downer.

The house was erected with bricks burnt on the place and completed in 1874 at a total cost of \$8,000 on the farm he had purchased in 1865. Prosperous and recognized as a leading citizen, he represented Coshocton Coun-

ty in the Ohio Legislation for the terms of 1877 and 1879.

His siter, Eleanor (Ellen) was the wife of John Rodney, and that couple lived in the big brick house on North Bridge Street, which was demolished in 1965 to make way for the Booth Apartments.

The monument marking their burials, while more modest, is equally distinctive—a marble shaft centering a lot along the driveway leading to the gate on West Street, inside a low marble enclosure. On one side are the names of the couple, while on the opposite side is the name of their only daughter: "Mary R. Peck, Wife of John Peck, Died June 11, 1863" and "Infant son of J.P. and M.R. Peck, born July 27, 1862."

John and Ellen Rodney were popular members of the little downtown community. Mr. Rodney was one of those memorable people whose talent for swearing "like a canal boat captain," constantly smoking a stubby pipe and walking with a distinctive limp fixed his diminutive figure firmly in the minds of later generations who kenw him only through



Mamie Rodney

reminiscenses of parents or grandparents.

Their big roomy house had originally been the Lutheran Church. It had been abandoned by the congregation in 1869 when the first church down on College Street was completed.

It was around 1878 that four-year-old Mary Elizabeth Rodney, John and Ellen's adopted daughter, first came to Newcomerstown. As the widow of a Roseville dentist, Dr. J.W. Shaw, she died in 1957 at the age of 83, having had a family of two sons and four daughters.

It was from her only surviving child, John Rodney Shaw of Beverly, that the story of her baffling hunt for identity came a few years ago following publication of an article regarding demolition of the old Rodney home.

Two years older than my mother, but a contemporary and classmate of my father's youngest sister, Artha Zimmer Wier, Mary Elizabeth soon



John Rodney Shaw

came to be called Mamie by her friends who always remembered her with deep affection.

For one with so limited an education, Mrs. Shaw had an exceptionally keen mind, her son reported, always having concern for a wide range of interests. She even displayed a talent for extra-sensory perception, but she died at her granddaughter's home in McConnelsville without ever being able to confirm the story of her identity which had been put together out of bits and pieces.

She was around four-years-old, she remembered, when she had been taken to a well-known Columbus mission, still in existence today, apparently only for a brief stay. She'd been beautifully dressed and a letter which in time she recognized as "R" was marked somewhere on her clothing. Her only other recollection of the pre-orphanage time was that her dearest playmate had been a little kitten which slept in a luxurious basket.

Before a single night at the mission passed, a strange man and woman--the Rodneys--

arrived, took her with them in their carriage and set out on a long drive through the dark which ended many hours later with their arrival in Newcomerstown. She never saw her lovely clothes again, for she was immediately dressed in outfits like those worn by other children of the village. Later, the Rodneys also adopted a boy, Russell. But Mary Elizabeth never knew anything about his background and eventually he married, moved to the West and all trace of him was lost.

As Mamie grew older, her adoptive mother made occasional references to information she one day must give her and indicated that articles belonging to the child were stored in a locked chest in Mrs. Rodney's bedroom.

To add to the mystery, she remembered that during her early years as a member of the family, she frequently heard Mrs. Rodney walking the floor of her bedroom and crying. Several times during this period a strange woman came to call briefly and once the child asked, "Are you my mother?" But she got no reply.

When she reached young womanhood she and Dr. Shaw were married and they were residing in Woodfield at the time of Mrs. Rodney's death in December, 1895. Mr. Rodney had died a year previously.

But not until two days after her mother's death was Mrs. Shaw notified. When she reached the family home here, the locked chest which had always been her chief concern stood open and empty. Rodney Shaw said his mother always blamed her mother's arrogant family, the Hardys, for this final act of frustration.

Two further angles continue to stir the interest of Mr. Shaw, his one niece and two nephews, all who remain of Mary Elizabeth Rodney Shaw's immediate sur-

vivors. Many years ago a long and fruitless search was conducted for the missing heiress of a Rhidinger family in Cincinnati. The search received wide publicity and the heiress being sought would have been Mamie Rodney's age.

At another time Dr. Shaw happened to mention to a lawyer friend, the strange circumstances of his wife's adoption, and the attorney suggested they pay a visit to the Columbus mission and search the records.

Confidentiality was apparently less strictly enforced then than now, for the two had no difficulty in obtaining the book covering the date of Mary Elizabeth's adoption. But the page relating to the exact period when a lonely four-year-old spent part of a bewildering night in the mission's custody was nowhere to be found.

A retired teacher, her son Rodney, and his wife, Elizabeth, today spend their winters in Florida and their summers dealing in antiques at Beverly. Her only granddaughter, Mary Ann Drake, lives at Duncan Falls and is the daughter of the late Gretchen Shaw Hartman. Two of her other daughters left sons.

The grandsons are William Shaw Tharpe of Zanesville, whose mother was Jeannette, and John W. Kiser of Knoxville, Tenn., whose mother was Helen. A fourth daughter, Donna, died many years ago, as did another son.

Life in America

Immigrants' story is remembered

(Editor's Note — The following story was submitted by Lois Zimmer Craig of Newcomerstown, who originally wrote this story over 50 years ago. Mrs. Craig said, "My interest, and my dormant pride in being an American, was re-awakened recently when a letter arrived from Barbra J. Hathcock of Westerville saying she is researching her Shalosky family. Through our county branch of the Ohio Genealogy Society she had secured a copy of the story I had written many years ago about the origin of that family. As a result, I hunted out the original manuscript of the article, which had been simultaneously published by the Columbus Dispatch and the Canton Repository on Dec. 31, 1939. Since the Shaloskys, now scattered over many parts of Ohio and beyond, are gathering for their annual family reunion on Aug. 12 at Cy Young Park in Newcomerstown, I offered the story to the News, hoping that descendants of that hardy pair of immigrants and their neighbors will find it as inspiring to them as it has been to me.")

BY LOIS ZIMMER

A New Year...A New World! So strange a coincidence must have forecast a happy future that winter dawn 66 years ago tomorrow when a boat filled with immigrants entered New York harbor. And yet Marcia Anne Shalosky treasures it in her memory not half so fondly as she does another incident which occurred almost a quarter of a century earlier — an incident which could have its counterpart only in the pages of a fairy tale.

Last Tuesday Grandmother Shalosky passed her 92nd birthday. Perhaps it's this near approach to the round of a century which makes it easy for her to look again on these days when she was a little child. Perhaps that's why she can go back so quickly now to her parents' stone cottage on the banks of the Vistula River in Poland.

Today Mrs. Shalosky lives in a modest little house perched on the bank above the muddy road that winds through Glasgow. Glasgow — the skeleton remains of capitalists' dreams — a spot in southern Tuscarawas County's hills that once threatened rivalry to Pittsburgh! Now it isn't even marked on highway maps. But old residents will tell you that the graveled road which meanders off to the left from Route 16 halfway between Newcomerstown and Port Washington leads there.

Nothing very exciting ever happens at Glasgow anymore; there isn't even a general store where neighbors might meet to gossip or to indulge in possible arguments. It's a place utterly quiet, and old, and peaceful; its handful of inhabitants are scarcely aware of the rumble of trucks on the paved highway a half-mile to the west, or the shriek of whistles on the Pennsylvania over in the valley beyond the hills to the south. One could hardly find a spot which would provide a greater contrast with the war-torn Poland of today which was once Marcia Anne Shalosky's homeland. But happily, her recollections of Poland are all pleasant ones.

Perhaps that's why, so often, after a day spent in remembering, she wakes suddenly at night with the songs of the larks and cuckoos in the pine woods still ringing in her ears. And then she grieves for a little while that all of it happened so long, long ago.

And knowing this, one can almost believe that this tiny old lady with the quick, bird-bright eyes is one of Hans Christian Anderson's own creatures — the heroine of a fairy story with the heart of a poet. For surely one who has known 92 years of joy and hope and tragedy and despair and can yet dream of singing larks must have been endowed with a special gift!

Marcia Anne was only four-years-old when the fairy tale happened. A ship canal was being dug near Bromberg, and since here parents' stone cottage was close by the work, her mother was engaged to cook for the men. The men who did the work were Prussian military prisoners, and each of them had a small iron pot in which was placed his food supply for the day. These pots were brought each morning to the Shubrows' cottage and set on the hearth where Marcia Anne's mother kept the fire roaring. Then all the little pots were set to boiling, ready for the hungry men.

One day a strange man came loafing along the ship canal. He asked all sorts of questions, and soon got into an argument with the boss, who was very mean and gruff. It ended with the strange man being arrested and put to work along with the other prisoners. But even this had not seemed to frighten the men, for after he had wheeled a couple of loads of dirt he had come right back to the boss, and had asked, "How much pay am I going to get."

Of course this had made the boss very angry, so he swore at the man and said, "Just wait until you get a pay and find out!"

And then ...

But in the meantime the stranger had visited the Shubrows' stone cottage too, and had sat in the kitchen watching Marcia Anne's mother while she tended the fire and stirred the food in the little iron pots. And as he talked to the busy women, he had lifted the little girl, and had held her on his knee just like her own father did so often. And this is the fairy story which Marcia Anne has always treasured, for the stanger was King Frederick William IV of Prussia. But no one knew it until he got into the argument with the boss about his pay, and finally pulled back his coat to show his uniform.

History is far less kind to this Prussian king than is the little girl who sat on his knee, for one account ends with this statement: "Just before Bismarck took office in Prussia, the crazy King Frederick William IV died (1861) and was succeeded by his brother William." One finds however, that Frederick William IV was king of Prussia at a time when most of Europe was kept in a state of unrest by revolutionary groups, and if the travels incognito which the Prussian king made among his subjects did seem crazy to those who were concerned only with the political aspects of his reign, they no doubt did much to endear him to the common people, whom he represented.



GRANDMA SHALOSKY

of the husband who was to meet her in New York, and of the money he would bring.

But when the boat finally landed, it was not a "Happy New Year" for Mrs. Bismarck, for her husband was not there, nor had he sent her any money and consequently she and her children would have been placed in detention had not the Shalosky family come to their assistance. This is the story a Grandmother Shalosky tells it.

And how did Marcia Anne come to Newcomerstown, and thence to Glasgow?

That too, is an interesting story, possibly more unhappy than that of many immigrants, and yet characteristic of the threads of circumstance which must have guided the ancestors of so many of us in this New World melting-pot. Now 92-year-old Grandmother Shalosky is the only remaining member of the little family group which disembarked in New York that New Year's day 66 years ago but from that nucleus is already growing the fifth generation of typical Americans.

When Marcia Anne Shubrows grew to womanhood she was married to John Shalosky, who lived in the same neighborhood, there in East Prussia. The wedding was a very happy occasion, and typical of the kind then usual in that section of the Old Country. First, a man went from house to house carrying a tall cane with white ribbon tied to it. His was the duty of inviting the wedding guests.

On the day of the wedding, there was a procession to the church — first the bride, then the band and the guests, and last of all, the groom. But when the ceremony ended with the Priest's admonition, "The wedding is over; now you can spin," the procession was reversed. Now the husband was head of the house, and the bride appropriately, walked in the rear!

Marcia Anne was married in a brown dress. She laughed a little sadly when I asked her about this, and then quoted the old nursery rhyme:

Married in white, always live right,
Married in black, wish yourself back,
Married in green, live like a queen,
Married in brown, have your ups and downs"
... "And I've had mine," she added.

Not many years after the Shalosky's were married, oil was discovered in the section of East Prussia where they and the Shubrows lived, so having sold their land they decided to come to America, bringing nothing but their clothing, the money which they had been paid for their land, and a package of amber, the pieces of which they had found on their own farm. The amber however, was either lost or stolen from them during the confusion of their arrival in New York.

The party, beside the Shalosky's and their two children Andy, aged two, and Mary, six months, included Mrs. Shalosky's father and mother, brother and two sisters. Another brother was already living in New York, and their plans, while indefinite, indicated that the rest of the family would probably decide to settle there, too.

But in the meantime they had made friends while waiting in Germany for the boat. They had become acquainted with a woman whose husband was working on the tunnel which the Cleveland and Marietta Railroad was building south of Newcomerstown, in Ohio. She and her children were going there to live. The woman was very friendly with the Shalosky's while they waited for the boat, but once they were aboard it, she began living "high," boasting

got to New York, we could only get \$80 for \$100 in German money. It cost us some money to come into the country, \$5 for the men, \$3 for the women, and \$2 for the children — \$2 for my Andy, and \$2 for my little Mary, just six months old. The Bismark woman when she got to New York, asked for the money her husband was to send her, and they told her there wasn't any, and because she hadn't any at all, they were going to send her away. We shared our's though, and six days after we landed in New York, came on to Newcomerstown."

But that trip from New York to Newcomerstown was not so easy as it sounds, for by the time the 13 tickets had been bought, they had only \$10 left. And then the conductor on the immigrant train made a mistake and carried them on to Newark, Ohio, instead, and all but the very last dollar went for the fare to bring them back.

Finally they climbed off the train at Newcomerstown on Sunday morning, thirteen hungry, frightened people, with just \$1 among them all. That last dollar was used to buy crackers. They ate them all, sitting there in the railroad station. Somehow the scene of those thirteen bewildered people sitting in a dingy little depot eating the crackers which their last dollar had been used to purchase becomes painfully real when one hears it in Mrs. Shalosky's own words:

"We sat around the station and ate them, and after that we still didn't know what to do. I was so homesick, and so worried that all of our money was gone, that I finally took Andy by the hand and Mary in my arms, and started walking up the railroad track. I felt so bad that I didn't watch to see where I was going, and hoped a train would come along and run over us. I was crying and talking to myself in German.

"Pretty soon I heard someone walking fast behind me. It was a man, and he said in German, 'What ails you, woman?'" That man was Charley Ley, who worked around the railroad station. He took all 13 of us into his own home and helped us until we got located.

And so began the Shalosky's life in America. The furnaces which were to turn Glasgow into a second Pittsburgh were being built just then, and the men in the family had no trouble finding work. Ensuing years brought them perhaps the average in happiness and prosperity. But tragedy and grief have taken their toll too, for Mrs. Shalosky has seen death take not only her husband, but three of her nine children.

Today Grandmother Shalosky's descendants number almost the same as her years, for she has 41 grandchildren, as many great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. Branches of her family have taken root in many different cities and several distant states; perhaps many of their younger generations scarcely know this tiny great-grandmother whose experience has been so broad, whose wisdom is so deep and whose faith in God is so sustaining.

To her family as to her neighbors she epitomizes the very best of a fast-disappearing Old World generation in the New.

TUSCARAWAS COUNTY RECORD OF PETITIONS

Submitted by Larry McCue

The following 3 adoptions are the last items in Volume 6

Page 585 **21 February 1879**

In the matter of the adoption of Theodore Kohl William Rousch and Maria E. Rousch his wife, joint petition to adopt Theodore Kohl a male child aged ten years, child of Marie E. Kohl. The adoption was approved and his name was changed to Theodore Rousch.

Page 585 **14 August 1879**

In the matter of the adoption of Grace Huston Samuel R. Uglon and Mary Uglon the petitioners jointly ask to adopt Grace Huston a minor child and for a change of the name of said child from Grace Huston to Grace Uglon. The said minor child is one year and seven months old and his father Samuel Huston is dead and his mother is a widow and is resident of said county of Tuscarawas.

Page 587 **14 November 1879**

In the matter of the adoption of Minnie Rindinger John W. Rodney and Eleanor M Rodney respectfully represents that they are husband and wife and that desire to adopt as their child Minnie Rindinger aged five years on the 4th day of August 1878 a minor residing in said county and formerly an inmate of the home of Columbus Franklin Co. O., the lawful child of Mr. and Mrs. Ridenger of said county. The name was changed to Minnie Rodney.

Tuscarawas County Court Record of Petitions Volume 7

Page 1 **12 May 1879**

David A. Norman Executor of Joshua Wier vs. Margarette Wier et. al. petition to sell real estate The said decedent died leaving Margarette Wier his widow and the following persons are the heirs Camilla Wier, Emma Wier and Andrew F. Wier all of whom are infants.

Page 17 **16 April 1879**

Jonathan Romig Admin. J. J. Firebaugh vs. Serena Firebaugh and others petition to sell real estate The defendant Serena Firebaugh is the widow of said Joseph J. Firebaugh. The defendants Ora E. Firebaugh, John C. Firebaugh, Charles Firebaugh and Agnes Firebaugh are infants being the children and heirs at law of Joseph J. Firebaugh.

Page 39 **21 March 1879**

B. F. Clark Administrator David W. Clark vs. Sarah J. Clark et. al. petition to sell real estate Laura H Clark, Schuyler C. Clark and Evam W. Clark minors under the age of fourteen years and heirs at law of David M. Clark deceased and Sarah J. Clark widow of said decedent Sarah was thirty eight years of age.

Page 49 **14 April 1879**

D. C. Foster Administrator of Fleming Bukey petition for the sale of real estate Fleming Burkey died leaving Mariah Bukey his widow and since that time the said widow has died and that the following persons are the heirs Susan Branard wife of George Branard her husband who reside in Tuscarawas County Ohio, Charles Burkey, a minor 19 years of age who resides in the town of Buigham County of Van Buren in the State of Iowa, Fleming Morgan and Jane Morgan who reside in Brook County, West Virginia.

Page 98 **24 July 1879**

Henry H. Woodard Admin. James Pilling vs. Zelinda Pilling and others petition to sell real estate The defendant Zelinda Pilling is the widow of said James Pilling. The defendants Rebecca C. Lytle, Ann Stocker, Ellen Graham, Sabina Rennecher, Maria Moore and Richard L. Pilling are the children and heirs at law of said James Pilling. Francis Lytle is the husband of said Rebecca C. Lytle and reside in Guernsey Co. O., All others reside in Tuscarawas

TUSCARAWAS COUNTY RECORD OF PETITIONS

Submitted by Larry McCue

County, Ohio. Said Richard L. Pilling is an infant having no guardian. Said Conrad Stocker is the husband of said Anna Stocker, George Rennecher is the husband of Sabina Rennecher, George Graham is the husband of Ellen Graham, David Moore is the husband of Maria Moore.

Page 112 **17 September 1879**

Jesse D. Ellroth Admin. C. H. Mitchener vs. Martha Mitchener and others petition to complete real estate contract Said defendants Martha Mitchener is the widow, and Mary L. Pugh intermarried with Wm. R. Pugh, Charles E. Mitchener, James P. Mitchener, William A. Mitchener, Edward P. Mitchener, Robert H. Mitchener and Lannie H. Mitchener and the heirs at law of said Charles H. Mitchener.

Page 115 **18 October 1879**

James M. Burt Admin. Samuel Hasfelt vs. Casper Hasfelt et. al. petition for the sale of real estate The said Samuel Hasfelt died leaving the following named persons his heirs at law Rev. Casper Hasfelt who resides at Richland in Palaska County, Missouri, John Hasfelt who resides in Crawford County, Indiana, Jacob Hasfelt who resides at Blue Mound Linn County Kansas, Adam Hasfelt who resides at Birdsrn Guernsey County Ohio, David Hasfield who resides at Linton Mills Coshocton County Ohio and Conrad Hasfield and Peter Hasfield both of whom reside at Newcomerstown, Tuscarawas County, Ohio.

Page 123 **13 October 1879**

David Smith Administrator David McConnell vs. William Lonther et. al. petition for the completion of real contract: The said David McConnell died intestate leaving the defendants William Lonther, Margaret Todd, John W. Conrad, Louis W. Conrad, Mary M. Conrad, Mary A Gable wife of the defendant Ebenezer Gable, Jane Crabbs wife of the defendant George Crabbs, Harriet Shull wife of defendant William Shull, John McConnell, William H. Robison, Lyman Robison, Clara Elizabeth Macabre, Charles W. Robison, Mary Bowers, George L Robertson, William W. Robertson, Mary L. Robertson, John S. Robertson, Samuel E. Robinson, Charles M. Robertson, Oliver L. Mitten, Dora S. Mitten, Marcus G. Mitten, (the last three names being minors) John D. McConnell, Minerva Ferguson wife of the defendant Charles Ferguson, Laura Smith wife of the defendant William E. Smith, Ann E. Freeman wife of the defendant Samuel I. Freeman, James McConnell, John W. Moore and James R. S. Moore the last two names being minors his heirs at law and his legal representatives.

Page 133 **13 September 1879**

Uriah F. Cross Admin. William Armstrong vs. Polly Armstrong et. al. petition to sell real estate The said William Armstrong died leaving The defendant Polly Armstrong Who is a resident of Tuscarawas County his widow and the following named persons his heirs at law, Thomas D. Armstrong, Harry R. Armstrong, Olive Armstrong, residents of Tuscarawas County, Rosanna Heagen intermarried with the defendant Martin Heagen whose place of residence is St. Paul, Ramsey County, Minnesota., Huldah Miller intermarried with Francis Miller whose place of residence is Lebanon, Oregon.

Page 139 **20 January 1879**

William J. Carlisle Exec. of William Carlisle vs. Mary J. Stine petition for the sale of real estate The said William Carlisle died leaving the following named persons his heirs at law. Mary J. Stine, Agnes Skmer, Sarah Carlisle, Samuel Carlisle, Eliza Powell, Margaret E. Johnson, and William J. Carlisle all residents of the state of Ohio.

Page 144 **20 December 1879**

Sanford F. Timmons Administrator of Phedora Timmons vs. Robert F. Timmons et. al. petition for the sale of real estate. The said Phedora Timmons died leaving the following named children her only heirs at law Robert F. Timmons, Lallis W. Timmons, William H. Timmons and Phedora I. Timmons all infants and all except the said Robert F. being under fourteen years old and all residing in Tuscarawas Co.

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 pasted in the front of my Grandmother Moore's Bible:

"Last Saturday morning, as the

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 familiarly 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 cars 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 a distance back of the house, converted into a barn and remained in use until the early 1930's.



Bridge on East State Street

