

Wallace John Barnes
1862-1945

Elizabeth Grace Oliver
1860-1936

Reunion

**Camp Timberledge
Beach Lake, PA**

June 15-17, 2012

Compiled by David Barnes abarnes2@rochester.rr.com

Table of Contents

Schedule

Introduction

<u>Page #</u>	<u>Titles</u>	<u>Authors</u>
1.	Wallace J. Barnes	Jennie Shaw and Ruth Fairbanks
18.	Elizabeth Grace Oliver	Jennie Shaw and Ruth Fairbanks
27.	Stories of Beach Lake	Jennie Shaw and Elizabeth G.O. Barnes
33.	Family History Text by	Jennie Shaw and Ruth Fairbanks
39.	Otis Robbins: Memories of Beach Lake	Ruth Fairbanks
41.	John Hicks: The Wallace J. Barnes Family	Ruth Fairbanks
47.	Family History Notes	Jennie Shaw
55.	Appendix	
57.	Beach Lake Family Sites and Map	Jennie Shaw
59.	Key to John Barnes Country Map	Ruth Fairbanks
61.	Tribute to Wallace J. Barnes	Harriet Sheard
63.	Ruth Niles Fairbanks Obituary	
65.	Cyrus W. Barnes Tribute & Obituary Genealogy and the Barnes DNA Barnes Family Group Sheets Genealogy Chart	David Barnes Dawn Barnes-Schuster Ruth Fairbanks Ruth Fairbanks
	Barnes Family Reunion History 101: Brief Overview	David Barnes
	*A Summary of John Barnes History	Ruth Fairbanks
	*Cyrus W. Barnes and Jennie Shaw Life in Beach Lake - Conversation	David Barnes
	*Keys to a Better World	Olin Barnes
	*Descendant Report Genealogy	Ruth Fairbanks
	*Jennie Barnes Shaw: Memories of Beach Lake - A Conversation	David Barnes
	*Genealogy and the Barnes DNA PowerPoint	Dawn Barnes-Schuster
	*Barnes Family Reunion History 101: A PowerPoint Overview	David Barnes

* Not included in this document. Note: The above is available in electronic form from David and Avis Barnes at abarnes2@rochester.rr.com.

Schedule of the Barnes Family Reunion
Camp Timberledge, Beach Lake, PA
June 15 - 17, 2012

Friday

Afternoon

Get re-acquainted, housing assignments, get settled in, nametags, put out family photos and memorabilia, relax, camp tour, and as time permits a walk, hike, ATV tour, swim, fish, kayak, etc.

5:30-6:30

Supper

7:00-9:00 Remembering the Reunion of 2003; overview of the weekend; reminiscences and recollections; the "Family Question Board"

Campfire - snack - conversation

Saturday

8:30-9:30

Breakfast

9:45-11:00 Grace Barnes in India and her family

11:00 - noon Field trip to family historical sites

Noon- 1:00

Lunch

1:00 - 2:00 Family History 101: An Overview

2:00 - 4:30 Historical Society lecture about the D and H Canal and Honesdale in the early 1830's - Field trip to a lock and roadhouse near camp

4:30-5:30

Boating, kayaking, hiking, rides around camp

5:30-6:30

Supper

6:30-9:00 Family insights and reminiscences including a interviews with the Tamblyns and others

Campfire - smores - conversation

Sunday

8:00-9:00

Breakfast

9:00-10:00 Devotional given by Paul Barnes

10:00-noon Discussion: Faith of our Family

noon-1:00

Dinner

1:30 -4:00 Drive with maps--Olver settlement, Jenny Hicks' place and Stone Cottage

5:30 -6:30

Supper

6:30 Hymn Sing, chat and recreation.

Monday

8:00

Breakfast

Introduction

My father's family was a family of story tellers. Several of us can remember Wallace, Earl, Jennie, Marcia, Hattie, Olin, and my father Cyrus telling and often repeating accounts of local history and family life.

This document is an attempt to bring together accounts of this history and family. Aunt Jennie was the historian of her generation and Ruth Fairbanks, ours. I have simply attempted to bring together in one place what is essentially their work - the product of their thoughtful, and personally rewarding searching of letters, legal records, cemetery tombstones, internet sites and family sites on both sides of the Atlantic.

Several years ago Aunt Jennie, Dad and I got together and recorded several hours of audio tapes - delightful times of their reminiscing of life and family. These have been transcribed and are being further edited. Their inclusion in this would document would have been premature and, in any case, made it too long.

Of course any effort to pull together information of this type is bound to include spelling and historical errors. Some are without question mine alone.

I would hope that future efforts of this type would include more family information and especially photos and even audio and video material that can so easily be made available electronically.

All of material in the Table of Contents is available electronically. Please feel free to send any comments or suggestions to Ruth at ruthfairbanks@gmail.com or to me.

David Barnes abarnes2@rochester.rr.com

WALLACE J. BARNES

By Jennie Shaw Barnes and Ruth Fairbanks

Wallace J. Barnes was born on 16 August, 1862, the second son in what would grow to be a family of 8 children. His parents, Charles Barnes and Grace Marshall had settled after their marriage on a farm just east of her parents' farm near Vine Hill, on the rising fields to the south of the road.

He was named John Wallace, but like his brother Marshall took his more unusual second name as his Christian name. As a boy he was most frequently called "John Wall" or "Wall".

Wallace said that when he was a youngster he would go across the fields to see his Grandmother (Margaret Bellamy Marshall), and perhaps have an apple or a piece of bread and honey. When he had been there a few minutes (probably longer, and probably it seemed much longer to her) she would say, "Now then, you'd better 'aste away 'ome".
(JBS)

The house where Wallace was born later burned and was replaced. A small settlement had recently developed at the cross roads at Vine Hill, a Methodist church and parsonage, a blacksmith shop, a cemetery, a school house, and several farm houses in view. This is probably where Wallace began his education. There were many children in his family and his educational opportunities were only those which everyone in the community had. However, many young people taught a few years when they finished school and some of these teachers were very good. Herbert (Herbie) Olver recalled that Wallace always said that it was young Elizabeth Marshall, his cousin, and one of his high school teachers, who gave him his love of history and grasp of and interest in the outside world..

When Wallace was still a little boy, they moved to the Slish Farm, and lived in a small cottage on the lower side of the road. It burned down, but one can still find the stone foundation and the descendants of some old bushes. Charles built the original of the Slish house, which has been changed so much that now he would probably not recognise it.
(JBS)

In April 1882 the small house the Barnes family was living in on what later became the Slish Farm burned:

During Monday forenoon the dwelling house of Charles Barnes, at Beech Pond, was discovered to be on fire. The family were absent, but the neighbours succeeded in breaking in the doors, and saving a small portion of the contents, mostly clothing. The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective flue. No insurance.

(The Honesdale Citizen, 29 April 1882).

Charles would rebuild across the road on the north side. That house was much remodelled and has been incorporated into the farmhouse there.

Young Wallace worked at a tannery at Equinunk and at Beach Lake. *Far a long time, the tannery was the life of the town. At one time hides were imported from as far away as Argentina, I (JBS) have been told. The area around the present Reining's mill was filled with long rows of hemlock bark, piled four feet high in cord wood fashion. In fact, the hemlock bark which supplied the tannin for the tanning process was more valuable than the lumber from the trees.*

The cowhides was soaked in a bath with tannin until the hair was loosened. Then it was drawn out of the liquid and pulled across an elevated log. A woman scraped off the hair and bits of flesh, at the same time working out the wrinkles in the hide. This was called rolling. At one time Wallace was working as a helper for the roller. The work looked simple, so when the roller was eating his lunch, the boy pulled up a hide and worked it over. The boss came around, looked the skin over, and asked, "Who did that?" Of course Dad thought that he had done something wrong, and said, "so-and-so is doing the rolling today." The boss looked the work over again, and remarked, "It's the best job he's ever done." That was one time when honesty would have been the best policy. (JBS) The tannery in Beech Pond closed in 1879. Beech Pond became Beach Lake in 1895.

In his early manhood he too taught school for several years in Berlin Township. *There were at least nine school houses in the township: Beech Pond, East Beech Lake (the remodelled house just across from the Frey-Henry house), East Berlin (often called Catchall), Troops Corners, Swamp Brook, Bethel, often called Pigeon Roost, Berlin Valley, Laurella, and Long Pond. (JBS) It's uncertain just where he taught.*

The Charles Barnes family was probably living on the Slish Farm in 1883/4 when Wallace went to Chesbrough Seminary at North Chili, N.Y. A description of the year's programme survives among the family papers: **Thorough and exact scholarship is urged upon each student. The high ideal of a Christian life is held before the students, and every one is encouraged to "seek first the kingdom of God." And to adopt habits of simplicity in life and attire.**

Perhaps less predictably the college seemed to have a keen appreciation of the importance of health: **The location of the school is in the open country, in a healthful, beautiful region. The scholars uniformly maintain good health. Regard is had in all cases to the health of each student. If any come to us weak in health, demands are made upon them accordingly.**

It is likely that Wallace took work in the Intermediate Studies Course which included Arithmetic completed, Grammar, Geography, spelling, Reading, Drawing, Penmanship and Declamation, since there is no evidence that he did Latin, French or German and it is unlikely that he would have passed the Regent's exams (a qualification for more advanced placement) since he grew up in Pennsylvania. If he did the entire year the cost would have been a little over \$100.00.

Fortunately some nine letters have survived which were written to Wallace at Chili from September 1883 through January 1884. Wallace was 21 years old at this time and his siblings ranged from Marshall, 25, and Harriet, 22, to the youngest, Ernest, 13 and Thomas, 11. These letters present a vivid picture of his brothers and sisters, their attitudes and

aspirations, family worries and the larger world which surrounded the Barnes family at this time.

LETTER 1 from Wallace's sister, Hattie

Beech Pond Sept 24 1883

Dear Brother,

After so long a time I will drop you a line. We are as well as usual. And hope this will find you the same. I am very busy now and expect to go to Smith Hill tomorrow. To sew. for Cynthia Potts and Annie Spettigue. I have not seen Lizzie or Jennie since last Wednesday. I went to Honesdale Saturday. Came home last night. Most of the people around here seem to be very much amazed at your going off to school. We have heard the story already that you had gone off to study for a Free Methodist dominie (accreditation for ministers) I do not think Bro. Faulkner likes it because I went to the F. M. camp meeting but I do not care. How are you getting along. Do you find severe temptations? If so, Trust in Christ. He says, My Grace is sufficient.

I get sorely tired at times but I am glad we have a friend and father who knows it all. I got a letter from Ida Barnes week before last. She said she was glad to hear you had given your heart to God. Wallace I think Matthew has been under conviction a good while. I wish you would write to him and give him a bit of good advice. Perhaps a word or two might help him a great deal. I believe he thinks any folks do not think any thing of him so I will excuse you writing to me for once if you will write him. I do not say he is perfection but I do say he has more gentlemanly principles than a greater part of those who make fun. Don't say anything about him to Lizzie or anyone. I tell it to you confidentially. At any rate his soul is of just as much value in God's sight as anyone's. I wish I could see you and have a chat. I am glad to hear you like the school. Rettie is very anxious to go to Binghamton.

Aunt Francis was buried last Thursday. Our house is pretty cool when these cold days come. Father does not make any move toward siding it yet. He is so cross I do not know how to endure. I really worry some times that mother will go crazy over her troubles. He goes to prayer meting and is very good and comes home, and most always has a jaw about something before he goes to bed. Honestly, he is the greatest hindrance to me of any thing. The boys laugh about his going to meting and putting on a sober look and then act so wicked at home. Pray earnestly that he may be brought to see things in their clear light—I do not believe that God accepts of any such hypocrisy.

Be true to God. Dear brother you will find many discouragements, but God will be a sun and shield. Write as often as you can conveniently. Give my kind regards to Cornelius. Remember me in your prayers.

Your loving sister,
Hattie R. Barnes

Many things about this letter are striking: the prominent language of Christian exhortation not least. Perhaps the intensity and prominence of it is related to the fact that Wallace has only recently been converted (and perhaps Hattie too).

It is interesting that Ida Barnes, their first cousin is pleased about Wallace's conversion, for this indicates Christian commitment and tradition of belief in the Barnes family.

Hattie's disappointment in her Father is twofold: she seems to disrespect the lack of discipline in his Christian life at this time, as well as his 'laid-back' attitude toward the hard work of winterising the new (cold) house, built after the fire on the Slish Farm.

The Matthew mentioned is Matthew Olver whom Hattie will marry in October 1887.

Lizzie also appears here, described in terms that show she is important and important to Wallace. Lizzie is Elizabeth Hicks Olver. She and Wallace will marry in SEP? 1884. Are they engaged at this time?

This letter also betrays Hattie's warm, comfortable relationship with her brother Wallace.

LETTER 2 from his Father, C. R. Barnes

November 27th, 1883

Wallace My dear Son,

You must excuse me for not writing before now. I have been quite busy of late. We are all well at present but Mother she has a bad cold Aunt Ann Marshall died Saturday morning last and was buried yesterday at one o'clock at the Vine Church yard. She has been failing for a long time. It will be lonesome times there for awhile. I hope this will find you well and doing well. Marshall is working at Equinunk for the Tiner boys and Eddie is on the railroad at Peekskill running cars with Willie Babcock. You must excuse me for not writing much this time. Write when and often as you can. You say I must trust in Jesus. I will try in my weak way to do so and hope you will always do so. So I will stop by wishing you good health and good success in your learning and an everlasting home in heaven. So good bye my dear boy, from your Father C R Barnes

This is a friendly, newsy letter from Wallace's Father, C. R. Barnes. It seems unremarkable until we realise that Wallace is only 21 and his Father seems to think of himself as weak and ineffectual, not to mention a less committed Christian than his son. Wallace is seen to have a powerful sense of commitment and purpose which shines through these letters obliquely.

Letter 3 (on the back of Letter 2)

A second letter from Wallace's Sister, Hattie

Dear Brother,

I thought I would drop a word or two. I am ready to go to the Institute, but Matthew has not come yet. I received your letter was very glad to hear from you. I feel quite much encouraged when I read your letters. Remember me in your prayers as I do you every day. I suppose Lizzie expects to go back with E. A. B. I wish I

could come too but it does not seem to be my fortune so I will try to be content. I want to have a contented mind, for it is a continual feast. I will excuse you for not writing to me oftener if you will write to M. H. O. (Matthew Olver) sometime. I know your letter has helped him and he is looking for another. Rettie is well. Give my love to Louisa Rauf. Excuse my short epistle and I will write again soon. Ever your loving sis.

Hattie

Be thou faithful unto death dear Brother and you shall inherit the promise.

Perhaps it is the Teachers' Institute which she is about to attend. We notice that Matthew Olver is present on the scene again. But there is also a sense that Wallace and Lizzie are "where the action is" whether or not they are at Chili and that Hattie would like to join in more. She seems to easily submit to her fortune as she sees it.

Letter 4 A letter from Wallace's Mother

Beech Pond Nov 29th 1883

My Dear Son,

I received your welcome letter this afternoon, and as Pa has not sent his yet, I will answer yours. We are glad to hear you are well, and getting along so well. We are all pretty well at present, my cold is better, I have been over to call on Grandma (Margaret Bellamy Marshall) and Uncle Tommie to day, poor Tommie is lonesome enough Aunt Ann died last Saturday morning and was buried Monday afternoon, she was taken worse Friday night, she was in great agony, Mother went over after she was worse and stayed the night, Mother thinks that Aunt Ann found the Lord before she did. Libbie can tell you more about the funeral than I can write (Oh dear what a pen this is) We did not send word to Marshall or Eddie or Rettie or you. It would be more expense than satisfaction. You do no good, only your presence. The corpse was not viewed after they left the house.

Mother is exceedingly smart for one nearly 81 years old, her and Edward are alone nowadays. Marshall is at work for the Tyner boys, he has not written to us since he went there. We had a letter from Edd this afternoon, he is running on the railroad with Will Babcock at Peckville, Lackawanna County, he says he likes it. Frank Warfield is to work in the powder mill. George has not said a word about the note since you went away. I guess if you want it you better send word to him. As it is time to see to supper I must stop, hoping the Good Lord will take care of you and keep you faithful until death. I bid you goodbye for this time and remain your loving Mother

E G Barnes
more another time

Wallace's Mother, Elizabeth Grace Marshall Barnes, valuing both her mother and her son; she speaks with affectionate respect of her mother. The three of them clearly share their Christian commitment. But Grace does not exhort at length as Hattie her daughter does.

And there is an awareness of cost in the family's decision not to invite the children to come home for their Aunt's funeral. Lizzie seems to be more mobile.

Letter 5 --- From Wallace's 13 year old brother ERNEST

North Chili (crossed out and 'MISTAKE' written large)
DEC. 30TH, 1883

Dear Brother--,

I thought I would write to you as I have not before. I am ashamed of myself because I had not, but I thought I would let you know that I had not forgotten you. We are all well—except ma. She has had the sick headache yesterday and today, but she is feeling better now. Hattie has been over to Smith Hill since Wednesday and just got back. Mat is here and him and Hat are having a large time. I will tell Hat that Mat will soon have a big coal and oil bill here if he ain't careful. Well Wall how do you get on with your studies? I hope you are succeeding in them. We went fishing last Wednesday and got 23 pickerel and then yesterday we went again and caught 6. George went with us and all together we caught 12. We are going to cook them for supper; Ma says if you will step down here a few moments you may have one, but it is pretty far, so I will eat one for you.

There was a donation at the Pond Friday night, but it didn't amount to much. It was Merrill's engineering and he got mad because the people didn't come earlier and went home. Well Wall to tell the truth I don't know much news. I hope you had a merry Christmas I enjoyed myself quite a little only I wished I could see you and Marshall and Rettie. I got a looking glass and comb and handkerchief, a Jews harp, besides a few candies for my Christmas. How is Libble and Cornelius prospering? Well, I hope. Well has been studying for a Bible at Sunday School and got it today. It is quite a nice one I think. Well I can't think of much more so good bye. I hope that you will write to me if you get time.

From your Brother
Ernest F. Barnes

P. S. I wish you a happy New Year. Now if you don't answer this letter I won't listen to your Temperance lecture when you come HOME !

The young Ernest writes a letter to his older brother off at college. By most standards his letter is the most engaging of the group: he smiles at the amount of time Mat is spending at their house; he reports on where members of the family have been. (They may well have still had Hicks relatives at Smith Hill, although Jennie by this time almost certainly would have been living in the little house prepared for her at James Olver's near her daughter Elizabeth (Libbie's mother). We can tell it wasn't too cold that Christmas for they went fishing without complications of ice. We will hear of other "donations" or good causes and meetings centered around fund-raising.

Ernest also give us a sense of Christmas at this time. He misses his older brothers and sisters but seems to receive a nice little array of gifts. Wallace did not come home for Christmas and we do not know how he spent the day. Ernest shows real spirit and humour. He reports the news, and the religious news of the family (wellington has earned his new Bible, but also teases Wallace about not listening to his Temperance lecture.

Letter 6 On the back of the paper: from Wallace's mother

My Dear Son,

As Ernie has been writing I will write a line too, we are all well today and hope this will find you well also. Did you have a Merry Christmas? Eddie and Hattie were home, and Grandma and Edward came over and took dinner with us and then went back again, it was rather a dull Christmas. Marshall did not come home or write either, but we heard that he had left Tyners. I have not heard where he is yet. I believe I have had only one letter from him since he went to Equinunk. I am looking for a letter from Ret every day, likely you will be holding watch meting up there, well don't forget us, Eddie's finger is getting better but it is very sore yet but he went back to work the day after Christmas. I have but little room so I wish you a very happy new year, and Libbie too, my love and best wishes to you, from your mother E G Barnes (the letter continues written up side down in the space at the top of the page.) Wallace, I think you better write to the little boys, guess they are getting little jealous because you are writing to Cyrus. Ed can't write yet a while.

Be good, good-bye

Here is reinforcement for our sense that Christmas was not so very important—rather like an ordinary holiday. Mother seems casual and comfortable observing that “it was rather a dull Christmas”. She consistently includes Libbie in Wallace’s life at this time. In a very wise motherly way she is dealing with the fact that Wallace, in his involvement with Lizzie, writes to her little brother Cyrus which is making his own young brothers feel hurt and jealous. Notice, she has also got the younger brothers Ernest and Thomas to write to Wallace.

Letter 7 from Thomas (age 11) to his brother Wallace

Beech Pond, Wayne Co.
Jan. 15, 1884

Dear Brother,

I now sit down to write you a few lines. I am well and I hope this will find you the same. I am sorry I have neglected you so although I have not forgot you. I believe this is the first time I have written to you. How are you getting along in your studies. How is Libbie and Cornelius? I hope you or they are well..

We just received a letter from Rettie, she is well. I guess she will not be home till May or June. When will you be home. The folks have just returned from Uncle Edward Marshall’s sale today. He sold quite a few things. Our folks bought two nice skips of bees. There is to be a debate up here to school Friday. I would very much like to have you here to debate. The subject is ‘Which is the grater curse; Rum or Pride.’ Oh, I forgot to tell you something. Johnny Gray’s wife has got twins. A boy and a girl. We was over there Sunday.

Well Wall, I can’t think of much more to write so I will write about little things. I suppose you knew Grandma was here. She is well as common. She gave me 5 cents for staying home from the sale. I would rather stay home than to go. Hattie says tell you I have got an awful dirty face. We got a letter from Marshall. He says he spent

his Christmas drawing logs. Well, as I can't think of anything more to write I will close.

So goodbye
Your loving brother
Thomas

Again a young boy's letter gives vivid glimpses into domestic scenes in the Charles Barnes home: two new skips of bees from Uncle Edward's sale! His grandfather kept bees too. And Thomas is excited about the school debate coming up on Friday. Wallace is clearly a big brother/debater to be proud of and Thomas would be glad to show him off. The subject of the debate reminds us of what an evil alcohol was seen to be at this time. In the main theological tradition Pride is well established as the mother of all sins—the worst and most basic, the oldest and most treacherous of the Seven Deadly Sins.

And Grandma didn't want to stay home alone and did bit of gentle grandson bribing.

Letter 8 written on the back of letter 7 From Wallace's Mother

Tommie has been practising here so I will just write a little on this side, we are all well and hope you are well also, Well got your letter, we are glad to hear from you, Pa had a letter from Rettie last night. She is well, she said she'd been to a wonderful happy class meeting, she thinks she cannot come home until May or June.. I had a letter from Marshall last night he was well, he says he is working for one Kingsberry up at Dillon's. Uncle Edd had a sale yesterday. Sold his stock, hay, grain etc. Pap got poor despised old Beetle and some bees. Dan Kimble has had a paralytic stroke he is so he cannot talk to make them understand what he wants. Poor fellow I don't think he has made any preparation for the next world, it takes two men to sit up with him, it is a real trial to take care of him. John G has to be there a good deal, and his wife sick too.

Here are more domestic details: who is Rettie and what is her role in the family? Was poor old despised Beetle a horse? An ox? Once again, her simple Christian belief shows through clearly but does not dominate the letter. And we are vividly reminded of the appalling medical situations at this time.

It is also clear that the family knows a large number of people and that their social circles are shared; a huge majority of their life is shared with the family. Other letters from this short period enlarge the picture of the Charles Barnes family concerns:

Here one from the close family friend Rettie, now in Binghamton, written to Libbie Olver and her sister Jennie (Sarah Jane). At this time we do not know who Rettie is, but she is talked about and missed like one of the family in the Charles Barnes household and here she is writing to the Olver girls. She is not a member of either family.

Letter 9 From Rettie to Lizzie and Jennie

Binghamton Nov 11 1883

Dear sisters Libbie and Jennie,

I now write you a few lines to let you know how am getting along I am well at present and hope these few lines will find you the same. I like my place very much. I have not been homesick any since I have been here they are real good Christian people and they do not seem to feel one bit above me as I can see I am used just the same as one of the family. I had a good laugh the other night. We had company to tea and we put on a set of saucer plates that the little girl 8 year's old had not seen before. So before we sat down Mrs. called her out and showed them to her and told her not to say anything about it to the table and she said she would not. So we got all seated around the table and the first words that came was "Papa, do lou see lose nice little lause lates? Ain't lose nice.". And then she turned to her mother and said she did look at lay little lishes . We had just all we could do to keep still. Mrs. Was some tried but had to laugh it off.

I have got Mr and Mrs F A Perkins pictures. They are just like yours. How is all the people get along down there and what is the news? How is Thelma? Tell her I would like to see her ever so much and that I want hr to write and answer my letter. How is the work of God going on at Long Pond and has any more started.? I am trusting in Jesus with all my heart and I feel that he helps me and I intend to go through. How is John getting along do you think? Tell him to be true to God though all men should forsake him. I want you to pray for me that I may be a true Christian.. Tell my folks I am well. I give my love to all inquiring friends. I must close. Good bye Write soon.

From your sincere friend
Rettie
Binghamton
Box 108 N.Y.

The overwhelming Christian striving is present again and it may be that John is John Wall—Wallace. But here is also a clear sense of her own values; she knows why she feel she is being treated well, and she has a good sense of humour; she clearly enjoyed the saucer plate happening and now is enjoying the report of it.

A final letter from this period in the family archive is dated Archbald July 18th '78 and is signed Charlie. School is still in session! And this letter clearly shows the kind of ideas and influences on teenagers in the Beech Pond area in the 1870s and 80s

Archbald July 18th '78

My Dear Cousin,

After another very warm, and tiresome day (in the school room) I find myself seated again at the writing desk. I hope to finish this letter before I get up. I have been teaching today and have, I might say, suffered with the warm weather.

It has certainly been one of the warmest days I have ever known. Suppose the hay men know all about it. Should judge so.

How does the Sunday School go? But I need not ask. I feel as if you had a Teacher that will do everything to lead you to Christ that he can. I am so glad. J. O.

Olver is one of my warm friends I trust and believe. Em is some better, but not so as to do much. Still we are n hope that she will be better.

I do feel so lonely Sundays. Wish I could be with you and my class. I hope you think of me, and remember me in your prayers. I believe you do. We ought to be so faithful to out Redeemer. Sometimes it makes me feel as if I could not do enough, and, in fact, I never feel as I could. O! let us be good. I want to live and want my class too, so that if we were called before we are permitted to see each other again, that we may meet in Heaven. Will we? Yes!!!

You must give my love to all of my class and tell them that I, though I am not with them, think of them all and pray for them. I trust that the good God will take care of you all. I trust Him and He will. Tell the girls to write to me. And your teacher too. Tell Anna to write. I get so lonesome! How are the folks at your house. Give my love to all. Tell Min to come up here right away.

And now, from your teacher and friend, I would say, Trust your Heavenly Father for help to do right.

Yours Charlie (write soon)

Wallace and Libbie (Elizabeth) were married in 1884 and took up housekeeping in her family home (Ted Sheard house by the Lake). The family had lost her Libbie's mother on June 21. Her father would marry his second wife Jane Spry in 1885 and move to the Spry House at Vine Hill.

Wallace taught school several years in Berlin township, and entered the lumber business conducting saw mills throughout the county. *Physical strength was very important, since there was so little labor-saving machinery. Minor quarrels were often settled by "fighting"—in reality "wrassling". To pin your opponent flat on his back proved in some obscure way that your side was right.* (JLB) Once Dave T wanted to fight out with Wallace a claim over some custom-sawed timber. Wallace took him down and to prove the point, sat on him. *Dave later boasted, "That Wall Barnes is the clumsiest man I ever saw. We was fighting and he fell down right on top of me.* (Your Heritage in Beach Lake)

Wallace was active in home politics and served as school director, tax collector. From 1895 he was the Justice of the Peace in Berlin township for sixteen years. He seems to have had a fine reputation as Justice of the Peace. *"While serving in this office he made it a rule to arrange amicable settlements between parties involved in suit. In "Squire Barnes" court his decisions were accepted as fair and just. In only two or three of the hundreds of cases heard were they carried to county court. Very often justice cases in other townships were heard by mutual consent before Squire Barnes. His reputation for four-square justice was county-wide."* (WJB Obituary)

Meanwhile their family was growing: Earl Olver was born in 1885, Olin James in 1887, Grace Elizabeth in 1890, Marcia Pauline Southworth 1882, Anna Margaret 1894, Jennie Lillian 1896, Harriet Amelia 1898, Ruth Mariah 1900, and Cyrus Wallace 1904. Although Cyrus's childhood must have been quite different from Earl's some important features of those childhood days were shared among the children.

Here is a picture of Wallace's family in about 1905. (list names) Annie Seifried in the back row, who was helping Libbie Grace at the time would later marry Earl Barnes.

Here, in a letter from 1886, when they had just one child, Earl, Wallace warmly misses Libby and encourages her to get a new baby carriage, and to get a good one.

Honesdale 8 1/2 Sat 86

My Darling,

I sent the butter by express today. Get what you wish and I shall be satisfied. If you get a carriage, you had better get a good one.

I am in a great hurry to get back to work. We are quite well. I am lonely today and want you to come back just as quick as you can. All my love to you and Baby. Buy a carriage if you wish and I shall be perfectly satisfied. Think of me. Good-bye Deary. From Husband

In the Barnes home public questions were constantly discussed, parents and children sharing every interest. Such conversation was as much a part of every meal as the bread and butter, and the family habit of good humored argument brought out advocates for almost every side of every question. In the wide horizons of such a home the children naturally became interested in the possibility of service /to others,

An Alabaster Box, p. 19

The warm-hearted, congenial tone of this letter from Wallace to Elizabeth says much about their life. This letter is thought to have been written around 1903: it is a practical, warm, playful letter; it is just that I am not sure who is where. At this time the Barnes family lived a somewhat bi-forcated life—Beach Lake with Justice of the Peace duties, and church and temperance movement concerns, and some lumbering work, and Honesdale with courthouse business and political involvements. Family lived in Honesdale for several years between 1900 and 1920. At times Marcia and Grace worked in his Prothonotary's Office.

Wallace had a good voice and sang well. He was also in the local brass band. But we don't know what instrument he played.

Notice the lovely sketch of central Beach Lake on his Beech Lake Lumber Company letterhead. There seem to be many mail deliveries at this time and people write letters as casually and at short intervals rather like e-mails today. That playful "administering of discipline" sounds healthy. All of the children but Cy are born at this time.

Monday night

My dearest Libbie,

I am just in receipt of your letter of today and so will answer tonight instead of tomorrow. We run the mill today and improved the time to the best of our ability and if the weather continues good will turn off a lot of work this week. Now my girl don't get lonesome but go in for a good rest and visit and I will tell about my coming up just as soon as I learn the facts regarding the court business. But you be sure and stay until I come so we can visit together or I shall have to administer discipline to you. I want to have you with me when I am up there. With lots of love to you and kisses by mail. Good bye Dear,

Your true Boy WJB

Although Wallace had always taken a keen interest in politics; was a Progressive Republican and a follower of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, he did not become active in politics outside of Berlin Township until he was elected Prothonotary and Clerk of Wayne County Courts in 1911. (He had been selected as Justice of the Peace for Berlin Township in 1895 and continued in that position for 16 years.) He won the 1911 beating **the late Leopold Feurth, a former Democratic Representative of Wayne County** He was re-elected in 1915, when the late E. V. McAndrew of Hawley was the Democratic nominee. He served three and a half years of his second term, when he resigned to become the Republican Candidate for State Senator of the 14th District, in 1918. He won the election in November over John Purdy Cope, the first time a Republican candidate from Wayne county was elected. In 1922 Mr Barnes aspired for the Republican nomination for Congress, but the full weight of the Republican state organisation was thrown against him. His opponent, the late Louis T. McFadden of Canton, Bradford county, was renominated. (WJB Obituary)

The low-key, softly spoken publicity for his campaign to become a Senator of Pennsylvania included these testimonials distributed on October 10th, 1918.

My Dear Fellow Voter:---

Liberty Loan, Red Cross and other patriotic work to help win the war has rendered it impossible for me to call upon you personally, and now the influenza will hinder somewhat, so I take this method of appealing to you for your assistance on November 5th. I do not wish to blow my own horn, but ask you to read some of the commendations below from business and professional men and judge for yourself as to my fitness for the office for which I am nominated. I stand for the clean things of life; won't you stand by me?

WALLACE J. BARNES

TO THE VOTERS OF CARBON, MONROE, PIKE AND WAYNE COUNTIES.

By reason of a personal acquaintance with Wallace J. Barnes, Republican Candidate for the office of State Senator, **I know that his home life is ideal, his private life clean, his public life square, his integrity, honesty and truthfulness, unimpeachable in his business transactions, scrupulously honest, courteous and intelligent, ever endeavouring to treat all persons justly and impartially.** He is an excellent candidate for the office to which he aspires and deserves and should receive the support of every voter who desires a square deal, fair, clean and reputable legislation. **He is a one hundred per cent American, has given of his time, his talents and his means in furthering the efforts of this country for a safe place for democracy.**

WILLIAM H. LEE
Senior Member
Wayne county Bar Association

* * * * *

By reason of personal acquaintance with Wallace J. Barnes, of Honesdale, the Republican Candidate for the office of State Senator, I am pleased to say that I think he is the man for the office and deserves and should receive the support of every voter, who

desires a square deal, clean and reputable legislation. **He has always given his time, talent and means in support of every good effort that has come before the public.**

E. C. MUMFORD
Of Mumford and Mumford, Attys.

* * * * *

The Republicans at the recent primary, by a large majority, nominated Wallace J. Barnes as their candidate for Senator in the Fourteenth Senatorial District. The almost unanimous vote received by him in Wayne County attests to his popularity where he is well known. Our district has never been represented by a Republican. And largely on this account its interests and needs have received scant notice by our Legislature, which has been Republican in both Branches for many years. I say this not in disparagement of the able men who have in the past represented this District, but merely to emphasise the act that **we need a man who is in accord with the majority party, and who fully understands the needs of the rural community.**

We have in Wallace J. Barnes an ideal candidate who has been a farmer and lumberman all his life, until the people of Wayne county elected him to be their Prothonotary and Clerk of Courts. He is therefore familiar with the needs of the farming community, which makes up the larger part of our District..

In the years immediately following the Great War in which the whole world is now engaged, **we need our wisest and best men in the Halls of Legislation in the State as well as in the Nation. Men with ability and foresight, to understand the changing conditions, and who will keep abreast of the progress of the times.**

The next few years are critical years in our National life, and we need men in public life who represent the best interests and the best elements in our Political Life. Such a man we find in Wallace J. Barnes who, if elected, will assume an influential position in the affairs of the Political Life in our State.

We can make no mistake if we cast our ballot on November 5th for Wallace J. Barnes for State Senator.

M. E. SIMONS
District Attorney of Wayne County

* * * * *

To whom it may concern:---

This is to certify that I have known Mr Wallace J. Barnes personally for a number of years. **Mr Barnes has a genial disposition, is of a companionable nature and a person with whom you like to associate. He is a staunch, self-sacrificing patriot, a friend of education, and a promoter of all good movements, spiritually, socially, and politically. He is a man of splendid mental attainments and an individual in whom I have implicit confidence.**

County Superintendent of Schools
J. J. KOEHLER

* * * * *

I have known Mr. Wallace J. Barnes for several years. He is one of our best citizens, interested in everything that concerns the highest welfare of our Country and State. **He is**

an earnest Christian man, ready to lend a helping hand to every moral and religious movement that stands for progress. I esteem him most highly. He has my unqualified endorsement.

WILLIAM H. SWIFT
Pastor, Presbyterian Church

* * * * *

To whom it may concern:---

This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mr. Wallace J. Barnes, candidate for State Senator, and know him to be **an upright and clean-living Christian gentleman**. It is a pleasure to testify to his strong Christian character and to his eminent fitness for the office he seeks. He is opposed to the liquor traffic, and **may be depended upon to vote for the ratification of the Prohibition Amendment to the National Constitution**, and for any other legislation of a progressive and reform character. I trust that the citizens of the District will on election day roll up a big majority for Mr. Barnes.

GEORGE N. UNDERWOOD
Rector, First M. E. Church, Honesdale

* * * * *

I have had an acquaintance with Mr. Wallace J. Barnes stretching over a period of eight years past. Having observed his life and activities in our Borough and County affairs during that period, I want to bear testimony to Mr. Barnes' worth **as a patriotic citizen, of one hundred per cent quality**. He is not only a politician in the highest sense of the word; he is also a **Christian gentleman with a broad outlook, wide sympathies, and a firm conviction for the right and justice of every worthy cause. His position on every question that has to do with the welfare of the people**, will always be taken with firmness and resolve, and no one ever doubts for a moment where he stands.

Mr Barnes is fully qualified, by training and experience for the position which he seeks, and should be supported by every loyal voter at the coming election.

G. S. WENDELL
Pastor Baptist Church and
Mayor of Honesdale

Here is his admission card for the Pennsylvania Senate:

Here is his speech in the Pennsylvania Senate on the Woner Amendment.

Wallace was patriotic on into old age. **Otis Robbins**, a cousin and pilot in World War II writes of Wallace's patriotism. He was patriotic, even when he was an old man. In 1943 when Wallace was 82, and just two years before he died—well, here is the way Otis told it:

"He was an important man. To me he was a great and good man—always gracious and friendly—and intensely patriotic. An example—in 1943 I was home visiting, having flown an army plane from my base in Florida to Scranton airport. Uncle Wall called to inquire if I could arrange a flyover of the Beach Lake school house if he could have the students released from classes and outside to witness,

and, I'm sure, to be filled with a feeling of patriotism for country and the military (as he surely was). Of course I could and I added a few acrobatics to make it more interesting for the kids (and me).

Otis Robbins went on to describe how fond Wallace was of children. He writes : **He liked children. At the church picnics each July 4th he was the one who made sure we kids had swings, by himself climbing up the ladder to install the long ropes to the limbs of trees. And when we kids fired off some big firecrackers we might get some negative looks, but not from Uncle Wall. Before my time he used to preach on Sunday afternoons at, I believe, Atco, (3miles from his home), and I understand he walked the distance.**

At his eightieth birthday W. J. was gladdened by the presence of his whole family—all four generations of it—all together for a good visit and for the morning worship service at the Beach Lake Free Methodist Church.

Ruth Joseph's only memory of her grandfather was sitting on the front porch watching a rain storm with him and being taken for rides in his wheel barrow. Oh, and he had an amazing, absolutely amazing collection of taxidermy. A few pieces still may be around. But there were hundreds. But what she remembers most is simple---his kindness. That was the summer of 1944.

Obituary **Wallace J. Barnes, 84, Former State Senator,** **Dies At Beach Lake Home**

Wallace J. Barnes, 84, failed to recover from the stroke he received on Wednesday, Nov. 21, and slept away at his Beach Lake home on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 24, 1945 at six o'clock without any trace of suffering. Funeral services Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock at the Free Methodist Church, pastor John D. Howard, pastor of the church to officiate. Burial in Beach Lake cemetery. The body may be viewed in the church from eleven to the time of the service on Tuesday.

Mr. Barnes had not been in good health for some years: he became almost totally blind during the last year. Despite this handicap he kept abreast of current events through radio and conversation with members of his family who kept him informed on local matters.

Wallace J. Barnes, one of eight children, son of Charles R. and Grace Marshall Barnes, was born August 16, 1861, near Beach Lake. Six of his sisters and brothers preceded him in death. They were Marshall, Edward, Earnest, Thomas, Mrs. Harriet Olver and Mrs. Margaret Gregory. The only one now living is Wellington Barnes of Portland Oregon.

Mr. Barnes received his early education in the public schools of Berlin township after which he worked in a tannery at Equinunk. He attended Chesbrough Seminary, North Chili, N.Y. in 1883. The following year he was united in marriage to Elizabeth G. Olver. Mrs. Barnes died in 1936. To them were born nine children. The eldest daughter Grace, a

missionary to India, died in 1918. The youngest, Ruth, Mrs. James Fairbanks, passed away Jan. 16, 1943; Anna, aged five, died in 1900. The following children survive: Earl O. Barnes, Narrowsburg R. D., Olin J. Barnes, Wilkes-Barre; Marcia Barnes, Greenville, Ill., Mrs Thomas Shaw and Mrs Burcher Sheard, Beach Lake, Dr Cyrus Barnes, Leonia, N.J. He is further survived by eleven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Mr. Barnes in his early manhood taught school for several years in Berlin township. He later entered the lumber business and conducted saw mills throughout the county. He always took a keen interest in politics; was a Progressive Republican and follower of the late President Theodore Roosevelt. Mr Barnes was elected Prothonotary and Clerk of Wayne County Courts in 1911. Over the late Leopold Feurth, a former Democratic Representative of Wayne county. He was re-elected in 1915, when the late E. V. McAndrew of Hawley was the Democratic nominee. He served three and a half years of his second term, when he resigned to become the Republican candidate for State Senator of the 14th District in 1918.

He won the election in November over John Purdy Cope, the first time a Republican candidate from Wayne county was elected. In 1922 Mr. Barnes aspired for the Republican nomination for Congress, but the full weight of the Republican state organisation was thrown against him. His opponent, the late Louis T. McFadden of Canton, Bradford county, was renominated and elected. It is an interesting fact that Mr Barnes outlived all but one or two of his political opponents, of both primary and general campaigns.

Mr. Barnes was active in his home township politics before his entry into county and state campaigns. He served as school director, tax collector and sixteen years was Justice of the Peace in Berlin Township. While serving the latter office, he made it a rule to arrange amicable settlements between parties involved in suit. In 'Squire Barnes' court his decisions were accepted as fair and just. In only two or three of the hundreds of cases heard were they carried to county court. Very often justice cases in other townships were heard by mutual consent before Squire Barnes. His reputation for four-square justice was county-wide.

During the second term of Governor Pinchot's administration Mr. Barnes was appointed a member of the Interstate Bridge Commission, which he held until abolished by an act of legislature in the early days in the early days of the regime. He was also a director of Farview State Hospital, Waymart, for many years.

Wallace Barnes was a churchman and Sunday School worker, an ardent temperance worker. He was a member of the Free Methodist Church; an ordained local elder; a member of the General Missionary Board, and General Conference, and a licensed preacher for that denomination.

Always a ready and fluent speaker, he was called upon and gave generously of his talent for every good cause. Many of the past generation will remember his eloquent and impressive appeals through the Liberty Loan campaigns during World War I. He addressed church, Sunday school and temperance conventions and meetings and his speeches in the interest of clean politics were heard not only in every district of his home county, but throughout the state, until age and infirmities slowed his activities.

A busy life ended when Wallace J. Barnes of Beach Lake passed on.

* * * * *

Letter to the Editor

Honesdale, R. D. 4

Dear Mr. Hagerty,

You and I were talking the other day about my father, Ex-Senator Wallace Barnes, who passed away November 24th, at the ripe age of eighty-four. I would like to add a little more to what we said., if I may.

There are some things I want specially to remember about my father. One of these is his will to do things. He was one of a large family of children, and his parents were able to offer him very little by way of education. He worked very hard while still in his teens, and I have heard him tell of walking over twenty miles to see his mother. Once he told me how ,as a young man, he walked up the street in Honesdale and looked across the park at the court house. "Some day," he told himself, "I am going to be there myself." His dream came true as you know. The same thing happened in Harrisburg, and again he realised his ambition. Perhaps you remember his slogan in that campaign—"Provide things honest in the sight of all men." To win, if possible, but to win honestly, if at all---that was his aim.

In his young manhood there were no religious services in one section of Berlin township. Because he loved Sunday school so much, he wanted to share it with others.. So he organised a Sunday School in a schoolhouse there, and year after year, walked back and forth---about ten miles a trip---and had his services there, besides teaching school for some time and doing his other work. Who can tell the reaches of his influence there? And who wouldn't admire the sacrifice he made? Often he must have been very weary. I want to remember his devotion.

No one who takes a bold stand on moral issues as he did, gets by without making a few enemies.. I believe my father's enemies were very few. Perhaps this was because of his incurable friendliness, and generous, gracious manners. Once when one of his neighbours, a little disgruntled because of Dad's views, began to criticise him to another neighbour, the second man replied.. "Well, you'll have to admit that if he had a shirt on his back and you didn't have any, he'd take his off and give it to you." "Yes," said the first, "I guess you're right."

Then, too, I want to remember my father's patriotism. By this I do not mean just the speeches he made on patriotic occasions. His went deeper than flag-waving. He held as very precious the rights of a free citizen of a wonderful country.. No one who knew as we did, the contribution he made, by way of fasting, prayers and tears, to the cause of clean elections, could fail to realise that here was a man who took seriously the business of being a real American. Perhaps we could use a few more of that kind.

We, his family, feel that the secret of his long, rich life of helpfulness, was his deep religious faith, which he accepted in his youth. It became a part of him, a part of his politics and ambitions, and the animating force of his untiring efforts along lines of temperance and reform. I don't remember that my father and mother ever preached to us much about their views, but they did provide a consistent and inspiring example. Perhaps without realising it, we were just a little proud of their courage.

My father was tenderly devoted to us, and I shall not soon forget some of the intimate little visits we had. I am missing them already.

Just a few Sundays ago, Dad insisted on staying a few minutes longer in the church after the people had left. He didn't know that in the absence of the pastor, there was not to be the customary preaching or testimony service after Sunday School was over, and his sightless eyes hadn't told him that the church was empty.. I want to remember him as I saw him standing there, at the end of eighty-four long years, declaring clearly and feelingly, his final testimony. "The greatest thing in the world," I heard him saying, "is to know our sins are forgiven.---If you want to make a mark in the world try making a mark for God. And may the Lord bless you all."

So now at last his great loving heart is stilled, and a grand old veteran of many battles has been honourably discharged. "The world is the loser," said one of his friends, "when such a man goes out."

I have not mentioned these things merely to be sentimental, but because I believe they are some of the things which helped to make my father the prince that he was.

*Sincerely,
Mrs. Burcher Sheard
[one of his daughters]*

ELIZABETH GRACE OLVER

by Jennie Barnes Shaw and Ruth Fairbanks

Elizabeth Grace Olver was born January 27, 1860, the second child of James Aunger Olver and Elizabeth B. Hicks. She was born in the Ted Sheard farmhouse, at the edge of the Camp land.

She attended classes at North Chili Seminary in 1883, when she was 23. Four years earlier she attended The Wayne county Teachers' Institute in 1879.

James Olver and Elizabeth Hicks, her parents, were joined in Holy Matrimony on the 8th of January 1851 by John D. Safford, Minister of the Gospel.

They both had been born in Cornwall and had come to the Beech Pond area with their families when young:--Elizabeth when she was 17, James when he was 4. They had four children: Sarah Jane born 17 of October 1857, Elizabeth Grace born January 27, 1860, Margaret Amelia, born May 17th 1864 and Cyrus Hicks Olver born 26 August 1868.

Amelia died Feb 19, 1879.

Of Elizabeth B. Hicks Olver, Elizabeth Grace's mother, Jennie Barnes Shaw said, “ I think she was rather frail all of her life”. She died June 21, 1883 Sarah Jane was 26 and had been married for 6 years , Libbie Grace was 23 and was about to be married to Wall Barnes, and Cyrus Hicks Olver was 15. Amelia had died in 1879, four years before her mother died.

ABOUT AMELIA

The death of Amelia threw a deep cloud over the family, with I think a bitter injustice to my mother. She had a fine mind and a deep longing for a real education. Her folks could have afforded it but couldn't see the need of it. And after Amelia died. Her mother told Mom that she hoped she (Mom) would never ask again to go away. (She had been at Chili for a little while.) In the stress of the emotion, Mom promised, but I think she always felt that she had been unjustly deprived.

Once in her later years we were talking about it, and in an effort to lighten the conversation, I said. “Well, just think. If you had been a doctor or maybe a lawyer, what a fine family you wouldn't have had.” She said, “I'm not joking when I say that that's the one thing which has made it worthwhile.” (JBS)

Apparently Amelia had been very pretty and very talented. After she died Mom felt that the family wouldn't have minded so much if she had been the one to go instead of Amelia. And she felt a sort of guilty satisfaction one day when she heard one of the hired men say, “Well, if it had been Libbie Grace that died, I guess they'd miss more than the organ playing.” (JBS)

The pretty, bright younger daughter may have been a bit spoiled. Once when the parents were going away, but weren't planning to take Libbie Grace, Amelia told her on the quiet, “If you just cry a little, they'll let you go.” (JBS)

Amelia would have added an interesting dimension to the family it seems. Surely we have missed.....

There is also a Reward of Merit Card with Amelia's name on it:

And there with is a group of other cards with her name on them, some with somewhat ambiguous "Miss Olver" on them and some with no name.

One with no name says THERE IS a step between me and death.

There is a copy of a letter written by Amelia to her cousin Charlotte Carter in Foley, Ontario. Charlotte was a daughter of her mother's oldest sister Grace Hicks who married Jabez Carter and settled in Ontario. The letter details some pieces of local life and gives a small insight into Amelia and teen-age interests in Beech Pond in 1879. One month after this letter is written, one month to the day, Amelia is dead.

Beech Pond
Jan 19, 1879

Miss Charlotte Carter

Dear Cousin,

It is with pleasure that I now improve the opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know how we all get along out this way. We are all as well as usual at present. Asbury and wife were out here New Year's Day {Asbury is.....} and they said Uncle Robert was about the same, a little better than he was in the fall. He is able to walk around the room. He is living at Uncle John's.

I go to school this winter. We live about a mile from the schoolhouse and about a mile from Beech Pond. At Beech Pond there are three stores, two churches—a Methodist and a Free Methodist. Rev. W. R. Wetherton is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal and Rev. Mr. William Rose of the Free Methodist.

There are two bands of music. One was organised more than a year ago. The other was organised this fall. The old band, or the Brass, as they are called, are all middle aged men and umber about twelve. The music is Brass horns and drums. The fife band are about thirteen in number. Their music is Fife and Drums. Their leader is not twenty-one yet, but their music is very nice. Willie Robins has moved to Beech Pond and is keeping store. He is so lame that he goes with two crutches.

It is very nice sleighing here now. Pa has two teams of horses and two hired men this Winter. I guess I will quit writing or I shall tire your patience and reading it. Excuse poor writing.

I wrote a letter to Elizabeth quite a while ago and having received no answer thought perhaps she didn't get it, so I would write again.

We would very much like to have some of you come and see us. Please write soon.

I remain as ever, your friend and cousin.

Amelia M. Olver

Miss Charlotte Carter,
Foley, Ontario

Jennie Barnes and Jim Fairbanks got to know each other at Greenville College; they both graduated in the class of '28. In the Spring of the year Jennie asked Jim if he had a job yet and whether he might be interested in teaching in a small rural high school in north eastern Pennsylvania. When the next Autumn came Jim had settled in and was teaching at Damascus High School where Jennie's sister Ruth was principal. Jim taught there for two years.

One Sunday not long after he arrived the Sunday morning service at the Free Methodist Church included communion. Jim didn't want to be one of the first to go forward, so he hung back, waiting for the :"second table". There was always a "second table" in Youngstown, Ohio, where he had grown up. He was busy noticing things around him and somewhat distracted when, as the first group of communicants were returning to their seats, the Pastor asked if there were any other who wanted to take communion. Jim stood up without embarrassment, for he had not noticed that he was the only one left. Before he had taken two steps forward there was someone beside him; Elizabeth Grace had seen his situation and went forward with him. She took communion a second time. (In one sense this was bad theologically; in all senses it was great psychologically.) Jim said that at that moment he learned he was among very special people

She organised the family finances; she kept both records and discipline. Here are the results of a small shopping trip, perhaps in 1867 or 68 when there were just three children (if you believe that babies always need things and the youngest would benefit from any shopping trip.).

Ruth Fairbanks Joseph has a quilt Jennie Barnes Shaw made for her as a wedding present. All of the coloured pieces in it are from Elizabeth Grace's dresses. It is pieced in a simple tulip design which Jennie created because the available pieces of some of the cloth were so small. "I wish you could have known your grandmother. I wish you had known her." That's what Jennie often said. I wonder what she remembered while she was making that quilt. In the family papers left is a poem by Elizabeth Grace Olver Barnes. That poem belongs here. Ruth found it several years after Jennie was gone.

VISITORS

They came to see me yestermorn
In lilacs, greys, and brown;
In reds and blues and rosey hues
They travelled through the town.

Mother and Sister wore these gowns,
Grandma and little niece;
And here was Nephew's baby dress,
And Brother's, one apiece.

And even Father's shirt was there;
the old-time, made by hand;
It seemed a little out of place
Among those ladies grand.

I see its speckled buttons yet,
Its collar straight and strong;
No fancy collar on that shirt,
It might not wear so long.

Cousins and aunts smiled up at me;
The small ones wished to hide.
But floods of burning tears fell down
When little Daisy died.

I hear a roar. The wind is high;
The branches bend; the flowers wilt.
Run out, my dear! It's going to rain!
Run out and gather in that quilt!

Elizabeth G. O. Barnes

And Of CYRUS OLVER

Two very different colored cards survive with Cyrus' Olver's name on them: a Reward of Merit card Presented to a Good Scholar (Cyrus went to High School in Honesdale.) and a colourful card with a poem about lying. Cyrus must have listened and learned, for everyone speaks well of him. He was constructively pro-active in High School arranging got a lecturer from Honesdale to come out to Beach Lake to give a lecture. He attended B. T. Roberts' College in Chili, N.Y.

There is a story still circulating in The Tamblyn family in Cornwall which explains how David Tamblyn's Father Cyrus got his rather unusual—it goes that when Jeremiah Tamblyn returned from Wayne county to Cornwall he insisted when the next boy baby in the family was born that he was named Cyrus for that "very fine young man Cyrus Olver."

Cyrus was still young, 15. at the time of his mother's death. After his father James remarried, this time to Jane Spry, he moved with his father to the house at Vine Hill.

If a cloud of gloom fell over the family when Amelia died, it must have gotten still worse with the death of Elizabeth B., their mother.

Cyrus moved to Youngstown, Ohio and was a very successful builder of houses. He built a large tract of houses around Philadelphia, Boston Ave., Brooklyn and Avondale on the south side of Youngstown. He and his wife lived on Philadelphia and Jim Fairbanks and

Ruth Barnes when they were married bought and lived at 153 E. Boston Ave., in one of his houses. Jim Fairbanks died in 1996 when he was still living in that house. Cyrus married Florence Miller later in life and had no children. He and she both died in 1941.

Cyrus was living in Youngstown in 1917? When his niece Grace was going off to India to be a Free Methodist missionary for he met her train and accompanied her to Winona Lake, the headquarters of the church, where she met those with whom she would be travelling.

In 1914 Sarah Jane (JENNIE) wrote to her sister Libbie Grace from Waverly.

Waverly Pa Sept 9 1914

(Not 1914; perhaps an error? 1913? Jennie died Nov 15th 1913)

Dear Libbie and all the family and Cyrus if he's there—

Hope this finds you well. I know you must miss those that are away {*Earl had been married and out of the nest since 1909 and Olin. Grace and Marcia have been out at Greenville College in Illinois for the college years since 1911-12.*} We received the letter Cyrus sent—such a generous offer as that surely demanded a prompt answer, but, of course, you all consider the source that it had to come from and how slow I am. We thank you very much for it. It was certainly a most excellent offer. I don't see but one trouble or barrier to our accepting it as far as the offer was concerned and that is to screw our conscience up to get the best of you like that—when meat and butter and sugar and nearly everything else is up so high.

I don't suppose you have to heat rooms in the winter that you don't use. Don't know much about such things. It would be fine. I have been living it over several times already. I know I would enjoy it fine. And we may accept of it yet.. E [Edwin Franklin, her second husband] says he thinks you surely have had the headache long before this over making such an offer. [Jennie is now 63. Does the Barnes family have extra house space at this time? Are they living in Honesdale? Their house in Beach Lake at this time is the house across the road from the Free Methodist Church]

Chester bought another horse Monday [Possibly her grandson through Leon Franklin, Chester White.] They are high. He got a nice one 6 years old, weighs between 11-12 pound and gentle for 17s[s]? I do hope nothing happens to this one. Well, I don't know of much to write about. It is very cold here for so early. Hope it will moderate some. No frost here yet. But a good coal fire feels fine. I am feeling some better—if Cyrus is there and we go to Scranton—I wonder if he would come and live with us. Well, I must close. Will let you know later.

E is getting treated for his eyes and general health—so we will need to stay around. We have heard today where we can store our goods more or less in an almost new barn—the second place above us. And we think some of renting a small lot of rooms down at Scranton. We will let you know as soon as we expect to get out of here in a couple of weeks if they send a preacher here. I don't think we will send a delegate as it costs so much. We settle that tomorrow night. We are intending to go up to Seamon's tomorrow.

Haven't been there since I came back here for awhile yet. Don't work too hard nor worry too much. I am feeling some better.

Love to you all
Your sister
Jennie

Another letter from Jane Spry Olver Gould, Lizzie's stepmother who herself has re married Gould an F. M. Minister Ambiguous date again?)

999 Turner Street
Allentown, Pa
June 18

Dear Libbie,

I have thought of writing to you several times since I saw you but I have not done much writing as it seemed to hurt me worse than anything anything [sic] else. So I hope you will pardon me for not writing before. We took a journey out in the country yesterday to see some old people and on the way back we stopped at Eamoz to see Sister Backinstoe and her daughter Sister Logan. We found St L looking very smiling over his girl baby. We had a pleasant trip and a good visit all around. It looked like old times to see the beautiful grass and crops.

I have also been to Brooklyn to Quarterly Meeting and I saw Edwin and Cornelius and had a very pleasant visit at their homes. South Orange heights is coming very fast indeed. There was a lot of new buildings finished and others are being erected. I think it is over a dozen. Cornelius has had quite a struggle but he is getting along nicely now as far as I can see.

The best of all was our good visit with his wife. Her heart seemed to be really touched. Earthly good will soon passes away. If we can get what abides and help others to get it, I shall be glad. Husband is going to write to Wallace about the place. We have been corresponding with Br Wegouse and he has been trying to get these to see the place. He wrote that since we heard from Wallace that if we could wait long enough he would try and go and look it over and if it was as we represented he thought he would buy it.

A letter came this morning saying that he had been trying to get away and that he had been praying over it and he decided not to take it. I thought as you and I had talked about the graveyard I would say a few words to you if Mr Decker is not aware about the lot below (but I think he will it would save making a fence (in time whoever has it might be glad to have the space). It is not necessary to have a wide fence. Mr Decker understands about it. Of course he thought of these things when he made the offer.

I would like to hear from you if you can get time to write. Please let me know if you want to purchase the [sic] cemetery and what you think about it. I suppose you have lots of cases? Cares? and hardly know what to do.

I have not been up to the Stewart house for some days. I suppose Emma T. is getting along pretty well. I said yesterday in writing to you that I was better, but I am suffering again this morning. Well I just shall have to close for this time. Tell the children I should like very much to see them and have a good time with them. I expect to go to Camp Meeting the first part of July.

Good-bye. Love to you all,

Yours affectionately, Jane S. O. Gould

Isat YHIBL Isabel Baldwin tells the Tamblyn's version of the story of how James Oliver came to marry Jane Spry.

An affectionate warm letter from Gould to his step daughter Lizzie.

363A Twelfth Street, Brooklyn N.Y.
Dec 1st, 1913

Dear Daughter Libbie,

I was pleased to get a letter from you this morning. I wrote you last week; but suppose that my epistle had not come to hand when you wrote. Your kind words; the tidings of the good will of all the family, and of other good friends is cheering and helpful. I trust that the pleasant relations existing between us will not only continue, but be increasingly agreeable. I consider myself now well settled in the comfortable home provided for me by the whole Johnston family. I would not wish for another. My real needs are being provided for. There are some ties that make it pleasant to think of Dover; Dear kind Aurelia and her family are there. But since Aunt Jane is gone, No 88 N. Sus- - - St is empty to me. The memories of our three years' sojourn there will ever remain.

But in my thoughts of her I travel quickly to the rave where he now rests so far as the mortal part is concerned. But from that grave I mount quickly to where Jane is with the Lord. And, much as I would rejoice to have her with me here, I do not feel like wishing to have her come back. No, to be with Christ is far better—for her certainly. Yea, and even for me, since God wills it. So I say "Amen" to that will. I am blessedly proving that the promises of God, made for cases like mine, are preciously true. And Grace is sufficient for me. He is with me in the shadow or the dark valley. He has come to closer communion with me than before my bereavement. I am almost astonished at feeling as I do. The divine presence is so real and so comforting. Blessed be the Lord.

I think of the kindness shown by you and dear Jennie with great satisfaction and gratitude. You are daughters indeed. I am pleased with the outcome of the funeral arrangements. No feeling of regret arises as I think of Jane's body resting where it does. She loved your father. She never uttered a word in my hearing concerning him that revealed anything to the contrary. She loved me also tenderly. But I rejoice in the thought that she loved God supremely. Amen. It will please me to hear from you and the children often, Please do not omit writing when you can find time. We are closely related for Eternity as I believe.

I am in much love.

Your Affectionate Step Father Gould

P.S. Is Cyrus still with you/ If not where is he?

Stories Of Beach Lake

By Jennie Barnes Shaw And Elizabeth G.O. Olver

The stories which I hope to tell have been handed down by word of mouth. It is therefore impossible to prove that they are true verbatim, and equally impossible to prove that they are not. I will try to repeat them as I heard them. Where the story could be embarrassing to the present generation, I will either substitute or omit names. Some of the characters should be proud to have their names and deeds remembered.

To a large extent farm families lived on what they could produce at home. They had their own milk and butter, sometimes cheese, beef, pork, chicken and eggs, garden vegetables and buckwheat pancakes. But some things, like white flour, sugar, coffee and tea, had to be bought.

1. **Wooden bridge:** This one does not involve Beach Lake, but it should be preserved. A man from the Damascus area went across the old wooden bridge to Cochecton to visit the only saloon in the neighborhood. He stayed too long, as usual, and the bartender telephoned his wife that he wouldn't be able to get home alone. She was used to the problem and agreed to come for him. She was big and muscular and he was small; so she came with the wheel-barrow and loaded him in. As the bumpy ride over the bridge planks roused him a little, he said, "Dora, why don't you get in and ride with me?"
2. **The Knoll family:** The original Knoll family came from Germany, with enough money in the pocket to pay their railway fare to Narrowsburg. Because of their poor English, the ticket seller gave them tickets to Harrisburg. They had to work for a while to get enough money to come to Narrowsburg. While in Harrisburg, a child died. When Mr. Knoll went to a neighbor to learn what to do, he was loaned a shovel and told where to dig the grave. Eventually they got to Beach Lake. One of the daughters wanted to get married, but the parents didn't approve. So the young folks eloped. When they came back, her mother shook her finger at the bridegroom, and said, "Now Philip, don't you never do that again!"
3. **Old country allegiance:** Some settlers retained a very strong allegiance to the "old country". One English man remarked, "O don't know why they make such a fuss about the Fourth of July here. They never do that in Hingland." At another time of some national tension, he said to a fellow English settler, "Well, if the United States ever gets in a war with Hingland, I'll fight for the old country." "O no you won't," the other replied. "And why won't I?" "Because if we ever get into a war with English, you'll be the first English man I'll shoot."
4. **Vine Hill:** There was once a "village" at Vine Hill, with a church, parsonage, blacksmith shop, school house, cemetery and several farm houses with vines. The general church community could not agree about the site of a church: the Beach Lake (Beach Pond) element naturally wanted the church to be built in the village; the farmers feared the "tannery element" which included a number of rather transient laborers with dubious standards of behavior. Since no agreement was reached (and building was inexpensive with abundant materials and donated labor) each faction

built its own church. One minister served both churches. The Vine Hill church stood weathered and deteriorating for many years, until in the early part of this century it was pulled down as a safety measure.

5. **Church:** Sermons were often long, and men who were used to working outdoors often became sleepy. One woke up from a nap, and to appear interested quickly shouted "Haa-amen!" he didn't realize that the preacher had just said "one more thought and I am done." The one church in the village had to accommodate all sorts of people. At the class meeting one day, a man who was subject to a lot of criticism regarding his neighbor's wife arose and said "My feet are on the solid rock." The old German class leader shook his head and said, "Brudder. I tink your feet slip a little of dat rock!" One crusty old lady absent-mindedly picked up the almanac and took it to church instead of the Sunday School quarterly. Irked by her neighbor's loud amusement, she grunted, Well, at least I made Lizy Ann straighten out her old face for once."
6. **School Houses:** There were at least nine school houses in the township: Beach Pond, East Beach Lake (the remodeled house just across from the Frey-Henry house), East Berlin (often called Catchall), Troops Corners, Swamp Brook, Bethel (often called Pigeon Roost), Berlin Valley, Laurella, and Long Pond.

A teacher's record book which has survived the years indicates that in December, at the Beach Lake School 1864 the enrolment listed 34 boys and 31 girls. The average attendance was 50. (She must have kept a number of them standing in the corners!) The teacher was paid \$12 per month, but of course, she was supposed to "board around". That means the families of the children in the school provided board and room for a given period, the teacher going from home to home in rotation. Of course the village school was larger than the others. For other periods, teachers apparently received \$7, or \$10 per month. Perhaps the size of the school made a higher salary necessary. One notation of \$21 is made, but only one: so that may have been for a longer time. The boys ranged in age from 5 to 16 and the girls from 6 to 19. There was nowhere else to go to school, so if you liked it and weren't busy elsewhere, you just kept on coming.

7. **Homes:** We were very conscious of the new homes being erected in our neighborhood. There were many which have disappeared. On a little road next to the Shaffer house in the village there used to be three dwellings owned by the tannery company. One home – now completely disappeared was behind the Orr home on the little crossroad. On the road between the Cyrus Barnes' home and the Morgan home, there were five homes which have disappeared with no trace, or perhaps with only a cellar pit or with a few rocks, or an old lilac bush. These were probably not farm houses, but cottages for woodsmen or tannery workers.
8. **Roads:** Roads also have gone. One led from the corner just on the village side of the CYC camp across the swamp to connect with the Honesdale and Bib Eddy Turnpike. It was a corduroy road across the swamp area. The connection with the turnpike that can be identified by parallel stones walls far to close together to represent a field. A road starting just below the Callan home led over to the general area of the Pintler House. Therefore the "old stone house" which seems to us to have been built

completely in the wilderness, was in reality not far from the crossroads where these two early roads crossed.

9. **The Old Stone House:** The old stone house was unique. It was built by John (Johannes) Seifried and his wife out of ordinary field stone. The site can be located by the small cellar but the remaining walls were destroyed by a thoughtless wood cutter. Within my memory one could see chunks of mortar and perhaps hints of the white-wash with which it was painted.

Johannes died as a result of a lumbering accident. After his death his wife continued to work on the farm, and in her "spare time" worked out for wages on the neighboring farms. When she had acquired a worth while amount of butter and/or cheese, she would rise earlier than usual, start about 5 o'clock with her produce in a basket on her head, and walk to Honesdale. The trip would take about three hours. She would trade out her goods, have a snack, and start for home about eleven. By two in the afternoon she would be home, get into her farm clothes, and start out on her from labors again.

Some years after her husband's death, she re-married. He built a log cabin on the general site of the Callen home, and the stone house was abandoned except for squatters.

10. **The Tannery:** For a long time the tannery was the life of the town. At one time hides were imported from as far away as Argentina, I have been told. The area around the present Reining's mill was filled with long rows of hemlock bark which supplied the tannin for the tanning process was more valuable than the lumber from the trees. The cow hides were soaked in a bath with tannin, until the hair was loosened. Then it was drawn out of the liquid and pulled across an elevated log. A workman scrapped off the hair and bits of flesh, at the same time working out the wrinkles in the hide. This was called "rolling."

At one time my father was working as a helper for the roller. The work looked simple, so when the roller was eating lunch, the boy pulled up a hide and worked it over. The boss came around, looked the skin over, and said, "Who did that?" Of course dad thought that he had done something wrong, and said merely, "So-and-so is working today." The boss looked the work over again, and remarked, "It's the best job he has ever done." That was one time when honesty would have been the best policy.

11. **The Company Store:** Stone and Drake, who owned the tannery, also owned the store and some of the houses in the neighbourhood – two or three better ones as well as cottages used by employees. They built the Hiller house now owned by Hartmann's. At the time it was built it was famous for having a separate room just to eat in.

The store was later sold to George and James Olver.

With the store and the tannery under the same management, it was customary for people to change their purchases at the store, to be paid for when the wages were paid. People also were credited for hemlock bark. Later the store accepted butter, eggs, apples and other produce to apply on the charge accounts.

Unfortunately, for the Olver brothers, with no wages due to square the account, store credit became a financial pitfall. The store was sort of a working man's club. In the evening especially men would sit around the pot-bellied stove, chew tobacco (hence the ever present drippy spittoon), and settle the world's problems.

12. **Death and Funerals:** Personal comments were pointed. One day when they were discussing a funeral, a man shook his head and said "well when I die I don't suppose anybody will come to my funeral, "Oh yes! A neighbour replied, I'd take half a day off anytime to see you buried." My grandfather could nail things together so they would function, but he was far from a good carpenter. One day when an unpopular member of the community had died, someone said "They'd better get Jim Olver to make the coffin. Then the old fellow may be able to look out, but he'll never get out." With no embalming, no funeral home, it was customary for a couple of neighbours to "sit up" with the body at night. One old man who had died was extremely humped-backed. In an effort to make him look presentable, someone had strapped the corpse to a plank to see if they could straighten out the back. In the middle of the night, when the two sitters were telling stories to keep them awake, the strain was too much for the strap, and the corpse rolled over. The stories ceased.
13. **The Barrel Bet:** Christoph Hiller then lived on the Conbeer farm, in the house where Elmer and Ruth now live. One day at the store, the common meeting place of the men in those days, the men were discussing prices, labor, and so on. The store-keeper bet Mr. Hiller that he (Mr. Hiller) couldn't carry a barrel of flour unaided from the store to his home. A barrel of flour weighed 196 pounds of flour plus the wooden barrel, and cost \$16. If Christoph could carry it home unaided—they probably permitted someone to help in getting it on his back—he didn't have to pay for the flour. Sixteen dollars was a lot of money, and he won the bet. I don't know whether the wager forbade stopping to rest; but of course if he did stop. It would have to be only to lean against a wall or tree, for he couldn't load himself up again.
14. **Fighting:** Physical strength was very important, since there was so little labor-saving machinery. Minor quarrels were often settled by "fighting"—in reality what was often called "wrassling" To pin your opponent flat on his back proved in some obscure way that your side was right. One time when two men were settling a dispute in this way (really it was to avenge an assumed insult) one put the other down; and then to prove the point sat down on the opponent's chest to hold him down. The loser later explained the episode, "That ----- ----- is the clumsiest man I ever see. When we was fighting, he fell down right on top of me." (I heard this story told with W. J. Barnes the victor.)
15. **Justice of the Peace:** Often the quarrels were settled not by fights, but by a hearing before a Justice of the Peace. Bills for less than five dollars were frequently collected in this way. The old J.P. book lists one case in which a man sued his former employer for ten days work at \$8 per month, with interest for one year and seven months. The entire bill came, as I remember it, to \$3.86. Apparently he failed to convince the Justice, for instead he was ordered to pay the defendant the sum of 44 cents plus the costs of \$1.20.

16. **Sheep:** The neighboring farmers in the Mohrman Corners area helped each other at sheep shearing. Later one discovered that he had lost one sheep, so he had the other brought before the Justice. He won the case, Some of the young men in the community decided to spice up the penalty, so one night they followed the accused thief home from the store, crying out "baa aa, baa aa" all the way home.

17. **Honesty:** This one is purely tradition, but it must have had something to start it. A teacher was goaded beyond endurance, and whipped a boy with his cane (?) or a heavy switch until he broke the skin. The angry mother brought the teacher to the Justice's court. He looked at the wound, did a little calculation, and said, "I should have thought that this would be healing up by now." The boy had not been coached on an answer to that, so he said, "It would, but Ma picked it with a pin to keep it open."

18. **Roads:** Roads also have gone. One led from the corner just on the village side of the CYC camp across the swamp to connect with the Honesdale and Big Eddy Turnpike. It was a corduroy road across the swamp area. The connection with the turnpike can be identified by parallel stone walls far too close together to represent a field, A road starting just below the Callen home led over to the general area of the Pintler house. Therefore the "old stone house" which seems to us to have been built completely in the wilderness, was in reality not far from the cross roads where these two early roads crossed.

**Copied and edited from an earlier document of Jennie Barnes Shaw
From the Papers of Elizabeth G. O. Barnes - no date**

My father, James Aunger Olver, was born in Liscard, England, on October 20 1827. He was tenth in the family of 12 sons and two daughters born to John and Sarah Aunger Olver. Like other members of the family, he was given the single name – James, but when he grew to be a young man he had trouble on account of the other Olvers having names beginning with "J", and he put in his mother's maiden name to distinguish himself from the rest. The family came to America when father was three years old.

He was not "bound out" as many boys of that day were, but he early began to work for whoever wanted him. As nearly as I can learn, his first occupation was attending the glass blowers in the Old Glass Factory over near the present Haines. The time when the glass was ready to be blown was uncertain and was often at night. The cry of "Flatten Hans" coming in the winter night, calling the boy from his warm bed to wait on the glass blower was never, never welcome, but was always answered, as there was need of all that could be earned.

I think father was ten when he worked for Ambrose Davey near Beach Lake. On one occasion he was sent to Seeleyville with the ox team for the oxen to be shod. Through so unavoidable delay, the short winter drew to a close before he could start for home, but he held on to the ox's tail and finally reached his destination in safety.

On January 8, 1851, he married Elizabeth B. Hicks of Honesdale, who was just seven days younger than himself. By this time he had purchased 50 acres of timber land, had cut a few

trees and started to build a house. My mother told me that the trees, if blown over, would have crushed the house. The clearing was enlarged and farming begun in earnest. Additional land was bought until the total of 384 acres was reached; and the hemlock bark taken to the tannery at beach Lake, and logs, mostly hemlock, added to the proceeds of the farm to increase the ... incomplete.

At first one cow only constituted the dairy, and her name was Bell. Of course there was no team but the or-team, and only a log barn. When the time came for the oxen and driver to help "log up a fallow" on a neighbor's land poor lomesome Bell followed the team to their destination, and when the day was done followed it home again, as there were no obstructing fences.

There were four children in my father's family. Sarah Jennie, who was born October 17, 1851, married Wm. S. Robbins, who died in after a long illness, leaving two children, W.J. Robbins and Bithenia Elizabeth, now Mrs. A.C. Franklyn. Three and a half years later Sarah Jennie Robbins married E. Edwin Franklin of East Benton, near Scranton. Two children were born to this second marriage, Leon C. and Edith Angeline, now Mrs. Chester White.

FAMILY HISTORY TEXT

Jennie Shaw Barnes and Ruth Fairbanks

You may have better versions of these stories; you may have better stories; you may have better photographs/ with fear and trembling with awe, respect/ with a sense of oneself as a great “unknower”-won’t talk about it much but there was pain, there were real struggles, and disappointments and disappointments with others in the family , public and private. Almost unbearable hurt What were they really like? Really like? Best overall answer? Look in the mirror.

Wallace J. Barnes was born 16 August 1862 to Charles R. Barnes and Elizabeth Grace Marshall, Barnes, the third in a large family of eight children. Died 24 November 1945

For a long time, the tannery was the life of the town. At one time hides were imported from as far away as Argentina, I have been told. The area around the present Reining’s mill was filled with long rows of hemlock bark, piled four feet high in cord wood fashion. In fact the hemlock bark which supplied the tannin for the tanning process was more valuable than the lumber from the trees.

The cow hides were soaked in a bath with the tannin until the hair was loosened. Then it was drawn out of the liquid and pulled across an elevated log. A woman scraped off the hair and bits of flesh, in the same time working out the wrinkles in the hide. This was called rolling. At one time my father was working as a helped for the roller. The work looked simple, so when the roller was eating his lunch, the boy pulled up a hide and worked it over. The boss came around, looked the skin over, and asked, “Who did that?” Of course |Dad thought that he had done something wrong and said, “So and so is doing the rolling today.” The boss looked the work over again, and remarked, “It’s the best job he ever has done.” That was one time when honesty would have been the beat policy. JBS

Aunt Jennie took care of her father as he grew older/this meant grandpa because/ I heard her use a phrase (in quite a different context) which she must have invented or discovered in caring for her father—“loving out grandpa’s last days”

In WJ’s last couple of years he was almost blind and frequently became confused and disoriented. Whether it was Alzheimer’s Disease I have no idea. Last time I saw him was more than a year before he died I remember sitting on the porch of the now parsonage in a thunderstorm with him and riding in his wheelbarrow. And later hearing a couple of stories—both told very fondly. The set table and political argument (felt happened more than once); I am sure the second did happen more than once: restless and the overwhelming discontent of old age how easily dispersed with bundling up, getting in the car, taking a 20 min drive or so, anticipating getting home and arriving AT HOME AT LAST; once could do worse than to be an arriver back home.

WJ’s letter from BL Lumber Co (around 1900? 1903?)

My dearest Libbie,

I am just in receipt of your letter of today and so will answer tonight instead of tomorrow. We run the mill today to improve the time to the best of our ability and if the weather continues good will turn off a lot of work this week. Now my girl don't get lonesome but go in for a good deal? Meal? XXXX? And visit and I will tell about my coming up just as soon as I learn the facts regarding the court business. But you be sure to stay until I come so we can visit together or I shall have to administer discipline to you. I want to have you with me when I am up there. With lots of love to you and kisses by mail.

Good-bye Dear, Your true Boy, WJB

Honesdale 1886
My Darling,

I sent the butter by express today. Get what you wish and I shall be satisfied. If you get a carriage you had better get a good one. I am in a great hurry to get back to work. We are quite well. I am lonely today and want you to come back just as quick as you can. All my love to you and Baby. Buy a carriage if you wish and I shall be perfectly satisfied. Think of me.

Good-bye Deary, from Husband

In 1883? Wallace had a year? at Chili? Here is a letter from his father:

November 27th 1883
Wallace my dear son,

You must excuse me for not writing before now. I have been quite busy of late. We are all well at present but Mother—she has a bad cold. Aunt Ann Marshall died Saturday morning last and was buried yesterday at one o'clock at the Vine church yard. She has been failing for a long time. It will be lonesome times there for a while. I hope this will find you well and doing well. Marshall is working at Equinunk for the Tiner boys and Eddie is on the railroad at Peekskill running cars with Wille Babcock. You must excuse me for not writing much this time. Write when and often as you can. You say I must trust in Jesus. I will try in my weak way to do so. Hope you will always do so. (Punctuation is thin on the ground.) So I will stop by wishing you good health and good success in your learning and an everlasting home in heaven.

So good-bye my dear boy from your Father. C. R. Barnes (a slight air of the child is father of the man—in purposefulness and conviction about life)

And, on the same sheet of paper is a letter to Wallace from his sister Hattie.

Dear Brother.

I thought I would drop you a word or two. I am ready to go to the Institute, but Matthew has not come yet. I received your letter—was very glad to hear from you. I feel quite much encouraged when I read your letters. Remember me in your prayers as I do you every day. I suppose Lizzie expects to go back with E.A.B.. I wish I could come too, but it

does not seem to be my fortune so I will try to be contented mind, for it is a continual feast—I will excuse you for not writing to me oftener if you will write to M. H. O. sometime. I know your letter has helped him and he is looking for another. Rettie is well. Give my love to Louisa Rauf. Excuse my short epistle. I will write again soon.

Ever your loving sister.
Hattie

Be thou faithful unto death dear Brother and you shall inherit the promise.

And another letter from his sister Hattie: to Wallace while he is at college:

Beech Pond Sept 24 1880??
Dear Brother,

After so long a time I will drop you a line. We are well as usual and hope this will find you the same. I am very busy now. I expect to go to Smith Hill tomorrow to sew for Cynthia Potts and Annie Spettigue. I have not seen Lizzie or Jennie since last Wednesday. I went to Honesdale Saturday. Came home last night. Most of the people around here seem to be very much amazed at your going off to school.

We have heard the story already that you had gone off to study for a Free Methodist domination? I do not think Bro Faulkner liked it because I went to the F. M. camp meeting CAMPMEETINGS AND AUNT HATTIE but I do not care. How are you getting along/Do you find severe temptations? If so, Trust in Christ. He says, My Grace is sufficient.

I get sorely tried at times but I am glad we have a friend and a father who knows it all. I got a letter from Ida Barnes week before last. She said she was glad to hear you had given your heart to God. Wallace I think Matthew has been under conviction a good while. I wish you would write to him and give him a bit of good advice. Perhaps a word or two might help him a great deal.

I believe he thinks any folks do not think anything of him so I will excuse you from writing to me if you will write him. I do not say he is perfection but I do say he has more gentlemanly principles than a greater part of those who make fun. Don't say anything about him to Lizzie or anyone. I tell it to you confidentially. At any rate his soul is of just as much value in God's sight as anyone's. I wish I could see you and have a chat. I am glad to hear you like the school. Rettie is very anxious to get to Binghamton. Aunt Francis was buried last Thursday. Our house is pretty cool when these cold days come.

Father does not make any move toward siding it yet. He is so cross I do not know how to endure. I really worry sometimes for fear mother will go crazy over her troubles. He goes to prayer meeting and is very good and comes home and most always has a jaw about something before he goes to bed. Honestly, he is the greatest hindrance to me of anything. The boys laugh about his going to meeting and putting on a sober look and then act so wicked at home. Pray earnestly that he may be brought to see things in their clear light. I do not believe that God accepts of any such hypocrisy. Be true to God dear brother. You will find many discouragements, but God will be a sun and shield. Write as often as you can conveniently. Give my kind regards to Cornelius. Remember us in your prayers.

Your loving sister,
Hattie R. Barnes

And a letter to Wallace from his brother Thomas:

Beech Pond Wayne Co. Penna
Jan 15, 1884
Dear Brother:

I now sit down to write you a few lines. I am well and I hope this will find you the same. I am sorry to have neglected you so although I have not forgot you. I believe this is the 1st time I have written to you. How are you getting along in your studies. How is Libbie and Cornelius? I hope you or they are well. We just received a letter from Rettie she is well. I guess she will not be home until May or June.

When will you be home. The folks have just returned from Uncle Edward Marshall's sale. He had a sale today. He sold quite a few things. Our folks bought two nice skips of bees. There is to be a debate up here to school Friday.

I would very much have you here to debate. The subject is: Which is the greater curse: Rum or Pride. Oh! I forgot to tell you something. Johnny Gray's wife has got twins. A boy and a girl. We was over there Sunday. Well, Wall, I can't think of much more to write, so I will write about little things. I suppose you knew Grandma was here. She is well as common. She gave me 5 cents for staying home from the sale. I would rather stay home than to go.

Hattie says to tell you that I have got an awful dirty face. We got a letter from Marshall. He says he spent his Christmas drawing logs. Well, as I can't think of anything more to write I will close.

So goodbye
Your loving brother
Thomas

And on the back of the sheet is a letter from Wallace's mother.

My Dear Son,

Tommie has been practicing here so I will just write a little on this side. We are all well and hope you are well also. We got your letter we were glad to hear from you. Pa had a letter from Rettie last night. She is well and she said she had been to a wonderful happy class meeting. She thinks she cannot come home until May or June. I had a letter from Marshall last night, he was well, he says he was working for one Kingsberry up at Dillon's. Uncle Edd had a sale yesterday, sold his stock, hay, and grain etc. Pa got poor despised old beetle, and some bees.

Dan Kimble has had a paralytic stroke. He is so he cannot talk to make them understand what he wants. Poor fellow I don't think he has made any preparation for another world. It takes two men to sit up with him. It is a real trial to take care of him. John

G? has to be there a good deal, and his wife sick too.. Give my love to Libbie and keep a good portion for yourself. Libbie's folks are well.

May the Lord bless and protect you is the prayer of your affectionate Mother.
E.G. Barnes

And another from his mother:

Beech Pond Nov 29th 1883
My Dear Son,

I received your welcome letter this afternoon, and as Pa has not sent his yet I will answer yours. We are glad to hear you are well, and getting along so well. We are all pretty well at present, my cold is better. I have been over to call on Grandma and Uncle Tommie today, poor Tommie is lonesome enough. Aunt Ann died last Saturday morning and was buried Monday afternoon. She was taken worse Friday night. She was in great agony. Mother went over after she was worse and stayed the night. Mother thinks Aunt Ann found the Lord before she died. Libbie can tell you more about the funeral than I can write (Oh dear what a pen this is) We did not send word to Marshall or Eddie or Rettie or you. It would be more expense than satisfaction. You do no good only your presence. The corpse was not viewed after they left the house.

Mother is exceeding smart for one nearly 81 years old, her and Edward are along nowadays. Marshall is at work for the Tyner boys. He has not written to us since he went there. We had a letter from Ed this afternoon he is running on the railroad with Will Babcock at Peckville, Lackawanna County. He says he likes it. Frank Warfield is to work in the powder mill. George has not said a word about the note since you went away. I guess if you want it you better send word to him. As it is time to see to supper I must stop, hoping the Good Lord will take care of you and keep you faithful until death.

I bid you good bye for this time and remain your loving Mother.
E.G. Barnes
more another time

And a letter from Wallace's brother Ernest:

Dec 30th, 1883

Dear Brother--

I thought I would write to you as I have not before. I am ashamed of myself because I had not, but I thought I would let you know that I had not forgotten you. We are all well except ma. She has had the sick headache yesterday and today, but she is feeling better now. Hattie has been over to Smith Hill since Wednesday and just got back. Mat is here, Him and Hat are having a large time. I tell Hat that Mat will soon have a big coal and oil bill here if he ain't careful. Well Wall, how do you get on with your studies? I hope you are succeeding in them. We went fishing last Wednesday and got 23 pickerel

Then yesterday we went again and caught 6. George went with us and we all together caught 12. We are going to cook them for supper. Ma says if you will step down here a few moments you may have one, but it is pretty far, so I will eat one for you. There was a donation at the Pond Friday night but it didn't amount to much. It was Merrill's engineering, and he got mad because the people didn't come earlier and went home.. Well, Wall, to tell the truth I don't know much news.

I hope you had a Merry Christmas. I enjoyed myself quite a little, only I wished I could see you and Marshall and Rettie. I got a looking glass and comb, and handkerchief, a Jew's harp besides a few candies for my Christmas. How is Libbie and Cornelius prospering? Well, I hope. Well has been studying for a Bible at Sunday School and got it today. It is quite a nice one I think. Well I can't think of much more so good-by. I hope that you will write to me if you get time.

From your Brother

Ernest F. Barnes

P.S. I wish you a happy New Year. Now if you don't answer this letter I won't listen to your Temperance lecture when you come HOME.

And on the back of the sheet is another note from his mother:

My Dear Son,

As Ernie has been writing I will write a line too. We are all well today and hope this will find you well also. Did you have a merry Christmas? Eddie and Hattie were home, and grandma and Edward came over and took dinner with us and then went back again. It was rather a dull Christmas. Marshall did not come home or write either, but we heard he had left Tyners. I have not heard where he is yet. I believe I have had only one letter from him since he went to Equinunk. I am looking for a letter from Ret every day. Likely you will be holding watch meeting up there. Well, don't forget us. Eddie's finger is getting better but it is very sore yet. He went back to his work the day after Christmas. I have but little room so I wish you a happy new year, and Libbie too.

My love and best wishes to you from your mother.

E.G. Barnes

Wallace, I think you had better write to the little boys. Guess they are getting a little jealous cause you write to Cyrus.

(There is a strong sense here that they then wrote letters of the instant, which were delivered very quickly—within a few hours or in half a day—like Jane Austin. It was communication not all that different from the way we use e-mails now they usually weren't very many miles apart.)

Elizabeth Grace Olver was born 27 January 1860, the second daughter among four children. Her parents were James A. Olver of Beach Lake and Elizabeth B. Hicks of Smith Hill. Elizabeth died 21 June 1883 aged 55 and failed to see her daughter Elizabeth Grace married, (Elizabeth Grace married Wallace Barnes Olver on 24 September 1884) for that didn't happen until more than a year later - a great family tragedy.

The engraved silver casket name plaque was kept and framed. The obituary reflects the generosity and perhaps enhancement in obituaries of this time and the words in this case are forceful. But a church full of mourners with 200 people outside is impressive.

OTIS ROBBINS ON... MEMORIES OF BEACH LAKE

By Ruth Fairbanks

The First Car Around

I remember the first automobile I saw belonged to Uncle Wallace (Wall). I couldn't remember the make it was, but John Hicks could—it was a 1914 REO. That stood for R E Olds, the maker—later Oldsmobile and still later General Motors. (Otis Robbins 5-2003)

Otis Robbins on Jennie

Jennie was teaching at the High School in Beach Lake when I was a student there. John Hicks and I are the same age (approaching 89 too soon (2003)). And I can recall Jennie's look of discouragement after trying to teach me Latin—a look that she may have thought she was hiding.

Even though there were only 10-15 boys in High School we organized a basketball team and one night Jennie was surely befuddled to find herself in charge of taking the team to play Waymart High School. As I recall, although defeated, we were not disgraced. Maybe when she and Fred Frey, the other teacher, scheduled a game against Honesdale High School our performance could be called humbling!

During the high school days my image of Jennie was of her walking to school in the morning and home in the very late afternoon with a well-packed briefcase no doubt full of work to be done after caring for her father. Life was not easy. She was interested in nature—such as wild plants and flowers, rocks, trees etc. She would take a group of school kids for a walk through the area, pointing out things to see and to study. On the last day of school she took us kids up on Round Top, a place high above and overlooking Honesdale and the area. We probably had our lunch buckets with us.

Circumstances influenced her remaining in Beach Lake—her intelligence and abilities could have been utilized at any university. But what an asset she was to the community and to the church. A young minister, after being assigned to Beach Lake, stated he came to realize that God had put him there to grow in spiritual wisdom through contact with Jennie.

When Jennie moved down to Arline's she had an outdoor fireplace to burn her discards and she had a lot to burn! I remember visiting there once when she was busy with her moving preparations—it was a sad thing to see papers she had saved going up in smoke. But Jennie was a strong person...inside she had to be suffering.

Otis Robbins on Hattie

Hattie was good to me as a boy. Watching her play the piano was a treat—fingers flying. And perfect sounds coming out. She made a point of greeting us kids at church as if we deserved respect, when maybe we didn't. She wrote an excellent poem about Bertha Seifried.

Otis Robbins on Ruth

Now for your mother—she must have been away to college during my time in Beach Lake. She was stylish and impressed me as being a pretty young lady with a lot of confidence. She and your Dad made quite a couple when they were dating and he was visiting her at Beach Lake.

Otis Robbins on Uncle Cyrus Olver

He rarely came to Beach Lake and when he did I was just a kid and assumed he really didn't see me. Years later I was in Ohio and thought I'd stop and say hello—Uncle Cyrus came to the door and before I could tell him who I was, he said, "Otis!". I was amazed and still am. Aunt Florence died within a few years I believe..

John Hicks' Memories on...
(This was dictated on the phone—from Florida to London)

John says Elizabeth Grace and John Wallace took him in and raised him; he lived with them for 13 years, from when he was 8 until he was 21. This was from 1922 to 1935. His own parents were very poor and the Barnes household was much better off,—“on the wealthy side”. His parents became homeless about this time and Elizabeth Grace found a suitable house at Indian Orchard—just on the Beach Lake side of the roadhouse, set back from the road. Earl and Uncle Cyrus bought the house and John’s parents lived there 1922-1948. In 1938 Uncle Cyrus wanted to sell his share and John bought it.

John’s Hicks ancestry goes back like this: John. Robert, John, Jennie Hicks. So his grandfather John was a brother to Elizabeth Hicks Olver, our grandmother’s mother. John is a second cousin of EO.

John was in the navy from December 1942 until the end of the war in 1945. But he is not listed as doing military service in the Baldwin Beach Lake book.

John says that when he lived at home they didn’t attend school very regularly—partly sickness, partly not. He failed first grade and passed second grade on condition. Hattie was teaching 5-8 year olds when he went to Beach Lake school, primary section. When Elizabeth Grace learned that he couldn’t read she taught him to read, having him read to her every night until he got caught up

Until 1912 there was a one room school across the road from the Barnes family, near here the FM Church is now.

They moved to the parsonage in the fall of 1931—this was John’s last year of High School in Beach Lake. (He did 3 years there; the fourth was in Honesdale).

They lived in Honesdale about 1912 when Wallace was elected Prothonotory. They lived in several places there; one of them was in Dyberry Place.

John had Jennie for a teacher at Beach Lake for 3 years from 1928 when she returned from Greenville College. The students sometimes feigned interest to get her to go off on detailed tangents which she assumed they were vitally interested in, as she was.

Wallace was elected State Senator. Then Governor Pinchot talked him into running for the US Congress. He lost and, of course, was also out of the State Senate. That was really the end of his political career. When Pinchot ran for a second term he got WJ to electioneer for him. In 1928 Mrs. Pinchot ran for the US Congress and got Elizabeth Grace to campaign for her. Later Pinchot appointed WJ to the Bridge Commission—this brought with it a salary of \$5000 a year. Somehow the legislation for the financing of the Bridge Commission was never passed. Once Earl took WJ down to talk to Pinchot. The Governor said that WJ was getting too old to be appointed to a paid job. Earl pointed out that in very few years the Governor would be the same age. Later the Governor sent some state insurance policies to WJ. These were policies which insured state properties and the agent got a commission. Kelsey Olver a cousin in Honesdale helped WJ manage these insurance policies.

WJ was at sometime a supply minister; John doesn't know when or where.

Ruth graduated from Greenville College (or Penn State—some work both places) in 1924 and became principal of Damascus High School. In the winter she stayed with Earl and Annie who lived about 5 miles from there. She was good to her parents and bought things for them—a radio and a dining-room table.

They had ad a dog named Check which had come from an immigrant home; his master was trying to say his name was Jack!: he was largely an Airedale.

The family of WJ and Elizabeth Grace was musical—Cy played the sax, Ruth the mandolin, Hattie the piano, Wallace the drum.

Wallace came from a large family and his brothers and sisters were around. Ed lived in Hancock and used to come down on Sundays for dinner with his lady housekeeper. When he shook hands with John when he was leaving there were always a few coins in his hand which John got. Rettie was a sister who lived two houses down toward the creek; she died in 1931. Uncle Matt was practically blind and had an injured leg—maybe from a war. He committed suicide on his wife's grave, perhaps in 1928. Wallace and Tom went out West. Hattie lived around Scranton.

Near the house, now across from the FM Church was "the building". John played 'driving cars' here. It was a large barn built to house lumber for retail sale. There was also a chicken house and a shed for the cows. They had a lovely horse called Topsy—black with a white spot on her forehead. They had a 'cutter', that is, a sleigh and a buckboard and a four wheel wagon.

The mailman also came in a cutter in winter and a buggy the rest of the time. He came on a route out of Honesdale. Mailman was Owen Olver a first cousin of EGOB. He's drop in for a cup of coffee everyday; you'd hear his 'whoa' outside.. When WJ had the lumber yard Owen was building a house and finally WJ said he needed to pay something on his bill before he had any more lumber. Well, he took some lumber on a Sunday morning during church just after that which wasn't popular in the family. But the coffee didn't stop.

There was a Free Methodist General Conference held in the fields across from the house in the 20s sometime. They pitched tents both large and small in the fields across from the house. There was no outhouse for the church at this time. If someone was caught out he went over to Barnes'. But they built an outhouse for the General Conference; they took one end of the sheds for the horses and made an outhouse there.

In 1923-24 Olin's family lived in a little shack on WJ's land; he used that little cabin as a get away for a while; later he moved it to land below Cy's cabin on the other side of the road. Olin was trying to make money at this time on the stock market; John thought he was buying and selling futures.

Earl went to business school in New York City.

John Hicks' Memories--2

Second phone call

John said he thought the Barnes family moved to Honesdale about 1912, but wasn't too sure..

He described how it happened that he lived with the Barnes family. When he was 7 or 8 years old and the school year ended early that year his father took him and his sister on a little trip; they walked. They walked from their home outside of Honesdale through Vine Hill to where Herbie Olver lived; they stopped at Leon Franklin's and Will Robbins'. They stayed overnight at Will Hicks. The next night they stayed overnight at the Barnes'. His father mentioned to Libby the Will Hicks had invited Ruth, John's older sister, to come back for a visit that summer, and that John was feeling bad about that. So "Cousin Libby" invited John to come and visit them. At the end of the summer she asked if he would like to stay. He wanted to and he got permission. His father said it was fine. (Whether he felt some obligation because the Barnes and Cyrus Olver had just bought a house for the Hicks who had nowhere to live John was not sure.) John's Mother didn't really like it. And there were other undercurrents of tension over the move. Much later his sister Ruth confessed that she was jealous because he had nice clothes when he lived at Barnes'. (WJ wasn't as enthusiastic about it as Elizabeth Grace was.) And some of the time Cy was a bit nasty to him. At times Hazel and John joined forces in disliking Cy over this. Later Cy and Sue and John and Reba became close friends and discussed all of this. Cy's best analysis of it all was that he felt invaded, having his toys and books given away (even on loan) and jealous of the easy access John suddenly had to all of Cy's world.

The name of the man who beat WJ for the place in the US Senate was Bernard McFadden.

John thought Olin's shack was built about 1923

John was the second child in a family of four children:--Ruth, John, Carrie, and Robert. His father was Robert Beverly Hicks; his mother Anna Hoadley. After John's 15 years at Beach Lake he went to Chesborough Seminary, like the Barnes children. Then it was war time and he went into the service, the Navy. He never saw action but spent his training years in Newport, RI, Jackson, FL, Chicago, IL and Millington, TN.

He has always attended the Free Methodist Church, ever since his years in Beach Lake, but is not a member. Reba is a member.

When he had space and facilities he enjoyed gardening and badminton.

It was difficult to remember just what kind of food, what kind of died they had then. He might have had oatmeal for breakfast and toast; meat and potato (usually mashed, but sometimes fried or boiled) maybe Swiss chard, maybe blueberry pie. The food was good

and he had a good appetite. On Sunday the Barnes often invited people for dinner after church. Sometimes it was EO's family; sometimes it was church members, especially those from Homedale.

* * * * *

When John first arrived at the Barnes' there was no electricity; light came from Kerosene lamps. In '23 or '24 electricity came to the area. At the end of the year Cy came back from Chesborough, bringing Lawrence Seeley with him. He and Cy wired the house. Then suddenly there were many changes—an electric iron, a toaster, and a washing machine. "Cousin Libbie" had had two large galvanized tubs and a scrubbing board in the kitchen for laundry. It was John who brought the water in. Buckets or pails half full when he was little.) Now they got an electric washing machine.. They were then living in what had been the Baldwin house. John thought James Olver died about 1902 and they moved about that time. (Actually they had moved there before December 1900 when Ruth Barnes was born. John was with them when they moved to what is now the parsonage.)

About 1916 they bought a two year old car—the REO—for five hundred dollars,—about the cost of a new model T Ford. But this car took 7 passengers; it had jump seats. About 1919 it gave up the ghost and went to 'the building'. In 1923 Earl traded it in on a 24 Studebaker.

Instalment 3—Tying up Loose Ends

The parlour at the Barnes house was filled with stuffed animals—a hobby of WJ's. John and his father were taken in to see them just before he moved.

* * * * *

John and Hazel were summer playmates.

* * * * *

Once when something was said of someone who was a 'good boy', Cousin Libby asked John if he were a good boy. His reply was 'some'.

* * * * *

When John was 10 his father died. Of course he felt it, but was insulated from much of the pain.

* * * * *

There was a chicken coop built very close to one of the other buildings (maybe four feet from it). As more and more things came in cans, the cans got dumped there till it filled up. Then they were buried..

* * * * *

The old dining room was used for eating when John first came. Then they took a partition out and moved into the new dining room.

* * * * *

In 1925 a lady who took boarders—she lived on the road to Narrowsburg—came by and, since she was giving up the work, gave her list to Grandma Barnes. She took it over and did it for a number of years. They charged 12 dollars a week , John thought. The big

boarding houses charged 17 or 18 dollars at this time. When it became too much for Libbie, Hattie took it over for several years. John thought they might have had 6 to 8 people for most of the summer. The kids in the Barnes family moved into the second floor of the 'building' when the visitors came.

* * * * *

Hattie and Burcher lived in an apartment over at White Mills near where she was teaching soon after they were married.

* * * * *

The land down near Cy's was called the Wilmuth Lot. John associated it with the Seifreds. Art Seifert worked for the telephone company and had a huge haul of used telephones in his barn.

* * * * *

Herbie Olver and John spent their first day at school together. They knew each other well. Jeremiah Tamblyn (his wife was an Olver) lived diagonally across the road, so the boys saw each other often. They went to the BL school (It was built in 1912 John thought, replacing several of those tiny little school houses they had earlier.

* * * * *

After Averys built their house they bought some land from WJ for their garage. They dug a well. One night it collapsed, but no one was hurt. Usually at this time they lined wells with stone—like a curved stone wall. In this case they used a large cement pipe to line the hole.

* * * * *

During the Depression there was a fellow who stayed way down in a hole and expected people to give him coins for this. (This sounds like an English custom.) Well there wasn't much traffic on the road and he had a man who called attention to the beggar when anyone passed by. There wasn't much traffic in those days. The helper man never got paid!

* * * * *

There were very few cars in those days. John can remember sledding from the bridge at Beach Lake down the road toward Narrowsburg a long way. No danger from cars.

FAMILY HISTORY NOTES

By Jennie Barnes Shaw

Note: Each name of each person referred to by number is found in the genealogy titled Aunt Jennie's Genealogy on the last page of this document.

1. William Holbert is the one of whom the Indian story is told. (See Baldwin book, p. 4). The only child listed is Benjamin.
2. Benjamin Holbert and his wife (Mary Rider) had several children. Listed (again in the Baldwin book, as most of these early references are) are Joseph, Elizabeth (married John Barnes), and Catharina. References are made to seven others. He seems to have been seventeen, or possibly eighteen when Elizabeth was born, so we hope that she was the oldest, in spite of a brother's being named first. We have no idea where they lived.
3. Humphrey Bellamy Humphrey seems to have been a favorite name with the Bellamys. No one knows where they lived. In the Launcells cemetery we found a stone:
"A tribute to the memory of Grace, the wife of Humphrey Bellamy of this parish, yeoman, who expired suddenly Nov. 17, 1810. aged 71."
Both chronologically and geographically, she could have been Thomas Humphrey's mother.
4. William Olver 1752-1818 and his wife died in Cornwall. The children who came to America were Richard, Thomas, John, William, and Grace. their marriages are listed in the Baldwin book.
5. Information about John Baker was pieced together from the headstones in the cemetery at Jacobstow; this is the way Ruth and I charted the family. In each instance the person was identified as being "of Blagdon, of this parish."

Jenny	born	1789	died	1868	(not buried there of course)
Ann	born	1781	died	1798	
William	born	1796	died	1856	
Ann II	born	1800	died	1842	
Nathaniel	born	1802	died	1846	
John	born	1804	died	1826	
Mary	born	1810	died	1810	
Samuel	born	1814	died	1825	

There was also a brother Thomas, who must have been buried elsewhere. As the oldest son William obviously took over as head of the family. From several references in letters, it is evident that William and Thomas did not always see eye to eye. He and his wife at one time lived on a farm called Penruse. Ruth and I went there. There would have been time for another baby between William and Ann, or between John and Mary.

We tried but could not verify John's wife's maiden name. From the dates we found, we estimated that the Baker family had occupied the farm called Blagdon for nearly 200 years--

1700-1900. A neighbor told us that it was finally given up because the only children of the 1900 generation were three girls. Without labor-saving machinery they couldn't have run the farm. Maybe their customs would not have permitted it anyway.

6. John Barnes lived in Damascus for some time. Charles is listed as having been born in Westcolang. In west Damascus there is still a family cemetery and a deserted school house which was known as the Barnes school house. Later it was called the West Damascus School.

John was drowned in a mill pond at the outlet of Beach Lake. Since he and his wife are buried at the Vine Hill Cemetery, they must have been living here in the last part of their lives. They had a large family, largely girls. Listed are Charles, Decatur, Susan, Clarissa, (m. ---Rutledge), and Elmira. There must have been a Polly also, for the family Bible mentions the death of Polly Monington, died July 16, 1853, age 31 yrs 4 Mo. 6 days. One sister marries a Pethick, one an Eldred.

7. Edward Marshall and Margaret Bellamy were married in Cornwall, at Marhamchurch. We found the beautiful old church, in a beautiful old village also called Marhamshurch. Their children were William, John, Edward, Robert, Grace, Thomas, and Joseph.

They lived at Vine Hill, the house being in the field where the new Eno house has been built. The house disappeared long ago, but I remember seeing the old barn. and I suppose the old apple trees may have been of his planting. (My father mentioned his fondness for apples. From his farm was land donated for a cemetery, and a small plot for a school house, now long gone.

He became blind, or nearly so in his later years. To help find his way around the farm, he painted a white circle at each door and gate. His widow spent her latter days with her only daughter (Grandma Barnes) and died quietly in her rocking chair in what is now my dining room. They were buried in Vine Hill Cemetery, but the thin old stones have disappeared. I remember that on her stone her name was spelled "Margrat" or "Margrate"; I'm not sure of the final "e".

Dad said that when he was a youngster he would go across the fields to see her. (His parents lived on an adjoining farm.) When he had been there a few minutes (probably longer, and probably seemed much longer to her.) she would say, "Now then, you'd better 'aste away 'ome."

I have always heard that she was very well liked, with plenty of good hard sense. When some of her nieces were visiting, they told of a particularly big washing, which they described as needing "x" cups of soft soap. Her only comment was "No wonder yer poor." They should have used less soap and scrubbed harder....the common term was elbow grease.

An old photograph shows a toothless and slightly be-whiskered old lady with just a wisp, of white hair showing from under a close fitting black bonnet. But there is a real sparkle in her eyes.

8. John and Sarah Olver probably lived at Caduscott, in Cornwall, near Liskeard. We know

nothing at all about Sarah's background. We--Ruth and I--visited the home and were welcomed both outside and in. the upper part of the old fireplace in the kitchen was covered by some sort of shield. When Mrs. Pendray removed it, we could see how the original tiles had been crazed and blackened by countless years of heat. I tried to imaging Sarah trying to cook and bake for her big family over one small fireplace. The oven was built into one side--called a "cloam oven". There had been at one time a well under the kitchen, with some sort of pump; that must have been a luxury for those times. And certainly Sarah didn't have anything so convenient over here!

The dairy room off the kitchen was all of stone: floor, table, shelves around the wall, and a rectangular stone tank with a bung hole near the bottom, which was used for salting meat. I think that most of the farmhouses had stone floors. With their cool climate, the farmers didn't need cellars. The stone walled dairy kept things cool.

John and Sarah had fourteen children, the first eleven being born in England: Thomas, John, William (these settled in the general Aldenville area), Richard, Edmund, Elizabeth (married Mr. Dickover in Wilkes-Barre), Sarah (married Charles Trevorton). George, Francis (settled in Dyberry Township), James, Daniel, Amos, Moses, Joseph.

When Sarah was asked why she was willing to take such a journey with eleven children, she said simply that she wanted all her boys to have the same chance. In the old English way, she called people "My dear". When Aunt Amelia admired a flowered cup and saucer--the last remaining pieces of a set she had had, she said, "Well, my dear, you shall 'ave it." So said Libby Grace. Perhaps she would have liked it but was too shy to say so.

They came here about 1830, with the eleven, in a sailing vessel. After several weeks on the water, they landed at New York and came to Indian Orchard via the D&H Canal. The men worked at the glass factory in Dyberry Township while clearing the farm near Long Pond (Chestnut Lake). The father and the sons would travel back and forth--not every day, of course, according to the need or the opportunity for earning was greater. The older boys would have been in their mid-teens when they arrived, so it would not be long before they would be expected to do a man's work. No compulsory schooling!

The house was later incorporated into one of the buildings at the (then) Camp Kiowa, and was recently destroyed by fire.

9. No information about Robert Hicks' ancestry. From his one remaining letter, he apparently had a reasonably good education. Other Hicks letters seem similar. After his marriage to Jenny they lived at Grimscott. after his death she and the children must have moved to Blagdon, from the references Elizabeth made to her childhood . Since there are two houses at Blagdon, this would not be unreasonable. And since William was never married, it might have been convenient for him to have his sister there.

His wife, Jennie Baker was born at Blagdon, Jacobstow, Cornwall in 1789. Her baby spoon, hand made of coin silver, is still preserved and as good as new. She married Robert Hicks in 1810.

They had eight children:

Grace	born 27 Sep 18	died Oct 1882
John	born 27 Feb 1813	died 14 July 1880
Thomas	born 11 Feb 1815	died 1828
Robert	born 17 Nov 1817	died 19 Jul 1882
William	born 20 Jan 1820	died 27 Jan 1870
Charles	born 3 Aug 1822	died 1877
Andrew	born 9 Mar 1825	died 10 Apr 1858
Elizabeth	born 27 Oct 1827	died 21 June 1883

Thomas, it will be noted, died in England at the age of 13. His father died, also in England, in 1828, when Elizabeth was a baby.

In 1844, Jenny with her grown up family (John would be 31 and Elizabeth 17) moved to this area. It was not a leap into the dark, as neighbors and relatives--although no close relatives--had already settled here. Grace, married in England to Jabaz Carter, settled in Ontario, Canada. The others bought land in the Smith Hill area.

John had one son Robert. Robert was a rheumatic cripple for much of his life and never married.

William had one son Asbury. Charles had no children. Andrew was killed while clearing land in the area of the James Olver farm. He never married. Elizabeth had four children, of whom we shall hear more.

There is in the Smith Hill area a small brush-grown lot which was the location of the "Jenny Hicks cottage". whether it was her first home in the area is not known, but it was evidently her last. Mrs. Florence Miller, who died recently in her nineties, could remember Jenny Hicks. Her reminiscences were something like this:

"I remember going over one day (the houses were just across the road from each other), and she came to the door with her little white cap on. She was holding a cup, but I don't know whether it was a cup of tea, or if she had been making some medicine for somebody."

Mrs. Miller always mentioned the cap, which was apparently customary with Jenny, and not with the neighbors. She said Jenny was very small. Once Jenny came over to their spring for some water, and remarked that it was wonderful to have "such a bountiful supply of water".

Eventually she and Robert came to live with Elizabeth, though in separate rooms. A small house, already built, had been placed south of the farmhouse and a little nearer the road. Probably they lived there. the house was later used as a barn, and finally torn down. During this time my mother recalled that her mother started over to Grandma's with a pitcher of cream and fell down on the way. Mother asked anxiously, "Did you break the pitcher?" Her mother, feeling to see if she had broken any bones, replied, "No, but I wish I had!" The pitcher is here and still unbroken.

10. Charles Barnes and Grace Marshall This is the first one whom I can really remember. When I was a child, there lived where I do. (In case this ever gets into the hands of strangers, opposite to the Central House in Beach Lake.)

Charles was born in Westcolang, but soon afterward his parents moved to West Damascus. Grace grew up at Vine Hill. When Charles and Grace were married, they settled on the farm just toward the village from her parents' farm. Wallace was born there (The house burned and was replaced.)

Somewhere along the way, they met financial disaster. They had planned to buy the West Damascus farm, and had some money to pay on it--the money having something to do with an inheritance of Grace's (It was long ago that I heard the story.) But Charles, in his good-natural way, had endorsed a note for a brother-in-law, who took his live-stock across the river so that they could not be attached to pay the note. Of course, Charles had to stand the loss, and the chance of owning the farm vanished.

When Wallace was a little boy, they moved to the Slish farm, and lived in a small cottage on the lower side of the road. It burned down, but one can still find the stone foundation and the descendants of some old bushes. Grandpa then built the original of the Slish house, which has been changed so much that now he would probably not recognize it. When they grew older, they moved to the village to my parents' home and stayed here until he died. The deed is dated 1890.

She was thin and wiry and peppery. He was heavy and easy-going. Of course he farmed, like everyone else; but he also worked as a carpenter. I half remember hearing a story about his taking out a contract for splitting out a large quantity of shingles one winter. David has a desk which he made for his own use, (Sleigh)

She was a careful housekeeper; and when she had scrubbed her kitchen floor, she would sprinkle it with clean, dry sand and let the family walk over it for a time. That way it was constantly scoured and 'sanded'. She always had flowers in the summer; and when I came to see her, she would make up a little mixed bouquet for me to take home. Calliopsis, I remember, and once a whole head of geranium--to me a real extravagance.

Of course I didn't hear about it then, but he was not a good financier, and I think their lives were not without strain. (When we were children we were definitely not included in difficult family consultations.)

(Charles Barnes (1830-1909) married Grace Marshall 1832-1910? 1905?)

Their children were Marshall, Harriet, Wallace, Edward, Margaret, Wellington, Thomas and Ernest.

Marshall m. Jennie Turner (son Charles)

Harriet m. Matthew Olver (son Wallace, grandson Frank)

Wallace married Elizabeth Grace Olver (Earl, Olin, Grace, Marcia, Anna, Jennie, Harriet, Ruth, Cyrus)

Edward m. Gertrude Branning (son Joseph, grandson David)

Margaret m. John Gregory (John, Grace (Lozo), Gertrude (Beck))

Wellington m. Lillian Fuller

May Brndage (Irma m. Frank Case; Jean m. Wallace Doerfler, son James)

Thomas m. Alice Gelatt

Charlotte Perkin (Margaret, Jessie, Grace)

Ernest m. Grace Markham (Walter, Clifford, Harry)

Wellington went to Portland, Oregon; one daughter Irma Case survives and one grandson, James Doerfler. Thomas had no sons, moved to California and we have lost track of the family. Edward lived in Hancock. In addition to those named above Margaret had seven children who died in infancy.

11. James Aunger Olver James Olver was a little boy when his family came here. He and Elizabeth were married in 1850. they had four children, the oldest Jennie (Sarah Jane). She married William Robbins and had a son and a daughter (Warner and Thena (Bithinia). After William Robbins died she married Edwin Franklin, and again had a son and a daughter Leon and Edith White. the details of this family group are being collected and kept by Marjorie White and others.

The second daughter was Elizabeth Grace (Libby Grace which she disliked, even more when it was just "Libbie".) The third child Amelia, died at fourteen. the fourth child, Cyrus, married late in life and had no children.

James bought the land which now belongs to Ted Sheard, plus the land which is used for the CYC camp. I have been told that he paid \$5 per acre for at least part of it. He did farming, of course, and lumbering. For a few years he and his brother George ran the store in the village. Normally successful in business, he lost money in the store. Much of the selling was done on credit, and he was too kind-hearted to press for payment. My mother said he used to refer to the store experience as the "seven years' plunder".

His wife, Elizabeth Hicks was seventeen when she came from England. She was the youngest daughter. Her father had died when she was a baby. Her sister, the oldest of the family, had married Jabez Carter and settled in Canada, near Oshawa. There is some pretty good reason to think that at least one brother came a year before the others and prepared the way for the rest of the family. Elizabeth and her mother and probably an arthritic brother Robert lived in a small cabin at Smith Hill.

While there she had an experience which my mother quoted. she went one evening to call on a friend who was sick. When she was coming home in the dusk, she saw something wrapped in white, moving slowly and silently along the side of the road. As she came closer, someone said quietly, "Don't be afraid, Miss Hicks." It was a couple of neighbors carrying a hive of bees. The next morning she learned that the friend had died soon after she had left. And she was always thankful that the neighbors had explained, for otherwise she would always have thought that she had seen a ghost.

She must have been quite the lady. Her hair was smoothly curly and never grew long, so all her life she wore it in ringlets at her neck. From the front it looked smooth. And in spite of the frigid bedrooms of that day, my mother said that she never saw her mother come out of the bedroom without having her hair combed. She told her children, "Now remember, when we were in England, we were renters!" Renters in England were practically land owners, having a permanent lease and paying "rent" to their "Lord" in lieu of taxes.

When James brought money home from some transaction he would hand it over to Elizabeth, and when he needed some, he would get it from her. Mom didn't say whose idea it was, just that it was the custom. Mom could remember reading aloud from the new "Free Methodist" the list of needs---there was very little insurance, no public assistance, no social

security, no nothing. Her mother would have her address an envelope, and slip in a dollar here and a couple there as she felt was needed.

I think she was rather frail much of her life. The death of Amelia threw a deep cloud over the family, with I think a bitter injustice to my mother. She had a fine mind and a deep longing for a real education. Her folks could have afforded it but couldn't see the need of it. and after Amelia died, her mother told Mom she hoped she (Mom) would never ask to go away. (She'd been at Chili for a little while.) In the stress of the emotion Mom promised, but I think she always felt she had been unjustly deprived. Once in her later years when we were talking about it, in an effort to lighten the conversation, I said, "Well, just think. If you had been a doctor or maybe a lawyer, what a fine family you wouldn't have had." She said, "I'm not joking when I say that that's the one thing which has made it worthwhile."

(Apparently, Amelia had been very pretty and very talented. after she died Mom felt that the family wouldn't have minded so much if she had been the one to go instead of Amelia. And she felt a sort of guilty satisfaction one day when she overheard one of the hired men say, "Well, if it had been Libby Grace that died, I guess they'd miss more than the organ playing." The pretty, bright younger daughter may have been a bit spoiled. Once when the parents were going away but weren't planning to take Libbie Grace, Amelia told her on the quiet, "If you just cry a little, they'll let you go,")

Elizabeth died and he later married Jane Spry. They moved up to the farm at Vine Hill. There were no children from the second marriage. Wallace and Elizabeth, who had been recently married took over James' original farm.

Genealogy
By Jennie Barnes, Shaw

Nicholas Conklin

*William Baker
Marjorie Pearce
Data not clear*

■
Sarah Hunt
Bap 1673

John Conklin
1692-
Gertje DePuy
Bap 1702

William Baker
1690-1786
Mary Treweeks
1690-1759

Nicholas Conklin
1724-1781
Elizabeth
Vanditmarsen
1729-

William Holbert
1751-
Mary Showers
?

William Baker
1726-1786
Ann Hicks
728-1803

John Barnes
Baker
?
Christina Conklin
Reed
?

Benjamin Holbert
1782-1857
Mary Rider
?

Thomas Humphrey
Bellamy
1773-1845
Grace Hicks
?

William Olver
1752-1818
Sarah Warren
1759-1881
1767

John

John Barnes
1789-1868
Elizabeth Holbert
Baker
1799-1876

Elizabeth Holbert
?
?

Edward Marshall
1792-1876
Margaret Bellamy
1802-1893

John Olver
1790-1866
Sarah Aunger
1793-1880
1789-1868

Robert Hicks
1778-1829
Jenny

Charles Barnes
1830-1909
Grace Marshall
1832-1909

Grace Marshall
1832-1909

James Olver
1827-1901
Elizabeth Hicks
1827-1883

Wallace Barnes

Elizabeth Grace Olver

Question marks suggest dates unknown.

Appendix

Beach Lake Family Sites and Map By Jennie Barnes Shaw

American Generation I (Note: The Barnes-Holbert were here long before this, but I do not have accurate information about them. The Marshall-Bellamy-Hicks-Olver lines came directly from Cornwall, England, about 1830-1845.)

John Barnes married Elizabeth Holbert
a. Home

b. Barnes School House

c. Barnes family cemetery

Edward Marshall married Margaret Bellamy
d. Home site, no building

Generation II

Charles Barnes married Grace Marshall

e. Home # 1 (Wallace Born)

f. Home # 2 (Present Slish home)

g. Home # 3 (Present Thomas Shaw home)

Generation I

John Olver married Sarah Aunger Robert Hicks (died in England) married Jenny Baker
h. Home (Present camp Munsee-Sharp Drive) i. Home site, no building

Generation II

James Olver married Elizabeth Grace Olver

j. Home approximately 1850-1884 (present Andrew Dean home)

k. Home approximately 1884-1900 (Maree? home)

Generation III

Wallace Barnes married Elizabeth Grace Olver

l. Home #1 1884 - 1900 (present Andrew Dean home)

m. Home # 2 (Whiting House across from F.M. Church) approximately 1900-1930, except for 1912-1919, which were spent in Honesdale

n. Home # 3 (present F. M. church office) until death

Generation IV

Earl Barnes married Anna Seifried

o, p, q were early rented homes in Milanville

r. Home # 4 River Road below Milanville (Bermudez)

s. Home # 5 New house above Milanville

t. Final home near Narrowsburg

The house "u" (Wrigman house) is listed on an 1860 map as belonging to J.T. Barnes. Don't know anything about him.

Burial spots: **Smith Hill Cemetery** - Jenny Hicks

Vine Hill Cemetery - Edward Marshall, "Margrave" Bellamy Marshall, Jones Barnes, Charles Barnes, Grace Marshall Barnes

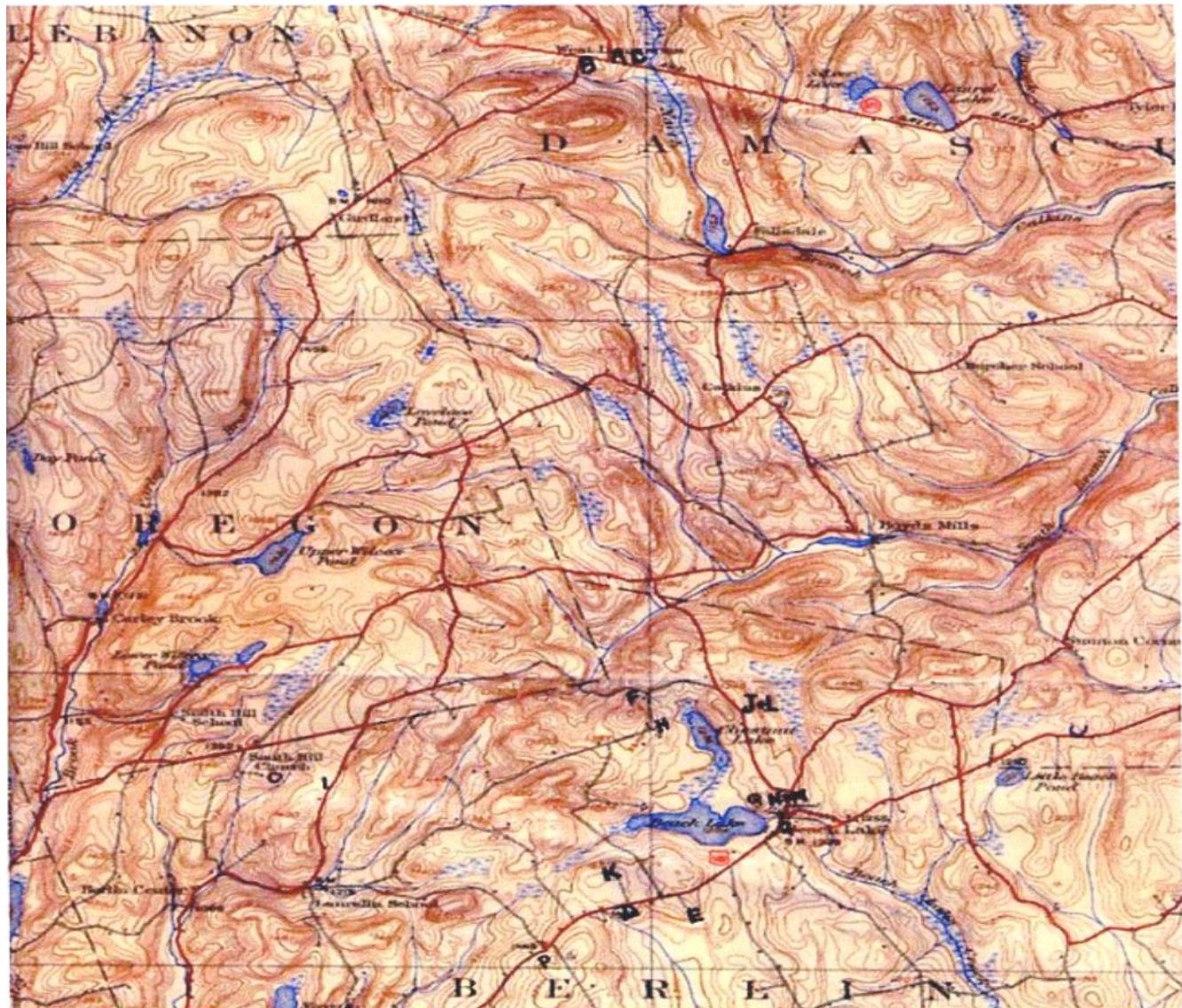
Beach Lake Cemetery - John and Sarah Olver, James and Elizabeth Olver, Wallace and Elizabeth B. Barnes, Earl and Annie Barnes

General:

Wallace J. Barnes was originally named John Wallace, but was called Wall or Wallace. I have heard one of his sisters say, "Now, John Wall!"

Elizabeth Grace Olver was commonly called "Libby Grace." She could stand that but hated to be called "Libby."

Charles Barnes had a brother Decatur (possibly more) and a number of sisters. Earl associated these last names with sisters: Young, Cole, Eldred, Nonington, Rutledge, Calkins, Pethick, Warfield, Kimble. I'm pretty sure of the underlined ones.



A hundred year old map of the Beach Lake, Pennsylvania area with Barnes-Olver family sites marked with letters of the alphabet. The key to this map is below.

KEY TO THE “JOHN BARNES COUNTRY” MAP
By Ruth Fairbanks

John (Hayley) Barnes

- A First cabin on north side of Lackawaxen
- B Refuge at Westfall’s Fort at Matamoras
- C After war return to A; 1784 to Narrowfalls, NY

John (Conklin) Barnes

- D Cochecton in 1790, living near N. Conklin
- E Returns to Lackawaxen in 1798

John (Holbert) Barnes

- F Lackawaxen
- G Settles in West Damascus in 1836
- H to Beach Lake; lives with son Charles

Charles R. Barnes

- G also as father
- H also as father
- I marries Grace Marshall lives at Vine Hill
- J moves to Aunt Jennie’s house in Beach Lake

Nicholas Conklin

- L first cabin; near Kane on NY side of Delaware
- M replaces destroyed cabin after war; Cochecton House razed in 1934 to build Route 97

William Holbert

- N first cabin at Holbert’s Bend (Westcolang)
- O second cabin 2 mi down river; part of huge stone fireplace still there in 1900; had thousands of acres

Benjamin Holbert

- P lived and had store 3 mi above Westcolang
- Q had “Gate House” Inn and Tavern on turnpike 4 mi west of Damascus

Brant Kane

- R Loyalist; lived near Nicholas Conklin; freed Wm Holbert

Robert Land

- S Famous Loyalist in Revolutionary War; went to Canada
Son John stayed in Wayne County

Jonathan Conkling

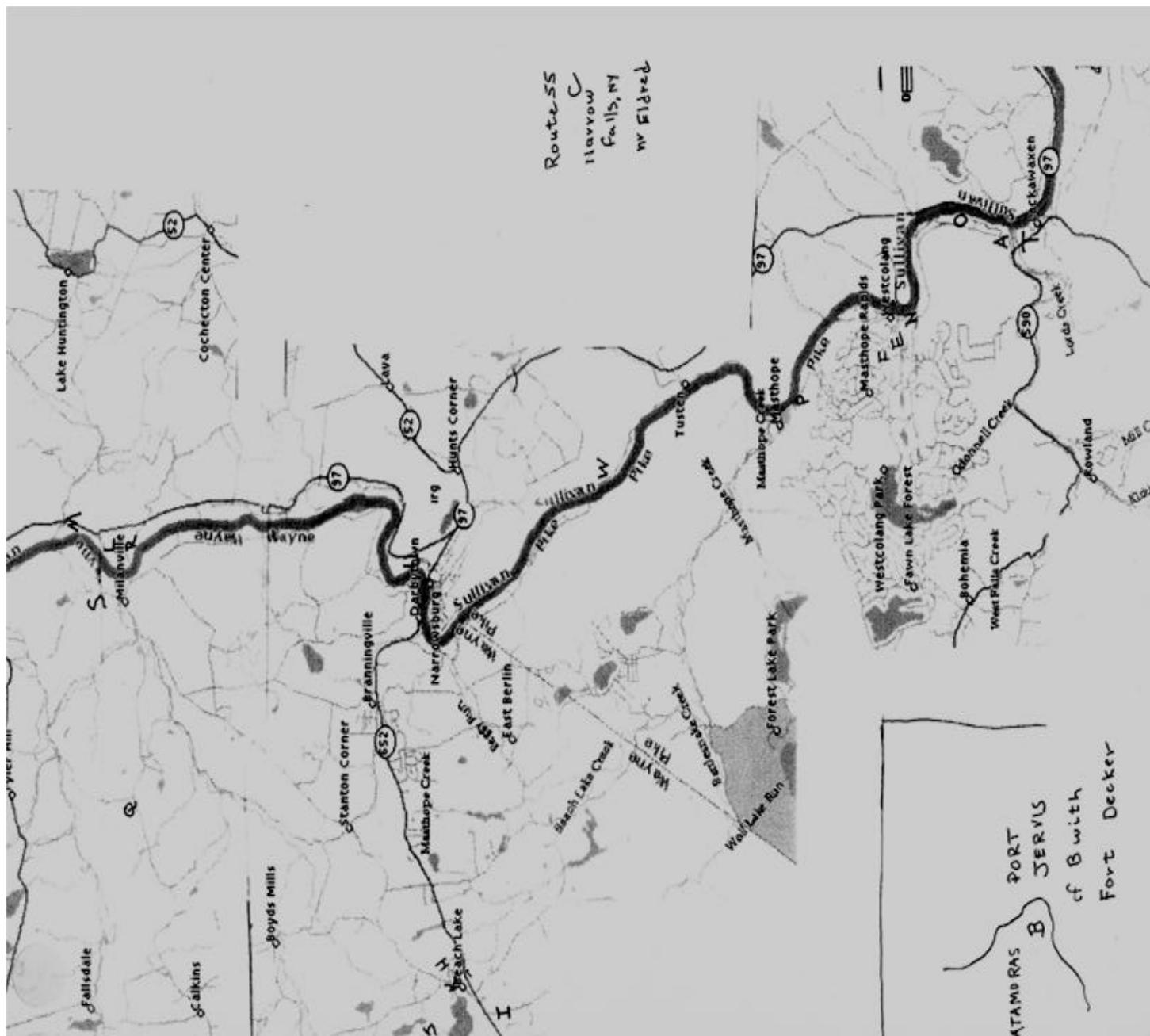
- T First came with John (Hayley) Barnes to Lackawaxen
Possibly they both came from East Hampton, LI

Fort Delaware

- U Replica Fort in Narrowsburg illustrating development of log cabin and frontier life in area during French and Indian Wars

Marv & Mary’s House

W On Delaware River (NY side) near Tusten



Harriet Sheard's Tribute To Her Father
Wallace John Barnes

Honesdale, R.D.4
Dear Mr. Hagerty,

You and I were talking the other day about my father, Ex-Senator Wallace Barnes, who passed away November 27th, (1862) at the ripe age of eighty-four. I would like to add a little more to what we said, if I may.

There are some things I want to remember especially about my father. One of these was his will to do things. He was one of a large family of children, and his parents were able to offer him very little by way of education. He worked very hard while still in his teens, and I have heard him talking of walking over twenty miles to see his mother. Once he told me how, as a young man, he walked up the street in Honesdale, and looked across the park at the court house. "Some day" he told himself "I am going to be there myself." His dream came true as you know. The same thing happened in Harrisburg, and again he realized his ambition. Perhaps you remember his slogan in that campaign - "Provide things honest in the sight of all men," To win if possible, but win honestly, if at all - that was his aim.

In his young manhood, there were no religious services in one section of Berlin Township. Because he loved Sunday School so much, he organized a Sunday School in a schoolhouse there, and year after year, walked back and forth - about ten miles a trip - and held his servicers there, besides teaching school for some time, and doing his other work. Who can tell the reaches of his influence there? And who wouldn't admire the sacrifice he made? Often he must have been very weary. I want to remember his devotion.

No one who takes a bold stand on moral issues as he did, gets by without making a few enemies. I believe my father's enemies were very few. Perhaps this was because of his incurable friendliness, and generous, gracious manner. Once when one of neighbors, a little disgruntled because of Dad's views, began to criticize him to another neighbor, the second man replied, "Well, you'll have to admit that if he had a shirt on his back and you didn't have any, he'd take his off and give it to you." Yes," said the first, "I guess you're right."

Then too, I want to remember my father's patriotism. By this I do not mean just the speeches he made on patriotic occasions. His went deeper than flag-waving. He held as very precious the rights of a free citizen of a wonderful country. No one knew, as we did, the contribution he made, by way of fasting, prayers and tears, to the cause of clean elections, could fail to realize that here was a man who took seriously the "business of being a real American." Perhaps we could use a few more of that kind.

We, his family, feel that the secret of his long, rich life of helpfulness, was his deep religious faith, which he accepted in his youth. It became a part of him and a part of his politics, and ambitions, and the animating force of his untiring efforts among the lines of temperance and reform. I don't remember that my father and mother ever preached to us about their views, but they did provide a consistent and inspiring example. Perhaps, without realizing it, we were just a little proud of their courage.

My father was tenderly devoted to us, and I shall not soon forget some of the intimate little visits we had. I am missing them already.

Just a few Sundays ago, Dad insisted on staying a few minutes longer in the church. He didn't know that in the absence of the pastor, there was not the customary preaching or testimony service after Sunday School was over, and his sightless eyes had not told him that the church was empty. I want to remember him as I saw him there, at the end of eighty-four long years, declaring clearly and feelingly, his final testimony. "The greatest thing in the world," I heard him saying, "Is to know our sins are forgiven, - if you want to make a mark in the world try to making a mark for God. And may the Lord bless you all."

So now at last his great loving heart is stilled, and a grand old veteran of many battles has been honorably discharged. "The world is the loser" said one of his friends "when such a man goes out."

I have not mentioned these things merely to be sentimental, but because I believe they are some of the things which helped to make my father the prince that he was.

Sincerely, Mrs. Burcher Sheard

Ruth Niles Fairbanks
January 19, 1912 - December 30, 2010
Obituary



POLAND – Services will be held at 11 a.m. Monday at the First Free Methodist Church, 3999 McCarty Drive in Canfield for Ruth N. Fairbanks, 98, of Sunrise Senior Living, who died Thursday morning, Dec. 30, of congestive heart failure.

Mrs. Fairbanks was born Jan. 19, 1912, in Zanesville, the daughter of the late Rev. Raymond B. Niles and Edith Lytle Niles. She moved frequently as her father held pastorates in a number of cities throughout Ohio, including Toledo, Cleveland, Zanesville, Sugar Creek, Youngstown and Warren.

After graduating from Zanesville High School, she earned a teaching certificate from Kent State University. After teaching for several years, she completed her baccalaureate degree from Greenville College in 1935 and then did additional graduate work at Ohio State University.

She was teaching in Warren when she married James W. Fairbanks in 1944 and moved to Youngstown. Here she did substitute teaching for a number of years, before returning to full-time teaching at Cleveland School where she retired in 1971.

Mrs. Fairbanks was a member, Junior Sunday school superintendent and teacher at her church and actively involved in a number of foreign mission activities, both locally and at the national church level. She had continued to serve as the church organist until suffering a stroke at 96.

She leaves two sons, James D. of Houston and Robert B. of Arlington, Texas; a daughter, Ruth E. Joseph of London, England; five grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

A brother, John is deceased.

Friends may call Sunday from 6 to 8 p.m. at the Thompson Funeral Home, 4221 Market Street, Boardman.

Contributions may be made to the church memorial fund.

Thoughts Expressed at Cyrus W. Barnes Memorial Service
August 20, 1995
By David Barnes

When our family thinks of Dad many thoughts come to mind. He was born into a remarkable Christian family, the youngest of 9 children. His father, Wallace, was a lumber man, active in local politics, and a state senator. Dad described him as a peace maker and encourager known for his generosity, and gift of humor. His mother, Elizabeth shared her husband's Christian commitment and was intensely interested in religious work. All the children were Christians as adults, and were active in Free Methodist Churches. Most attended Greenville or Roberts Wesleyan colleges and became teachers. All thought of Beach Lake in some sense as their home and were profoundly influenced by the heritage they associated with Beach Lake. Dad had great affection and respect for his parents and his family.

In many ways Dad was unique. We think of the log cabin he built which later became our home; his teaching us how to graft apple trees in the cold Spring, how to make whistles from tree twigs, and how to view the moon thorough his telescopes during clear cool evenings; his growing up in a secure Christian home in a small town but teaching 37 years at the world's largest private university.

We think of his commuting weekly from Beach Lake to New York City by train and later by bus. We think of Camp Timberledge which Dad and his brother Earl started some 40 years ago and the positive relationship he nurtured with the New York Conference.

Dad had a great respect for Christian colleges and was especially interested in Greenville where he taught for three years and Roberts Wesleyan where his parents had dated, where he had met Mom, and where both he and his brother Earl had served on the Board of Trustees.

He was very loyal to Mom and was genuinely interested in pleasing her. As far as we as children knew, they essentially never argued. They supported us at home, taught us to pray, took us to church and summer camp, encouraged each of us to commit our lives to Christ and encouraged us as we attended Roberts and Greenville and began our adult lives. They loved and encouraged us and our spouses and our grand children and wished for all of us God's best.

At home Dad commonly helped with the cooking and many Sunday afternoons directed our fudge making routine and took us for walks in the woods. He engineered suppers at the lake with relatives and helped Mom entertain missionaries and others visiting the church.

Dad let us visit his classes and laboratories at NYU, introduced us to his colleagues and showed us the sites of New York. On one long, hot August trip from Beach Lake to Greenville he pacified Ed and me by buying us ice-cream cones each time we stopped for gas.

He enjoyed talking and listening and we enjoyed his seemingly endless repertoire of interesting stories, most of which centered around his family, boyhood and life in early Beach Lake. His whole family were great story tellers. One evidence that he was aging was a decrease in his story telling.

Dad was an encourager who enjoyed the successes of family, friends, his church and simply people in general. He was formally honored by his church, his professional society, the university, and Roberts Wesleyan but thought of himself simply as a devout Christian living within the context of his heritage.

Dad was fundamentally a generous person of good will who sought what he felt was best for people. He was not by nature competitive, jealous, condescending, or critical of others. He enjoyed giving much more than his tithe. At the same time he was not hesitant in asking family and friends to consider particular needs especially those related to camp.

Dad tended to bring out the best in people and people were generous to him and his interests. He picked up kids for Sunday School, sent Sunday School papers and other literature to people, paid the camp registrations for kids he hardly knew, wrote letters on behalf of people in particular need, and in many subtle ways tried to nudge people toward Christian faith.

As many of you know Dad thoroughly enjoyed what might be loosely called Christian hobbies including Camp at Beach Lake, RWC and Greenville College and InterVarsity Christian Fellowship. These provided him the opportunity to invest dreams, prayers, energy and finances. Through these and other ventures he integrated his Christian faith with practical service in ways that both benefited others and brought him great personal satisfaction.

I would like to conclude with a few verses from First Corinthians which I feel characterize aspects of Dad's life and character. "Love is patient, love is kind, and is not jealous, love does not brag and is not arrogant, does not act unbecomingly; it does not seek its own, is not provoked, does not take into account a wrong suffered, does not rejoice in unrighteousness, but rejoices in truth."

CYRUS WALLACE BARNES

Dr. Cyrus W. Barnes died Thursday, August 6, 1995 at Heritage Village, Gerry, NY at the age of 91.

Born January 11, 1904 in Beach Lake, PA, he was the son of Wallace J. and Elizabeth Olver Barnes.

He attended Berlin High School in Beach Lake, PA; Chesbrough Seminary, now Roberts Wesleyan College, Rochester, NY; Greenville College, IL (A.B. 1927); and New York University (M.A. 1929 in Educational Psychology and Ph.D. 1935 in Science Education).

After teaching for 10 years in secondary schools in PA, NJ, and NY, he joined the faculty in science education at New York University. He taught there for 37 years retiring in 1972. He also taught at Greenville College for three years, and served on the Board of Trustees of Roberts Wesleyan College from 1962-75. Dr. Barnes was active in science education research, serving as advisor to a number of doctoral candidates at NYU. He was a member of the National Association for Research in Science Teaching, serving as president in 1964, and was a member and fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. For many years he was the faculty advisor of the NYU Chapter of InterVarsity Christian Fellowship.

Dr. Barnes married Susan Schroder, daughter of a Free Methodist pastor in 1931. They had four sons. The family first lived in the New York City area, Westchester County and Leonia, NJ and later in Beach Lake, PA. Cyrus and Susan Barnes moved to Heritage Village in 1988. Susan died in 1993.

Dr. Barnes was a committed Christian, a wonderful husband and father, a very generous person, and a lifelong member of the Free Methodist Church. He was especially interested in Christian higher education, children's camping and in helping the disadvantaged and his church. He founded with his brother Earl, and developed with his family and friends, Camp Timberledge, a children's camp at Beach Lake which has been operated by his church since the mid 1950's.

Surviving are four sons, Edward W. Barnes New York, NY; Dr. David S. Barnes, N. Chili, NY; Richard A. Barnes, University Heights, OH; and Dr. Joseph C. Barnes, Mechanicsburg, PA; six grandchildren, Dr. Marcia Bergen, Northampton, MA; Susan Adams, Marysville, OH; Paulette B. Schell, Oklahoma City, OK; Alex E. Barnes, University Heights, OH; and Ian C. and Elliot J. Barnes, both of Mechanicsburg, PA; and one great-grandchild, Peter D. Adams of Marysville, OH.

Memorial Donations may be sent to Camp Timberledge, Nancy Miller, Treasurer, RD 1, Box 1380, Berwick, PA 18603, or to Roberts Wesleyan College, 2301 Westside Drive, Rochester, NY 14624.