

# MEMORIES AND KEEPSAKES

*Helen and Mac's Wedding*



*Helen and Frank McLoraine*



*Helen and Mac's Wedding List*

Wedding March 2, 1957  
St. Joseph's  
12 Noon

Mabel G. Myers  
Marie & Chuck Albright  
Alice O. Green  
Dorothy V. Masters  
Babe & Bill Eichenberger  
Ethel Holmes  
Tina & Jack Emerson  
Kay & Bill Bowers  
Verna & Arem Bezazian  
Yvonna & Walter Prosche  
Uriel & Paul Cook  
Rose & Arne Jirasek  
Betsy Lahti  
Evelyn Ringrose  
Betty Bickler

Emily McLoraine  
Mary McLoraine  
Hazel McLoraine  
Frances McLoraine  
George & Jewel Lane  
Jim & Marge Ulie  
Kenny & Rita Ziaber  
Fred & Bess Monnie  
Leo & Clara Walker  
Larry & Lorraine Ryan  
Don & Jean Carey  
Victor & Hannah Foster  
Ed & Brennan  
Dermott Quinn  
Dermott Doyle  
John Cooke  
Dorothy & Joan Ungaro  
Emmit & Hill Diver  
Ray & Helen Kimberlin  
Rob Peake

*Helen and Mac's Home in Illinois*





## Larimer Place Condos 1551 Larimer Street #1801



**Incredible five bedroom, five bath unit on the 18th floor with spectacular views of the whole front range and downtown. Over 3600 square feet of the finest living space in downtown! Open floor plan with lots of light and large rooms. This is an exceptional property.**

*Picture of Helen and Lewis as Young Kids*



New Page 1

**Biography of Frank McLoraine** [Courtesy of Robert McLoraine]

Francis Joseph McLoraine was born March 21, 1919 to Frank & Emily McLoraine of River Forest, Illinois. Frank had two sisters Mary, Mabel, and his brother John who became a Catholic Priest and served as an Army chaplain and made rank of Brigadier General in WWII.

After Graduating from The University of De Paul in 1941 "Mac" received the call of duty on June 7, 1941 and became an Officer on February 11, 1942 at Fort Sill.

Along with the 241st Field Artillery Battalion Frank arrived in Europe in July of 1944 and helped liberate France and receiving the Silver Star from Le General De Gaulle in 1945.

Mac's duties took him to serve in Scotland, England, Wales, France, Germany, Luxembourg, Belgium, Austria, Italy, Czechoslovakia, & Yugoslavia.

Returning to the States, he graduating from the University of Chicago with a Degree of Doctor of Law in 1948 and became a lawyer. He married Helen Myers in 1954. The two became financial supporters of many notable Olympic figure skaters including gold medalist Scott Hamilton. Frank passed away in 1979.

*Helen and Tom Harper (Tom was Helen's cousin)*



*Helen, Lewis Jr., Friend with Mabel and Lewis Senior*



*Scott and Tracie Hamilton and son Aidan and wedding gift Mulligan (bronze golfer)*



*Lewis E. Myers (Helen's Fathers) Invention*



*Helen, Lewis Jr. with Friends when Young Adults*



*Fourth Presbyterian Church Welcome 1933*

**Fourth Presbyterian Church**  
Chicago

CHURCH OFFICE  
122 E. CHESTNUT STREET  
CITY 2101 3453

April 3, 1933.

Dear Helen Myers,

This letter is written in order to assure you of your welcome into the fellowship of our Church. Enclosed you will find a certificate, signed by the Clerk of the Session and myself, recognizing your membership here.

If there are ever any questions in connection with your membership, will you not please feel free to frankly ask us about them in order that no misunderstandings may develop?

We hope you will especially follow the suggestions for Christian growth as outlined on the last page of the certificate. On becoming a member of our Church you become a member of a group within the Church. If we can ever be of any assistance to you, will you not come and allow us to help you, or send for us and allow us to come to you.

In case you should ever change your address, will you not be thoughtful enough to notify us immediately? Should you ever leave our city permanently, we will expect you, within a reasonable time, to place your membership in your new locality, and will be glad to grant you a letter upon request.

We want you to feel now that Fourth Church is your Church, and we ask you to join with us in doing everything you possibly can to assist in its worship and its work. Together may we exalt Jesus Christ, the great Head of this Church.

Sincerely yours,

*Harrison Ray Anderson*  
Harrison Ray Anderson, D.D.,  
Pastor.

Enclosure.

H O T E L   S T A T L E R   B O S T O N

Dear Folks

Guess I'd better write since Lewis probably hasn't as yet. I arrived yesterday afternoon and came out to this place where I'm staying. Lewis had rented a two room apartment for a friend coming in the next class. Practically everyone in the house is a navy wife.

Last night I met Lewis at BOQ with some other people & we went to the officers club for supper & dancing afterward. He was on the committee for the party. He seemed to know about everyone there. Most of the men are ensigns & don't have any ribbons. There are a few J. G.'s and some lieutenants. The higher officers & some of the lts. were instructors. All the fellows seem to like Lewis & several commented on how

well he had done with no engineering background & the "soudier" of his operation. I dancel with "George" somebody who is the instructor in charge of the living tank. He was Lewis' "cell-mate" in the hospital & spoke very highly of him. He said he had quite an attack & one of the doctors had insisted on the operation. His appendix was highly inflamed & the doctor said would have caused more serious trouble before long. George said he was pretty sick the first few days but that he had made a rapid recovery because of his good physical condition.

Lewis' base will be in Australia which it seems is what he finally asked for. Only four or five are going out there. I think he said he has 14 days plus travel time

before he reports in at San Fran.  
He probably will fly out in a B-17.  
George suggested a friend of his who  
is Captain of a new sub would be  
a good person to be under if Lewis  
could get his boat. It seems they  
report out there & as the subs come  
in & replacements are needed they are  
assigned, usually in order of seniority.

Lewis has duty tonight & has  
to stay in certain areas of the base  
but I'm going out & he will show  
me what he can do of things & we will  
have dinner at the club. I don't  
know what time he is free but  
someone mentioned a party someplace

Ernie is getting the kids together  
after the show Sat. night at Jean's.  
Lewis seems to have decided not to  
stay in Washington but will stay in  
Ohio. Will let you know more

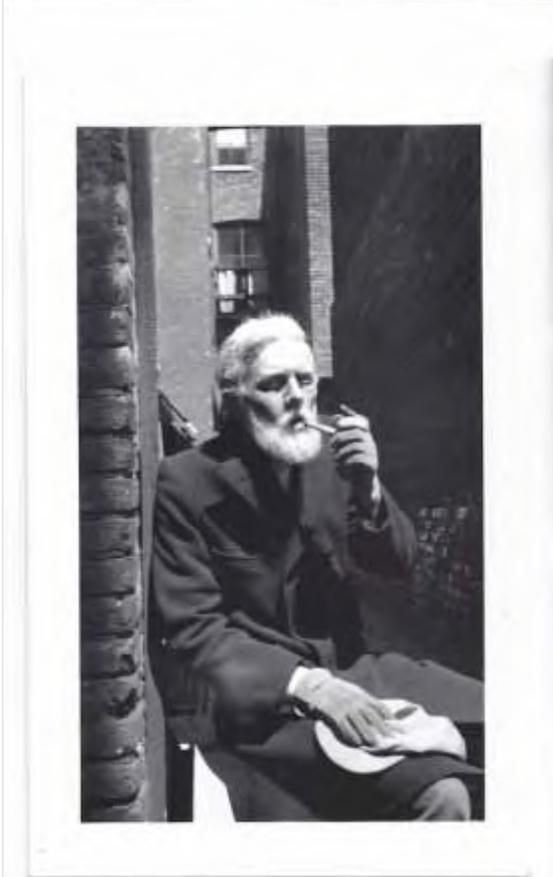
about plans later. Can't think  
of anything else to say so goodbye

Helen

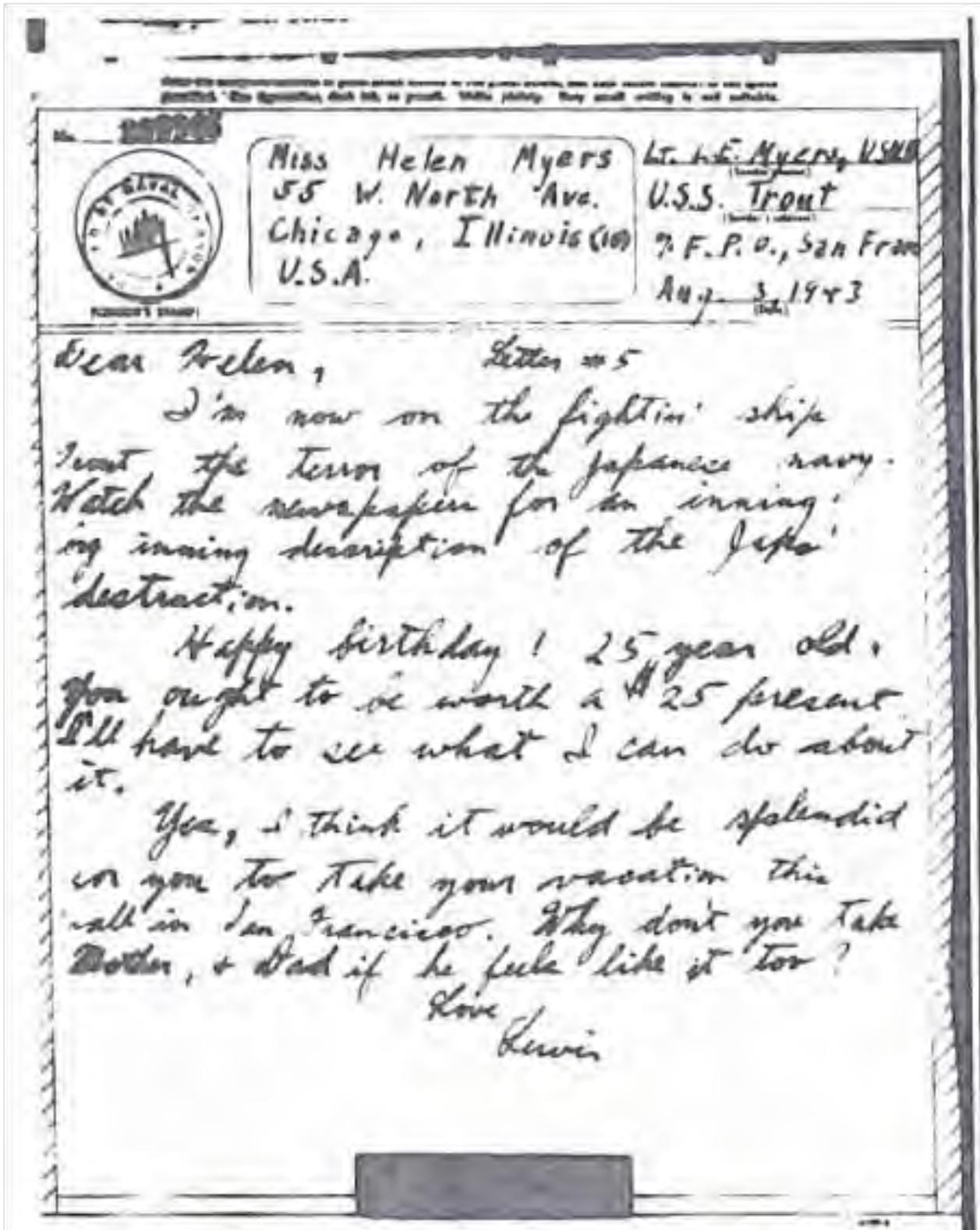
*Lewis Jr with his Mom Mabel Myers*



*Lewis in Several Plays*

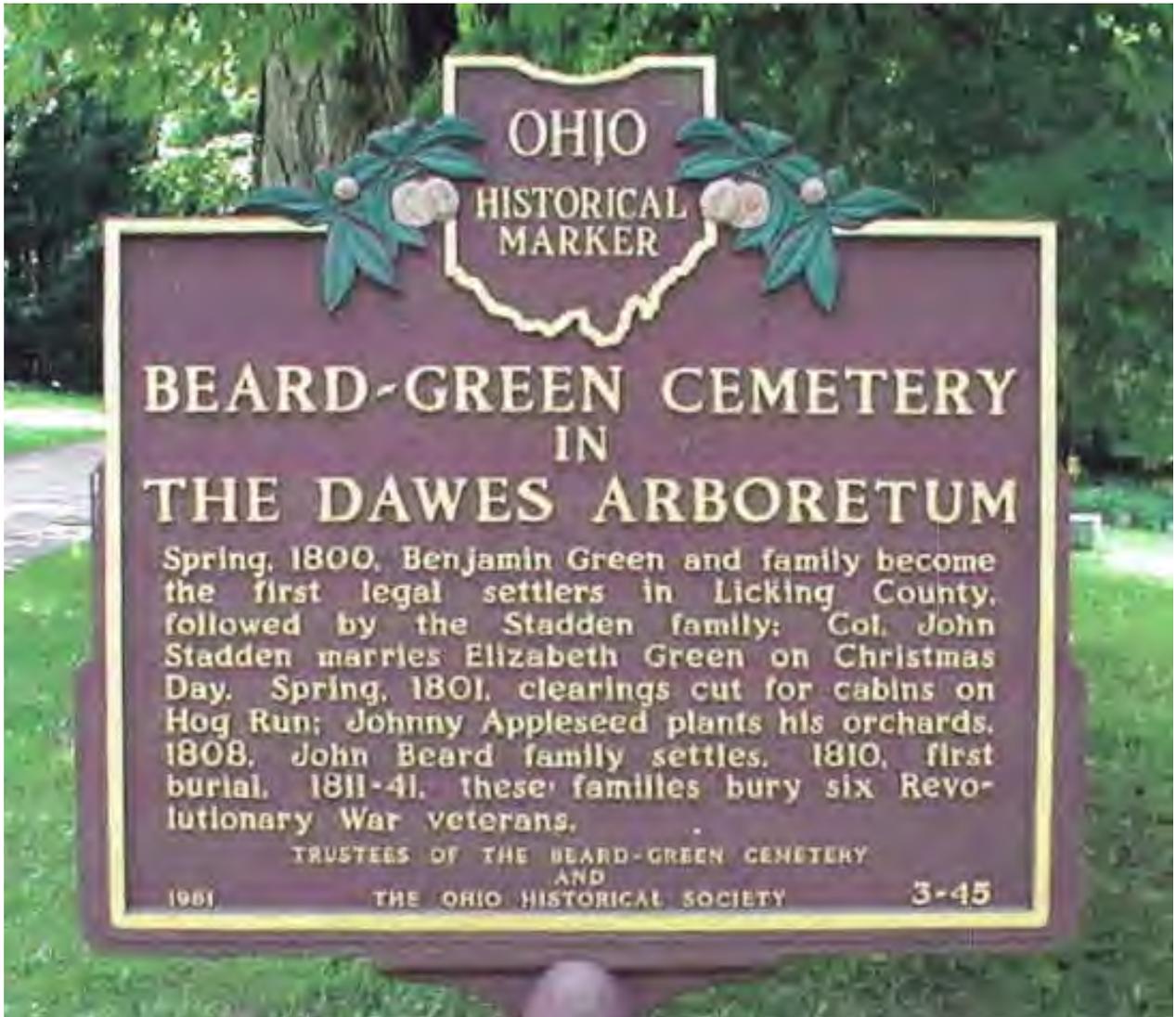


Letter from Lewis to Helen wishing her a Happy Birthday





*Benjamin Green Memorial Marker and History*  
*Helen's great, great, great grandfather*



### **The "Disappointment" of Benjamin Green**

Program presented at the Dayton Cemetery Association Annual Meeting<sup>1</sup>  
May 30, 2004

Benjamin Green, the common ancestor of all of us here today, served in the Revolutionary War from Loudoun County, Virginia. After the war was over, he moved to western Maryland about 1784. In 1788 he appears on a list of settlers living in the "country lying west of Fort Cumberland". In 1793, he is listed in the George's Creek Hundred of Allegany County, Maryland. George's Creek, earlier called Lonaconin Creek, flows south to the Potomac from beyond Lonaconing. Legend tells that Indian George had a hunting camp between Dan's Mountain and Savage Mountain, so Lonaconin Creek became George's Creek. It was in this area that Benjamin Green bought a tract of 146 acres. Most of the early land grants in Maryland had names and many of them reflected their owner's feelings about the property: Good and Bad, Burkett's Folly, Cheney's Delight, Contentment, Neglect, Sink Hole, Trouble Enough, Bachelor's Delight, Darby's Defeat. The tract Benjamin Green bought was called "Disappointment", which may cast some doubt on his good judgment. The earliest white settlers - farmers, hunters, and woodsmen - came to the Lonaconing area in the latter part of the eighteenth century. They came with their families, prepared to stay, although at that time the valley of George's Creek, from Frostburg to Westernport, a distance of 16 miles, was one continuous forest, except here and there a house, probably not more than five or six in all. The roadway was but a trail and scarcely clear enough to allow the passage of a wagon. There were no bridges over the creek and during high water, which was frequent, it could not be forded.

Life was simple and rugged in the western mountains at the end of the eighteenth century. Virtually the entire population lived in Spartan but serviceable log cabins. Even the local inn and general store were of log construction. Privacy was an unknown luxury; most families lived, cooked, worked, and slept within the confines of a single room. The men and boys boxed, wrestled, and ran footraces for amusement when they were not hunting and fishing. Most of their daylight hours, however, were spent in the endless farm tasks which were all the more onerous for the lack of proper equipment. The daily routine of farm wives involved, if that were possible, even more drudgery: cooking over open fires; boiling the laundry; spinning, dyeing, and weaving linsey-woolsey on handwrought looms. If the family hunter had been successful, supper might be fresh venison, but on other less fortunate nights it was more likely cornmeal mush.

Hog butchering time brought the promise of smoked or salted meat for winter use, but also a laborious process which sometimes occupied as much as three days. They had no sausage grinders, lard presses, or anything of that kind to expedite the work. To heat the stones used in scalding, they set fire to long heaps filled with sand stones - and when the sandstones became hot, they were dropped into the scalding tubs. The sausage meat was put upon a heavy table or sausage block, and chipped into little cubes with the sausage chopper, the operator beating a tattoo all over the meat, right and left, forward and backward, up through the middle with a swing-around circle. . . .When finished, it was pushed to one side and another fresh batch put upon the block. . . .The "stuffer" was a tin horn about the size of a quart can as long again, with a spout at one end to hold the sausage, and a wooden socket to fit the large end. When all was ready, a strong man, if

possible, put on a large apron, seated himself astride a bench, placed the end of the stuffer filled with the meat against the "solar plexus," drew in a deep breath, and pushed until the children standing around would think his eyes would surely pop out of his head. This was hard work and slow, but anyone that ever tasted sausage [made] that way will say that it was the best ever eaten.

Frontier life in western Maryland was certainly severe, but some of the cares were lightened by such cooperative activities. Barn raisings, harvestings, and threshings, like hog-killing time, were all occasions for frolicking as well as for hard work. Country weddings, church services, and even funerals provided other opportunities for socializing. These simple pleasures of life were reflected in the lives of hundreds of inhabitants of upland Maryland.

Until long after the American Revolution, however, the settlers lived lonely, isolated lives for the most part, as tiny pockets of humanity scattered through the hills. They enjoyed few contacts with the outside world aside, perhaps, from the infrequent but welcome visits of a particularly aggressive tinker or trader. There would however, be occasional trips across the mountains to the trading post, where the trapper's beaver skins could be bartered for salt, powder, and treasured yard goods.

The town of Westernport is located at the point where George's Creek flows into the north branch of the Potomac River. It was originally known as Hardscrabble, because the rocky soil made planting difficult, but sometime in the mid 1790s the name was changed to Westernport as it was the westernmost navigable port on the Potomac. On April 17, 1798, Benjamin Green purchased, for 997 pounds, eight shillings and tenpence, several lots in Westernport, next door to a house owned by Michael Beem, his brother-in-law. One of the lots contained a two story log house, 32 by 28 feet in size. This seems to have been an investment purchase, as Benjamin was already thinking about moving further west. In September of 1798 Benjamin sold Disappointment to Michael Beem, along with three mares, one colt, two horses, 30 heads of cattle, 13 hogs, 14 shoats, 6 pigs, 10 sheep, and various household goods and implements. Benjamin and his family were accompanied by his oldest daughter, Anna, and her husband, Richard Pitzer, when they moved to Ohio. Contrary to modern ideas of the difficulty of travel in those days, moving west did not mean saying goodbye forever to those left behind. In May 1800, Benjamin and his wife, Catherine, returned to Westernport and sold the lot containing his log house. He returned from Ohio to Westernport again in June 1801, at which time he gave Michael Beem a power of attorney to sell his, Benjamin's, remaining property in Maryland. Michael Beem succeeded in selling the rest of the lots in Westernport in 1803 and 1805. Michael also removed to Ohio, thus ending the connection with western Maryland.

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<sup>1</sup> Presented by Candace Wilmot, 1806 Myra Ridge Ct, Urbana, IL 61802-7030.

*John Green*  
*Jesse's Dad and Benjamin's Son and Helen's great, great grandfather*



## *Story of John Green*

### THE STORY OF JOHN GREEN

Given to THE DAYTON COMETERY ASSOCIATION

by Dorothy V. Masters  
May 28, 1972

"Every man is a bundle of his ancestors" is as true today as it was many years ago when written by Ralph Waldo Emerson. I feel sorry for the individual who knows nothing about his forbears for he is literally a composite of all of their characteristics whether he likes it or not.

As soon as a baby is born all the doting relatives vie in proclaiming that "he looks exactly like my side of the family," and judging only by physical appearance they coo and gurgle over the color of his eyes and the shape of his head. Often it is years later before the inherited personality quirks can be recognized.

Personally I can only hope that I have inherited some of the qualities of my great grandfather, John Green, of whom an editor of the Ottawa (Illinois) Free Trader wrote at the time of his death, "Mr. Green was a man whose word was his bond and whose promise was as good as the best man's note."

Influenced by the Western movies I've seen and the books I've read depicting the life of the time I can only imagine what kind of a childhood a boy who was born in Western Maryland in 1789 must have had. It was in Alleghany County, a beautiful part of the state and not far from Camp David, the favorite recreation spot of recent presidents. He probably lived outdoors more than inside, with hunting and fishing occupying a great deal of his time.

We know nothing about how much schooling he had but he learned the fundamentals at least, and, judging from his descendants I am acquainted with, he had a love of reading. He must have been a true example of a self-educated man.

John was surrounded by many relatives in his boyhood home, as his father, Benjamin, and mother, Catherine Beem Green, were the parents of fourteen children. Benjamin and Michael Beem, comrades in the Revolutionary War, had married each other's sisters and had been given government land in the same county in Maryland. So with Michael and Elizabeth Green Beem's eleven children nearby, in addition to his own brothers and sisters, John probably had an active, happy childhood.

About the time John was ten years old his father determined to follow the lure of the open road and explore the new territory being opened up in Ohio. Anna, the oldest girl in the Green family, had married Richard Pitzer, so together Benjamin and his son-in-law started out looking for a new home in the Northwest Territory. According to Isaac Snucker, an Ohio historian, "On reaching the neighborhood of Marietta they decided to remain there a year and raise a crop, thus postponing, for a brief period, their removal westward."

In the spring of 1800 they were on the move again. Licking County was their destination but, as they were some of the first settlers, they had to cut out roads as they went along. Richard Pitzer was in charge of the train which carried the women and smaller children on seven pack horses. The boys who were old enough helped to drive some domestic animals, probably cattle and hogs, and wagons containing household equipment. John, no doubt, helped out in that capacity. Another of the young sons was Isaac, and his story has been recorded by Basil Green, the great grandfather of Wynn Green.

Bulky farm equipment and more household goods were put on a large canoe or barge and piloted up the Muskingum River by Benjamin and his eldest son, Richard, then 15, aided by a hired hand. At the site that is now Zanesville they met the rest of the family. This is the mouth of the Licking River and the land they bought was about two miles further east at a place called Shawnee Run.

Together the company made their way up the Licking but it was necessary for Benjamin and Richard to return to Marietta for a second load of their goods before the whole family was assembled on their chosen site. No doubt they immediately put in a crop in that virgin soil but Benjamin had his eyes on greener fields and two years later he purchased 150 acres not far away on what is still known as Hog Run, so the entire family moved up there.

For this land he paid \$300 and sold it in two years for \$900. Settlers were coming into the territory in great numbers at this time so it was easy to make large profits quickly.

The family then moved to another farm site not far distant, "west of the road from Newark to Jacksontown," according to the report by N. N. Hill, Jr. in his "History of Licking County, Ohio." There were several springs nearby which formed a small swamp and Richard Green, who spent the rest of his life in Ohio, remembered that he had often seen Shawnee Indians encamped in the timber nearby.

Richard Pitzer bought his own farm not far away and there he and his wife, Anna, reared a family of twelve children. He died there in 1819 and later Anna brought her children to Illinois, where she died in 1847 and lies buried in the Brumback Cemetery in Ritland township.

No historian records John's activities from the time he settled with his family on Hog Run in 1802 until 1813 when we know he was married at the age of twenty four. He, no doubt, helped to clear and develop the land which his father acquired, and learned the rudiments of successful farming which he was to practice all of his life.

He was raised in a religious home as his mother followed the Methodist principles and his father became such a staunch Baptist that he occasionally preached sermons although he was never a real minister.

Among the hundreds of settlers that were pouring into the new territory in 1805 were John Grove and his wife, Barbara Lionbarger Grove, and their large family, from the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. One of their daughters, Barbara, was thirteen years old when they moved to Ohio and she had attended nothing but German speaking schools before that.

They were neighbors of the Greens and on March 28, 1813 John Green, 24, and Barbara Grove, 21, were married. Their first child, Eliza, was born the next year, followed by Nancy, Jesse, David, Catherine, Lavina, Samuel, Rachel and Joseph, all reared in Licking County.

John bought his own land which he farmed successfully, and also became a contractor, moving his family with him to different locations in the state. "He constructed about fifteen miles of the Ohio Canal, employing 200 men," according to "The History of LaSalle County" published by the Inter-State Publishing Company. This canal connects the Ohio River at Portsmouth, Ohio, with the lake at Cleveland.

On August 20, 1821, at the age of sixty-one, Catherine Green, the mother of fourteen children who all grew to adulthood, died and is buried in Daves Arboretum near Newark, Ohio. Benjamin remarried and lived until he was 78 and he, too, is buried in Daves Arboretum.

New territories were constantly being opened up further west and it was the spirit of the times for all men to acquire vast acreages of cheap, fertile land. So on August 27, 1829 John Green headed a party of explorers composed of his brother William, his brother-in-law John Grove, and a friend, William Lambert, in search of new homes in the northwest.

They traveled by horseback by way of Fort Wayne, Kalamazoo and along the south shore of Lake Michigan to Chicago, until they reached the Fox River in what was then Peoria County. Here John found the rapids that he had been looking for and bought a log cabin and some land in Rutland township from the owner, William Clark. The capital of the state was then in Vandalia so the return journey was made through the southern part of the state, and the land registered in Vandalia.

It was the 15th of October before the party arrived back in Ohio, and John's determination and enthusiasm were so strong that he persuaded a party of twenty-four persons to make a return trip to Illinois, even though some thought they should wait until spring to make the long journey. Fortunately two of John's sons, Jesse and David, have left us a detailed report of the trip which can be found in Elmer Baldwin's "History of LaSalle County, Illinois."

I would like to interject one note right here. John's younger brother, William, who came out from Ohio with him on the first trip, for some unknown reason, did not return with the larger party of settlers in

November. He had married, first, Sarah Pitzer, and second, Eliza Brown, but we haven't known anything about him except that he was buried in Cedar County, Iowa in 1855. Last summer Mabel Myers, Mildred Summins and I went on another exploration party into western territory. First from one person and then another we were directed to old houses, court house records, and finally to the prettiest country cemetery you ever saw where William and most of his children are lying together. We didn't find any living descendants of this early pioneer to Iowa but we learned a great deal that we didn't know before that can be added to the growing Green saga - and we're still searching.

On the 6th of December, 1829 the twenty-four hardy pioneers (nine men, four women and eleven children) arrived at the 18x24 foot cabin in Rutland township, about four miles from here, that had been built by William Clark. Here they spent the first winter. In some notes left by Maud Green, she said, "The first house in Dayton was on the site of our present home and was probably not a log cabin as Grandfather (John Green) had put a sawmill in the end of the flour mill in the spring of 1830.....They were still in this house in 1832 at the time of the Blackhawk War as they made a fort of it that summer..... I never heard how long it was until the second house was built on the hill side, facing the river. It had three stories with a spring in the basement floor running into a stone trough, parts of which are still in existence. The spring dried up long ago but I can remember it. The upper floor was even with the top of the hill. It had a porch on the east side of at least one floor.

"In the summer of 1853 John Green and his sons, David and Jesse, built three square frame houses in a row - John's where the first house stood. In these three houses the Jesse, David and Isaac Green families grew up. The Jesse Green house was destroyed by fire..... and our father's house was torn down in 1924 and replaced by the present structure, which is the fourth house on the original building spot. The David Green house is the only one still standing of the three built in 1853."

Two more children were born to Barbara and John after <sup>they</sup> settled in Illinois - Rebecca and Isaac, my grandfather. Two infants had died in Ohio so this left a family of nine to grow to maturity.

While these energetic pioneers were busy building houses, stores, mills and factories in the new town of Dayton there was still danger from some of the Indians. Shabonna and his Pottawatomie tribes were friendly to the white men but Blackhawk, chief of the Sauk tribes, was still waging war, and the occasional skirmishes made the settlers wary and uneasy. Because of this John Green fortified his house by building a stockade around it and at one time sixty persons from the surrounding area gathered there for protection.

When word was brought to this frightened community of the killing of fifteen persons on Indian Creek, and Sylvia and Rachel Hall's being taken prisoners by the Indians, the Dayton settlement moved down the river to Fort Johnson on the south bluff in Ottawa where a few soldiers were stationed. After a few days there they returned to their homes and by 1833 all such troubles with the Indians were over. Vivid accounts of this period are told in great detail by Elmer Baldwin, the historian.

Again quoting from Mr. Baldwin: "The first election in what is now LaSalle County was held at the home of John Green in August, 1830. It was for the Fox River Precinct of Peoria County..... In the winter of 1830-31 the legislature organized the county of LaSalle, and an election was held the following spring at Ottawa for county officers.....At the election held March 17, 1831, George Walker was chosen Sheriff; John Green, Abraham Trumbo and James B. Campbell, County Commissioners."

Plans for the Illinois and Michigan Canal were in progress when the Green party arrived in Illinois but actual work was not commenced until 1836. John again became a contractor and built about two miles of the feeder canal which connected the Fox River to the Illinois and Michigan Canal in Ottawa, which was finally completed in 1848, after many financial and labor troubles.

By 1840 John Green built the first water powered woolen mill in the state. This business prospered until bad times hit them during the Civil War and was later turned into a horse collar factory.

John Green and William Stadden, in cooperation with the state, started work in 1848 on a dam over the Fox River rapids to supply power for the surrounding area. The dam is still in operation today.

In 1849 the gold rush fever struck the whole country and the Green men were eager to increase their fortunes along with everyone else. John, accompanied by his sons, David, Jesse and Joseph, joined others in the mad rush for gold but within a year were back in Dayton without any noticeable fortune. Mabel's grandfather, Jesse, has written an interesting account of his trip.

A note left by Maud Green says, "While the men were away at the California gold rush in 1849 the Hite family lived in this house and rented the farm, the only time any but the Green family ever lived in (in 117 years)."

Soon after their return Joseph Green died of cholera at the age of 27 and is buried in the Dayton cemetery.

In the meantime John and Barbara's family was growing up and getting larger. Eliza, the oldest girl was married at 17, soon after they arrived in Illinois, to William Dunavan, 23 years old. He had arrived with his family from Licking County the year before. They reared a family of 11 children, several of whom moved to Texas.

Nancy was the next girl, born in 1816, she was 18 years old when she married Joseph Albert Dunavan, 22, on January 26, 1834. They had 11 children and have many descendants in this area, among them being Dick Dunavan, father of Mark and Sandy, and Ann, Carol and Jane Mills, daughters of Barbara Dunavan and Robert Mills, and granddaughters of Hope and Frank Dunavan. Nancy and her husband are buried in Hamilton, Missouri.

## 6.

The next wedding was that of Catherine Green on June 15, 1837 when she was 15. She also married a Dunavan, George, 22, and they had 13 children. Many of their descendants are here today - including Ethel Brown Holmes and Ruth Brown Baker and their children. Catherine and George are buried in the Dayton cemetery.

Jesse was the first son to marry. When he was 26 he married Isabelle Trumbo, a cousin and a daughter of Mathias and Rebecca Grove Trumbo, but she died when she was 32 years old. Jesse then married Hannah Rhodes in 1856 and had a large family. His story can better be told by some of his many descendants, Mabel Greene Myers, Helen Myers McLorraine, Alice Green and John Gilman. Isabelle and Jesse are buried in the Dayton cemetery.

Four years later David, then 28, married Mary Stadden, who was 20, on December 24, 1847 in Dayton. They had a family of 10 children and in 1853 built this house where we're meeting today, now owned by Grace and Charles Clifford. Mary and David are buried in our family cemetery.

The white house on the hill west of here was built by David for his oldest daughter, Alice, who married Jesse Allen in 1867 in the house where we are today. There are many living descendants but none in this immediate area. Mabel and I enjoyed hunting up one of the descendants when we were in Key West, Florida several years ago.

The youngest daughter was Rebecca - I remember her as Aunt Beck - who at the age of 24 was married to Oliver W. Trumbo, then 30. She was the first child born in LaSalle County and he had recently come from Rockingham County, Virginia with his family. They built a house on the hill across from the former store in Dayton and in my childhood visits to Illinois I remember it as a lovely home surrounded by many flowers and trees. They had two daughters, one died as a young girl, and the other one, Jesse, became Mrs. Wilmot Van Etten of Mendota, the parents of three boys, Clair, Walcott and Frank, who all had large families and have many living descendants here in Illinois and in California. Rebecca and Oliver are buried in the Dayton cemetery.

Rachel was the last daughter to be married. When she was 37 she married George Gibbon on September 28, 1863. They had two children but there are no descendants in this area now.

Issac, my grandfather, and the youngest of the children, was the last to be married. When he was 32 he married Mary Jane Trumbo, a sister of Oliver's. They lived in the family home, farmed the original land and are both buried in the Dayton cemetery. They had five children, of whom my mother, Barbara, was the youngest.

Their oldest child was Maud and I'd like to pay a loving tribute to her as she started all this record keeping. Their son Ralph's descendants are represented here today by Ruth Green Eichenberger and Grace Green Clifford and her children.

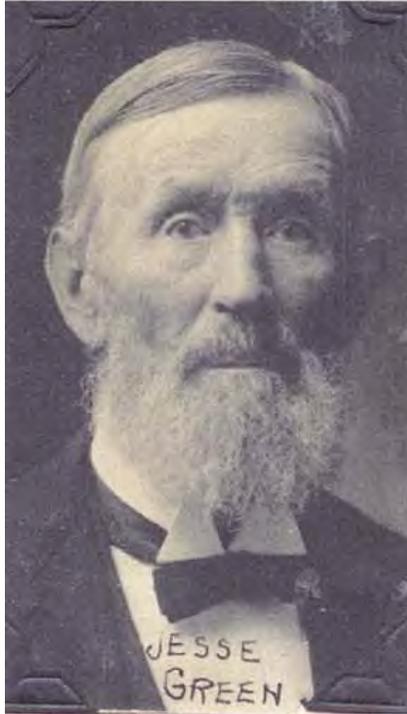
T.

John and Barbara both lived long and honorable lives and both lie in our beautiful little family cemetery which he donated to the community over a hundred years ago. He was 84 when he died on May 17, 1874 in the house that he had dreamed of back in Licking County. Barbara was blind for the last six years of her life and died May 5, 1886 at the age of 94, leaving behind a fine heritage of a good and useful life.

In my own defense for writing this long story let me say that I liked something I read in "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors" by John Fisk. "Without genealogy the study of history is comparatively lifeless." I hope I've been able to put some life into these ancestors that I am glad to have descended from.

///

*Jesse Green  
Helen's great grandfather*



*Hannah Rhodes  
Helen's great grandmother and Jesse Green's wife and mother of Thomas Green*



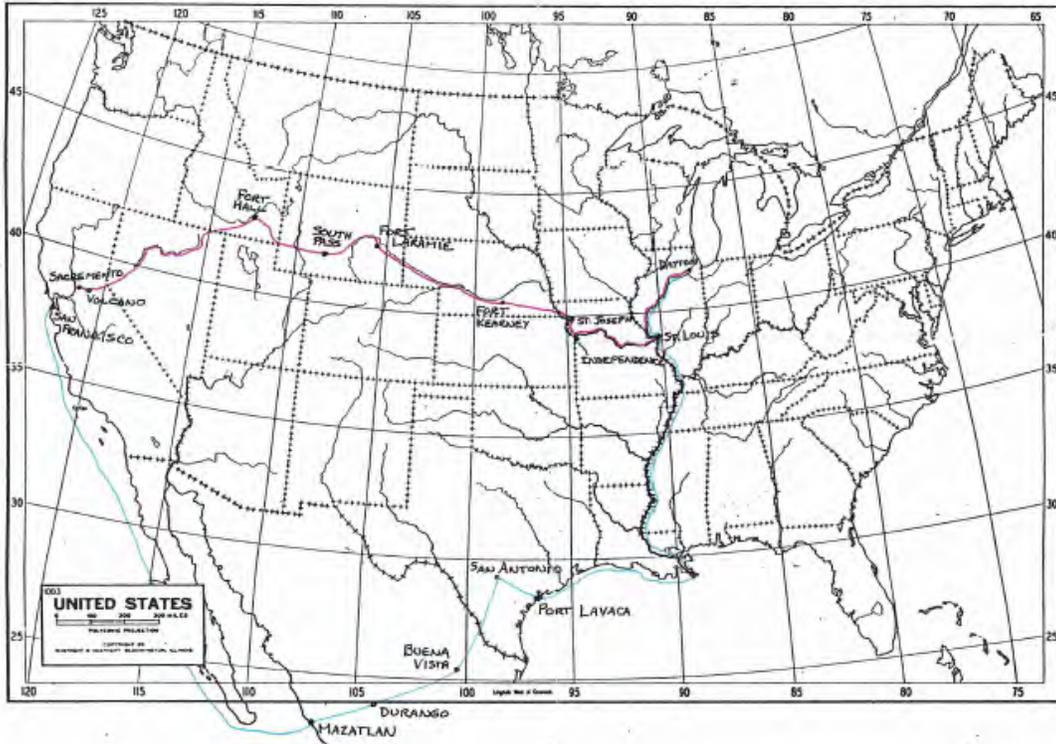
*Jesse Green and Map of Travels with Group of Twenty*



2 APR 1849 - LEFT OTTAWA  
 19 APR 1849 - ST. JOSEPH  
 22 MAY 1849 - FT. KEARNEY  
 12 JUN 1849 - FT. LARAMIE  
 2 SEP 1849 - ARRIVED AT MINES

ROUTE FOLLOWED BY JOHN, JESSE,  
 AND JOSEPH GREEN TO AND FROM  
 THE CALIFORNIA GOLD FIELDS  
 1849-1851

2 SEP 1850 - LEFT SAN  
 FRANCISCO  
 JAN 1851 - ARRIVED IN  
 DAYTON



PREFACE

The settlement of a new country naturally suggests to survivors and their descendants a desire to possess and perpetuate a brief sketch or outline history of their ancestors, detailing their hardships, privations and sufferings that must necessarily be endured in pioneer life.

The writer is one of five still surviving of the company of twenty four constituting what was termed "Green's Company", which immigrated to this state in the latter part of the year 1829 from Licking County, Ohio and whose history this brief sketch is mainly designed to give. Being repeatedly urged by friends and relatives, as the only one of that company left who could be expected to write from recollection, a brief history of the pioneer life of the members of the company, and knowing my inability to do so in a manner satisfactory either to them or to myself, it is with great reluctance that I yield to their request and attempt the effort.

Being confined to my room with rheumatism this winter, I write more for pastime than any expectation of meeting the approbation of my readers.

My aim will be simply to relate facts and circumstances of actual occurrence without any pretention at embellishment or desire to draw upon the imagination in order to make a better story. I shall be obliged to rely almost entirely upon memory for what is offered, trusting that crudeness and imperfections may be charitably overlooked, and that it may to a certain extent meet the wishes of those desiring me to undertake the task.

Doubtless it may be urged by some that the personal pronoun "I" figures to too great an extent, to which I can only reply that, being an active character in the drama, it would seem otherwise like playing Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

Ottawa, Illinois, December 15th, 1895

Jesse Green

I have purposely abstained from giving the biography of very many old and highly valued friends as well as relatives, from the fact that most of them have been favorably noticed in two or three histories of our county. This little sketch makes no pretensions as to an approach to a county history, but merely early recollections of passing events as they occurred to the writer and without referring to old rusty record.

## Chapter I

A brief sketch of the early settlement of LaSalle County Illinois, notably by John Green's party in 1829 and by relatives and others the following years.

My aim and desire will be to sketch truthfully the lives and acts of bravery of the pioneer settlers of this county. Not only of our own party but of the few daring and adventurous spirits who preceded and followed us to this region which could then be correctly called the "wild west".

It may not be out of place here to give a brief account of our ancestors as far back as my knowledge extends. My grandfather, Rev. Benjamin Green immigrated from Hagerstown, Maryland to Licking County, Ohio about the year 1800. He was a Methodist preacher but did not belong to any conference; like the apostle Paul he labored with his own hands during the week and preached a free gospel on the Lord's day, or as opportunity presented. He was an active jovial man, full of wit as well as wisdom. I well remember he owned a very large brown mare and one day when I was with him in the field, when about starting home for dinner, for my amusement and to my amazement, he stepped upon a stump and jumped entirely over his big horse to the ground. I was much impressed with this and always thought he must have a great mind as well as a strong active body.

Some years later, between the years of 1800 and 1813, a number of families removed from Virginia to Ohio and settled in Licking County; the Groves, Shavers, Trumbos, Linebargers Kites, Musselmen and Lairs were from Rockingham and Shenandoah Counties, Virginia. Others whose former place of residence is unknown to me were the Pitzers, Broombachs, Paars, Moores, Suttons, Davises and a host of others whose names have slipped my memory, I being but twelve years old when we left Ohio.

John Grove, the head of the Grove family was of Dutch or German descent and was a large powerful man. He could pick up a barrel of flour under each arm and toss them upon one of those old fashioned Virginia wagons with ease. He was so large that his descendants long preserved one of his vests to show his unusual girth about the breast. In the year 1812 my father John Green, was united in marriage to John Grove's daughter Barbara, and settled on a prospective farm in a heavily timbered section three miles south of Newark. One of John Groves' brothers and all of his family except his wife and one child were murdered by the Indians in an early day (I think this occurred in Virginia). The mother discovered the approach of the Indians and picking up a little child made her escape out of a back door.

My father held a Captain's commission during the war of 1812 but having been married only a short time previous to a call for active service, my mother finally prevailed upon him to procure a substitute which he was able to do, getting his brother Michael to take his place,

I remember very distinctly some events in Ohio, as impressions made on my youthful mind are much more vivid and lasting than those that transpired in later years. The first event of importance was the booming of cannon at the celebration of the commencement of work on the Ohio Canal, when Gov. Morrow threw out the first shovel of dirt in the spring of 1825. We heard the report of cannon distinctly at our home six miles distant, and I shall probably never forget the event as long as I live.

Father became quite an extensive contractor on that canal and in his first work had quite a serious accident while grubbing up trees. An uncle, John Pitzer, fearing a tree would fall on a span of horses and a pair of oxen, attempted to move them out of danger and was killed as well as one of his horses. The tree falling between the oxen, knocked a horn off from each.

Educational advantages were limited even in Ohio at that time. We did not have as many months of school as now and school houses were far apart, therefore both parents and children gladly embraced every opportunity for learning or culture. About this time father employed a young Englishman by the name of William Thacker for bookkeeper. "Billy" as we called him would take me on his knee evenings and teach me to write and cipher. I had attended school one term before Anna Stadden, my cousin, being the teacher, and had learned my letters and to spell a little; but probably Billy taught me as much that winter as I would have learned in school. I wrote and rewrote the date of the year, 1825 so frequently that it was indelibly impressed on my memory.

Father's first work on the canal was near his home but he afterwards took work near Dresden and Cashocton and removed his family near his work. He also had a little store and after the completion of his contracts in this locality, he took an unfinished contract further up the canal where two former contractors had died, it being in a rather unhealthy section.

On August 27, 1829, father with William Green, Joseph Grove and William Lambert left on horseback to explore the Northwest. They passed through Chicago where they found few settlers. They frequently slept on the ground. They came upon the Fox river and followed it down to the rapids where William Clark had arrived in the spring of that same year and built a cabin. The location was ideal for a mill site and was situated on lands subject to entry at that time. Father bought Mr. Clark's claim on which he was living, and hired him to put in forty acres of fall wheat, and to build another and larger log cabin 18 by 24 feet (all in one room) by the time he should return from Ohio with his family. He then went to the seat of government which was at Vandalia at that time, and entered the land on which the water-power is situated at Dayton. He then returned to his home in Ohio as speedily as possible as it was already late in the season to think of moving that fall, but he had made up his mind to do so, and was not easily swerved from his purpose, as he was a man of positive character and consequently was strong

willed, many thought recklessly so sometimes. But his resolutions being coupled with good sound judgement and "good hard horse sense" he was usually successful in his ventures.

On the 2nd of November, 1829 father had completed his arrangements for moving west. As it was so late in the season those desiring to go with him did all in their power to prevail upon him to abandon the undertaking until spring, but as his purpose could not be shaken, they finally yielded and on the above date they started with the following persons: John and wife Barbara Grove Green and their seven children, Eliza, Nancy, Jesse, David, Katherine, Rachel and Joseph; David Grove and wife Anna Howser Grove and one child, Elizabeth; Henry Brumbach and wife Elizabeth Pitzer Brumbach with one son Richard; Rezin DeBolt & wife, Emma Grove DeBolt and one child Barbara; Samuel Grove - Jacob Grove - Joseph Grove - Jacob Kite - Alexander McKay & Harvey Shaver, twenty four persons all told. The two later returned to Ohio but of the twenty two who remained in Illinois only seven died in forty one years.

The Company's outfit consisted of one wagon with four yoke of oxen, three two horse wagons and one double carriage for father's family. We found the roads passable until we got into Indiana where we were obliged to stop three days on account of rain. About forty teams were weather bound at this point on the Whitewater River and we were told that it would be impossible to proceed unless we attempted to travel over the tops of wagons and teams already swamped.

From this place we were obliged to cut out a new road through a heavily timbered country for about sixty miles, travelling only about ten miles a day. Father with a child in his arms was thrown from his carriage and in the fall had three ribs broken. A wheel passed over the child slightly injuring it. But father continued his journey without a murmur of complaint, so readily did those hardy pioneers adapt themselves to circumstances and heroically face the inevitable.

Many streams were so high that when practical, we attempted to head them instead of trying to effect a crossing. A short distance before reaching the prairies in Indiana, father sent brother David and me on ahead of the teams to find a stopping place for the night, and engage feed for the teams, and accommodation for as many of our company as possible. We found a comfortable little house owned by an eastern man, and found accommodations for man and beast. During the evening we were talking over our past difficulty while travelling over what seemed to be a God-forsaken country, and our landlord became almost eloquent in his appeals to my father to desist from attempting to reach our destination at that late season, claiming that we would surely perish on those bleak prairies in such a rash undertaking. Father felt confident that we could get through and was determined to make the effort.

At last the man said very feelingly, "If you must go, I want you to leave those two bright little boys with me. I can't bear to think of them having to perish on those bleak prairies"

After travelling five days from this place by the aid of a compass, there being no road, over those almost endless prairies we reached Parishes Grove, Iroquois County, Illinois. From there we followed an Indian trail that led us to Hubbard's trading post on the Iroquois River. One cold sleety night mother sat up all night on the carriage seat and in attempting to get out in the morning, she found her clothing frozen fast to the seat of the carriage. But she, like our father, was equal to any emergency without a word of complaint. She had such a happy, cheerful disposition that she endeavored to look upon the bright side of things under the most trying circumstances and was never known to borrow trouble. I am aware that everyone claims to have the best mother that ever lived but I think mine was a little better.

We had considerable trouble in crossing several streams before reaching Hubbard's trading post. Cicero, though ordinarily a small stream was so swollen that we were obliged to fell trees from either side to make a temporary bridge or crossing place over which we carried our load, swimming our teams and drawing our wagons over with ropes. When the women attempted to cross, there was one who could not pick up courage enough to attempt crossing on such a temporary affair, so father got her on his back somehow and carried her over on his hands and knees, but becoming entangled in the brush, they both got a good wetting. Father had been having chills and fever every other day for some time previous, but this accidental wetting cured him.

We bought of Mr. Gordon Hubbard all the corn he had, which was only eight bushels. He had nothing in the way of provisions that he could spare. We also bought of him a large perogues or overgrown canoe and loaded into this about thirty hundred weight of our luggage in order to lighten up our loads, our teams showing evident signs of exhaustion from their long and arduous journey. We put onto our boat for a crew, Samuel and Joseph Grove and Jacob Kite with directions to work down the Iroquois to the Kankakee, then to the mouth of that stream \* where we would meet them and they were to assist us in crossing.. It was seventy miles via the river but only thirty by land across country, but it took the teams three days and the crew had almost given up meeting us when fortunately they heard a well known voice calling to a favorite horse, and by this means were enabled to reach our camp.

We ferried the most of our goods over the stream in our boat when a friendly Indian came along and showed us a good fording place where we crossed with our teams and wagons. However, the wagon with the mill-irons struck a large boulder and capsized. It required the assistance of most of our men to right it.

\*Note - Now known as Dresden Heights - junction of Kankakee & DesPlaines.

Here, I would remark some got the impression was the place where father got the wetting that cured his chills, but I feel positive that he left them behind at the Cicero crossing. From this point our boat was to go down the Illinois River to the rapids where Marseilles is now situated, and tie up at the head of the rapids and from there travel in a north westerly direction to Clark's, our new home.

When we parted with our boat crew for three days, we and our teams were on short ration. One of our company, Jacob Grove refused to eat anything as he felt sure we were hopelessly lost and thought it was his duty to save all he could for the women and children. He was in the habit of walking behind a certain wagon so regularly that the women would put some food in the feed box attached to the hind end of the wagon, hoping he might be tempted to eat a little on the sly, but nothing was ever touched by the brave, unselfish man.

The day before we reached our destination father concluded he saw in the distance Hawleys Grove and started on ahead of the company on horseback in pursuit of provisions for ourselves and feed for our teams but so discouraged were part of the company and so sure that we were hopelessly lost, that one man so far forgot the proprieties of the occasion as to tell the women that "Mr. Green was well aware that he was lost and the company in danger of starvation and when he had left them it was only on a pretense that he might avoid seeing the suffering of his friends and that he would take his own life rather than starve on the prairies". Mother, brave soul! would not listen a moment to these gloomy forebodings and reflections. Too well she knew the true heart that had never yet failed her for an hour.

About ten O'clock at night, to our joy and the relief of the discouraged ones, father returned to our camp on Nettle Cršek. He had hired one, Robert Beresford, with a little democrat wagon and a gray horse and had made up a load of provisions for the needs of man and beasts. He had bought a quarter of beef that Mr. Beresford and Hawley had killed that day as well as other food, and corn and hay for the horses.

Our friend Grove and all the party partook of a hearty meal though rather late at night. It is impossible to make the reader understand how overjoyed we were and how during the meal and long after we rejoiced over our happy deliverance from starvation and suffering on those bleak, black prairies.

The next day, December 17th 1929 at four O'clock P. M. we reached our destination but the party of young men whom we expected would reach Clark's before we did, had not yet put in an appearance, and we were all oppressed with fearful forebodings regarding our crew, fearing they might have met with some serious accident. On the same day they had made their boat fast just above the grand rapids of the Illinois River, and starting across the prairie without any knowledge of the country became belated and were wondering how they were to spend the night when fortunately they saw a light in the window of a cabin about eight O'clock. On reaching the house they were surprised to find it was the place they were in search of. Needless to say they gladly joined us and we had a general time of rejoicing.

the last being found, the sheep all in the fold at last.

No doubt my father did run a great risk in making this trip so late in the year, through a country destitute of ferries, bridges, mills and almost all the usual means of supplying the needs of human beings, but "all is well that ends well".

He lived many years after this trying ordeal as "Our Pioneers" by Isaac Smucker tells, to bless his country by the exercise of his indomitable will and perseverance and had the pleasure of furnishing food and clothing for the early settlers over a large extent of country for many years.

Here let me call attention to the fact that we can scarcely realize at the present time, the necessity and importance of mills in the development of a new country. Both saw and flouring mills were prime factors in the march of civilization during the infancy of this great, rich, and prosperous country, surrounded as we are now with an abundance of everything that can contribute to the comfort and happiness of the human family - not only staples but luxuries undreamt of at that time. We can scarcely understand the condition of a country without means of manufacture or preparation of food for our tables or material for building purposes; especially in a country with no means of commerce, no supplies brought to our doors from the ports of the world, and nothing but material in the rough at hand.

Soon after our arrival here father sent a team down to a mill in Tazwell County for flour and got what was supposed to be sufficient to last until we could grind some of our own wheat, but he did not take into consideration our increased appetites, which we thought had nearly doubled. Then Uncle Samuel Grove and I took a grist of frostbitten corn to Mr. Covil's ox-mill below Ottawa on the south side of the river. We were ferried across the Illinois River just above the mouth of the Fox, by two daughters of Dr. David Walker who ran the ferry in the absence of their father. We followed an Indian trail, not a wagon track was visible. Probably owing to the fact that our corn had been caught by an early frost before reaching maturity, we did not succeed very well in grinding it in the Ox-mill, and we returned home with a good portion of our grist unground. Some time later we took another grist up to Mission Point where Rev. Jesse Walker had a similar mill in connection with his mission and school for the civilization and education of the rising generation of our Indian friends and neighbors, but his mill did not prove to be any more successful in grinding our soft corn than Mr. Covil's mill.

My first visit to where Ottawa is now situated was in the early spring of 1830. At that time there was a little log cabin on the north side of the river, near the present location of the Ottawa House, built by James Walker who had removed to Plainfield. It was not occupied at that time. This was the only house or cabin on the north side of the river, but in the fall of that year I hauled lumber from Dayton for a man by the name of Captain Jack who built a store that fall but he remained in Ottawa only a short time. The trade of the surrounding country did not prove very remunerative.

When we came here we found Vital Vermét, who afterwards married Dr. Walker's daughter Huldah. Another daughter married Joseph Cloud who later served as first clerk of our county court. Another daughter had married a man by the name of Ed Weed and was living at Hawley's Grove. Another married a Mr. Newton, still another married William Hickling, who a few years later became partner with his brother-in-law, George Walker in the wholesale and retail grocery and drygoods trade in Ottawa, which they followed for a number of years amassing fortunes, after which they sold out to S. W. Cheever. Walker went to the southern part of the state for his health and opened a large fruit farm, on which he lived a few years and then went to Chicago and invested in real estate. He died several years ago. William Hickling also went to Chicago and invested largely in real estate. His wife survives him and is still living in Chicago in good circumstances.

On the south side of the river near Marseilles James Galloway located, also near him was Abraham Trumbo who bought the land on which Dayton is situated. My father's first purchase was on the east side of Fox River and Mr. Trumbo's on the west side, and as the west side seemed to be the easiest to improve, and both parties saw the importance of getting mills in operation at as early a day as possible, they made an exchange of titles. Mr. Covil was living on a creek of his own name on the south side and had, when we came, an Ox-mill for grinding corn. Mr. Long, Josiah Shaw, the Pembrooks, Hugabones and I think Charles Brown were all on the south side of the river. Two Indian traders, George Dilsaver and a Mr. Countryman roamed at large. I think these constitute the sum total of settlers we found here, though there was Simon Crasiar at Utica, and three or four near Peru.

We found that Mr. Clark had sown forty acres of wheat according to contract, which made an excellent crop and supplied the few settlers here and those coming in 1830. We tested one acre (probably the best) of this wheat which yielded forty nine and three fourths bushels.

Mr. Clark had also built us a log cabin eighteen by twenty four feet all in one room, which had to accommodate for a season our whole company of twentyfour persons. He occupied his own cabin until spring, when he moved to Plainfield.

Early in the spring of 1830 development of the water power was commenced by using the stumps from the timber from which the mill was being constructed. Economy was sought to a greater extent than it is at the present time. The saw mill was built with sufficient room to put a pair of stones in one end of it to do our grinding until a better mill could be erected, having brought with us the necessary mill irons, black-smith tools etc. Whilst the men were getting out the timber for the mill and dam, which had to be built to intersect a small island, brother David and myself took the contract of scraping out the race or waterway for a distance of about a half mile (he being ten, and I twelve years old). We each had a pair of oxen and an old fashioned scraper. I sometimes had to help him load and dump his scraper and vice versa. We had the race completed by the time the mills were ready to draw their gates. On the morning of the 4th day of July 1830 the first wheat was ground by water power in the northern portion of Illinois. We did not at this time have a bolt for separating the flour from the bran but we thought that graham flour was good enough to celebrate that Natal day with a double purpose that will never be forgotten by the latest survivor of the memorable event. It marked the first and greatest step in the alleviation of the hardships and suffering of the early settlers, and they soon all had plenty of graham flour and corn dodgers. Up to this time we were obliged to grind our grain in a coffee mill, or pound it in a mortar improvised by burning out a hole in the top of a stump, and attaching an iron wedge to a handle to use as a pestle which was operated in a manner similar to the old fashioned well sweep.

It seems marvelous that both saw and grist mills could have been built in so short a space of time, when we consider the scant facilities afforded at that time but it fully illustrates the old saying that "necessity is the mother of invention". And there is certainly great credit due the executive head that managed and controlled every detail in their construction, and his foresight in bringing with him everything necessary in their construction.

The next season, having plenty of lumber, a frame building for a grist mill was built, separate and apart from the saw mill to accommodate the increasing immigration, which began in the fall of 1830 when the following families came from Licking County, Ohio, former friends and relatives. David Letts and family; Wm. L. - George - and Joseph A Dunavan, brothers and settled at Cedar Point in this county. Widow Anna Pitzer and family, sister of my father, John Green, Mathias Tumbo and family, David Shaver and family, William Parr and family. William Stadden & family, Jonathan and Aeron Daniels and families. Edward Sanders, Joseph Kleiber and Benjamin Fleming, all with families and settled in Rutland Township which at that time included most of Dayton Township, that portion of the Congressional Township No. 34 lying west of Fox River. The same fall a number of other families from Ohio settled on the south side of the Illinois River. Mrs. Elsie Strawn Armstrong and her brother Jeremiah Armstrong Strawn settled in Putnam Co, Col John Strawn & John S. Armstrong came in the fall of 1829 and settled near Lacon.

Among the few scattered families hereabouts when we came was Dr. David Walker and his family who had come from Rockingham County, Va. and settled on the south side of the Illinois River where Ottawa is now located. One of his sons George E. Walker, was engaged in trading with the Indians, always dealing fairly and honorably with them and keeping perfect faith in all engagements and gained over these simple children of the forest that influence and possession of their perfect confidence which he never lost and which was found so advantageous in many trying emergencies.

When LaSalle County was organized in 1830 George Walker was elected its first sheriff and it was while holding this position that he made that remarkable trip to the far west after some indian prisoners, the recital of which to this day sounds like an overdrawn fiction. The substance of the narrative is that in 1832 a few young braves of the Pottawatomies joined Black Hawk in his war on the whites despite the efforts of Chief Shabone to prevent it. Two young brothers were identified as taking part in some murders along the Fox River and were arrested for the crime. But as the trial was postponed for a year and in the meantime the tribe to which the young men belonged had moved beyond the Mississippi River Mr. Walker allowed them to follow going bail for their return at the next term of court. On the appointed day the Indians returned, but on account of floods etc., no court was held and the Indians returned to their tribe, supposing the matter was done with. At the next term of court, however, Mr. Walker was called upon to produce his prisoners, and he promptly started on a journey of three hundred miles across the country on horseback and alone to bring them. In due course he presented himself to the tribe and stated his case, upon which without hesitation the young men were placed in his charge. The country to be traversed on his return was unsettled, and except for a Military Base at Rock Island, there were only a few roving Indians, moody and sullen, reluctantly quitting the country that had just been wrested from them at the end of a bloody war, destitute, starving and exasperated, of whom he could claim hospitality. Yet the adventurous sheriff strong in his purpose, fearless and confident in the high character he possessed among the red men with whom he had so long dealt, pressed fearlessly on. The prisoners were without horses, Mr. Walker had one, and this he shared with them alternately. He was without arms but relied upon the honor and good faith of the prisoners, not only for the success of his enterprise, but for his life as well, for there was scarcely an hour from the time he started until their arrival when his prisoners might not have summarily disposed of their captor and made good their escape. Yet true to their compact, they shared the hardships and privations of the journey with their captor and friend. His horse breaking from its tethering in the night was pursued and brought back by one of the Indians after a chase of ten miles alone. On the second day from their start they arrived at Fort Atkinson on Rock River, where the prisoners requested of Mr. Walker that they might be permitted to pass the post to a camp of their own brethren sojourning there, alone, that they might avoid the disgrace of being in custody.

Yielding to their request, Mr. Walker followed and met his prisoners at the appointed rendezvous this side of the Mississippi and the journey was soon completed in the same manner it was begun. Upon arriving, the Indians supposed their fate was at hand, and when Mr. Walker requested one of them to take off his blanket in order, by certain marks to identify him to the Grand Jury, the Indian complied and signified to Mr. Walker that he was gratified that it was at his hands that he was to meet his doom. The matter was explained to him and the trial proceeded.

The Indians were ably defended by Col. R. J. Hamilton of Chicago. The influence of Mr. Walker was not wanting in presenting to the minds of an exasperated people the case of the Indians in its true light and they were at last acquitted on the ground that the act they had done, dreadful as it seemed to the neighbors of the victims - and those neighbors and friends were the triers of the accused - was Indian habits and modes of warfare, justly considered, a "lawful" act of war. During the Black Hawk war, Mr. Walker organized and became captain of a band of friendly Indians rendering frequent and efficient service. His familiarity with the Indians dialects enabled him also to be of important service during the war as interpreter to General Scott. (I have borrowed from history a portion of my old friend Walker's biography, in order to do him greater honor, as he deserves it.)

The first settlers all came from heavily timbered country and as a consequence did not think it possible that those broad prairies would be settled in their day but expected to have unlimited range for all the stock they might desire to keep. The first settlers secured as much of the best timber as they possibly could, through pre-emptions and floats (as they were called) which were subject to transfer and sale by their holders. In the course of time they expected to have neighbors skirting the timber belts of the country but did not have the remotest idea the prairies would be occupied. However, it was not long until coal was discovered and thought to be almost inexhaustible. Lumber began to be brought across the lakes, and the problem of the feasibility of settling up the prairies was solved, and only a few years later the prairies in this section were nearly bought up, largely by eastern land speculators which retarded the settlement of the country considerably for a number of years, driving immigrants still farther west.

Though there were so few white inhabitants near us, we soon found we could have plenty dusky-skinned neighbors. Indians of the Pottawatomie tribe roamed over the prairies hunting deer, turkeys and prairie chickens, the latter as well as quail being in great abundance. Fish in the streams were very plentiful and some very large. It was a curious sight to see an Indian standing with one foot on each side of the bow of his canoe, with spear in hand and his squaw in the stern to direct his course. They used to secure great numbers of fish in a short time. They pitched their wigwams together in an encampment in a sheltered place during winter

and all the year round mingled frequently and freely with the white settlers, often becoming troublesome on account of their desire to live on terms of perfect equality with their new friends. They always met us with the familiar salutation of "Bushoo, Bushoo Nicon", "How do you do? How do you do my friend". They seemed to enjoy the company of their pale faced neighbors very much, and were very thankful for any little gift or favor done them, seeming to consider it a token of friendship.

They were inveterate beggars and always hungry. They would often eat breakfast at my father's and brother's, then finish up at my house getting good square meals at each place, and would probably not want much more for two or three days.

During the harvest season they would be on hand in great numbers to glean the field after the harvesters had passed over the ground. As harvesting was not so scientifically done in those days as at present, more grain was left on the ground than with the present mode of harvesting with a reaper. No doubt the harvesters left many handfull of grain for the poor gleaners who followed them. They would get from one peck to two bushels to the family from an ordinary wheat field. Father used to say that a head of wheat found after the Indians, men women and children, had passed over the field would be a specific for the fever and ague which prevailed to such extent for a number of years, and it was expected that every newcomer would necessarily have a siege of it to acclimate him.

As corroborative evidence of this fact I will relate a little of my own experience in this line. It seemed to require more of the shaking up process to acclimate me than most others. I had it regularly every fall up to 1843 when I became so tired and disgusted with it that I concluded to try the remedy that my father experienced when moving to this country, and which proved successful in his case. I began to think that if cold water alone was a specific for that annoying complaint, we had plenty of it very convenient in a wool scouring box about six feet long, two and a half feet wide and three feet deep in the woolen factory. I had made up my mind to jump into this box of water a little before my chill came on, but being busy, neglected it until I was shivering like an aspen leaf. I jumped in with my chill and with my clothes on, not caring very much whether it killed or cured. It came very near the former, as by the time I walked up home with wet clothing, I was shaking so badly that my wife thought I would shake down the old brick hotel where we were living at that time. I had a slight chill the next day, but have not had an attack of fever and ague since.

The first election in this part of the country was held in the home of John Green on August 2, 1830. Pierce Hawley, John Green and Samuel Grove were judges of election, John Green certifying to the qualifications of his associates and Pierce Hawley to the qualifications of Mr. Green. Following is the list of voters: John Green, Hugh Walker, Wm. Purcell, Pierce Edmond Weed, Joseph Grove, John Dilsaver, Alexander McKee, Hawley Reason Debolt, Peter Lamsett, Joseph Grove, Samuel Grove, Robert Beresford, and Henry Brumbach. We were then a part of Fox River Precinct of Peoria County. The following winter the legislature organized the county of LaSalle extending from Groveland to the northern boundary of the state, making it over a hundred miles long and about thirty six miles wide. The following spring an election was held at Ottawa (March 7, 1831) and George E. Walker was elected Sheriff; John Green, Abraham Trumbo and James B. Campbell, County Commissioners; and David Walker county clerk. At the same time LaSalle County was designated, Cook County was laid out to the east and Putnam County to the west, all being taken from the northern part of Peoria County. Governor Reynolds signed the bill on the 15th day of January 1831. At the first meeting of the LaSalle County Commissioners March 21st, the county was divided into three election precincts. The first which included ranges one and two east of the 3rd P. M. was called Vermillion with the polls at the house of David Letts who lived in Township 32, Range one, Wm. Seely, Martin Reynolds, and David Letts being judges of election. The second, which included ranges 3 and 4 east of the 3rd P. M., was called Ottawa with the polls at David Walker's; John Brown, Edward Keys and Samuel Allen, judges of election. The third, which included ranges 5, 6, 7, and 8 east of the 3rd P. M., was called Eastern, the polls being at the home of Vetal Vermett, Holderman's Grove and the judges of election were John Dougherty, Edward Weed and Wm. Schermerhorn.

The first marriage after the organization of the county was that of Sheldon Bartholomew to Charlotte Hugabone. It took place according to the records June 22, 1831, and that fall my sister Eliza and Wm. L. Dunavan were married which I believe was the second marriage in this county both parties having since passed the boundary line between life and death, my sister having but recently died at the age of eighty-four.

The village of Ottawa was laid out by the State in Sept. of 1830 and comprised what is now known as south Ottawa. There had been quite an increase of population from Indiana, New York, Tennessee and a few other states about the time of the outbreak of the Black Hawk war in 1832.

It would be superfluous to recount much of that war, as we have that in history, but there, always minor events that escape the historian's pen, that would interest the actual participants, the sufferers and others whose curiosity would lead them to inquire what part, if any, their parents acted in that Indian war.

Our first intimation of danger from the hostile Indians of Black Hawk's band was conveyed to us by our old and honored friend, Shabona, a friendly chief of the Potawatomie tribe of Indians who roamed in this immediate vicinity. He told us that we might expect a raid by the "Savkiss", meaning Black Hawk's band of Sac and Fox Indians and advised us to "Buckachee" which meant to leave or seek a place of safety, but instead we commenced fortifying father's house, by digging a trench around the house and inserting slabs from the saw mill and doubling them so as to be proof against their rifles. The enclosure was made large enough to accommodate all our neighbors who came in from the north side of the Illinois River with the exception of those unfortunate settlers massacred on Indian Creek, ten miles distant, the news of which we got about twelve o'clock at night after the massacre, which occurred in the afternoon.

Fearing too great a number of Indians would pounce upon us that night, we were advised by our informant, Wilbur F. Walker, that we should leave our fort at once, and go to Ottawa and cross to the south side of the river, where there had assembled a number of families and where we would probably be safer and better enabled to defend ourselves against an attack.

We had the large perogue that we bought of Gurdon S. Hubbard on the Irôquois River when moving here, and filled it with women and children and two men, Wm. Stadden and Aaron Daniels managed the boat which carried twenty five or thirty persons. The balance of the party walked down the bank of the river, but in our haste and confusion several mishaps occurred. On loading the boat, a child was left standing on the rock near the water's edge. This child was thek present wife of Wm. L. Gibson and she was fortunately discovered by W. L. Dunavan who put her in possession of her parents. It was also discovered that brother David and myself were missing and Dunavan went back to our house and found us sleeping soundly not having been awakened through the confusion. And until mother went back for some blankets to wrap around the children in the boat it was not discovered that David Letts had not awakened. He had been up the river with a scouting party and upon returning to our house took dinner, disbanded his company, and stayed for the night. He soon saddled his horse and overtook the company. Mrs. Rebecca Grove Trumbo was so sick that she desired to be left lying on the grass, but her husband and Uncle David Grove assisted her the best they could until Mr. Letts came along with his horse and he gave it up to her to ride, Uncle holding her on the horse.

Mother walked and carried a year old babe, now the honored wife of O. W. Trumbo of Dayton and on the way down mother prayed that the boat with its precious crew might sink, feeling so sure that we would all be killed by the savages. We were ferried across the Illinois River in our boat without any further mishaps, and sought quarters on the south bluff where we remained in camp until it was safe to return home the latter part of August when Black Hawk was taken prisoner in Wisconsin.

Luckily for us those Indians who so cruelly murdered 16 persons on Indian Creek comprising part of the Hall family the Davis and Pettigrew families, did not advance farther. Three of Mr. Davis's sons escaped, and when a party went up the next day to bury the dead they found the barrel of Mr. Davis' gun which was badly bent, showing that he sold his life as dearly as possible in the attempt to save the lives of his family and himself. Two of the Misses Hall were taken prisoners but were soon ransomed.

A few days later a company of twenty five men started out from Ottawa to reconnoitre the country about Holderman's grove crossing the Illinois River at what was called Brown's ford about two miles above Ottawa, and travelled up the east side of the Fox River. Two of the company who were on the north side of the Illinois River went by way of Dayton, and crossing the Fox, expected to meet the company, but in passing around the field of the old Clark farm, discovered a party of Indians and turned and fled toward Ottawa. A soldier who had also fallen behind his comrades met them at the south side of the field and also fled, pursued by about a dozen Indians. The Indians did not fire on them probably from fear of alarming the soldiers who were a short distance in advance, but threw their spears, one passing just under and another just over his horses neck, barely missing the soldier, who having the fleetest horse escaped and returned to Ottawa and gave the alarm. The two men in a wagon, Schermerhorn and Hazleton were killed and scalped and their horses taken. From the place where the soldier left them the track of the wagon circled to the right toward the timber where David Grove used to live, the tracks of the Indian's ponies being south of the wagon track, showing their intention to drive the white men into the timber. The wagon was found against a tree on the edge of the ravine nearly north of Mr. Grove's house. The tree is probably still standing as Mr. Grove preserved it as long as he lived as a memento of that sad event. Mr. Schermerhorn's body was found lying by the forewheels of the wagon and Mr. Hazleton's (his son-in-law) twentyfive or thirty rods below on the north bank of the ravine. He appears to have fled after Mr. Schermerhorn was killed and been overtaken and shot where found. A small scalp was taken from him. Schermerhorn, being baldheaded, they took his entire scalp including portions of both ears. The bodies were brought to Ottawa in the wagon and I well remember the first sight of those two men lying side by side in the wagon; they looked more like slaughtered hogs than human beings. They were buried on the south bluff at Ottawa with the honors of war which the writer witnessed.

The same day Capt. James McFadden who was commander of a company of home guards organized in Ottawa, in company with James Beresford, Ezekial and Daniel Warren were out on a reconnoitering expedition and on the south side of Indian Creek, near the residence of Robert Beresford, they found some nice wild strawberries which they were picking. They had thus been engaged for some time, when the Warrens remarked they were too near the bushes that skirted the timber as Indians might be concealed in the brush and they mounted their horses and rode off. The others remained a short time,

and had just mounted their horses when they were fired upon by a dozen Indians; doubtless the same that killed Schermerhorn and Hazleton. Beresford was killed and ~~McFadden~~ shot through the ankle, the same ball passing through the body of his horse but the faithful animal carried him beyond the reach of the Indians and fell. The Warrens then came to his assistance, and one of them dismounted and gave the wounded man his horse with the agreement that in case they were pursued by the Indians, and likely to be overtaken, the one on foot should have his horse back, and McFadden would yield his scalp to the Indians.

These together with the massacre of Adam Paine heretofore mentioned were the only casualties from the Indians in this immediate section of country, after the massacre on Indian Creek.

Our little defenseless squad of men, women and children were encamped on the south bluff at Ottawa, and under directions of Col. James Johnstone of Macon County, erected a small fort just east of where the east road, leads up the bluff on the south side of the River and it was called Fort Johnstone.

We were driven into the fort a few evenings by false alarms from our sentinels. Some of them had a faculty of transforming a bush waving in the breeze, into a genuine blood thirsty savage, and would take deliberate aim and fire. This would drive us into the fort at first but we soon became so accustomed to these false alarms that we could sleep quietly in our tents.

Our first genuine alarm was when we were thrown into a panic for a spell by what proved to be the stampede of Major Stillman's deserting troops coming down the north bluff, near the present residence of Judge Caton. Their bright arms glistened in the sunshine and for quite a while we had no other idea than that they were Indians, but on nearer approach found they were Stillman's command, retreating from danger and anxious to be discharged. After the arrival at Dixon of twenty-two hundred volunteers called by the Governor and under command of General Whiteside, Major Stillman's forces of two battalions of mounted volunteers, were ordered up the river to reconnoitre and learn the location and strength of Black Hawk. This force left on the 12th day of May and when they came up to Old Man's Creek, since very properly called Stillman Run, they discovered a few Indians on horseback, and the men, without orders or commander pursued, overtook and killed three Indians, but soon encountered Black Hawk with seven hundred warriors. They then, of course, changed front and tried the speed of their horses back to camp, whereupon the whole command caught the panic. To prevent the Indians from getting their supply of whiskey, they knocked in the heads of the whiskey barrels, and by absorbing the contents, defeated the Indians in this particular at least.

There were enough men in that command to have taken Black Hawk then and there, but they made a bee line to Dixon and from there to Ottawa many of them without hats, and so

completely demoralized that their first desire to distinguish themselves as Indian fighters had completely oozed out.

As the time of their enlistment had about expired, they were anxious to be discharged, which was done at their encampment on the east side of Fox River, nearly opposite, or rather below the present water works plant in Ottawa on May 27 and 28.

Thus the defenseless settlers were left exposed to the small marauding bands of Indians scattered over the country. When either Gen. Jacob Fry or Gen. Henry (Mr. Baldwin in his history of the county has it the former, but my recollection is that it was General Henry), one of the two made a speech to the discharged men and succeeded in raising a regiment of volunteers, and Gen. Fry was elected Colonel. Whiteside, late commanding general, enlisted as a private.

On the 15th of June the new levies had been mustered into service, amounting to three thousand two hundred men, and formed into three brigades, commanded by General Atkinson of the regular army. On the 22nd of June the forces were organized on the south side of the Illinois River at Fort Wilburn near where Peru is now located. From here they marched in pursuit of Black Hawk, and after repeated skirmishes, utterly defeated him at the battle of Bad Axe on the Mississippi River in Wisconsin August 1832.

Father obtained the contract for furnishing beef for the army during this campaign, and got me into the commissary department at Ottawa, as assistant, during his absence which was not so long as the history of the war makes it appear. I know he was home in July during harvest time but he may have returned before the war was ended which I think was the fact. The danger from Indians was over. We succeeded in getting from our home guards a company of twenty five men to act as guards, while doing our harvesting on the farm bought of Mr. Clark seven miles north east of Ottawa. On the approach of the first night, at sundown, our corporal of guards said he heard the report of a gun down in the grove. His countenance certainly demonstrated the fact that he at least thought he did as he could not conceal his fear. The question then arose as to where we should sleep that night; some favored our cabin and others preferred the hay-mow in the barn. We were divided on the question as to which would be the best and safest place to spend the night. The majority seemed to favor the barn; others claimed that the Indians might stealthily set the barn on fire, but we finally concluded to go into the hay-mow.

We were, or seemed all to be in entire ignorance with regard to the discipline of the army, and its co-ordinate branches in posting guards in time of war. Our horses were enclosed in the barn yard as we supposed very secure. We had taken the precaution to barricade the gate with rails in such a way that we felt sure they could not get out of themselves; but about twelve O'clock at night we heard our horses all running out at the gate. Never did a cat watch

more intently and slyly for a mouse, than we did for Indians. I think for about a minute, in case of an attack, I could not have shot so as to hit the side of a barn, but after that time I could have shot as steadily as ever I did. After waiting a short time and neither hearing nor seeing Indians, my father called for two or three of our guards to go down with him to try to get our horses back into the yard again; but no, there was not a man in the whole company with nerve sufficient to do so. I finally said I would go for one, but my father replied that if none of the men would go that I, a boy, should not, so he went down alone and succeeded in getting the horses back to the gate, when a couple of men ventured to go and help get them through the gate. The only way we could imagine that it was possible for our horses to escape was that Indians let them out or possibly that either hogs or sheep might have carried the ends of the rails around and out of place.

## CHAPTER II

### SOCIABILITY \* AMUSEMENTS \* INCREASE OF IMMIGRATION \* AND THE LATCH STRING STILL DANGLING ON THE OUTSIDE

I think it may truthfully be said that in no sphere or stage of progressive civilization and advancement is the Scriptural Injunction obeyed with a fuller realization of its import and importance, than in the early settlement of a New Country. Namely; "Do unto others ~~xxx~~ as you would that they should do unto you".

Circumstances all combine to make each and every one feel his dependence upon others and consequently this injunction is obeyed not merely as a duty but as a pleasure, as this dependence is felt in so many different ways. A cabin has to be built requiring the assistance of the entire neighborhood; harvesting will not admit of delay, and a neighborhood joins teams in order to do it to better advantage; and a hundred and one little acts of kindness are rendered and gladly reciprocated through a higher and more exalted motive than we usually see in older settled communities. With increased prosperity or wealth men become more selfish, and selfishness begets strife, and strife puts the big man on top with the little one whining at his heels. Such seems to me to be the tendency of the age in which we live. It is fast coming to be, or now is to an alarming extent, that man's worth is measured by his dollars and cents. No man of ordinary means can think of filling high office of honor and trust. The moneyed man is on top, and the other qualifications of honor, honesty, and fitness in every respect avail not against dollars and cents.

It used to be the custom of the country that no matter who chanced to reach your home at night, the stranger was made perfectly welcome to share your scanty fare "without money and without price". In the morning when the guest offered to settle his bill for entertainment, usually the only charge was "go and do likewise".

This generous and hospitable spirit prevailed for a number of years in the infancy of this new, great and prosperous country. With greater immigration from all parts, this generous and hospitable disposition began gradually to die out and we begin to see the big sign swinging high in the air announcing - Entertainment. The latch string pulled in, free entertainment was no longer expected and from this time on, a more selfish and acquisitive disposition began to take root and grow among all classes of society.

And here commenced the race for money making. Gradually all seemed to vie with each other, first to see who could get the most land, and then to see who could raise the most wheat, the most corn, the most cattle and the most hogs. It required great production of everything raised, or grown in those days, to bring a little money. Pork was sold at \$1.50 per hundred; wheat when hauled to Chicago, our only market except in a small way at the mill, would not bring over 40 to 50 cents, requiring a week to make the trip with ox teams. And in order to raise their tax money, the settlers could not put up at hotels but were obliged to camp out and had to carry their own grub which the hardy women knew well how to prepare for such a trip. Tax money bothered the pioneers for a number of years. They did not require much of either gold or silver for anything else as all seemed to understand the rule of barter and it supplied most of their wants or needs. We had no pennies then, nothing less than six and fourth cent pieces (five and ten cent pieces came later) and sixpence was more readily given in making change than a penny is today.

I remember that at the sale of Canal lands in 1836 (I believe) I urged my father to buy some adjoining his farm and valued at \$2.50 per acre. He had canal scrip worth 20 to 25 cents on the dollar that would have paid for this land at its face value, but he claimed that he already had all the land he could pay taxes on.

At that time our state was clamoring for the repudiation of her indebtedness, which made everything look gloomy and prospects for the future were anything but encouraging. Fortunately, however, repudiation was averted and means secured to complete the canal on favorable terms for the state which put all on the road to prosperity.

Our second flouring mill was built in 1831. Having plenty of lumber at this time, a good frame building was erected but before we had gotten fully acquainted with the pranks of old "Fox". We found that we had encroached too closely on her banks and by way of admonition, a gorge of ice shoved the mill back a little, sufficient for a warning. The damage was not so great but what it was soon repaired so as to do our grinding until a third mill could be built.

The third mill was built in 1834 of much greater dimensions containing five pair of "flint ridge buhrs" gotten in Ohio together with the old Pioneer nigger heads which were used for grinding corn and buck-wheat. This mill did a very extensive business in the manufacture of flour which found

a ready market in St Louis at that time, and a little later Chicago became our market. I find an old receipt reading as follows:

Dayton, June 10th, 1843  
Received of John Green nine barrels of flour in good condition, which I agree to deliver in like condition to J. V. Farwell in Chicago without delay.

Signed Gersham Burr.

This mill did the grinding for the surrounding country for a radius of eighty and in some cases, one hundred miles. I distinctly remember grinding a grist of white winter wheat for "Odd Davy Letts" as he was familiarly called, that made him forty pounds to the bushel of the best flour I ever made - this after tolling it, and I think better flour than we get today with all our boasted improvements in milling. I attended mill for five or six years and learned the impossibility of making number one flour out of inferior wheat and I do not think it can be done under processes. Among my first mill customers after I commenced tending mill, were our Indian friends. In grinding their small grists of from one peck to two bushels of wheat to each family, which they had gleaned from wheat fields after the harvesters had passed over the ground, it was always a question in our minds whether those having the larger grists, might not have encroached upon some of the sheaves or shocks in passing them. I had thirty different families to grind for at one time which I did free, until I came to one of those two bushel grists, when I <sup>but</sup> attempted to toll it (which would be one peck for toll). It seemed to them too much like discrimination as I had been grinding the smaller grists free, so I put the toll back and ground all free.

Such was the rush to our mill, that frequently there would be too many to be accommodated at my father's home and they were obliged to camp out about the mill, sometimes for near a week, awaiting their turn for grinding and we were unable to store their grain in the mill, until near their turn for grinding. The mill ran day and night at its full capacity (of six pair of stones). Soon after this mill was built, the Rock River country commenced settlement, and they had to depend upon our mill for their flour, and would come with ox teams (four pair) and take two tons to the load. I frequently loaded up one of these teams before breakfast, and probably by noon would have the train all loaded up. They would come with little bags of silver (their only currency then) and I remember at one time, I had a little trunk nearly filled with it.

The demand for flour was so great that it necessarily annoyed those waiting so long to have their grists ground, to see several of those large teams come in the evening, and start off the next day with their loads. But we reserved the right, and satisfied them, that we should be entitled to the use of one pair of buhrs out of the six, to do our own grinding for those not having wheat of their own, and this pair was kept running constantly on what was termed merchant work, or flour for sale.

About this time, the country prospering quite generally,  
19.

we had our first quilting party at the hospitable home of Joel Strawn late in the fall of 1835. This was gotten up in his absence in Ohio by his wife and daughter, Sarah Ann, who shortly afterward married William W. Armstrong, her cousin, and brother of Hon. George W., John H. and Perry A. Armstrong. The latter was a contractor on the canal and died several years ago.

Contrary to their expectations, the old gentleman arrived home the night before the party. He had a large field of corn unhusked, and as it was late in the fall, the old gentleman called for volunteers to husk corn that day while the girls did the quilting. We were all very brave and enlisted to a man, but the girls interfering and urging that I had not been used to such work, succeeded in having me rejected, they claiming that they wanted an errand boy. The boys did a good days work husking corn for which father Strawn was very thankful, and I enjoyed myself hugely with the girls quilting, but when they came to examine my work they frequently found some of their sleeves sewn fast to the quilt.

Late in the afternoon the quilt was finished and a bountiful dinner was served. The program of those who had planned the party, was to have a social party and play in the evening. Knowing the opposition of Father Strawn to kissing parties and plays, his son Isaiah, whole souled and lover of fun, invited the company to spend the evening with him only a short distance from his father's which invitation was gladly accepted. Soon the old style plays (new then) commenced. They have entirely gone out of fashion at the present time and will probably be unintelligible to the present generation of youngsters. In the height of a play called "Scorn" I was seated in the seat of the scornful awaiting the approach of some of those beautiful and amiable girls of that day (God bless their native simplicity and loveliness). In this play the one in the seat of the scornful used his or her own pleasure about giving up the seat. It was generally considered more appropriate, if a lady or gentleman was led up, who was naturally a little timid or bashful, to give them the preference and the occupant of the chair would turn very scornfully from the others when one of the former class was led up. The occupant of the chair would arise and give her or him a kiss and he or she would take the chair. I said I was in the chair, sitting with my back to the door, when to my great surprise my attention was attracted by Uncle Joel down on his knees at prayer in the middle of the room. I of course held my position during prayer, after which the old gentleman said he "had gone to bed but could no more sleep than if lying on a bed of cole". Such is the fate of those occupying the seat of the scornful. They may be overtaken in an hour they know not of, and surprised, as I was.

Those attending that party were the following: Rhoda Ann Letts, Rauben Miller, Amanda Letts, Jesse Green, Lavina Trumbo, David Green, Rebecca Shaver, Harvey Shaver, Catherine Green, N. W. Letts, Elizabeth Grove, James R. Letts, Nancy Shaver, John Perry, Sarah Ann Strawn, Thomas Dawson and Wm. E. Armstrong.

Our next party was at the house of J. A. Dunavan with the same attendance as at Mr. Strawn's; about the same program except no corn to husk and no special prayers offered. But a laughable incident occurred next morning when we went home. Mother asked her hired girl Regena, who she slept with last night and she innocently replied "I slept mit David and Robinson", which was actually true as before daylight the three threw themselves across a bed in the same room where the party was held.

Our next party was at Wm. L. Dunavan's and a quilting bee was always the prelude to all of our social gatherings; still the same attendance as there were no others in reach at that time. But when Ottawa got to be a little village, balls began to usurp and take supremacy. The principal ladies that I can call to mind who attended the first balls in Ottawa were two or three sisters of Hon. Judge John C. Champlin, Mrs. Ralph Woodruff, Mrs. Joseph Hall and Mrs. Wafer. On the south side of the river were three daughters of Charles Brown and a few others whose names have escaped my memory.

Among the first lawyers who practised in the courts here were J. M. Strode, George W. Forsythe, S. B. Farwell, Adam Y. Smith, Edwin S. Leland, Lorenzo Leland, John V.O. Coes, Milton H. Swift, W.T.S. Lavinia and John C. Champlin.

Our first physician in Dayton was a German whose name I have forgotten; next was Allen H. Howland, Harmon Nurlbut, and Peter Schemarhorn. Dr. Howland was also an excellent surgeon whom father employed when he had his arm smashed from the hand to above his elbow in cutting the ice from a water wheel. Other physicians wanted to amputate his arm above the elbow but father would not consent to this, and sent for Dr. Howland. There had just been a very bitter campaign for the state senate in which Dr. Howland ran as an independent and was defeated by Wm. Stadden, the regularly nominated candidate. When Dr. Howland called and examined the wound, father made this proposition to him, "If you save my life and my arm, I will give you five hundred dollars". The doctor said he could do it, took the case and did, and got his five hundred dollars.

Our first permanent preachers here were Stephen R. Beggs and Rev'd John Sinclair both of whom were exemplary and devout men. During the Blackhawk war Father Beggs was at Plainfield and while assisting in building a fort, someone asked him to offer up a prayer for their safety from an attack by the Indians to which he replied "Up you devils and go to work. There is time for prayer, and a necessity for work".

### CHAPTER III

Embracing further additions to our small beginning.

The little village of Dayton, having been laid out and platted by Col. Daniel F. Hitt in 1834, kept in advance of Ottawa until 1837 but at about this time she began to yield to the latter. When the work on the canal commenced, immigration set in more rapidly and Ottawa, being the county seat, attracted some of the industries away from Dayton. Lots prior to this time sold as high as \$500 in Dayton. We then had in addition to the flouring and saw mills, a custom carding machine brought from New York by George Cooley and run by him one season when he sold to brother David and myself. There were also a wagon shop, fanning ~~machine~~ mill, chair shop, blacksmith shop, a tannery, a store, hotel and resident physician. The first store was kept by James McFadden in 1831 and was located near where the old wollen mill stands and was swept away by high water and ice in the spring of 1832. The next general store was kept by my father, myself and brothers. I being head clerk and attending to buying our goods in St. Louis, usually bought about four thousand dollars worth including drygoods and groceries. We sold considerable New Orleans sugar by the hoghead containing 1200 lbs. and molasses by the barrel.

In 1836 we sold out to David Letts who did a very good business for a year or two, then he got the Ottawa fever and sold out to Nathaniel Proctor and established a store in Ottawa for a short time. Proctor had a very nice and amiable family, and was apparently a high minded and honorable man. He had a great faculty for gaining friends and did a very successful business for a year or two.

One cold winter day father went from the mill up to his store and put his feet up against the stove to warm. His pocket-book, containing between five and six hundred dollars wanted for the purchase of wheat, was in his pants pocket. Returning home he soon discovered he had lost it and thinking it might have dropped out of his pocket at the store, he returned immediately to look for it, but not finding it, he offered Mr. Proctor's boys five dollars if they would find it for him saying he must have lost it between the mill and the store. But seeing they made no effort to find it, he concluded they had found it and that probably he would see no more of it. Not long after this occurrence Mr. Proctor went to St. Louis for some goods, and on his return, and probably in St. Louis passed some counterfeit money. Learning by some means that he was liable to be arrested, he never returned to Dayton, father being security for him to the amount of twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. Other creditors gobbled up his goods and it fell to father's lot to take his book accounts and notes nearly covering the amount he was held for provided collections could be made. They were scattered over a great extent of country. It was afterwards learned that he had dealt quite heavily with members of a gang of outlaws who infested the whole north western portion of the state.

His book accounts and notes were put in legal shape for me to collect and I was sent out with his books in a pair of saddle bags. Calling one night on one of his principal creditors who was keeping a hotel on the Picknemesoggin not far from Belvidere, I found a crowd of ruffians all armed with pistols and bowie knives, and I could scarcely make up my mind which would be best under the circumstances; to try to find another stopping place for the night or boldly face the trying ordeal which I felt sure I was doomed to for the night. I finally concluded that if they might have any intention to rob or molest me, they would do so in either event and I determined to put on as bold a front as it was possible for a boy of 18 and concluded to seek no farther. When I went in and threw down my saddlebags containing the books, there were a dozen fierce, redish eyes cast upon me, which almost made my hair stand on end, and young and defenseless as I was, my situation can be better imagined than I can tell it. I concluded to retire to bed soon after supper as the company did not seem at all entertaining to me. About midnight the landlord brought up a great burly fellow and put him in bed with me. He first put a big pistol under his pillow and then a large bowie knife. As they all knew my business and that I had a bill of \$250 against the landlord, they would naturally suspect that I had collected some money. Such thoughts as these kept crowding upon me and I doubt if I slept any that night. The more I thought of my situation as it occurred to me, among (as I thought) a den of thieves, the more I feared they would probably destroy my books and possibly me too. So my stay there was anything but pleasant, but fortunately no demonstrations were made nor harm done and next morning as soon as I heard any movements below, I left my bedfellow early sleeping soundly on his arm, and after breakfast had a settlement with the landlord. He gave me no money but I took his note with which I was more than glad to leave him, but his note was never paid. I suspect that most of Proctor's customers in that far away region were members of the gang of outlaws called the bandits of the Prairies. The Driscolls who were summarily punished near Mount Morris in early times were of the same gang.

Whilst invoicing Proctor's goods, his dies for making bogus coin were discovered, and secretly laid aside until going home at noon when it was the intention to secure them; but when expecting to put their fingers upon them, like the Irishman's flea, they were not there - probably removed by his clerk. Mr. Letts was obliged to take back the goods as Proctor had not finished paying for them. He sold out in Ottawa and returned to Dayton to dispose of things. In digging out a cellar to the store he found father's old pocketbook, minus the money. A little later the old store building was torn down and inside the plastering was found a ten dollar copperplate on a Michigan Bank for making counterfeit money. All sympathized deeply with the disgraced family who remained in Dayton but a short time after this unfortunate circumstance. But where they went and their subsequent identity, we never learned as they probably were no longer known by the name of Proctor.

Hon. Nehemiah Madison Letts who came with his father to this state in 1830 settled at Cedar Point in this county and lived there until 1836 when the family moved to Dayton and N. M. attended his father's store there and in Ottawa until 1838 when he was united in marriage to Elizabeth Grove, sister of my mother. He then went back to the farm at Cedar Point and lived there a few years and lost his wife. Prior to this he lost his mother, Elizabeth Lair Letts who was buried in the cemetery at Dayton, By his first wife he had two children, Rowena, wife of Hon. E. F. Brockway of Ainsworth, Iowa, and David, now deceased leaving a wife and several children. Mrs. N. M. Letts passed from earth in 1851 and in 1852 he again united in marriage with Jane Holderman of LaSalle County, Illinois, but formerly from Ohio. This union was blessed with five children, Hilton M., Willis H., James H., and Noah, all of Louisa County, Iowa; and Emma S., wife of J. W. Waters of SanAntonio, Texas.

This marital union was destined to be broken in 1863. In 1864 Mr. Letts united in marriage the third time, and last, to Mrs. A. P. Sawyer, a very estimable lady of Waupello, Iowa, but a native of New York. She also preceded him to the spirit land, dying in March 1893. A great portion of Mr. Letts time from 1880 until his death was spent in his luxurious home in SanAntonio whither he went more particularly to spend the winters. He might be considered one of God's noble men in the highest sense, and became both land and cattle king in Louisa County, Iowa where he recently "conquered the last enemy death" on the 13th day of May 1894. His mortal remains were consigned to mother earth in his home cemetery at Letts, Iowa by a large circle of relatives and sorrowing friends.

But before his death he had made out deeds to his children covering his vast possessions, amounting to near a thousand acres each for his four sons, and about twenty thousand acres Texas land to his daughter Emma. Before his death he had a son go to his safe and get a certain package containing deeds to his several children, and had each signify his acceptance to the same, and thus saved any legal expense in the settlement of his estate.

On a recent visit to Washington, Iowa on an invitation to myself, my daughter and her husband, Mr. & Mrs. C. B. Hess, to partake of a Thanksgiving dinner at the Brockway home, I met all the Letts in that part of the country except my old friend Noah H. who could not conveniently come. But he sent a brief and exceedingly interesting history of the Letts family which was read at the Thanksgiving reunion & dinner. Here I met all the sons of Uncle N.M. Letts who, like their father, are dealing largely in cattle and hogs, feeding from three to four hundred head of cattle each and an equal number of hogs. After a week's visit at cousin Rowena's where I enjoyed myself to the fullest, I still could scarcely get her consent to leave with so short a visit. From there I visited my old friend, James R. Letts, brother of N.M., where I spent another week visiting the sons of Uncle Madison. Mr. Letts, though not quite so large a dealer in stock, keeps a goodly number and like the other boys is nicely situated and with his amiable and accomplished helpmate seems to be enjoying the good things of this earth to the fullest.

CHAPTER IV  
COMMENCEMENT OF THE CANAL AND BRIGHTER PROSPECTS AHEAD

Father could not keep out of the canal and took a contract on it for a section below Ottawa at what was called Camp Rock. There was quite an amount of rock excavation on this contract which he sold to Beale and Twitchel before commencing work on it for one thousand dollars. He also took at the same letting of contracts, two miles of the Fox River feeder to the canal, including the building of the dam and guard lock at Dayton. He let the lower half of this contract to Wm. Stadden and Wm. L. Lamaven.

Stone was gotten out on the east side of the river opposite the location of the lock during the winter of 1837-38 and in the spring, both lock and dam were commenced, also digging on the feeder.

The season of 1838 we had what Mr. Baldwin, in his history of the county terms "the Irish rebellion", the Corconians being in the majority on the canal, the rivalry between that class and the Far-downs, culminated in the attempt of the Corconians to drive all Far-downs off the canal.

The sheriff, Alson Woodruff, called out all the available men to thwart their purpose. He sent up to Dayton where we had on the upper and lower works something over one hundred men, all Far-downs, working on the Feeder. The contractors on both works were absent that day and no one was left except myself and cousin John Stadden who was willing to marshal and lead our men to the scene of expected battle. We were the only Americans in the squad so we marched our men down the tow-path unarmed expecting to meet the sheriff at Ottawa, but he had preceded us down the canal and we continued our march down the tow-path and met the Corconians coming up at the upper end of Buffalo Rock armed with all manner of death dealing weapons; guns, pistols, scythes, shovels, picks, etc. As soon as our men saw their opponents marching up the canal in such formidable array, they all broke ranks and ran up the north bluff like swine, leaving Stadden and myself alone there. Though a serious matter, we almost burst with laughter to see the stampede. Doubtless it proved to be a very lucky circumstance, for had they stood their ground and met the Corconians unarmed, we should probably have had a bloody battle and our men would have fared badly.

The Corconians continued their march up the canal to Ottawa where the sheriff, with his posse of armed men halted them just west of town and read to them the riot act, and demanded that they lay down their arms and disperse which most of them did but some attempted to run with their arms; not a gun was fired up to this time. In Mr. Baldwin's history he says "It was claimed by some that fourteen or fifteen were killed". We were ordered by the sheriff to pursue the fugitives on horseback and disarm them, which to some seemed to imply that if they ran too fast they were justified in retarding their speed, but I only heard of one instance of this kind. One braggadocio whom I will not name, bragged that he stopped his man "rather suddenly" in

the high grass fronting Judge Caton's residence. I pursued one man and overtook him on the bank of the river just east of the present water works plant. I could not see that he had any arms, but told him he had a pistol which he must surrender. He stoutly denied having any kind of weapon until I told him my orders were to shoot if obliged to, and drew down my gun and cocked it as in the act of shooting. He then said he had a pistol but it was a borrowed one and he was afraid if he gave it up he would never find it again. I assured him that all arms and weapons taken would be left in charge of the sheriff and be returned to owners as soon as the difficulty was settled. He then handed the pistol to me.

On our return home that night we found our men had all returned safely, and "Be fore lucky it was for us that we did run, faith had we stood our ground, Ivery mithers son ivus would have been kilt". The work proceeded without much trouble on this score, but it was desirable and almost a necessity on the part of contractors not to mix the two clans on the same work.

The winter of 1838-39 brother David, William Lewis and myself went to Ohio intending to go to school, but uncle Isaac Green persuaded us to take a room in his house where the school teacher Ormil Hasford, boarded. They both claimed that we would make better progress than by attending school as he (the teacher) would give us his entire attention when not in school, and I think we probably did. This winter, with one term before leaving Ohio, and one term in 1838 under Ruben Miller, was the extent of our educational advantages in those early times. Work - work was the order of the day, which gave little time for the improvement of the mind.

But we were all pupils with our aboriginal neighbors in nature's open and boundless school house and probably more liberally educated in the wild and picturesquescenery abounding in natural and untarnished loveliness and beauty, ere man's approach and transformation into a still higher and grander formation to contribute to the comfort and happiness of mankind.

I will give an account of the most sudden and greatest change in temperature in my recollection, which occurred in the early winter of 1837 & '38. I left home about noon when it was drizzling rain sufficient to wet my clothing, and when I reached a point a little below Starved Rock it commenced turning cold so fast that I ran my horse as fast as he could go to Utica, and by the time I reached the hospitable home of Simon Craslar, it had frozen the ground hard enough to bear up my horse, and my clothing as stiff as it would freeze from being wet. I had to be helped from my horse, and saddle, my clothing being frozen to the saddle. I do not think I could have gone a quarter of a mile farther.

The next day returning home it was a terribly cold day, my left side against the wind was nearly frozen by the time I reached Ottawa, where I went into a store to warm myself, and all I could do to prevent it, fell asleep in a short time. I heard a number say that during that blizzard, they saw chickens frozen in their tracks.

The next day after reaching home I was taken down with scarlet fever, which we supposed was contracted on a trip to St. Louis a short time previous. This came very near to ending my earthly career, being the first and only time I ever fainted. We had a German doctor who bled me with a high fever on. I keeled over and was unconscious for quite a spell. This was my first severe attack of sickness, but afterward I had four others equally as severe, lung-fever or pneumonia, inflammation of the bowels, cholera on route to California in 1849, and a fall on my head and shoulders, that came near to proving fatal. I was saved in my attack of cholera by a prescription found in a medicine chest we bought in St. Louis put up by Dr. Westbrook. It proved successful in every case I knew it to be used.

On our return from California there was still cholera in the country, and my sister-in-law, Mrs. Eliza Gibson, took it, and knowing how it saved me, she, instead of sending for a doctor sent for this medicine and soon recovered. About this time Aaron Daniels' family nearly all had it. His wife had died, and I was with them one night, when in the morning we had three corps lying side by side. They had Dr. Stout of Ottawa and of course, I could not take the responsibility of changing their medicine.

In a <sup>later</sup> recent conversation with him, on this dreadful fatality, I told him that had I dared in his absence to have changed their medicine, I thought the result would have been different. He feelingly replied that, "he wished to God I had done it," and said that he had since got the same prescription and knew it to be good.

I will herewith give the formula from Dr. Westbrook:

Camphor - - - - -	6 grains)	
Capsicum - - - - -	6 grains)	One dose in severe cases,
Blue-Mass - - - - -	6 grains)	to be repeated often if
Pow'd Opium - - - - -	3 grains)	necessary. 1/2 dose suf-
Prepared Chalk - - - - -	20 grains)	ficient in mild cases.

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Some doctors claim that this is too large a dose, but I took three or four full doses myself. It should be repeated every ten or fifteen minutes if necessary, but in mild cases of cholera morbus I found that a half dose was sufficient, and soon effected a cure.

About the same time that Mr. Daniels' family had it, there were three cases of cholera in Dayton. A Norwegian girl who sent for my medicine (which I kept on hand) instead of sending for a doctor soon recovered. The next case, also a Norwegian man, took it at the house of a brother countryman, who was so afraid of it that he put the poor fellow out in the manger of his barn to die. I took him from there into a vacant house just across the street from my residence, his bed standing close to a window facing my house, and the next day he was able to call out to Mrs. Green from his window, "Soup, soup." He liked soup at first and continued his calls for soup for three or four days when he was able to come out and partake of something more substantial.

A few days later another Norwegian had a very severe attack. He had a doctor who left him medicine, and when I saw him they had stopped giving him medicine, and were only praying for him, thinking he was dying. He had the cold, clammy perspiration over him, and seemed to be beyond hope but I always thought that as long as there is life there is hope. They had a kettle of hot water on the stove and I went out and gathered a lot of catnip and hore-hound which I put in the kettle while they were getting a blanket. We wet the blanket in this and rolled the patient up in it while so hot that it burned him a little. I commenced giving him brandy and quinine pretty freely which soon brought him to perfect consciousness, and soon the doctor came in, and seeing him appear so well said, "I thought that medicine would bring you out all right." When I explained his condition and what I had done for him he said it was the best thing I could have done. Whether it was my treatment or the prayers of his friends that saved him, I am unable to say, but the poor fellow gave me all the credit, if any due, for saving his life. About fifteen years ago he visited friends here, and was very lavish in his thanks for having saved his life.

we

The second and third winters/were here we had about two feet of snow, which lay on the ground most of the winter, and drifted badly and crusted over so that we could ride over fences without difficulty, and prairie chickens were so plentiful and tame that on a frosty morning, they would sit on trees so near our cabin that Father stood in the door and shot them, until some of the men said he must stop before he shot away all of our ammunition, leaving none to shoot deer and turkeys. Our first winter here Brother David and myself trapped three hundred chickens, besides a large quantity of quail. After eating all we could Mother merely saved their breasts, salted and smoked them.

In those days wild bees were quite plentiful, and could be found in winter on the snow where dead bees were thrown out. In the absence of snow our best bee hunters would bait them at different points of the compass, and time them in their flight and thus locate the tree near enough to find it.

I do not remember anything of special importance until we come to the spring of 1840 when we built the first woolen mill in the state, a building 32 by 60 feet, three stories high. It at first contained but one

set of machinery consisting of three separate carding machines, a jack of 125 spindles, and four power looms, and two broad, and one narrow hand loom. It At first <sup>was</sup> made principally jeans, blankets, some cloth and flannel and stocking yarn. We made some excellent jeans, which sold as high as a dollar per yard, and some of it went to Congress. Hon. John Wentworth wore a pair of pants made of our jeans.

We had a good country trade with farmers, for a great extent of <sup>surrounding</sup> country trading our goods for wool, and built up considerable of a trade with country merchants. We also had a double carding machine, which made rolls to be spun by hand, on what was termed the big wheel in contradiction to the little wheel for spinning flax.

This mill was run by Brother David and myself, firm name being J. & D. Green until near the time of building the large stone wooden mill when we took into partnership our brother-in-law, O. W. Trumbo.

During the winter of 1843 and '44 we were besieged by the Millerites. They had a bar-room at Dayton, lined with maps and charts, giving calculations from the Book of Daniel principally, showing clearly to their minds that the "time, times and dividing of times, etc.," had their fulfillment during the year 1844. All earthly things were to vanish, except the righteous, who had on their ascension robes, and they captured quite a goodly number in Dayton, some of whom went so far as to make their ascension robes, notably our landlord's wife, Mrs. Leavens. Others would get down on their knees on street corners and pray.

I might name near a dozen who were led off by these fanatics, one case where it eventually caused the separation of man and wife. They were lead to believe that if they had their robes on (taken literally) they were liable at any moment "to be caught up, to meet their Lord in the air." At this same time it was said that Mr. Mill, the founder of this sect, was building substantial stone fences on his farm down East, which rather put a damper on those less credulous.

This same winter the Mormons were in the height of their glory in this section of the country. The Norwegians as a general thing were the most susceptible subjects of their silvery tongues, but they took some from all classes. Up in the Norwegian settlement it was a common thing at their meetings to hear some of the faithful sisters, and men, too, speak in an unknown tongue, but the interpreters were not usually so successful. The Rev. William O. Clark, son of Mr. Clark of whom Father bought the claim, was among the most profound and eloquent expounders of Prophet Joseph Smith's (as he was termed) new departure. He and I were boys together, and used to have rare sport with an Indian game with hatchets, when we would step off a certain distance from a tree and throw it in such a way as to stick it in the bark of the tree.

A few years later he came around preaching Mormonism, and not supposing he had had any greatly superior advantages in the way of education over myself, in those early times, I was anxious to assist him in getting a place to preach to us, and ~~not having a~~ church building, it was given out that he would preach in the dining room of the Hotel, where he had a crowded audience, probably more out of curiosity to

*There being no*

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hear the Boy Preacher than anything else at that time, but All seemed greatly surprised, and delighted with his power and eloquence as a preacher, and as a result quite a number of meetings were held in the dining room hall that winter, during which he secured a number of converts to his new doctrine, or as he claimed "old doctrine in a new dress."

Reuben Miller and wife were among his first converts, and they would chop holes in the ice for baptism. He also preached pretty regularly that winter in the Norwegian settlement with good results. At Ottawa his doctrine was severely criticised, principally by lawyers, one particularly by name of W. T. S. Lavona, who had formerly been a preacher; both sides as is usual in such controversies claimed a victory, but the preponderance seemed to favor the Boy Preacher, and he continued his meetings with air success. Other Mormon elders soon reinforced him, among them one by name of Green, but in no way related to our family. He was considered a very good preacher. We met him on our trip to California in 1849 at the sink of the Humbolt River on his way to California, too. His train had all started on ahead of him, he being delayed in hitching up a rather unruly mule team when I approached him. He was cursing his mules at a wonderful rate until I made myself known by referring to where I used to hear him preach, but he had no time for apologies.

About the time Clark and Green preached in this section of the country their polygamous doctrine was not preached or sanctioned by that sect and I think it was purely an outgrowth of their new leader Brigham Young after going to Salt Lake, in a more congenial climate. They seemed to have implicit confidence in Joseph Smith as a divinely appointed Prophet, and when he was killed at Navoo in this state June 27, 1845, Reuben Miller, one of this most devout followers, would not believe the first reports of their prophet having been killed. He said, "God Almighty" would never allow a bullet to be made to kill his prophets." He finally had to yield and went from here with others to Wisconsin for a short time, and from there to Navoo where he joined the main body of that sect, and all moved to Salt Lake and landed July 24, 1847.

Miller became a very prominent and influential Elder and Bishop of the Latter Day Saints, as they preferred to be called. But under Brigham Young's teaching became a convert to, and practised, their pernicious doctrine of spiritual wives. He visited his old home here where he spent the earlier years of his life and was the boss millwright in building Father's third mill in 1834, ~~some twelve or fifteen years ago.~~

He called upon his old friends and one evening at my house, Mrs. Green brought up the subject of polygamy as practised in his church. He defended it the best he could and finally said "He did not have a half dozen wives, nor five, nor four" but gave the impression that he had three, which I think was the fact. Mrs. Green was pretty well versed in the scriptures and tried to overthrow his assertions by quoting from the Bible, and he finally, in order to evade her thrusts at home, said he did not know much about our old Bible, that since he went West he did not think he had consulted it a dozen time, they had outgrown it, and relied wholly on more recent revelations!

When he left our house it was rather understood that on his return to Dayton the next Sabbath he would preach for us and he intimated very strongly "that he would be baptised for me". But instead of calling on me he stopped with my brother and I of course supposed that they would arrange for the preaching. I took no active part in the matter, consequently there was no preaching, and I was not baptised by proxy.

The fall of 1848 introduced our first experience in Mesmerism in Dayton, and the present fall, 1894, in Ottawa we had a Mesmerist, or hypnotist as now called, by the name of "Professor Flint". Out of curiosity I attended his performance to see what, if any, advancement had been made since my experience in it in Dayton in 1848, but concluded his performance was rather on the retrograde whereupon I published in the Ottawa Free Trader of October 18, 1894 "How I became interested in the investigation of Mesmerism".

Mr. Flint's experiments were in an entirely different line from mine, his being almost entirely physical. He laid his daughter with her head and heels resting on two chairs, and laid a stone upon her breast weighing four hundred pounds, and allowed it to be broken there with a sledge. My experience with it was entirely mental, and to a person who never witnessed anything of the kind, I yield perfect freedom in unbelief. I herein insert the article referred to.

#### " An Amature Mesmerist "

In the fall of 1848 a one Doctor Underhill visited Dayton where I then resided, with a mesmeric subject and claimed that through him he could among other things find lost property. He undertook to find a pair of buggy wheels lost in fording the river during a high stage of water a short time previous. The buggy wheels were lost by Dr. Ward of Marseilles. He started in at the ford, and when in the river opposite my house, the subject said he saw no buggy wheels, but there lay an old saddle under the ledge of rocks in deep water. There had not been a word said about a saddle being lost. But I had lost my saddle during the same rise in the river and he described it as well as if lying before him. I had started hastily to cross the river, and found one of my stirrups gone so took an odd one in its place. We then went under his directions, in a boat with a lantern, and persons on the bluff overlooking the river and in communication with the subject (Jockey Smith) who directed us to the spot. We did not find the saddle but found the ledge of rocks in about ten feet of water.

This so impressed me that I together with a number of others got the Doctor to deliver us a course of lectures on Mesmerism. The night of the third lecture he had us all take a subject and see what success we might have. I selected my sister and succeeded in getting her mesmerised before the doctor got his, and gave her up to him, not yet knowing how to proceed farther but soon became familiar with all the Doctor knew on the subject. During that winter I mesmerised eight or ten different persons. My first experience worthy of note was with my first subject. Father requested me to send her to Newark, Ohio and from there up the Ohio Canal and see if she could name the towns she would pass through. He was familiar with the whole length of the canal, having built

fifteen miles of it. She would name places in their regular order (apparently by reading some sign giving the name) and when she reached Cleveland she exclaimed "Oh, what a great body of water". Father was fully satisfied that she either read the signs correctly or read his mind. This much I know they can do. My best subject, being the best clairvoyant I had, outstripped this all hollow. He would impersonate anyone in speech, actions and in every way. I had him sing by exciting the organ of tune, and have thrown it off at the highest pitch in the tune, with the word half uttered, and in a half minute or so would excite the organ again when he would start in again where he left off with the same pitch and the other half of the word, as perfect as if there had been no interruption. During one evening someone suggested that I "have him look ten years into the future", and see what he would say about Dayton. Of course I had no faith that he could tell anything reliable, but did so. He looked around a little and said it had not improved much "but they have a new mill down there and Uncle Johnny is up in the third story". Uncle Johnny was my father and he lived a number of years after that mill was built. It may be said that he guessed it.

I will relate another experience that will show too much complication to admit of guess work. This all occurred during the winter of 1848-49 and we were calculating to go to California in the spring, and (in the clairvoyant state) I sent him there to see what he would say about it. We did not get much information, only that "there seems to be a great rush to that country and they are getting plenty of gold". It seemed to him in returning that he met our train going in the spring and his first exclamation on meeting it was "See that wagon, how they have it fixed up". I enquired about the wagon and he said it was George Dunavan's wagon and that they had broken the coupling pole, and had it wound with ropes and chains and Uncle Johnny is behind carrying some birds. When he told this father had no idea of going to California with us. The company employed him to go to Missouri and buy oxen for the outfit and return home, but there being so much cholera on the river, he preferred crossing the plains, rather than risk getting the cholera on his return. Our company, consisting of forty nine men with twenty wagons, left Ottawa April 2, 1849. I, having been elected captain of the company, rode ahead one day on the route a short distance east of Fort Kearney and my clairvoyant, Daniel Stadden, borrowed a horse from one of the company and rode with me. When a mile ahead of the train we saw that they had stopped and by the time we rode back to see what was the matter, there was George Dunavan's wagon reach broken and wound with both ropes and chains and father was behind carrying a sage hen he had shot. As soon as we saw the wagon Stadden said to me "that is just as I saw it when I was mesmerized". Had it been any other wagon we probably should not have thought anything further about his prophecy, but every circumstance connected with it being literally fulfilled, brought it vividly to the minds of both of us.

I have often regretted that on my return home I did not further investigate it. I did very little in California but on our return home via Mexico one of our company had a horse stolen, and having faith in mesmerism, he wanted me to mesmerize Mr. A. B. Goodrich (one of my former subjects) one of our company to see if he could find the horse. I was a little afraid to do so there knowing the superstition of that people, but we had an interpreter who went and saw the Alcaldia of the place and found that he had seen it before, and was anxious that I should mesmerize Goodrich, he being present with our interpreter. He soon described the thief and pointed out the direction he had taken, describing minutely every crook and turn in the road, and where the thief had stopped for the night. The Alcaldia had such confidence in everything, that he said he would send next morning to recover the horse and thief if possible. We were driving five hundred horses and did not wait to see the result.

I think the possibilities of mesmerism are very imperfectly understood even at the present time. I have frequently seen accounts published of what seemed a little strange, but nothing equal to my experience with it. I should have taken up the further investigation of it, but my second wife thought she could see the cloven foot of his Satanic Majesty in it, and on her account I gave it up.

It may be asked by some, why did you not have your clairvoyant find gold for you in California. I do not pretend to say whether he could have done so or not. The poor fellow died of scurvy soon after reaching California.

Ottawa, October 17, 1894  
Jesse Green

The fall of 1848 there was <sup>a</sup> man by the name of Cutting at Ottawa who gave the first of what seemed to be reliable accounts of the discovery of gold in California and during the winter we took it into our heads to get up a company and start overland in the spring with ox teams, across the desert waste lying westward of the Missouri River and at that time but little explored. We found quite a number willing to join us and also some young men wanting to go, but unable on their own account to do so. We made them a proposition that we would take a half dozen on shares of one half of what we might make in the mines for one year after our arrival and commencement of work; we to furnish teams, provisions and outfit, and they to drive teams and assist in every way on the road, doing guard duty etc.

Father was employed by others of the company to go early in the spring to Saint Joseph, Missouri to buy about fifty yoke of oxen for the company going from Dayton. He at that time had no idea of going with us. We got our wagons and other outfit at home except groceries which we got at St. Louis. We had twenty wagons and forty nine men with some from Ottawa, but principally Dayton. The writer was elected captain of the company which office was held during the trip while some companies changed their leader three and four times.

I engaged the steamboat Timolian which took us on board at Ottawa,

close up to the Ottawa House, the river being quite high, and started for Saint Louis April 2, 1849. As we circled around to enter the Illinois River I requested all to give a rousing, hearty parting cheer, but their throats would not respond, so ordered all on hurricane deck and fired a parting salute.

Landing at Saint Louis we found an immense emigration waiting shipment up the Missouri River to St. Joseph. We appointed different committees to buy for the whole company at wholesale such articles as we wanted, and I engaged a steamer that agreed to drop down by the side of the Timolian that evening and take our outfit on board. But the rush being so great, the Captain of that boat took all he could carry and disappointed us. I then engaged the second boat with the same result and the next morning the third boat, the "Algoma", the gentlemanly Captain of our Illinois River boat, allowing us all this time to remain on his boat until we could get a boat to drop along side of his to save drayage and for convenience, as ours wagons were all on the hurricane deck. The Algoma took us on board the third day after our arrival. In the meantime our men became almost mutinous, saying I could not make a bargain with a steamboat captain that would stick and reminded me forcibly of what I had expressed to Mothers Green and Trumbo on my election as captain of the company having had no experience in that line. I distrusted my ability and fitness to assume such responsibility but they both had assured me "that by placing confidence and reliance on divine providence, and keeping my powder dry I would come out alright".

It is needless to say that this admonition was religiously observed, and providentially it seemed. We passed both of the first boats engaged before reaching St Joseph. They were tied up and detained in burying their dead from cholera. The last one we passed on a Sunday morning, they were burying twelve persons who had died the night before. Fortunately we did not have a single case of cholera on our boat, and before we knew the cause of these boats being tied up, our men in passing them gave full vent to their feelings which seemed to allay the mutinous feelings of a few days before.

The first night after leaving St. Joseph, one of our company, Levi Zelleft, was taken suddenly with cholera and died before morning. We had not come across the cholera powders in our medicine chest gotten in St. Louis, and gave him medicine that he had taken from home. This is the only death that occurred in our company on the route going across the plains.

The fact of there being so much cholera on the river route, induced Father to go with us rather than return home. This was about the 12th of April and grass was too scant to travel on. We concluded to travel up the east side of the Missouri for about sixty miles where we could get feed for our teams. We crossed over the river into the Indian Territory and traveled without a road for about two hundred miles. We agreed upon a point of compass that we would travel, making headway on our route rather than striking more south in order to reach the main road from St. Joseph. The grass still being short we did not aim to travel over five to ten miles a day for a spell, and were so long reaching the main road that the same mutinous spirit began to manifest itself, until I yielded to their

Request to allow Mr. Delano (of Ottawa) to lead them, which he undertook to do, not caring for my compass. Although it was a clear day, I found before noon that in his eagerness to strike the road sooner, he had swung completely around and was traveling on the divide between the big and little Himehaha down stream, while all knew we should travel upstream. To satisfy the company that he was lost, I went to the nearest stream to see in which direction the water was running. I knew by my compass and otherwise but did not wish to take any chances in ordering a countermarch.

I hurried back and halted the train for our noon halt, and satisfied the men that we had been traveling most of the forenoon on our back track, and said that if they desired to go with me to California we should have to turn about, and try to make camp which we had left in the morning, and I would lead them as I had been doing by the aid of my compass but would bear a little more in the direction of the road. In due course of time we struck the road at a point where we could not possibly have bettered had we been well acquainted with the country, as ten miles farther west we would have encountered sand hills where it was impossible to travel with teams.

Mr. Delano published a history of our travels across the plains giving a good and truthful account with the exception of his leadership of our company, which was of such brief duration that he doubtless did not consider it worthy a place in his history.

When we reached the road we found it completely lined with wagons. There were about fifteen ahead of us, and all as eager to be in advance as if they thought that all the gold would be picked up before they reached the gold fields; but quite the reverse was the case: all seemed to consider gold a secondary consideration. The thought of reaching our destination was uppermost in the minds of all. On account of the vastness of the emigration and our sole dependence for the immense number of teams on the scant supply of grass, many dispensed with all surplus loading on the first end of the road. We frequently passed places where they had left great stacks of bacon nicely piled up, and other articles in great abundance, to keep the ship from sinking.

We did not resort to this lightening up process so early, having taken an extra wagon and team to haul some feed for stock, expecting to leave the wagon and doubling up with other teams. Further on we did cache some iron, lead, and other articles the most laughable of which was a great surplus of old style wafers for sealing letters. We threw away quite a quantity. Our committees in St. Louis were instructed in many cases to get so much in value instead of quantity which in some cases gave a great surplus.

We reached the main road from St. Joseph near Fort Childs, on the Platte River, and then our route of travel was up this river. We traveled several days in company with a Government train of mule teams, but left them behind long before reaching Fort Laramie, at the mouth of the Laramie River on the Platte. Up to this point we

had wide bottoms on either side of the river, but at Laramie the abrupt bluffs approached so nearly that we were obliged to leave the river for a distance of one hundred miles over the Black Hills and here grass was so scarce that we concluded to divide our train it being almost impossible to find grass in sufficient quantity for so large a train.

Isaac Fredenburgh of Ottawa was elected Captain of the branch company. Sometimes one was ahead and then the other, but my own train reached the mines just one month ahead of Mr Fredenburgh's train. They, in crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains, took what was supposed to be a cut off but proved to be a cut on. Our friend Delano was in the mess that went with Mr. Fredenburgh. He tried to get into our mess & when we separated he said I knew how they abused him and he really cried like a child at his being refused. The difficulty between him and his mess mates was that they thought he was spending too much of his time on his journal and failing to do his share of camp duty.

After crossing over the Black Hills for about one hundred miles we struck the Platte <sup>2/3</sup> hollow where there were a number of Sioux Indians encamped. Father was riding a mule that frightened at them and threw him off breaking two of his ribs. We then got him into a wagon for awhile, he never complaining. We traveled up the North Platte for a few days longer and crossed over on a raft that we built of dry cotton wood logs. We tightened up a wagon box and crossed over with a rope and made it fast to a tree on the opposite shore, and attached it to the raft and the current would carry the raft over. Sometimes it came very near going under when nearing the shore in that swift stream, but we succeeded in crossing without an accident.

A day or two after crossing the North Platte River, and before reaching Sweet Water River, I was taken very suddenly and severely with that dreaded complaint, cholera, and was obliged to go into camp about two o'clock P. M. and thanks to Mr Westbrook's prescription which was given to me quite freely for three or four full doses and a few broken doses, I was able to ride in a wagon the next day as weak as I was. For several days I was compelled to remain in the wagon, unable even to get out to see "Independence Rock" and nearby "Devils Gate" on the Sweet Water River. This Rock and Gate were named by Gen. Fremont, he having spent the 4th of July there a few years previous.

We traveled up the Sweet Water River to near the South Pass of the Rock Mountains. We encamped the first night at Pacific Springs near the dividing line where the waters flow in different directions to the two great oceans. And here on top of those gigantic mountains, although eager to reach the mines, we were constrained to stop and meditate on the grandeur of the scenery, surpassing anything that we had ever beheld - peak after peak, snow-cled. In the distance, Wind River Mountains dazzled the eye and we thought of the summit on which we were standing, with the waters flowing in opposite directions, to finally mingle in one great body.

And all this grandeur culminated in the still grander idea that through the wisdom, goodness and love of the Almighty Creator, he leads his erring children through equally opposite directions, until like the waters of the mighty oceans, they are all brought into "one fold with one shepherd", guarding with watchful eye the wondrous works of His creation, many of which, like the gold we were seeking, lay hidden in the bowels of the earth. And so doubtless in the destiny of man, we are all taking different paths that lead in some cases through difficult gorges, over precipices, and cataracts that eventually lead into the great ocean of eternity, from <sup>whose</sup> genial and safe harbors no craft has ever returned.

The next point of importance on our route was the crossing of Green River where we found about five hundred wagons awaiting their turn to be ferried over by a company of Mormons. There was a train there from Hennepin in our State, which had two wagon boxes made of sheet iron with the view of using them in such emergencies instead of waiting their turn. They crossed their own train and we paid them ten dollars each for ferrying our wagons and loading them over, and we swam our teams. By this means we got ahead of the five hundred teams awaiting the ferry. Instead of passing through Salt Lake, we went farther north by way of Fort Hall on Snake River. This Fort at that time was held by the "American Fur Company" and belonged to the English. The agent, whose name I have forgotten, married an Indian squaw and had a half dozen very nice children. From here we traveled awhile on Snake River bottom, and then by way of Raft River struck the head waters of the Humbolt River, and down it to where it sinks in a sandy marsh, and from here over a sandy desert of fifty miles (without water) to Carson River, and up this river into the mountains.

And here we loaned a company from South Bend, Indiana (who left their provisions with others on the first start) five hundred pounds of bacon, and several sacks of corn meal to be returned in the mines, or paid for at prices ruling there. We found everything about the same price in mines, freight being the main cost and almost everything sold at one dollar a pound. We failed in collecting anything from that company but learned that the members had paid to their captain, Tutt, each his proportionate part of \$550 which we tried to collect on his return home, but he claimed that he had nothing left and we never got a cent.

William McNaughten and myself started from Carson Creek before reaching the mountains, to go in advance of our train to find a place for our teams and came across places where, if we had not seen teams passing, it looked impossible, and we would have gone back and left our wagons and packed on our oxen what we could. When we reached Weaverville we saw for the first time, gold being washed in a cradle, similar to a baby's cradle for size, and on rockers with a hopper and perforated sheet iron or screen wire on the bottom. Into this hopper the goldbearing material was thrown, being elevated at the hopper end sufficiently to allow the washed material to pass off over cleats nailed in the bottom an inch and a quarter high, with one at the lower end, the other, six inches farther up caught the gold. An upright handle was attached by which a man would rock with one hand and pour on water from a dipper with the other.

We got into the mines a week or more ahead of our train, but it was reported that the Indians were stealing all the cattle and horses they could, and at about a days travel east that they had secreted in the mountains about fifteen hundred head. I made up my mind that they were white Indians and learning from packers who had passed our company about where we could meet them, we set out and fortunately met them at about this point at camping time. We drove all our cattle over a mile into a nice little circular valley in the mountains with good grass, and so situated that we built a number of fires on all sides of the mountain, making it almost as light as day. A half dozen of us stood guard all night, and it would have been hazardous for either Indians or white men to enter our lighted enclosure, as I ordered all on guard with me to shoot that night any person attempting to drive off our stock.

This was the first and last time in an eventful life that I felt like taking the law into my own hands, but certainly I would have done so had necessity required, but fortunately no attempt was made to molest us, and the next day we drove into the mines, September 2nd, being just five months from the day we left home. We found pretty good range for our stock where we commenced prospecting on a bar in the Macasmi River, in the foothills. We worked here two weeks and our men together with Father (who by the way tended camp) my brother Joseph and myself, made six hundred dollars, and others of the company about the same proportionate amount.

We took this and went to Sacramento about forty miles distant, and laid in our supply of provisions for the winter. Grass around our camp being pretty good, we did not put our cattle on a ranch for some time. We made two other trips to Sacramento for provisions to sell in the mines, as freight was about equal to first cost in Sacramento and anything in the line of provisions, tea, coffee, salt and potatoes readily brought a dollar a pound in the mines, and some articles higher. Butter of which we did not use much, sold at two dollars and a half, and salaratus brought the same, as the flour shipped there required more than usual, being a little soured. We kept two teams hauling until the rainy season set in and made the roads impassable.

On our return from Sacramento the first trip, we sent out a party of five prospectors, myself being one of the number, to pick out a location for winter diggins. We looked around considerably and arriving at the Volcanic Mines on Sutter Creek where there were quite a number of miners at work, and had been during the spring and summer, though short of water for washing their gold, found sufficient without washing to pay fairly well. So far as we were able to judge, I concluded it was the best show for the winter of any place we had seen. Some of my company were fearful that those mines would not last through the winter for so many miners, but as I represented much the largest interest, they said they would leave it with me to decide. It afterward proved to be a very rich mining camp for a number of years with a greatly increased number of miners.

We returned to our camp and gathered up our teams and moved further up into the mountains to the "Volcanic Mines". We staked off a claim each the first thing we did. Sixteen feet square was the limit in those mines except by purchase. We then built us log cabins for the winter, dispensing with our tents which we had used for six months, and commenced stripping down our claims to pay dirt, throwing all away until it would yield from 15¢ to 20¢ per pan full of dirt. Under later improvements good wages were made at 1¢ or less to the pan. We were obliged to carry our dirt near a quarter of a mile to water for washing it down a gentle slope. This was done by hand after putting our cattle on to a ranch for safe keeping during the winter. We found a man having a ranch on the Sacramento River bottoms that took them in charge, and that winter the waters overflowed this ranch to such an extent that all the stock on it were drowned, causing an entire loss of all our oxen, except three head that we failed to find when putting the others on the ranch. They were found the next spring in the mountains as fat and slick as moles, and made excellent beef which sold for about five hundred dollars. We used one steer for a pack animal on another prospecting expedition farther up into the mountains. We had about twenty men in the party and the rare experience of having our meat carry our bread. Our first night out we found an excellent shelter for camp in a large pine tree which had fallen and most of the inside, except the sap part of the wood, had been burned out giving ample room, over 100 feet from the stump end, for two and even three to sleep side by side. We did not succeed in finding anything better than we had and returned to camp with two little burroughs captured from the Indians by a Texan with us. He claimed that the Indians had stolen them, but this did not satisfy us all, so we refused to share in the profits of his find.

We met with fair success in mining during the winter, notwithstanding it rained nearly every day, but so moderately usually that we would work till noon and dry out in the afternoon. Our six men, brother Joseph and myself, working two and two together would bring into camp enough to average an ounce of gold to the man, some going over and some under. We found in one of our claims a piece weighing  $3\frac{3}{4}$  ounces with very little quartz adhering to it, but sold it in San Francisco for a trifle more per ounce than pure gold was selling for. The same day we found it, six of us working together took out five hundred dollars more, making in all \$1280.00 and to each hand a trifle over two hundred dollars, the largest yield of any day's work we did. We kept the finding of this large chunk secret for some time, and I at once went and found the man owning the adjoining claim and bought it for two hundred dollars, and paid it back from the first day's work on it.

The Indians troubled some that winter stealing tools from miners working off some distance from the main body of about one hundred men. One day they came for help to recover their tools, and a little posse went with them and among them was a reckless fellow by the name of Rod. After a little party with the Indians, one started off on a run and Rod shot him, not knowing as it afterward appeared that the Indian had been sent to bring back the tools. The chief with a number of other Indians came down to the main camp wanting to see

"the Captain" (he being the big man with them). There being no official in camp to answer to that name, the miners finally pitched upon me, as some said I had been captain of our train crossing the plains .

I very reluctantly had to yield to their demands that I must act as a kind of "Judge Advocate", and treat with these Indians. But, having no good interpreter, and the sentiment of the crowd being against punishing Rod, as they thought he did the shooting under a wrong but justifiable impression, he went unpunished but probably should have been hung.

Whilst sitting on this case, a chief from another direction came in and wanted a paper from the "Captain" stating that he and his party had no hand in the late difficulty. This or a paper of any kind I refused to give him, but he came back the second and third time urging it, when the miners wanted to know my objections to giving him something to satisfy him. I told them that it occurred to me at once, what use he might make of it. I thought I knew Indian character well enough to know that they would kill one of our men the first good opportunity and that they wanted a paper and would probably hand it to some innocent person and whilst reading it, they might kill him to even up as it is their custom to have man for man if they can. I finally had to yield to their demands, they urging so strongly that I gave him a paper - only saying that "This Indian desires to show his friendship for the miners".

About two days after this, a man was found murdered off in the direction where this chief came from, and in all probability this man was murdered under the circumstances I feared and told them.

I was also named to act as coronor to hold an inquest over the murdered man. We had a jury impaneled and called a doctor to examine his wounds, of which he found half a dozen, two or three in his arms and the fatal one near his heart. He appeared to be an eastern man with quite an intelligent look but we failed to find anything to identify him.

We remained at the Volcanic Mines until March. Brother Joseph and George Dunavan, about two weeks previous to our leaving, had gone a few miles further south on the "Pick Gulch" and bought a claim partly worked out, and in two weeks they took out of it seventeen hundred dollars. This set our men all crazy, and we had to go with them to those mines and staked off nine claims, one each, and worked two weeks ditching them to get rid of the water, of which we had plenty then, but supposed that within a short time we would be without enough to wash with. Our men, reasoning in this way made up their minds that we must go and find some stream that we could dam, and probably get all the gold we wanted in a short time. Many other companies did the same thing, and nearly all with the same result, daming them first, and again when they left.

We sunk an hold down in the water on one of our claims the afternoon before we left and in three hours shoveling out of the water took out three hundred dollars. But our men had made up their minds to leave, and may have thought we would let them off on their contracts, as they proposed to give us everything made up to that time, but we did not consider it a fair division. It would have been as to time, but we were green in the mines and during the rainy season, not knowing the possibilities of the mines (being there one year too soon) we concluded rather than loose their services for the next six months, which had been paid, that we had better go with them and try our luck in turning the waters of some stream.

I urged Father and brother to acceptt their offer and for Father to return home with what we had, about \$10,000.00 at that time, and for brother Joseph and myself to remain and have those claims worked out, but they over-ruled me in this. I should have stayed and had the claims worked myself but fearing they might have difficulty with the men, we all went together and left our claims from which, we learned, seventy five thousand dollars was taken after our leaving them. It is but natural to say we were all fools. I cannot account for it on any other plausible theory now, but then we thought we could.

We spent most of the summer cutting a canal to carry the water past our claims, as soon as the river (Stanislans) fell sufficiently to put in our dam. But the snow on the mountains kept up a good flow of water until ~~July~~ the latter part of July. We got the water turned from its channel along in August, and when we came to prospect the bed of the stream, we found it almost impossible to find bed rock on account of water. We worked a few days and not being able to make over five dollars a day to the hand, we all got discouraged and disgusted with mining, and as the time of our men's contracts had nearly expired, we concluded to return home, several of our company with us. We went to SanFrancisco September 2nd, just one year after our arrival in the mines. We had to wait there near two weeks for a vessel that would land us at Mazattan, Mexico, having made up our minds to return overland via Mexico, on account of Cholera and yellow fever on the Panama rout by water.

Our intention was to buy mules in Mexico and drive into Texas where some of our company lived, and who said as they passed through Mexico on their way to California that they could buy good mules at twelve dollars per head that would sell in Texas at forty or fifty dollars. We found that the price had advanced to forty dollars and did not buy any but found that we could get horses at five or six dollars, and concluded to buy some of them. Our companytogether bought five hundred head which we drove into Texas, brother Joseph and others remaining to winter them there, and drive on home in the spring. They arrived with less than half of our original number, losses principally in Mexico through stampedes. The Mexicans were thoroughly posted in the accomplishment of this and would slyly stampede them with the expectation of a reward for gathering them up for us. But out of a heard of five hundred animals, there might be quite a large percentage lost, and unnoticed, without a count which was a very difficult matter.

These horses were bought near Saltillo and we passed over the  
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memorable battleground of Buenavista where General Taylor and General Santa Anna were in command and where it was claimed that according to the usages of war, General Taylor's army was whipped but they did not know it, and succeeded in gaining the victory over Santa Anna with a greatly superior force. To a person viewing the ground and positions <sup>held by</sup> ~~the~~ army, it looked strange to me that Santa Anna would attempt to force a passage through so impregnable a pass, when he had force sufficient to divide his men, and come around in the rear of Taylor and retake Saltillo and capture and capture his army.

Father, Mr. Goodrich and myself left our company and took a steamer at Port Lavaca, Texas for New Orleans, and crossing the gulf between there and Galveston, our boat struck bottom, two or three times, and it seemed as if it must smash her to pieces. There was a stretch of shallow water in the gulf between those two places that they could not avoid. Passengers arriving at Port Lavaca told us that our steamer was not safe as they had the same experience and thought that it must have disabled the boat.

We arrived at New Orleans all safe and got aboard a boat for St. Louis the same evening, and while at supper we had our trunk broken open in our stateroom just back of where we were sitting, and everything of value taken. Not much money however; only about fifty dollars in silver; but all our specimens of gold and other rare specimens of value together with several small buckskin sacks, filled with black sand and fine gold, a watch etc. These sacks were very nearly as heavy as gold, and doubtless those thieves thought they had made a larger haul than they really did. We regretted the loss of our specimens more than all else.

<sup>ed</sup> We Arrived at Cairo with difficulty on account of ice, <sup>and</sup> after leaving ~~there~~ ~~Cairo~~, ~~we~~ found that the Illinois River was frozen over, <sup>and</sup> ~~we~~ were obliged to stage it from there home, where we arrived the fore part of January 1851, when I saw for the first time a daughter born in my absence over a year before, Clara Isabella, wife now of Mr. C. B. Hess of Ottawa.

During the late unfortunate Civil War the demand for our wollen goods was greater than we could supply when we were making all kinds of wollen goods, cassimers, doe skin satinette, flannels, blankets, and stocking yarn. Such was the demand for flannel that to supply an old customer, in some cases we had to go to a loom and before the piece was finished, cut off what he wanted, and he would take it unfinished and scour it at home the best he could.

This state of affairs induced us to take in other partners and build a much larger mill which proved to us a very unfortunate undertaking as we began so near the close of the war and built at such enormous expense, everything being at the highest price reached during the war. This mill was commenced in the spring of 1864. Our first intention was to build only one story high 50 by 200 feet in length so as to have everything convenient on one floor, but when we commenced dig<sup>ing</sup> <sub>42</sub> out the foundation we found

such a dip in the rock which appeared on the surface a little above our location, that we had to go down ten feet for the foundation. Consequently we changed our original plan and concluded to build 50 by 100 feet and four stories high. This required a three foot wall on the foundation and took for that all the stone it would have required to have built according to our first plan - a building 50 by 200 with an eighteen inch wall only one story high. Our original estimated cost was \$25,000.00 but instead, on account of the exorbitant prices for everything and the mishap in the foundation, the whole cost when completed reached \$65,000. We calculated to have it running by Christmas which we did. We had bought wool during the season to run on amounting to \$60,000 at 90¢ to a \$1.00 per pound, and next season, before selling much of the product, wool had gone down to 45¢ and 50¢ and continued to drop, causing a loss of over \$30,000 to start on. And in the great Chicago fire we had \$22,000 worth of goods burned, and that fire so crippled insurance companies that we realized a mere trifle on insurance.

We were doing an excellent business in the new mill, making excellent goods and having ready sale for them, turning out annually about \$100,000 worth for eight years, but our heavy losses at the start entailed an indebtedness of about eighty thousand dollars, which we vainly tried for that length of time to pay.

I, being the financial member of the firm, induced my partners in the spring of 1873 to issue a call on all our creditors to meet us on a certain day, and they to select their own assignee, to whom we would assign all of our scheduled property for their benefit, amounting to some seven or eight thousand dollars more than our liabilities at a fair valuation. Our creditors thus accepting and giving us releases - some made the offer to release interest and have us continue until we could pay. I think if we had preferred it most, if not all, would have done the same, but I felt more like a person in prison and was glad after giving up everything to be released. We had carried this enormous amount (for a small firm) of indebtedness for eight years, never allowing a note to be protested in that time.

Our interest account amounting to eight thousand dollars annually,, we saw the folly of continuing longer to try to pay it, and have often since wished that we might have been forced to give up sooner.

Manufacturing, like milling, had its best days in the west in earlier times as after the war the west had to compete with shoddy goods from the east. Our western mills made honest goods of pure wool and were thus placed at great disadvantage to the east which had facilities for the use of cheap shoddy. It seemed to be the concerted plan of eastern manufacturers to drive out all western mills which they pretty effectually accomplished with the difference in cost between shoddy and pure wool.

We used to have complaint from merchant tailors that we made our goods last too long for their interest. I still hold a number of vouchers to corroborate this statement, in the way of silver medals and diplomas taken at different county and state fairs. Our goods were sold in a number of different states, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, in addition to our own state.

After quitting the factory in March 1873, the dam at Dayton was swept out by high water and ice, but was immediately rebuilt requiring a large amount of stone for filling in the crib work. I took the contract for furnishing the stone, and was fortunate in getting them more handily than I expected, and put on a dozen teams, and did fairly well. When through with this contract I received a letter from Mr. J. C. Stalp of Aurora requesting me to come up and make an estimate on the cost of putting in a portion of their dam, which had also been swept off. I went and saw him and when I had the dimensions of the work to be done, sat down and soon figured out the probable cost, not thinking he wanted me to do the work. I gave him my estimate and the next day, after reaching home I received a letter from him desiring me to come and put in the dam for him at my own estimate as given him, which was not over one half what other dam builders there estimated it worth to do the work, so I went up and looked around a little more and found I could get about all the stone required right on the ground for which I estimated five hundred dollars, and then told him I would take it. In about twenty days I had it completed, and cleared nearly one-half of my contract price of \$2000, clearing \$939.

The difficulty with other dam builders was that it had to be put in water six to eight feet deep and they could not see any way of doing it without getting rid of the water. My plan was to commence the same as building a boat and sink it as fast as we desired, and being in eddy water it proved successful. It was built of two inch plank thoroughly spiled. Some of the old dam builders came around and looked on in amazement saying, "There is more than one way of choking a dog to death."

RAMBLING THOUGHTS  
in an  
EVENTFUL LIFE

There is always a certain point in the life of all, difficult to determine where the boy or girl merges into man or womanhood. So it is in the selection of matter that would interest a good number of readers of such a work as this. Were it a work on mathematics or any of the sciences it would not require the discriminating thought and judgement of what would be interesting, but would be the legitimate outgrowth of the subject.

I shall therefore sketch in this chapter some minor events and happenings on extended trips quartering our whole possessions as a country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, east and west, and from Mexico on the southwest to Lake Superior and Canada on the north.

I made up my mind on this one important fact that nature has not been extremely lavish in giving to one section of the country any greatly superior advantages over another. When advantages and disadvantages are properly taken into consideration, one place or section of country is just about as good as another. I of course do not mean to say that one section is equally adapted to the wishes and desires of all alike, but aside from preferences of climate and the various pursuits of life, there is little difference in the possibilities of being suited about as well in one place as another.

From *Reminiscences of the Old West*, Vol. 1, p. 113  
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I saw places in Mexico not far inland from the Pacific Ocean which seemed almost like filling the requirements of a Paradise on earth, and going higher up the mountain, we got above the clouds, the sun shining brightly, and looking down the precipitous mountain, we saw through a thick mist that it was raining lower down in the valley.

I neglected to mention our landing at Mazatlan, Mexico from our little schooner "Laura Virginia" after eighteen days on the trip from San Francisco. She was a sail vessel and sometimes down south towards latitude 20, we would lie whole days in a perfect calm, and one night we sailed between two and three hundred miles. We sometimes had rare sport shooting at Porpoises. They would appear in great numbers and the way they would swim put me in mind of a flock of deer on the jump. I frequently drew blood but never got one.

It was Sunday afternoon that we landed and we walked up to the custom house and threw down our packs before the government official to have them examined but they appeared so insignificant that he did not condescend to do it, and passed our whole company of twenty two free. We then went to a Meson (hotel) and whilst I was in a bathroom, I suddenly heard such terrific firing, sounding like a whole company shooting at once, that I was terribly frightened as only a short time previously there had been several Americans killed there in a row. The landlord came to my door and told me the best he could that they were having "Mucho-fandangos", a sham battle on the plaza. I hurried out as soon as I could and witnessed the battle. The whole town, men, women, and children were on the streets.

We had considerable sport during the battle in which there were four companies engaged. When one side would retreat we threw it up to them ~~and~~ that was the way the Mexicans did in the late war with Mexico, to which they assented with great laughter.

After leaving the mining camp (mentioned) where they were taking out silver ore, we passed several smoldering fires where the Indians, the day before, robbed a pack train of one hundred mules, and what they could not carry off, they burned. We then came to a high point on the mountain and by the side of the path (no wagon roads here) was a large boulder, shaped like an egg and standing on the small end. It stood eight or nine feet high and was about six feet in diameter, and looked as if two or three men could push it over. We could see from the spikes about it that nearly every company passing had probably tried to send it down the mountain. We succeeded in sending it crashing down at a fearful rate. It would cut off trees like pipe stems.

Going on further and higher up the mountain we stopped and camped for the night near the summit and had about the hardest and coldest rain I ever experienced. It rained so hard that it was impossible to keep a fire burning with good pine wood.

Near the foot of the mountain, some eight or ten miles down in the valley, was the largest city we saw in Mexico, Durango, probably twenty five thousand inhabitants. The churches, monasteries, and many other buildings looked venerable with age. It is doubtless much the oldest city I ever saw. The streets all had nice little brooks on one side, with beautiful shade trees lining their banks, and women could be seen all over the city washing their clothing in these streams.

Here they had a government mint and we exchanged some of our native gold for coin to enable us to buy horses farther on and were obliged to take silver, and put it on a pack mule and risk a stampede. The country was without inhabitants except in small villages fifteen or twenty five miles apart. They did not dare to settle the country promiscuously as under the stars and stripes of our own country on account of Indians. It was said that fifty to one hundred Comanche Indians would capture any of the smaller towns when they desired to raid them, and we were frequently warned against Los Comanchese. We kept out a guard on our whole route from Saltillo, and one night there was an attempt made to stampede our animals in Texas, but by getting out our whole company, we succeeded in averting it.

We did not find our trip through that country very desirable, they speaking a different language, and their customs and habits so different in many respects from ours, for instance you would not find a hotel (or Meson~~s~~ as they call it) where you could get a board and lodging at the same place. The practise there was for all travelers to carry their own blankets. In the cities sleeping rooms might be found that could be had at a reasonable price in which we frequently found from two to three or four crosses erected and stationary, to mark the place of a murder. And on the road, wherever a murder has been committed, a like cross was found at the side of the road, the law probably requiring it to be done, but it was not a very agreeable memento in a sleeping apartment.

We passed a number of places in Mexico where they still felt the effects of the war and some places they acted rather sullen and did not seem to like "Los Americanians Del Norte". We thought it would not have been safe for a much smaller company than ours to travel through their country at that time, but as a general thing they seemed quite friendly and glad to get our money for supplies.

We crossed the Rio Grande into Texas at Presidio (where our troops had crossed during the war) and herded our horses near the banks of the river where we found next morning quite a number of graves of some of our brave volunteers who had probably died of some sickness.

We drove through Texas for several days before we reached any settlement. The first was a military post with two or three companies of soldiers. The next day we reached San Antonio, going around the head of the San Antonio River only a few miles and reaching the town, we found quite a river, probably the outlet of some of the sunken rivers. Going to California, we encountered the Humbolt, for one. We traveled down its banks for three hundred miles. For about twenty miles it spread out in a level sandy section from one to four miles in width, when it finally sank entirely out of sight. This whole distance of twenty miles was covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, some places four feet high, while bordering the edges it would be from six to eighteen inches high and as thick as it could stand. We cut some of this grass to last us across a desert of sand of fifty miles to Carson River, without water, the water in the Humbolt being so strongly impregnated with alkalis that we concluded to boil the water and make tea for crossing the desert but it proved a failure. It got so thick and slimy that we could not drink it. When we struck the Carson River and unhitched our horses to drive them to water, they would plunge over the bank eight or ten feet high, before we could drive them farther on, and we all were as thirsty as they.

A trip east for machinery - one up to Lake Superior - and east again to sell wool

In the spring of 1864 Christopher Trumbo and myself made a trip to New York, Philadelphia and Boston for machinery for our new woolen mill. We visited a number of woolen mills in the vicinity of Boston, Hartford, Andover and other cities. While visiting places of interest in Boston it occurred to us that it must have been laid out originally with reference to cow paths as the streets seem to run in every conceivable direction. We went to the top of Bunker Hill Monument and had a good view of the city and surrounding country for many miles and of the harbor, where our National Tea Party was held in Revolutionary times. Another place that attracted our attention was the cemetery, showing great age, and the resting place of very many honorable and prominent characters in the early settlement of our country. We spent considerable time wandering through it and reading some of the quaint epitaphs with which a person would be highly interested.

We went from here to Philadelphia which represented greater woolen manufacturers than the region about Boston, which was more in the cotton line. At Philadelphia we ordered our machinery made; four entire sets of woolen machinery by Furbust and Gage.

During the war I made a trip over the lakes for the benefit of my health, intending to spend about a month on Lake Superior. Finding that Ontonagon seemed to be the choice point for pleasure and health seekers, I stopped off there while our boat went up to the head of the lake.

We fared sumptuously at our hotel, had the best fish I ever ate, plenty of wild fruit and good company. One night while there, we had a terrific storm of thunder and lightning. We found in the morning that a house had been struck by lightning, and a goodly number of us went around after breakfast to see what damage was done. It was the residence of a prominent democratic member of the legislature of Michigan and he invited us all in to see the pranks of the lightning. We saw the paper all torn off from the wall, being a kind of gilt paper, but not much other damage done. He said if he had not been a copper-head, in all probability his house would have been burned down; copperhead being an epithet indiscriminately applied to democrats at that time. We had a number of college presidents in the company who enjoyed the joke immensely.

During our stay at the hotel there was a lightning calculator trying to get up a class to teach his method, and one day after dinner quite a number of those professors were sitting on the porch, and I said I believed I would give him a proposition which occurred in my every day business at home, to see if he could give me a shorter or quicker method of doing it. They rather urged me to do so and he seemed perfectly willing for me to state my proposition, and we would commence together to see how much quicker he would get the answer. I supposed a man had brought one hundred and nineteen pounds of wool which he wanted carded and spun into yarn and wanted me to take my pay for doing the work out of the wool, I to charge him seventeen cents per pound and allow him forty two

cents for his wool. How much shall I take out for pay? We commenced figuring together and I beat him. He then, as I beat on my own sum claimed the right to give me one and stated it; "How far will a boat go and return to the same point in twelve hours, going down stream at the rate of seventeen miles an hour and upstream at eleven ~~kars~~ miles?" We commenced figuring again and I beat him on his own proposition, and it seemed as though we were going to have another storm the way those professors roared. It is needless to say that he abandoned the idea of trying longer to get up a class in that burgh. As soon as an opportunity offered, a man on the porch who witnessed the trial of speed between us, came to me and said I was the man he had been looking for for some time and said he had a very rich copper mine near there, and would give me a good salary and an interest in his mine if I would take hold with him to operate it. I told him I was tied up in business at home and could not accept his proposition but he took my address and wrote me several letters urging my acceptance.

I improved so fast, right from the start from home, that upon the return of the vessel I came up on, I concluded to return on her, having been gone from home less than two weeks. I gained nearly one pound a day while gone.

I visited some of the copper mines twelve miles from <sup>h</sup>Ontonagon to see where some of these large masses of copper came from which lay on the wharf ready for shipment weighing from eleven to thirteen tons each. I found they had been taken from an old mine about thirteen feet deep. Some unknown miners who worked with stone hammers and copper tools, had to abandon this mine when they came across those large masses of copper. I believe there were three of those monster pieces lying on the ~~ground~~ wharf, originally being one mass. They were separated by currying with coal chisels and drawn up an incline from the mine. A plank road was built to Ontonagon over which they were hauled. This was quite a shipping point for copper ore and the large heavy teams hauling from the mines on this plank road would haul as many, or more barrels of copper ore than an ordinary team would, barrels of flour.

On our trip up the lakes at Sault St. Marie, whilst our vessel was being locked up into Lake Superior, we witnessed Owen Lovejoy and one of his daughters take a boat ride over the falls at that place which much resembled the falls in Fox River at Dayton, but is a much larger body of water. His daughter was badly frightened in their ride down the falls.

Here there were a number of nice little pools of water filled with trout and a sprig from England, thinking it a rare opportunity to try his luck at fishing, hurried off to the boat to get his fishing tackle. When he returned and was in the act of throwing in his hook, the owner informed him that they were private property, and he would not take ten dollars apiece for them. He concluded they were higher priced fish than he expected to see in America, and did not indulge his love of sport.

In Marquette we found in place of copper, the iron ore industry was carried on to a very large extent. They had two wharves where

they would load a half dozen schooners at a time with a rail road track along the wharf where they would haul from the mine and dump a whole car load at a time into the several vessels. This ore is said to be softer than other ores but is used to a great extent mixed with other ores at Cleveland, Buffalo and Chicago.

Prior to this in 1846 or '47, I know it was during the war with Mexico, I took a quantity of wool to Buffalo and New York for sale, and on the same vessel we had several <sup>company</sup> volunteers in that war. We left Chicago one evening about the first of June but by midnight we had such a wind and rain storm that our Captain headed his vessel back to Chicago, though I was not aware of the fact until morning when we were in sight of Chicago. The lake became so rough in the night that I was afraid of being thrown out of my bunk so got up and went out into the cabin being alone. The chairs and every movable thing in the cabin were sliding from side to side, and in a few minutes one of the hands opened the door from below and hollered out "fire aboard". I, being the only passenger up, ran down with him and discovered in the captain's room that his bed was burning quite briskly. He had left a lamp burning on a bureau close to his bed and being so rough, he was obliged to be up, and the roll of the vessel had thrown the lamp over onto the bed. This man and I soon succeeded in smothering out the flames and luckily not another passenger knew anything about the fire until we had safely landed in Chicago again that morning. It had been but a short time previous that the Lady Elgin had been burned on the lake, with her entire crew, and when the door was opened and I smelled the smoke from the burning bed, I felt something like I did in the hay-mow during the Blackhawk war.

Those soldiers occupied my wool sacks for their sleeping apartment and before we reached Buffalo, there seemed to be more beans on the sacks than wool. The captain was glad to compromise the damage by charging me nothing for freight on my wool. I sold the wool in Buffalo and took a draft on New York, not thinking I would be obliged to identify myself in New York banks. I was in a quandry how I could do so, when I thought of the only person there with whom I had any acquaintance, a son of George W. Howe, and started out to find him. He had lived near us but returned to New York. I soon found him and we went to the bank and were <sup>soon</sup> ~~soon~~ out of the difficulty.

Our Volunteers from <sup>our</sup> ~~this~~ section of country took a different route from those on the boat going to New York, then by ocean steamer down the coast and across the gulf. There were quite a number of my acquaintances went from this county and I will name some from recollection; T. Lyle Dickey in 1846 raised a company and was elected captain, served six months and had to return home on account of sickness, W.H.L. Wallace was orderly sergeant. After Captain Dickey's return home, Capt. Prentiss took his place; William and Moses Osman, William L., George W., Theodore and John F. Gibson, the whole family of boys; William McCay, Wilson L. Smith, Charles Hautaling and Charles E. Skinner.

Wm. L. Gibson, a brother in law acted as Post-Master of Saltillo during our occupancy of that place. This company, with others, crossed the Rio Grande at Presidio into Mexico at the same place our company did on our return from California.

## A FEW MORE RAMBLING THOUGHTS

The writer can refer with a small degree of satisfaction to assertions he made in public debate more than fifty years ago when some of the great developments and improvements since made were in their infancy. I was led in great part by our first experience in the prospective development of electricity. There was a man in Dayton early in the forties who advertised a battery, as he claimed, "with power sufficient to propell a steamer up the Mississippi River." Of course all hooted at the time until witnessing his experiments in the morning, when all seemed satisfied that he had the key to unlock the hidden mystery of electricity. With one little magnet he would run an experimental wheel like lightning. He had a kind of toy train of cars that he ran around a circular track as fast as he dared. His theory was, and at that time it seemed practical that all that was necessary to gain power was to increase the number and size of the magnets, and that his little battery would set them all in motion.

This theory, ~~however~~, did not prove successful, but from this little beginning we already see that electricity is destined to be the motive power for all practical uses, and is still in its infancy.

I think, however, with all the other great achievements within the last fifty years, that my assertions have been pretty nearly verified, namely "that the next fifty years (from that time) will witness greater progress and improvement in the arts and science than the past has done". Nearly all our great inventions and labor saving machinery have been made within that time.

I would not consider it an extravagant assertion or without the realm of reason to repeat it again, and say the next fifty years will witness still greater achievements than the past. It may be said that it is almost impossible. We can not see where there is need or chance for any greater improvement on what we have. So it was said fifty years ago when the stage coach and packet on the camel were about all we needed in the way of travel. Power looms had then only partially superseded hand looms, the same with regard to sewing machines and hundreds of other things. The telephone and telegraph were hidden mysteries. I remember the first telegraph line in this section of the country, when a rather prominent canal contractor said he could not see how it was possible to pass letters and packages over or past those poles they were putting up.

Whenever necessity requires anything new, or a substitute for what may have served its purpose, or gone out of existence, Nature and Man's skill supplies it. In my early recollection in Ohio, and even when we moved here, friction matches were unknown. Harvesters and even a good plow we did not have. Wooden mole boards were used; lamps for burning lard and sometimes spermoil were used. Nature has supplied from the bowels of the earth what was first called coal oil. And we are now using to a great extent, iron as a substitute for timber in erecting the buildings, bridges, fences etc. besides the other innumerable uses to which it is applied.

Our future advancement will of course depend largely upon the stability and fostering care of our government. Should we depart too much from the policy of the founders of our government, and annex too much incompatible territory, for instance Mexico,

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Canada, and the islands of the seas, it is beyond the comprehension of any living men to foresee the result, but long may the stars and stripes float in peace and harmony over a free, undivided, happy and prosperous people.

*Thomas Henry Green and His Dayton, Illinois Store  
Helens' Grandfather*



*T. Henry Green*  
*"Harry"*  
*1857-1939*



## HARRY GREEN AND HIS DAYTON STORE

This piece of glassware was given to me a few years ago by Bobbie Pottenger, who told me to find out about it and do a program about it, so that's what I've done. The note inside it says "part of a set bought of Harry Green at the Dayton store about 1880". So I started out to find out about Harry Green, who was the father of Mabel Greene Myers and the grandfather of Helen Myers McLoraine.

Thomas Henry "Harry" Green was born January 9, 1857 in Dayton, the oldest son of Jesse Green and his second wife, Hannah Rhoads. Harry went to grade school in Dayton. He then attended Jennings Seminary in Aurora, one of the finest private high schools in the middle west. Jesse Green, Harry's father, was himself largely self-educated, as he had only a few terms of formal schooling. He clearly recognized the value of education for his children and sent them to Jennings.

Like his younger brothers, Harry began by working for their father in the woolen mill, but on the first of February, 1880, at the age of 23, Harry took over the store in Dayton, where he sold dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, notions, medicines and almost anything else you could think of.. A notice in the Ottawa paper announcing the change in management said that he was doing a cash business. In earlier times on the frontier, a storekeeper would offer credit to the farmers, or would take farm products in trade for goods, but by the 1880s, cash was more readily available, so Harry could operate on that basis. He travelled to Chicago and St. Louis periodically on buying trips, where he would replenish his supplies and see what was new and interesting.

The Dayton store would have been one of the centers of village life. In addition to the many items for sale, there were other attractions. In February of 1881, the Dayton Library Association was founded, with Isaac Green as President, Charles Green as Secretary and Harry Green as Librarian. Harry was the librarian because the library, all one hundred volumes of it, was housed at the store. You paid fifty cents a year to join and then you could borrow any book. The store was also a central point for spreading the news, so much so that the correspondent to the Ottawa paper requested that news items for the column be left at the store.

Among the goods Harry sold was glassware. I found this pattern identified in a glass encyclopedia. It was made by the La Belle Glass Company of Bridgeport, Ohio. The company was founded in 1872 and its Queen Anne pattern, which this piece is an example of, was first being advertised in the trade journals in the fall of 1879. Harry must have ordered it soon after the announcement, as this piece was bought about 1880. It would have been one piece of a fairly extensive set. This piece is a spooner. It was used on the table to hold dessert spoons. They often resemble short-stemmed goblets or vases. Some have handles, as this one does, but some do not. Other pieces in the set might have been a butter dish, cream and sugar, salt cellar, celery vase, and of course, plates and goblets. In the Ottawa paper's account of the wedding of David Green's daughter, Ada, in 1881, among the gifts received was a set of glassware from her cousin, Harry Green. There's no way of knowing if it was a set of this pattern, but it might have been, as it was a new and popular pattern then.

Some time in the mid-1880s a young lady named Cora Childs came to teach in the Dayton school. She had been born in 1860 in Marshall County. In 1864, her parents moved to Ottawa to take advantage of the better educational opportunities for their daughters. She graduated from Ottawa Township High School in 1879 and then completed the two year program at Wesleyan college in Cincinnati in one year, graduating in June 1880. She taught at several other La Salle County schools before coming to Dayton. When her parents moved to Morris she taught in the Junior High School there, but Harry had obviously made an impression on her and they were married on February 22, 1888.

After their marriage, they lived near Morris, where Harry ran a bakery and restaurant. As you can see by the letterhead in the center of the page, he was also a jobber, or wholesaler, in fruits, confectionery, oysters, tobacco and cigars. An ad for Green's Bakery and European Resaurant in the Morris Herald touted their wedding cakes, which could be furnished on short notice, and described the business as a place "Where you can get anything you want from a cup of coffee and sandwich up to a big square meal." Unfortunately, this establishment burned and they then returned to Ottawa. Harry went to work for the Standard Brick Company, where his brother-in-law, C. B. Hess, was a partner.

In 1892 they moved to Chicago where he established himself as an electrical engineer. Cora was very active in various patriotic organizations. She held a number of offices with the DAR, including many years as regent. She was the first regent of the Chicago chapter of the DAC, the Daughters of the American Colonists; was a member of the Daughters of 1812 and many other similar organizations. They were listed in the 1913 Chicago Blue Book of prominent residents. At that time they lived at 55 W. North Avenue and had a summer residence in Morris. Cora was active in the social life of Chicago. I found a clipping of Mabel's engagement, announced by her mother at a reception and musical at the Plaza hotel.

Somewhere around 1910, Harry's last name acquired an extra "e", Greene. Cora, who was very interested in family history, had learned much of the Green history from Harry's cousin, Maud, who was the Green family historian. Maud had attempted to trace the Green family's origin, and had identified John Greene the Surgeon, of Rhode Island as a possible progenitor. Cora evidently convinced Harry, who was now T. Henry, that the extra "e" should be added. In Harry's obituary, which Cora surely wrote, the "e" was even added retroactively to his father, Jesse, and his grandfather, John, neither of whom ever spelled their name that way. Incidentally, it is almost certain that John Greene the Surgeon was NOT our ancestor.

Harry died September 24, 1939 in Chicago. The funeral was held in Chicago and the body was taken by train to Ottawa, where he was buried in the family plot in the Ottawa Avenue cemetery on Sep. 27<sup>th</sup>. There are now no living descendants of Harry and Cora, but I hope this will, in some small way, help to keep their memory alive.

*Credit to Candace Wilmot*

*Cora Childs Greene and Children*

*Cora Childs Greene was Helen's grandmother. Cora's two children are in the picture, Mabel Greene, Helen's Mom and Alvin Greene, Helen's uncle.*



# TROUT (SS202)

The veteran patroller TROUT (Lt. Cdr. A. H. Clark) left Pearl Harbor on 8 February 1944, enroute to area for her eleventh patrol. She topped off with fuel at Midway, and left there on 16 February, never to be heard from again. She was to patrol between 20°-00' N and 23°-00' N from the China coast to 130°-00' E.

TROUT was scheduled to leave her patrol area not later than sunset on 27 March 1944, and was expected at Midway about 7 April 1944. When she did not arrive, she was reported as presumed to be lost on 17 April 1944.

From information received from the Japanese since the close of the war the following facts have been gleaned. On 29 February 1944 SAKITO MARU was sunk and another ship badly damaged in position 22°-40' N, 131°-45' E. TROUT is the only U. S. submarine which could have made an attack at this time in this position. Since TROUT did not report this action it is assumed that she was lost during or shortly after this attack.

In her first ten patrols, TROUT sank 23 enemy ships, giving her 87,800 tons sunk, and damaged 6 ships, for 75,000 tons. TROUT's first patrol resulted in no enemy damage, but her second patrol was a most unusual one. She delivered ammunition from Pearl Harbor to Corregidor in January 1942. To compensate for the weight of ammunition delivered, she brought back as ballast 20 tons of gold, silver and securities which was delivered to Pearl Harbor, from where it was taken to Washington for safe-keeping. Also during the patrol TROUT sank a medium freighter and a patrol craft. In the period from mid-March to mid-May 1942 TROUT conducted her third patrol in the Empire. Here she sank a large tanker, three freighters and a gunboat, and damaged a large freighter. TROUT's fourth patrol covered the period during which she was part of the forces defending Midway. She made no successful attacks here. The area south of Truk was the scene of TROUT's fifth patrol; here she sank a transport and damaged an aircraft carrier.

During her sixth patrol, in the Southern Solomons, TROUT had but one attack opportunity. She made no hits on a battleship



A. H. Clark

sighted on 13 November 1942. In the South China Sea on her seventh patrol, she sank a freighter, a tanker and two sampans, and damaged two other large tankers. The same general area was the scene of her eighth patrol; TROUT sank two sampans and damaged an auxiliary vessel. In May and June 1943 TROUT patrolled the lesser Philippines and sank two tankers, a freighter and two small schooners, also damaging a freighter. TROUT's tenth patrol was a passage from Fremantle to Pearl, with a patrol of the Davao area enroute. She sank a freighter, a transport, a sampan and a submarine. The latter was I-182, sunk by TROUT in Surigao Strait on 9 September 1943. This vessel was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for the period of her second, third and fifth patrols.

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4			3 III	1
-5	1	1	6 III	

*List of U.S.S. Trout Naval Personnel*

U. S. S. TROUT (SS-202)

Name	Rate	Name	Rate
ABBOTT, R. E.	F2	HARRISON, D. W.	CEMA
ADAMS, A. W.	BKR3	HOY, J. E.	MOMM1
BARKER, J. B., Jr.	GM3	HUGHES, R. L.	CEMA
BECKLEY, C. V.	LTJG	HUGHES, P. W.	S1
BENNETT, T. W., Jr.	RM3	JOHNSON, A. W.	TM2
BOLAND, J. J.	CPHMA	KAISER, R. W., Jr.	MOMM2
BOND, R. V.	S1	KELTNER, M. H.	ENS
BRANDT, N. A.	FC1	KERR, R. (n)	QM2
BROCKMAN, R. J.	CTMA	KING, E. (n)	BM2
BROWNLOW, E. (n)	CCSA	KNUTSON, G. J.	MOMM1
CALLAN, K. T.	EM3	KUNSTMAN, R. (n)	EM3
CARRICO, R. E.	LTJG	LEWIS, A. S.	STM2
CLARK, A. H.	LCDR	MAGNER, J. F.	MOMM1
CLARKE, J. B.	EM1	MASSETT, P. J.	MOMM2
COAKLEY, J. E.	GM2	MAUER, L. L.	MOMM2
COPT, L. J.	EM1	MC DUFFIE, W. B.	SC3
COREY, F. J.	EM2	MILLION, F. A.	EM3
CRAIN, E. F., Jr.	ENS	MILLNER, C. C.	STM1
CROWLEY, J. R.	Y3	MOLLOHAN, G. D.	TM2
CUNNINGHAM, E. H., III	MOMM1	MURPHY, T. J.	TM3
DECESARE, F. P., Jr.	CRMA	MYERS, L. E., Jr.	LT
DECKER, F. J.	CMOMMA	NEARMAN, K. E.	RM2
DORTCH, W. H.	S2	PERRY, R. R.	ENS
EHLERDING, J. G.	RM1	RICHARDSON, J. W.	CTMA
EWELL, J. E.	STM2	ROWAN, L. R.	GM3
EYE, O. R.	TM3	RUDER, J. E.	MOMM2
FESTIN, S. (n)	TM3	SCOTT, K. I.	MOMM1
FINNEY, W. O.	MOMM2	SEBRING, S. R.	TM3
FROGNER, G. I.	RM3	SMITH, A. L.	CMOMM
FRONTINO, J. N.	TM2	STANFORD, W. W.	CMOMM
FROST, C. F.	MM1	SWENTZEL, L. M.	F2
GARRISON, R. L.	TM2	TAYLOR, H. F.	EM3
GAYLORD, W. H.	LT	TEISEN, A. T.	MOMM1
GIONET, R. C.	MOMM2	THOITS, E. E.	TM3
GONYER, A. L.	SM1	THURMAN, A. J.	S1
GURNEY, H. R.	CYA	TIERNEY, H. T.	RT3
GWYNN, R. P.	S1	TRACY, J. T.	EM3
HALL, O. (n)	EM1	WALKER, E. J.	SM3
HALTERMAN, A. M.	TM1	WILKOWSKI, J. B.	SM2
HANFORD, S. J.	MOMM3	WINTER, W. A.	GM1
		WOODWORTH, H. E.	LT

*Notes on Lewis E. Myers Jr. from his Family*

LIEUTENANT LEWIS EDWIN MYERS, JR., U. S. N. R.  
Home Address, 55 W. North Ave., Chicago.

Lt. LEWIS E. MYERS, Jr., U. S. N. R. was born January 7, 1916; son of Lewis E. Myers and Mabel Greene Myers, sister of Helen M., of 55 W. North Ave., Chicago; grandson of Mrs. T. Henry Greene, Ex-Regent, Chicago Chapter, D. A. R.; an ancestor, John Green built and operated the first grist mill in LaSalle County, and the first woolen mill run by water power in the State of Illinois.

Lt. Myers was a member of the 4th Presbyterian Church, and of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity at the University of Chicago. Following his graduation, in 1940, at the Goodman School of the Theatre, he enlisted as a midshipman in the U. S. N. R., and from a cruise on the U. S. S. ARKANSAS, he was assigned to the U. S. N. R. School at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, where he was commissioned Ensign, May 15, 1941.

Following assignment to the U. S. S. LITTLE, he was sent to the Higgins plant, New Orleans, for the new training in landing boat operations, and again to Annapolis for special gunnery training. In service in the Atlantic until December, 1941.

The U. S. S. LITTLE was flagship of the Destroyer-Transport division that landed our Marines at Guadalcanal and Tulagi on August, 1942, in opening the Solomons Islands campaign. In his citation of September 11, one week after the sinking of the LITTLE in a terrific night battle, Admiral Turner praised "the tremendous services that have been rendered by the LITTLE, CALHOUN AND GREGORY \*\*\* in the arduous task of supporting our marine troops. Many times you were in battle with the enemy. \*\*\* The Navy will feel the loss of your valuable ships, and even more will feel the loss of our brave comrades who have not come back. You can be assured that your conduct will be brought to the attention of the Commander-in-Chief in the highest terms." Another citation extols the officers and men for "your determination and bravery in meeting the enemy and fearlessly fighting him not once but many times until your ships were destroyed by greatly superior enemy forces." Lt. Myers was gunnery and educational officer on the LITTLE. Half the officers and men of the LITTLE lost their lives. Of one unit of 20 gunners, nineteen were killed. Lt. Myers was the last survivor to leave the ship, and was rescued off Guadalcanal after swimming seven hours.

On his way back to the States, Lt. Myers asked at Pearl Harbor for submarine duty. He completed his submarine training at New London in March, 1943, and flew to an American base in Australia where he was assigned to the TROUT. On April 27, the Navy informed Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Myers that their son was "missing following action in the performance of his duty and in the service of his country." Official announcement was made by the Navy ~~that the TROUT~~ on July 22 that the TROUT had been lost in action in the Pacific, but no report has been made of the record of the TROUT since given Presidential citation on May, 1943 "for outstanding performance \*\*\* in enemy-controlled waters." It is believed to have maintained to the end its record of amazing achievement.

Notes by  
Lewis E. Myers, 55 W. North Ave.,  
Chicago, Illinois. Ph. Delaware 3571.  
July 24, 1944.

Lieutenant Lewis E. Myers, Jr.  
Gunnery and Torpedo Officer  
THE U. S. S. TROUT

A feeling of deep sympathy and a sense of common understanding prompt these brief notes to Kin and Friends of the Shipmates of our Son, and Brother, Lewis E. Myers, Jr.

Our last letter from Lewis was written February 15, 1944. Its terse, but meaningful final sentence reads, "I haven't even had my clothes off for a couple of days, so I'm closing abruptly." The day before, the 14th, he had written, "I'll be having need for those Marine walking shoes of mine, the rough tan leather ones, with the rugged composition soles. \*\* I believe I'll\* be doing a little walking in a place which will be hard on shoes in a few weeks."

The last grim mission of the TROUT is attested by the first sentence of the recent Citation by the Commander Submarine Force, Pacific Fleet,

"The U. S. S. TROUT, while on an offensive war patrol  
"in enemy controlled waters, heavily patrolled by enemy  
"air and surface forces, failed to return as scheduled."

"Those Marine walking shoes" are a pair that the Marines had outfitted Lewis with, after his rescue off Guadalcanal where his former ship, the U. S. S. LITTLE, was sunk in a night battle, Sept 5, 1942. The LITTLE was the flagship of a Destroyer-Transport division that took the first Marines into Guadalcanal and Tulagi at the start of the Solomons Islands campaign. At Pearl Harbor, on his way back to the States for "new construction", he asked for submarine service. He had seen what the submarines - our own, and the enemy's - were achieving in the Pacific.

After training at New London, he flew to Australia where he was thrilled by his assignment to the TROUT - that "mythical" ship that had evaded the enemy fleet, slipped into Manila laden with precious munitions, then out with the gold of the Philippines - not to narrate other heroic exploits that the Sons or Brothers, Husbands or Fathers of many of you bore special honors for, including the PRESIDENTIAL CITATION. Is it any wonder even if long "overdue", or having "failed to return as scheduled", those who have known her best, cling to the belief that the TROUT will not fail, and that all is well?

But if our fervent hope and prayer for the return of our loved ones unharmed must vanish; if it is never given to us to know the fate of their invincible ship, we may be ever inwardly assured of her brave Company's selfless loyalty, each to the other, in life and death, and of their unswerving devotion to duty, no matter what befell, or what they may, at this moment, endure.

And be it known - let us not forget - that submarines turned catafalques and sinking ever deeper into fathomless Seas are now laying Three Thousand Men and Boys - dear as ours to us - on the cold, fireless altars of their country. If the TROUT is finding her place in that strange line of two score phantom ships and joining our four score Loved Ones with that large company of stalwart submariners, then may we not expand our sympathy to, and feel the human understanding flowing from their kin and friends. Yea, more; in all the tragic annals of war, what fate so awakens the compassion of humanity, what doom excites the world's conscience to its boldest resolve as the fate, the doom of Three Thousand Men and Boys hidden forever helplessly in the silences of the unfathomable sea.

February 15, 1945.

Lewis E., Mabel G. and Helen M. Myers.

*Letter from Bureau of Navy Personnel  
Awarding Lewis E. Myer, Jr. the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal*

In reply address not the signer of this letter, but Bureau of Naval Personnel, Navy Department, Washington 25, D. C.

Refer to No.

Pers-10  
00/97874

15 June 1948

NAVY DEPARTMENT  
BUREAU OF NAVAL PERSONNEL  
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

Mr. Lewis E. Myers, Sr.  
55 W. N. Ave.  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Myers:

The Chief of Naval Personnel has the honor to forward herewith the award of the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal made posthumously to your son, the late Lewis E. Myers, Jr., United States Naval Reserve.

In order that you may understand the significance of the above award there is enclosed a bulletin which sets forth the regulations governing their issuance.

By direction of Chief of Naval Personnel:

Sincerely yours,

  
J. L. YOUNG  
LTJG., USN  
Medals and Awards

Encls-2

"EXECUTIVE ORDER NO. 9265 ESTABLISHING THE  
AREA CAMPAIGN MEDALS

"By virtue of the authority vested in me as President of the United States and as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, it is hereby ordered that the American, European-African-Middle Eastern, and Asiatic-Pacific campaign medals, including suitable appurtenances, be established, and that the said medals may be awarded, under such regulations as the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy may severally prescribe, to members of the land and naval forces of the United States, including the Women's Reserve of the United States Naval Reserve, and to members of the Women's Auxiliary Corps who, during any period between December 7, 1941, inclusive, and a date six months subsequent to the termination of the present war, shall have served outside the continental limits of the United States in any of the respective areas as indicated by the name of the medals, such areas to be more precisely defined in the regulations hereby authorized.

"For purposes of this order, the Territory of Alaska shall be considered as outside the continental limits of the United States.

"FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

"THE WHITE HOUSE  
November 6, 1942."

"EXECUTIVE ORDER

"AMENDING EXECUTIVE ORDER NO. 9265 OF NOVEMBER 6, 1942, ESTABLISHED THE AMERICAN, EUROPEAN-AFRICAN-MIDDLE EASTERN, AND ASIATIC-PACIFIC CAMPAIGN MEDALS

"By virtue of the authority vested in me as President of the United States and as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, it is hereby ordered as follows:

"1. The European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal shall not be awarded for any service rendered subsequent to November 8, 1945.

"2. The American Campaign Medal and the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal shall not be awarded for any service rendered subsequent to March 2, 1946.

"3. Effective October 12, 1945, members and former members of the land and naval forces of the United States, including the Women's Reserve of the United States Naval Reserve, and former members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, who served in the continental United States for an aggregate period of one year between December 7, 1941, and 2 March 1946, inclusive, may be awarded the American Campaign Medal under such regulations as the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy may severally prescribe.

"4. Executive Order No. 9265 of November 6, 1942, establishing the American, European-African-Middle Eastern, and Asiatic-Pacific campaign medals, is amended accordingly.

"HARRY S. TRUMAN

"THE WHITE HOUSE,  
March 15, 1946."

A-3626

Letter to Lewis Jr. from his Dad



Hotel Bembe  
VALPARAISO, CHILE

Jan 31, 1946.

My dear Son:

I cut from Today's  
Chicago Tribune a  
reprint of one of Mr. Cutler's  
cartoons for you. Perhaps  
you will want to try  
to locate all of the places  
he talks about and in  
time you may get to see  
many of them. I wonder  
how many of them you  
have seen already.

It occurred to me today  
that when I was just your  
age, our family moved  
to town from the country.  
Up until then I had never  
seen or been in a town



Hotel Bembe  
VALPARAISO, IND.

bigger than Valparaiso.  
Of course Canton was  
larger and perhaps I  
was taken there before I  
was five or six years old but  
I cannot remember any-  
thing about it. All since  
when we shipped before  
we moved to Louisville  
was then about the size of  
Valparaiso. Indeed, I was  
only in Canton a few  
times afterwards until I  
was twenty years old. At  
that age I ~~spent~~ my first  
trip to Cleveland, so you  
I see I was almost old  
enough to vote before I  
ever saw any really large  
city. And just think



Hotel Lembke  
VALPARAISO, IND.

of how many of the big  
cities of our country  
and even of Canada you  
have seen. I would like  
to have you write me  
a list of at least ten of  
the biggest cities you  
can remember, having  
seen out of the hundred  
you have been in, at one  
time or another.

You will no doubt  
remember another of  
the McButcher's cartoons  
which you and I have often  
read - "Indian Summer."

I suggest that you  
keep the pleasure of the  
Restless Rover. You will



Hotel Bembke  
VALPARAISO, IND

guess that the crew with  
the drowing board looking  
out to sea is the artist himself.

When I was in college  
my mother found among  
some papers she had saved  
a letter which I had written  
to my brother Joe when  
he had left home to go to  
work on the railroad. She  
sent it to me. I was then  
just about your age. I  
wonder if you can write  
as much of a letter as I  
did then. Would you try?  
Don't you think that  
you and your father should  
now exchange letters about  
every week - you writing  
to me one week and I to you



Hotel Lembke  
VALPARAISO, IND.

The next week - I would certainly get great pleasure and satisfaction out of your letters and during these months when I must be away from you and Helen and the beautiful Lady so much, your letters would relieve my loneliness for you and make me very happy -

Boys and girls who really think about it and who try hard to write good letters are helped much by it. You know people who learn to write well what they learn and think, one well thought of in the



Hotel Bembe  
VALPARAISO, IND

wored, they are paid  
well for it and highly  
honored and respected  
for it. Really Helen is  
not too young to stop. Don't  
you think it would be  
nice, too, if Helen did  
her best in writing daddy  
a good letter every week. I  
will keep every letter either  
of you writes to me and  
perhaps you had better save  
mine. If you want to  
keep them just for yourself  
Helen and mother, I will  
tell you many interesting  
things about old times and  
people and things I see  
and hear about. Sometimes  
my letters would be hard to read



Hotel Lembke  
VALPARAISO, IND

but mother can help you  
to read them and if you  
will be patient, Daddy will  
do the best he can.

I certainly have something  
interesting to tell Helen in  
a letter but will write  
to a day or two later.

After you have been to the  
Fay Fair and have seen  
the New Roller Racer, the  
Air Race, and Circus  
Trixie, please write and  
let me what you think  
about them.

You must be having a great  
time in school these days.  
Good night my dear boy—

Father

Tuesday Evening, October 20, 1942

TRINIDAD, COLORADO

# OR SEA FORCES

## Navy Officer Here Describes Survivor Of U. S. Destroyer Transport Little In Solomons Battle Last Month Relates His Experience

**Lieut. Lewis E. Myers of Chicago, Nephew of Mrs. T. C. Harper, Tells of Escaping From Flaming Ship In Pacific Darkness — Swam Several Hours — Was Finally Picked Up By Marine Boats. Here Awaiting New Assignment in Service.**

Having at times been bombed, torpedoed and shelled on American navy craft, Lieut. Lewis E. Myers of Chicago, Trinidad high school graduate, class of 1933, now knows how it feels to be alone on a blazing ship of war, to plunge into darkness, to swim for hours in the rolling seas to ultimate rescue.

For Lieut. Myers, nephew of Mrs. T. C. Harper, who is in Trinidad, was one of the survivors of the U. S. Destroyer transport Little, which was shelled and set blazing by fire from Japanese cruisers off the Solomons islands early last month. This handsome young naval officer, who is resting here awaiting a new assignment, today gave to the Chronicle-News his first version of the recent sea battle of American and Japanese fleet units in the Solomons area of the Pacific. Lieut. Myers arrived here a few days ago. He will address the Lions club luncheon meeting tomorrow and narrate his experiences.

Lieut. Myers came out of the Hell of that terrific battle unscathed. He was the last to leave the flaming destroyer before it was engulfed by the waves. He swam for several hours in pitch darkness and until dawn, and until he sighted rafts on which were other seamen from the two American ships sunk in that battle, and sighted by friendly airplanes had finally been brought in by marines in boats, put aboard a transport sailing for the American mainland, and after 30 days reached a California port. That was early this month.

Lieut. Myers was of the Destroyer Little, an old world war destroyer, converted into a transport

### Survivor Tells Of His Escape From Flaming Destroyer

The Chronicle-News is privileged today to print, briefly, of course, the graphic narrative of the flaming sinking of the U. S. destroyer-transport Little which with another destroyer was sent to the bottom by Japanese shell fire "somewhere off the Solomons" the early days of September. In hasty recital for afternoon publication—the interview was at noon today — the story as related by Lieut. Myers is necessarily briefly set down. There is a lot more to the narrative which Lieut. Myers will doubtless re-

SERVICE SINCE 1940

signed up in the fall of 1940.

In describing the battle Myers said that the two American ships of which the destroyer-transport Little was one, were attacked by new and larger Japanese cruisers that blasted the older ships with shellfire, put all the Little's guns and engines out of commission and finally sent it down in flames. The exact number of survivors and missing from the Little have not been reported.

In relating his experience, Lieut. Myers said he was up in the fore-top of the ship while the battle raged and had not heard the order to abandon ship. The ship was blazing beneath him. He became aware finally that all on board had left the burning ship some time before. He saw none of them for hours afterward.

"We were outnumbered," said Lieut. Myers. "The Japanese had brand new cruisers, larger and with more and heavier guns. They plastered our ship up and down for several minutes and finally set it afire. Our guns were put out of action.

"The Little had been steaming up and down on submarine patrol," Myers said. It was shortly after midnight, pitch darkness. We saw single shot fire like that coming from a submarine-shelling the beach. The enemy didn't attack at once. We waited a while to determine, if possible, what sort of enemy ships were engaged. Then our ships were swept by powerful searchlights from the Japanese ships. We realized we were confronted with a large Japanese naval force.

"Both of our ships opened fire at once. We were outnumbered and outclassed by heavier guns of the enemy cruisers. The Japs missed their first two salvos. The third one hit the afterdeck house putting our No. 3 gun and putting our steering engine out of commission. The Japs kept firing in rapid succession and until our other guns were put out of service.

"The ship was in flames, gun power and steering control gone. I

(Continued on Page Eight)

# SHIP IN FLAMES, AND HE'S ALONE IN CROW'S NEST

BY JERRY THORP.

The destroyer transport Little, doomed by Jap shelling, listed heavily in the flame-lit waters of the Pacific off Guadalcanal early on the morning of Sept. 5. Fire raged the length of the ship—twisted pieces of metal, remnants of anti-aircraft guns littered the deck.

The Little apparently was deserted. Only the dead were on her decks as other members of the crew floundered in the water, attempting to keep out of the range of Jap warships.

But in the crow's nest, high above the flame-swept hold, there was one more man, a sailor who hadn't heard the order to abandon ship and was still at his spotter's post. He was Lt. Lewis Myers Jr., a Chicagoan, who lived to tell his experience. He now is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Myers Sr. of 55 W. North av.

### Talk Only of Crack at Japs.

"That kind of an experience does funny things to men," he recalled today, "especially to those fellows that were wounded—all they could think or talk about was getting out to get another crack at the enemy."

Myers, tow-haired and of slight build, told his story almost casually:

"We were on submarine patrol about six miles from Guadalcanal. About 1 o'clock in the morning we saw shell fire on the beach. We waited a minute before moving in, because we didn't believe the fire was coming from a submarine.

"I guess we spotted each other about the same time. They had four large Jap cruisers—and we opened fire almost simultaneously. Their first three salvos missed but they found the range with the fourth which knocked our steering gear out of commission.

### No Conception of Time.

"I had no conception of time so I really don't know how long it was before the Little was finished. I looked over the top of the crow's nest and realized the order to abandon ship must have been given. No one was on board with me except the dead. Guns had been blown clear out of their positions.

"At first I feared to climb down the ladder because of the possibility of being machine-gunned but I knew I could never clear the deck if I dived. Finally I started down the ladder but had to stop because the bottom part was surrounded by fire. I slid the rest of the way on a guy wire and then dropped over into the water.

## JAP JACKET HIS WAR TROPHY



Lt. Lewis Myers Jr. (left) shows his father, Lewis Myers, a Japanese marine jacket that was given to young Myers in Guadalcanal after he survived the sinking of the destroyer transport Little Sept. 5. [By a staff photographer.]

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The CHICAGO Daily News,  
Wednesday, November 4, 1942

"I sank at first because I was attempting to take too much equipment—a gun, binoculars and several other things. After I abandoned them it was easier.

#### Simple Navigation Chart.

"As I inflated my pneumatic life boat I recalled that if I kept the wind on my left cheek I should go toward Guadalcanal.

"A Jap ship passed within 200 feet of me and I thought it was all over, but nothing happened. By the time I got in the water there were no other survivors around."

Six hours later, as the first streaks of dawn lit the sky, Myers spotted several rafts carrying men from the Little and a sister ship, the Gregory, which also had been sunk.

"I climbed on one of the rafts and it was only a few minutes before patrol planes spotted us and we were picked up."

At Guadalcanal Myers was clothed in a Japanese marine's jacket, a souvenir that he brought to Chicago. He was given a leave a short time later and arrived here three days ago. The 26-year-old lieutenant had been in the Guadalcanal area since the first Marines were landed there last August. Before enlisting in the Navy two years ago he attended the University of Chicago and the Goodman School of the Theater.

It won't be long before Myers will be on duty again, aboard "a honey of a new ship that has everything."

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## Survivor Relates His Experiences

(Continued from Page One)

was in the fore-top. I had not heard the order to abandon ship. When the Japs ceased firing I slid down a guy wire to the fore-castle of the blazing ship. I did not know whether my safety belt would work. I tossed shell boxes into the sea and finally jumped. I swam away from the ship. I swam for several hours. I had jumped in head down with helmet and all equipment, which I got rid of as I swam or floated. After daybreak the next morning I saw rafts with survivors from the ships. Friendly airplanes were overhead and had spotted the survivors and marines in boats were sent out for us."

Lieut. Myers said that while in the water he had seen a Japanese ship once only a couple of hundred feet away. He added that some time before the Solomons battle in which he had participated, the Little had been near when the three American cruisers Vincennes, Quincy and Astoria were sunk. He said he had been bombed, shelled and torpedoed before, but had never until this time had a ship been shot away and burned under him.

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*Lewis E. Myers Jr. in Naval Reserve Uniform*



Transcript of Lewis' Talk on Radio Show about  
U.S.S. Little experience (spoken by Lewis on the radio)

Spoken by LEWIS  
in late 1942 recording -  
his time on the USS Little.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have a guest in the studio tonight who has been under enemy fire in the Southwest Pacific. He is Lewis E. Myers, Lieutenant J.G. of the United States ~~navy~~ <sup>Naval Reserve</sup> who was on a destroyer which was sunk early in September in the Solomon Islands. His home is at 55 West North Avenue in Chicago. Lieut Myers went through the Reserve Officers course at Annapolis ~~Virginia~~ about a year and a half ago...and is now home on ~~leave~~ <sup>leave</sup>. Lieutenant, what were you doing in the Solomons?

Myers: I was assistant gunnery officer, and my battle station was spotter.

Hunter: What is a spotter?

Myers: A spotter is the man who watches the fall of our own shot to determine whether we are hitting the target or missing — long, short, right or left, and how far. The spotter has the collateral duties of identifying the enemy, determining speeds of their ships, courses, and so forth.

Hunter: When did this action occur?

Myers: Early in September.

Hunter: Day or night?

Myers: Night.

Hunter: Was this the first real ~~action~~ action you had been in?

Myers: No; we had seen action a number of times and of varying types. *We had been bombed, Torpedoed, + Shelled.*  
We were in there early in August when the Islands were first attacked, and participated in ~~the~~ the initial assaults against the Japs.

Hunter: Well, then - your ship was one of the hottest ships in the Pacific.

Myers: Amen'.

Hunter: Pass the amunition.

~~Myers: We had been bombed, torpedoed and shelled. So you see, the Japs were passing a little amunition at us.~~

Hunter: ~~was~~, What happened?

Myers: Well, we were on anti-submarine patrol in the Solomons early in September. About the middle of the night, the watch discovered shell fire <sup>against</sup> our Marine positions on the beach coming from a single gun. Since a submarine usually has but one gun, we knew that it could have been a Jap submarine. We were wary about attacking however, since ~~was~~ the Japs knew we were there, and could possibly have been laying a trap for us by trying to

make us believe it was a submarine by firing <sup>just</sup> ~~one~~ gun from a larger ship.

Hunter: It was ~~so~~ dark, wasn't it? Could you see the ship.

Myers: No, it was a pitch black night. The Jap ships were about 2 miles from us, and all we could see were the flashes of their gun. About this time the Japs discovered US. They lit us up with search lights from several ships and both sides opened fire simultaneously. They missed with their first three salvos. Got on the range with the fourth. And laid them into us hard and fast until our ship was entirely in flames and out of commission. We were outnumbered and outclassed and didn't have a chance ~~from~~ from the beginning.

Hunter: Where were you when all this was going on?

Myers: I was at my station at the top of the foremast. When the Japs ceased firing, I looked around at the ship below and could see no life except the flames, which ~~were~~ were raging the length of the ship with the exception of the focstle. I realized that the order to abandon ~~the~~ ship had been given. And I hadn't

gotten <sup>it</sup> ~~the order~~ because the communications system had been disrupted.

Hunter: How did you feel then?

Myers: It's hard to tell how I felt just ~~it~~ then. It was all over and tension relaxed. But I realized that I had more problems coming up. Shells were exploding all round the decks from the heat of the flames. I was sure the magazines would blow up anytime. I climbed down the ladder to the fire control platform. <sup>but</sup> ~~the~~ ladder from there on down was enveloped in flames. I slid down a guy wire to the focstle. Before I jumped overboard, it occurred to me my life belt might not work. <sup>so</sup> I looked around for something that would float. I found some wooden shell boxes - dumped the shells on the deck and threw the box overboard. I then wondered which way land was. <sup>It occurred to me.</sup> ~~The~~ wind in those parts is always in the same direction, and that if I kept it on my left cheek I should head toward <sup>Guadalcanal</sup> land. I jumped overboard. I had ~~some~~ much gear on I started to sink and so began kicking off my shoes and shedding my heavy jacket. My life belt was of the pneumatic type <sup>and</sup> ~~which~~ I ~~inflated~~ inflated. <sup>it</sup>

But I still had trouble staying afloat. I still had on my gun and <sup>steel</sup> ~~tin~~ helmet which I wanted to keep for ~~my~~ fear

I would land on Jap territory *on Guadalcanal*.

Hunter: It looks to me like you were in a spot.

Myers: Brother, I was. ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ took me some time to make up my mind to throw away that gun, but with its weight I was taking on too much water so I finally let go of it.

Hunter: What about the tin helmet?

Myers: I wanted to keep the lining to the helmet to protect me from the sun the next day and also to cover my ~~blonde~~ <sup>Guadalcanal</sup> hair since it can be seen so far in the sunlight, so I threw away the steel part. All the time I kept watch <sup>ing</sup> around me for the Jap ships as I was quite sure they would come back to reconnoiter and perhaps machine gun survivors in the water. For this reason ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> wanted to stay near my ship, but was afraid she'd blow up. I decided to take my chances with the Japs ships and swam away. One Jap ship did pass about 200 feet from me and went right through the area where most of the survivors were swimming.

I swam six hours until dawn. When it got light I saw a raft and ~~climbed~~ <sup>climbed</sup> aboard. American planes on morning patrol soon spotted us and radioed for boats to come and pick us up.

Hunter: And now you're home on leave. How do you ~~feel~~ <sup>feel</sup> feel?

Myers: I feel great, Todd. We're all anxious to get back on a new ship and help finish the job.

Hunter: That's the spirit, Lieutenant. ~~There's a big~~ There's a big job to be done in the Pacific and it's going to take all of us to do it. ~~And~~ <sup>And</sup> we'll do it, too. I have an idea, Lieutenant, that there are many young men who have just heard your story <sup>who</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> want to go back with you. Thanks very much and the best of luck.

*Lewis' Last Letter to Family*



*Lewis' Last Letter to his Family.*

Care of Fleet Post Office,  
San Francisco, California.

Feb. 15, 1944

Dear Mother, Father, &amp; Helen,

I have just cleaned up my desk, - the last step in closing up all the work I've been so busy at in recent months, and now sit down to write you with a great feeling of satisfaction + preparedness to meet future problems. I've never felt better in my life. I am able to frequently work very long hours for some periods of time and never notice it.

My next big job is to get qualified. I'm already standing top watches and will be in full command during my watches this next run.

I've not received any mail from you since Jan. 28 + am disappointed

that they haven't gotten it through to  
us.

TUORT 2.2.U

107 1010 1010 1010

San Francisco, California  
Office of the  
City of San Francisco  
I'm going to turn back through  
your more recent letters. I'm not sure  
whether I have them all set hand or  
not. Here's Dad's picture on a Valentine  
card. I've always liked that picture.  
It looks just like you, Dad. Thanks much.  
Oh, here are a couple more letters - latest  
dated Jan 31. It has that Skeezix article  
in it which I've not read yet. I'll keep it  
aside and read it after I've gone through  
the rest of your letters for fear time will  
get short.

I wonder how the stockholder meeting  
made out. It'll probably be some time  
before I know, but will be eagerly waiting.  
I'm also mighty anxious to get back  
and participate with you in all  
this enterprise.

Here I am reminded that I sent you a  
\$140 (I believe it was) check about a week  
ago. Did you receive it?

photostatic copies of the check  
if you have opportunity. I'll read  
those pamphlets on bonds at sea  
too.

Here's Mother's newsy letter of Jan 7.  
Mother, I wish you had come out with Tom  
Thomas even though we'd have had but  
a few days together. It's mighty good  
to hear the news of all the Galpo  
folks. You'll be getting more now  
I suppose. Let me in on it.

The day is getting long now, and  
I haven't even had my clothes off for  
a couple of days so think I'll close  
abruptly.

Love + best wishes all,  
Lewis.

*Birthday Greeting Telegram from Lewis to Helen*

<p>STANDARD TIME INDICATED RECEIVED AT <b>BLANCKTON HOUSE</b> <b>DET 3641</b> TELEPHONE YOUR TELEGRAMS TO POSTAL TELEGRAPH</p>	<p><b>Postal Telegraph</b> Mackay Radio Commercial Cables  Canadian Pacific Telegraphs</p>	<p>THIS IS A FULL RATE TELEGRAM, CABLE-GRAM OR RADIOGRAM UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED BY SYMBOL IN THE PREAMBLE OR IN THE ADDRESS OF THE MESSAGE. SYMBOLS DESIGNATING SERVICE SELECTED ARE OUTLINED IN THE COMPANY'S TARIFFS ON HAND AT EACH OFFICE AND ON FILE WITH REGULATORY AUTHORITIES.</p>
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Form 16

LF239C (FIVE) EFM IMPL OVERSEAS USNAV NFD=  
MISS HELEN MYERS=  
55 WEST NORTH AVE (AC CHICAGO ILL)=

BIRTHDAYM GREETINGS MY THOUGHTS ARE WITH YOU LOVE=  
LEWIS MYERS.

Record of Lewis E. Myers Jr. Naval Service

In reply address not the signer of this letter, but Bureau of Naval Personnel, Navy Department, Washington 25, D.C.

Refer to No.

Pers-5323a-rra

97874

SEP 23 1946

NAVY DEPARTMENT  
BUREAU OF NAVAL PERSONNEL

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.



LIEUTENANT LEWIS EDWIN MYERS, JUNIOR, D-V(G), UNITED STATES NAVAL RESERVE,  
ACTIVE, DECEASED

Re: Service of

-----  
1916 Jan 7 Born in Chicago, Illinois.

ENLISTED SERVICE

1940 Oct 11 Enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve for four years.  
1941 Feb 13 Enlistment terminated to accept appointment as Midshipman,  
U. S. Naval Reserve.

OFFICER SERVICE

1941 Feb 14 Accepted appointment and executed oath of office as  
Midshipman, U. S. Naval Reserve. Reported to U. S. Naval  
Reserve Midshipmen's School, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis,  
Maryland for active duty undergoing training.  
May 15 Accepted appointment and executed oath of office as Ensign,  
D-V(G), U. S. Naval Reserve to rank from 15 May 1941.  
May 15 Detached from U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School,  
U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, and ordered to  
U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland for duty under  
instruction. Reported 26 May 1941.  
Jun 18 Detached from U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland and  
ordered to USS LITTLE for active duty. Reported 19 June 1941.  
1942 Jun 17 Accepted appointment and executed oath of office as Lieutenant  
(junior grade), D-V(G), U. S. Naval Reserve for temporary  
service to rank from 15 June 1942. Alnav 120-42.  
Sep 28 Detached from USS LITTLE and ordered to Eleventh Naval District  
for temporary duty pending further assignment.  
Oct 22 Detached from Eleventh Naval District and ordered to Supervisor  
of Shipbuilding, U. S. N., Consolidated Steel Corporation,  
Orange, Texas for duty in connection with fitting out USS  
CLAXTON and on board when commissioned. Reported 16 November  
1942.  
Nov 16 Detached from USS CLAXTON, Consolidated Steel Corporation,  
Orange, Texas and ordered to Submarine Division Twelve for  
temporary duty under instruction in submarines.  
Reported on board USS R-10 on 23 November 1942.  
Dec 19 Detached from Submarine Division Twelve and USS R-10 and  
ordered to Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut for  
temporary duty under instruction in submarines. Reported  
30 December 1942.  
1943 Mar 1 Appointed Lieutenant, D-V(G), U. S. Naval Reserve, for  
temporary service to rank from 1 March 1943. Alnav 37-43.

1943 Mar 20 Ordered detached from Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut, and ordered to Twelfth Naval District, San Francisco, California, for transportation to Submarines, Southwest Pacific Force for assignment to duty in submarines.

May 2 Detached from Twelfth Naval District and further ordered to Submarines, Seventh Fleet. Reported 28 May 1943.

May 28 Further ordered to Submarine Squadron Six for duty in connection with Relief Crews and on board a submarine of that squadron.

Jun 28 Ordered detached from Submarine Squadron Six and further ordered to USS THRESHER for duty.

July 21 Ordered detached from USS THRESHER and further ordered to Submarine Squadron Six for duty in connection with Relief Crews and on board a submarine of that squadron.

Aug 2 Ordered detached from duty on Staff of Submarine Squadron Six and further ordered to USS TROUT for duty.

Medals: PURPLE HEART  
 American Defense Service Medal  
 World War II Victory Medal  
 Asiatic-Pacific Area Campaign Medal -  
 Three (3) bronze stars

Education: University of Chicago

Died: Presumptive 14 January 1946. Officially determined to be MISSING IN ACTION as of 7 April 1944, having been serving aboard the USS TROUT when that submarine failed to return from a war patrol in the Western Pacific Ocean. In compliance with Section 5 of Public Law 490, as amended, death is presumed to have occurred on 14 January 1946.

Place: Western Pacific Ocean (Pacific Area)

Cause: Submarine failed to return from a war patrol (Enemy Action)

Next of Kin: Mrs. Mabel Greene Myers, Mother  
 55 W. North Avenue  
 Chicago 10, Illinois

*Award of Submarine Combat Insignia to Lewis*

COMMANDER SUBMARINE FORCE  
UNITED STATES PACIFIC FLEET

The Commander Submarine Force, Pacific Fleet, has the honor to award the Submarine Combat Insignia with one star and to commend in absentia

Lieutenant Lewis E. Myers, Jr., U. S. Naval Reserve, for services set forth in the following

CITATION:

"The U.S.S. TROUT, while on an offensive war patrol in enemy controlled waters, heavily patrolled by enemy air and surface forces, failed to return as scheduled. Although it is not known how many successful attacks were made on this patrol, it is believed that the TROUT was conducting the usual bold and daring attacks that have characterized her relentless tactics since the beginning of hostilities. The award of the PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION attests the aggressiveness of this vessel.

"As Gunnery and Torpedo Officer of the U.S.S. TROUT, Lieutenant Lewis E. Myers, Jr.'s performance of duty materially contributed to the success of this vessel against the enemy. The Commander Submarine Force, Pacific Fleet, forwards this commendation in recognition of his splendid performance of duty, which was in keeping with the highest traditions of the Naval Service."

  
U. A. LOCKWOOD, Jr.,  
Vice Admiral, U. S. Navy.

*First Letter to Helen's Mom and Dad regarding Lewis Missing in Action*

9787A  
P-5353a-reg  
9 June 1944

NAVY DEPARTMENT  
BUREAU OF NAVAL PERSONNEL  
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.



Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Myers  
55 West North Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Myers:

It is with deep regret this Bureau confirms the report that your son, Lieutenant Lewis Edwin Myers, Jr., U. S. Naval Reserve, is missing. Detailed information in connection with his disappearance has not been received in this Bureau at this time.

The Navy Department is aware of your anxiety. You are assured that when additional information becomes available it will be sent to you. In order to prevent possible aid to our enemy, please do not tell anyone the name of your son's ship or station, or discuss publicly his missing status.

In order to explain certain matters of importance to you concerning the missing status, the enclosed booklet has been prepared. You are urged to read it carefully and keep it for future reference.

By direction of the Chief of Naval Personnel.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "A. E. Jacobs".

A. E. Jacobs  
Commander, U.S.N.R.  
Head of Casualties and  
Allotments Section

Encl.

*Another Letter to Helen's Mom regarding Lewis Missing in Action*

SUBMARINE DIVISION SIXTY-TWO

Care of Fleet Post Office,  
San Francisco, California,  
9 September 1944.

My dear Mrs. Myers:

As Commander Submarine Division Sixty-Two, to which the U.S.S. TROUT was assigned I wish to express to you my very sincere sympathy that your son, Lieutenant Lewis E. Myers, Jr., U. S. Naval Reserve, has been reported as missing in action on board that gallant fighting ship.

The Submarine Service in particular, and the Navy as a whole are justly proud of his devotion to his duties and deeply grateful for the service he has rendered his country.

The U.S.S. TROUT failed to return as scheduled from an offensive war patrol in heavily patrolled enemy controlled waters. Since no word has been heard from her and no information has been received to date concerning any survivors it is regretted that all hands on board must be considered missing.

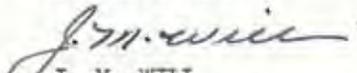
In recognition of Lieutenant Myers' performance of duty and operations against the enemy, Commander Submarine Force, Pacific Fleet, has awarded him the Submarine Combat Insignia and a Citation in Absentia. These are being forwarded to you under separate cover.

Since no personal effects have been found it must be assumed that your son had all his personal effects with him.

For your information I am enclosing a list of names and addresses of the next of kin of Lieutenant Myers' shipmates on the TROUT.

Please do not hesitate to call on me for any additional information or assistance I may be able to give you.

Very sincerely,

  
J. M. WILL,  
Captain, U. S. Navy.

*Another Letter, Year and Four Months Later on Lewis Missing in Action*

In reply address use the figure of this letter, not Bureau of Naval Personnel, Navy Department, Washington 25, D.C.

Refer to No.

97874  
Pers 53230 BEN

2 June 1945

NAVY DEPARTMENT  
BUREAU OF NAVAL PERSONNEL  
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.



Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Myers, Sr.  
55 West North Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Myers:

More than a year has elapsed since your son, Lieutenant Lewis Edwin Myers, Jr., United States Naval Reserve, was placed in the status of missing. He was serving on board the U.S.S. TROUT when that submarine was reported overdue and presumed to be lost.

Pursuant to the provisions of Public Law 490, 77th Congress, as amended, the Secretary of the Navy has given careful consideration to the disappearance of your son. In view of the lack of information concerning the circumstances under which the vessel aboard which he was serving was lost, and because of the possibility that the personnel may be unreported prisoners of war, the Secretary of the Navy directed that your son be continued in the missing status until such time as evidence is received which clearly establishes the fact that there is no hope of his survival, or until word is received that he is alive.

The Navy Department is aware of the anxiety you are experiencing during this period of uncertainty. You are assured that you will be promptly informed upon the receipt of further information concerning your son.

By direction of Chief of Naval Personnel.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads 'W. J. McNicol, Jr.'.

W.J. McNicol, Jr.  
Lieutenant, U.S.N.R.  
Assistant Officer in Charge  
Casualty Section.

*Letter from Lewis, Mabel and Helen Myers on Lewis Jr. Passing*

Lieutenant Lewis E. Myers, Jr.  
Gunnery and Torpedo Officer  
THE U. S. S. TROUT

A feeling of deep sympathy and a sense of common understanding prompt these brief notes to Kin and Friends of the Shipmates of our Son, and Brother, Lewis E. Myers, Jr.

Our last letter from Lewis was written February 15, 1944. "Dear Mother, Father and Helen", he began, "I have just cleaned up my desk, - the last step in closing up all this work I've been so busy at in recent months." "Great feeling of satisfaction and preparedness to meet future problems." "Never felt better in my life." This, his "last chance" letter, ends tersely. "I haven't even had my clothes off for a couple of days, the day is getting long now, so I'll close abruptly."

But the day before, the 14th, he had written, "I'll be having need for those Marine walking shoes of mine, the rough tan leather ones, with the rugged composition soles. \*\* I believe I'll \* be doing a little walking in a place which will be hard on shoes in a few weeks." How grim, whatever the last mission was, is clearly attested by the first sentence of the recent Citation by the Commander Submarine Force, Pacific Fleet, which reads,

"The U. S. S. TROUT, while on an offensive war patrol in enemy controlled waters, heavily patrolled by enemy air and surface forces, failed to return as scheduled."

Those Marine walking shoes are a pair that the Marines had outfitted Lewis with, after his rescue off Guadalcanal where his former ship, the U. S. S. LITTLE, was sunk in a night battle on Sept. 5, 1942. The LITTLE was the flagship of a Destroyer-Transport division that took the first Marines into Guadalcanal and Tulagi at the start of the Solomons Islands campaign. At Pearl Harbor, on his way back to the States for "new construction", Lewis asked for submarine service.

Following his submarine schooling at New London, he was flown to Australia where he was thrilled by his assignment to the TROUT - that "mythical ship" that had evaded the enemy fleet, slipped into Corregidor laden with the Anti-aircraft ammunition which the defenders so sorely needed, then out, with the hoard of Philippine gold - to mention but one of her glorious exploits.

When the TROUT had come in on her return to home waters, Lewis was home for a very few days in November, 1943. Not so long before the dreaded word came "missing following action in the performance of his duty and in the service of his country", the TROUT had glided proudly through the Golden Gate toward the setting sun, and crowding her deck, our Boys took their last glimpse of the American shore. How they "wanted to be out there again"!

So, when reported "overdue", and presumed lost" and as having "Failed to return as scheduled", those who knew her longest and best have clung to the belief that the TROUT would not fail, and that even now, all is well, and that our Loved Ones will yet come back to us. But if our fervent hopes and prayers must fail; if indeed it is never given to us to know the fate of their adored ship, there remains the calm inner assurance of their selfless loyalty, each to the other, and of their unswerving devotion to duty, no matter what befell, or what they may, at this moment endures.

In all the tragic annals of war, what fate so rouses the compassion of our common humanity as the fate of the Three Thousand Submariners, among whom may be our own precious Men and Boys, the TROUT's gallant four score, who lie on the cold, fireless altars of their country, hidden forever in the silent depths of the black, sovereignless Sea!

55 West North Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois  
February 14, 1945

In Honor, Reverence and Love of Our Own, and  
Ever Remembering the Brave Men of Our Submarines  
Lewis E., Mabel G., and Helen H. Myers.....

Lieutenant Lewis E. Myers, Jr.  
Gunners and Torpedo Officer  
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55 West North Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois  
February 14, 1945

In Honor, Reverence and Love of Our Own, and  
Ever Remembering the Brave Men of Our Submarines  
Lewis E., Mabel G., and Helen H. Myers.....

*Letter of Condolence from Governor of Illinois*

DWIGHT H. GREEN  
GOVERNOR

August 22, 1944

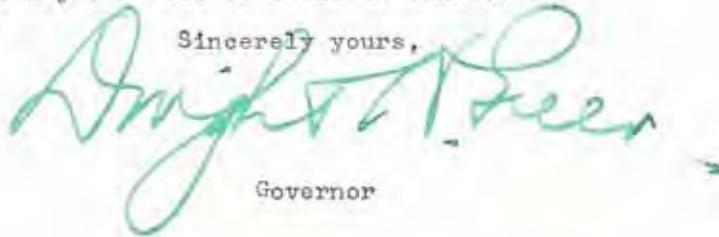
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Myers  
55 West North Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Myers:

I am sorry to know that one who is near and dear to you, serving in our country's armed forces, has been reported missing in action.

Please accept this expression of my heartfelt sympathy for the anxiety and distress of mind this must be causing you. Yet it sometimes happens that a soldier or sailor accounted missing eventually comes through safely. I hope indeed it may turn out to be so in this case.

Sincerely yours,



Governor

*Letter of Condolence from Senate Foreign Relations Committee*

TOM DONNELLY, TEN., CHAIRMAN  
WALTER F. GEORGE, GA.  
ROBERT F. WAGNER, N. Y.  
ALBERT D. THOMAS, UTAH  
JAMES E. MURRAY, MONT.  
CLAUDE PEPPER, FLA.  
THEODORE FRANCIS BISHOP, R. I.  
ALBEN W. BARKLEY, KY.  
JOSEPH P. CUFFEY, PA.  
CANTER GLASS, VA.  
JAMES M. TUNNELL, DEL.  
CARL A. HATCH, N. MEX.  
LISTER HILL, ALA.  
SCOTT W. LUCAS, ILL.

ARTHUR CAPPER, KANE.  
ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE, JR., WIS.  
ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG, MICH.  
WALLACE H. WHITE, JR., MAINE  
HENRIK SHIPSTEAD, MINN.  
WARREN R. AUDEN, VT.  
STILES BRIGGS, N. H.  
ALEXANDER WILEY, WIS.  
CHAM SURNEY, S. DAK.

**United States Senate**  
COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

ROBERT V. SHIRLEY, CLERK

Washington, D.C.  
February 13, 1946

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Myers  
55 West North Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

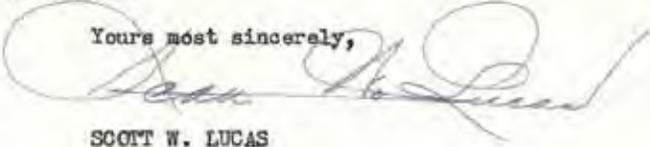
My dear Mr. and Mrs. Myers:

It is with deep regret that I have learned that the Navy Department has informed you that your son, Lieutenant Lewis Edwin Myers, Jr., has made the supreme sacrifice in defense of his country.

I know how little comfort anyone can offer you in your hour of sorrow, but I send to you the immortal words of Lincoln as an expression of my sincere sympathy:

"I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

Yours most sincerely,

  
SCOTT W. LUCAS

SWL:ac

*Letter of Condolence from Theatre where Lewis Received Working Scholarship*

CHARLES H. WORCESTER, HONORARY PRESIDENT • FOTTER PALMER, PRESIDENT

ROBERT ALLERTON, VICE-PRESIDENT • PERCY B. ECHART, VICE-PRESIDENT • CHAUNCEY MCCORMICK, VICE-PRESIDENT • RUSSELL TYSON, VICE-PRESIDENT

# THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

WALTER E. SMITH, TREASURER • DANIEL CATTON RICH, DIRECTOR OF FINE ARTS • CHARLES H. BURKHOLDER, DIRECTOR OF FINANCE AND OPERATION

CHARLES FASINS KELLEY, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR • NORMAN E. RICE, DEAN OF THE SCHOOL

THE KENNETH SAWYER GOODMAN MEMORIAL THEATRE • SCHOOL OF ACTING, PRODUCTION, DESIGN

MAURICE CHESIN, HEAD • MARY AGNES DOYLE, ASSISTANT HEAD • LOUISE DALE SPOOR, BUSINESS MANAGER • TELEPHONE CENTRAL 1327

September twenty fourth,  
Nineteen hundred forty four.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Myers,  
55 West North Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois,

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Myers,

Our school opened last week and following the custom of several years, I addressed the new students at the opening assembly, telling them something about the Goodman Theatre history and the personality in whose memory this building was erected - Kenneth Sawyer Goodman - a victim of World War I. I also told the students of the splendid contribution made by our boys to World War II, particularly by your dear son, Lewis.

It will interest you to know that the entire student body sang, paying silent tributes for several minutes, to the memory of Lewis and the other boys who have done such wonderful work. I thought you would be interested to know that Lewis' supreme sacrifice is gratefully remembered, and the continued good reports from the various theatres of war indicate that his sacrifice was not in vain.

A framed picture of Lewis hangs in my class room along with that of Lieutenant Van John Deras who also gave his life for his country.

I trust that his loss will not be dealt as a mere tragedy and that you may be blessed with resignation and courage.

Yours sincerely,



## USS Little (DD-79)

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

**USS *Little* (DD-79/APD-4)**, a *Wickes*-class destroyer in the United States Navy during the World War I and World War II. She was the first Navy ship named for George Little (1754–1809).

*Little* was laid down by Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation, Quincy, Massachusetts, June 18, 1917, launched November 11, 1917, sponsored by Mrs. Samuel W. Wakeman, and commissioned April 6, 1918, Commander Joseph K. Taussig in command.

### Contents

- 1 Service history
- 2 Awards
- 3 Citations and notes
- 4 References
- 5 External links

### Service history

*Little* departed Norfolk May 5, 1918 for convoy escort duty with Patrol Force, Coast of France, and operated from Brest until she sailed for home December 26. During this period she escorted President Woodrow Wilson's party to the Continent to attend the Paris Peace Conference.

The ship arrived Boston January 18, 1919 for drydock and operations with Destroyer Force, Atlantic. She escorted the President's party back into New York 6 to July 8, and then engaged in tactical exercises, she was transferred to Reserve Status with ComDesRon 3 at Philadelphia November 17 where she remained until January 4, 1921. The ship then operated along the Atlantic coast until she returned to Philadelphia and decommissioned July 5, 1922.

Converted to a high-speed transport by having two boilers removed and converted to troop quarters,<sup>[1]</sup> *Little* was redesignated **APD-4**, August 2, 1940, and recommissioned November 4, 1940, Lieutenant Commander. K. Earl in command. She sailed for the



USS *Little* (DD-79), running trials in icy waters, March 4, 1918.

#### Career (US)



Namesake:	George Little
Builder:	Fore River Shipyard, Quincy, Massachusetts
Laid down:	18 June 1917
Launched:	11 November 1917
Commissioned:	6 April 1918
Decommissioned:	5 July 1922
Reclassified:	Fast transport (APD-4) 2 August 1940
Recommissioned:	4 November 1940
Fate:	Sunk 5 September 1942

#### General characteristics

Class and type:	Wickes class destroyer
Displacement:	1,191 tons
Length:	314 ft 5 in (95.83 m)
Beam:	30 ft 11 in (9.42 m)
Draft:	9 ft 2 in (2.79 m)
Speed:	35 knots (65 km/h)
Complement:	133 officers and enlisted

Caribbean in February 1941 for maneuvers with the U.S. Atlantic Fleet, and then steamed to San Diego where she arrived March 9 for amphibious training. The ship returned to the east coast in late summer, and arrived at Norfolk December 1 for drydocking.

Armament:	4 x 4"/50 (102 mm), 2 x 1-pdr, 4 x 3 21" (533 mm) torpedo tubes.
-----------	--

As flagship for TransDiv 12 she departed for San Diego February 14, 1942 for repairs and alterations. Upon completion of amphibious landing exercises in April, she steamed for Pearl Harbor. A short cruise to Midway Island in late June preceded her departure to New Caledonia July 7 for the Solomons campaign.

Supplies for American troops on Guadalcanal had been badly disrupted by the Battle of Savo Island August 9, 1942. High-speed destroyer-transports were called upon to remedy this shortage. As she discharged stores and Marine Raiders<sup>[1]</sup> on the Guadalcanal beaches August 30, *Little* witnessed the destruction of *Colhoun* by enemy aircraft.

The three remaining APDs, *Little*, *Gregory*, and *McKean*, continued to support and help supply the Marines. On September 4, *Little* and *Gregory* brought a detachment of marine raiders to Savo Island on an unfounded rumor that enemy forces had occupied it. The troops were returned to Lunga Point, Guadalcanal. That night was unusually dark, so Division Commander Hugh W. Hadley decided to patrol off Lunga Point rather than attempt to negotiate Tulagi Harbor with no visible landmarks.

About 0100 September 5, *Little* observed gun flashes to the east and believed this to be an enemy submarine. Moments later a Navy PBV Catalina flying over Savo Sound released a string of five flares to illuminate what he also thought was a submarine. The flares illuminated the APDs instead. A surprised Japanese surface destroyer force, engaged in shelling Henderson Field after delivering a "Tokyo Express" shipment of troops and supplies to Guadalcanal and the source of the flashes presumed to have come from a submarine, shifted their guns toward the APDs, and searchlights stabbed through the darkness. Though outgunned, *Little* opened fire on enemy destroyers, *Yudachi*, *Hatsuyuki* and *Murakumo*, but took direct hits from salvos which left her helpless and ablaze by 0115. *Gregory* had suffered the same fate. The Japanese, to assure their kill, steamed between the two stricken ships firing shells and strafing survivors. *Gregory* sank stern first about 0140. *Little* went down on an even keel about 2 hours later. Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz paid sincere tribute to these gallant ships: "With little means, the ships performed duties vital to the success of the campaign."

## Awards

*Little* received two battle stars for World War II service.

## Citations and notes

- <sup>a</sup> <sup>b</sup> p.61, Lane

## References

- Lane, Kerry, *Guadalcanal Marine*, University Press of Mississippi, 2004
- *This article includes text from the public domain Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships. The entry can be found here (http://www.history.navy.mil/danfs/17/little-i.htm) .*

## PORTER COUNTY, INDIANA

A Part of the Indiana GenWeb Project

### Lewis E. Myers, Junior, World War II Casualty

Porter County Data on World War II Casualties

#### **Lewis Edwin Myers, Junior**

Lieutenant, US Navy Reserve

Date of Death: Circa February 29, 1944

Cause of Death: Missing in Action (submarine *Trout* failed to return to port, presumed sunk by Japanese)

Date of Enlistment: 1940

Monument: Honolulu Memorial, Honolulu, Hawaii

Awards: Purple Heart

Hometown: Valparaiso



#### Newspaper Notices:

##### **Lt. Lewis Myers Of Navy Missing, Parents Learn**

Lieut. Lewis E. Myers, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Myers, Sr., of Chicago, formerly of Valparaiso, has been reported missing in action by the Navy department, it was learned today.

Word to this effect was received here Monday by Dr. and Mrs. George R. Douglas from the Myers home in Chicago.

No details of the casualty or where it occurred are yet available because such information would divulge a military secret the telegram from the Navy Department to the parents stated. It was known that Lieut. Myers was formerly assigned to a submarine.

The young naval officer was born in Valparaiso and lived here until he was 15 years of age.

His father, Lewis E. Myers, Sr., was at one time head of the Chautauqua Manufacturing company, one of the city's leading industries for many years.

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Source: *The Vidette-Messenger*, Valparaiso, Porter County, Indiana; May 2, 1944; Volume 17, Page 1, Column 1

### **Lt. L. Myers Lost On U. S. Sub Trout**

Lieut. Lewis Edwin Myers, Jr., U. S. N., reported missing in action last April 28, was a member of the crew of the U. S. submarine *Trout*, whose loss the Navy announced last Saturday.

This was the word received today by The Vidette-Messenger from Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Myers, Sr., of Chicago, parents of the youth, and former Valparaiso residents.

With the loss of the *Trout* officially reported, it is expected Lt. Myers name will soon appear in the government's casualty list.

Lt. Myers naval record shows he enlisted as a midshipman in 1940 after his graduation from the University of Chicago. He was assigned to the *USS Arkansas*, and later to the USNR school of gunnery at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, where he was commissioned an ensign on May 15, 1941.

Upon his graduation he was assigned to the *USS Little*. After further training at the Higgins plant at New Orleans in landing boat operations and again at Annapolis in special gunnery, he was elevated to Lieutenant, junior grade, and then to lieutenant.

As a member of the crew of the *USS Little* he participated in the Tulagi, Guadalcanal and Solomon Islands campaigns. When the *Little* was sunk Lt. Myers was the last survivor to leave the ship and was rescued off Guadalcanal after swimming seven hours.

On his way back to the U. S. Lieut. Myers asked at Pearl Harbor for submarine duty. After completing his training at New London he was ordered to a base in Australia. He was later assigned to the *Trout*, whose loss was reported on July 22.

Lt. Myers spent 14 years in Valparaiso where his father operated the Lewis E. Myers Manufacturing company.

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Source: *The Vidette-Messenger*, Valparaiso, Porter County, Indiana; July 29, 1944; Volume 18, Page 1, Column 6

Return to [List of Porter County World War II Casualties](#)

*Information abstracted and transcribed by Steven R. Shook*

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## PORTER COUNTY, INDIANA

### Lewis E. Myers Biography

#### Transcribed biography of Lewis E. Myers

LEWIS E. MYERS - The history of Lewis E. Myers & Company is a story bordering on the romantic, but in its operations it has been eminently practical. Its products and sales methods enjoy a unique distinction, and its success is the culmination of policies formulated in the mind of Mr. Myers when he first engaged in this line of business. Gleaning first-hand knowledge as a salesman in the field, confronted with the daily problems of the salesman and the necessity for their solution, he evolved the methods which have resulted in the organization and success of the company on a wide scale. How well these methods have been applied is told by the history of the business of which he is the president and treasurer. Prior to the organization of Lewis E. Myers & Company, Mr. Myers was associated with a group of people devoted to the manufacture and sale of the Chautauqua desk. This experience enabled him to organize Lewis E. Myers & Company, which at first was only a selling organization. In 1913 Mr. O. H. Powers joined forces with Mr. Myers, the firm being known as the Powers-Myers Company. Two years later Mr. Powers retired and the business again became Lewis E. Myers & Company. As a result of the purchase of the Chautauqua Manufacturing Company by Mr. Myers, with which he was formerly associated, Mr. Myers merged this concern with Lewis E. Myers & Company in the summer of 1920. The present officers and directors of the company are: Lewis E. Myers, president and treasurer; Leroy C. Hensel, secretary and assistant treasurer; John A. Hauff, vice president; Dr. A. O. Dobbins, Robert B. Wise, and Christopher G. Ruess, directors. One item of interest in the varied line of the company is the creation known as the New Chautauqua desk. This desk has taken its place as a necessity in the educational training of children in the home. It combines in one effective unit a fine drawing board, adjustable educational scrolls with illustrated educational material and Hy-San colors. The natural instinct of the child to play is utilized in the desk. The desk makes it possible for the growing child through the pleasure of the task to lead himself into intensive and appreciative study. This desk in all probability was the forerunner of the modern effort to combine "education with play" toward constructive ends. The plant itself covers many thousand square feet of space and is located on a twenty-acre tract of land situated in what is perhaps the most valuable site in Valparaiso for growing industry. The company owns this land on which the plant is located. The company enjoys a favorable business outside the confines of the country. In order to take care of its Canadian business most effectively a subsidiary company operates and is maintained at Toronto, Canada. Lewis E. Myers was born in Canton, Ohio, on December 5, 1882, the son of Daniel and Elizabeth (Wertenberger) Myers, the former of Martinsburg, Pennsylvania, and the latter of Winona Lake, Indiana. He attended the schools of Louisville, Ohio, and Wooster College of Wooster, Ohio, and then entered Otterbein College, where he was graduated in 1907 with the degree of A. B. He was united in marriage with Mabel, the daughter of T. H. and Cora (Childs) Green of Chicago, Illinois. Mrs. Myers is a graduate of the Chicago Music College, and possesses a very fine soprano voice; she has done much vocal work in concert and musical comedy. To Mr. and Mrs. Myers were born two children: Lewis E., Jr., and Helen M., who attend the Gardner School of Valparaiso, Indiana. Mr. Myers is also president and

founder of the Children's Foundation of Valparaiso, Indiana. This corporation not for profit was founded in 1921 by Mr. Myers and is devoted to the scientific and analytical study of the natural and cultural needs of children. The first important contribution of this foundation is a volume published under the title, "The Child: His Nature and His Needs." Sixteen or more nationally known educators were associated with Mr. Myers and the foundation in this work, which has had a tremendous influence in the field. The efforts of Mr. Myers in these varied fields have earned for him the commendation of many people eminent in national affairs and the enterprises he has inaugurated have a most inviting future.

**Source:** Cannon, Thomas H., H. H. Loring, and Charles J. Robb. 1927. History of the Lake and Calumet Region of Indiana Embracing the Counties of Lake, Porter and Laporte. Volume II. Indianapolis, Indiana: Historians' Association. 827 p.

**Page(s) in Source:** 517-518

This biography has been transcribed exactly as it was originally published in the source. Please note that we do not provide photocopies or digital scans of biographies appearing on this website.

*Biography transcribed by Steven R. Shook*

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*Cora Childs Greene Letter to Lewis Jr.*

NOT INC.  
326 CONWAY BUILDING  
111 WEST WASHINGTON ST.  
CHICAGO

Nov. 16, 1925.

My dearest little grandson Lewis:

I will try to answer your questions about ancestors and Indians.

Your mothers parents, Thos. Henry Greene and I, Cora Childs Greene, have been citizens of Chicago for 33 years. We were raised in La Salle Co., Ill. I, near and in, Ottawa, grandpa at Dayton, 4 mi. up the Fox river from Ottawa.

We remember the last of the native Indians in Northern Ill., particularly the family of the good Chief Shaubensee who will always be remembered as the greatest friend white settlers ever had. I remember seeing some of his family ride ponies, in Indian file, past my fathers farm, when I was a young child. Grandpa remembers the Indians being frequently in his fathers house and eating with them at their table. If the Indians wanted a second helping of anything, they would stand up at the table, reach over and take it with their hands; for instance Shaubensee's old squaw, Conoka, would take all the honey on the dish in her hand and put it on her plate, then lick the honey off of her hand.

They would not sleep in beds, but would throw a blanket down on the ground or floor and sleep on it all night. They would stand the papoose, bound to a board, up against the wall at night.

Conoka was so immense she could not ride a poney, neither could she sit on an ordinary chair. She was estimated to weight 400 pounds, but she would not be weighed. She had two ponies which she drove to a wagon in which she sat flat down in the center and filled the box from side to side. On Nov. 30, 1864 Conoke, with a little grand-child in her arms, was driving her ponies across Mazon Creek some three miles south east of Morris Ill. and was thrown or fell out of the wagon and both died in very shallow water; the child crushed by the weight of Conoka and she drowned because she was too helpless to get up out of the water. Shaubenne died before grandpa can remember, but I shall tell you more about him later.

Your great grandfather, Jesse Green, came from Newark, Ohio, where he was born, Dec. 21, 1817, to Dayton, Ill, first called "Green's *mills*" with his parents, John Green and Barbara Grove Green. They reached what is now Dayton on Dec 17, 1829. There were 24 people who came with John Green in wagons through this new country where there were no roads, rivers to cross and many swamps and sloughs to cross or go around.

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CHICAGO

There was just one family carriage in which Mrs John Green and her small children rode. On account of bad weather and no roads they were so long on the way their provisions gave out and they were in danger of starving. You will note that your great grandfather Jesse, lacked but 4 days of being 13 years old. But boys of that age, in those pioneer times often acted the part of men, so he did, taking part in the building of a saw mill and grist mill in the spring of 1830 as well as houses for the settlers. In 1840 the Green's built the first woolen mill in the state of Illinois.

Your great grandfather Jesse Green was known as a '49er, he having lead a large company across the continent to the California gold fields after gold was discovered there in 1848. They all embarked in boats near the mouth of the Fox river and went down the Illinois to it's mouth, crossed the Mississippi and landed. There they bought ox teams and covered wagons to haul their equipment and provisions in, but no man was to ride unless he was sick, so your great-grandfather and many others of the company walked all the way to California. They had to be constantly on their guard to protect themselves from Indians, who gave them a great deal of trouble going, and more coming back. Our western plains were thickly strewn with the remains of whole carivans murdered by the Indians.

This great grandfather of yours died in the Ryburn Hospital at Ottawa Ill. Oct 5, 1907 lacking but a few weeks of being 90 yrs. of age. He had a wider experience and saw more changes in this country and its customs than is often seen by one man.

His mother Barbara Grove Green, Mrs John Green, your great(2)grandmother died in Dayton May 3, 1886 at the age of 93 yrs. 5 mo. 15 days. She was married to John Green in Licking Co. Ohio, March 25, 1813. She was born near Lurey Va. and had all the experience of a pioneer child and mother, which is saying more than I could tell you if I wrote volumes.

Her husband, John Green, your great(2)grandfather, and his party of settlers at Dayton were warned of danger from the Indians by the good Chief Shaubenne, when the Black Hawk war was raging in 1832. Shaubenne secretly warned them to go to Ottawa where a rude fort had been built. But they fortified John Green's house, which stood on a bluff, by digging a trench around it and inserting slabs from the saw mill, doubling them so they were proof against the bullets from Indians rifles. About 60 settlers had collected there when about midnight May 20, 1832, they heard a dreadful slaughter of settlers had occurred on Indian Creek, 10 miles away. They decided to go down the Fox river to Ottawa. So 30 women and children were crowded in to a perogue (boat hollowed out of the trunk of a tree) with two men to navigate the craft. Your great(2)grandfather, John Green, and wife Barbara, with the rest of the company ran along the bank of the river. Grandma Barbara, carrying her baby in a quilt swung over her back. Aunt Barbara Trumbo Jackson, Mrs Joseph Jackson, now living in Ottawa at the age of 95 yrs. is the only one living of this company of settlers who fled to Ottawa where they stayed in camp and in Ft. Johnson until August before it became safe to return to their homes.

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I told you I would tell you more about the good Shaubenee (Built like a bear) who was by far the most widely known and most respected Indian of the Illinois frontier. Born in the principal village of the tribe known as Ottawas in Canada in 1775, he was educated in all the Indian lore of his day. He moved with a branch of his tribe in to what is now the state of Wisconsin, about 1800. From infancy he was strong, rugged and hardy. In manhood he weighed from 200 to 240 lbs., was perfect of figure and had a head of the Websterian size. He is described as strong as a buffalo and swift footed as the elk, yet as gentle as a woman and kindly hearted as a child. He was full of fun and good humor and what Shaubenee agreed to do, he did. He soon became the great war Chief of his tribe, but he was not at the Chicago massacre. He was with Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames Oct. 5, 1813. When Tecumseh fell Shaubenee was close by his side and being next in rank, assumed command and ordered the Indians to retreat and scatter, which they did like a brood of little wild turkeys, as he said. This was his first and last battle against the whites and he clearly foresaw that the Indians would be forced to give up their lands step by step. When fleeing through the woods Shaubenee made a solemn vow to the Great Spirit that if he would spare his life and let him return to his home he would never again make war against the white people. This vow he kept and saved many white lives, but I am sorry to say, dishonest whites cheated him out of his lands in Illinois and treated him badly. I must also tell you that the massacre of whites on Indian Creek was caused by indignities inflicted on the Indians by a settler named Davis. If the whites had been wise and kind in their treatment of Black Hawk, I do not think there would ever have been a Black Hawk war, either.

Shaubenne died July 17, 1859, at the age of 84 yrs. and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Morris Ills., where a large boulder marks his grave. Many prominent white people, who had known and respected him many years, mourned at his death.

This great(2) grandma Barbara Grove Green that I have told you about was the daughter of your great(3) grand father John Grove and your great(3) grand mother, Barbara Lionbarger Grove. They were married and lived many years in Page Co. Va., finally moving out to Licking Co., Ohio with most of their children and some of their grand children. Great (3) grand <sup>father</sup> John Grove is buried there. Great(3) grandmother Barbara Lionbarger Grove came out to La Salle Co. Ills., with several of her children's families and is buried there. Great(3) grandfather John Grove was the son of great(4) grand father Christian Grove and great(4) grand mother Anna Rhodes Grove.

They owned much land and mills about Lurey and Woodstock Va. and had many experiences with Indians. He died in July 1786.

In August, 1764 great(4) grandmother Anna Rhodes' Grove's father, great(5) grandfather John Rhodes, who lived across the river from Lurey, was shot dead in his door by Indians, lead by a bad French trader. The mother and two sons were killed in the yard, an other son was killed in a corn field. A sister about 12 years old ran to the barn with her baby sister and bolted the door before the Indians got her.

4

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CHICAGO

While he went back to the house for fire to burn the barn she escaped through a hemp patch.

The Indians burned all the buildings, scalped the dead and took 3 children away with them over Massamatten mountain. The youngest little boy of 7 years became tired and they killed him. The little girl of ten years cried so it made them mad and they killed her. The boy of 15 years they kept three years, before he got away and came back and lived with a married brother.

The French paid \$15.00 apiece for the scalps, but the large amount of money they hoped to get was hidden in the cellar wall and was found after the fire. It is certain the blame for this terrible massacre should be placed upon the French as great(5) grandfather, John Rhodes, came from Pa. and was like William Penn, a great friend of the Indians.

Now I want to go back to great(2) grand father John Green and tell you his parents were great(3) grandfather Benjamin Green and great(3) grandmother Catherine Beam Green. They lived near Hagerstown Md. During the revolutionary war great(3) grandfather Benjamin enlisted three times and was at the battle of Yorktown which closed the war on Oct 17, 1781, but it took until the evening of Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup>, for a messenger to ride to Philadelphia and tell congress .

Great (3) grandfather Benjamin Green and his family, with some neighbors, moved to Licking Co. Ohio in 1800 and you can find a great deal about him in the history of that county.

In My next letter I will tell you about some of my ancestors who were in the Revolutionary war and one who was killed by the Indians.

Your loving grandmother,

*Lora Childs Greene*



*Mabel Myers Service Bar Award in Civilian Defense*



DIVISION HEADQUARTERS  
OFFICE OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE  
**CHICAGO METROPOLITAN AREA**

MAYOR EDWARD J. KELLY  
U. S. COORDINATOR

**DIVISION VII**  
**EARLE SHULTZ, CHIEF**  
ROOM 735 - 140 S. DEARBORN ST.  
STATE 7816

October 25, 1943

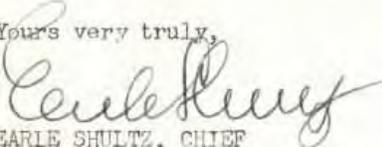
Mrs. Mabel Myers, Training Officer  
55 West North Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mrs. Myers:-

It gives me pleasure to inform you that you have been awarded a Service Ribbon Bar for your splendid work in Civilian Defense in Division VII. The presentation of these Ribbon Bars will be made at a luncheon at 12:15 P.M. on Wednesday, November 3, 1943 at the Real Estate Board dining room, 4th floor, 105 West Madison Street.

I sincerely hope that you can be present at this occasion.

Yours very truly,

  
EARLE SHULTZ, CHIEF  
DIVISION VII

ES:oc

R.S.V.P.  
Luncheon - \$1.10





At the Orpheum.

"Whose Little Girl Are You?" is the title of a new musical play by Boyle Woolfolk which is the attraction at the Orpheum for this week, and it scored a great hit with large audiences Monday afternoon and night. William Morris and Miss Grace Thurston have the leading parts. There is much comedy in the play. It has to do with a college boy who is making arrangements for his guardian, a young widow, to visit him, and finds that he has made the plans one day too early. The youth desires to marry Dollie Middleton, but it is necessary to overcome the objection of her grouchy uncle, Hon. Peter Grump. The uncle is deceived Jack Van Fleet, a friend of the youth, has a masquerading suit of female apparel, and agrees to pose as a maiden worth \$15,000,000, and permit Hon. Peter Grump to court her. The scheme works admirably, and everything is arranged satisfactorily, except the uncle is given the rough end of the deal in the joke.

Mr. Morris takes the part of Jack Van Fleet, and meets the role of the bogus heiress in an admirable manner, causing an uproar of laughter at frequent intervals. Miss Thornton in the role of Dolly Thornton is very charming and clever. Lawrence Ackertind as Billy O'Farrell, the college boy, is very capable in his part, which is one of the most important roles. Miss Helen Gordon as Mrs. Estelle Montgomery Brooks, the guardian, meets all of the requirements of her role ably, and leads in several of the musical numbers, having a fine voice. Pat Barrett has the part of Hon. Peter Grump, and pleased the audience greatly with his work.

Those having the leading parts appeared in several specialties and led the chorus in musical numbers that received approval. The Texas Tommy dance in which Miss Thurston and Mr. Ackertind appeared, is an exciting feature of the programme. The Misses Richards also appeared in a dancing specialty.

NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN

TUESDAY MORNING and The Nashville American JANUARY 14, 1913

AMUSEMENTS.

Orpheum Theater.

One of the cleverest musical comedies that has been here this season is being shown this week at the Orpheum theater. "Whose Little Girl Are You?" made a tremendous hit Monday afternoon before a packed house and was applauded to the echo. A hundred laughs to the minute and that's going some. A dozen pretty girls and beautiful scenic effects added to the life of the play.

William B. Morris, as Jackie Van Fleet, was a scream. Playing the part of the female guardian and making love to a crabbed old bachelor, Jackie brought tears to the eyes of his audience—tears of hearty laughter. His costume was elaborate and voluminous and every little movement had a laugh all of its own. Hon. Peter Grump, the bachelor, was clever and his attempts to make love to the guardian brought forth storms of applause. Between the acts his parodies were great and he was recalled many times. This part was taken by Pat Barrett.

Billy O'Farrell, the young college chap, played by Lawrence Ackertind, was only fair. He has an excellent tenor voice, however, and his songs made up somewhat for the rest. He dances well and the "Texas Tommy" carries the house.

Grace Thurston, as Dolly Middleton, was well received and gave a great performance. She is a clever little actress and exceedingly graceful. Her dancing was one of the features of the play.

Helen Gordon, playing Mrs. Estelle Montgomery Brooks, the real guardian, scored perhaps the biggest hit, with her singing. She has the voice, the charming manner and all the attributes of a star and Monday afternoon brought prolonged applause with her wonderful singing.

The Blonde Twins were also good. The chorus, composed of ten pretty girls, well trained and graceful, did much to make the show a success.

D. B. B.

## ALDASOROS TO TAKE LICENSE

Will Fly Before Representative  
of Aero Club of America in  
Augusta Tuesday Afternoon.

Messrs. John and Edward Aldasoro, the Mexican students in the Moisant School of Aviation, are scheduled to stand their test for the Aero Club of America pilot license Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of Capt. Charles DeP. of the United States Army, who is the Aero Club representative, and other army officers.

John Aldasoro was born in Real del Monte, Estado de Hidalgo, Mexico, Sept. 15th, 1893, and his brother at the same place, Oct. 27th, 1894. Though quite young, both are exceptionally fine aviators.

Having taken their test, they will stand ready to leave for Mexico at a moment's notice.

Mr. C. M. Wood, another student of the Moisant School, will take his test in a few days.

Messrs. Aldasoro have established communication with their parents in Mexico. At the outbreak of the revolution they experienced considerable difficulty in getting word to or from their parents and sisters. By mail has come the assurance that all are well. Their home in Mexico City is occupied by the Diaz forces, who ordered the three sisters to places of safety and place cannon in and about the house.

## "WHOSE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?" MAKES BIJOU HIT

"Whose Little Girl Are You?" at the Bijou this week, has proved to be one of the most entertaining of all the tabloid musical comedies on the road today.

The show, is a delicious comedy something like "Charley's Aunt" and something like the "Private Secretary." It is a play that would be successful independent of the chorus girls, because of the humor and fun of it; but with them, it is much better, and has an air of distinction that smacks of a "real show."

The musical hit of the show is the song "Whose Little Girl Are You" which like the Dream Melody in Naughty Marietta, runs through the entire performance.

There is no one distinctive hit among the cast—they are all exceptionally fine. William B. Morris, the author of the play, is taking one of the principle parts and is among the cleverest. Lawrence Ackerlind, besides being a mighty pleasing actor, sings a mighty good tenor. Mr. Pat Barrett is the king of comedians—not this slap-stick stuff that forces a laugh, but that real genuine humor and amusement that appeals to the sense of a person more than anything else. Miss Helen Gordon deserves special mention. Miss Gordon has a wonderfully good voice, with an unusual range, both upward and downward. Her upper register notes are the softest most caressing tones, produced with so little effort that it is a great pleasure to hear her. The Misses Reichardt are famous for their little vaudeville skit, and Miss Grace Thurston is "Whose Little Girl," and she has just about made herself everybody's, from a standpoint of popularity and attractiveness. H. E. W.

*Mabel Greene Myers Wedding*



*Mabel Myers Photo as President of PTA*

**P. T. A. HEAD**



Mrs. Mabel Greene Myers, above, president of the Lincoln Parent-Teacher association, stated that her group purchased 500 pounds of meat for unfortunates in this district. Mrs. Irving Bleidt, 652 Webster, and Mrs. Agnes Thurston, 1415 Granyille, were among the leaders in the movement.

November 29, 1930

**list**

*Mabel and Lewis E. Myers*



*Lewis E. Myers*  
*Lewis E. Myers was Helen's Dad*

Lewis E. Myers.

I. YOUTH AND UP TO TWENTY-FIVE

1. Born on farm near Canton, Ohio, December 5, 1882. Descended from German Protestant immigrants, among the first to arrive in Pennsylvania.
2. Family driven to town at beginning of depression of 1893; worked six years in cobbler's shop, shoe store, clothing stores, township clerk's office from forty to sixty hours a week from his twelfth to his eighteenth year while attending elementary and high school, - a very diverse and informing experience.
3. Graduated from high school in 1900; class valedictorian; awarded first honor scholarship, Ohio Wesleyan University; during four years after high school, while assaying to meet home responsibilities and to save money for college, taught school, country and town; sold Chautauqua Desks; worked in Waste Detection Division, Cleveland Water Works System; Deputy Postmaster, Louisville, Ohio. Wooster U. Summer School.
4. Entered Otterbein College, 1904; was at times, Instructor in English and Parliamentary Law; Manager, Track and Baseball Teams; ran student boarding club, and organized sales force of students for summer work; Member, College Athletic Board; President, Senior Class; qualified for Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford; although required to do a little more than to make his own way through college, was seldom or never outranked in scholarship, debate or literary effort, finishing his course in three years residence.
5. If the forgoing account suggests a pinched childhood, and a severe, stressful youth, it may illumine somewhat the nature and success of the subject's business activities in the period next reviewed, and give insight into the conception of the institution he finally sought to establish, and to which he remains committed.

II. THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS.

6. Upon graduation from college in 1907, he became Eastern Sales Manager for the Chicago concern with whom he had been employed at times before and while attending college. Panic of 1907-08 caught the company with a partially financed building project under way in Chicago, resulting ultimately in the bankruptcy of the enterprise. Although the youngest member of the executive staff, he was chosen by the creditors and stockholders to re-organize and to attempt to re-habilitate the remnant of the property, and in this admittedly hopeless task, he was credited with achieving a remarkable success.
7. From 1911 to 1925, he built the business of Lewis E. Myers and Company of Valparaiso, Indiana. Although the Chautauqua Desk had been outmoded and practically abandoned, he re-created it both mechanically and in its educational content and scope, with the result that it gradually became the most widely approved educational equipment ever devised for engaging the free and directed interests and activities

8. Beginning practically without resources, Lewis E. Myers and Company achieved the manufacture and sale of over one million Chautauqua Desks, of a value in excess of ten million dollars. Other ideas and commodities developed, serving new uses and needs, have come to be standard merchandise throughout the United States and at least Canada today. The sales organization came to be recognized as a model in the technique of direct selling, and in the integration of direct selling with the merchantile trade and the larger mail order houses. It is of special significance, that regardless of the varying industrial conditions obtaining during the fifteen years in which Mr. Myers directed this undertaking, the business increased each year over the preceding year and in every year, the business made profit. During the period under review, he was frequently appealed to, and lent a helping hand to several other businesses that had become distressed, and he was successful in every case, in re-establishing the business and conserving it for the rightful owners.

9. Certain financial interests obtained a foothold in the business of Lewis E. Myers and Company, and pledging "unlimited backing" and "barrels of money", purported to make a "great business of it". Mr. Myers was removed from the management in 1927, and the business was brought to ruin by its new control before the break of 1929 which ushered in the depression.

10. It was primarily a publishing house with which Mr. Myers engaged upon leaving college. Aside from its own general, religious and farm publications, it was at that time publishing the AMERICAN ISSUE for the Anti-Saloon League. One of the measures by which he was enabled to break the snarls and jams in which the company had become entangled, was by the sale of a part of the equipment of the Chicago plant to the Anti-Saloon League for their own printing plant then building at Westerville but two doors from where he had lived so recently while attending college at Westerville. Likewise, the property of the company was reduced to its original elements, warring factions satisfied, and the remaining publication disposed of.

11. In 1924, Mr. Myers cleared up the title to MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, then defunct, and set up the S. S. McClure Company for its publication. A year later, the title to the name was sold to the Hearst organization for \$70,000.00, - said to have been the highest price ever paid for a name in the history of American journalism. Mr. Myers himself sold the lease at 250 Park Avenue where the S. S. McCLURE Company was a sub-tenant at a profit of \$60,000.00 which was more than twice the investment which Lewis E. Myers and Company had made in the S. S. McClure Company.

12. Mr. Myers's experience in building publishing and manufacturing businesses will be perceived in the forgoing brief review. He served at one time or another, in practically every capacity, and had continuing executive responsibility at all times down to 1925. In factory and field force he employed for years an average of five hundred people, and people whether on sales force or at the bench or machine, invariably took no less pride in, and showed no less loyalty to the business than its executives. Things now demanded on every hand and promising a new era in American business, were all along the common rule and practice of the subject's enterprises, and may be found to make his services all the more valuable in important capacities today.

### III. THE CHILDRENS FOUNDATION.

13. To go back a few Years on December 24, 1921, while in his thirty-ninth year, Mr. Myers announced the establishment of the CHILDRENS FOUNDATION. His initial gift of fifty thousand dollars was derived from royalties on his own inventions.

14. The Childrens Foundation made its first public contribution in May, 1924 under the title, THE CHILD: HIS NATURE AND HIS NEEDS. Many thousands of letters and editorial expressions were recieved from all parts of the world in felicitation of the conception of such an institution, and in approval of the standard set and the service performed to the cause of the well-being of childhood and youth by its first survey.

15. It may be admissible to quote from a memorandum dated December 5, 1929:

"The Childrens Foundation grows out of the back-ground of the childhood of Lewis E. Myers and from the uninterrupted study and business experience from his early youth to his present age."

" Through the ceaseless poundings of personal contacts with parents during and since leaving college and with the far-flung organization he built primarily to interview them, and with having re-created the educational instrument most widely used by children in the home, the net reactions of literally millions of parents since he first engaged in such work at the age of eighteen, inspired the faith, shaped ultimately the program, and prompted the gift that instituted the Childrens Foundation."

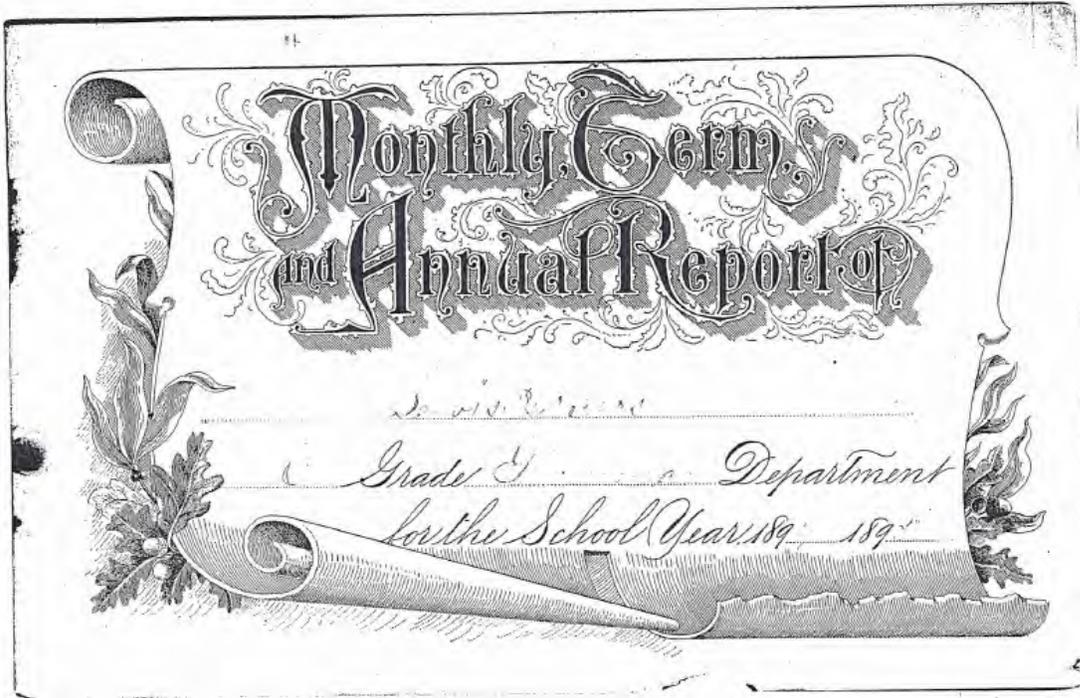
"In its ultimate validity, the Childrens Foundation conceives its mission to be the forging of a new type of institution whose functions comport so completely with the GENIUS OF DEMOCRACY as to make its perpetuation socially and economically useful and desirable - an admittedly difficult problem but one hardly so difficult as to defy solution."

Candor compels the admission that the Childrens Foundation is quite inseparable from Mr. Myers's ultimate interest and objective, even though his present situation does not permit his continuing to devote himself to it.

November 1, 1933.  
Lewis E. Myers.  
New York City....

Lewis E. Myers 6th Grade Report

LEWIS E. MYER SR 6<sup>TH</sup> GRADE REPORT CARD 1894-1895 School Year



	Perfect 100	Minimum 75	Required 70	Attendance	Conduct	Spelling	Reading	Writing	Language	Arithmetic	Geography	Grammar	U.S. History	Physiology	Algebra	Musik	Drawing	Recitation Class	Examination Class	General Class	Rank in Class	Honor Months	
September	20	100	93	90	90	89	90	93	80				70			87							
October	21	100	93	85	86	85	92	87	89				86			84							
November	20	93	92	81	83	87	87	93	85				80			86							
December	22	100	96	86	84	88	88	90	91				90			89							
January	21	97	95	89	83	86	89	96	92				80			89							
February	23	100	97	93	86	89	90	94	91				90			91							
March	20	100	94	85	90	91	93	93					88			93							
April	20	100	100	97	86	91	93	96	95				87			93							
May	20	100	100	96	85	89	93	93	96				88			93							
June																							
Autumn Ex				68	85	87	100	93	100			100					90						
Winter ..				91	86	90	100	100	100			100					95						
Final ..				94	83	90	98	94	98			100					95						

RDLL  
DEPARTMENT  
100  
NO STUDY  
BELOW  
REQUIRED  
AVERAGE

*Children's Foundation*

*Lewis E. Myers created this foundation to help parents and their children become educated*

CHILDRENS FOUNDATION

55 W. North Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois  
November 23, 1929.

Miss Sally Lucas Jean,  
200 Fifth Avenue  
New York City.

Dear Miss Jean:

This portfolio comprises expressions elicited by THE CHILD: HIS NATURE AND HIS NEEDS with incidental references to the institution which projected it, the Childrens Foundation.

These expressions are gleaned from **only** a section of the files of the Childrens Foundation. In only a few instances have complete letters, articles or documents been quoted. Such subject matter as may appear to be frequently repeated will be seen, upon a second glance, to be quoted from widely divergent sources which in itself confirms the unity of the study and gives evidence of the place the work is serving in the economies and the ministrations of our day.

A cursory examination of this body of testimonial, it is believed, will prompt the feeling that this first survey is far from having filled the sphere of its usefulness and that additional funds deserve to be dedicated to the expansion of its distribution and that the institution capable of creating and projecting such values may well claim the attention and co-operation of men and women having a mind for, and impressed with the importance of its objects.

These excerpts may be roughly classified and indexed for mental reference as follows:

Pages 1 - 3 are from parents. The flow of mail indicates that approbations from fathers and mothers are increasing in fervor—perhaps the most critical test of the content of the book and the unique method developed for its distribution.

Pages 4 - 7 reflect the zeal of physicians, nurses and those concerned with health.

Pages 8 - 17 cover expressions from the field of religion. Three characteristic documents are here quoted in full. Page 9 reproduces a personal letter from the Dean of the School of Religion of the University of Southern California while pages 16 and 17 lay side by side the expressions of a Methodist and a leading Catholic organ.

Pages 18 - 30 quote from the Educational World roughly distributed as follows:

- Pages 18 - 20 Superintendents of Schools
- Pages 21 - 27 Various National Organizations concerned with Parental Education and Child Welfare.
- Page 24 Shows a way in which whole religious denominations have promoted and organized child study on this volume.
- Pages 25 - 26 reflect the impulse and direction given to the first really NATIONAL program of Parental Education conducted in co-operation with the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the largest organization in this field.
- Page 27 Portrays the consequences of these efforts in at least two States. Following the distribution and study of THE CHILD; HIS NATURE AND HIS NEEDS in Mississippi through the State wide co-operation of the State University the Federation of Womens Clubs and the Parent Teachers Association, our editor, Professor O'Shea was engaged to make a survey of the school system of the State. This s survey has been published in a volume which is now the basis of further educational progress in that State.
- Pages 28 - 33 quote from University Presidents, Schools of Education, Teachers Colleges and prominent Professors of Education disclosing the general reactions from this sector of the Educational World.
- Page 34 suggests its influence and use in Home Economics Education.
- Pages 35 - 38 report from the Educational Journals.
- Page 39 Responses from State and City Teachers Associations
- Pages 40 - 41 Characteristic comments from leading Foreign Journals in English.
- Pages 42 - 43 furnish typical selections from editorials and reviews from the mass appearing in Scientific Journals and magazines of general circulation.
- Page 44 - refers to Bertrand Russell's comment in his SCEPTICAL ESSAYS.
- Pages 45 - 46 give editorials from two leading Womens Journals.
- Pages 47 - 48 present two editorials from the Chicago Evening Post from among the many editorials, special articles and reviews that have appeared in Metropolitan News papers.

The book represents a very collaboration and in my opinion it will become one of the fundamental volumes for students interested especially in the pre-adolescent period of the child. Your Foundation is doing a fine piece of service in arranging for the sale of the book at such a nominal figure.

W. W. Kemp, Dean of the School of Education  
University of California, Berkeley, California.

Your plan for distributing the volume of 'The Child' seems to me a valuable contribution to a difficult problem. So many publications that have cost much time and money fail to reach the people for whom they are intended.

Clyde Furst, Secretary, The Carnegie Foundation  
for the Advancement of Teaching, New York.

Professor Buswell who gives courses in genetic psychology reports that he will be able to make valuable use of this book in his courses.

William S. Gray, Dean of the College of Education  
The School of Education, The University of Chicago, Chicago.

It is a pleasure to commend your efforts in behalf of the most misunderstood creature in the whole world - the child. Yet what we need is perhaps not understanding but insight. The Childrens Foundation will give us insight as well as understanding. In a certain sense understanding comes from an abstract generalization about the average child, but insight can come only through loving care for children as individuals who are of infinite value. It is altogether excellent that you have a Foundation which enables you to publish valuable material and to put it within the reach of all who are interested.

H. S. Townsend, Chairman of the Department of Education  
Smith College, North Hampton, Massachusetts.

I am interested in the new and monumental volume that you have published on THE CHILD: HIS NATURE AND HIS NEEDS. Our work as a teacher-training institution is only just begun but I believe that we can make good use of any of your publications.

Leigh G. Hubbell, C.S.C. School of Education  
University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.

The book is without an equal and its sale at one dollar per copy is indeed a piece of philanthropy which will bring rich returns.

Charles C. Cowell, Director of Physical Education  
Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey

I appreciate the type of writers obtained in the preparation of THE CHILD: HIS NATURE AND HIS NEEDS. I feel that its chief field of service is in the education of otherwise intelligent parents to a practical understanding of childhood. The physical makeup of the book certainly aids in conveying its message effectively.

Ralph E. Brown, Professor of Education  
Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Illinois

Notice of Passing for Lewis E. Myers

THE LOUISVILLE HERALD

LEWIS E. MYERS DIES FOLLOWING HEART ATTACK

Lewis E. Myers, former Louisville resident, passed away at his home at 5511 Washington Blvd., Chicago Ill, last Thursday, June 25. He suffered a heart attack in the absence of Mrs. Myers and their daughter, Helen, who found him upon their arrival home.

In his early years Mr. Myers attended the Louisville Schools and after his graduation from the local High School he taught a year or so in the 7th and 8th grades. Prior to that teaching engagement he taught several terms at Hickory College school.

He spent four years in Otterbein College and graduated from that institution in June of 1907 with high honors after having proven himself as the runner-up for the Rhoades Scholarship for Ohio. He was highly honored as the President of his graduating class and distinguished himself as a college debater of no meager attainments. Wherever he operated in very many extra-curricular activities he always was the born leader. His scholastic attainments were of a very high order and won for himself a teaching position in two summer terms of this college.

He was identified during these years also with the Home Herald Company and later the Chautauqua Manufacturing Company of Chicago, Illinois and Valparaiso, Indiana and became an active influence and manager in that enterprise after his graduation. The final result of his business acumen was the establishment of Lewis E. Myers and Company which gradually took over the entire manufacturing and educational interest of these former concerns. Under his leadership the company became widely known in the educational world and in the early 1920's he incorporated The Childrens Foundation. That institution was dedicated to the welfare of the child throughout the world and had to its credit and as a result of his ability to marshal the educational leaders of America for a wide and enriching program the publication of that remarkable volume THE CHILD, HIS NATURE AND HIS NEEDS. That volume became the source book for educational leaders everywhere for several decades and attained a distribution not far from a quarter of a million copies. To this day it is to be found on the shelves of prac-

tically every Library of the country and was translated into a number of foreign languages.

Owing to ill health in his later years it was not his good fortune to realize his ambitions in the field of education and industry. He rounded out in his own way an influence in the political world an account of which it is not possible to record in this brief survey of his notable life.

It is only to be hoped that somewhere and somehow there will emerge a person with the time, the talents, and the financial resources to make a study of his voluminous writings and his multiplied achievements and to secure them for posterity and as a monument to stand forever somewhere in Louisville, Ohio where his character was formulated and his ideals were born at an early age. Truly, Mr. Myers is now and will become more and more as the years run apace an outstanding son of this splendid community whose valiant sons and daughters mount up into the hundreds.

In all his life work Mr. Myers was supported unflinchingly by his wonderful wife, Mabel Green Myers, who together with the daughter, Helen, remains to mourn his departure. A sister Edith of Colorado Springs, Colorado, also survives. He and Mrs. Myers lost their only son, Lewis Edwin Myers, Jr. in World War II. The daughter, Helen, is a graduate of Chicago University and holds a fine position with Swift and Company in Chicago where her exceptional talents in the field of economics are utilized.

His death will be mourned by thousands of young men and young women throughout America and the world of his day who were brought under the touch of his genius to set forth warm, helpful, and attractive interpretations to the youth of his day and generation and to instill into them the desire and the ambition and the determination to mount the ladder of unselfish success in the enrichment of human life everywhere.

Lewis Edwin Myers, — early Churchman and Bible Teacher, Student, Public School Teacher, College Leader, Educational Pioneer and Manufacturer; writer and publisher; a man whose contacts included such famous and influential people as Mr. Gary of U. S. Steel, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Anne Morgan, and their associates as well as the leading educators of the eminent Colleges and Universities of his day and generation; a sensitive soul with a deep love of family and



The above Herald photo shows R. T. Meneux of Benton, Ohio, unloading eleven cars of basic Dolomite lime at the Pennsy tracks in Louisville.

home neighborhood, — — — stands now forth in death an honor to the community that gave him birth and under whose fine influences he rose to manhood.

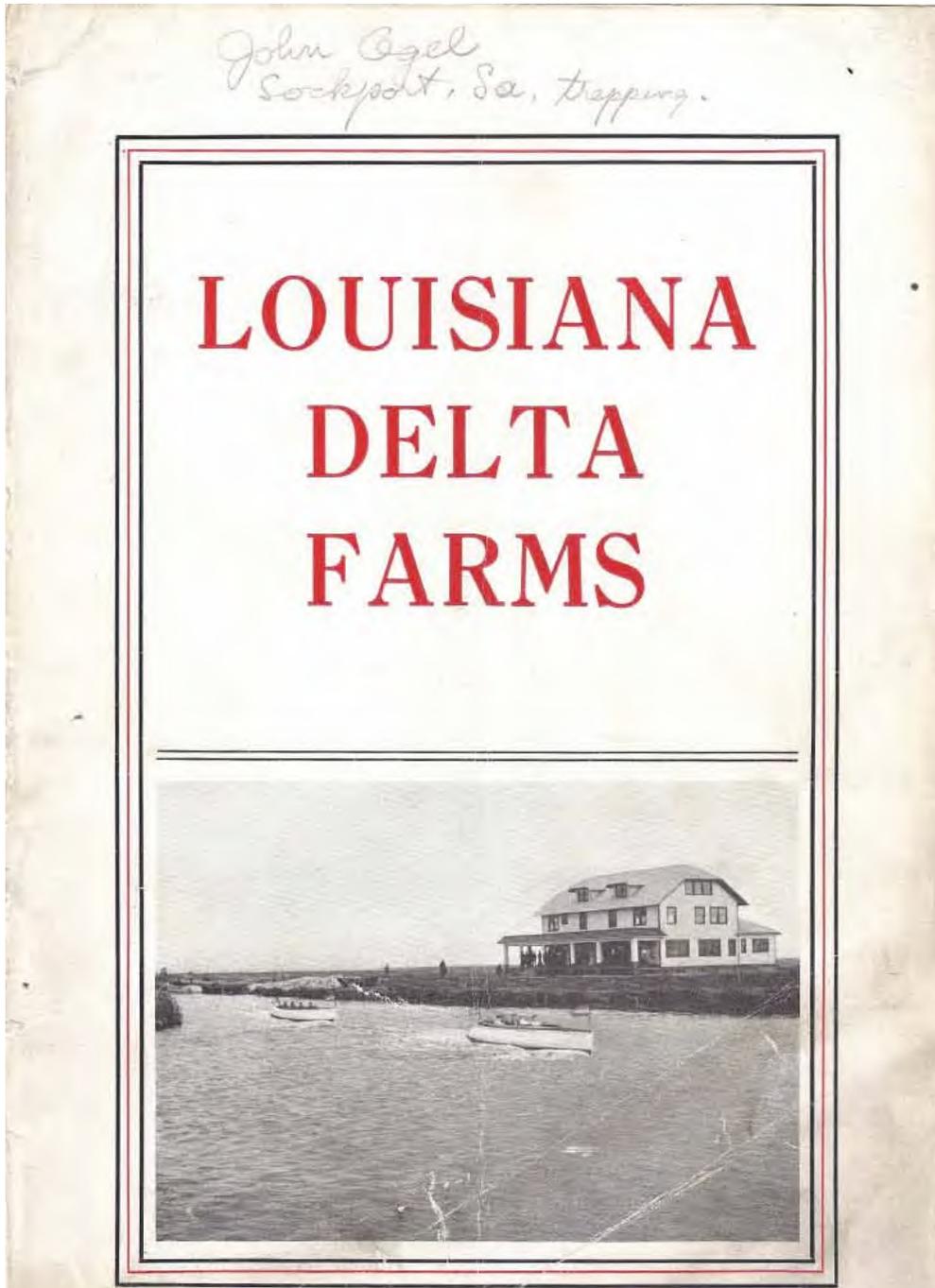
(Information about the deceased was furnished by Leroy Hense, of Cleveland, who called upon Louisville friends Sunday.)



IN SERVICE

Pvt. Francis J. Kress, U S 52264764, Prov. Co. 2652, A P O 872, New York, N. Y.

Pvt. Rolland Sluss US52343660, Co. C, 86th Recon. Bn. Res. Com'd., 6th Arm'd Div., Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.



### HOW DELTA LANDS ARE RECLAIMED (DRAINED).

For the information of those who are not familiar with the drainage (or reclamation) methods used in the Louisiana Delta we print the following explanation made by Mr. C. A. Breed, who is very familiar with all of the best and most successful plans now used in Southern Louisiana.

Many Northern people seem to be afraid that the matter is complicated and likely to be expensive, and a few who have not investigated have written to us stating that they are afraid of the yearly cost necessary to keep their lands in first-class condition.

No greater mistake could possibly be made than to think a great expense is necessary. On the contrary, the expense is surprisingly small.

The whole matter is so simple, so plain and so easily accomplished that great numbers of people who see the Delta for the first time are surprised that these marvelously rich lands have lain so long inactive.

Mr. Breed says:

"An owner of land in our tract at Louisiana Delta Farms has a joint ownership with all other land holders in his district in the levees and Pumping Plant. The levees are built and pumping plant installed by the Company (without cost



DITCHING MACHINE DIGGING LATERAL DITCH AT DELTA FARMS.

The principle involved in reclamation of these lands has been used in the City of New Orleans for more than 100 years. We select a district of 500 to 5,000 acres and surround the district by navigable canals usually about 40 feet wide and 8 feet deep. This we connect through other streams or canals with tide water, thus furnishing a perfect outlet. The soil excavated in digging these canals is thrown upon the bank of the canal, making a levee 4 to 6 feet high to protect the district against overflow on account of the varying levels of the waters in the outflow (or navigation) canals and the slopes of the levees are seeded to Bermuda grass to prevent them from washing down during hard rains and against other damage.

Then a canal known as a "Reservoir Canal," 8 feet deep and wide enough to give plenty of storage capacity to hold any excess rain water, is dug through the center of the district, but is not connected with the navigation canals at either end.

to the land holders except the price they pay per acre for the land itself) for the benefit of all. Also each land holder is entitled to free use of all outflow canals installed by the Company as the work of reclamation proceeds.

In other words, the land holders in each district comprise an association which elects its own officers and manages its own affairs. The total net expense must be assessed and each land holder will pay his proportionate share of it. All questions arising before the association will be decided by a majority of the votes cast, each member being entitled to one vote for each acre of land owned by him.

# Oil Discovery on Delta Farms

Alvin Greene was Helen's uncle and Helen's mom's brother. Alvin had an interest in the Delta Farms.

## SWAMP'S PERILS REPAY ILLINOIS FARMER IN OIL

How a Grundy county farmer's long time interest in Louisiana oil land finally paid off was learned last night. It is Alvin Greene, 60, who for thirty years has made his home in the town of New Orleans, which has been his family for many years.

Greene, as a boy, lived in Chicago and attended Lake Forest High School. After he finished there in 1912, he went to Louisiana and obtained work in a swamp on group clearing wild swamps, to the Mississippi delta country south of New Orleans.

President of the area, known as Cajons and old French districts, reportedly had a suspicion of what they had regarded as their own fishing and hunting territory. Greene, now 60 in Pan-crown hospital, was reviewed in discussing one of these here, but he complained on his early days in the delta swamps and on attempts to kill him.

**Three Square Mile Tract**  
From Greene's address, John Parker of New Orleans, 6, was reported yesterday that in 1917 Alvin had discovered a swamp tract and a mile square. Later, he had the title to the tract.

Greene's business and friends in Grundy county told how he never intended here he would come back to the farm, which was then a wild, and the swamp section.

Greene's business and friends told of his first oil and equipment, they said, but he always came back. Greene said that in 1920 of the land was sold to him in Chicago in 1920, but he returned to New Orleans, where he had his home.

Meanwhile, the square mile of land turned out to be the middle of an oil field. Alvin Greene would not have known this was the case until the summer of last year.

**Finally Must the Test**  
But recently, its price was high. Last Saturday night, in the Pan-crown hospital room, he signed a lease with the oil operators, Edward Hillman of Houston, Tex., James H. Hillman of Houston, Tex., and John Mason of Houston, Tex. Hillman said last night that under his terms, the land has been "discovered" in a square of 40 acres north. Each square will contain a well and the two squares will alternate structure, all according to Hillman's plan.

## Inaugural Ticker

HILDA-GAY MAYBERRY

Washington, Dec. 30 (AP)—The Eisenhower inaugural committee announced today the printing cost of the nation's largest political has been chosen to take part in the inaugural parade.

Hilda-Gay Mayberry, 31, of Louisville, Ky., was one of the 100 women of the inaugural committee.

Greene's business and friends told of his first oil and equipment, they said, but he always came back. Greene said that in 1920 of the land was sold to him in Chicago in 1920, but he returned to New Orleans, where he had his home.

**Feta Farming Property**  
Hunters say the land is 30 miles southeast of New Orleans, and that it is under water. It will be necessary, he said, to find drilling rigs on the site, or because of the cost will be some to make a good investment. Hunt says the 40-acre square area. A second square might be unsuccessful, Hunt said. "This is proven ground."

Greene had sold the land to the oil operators.

## CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE Wednesday, December 31, 1952 Part 1—P

Grumble about...  
that new...  
good fortune...  
most of the...  
to get...  
the...  
"I don't...  
that new...  
good fortune...  
most of the...  
to get...  
the...  
"I don't...  
that new...  
good fortune...  
most of the...  
to get...  
the...  
"I don't...

## FETE OF CHICAGO ST. J

Since the...  
city's police...  
last night at...  
party sponsored...  
Police Agency...  
in their hall...  
St. James...  
from the 7th...  
city...  
St. James...  
from the 7th...  
city...

## New Envoy

SANTIAGO, Chile—UP—The foreign ministry says Chile has agreed to the appointment of Cecil Burton Lyon as new U.S. ambassador.

## Top A RARE for \$1.1 one Price

I have...  
found...  
the...  
price...  
one...  
price...

## Tofflenetti RESTAURANTS

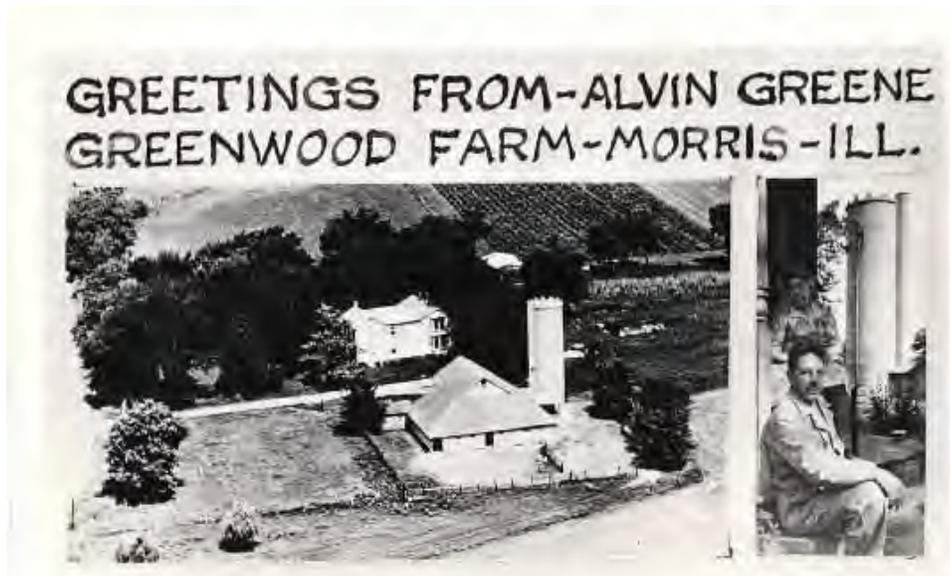
121 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10  
111 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10  
111 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10

IN CHICAGO & EVANSTON

178

*Morris Illinois Farm*

*This farm is where Helen's grandmother and grandfather lived and in the family. Helen spent summers here.*



*Helen and Robert Birdsong*

