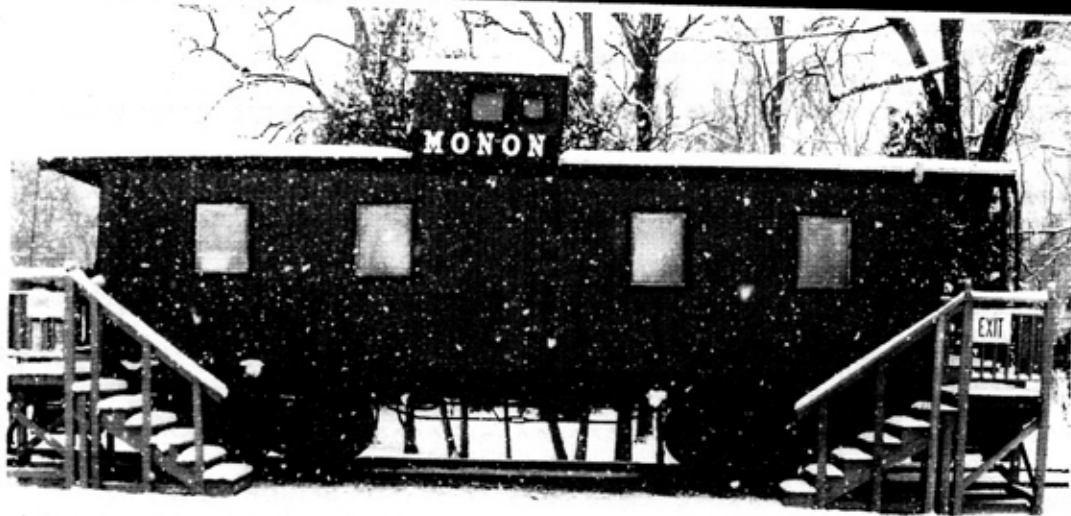




# STAYING ON TRACK

March 2007 - The Wanatah Historical Society, Inc. - Issue 1. Vol. 11



Wanatah Monon Museum closed for the winter. Snowy day!!!

Installing engraved memorial bricks.

Installing flag pole and raising flags.



Past President Message

Greetings to 2007 and the coldest February in history according to the TV weatherman. I've been president for 4 years and now we welcome Norm Grieger as president. He steps up from 1st vice. I'm sure he will do a great job...Bill Hurth is now 1st vice and Ed Marks is 2nd vice.

We have a number of people to THANK since our last newsletter for their donations. Barb Kuss for postcards and 2 old glass pictures, Mel Shinn for picture and Evelyns school papers, Ben Masek for pictures, Ray Christoph for old maps, Shirley Goodwin for old pictures, Sandy Rodriguez for print blocks and bottle caps, Randy Wallenberg for railroad items, and a special THANKS to Helen Rice, she gave all the memorials given in Waynes memory to our Historical Society.

In closing I say.....Thanks to all who worked on our projects the past 4 years. Probably someone else would have done a better job than I.....but that's history.....I'm still going to be a helping hand to Rosalie when needed.

I am looking forward to spring, mowing lawn, picking asparagus, planting flowers and our granddaughter's graduation from Purdue Pharmacy Program in May and her wedding in June.

*Norm C. Grieger*

SENIOR PLAY  
THE ANTICS OF ANDREW  
WANATAH HIGH SCHOOL  
WED., DEC. 13, 1933, 8:15 P. M.  
ADULT'S TICKET 25 CENTS

Section .....  
Row.....  
Seat.....

SENIOR PLAY  
DIGGING UP THE DIRT  
WANATAH HIGH SCHOOL  
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12, 1934, 8:15 P. M.  
ADULT'S TICKET 25 CENTS

Section .....  
Row.....  
Seat.....

WANATAH ALUMNI NEWS . . .  
The Class of 1957 will host the 2007 annual Alumni Banquet.

Date: August 25, 2007  
Place: Sacred Heart Hall in Wanatah  
Time: 12:00 p. m. Social Hour  
1:00 p. m. Dinner  
Followed by entertainment, business meeting and socializing.

This year we are inviting friends of Wanatah High School in addition to graduates and faculty members. This includes anyone who attended Wanatah High School and widows and widowers of Wanatah High School graduates.

To have your name added to the alumni mailing list, please respond by writing to Wanatah Alumni Association, P. O. Box 156 Wanatah, IN 46390 or by phoning Jan Bailey @ 219-733-9978.

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## Greetings

As I assume the office of President of the Wanatah Historical Society I have some mighty shoes to fill. Dianne, our past president, has done an excellent job as well as the people before her. Dianne immediately said she would help me any way she could, and I know that any of us couldn't succeed without the "backbone of the Society"- Rosalie Mack. So with the support of the wonderful officers and directors I'm sure we will continue to preserve the history of our area.

In just six short months this past year, April to September, Larry Eggleston and his museum committee comprised of Rosalie Mack, Jim Irwin and myself, brought to Wanatah an 118 year old railroad caboos. It was placed on tracks built by the track crew of The Hoosier Valley Railroad. The leaky roof was replaced with a rubber roof, and the exterior and interior were repaired and repainted. It was filled with pictures, tools, lanterns and even a genuine caboos stove. We again wish to thank all those generous people who donated to our museum. Outside a courtyard was paved with engraved bricks around a beautiful flag pole. The bricks were sold as a fund raiser. The cement walk, brick laying and flag pole were all donated by the Town of Wanatah. Many thanks to the President and board members.

We moved the Lincoln Funeral Train Monument to the south end of the courtyard and surrounded it with used paving bricks which were also used to build planter boxes at the sides. This spring black dirt will be brought in to fill those boxes and to plant grass around the courtyard. The museum project is ongoing so you will be hearing more about it as time goes by. We will set regular hours for the museum to be open during the warm months.

This year should see the project to install signs along the old Yellowstone Trail completed. We received a grant from The Unity Foundation of LaPorte County to be used in conjunction with The Hanna Lions Club to purchase some signs. It won't cover all the costs but will help The Yellowstone Trail Project move along.

We also will be completing last year's project involving benches at the Town Hall and improvements at the Hunt Park.

We are still scanning pictures and adding obituaries to our files. We have obituaries dating back to the year nineteen hundred.

I will continue to attend the monthly meetings of the LaPorte County Convention and Visitors Bureau to support them and keep our projects publicized. I am also a member of the LaPorte County Historical Society, Inc. as I feel co-operation is vital to our success.

Norm Grieger

**CALLAO:** It was located in Cass Township and was platted April 12, 1860 by W. A. Taylor. Streets running north and south were Worth, Wills and State. East and west streets were Wayne, Washington and Campbell. It was located a half mile east of the village of Morgan.

Its first merchants were William A. Taylor, and William McLane. Taylor was the first postmaster of Callao. Mrs. Batterson kept a hotel there and Dr. John F. Tilden practiced medicine there, starting in 1846. A Methodist church was built there in 1858.

Beautiful floral arrangements for special occasions. Those who wish to make their own artificial arrangements will also find necessary supplies at my place. Julia's Gift and Floral Shop. Phone Wanatah 1-4324. 6t4

RUG WEAVING--Bring your prepared rags. Also have rayon and cotton yarn rags made to order. Choice of combination of colors. Alice Reinke, Phone 1-4525, Wanatah. 38tf

The Iowa man who has invented a new clothespin will be hailed as a benefactor by the housewives of the land. It is so small that a woman can hold several of them in her mouth while hanging out the week's washing without interfering with her talk to the neighbor woman across the back fence.

7-1903

The Society recently received a donation of Editor Hunt's book "Thoughts of a Country Editor".

Tucked between the pages were several poems, which were not included in the book.

We are sharing this amusing writing by Wm. F. Hunt.

### I Ain't Dead Yet

My hair is white and I'm almost blind,  
And the days of my youth are far behind.  
My neck is stiff, and I can't turn my head,  
Can't hear half of what's being said.  
My legs are wobbly and can hardly walk,  
But glory be you should hear me talk!  
This is the message I want you to get,  
I'm still a-pitching and I ain't dead yet.  
My joints are stiff, won't move in their sockets,  
And ne'er a dime is left in my pockets.  
Maybe you'll think I am a total wreck,  
To tell the truth, I do look like heck.  
Still I have fun and my heart with joy is overrun  
I have lots of friends so kind and sweet,  
And truer ones you could never meet.  
So this is a wonderful world of ours.  
Shade and sunshine and beautiful flowers.  
Then take it from me - you can bet  
I am still living and ain't dead yet.  
I have corns on my feet and ingrown nails  
And so they hurt? My language fails  
To tell my troubles would take too long,  
I would bore you and you'd give me the gong.  
I go to church and Sunday school for  
I love the story that is ever new.  
And when I reach the end of my row,  
I know to the heavenly Father I'll go.  
And when I leave this house of clay,  
If you listen closely, I'm apt to say,  
Well folks, I have left you, but don't forget  
I've just passed on, and I ain't dead yet.

#### Put This Under Your Hat

Some folks are never happier than when they are getting someone else into difficulties.

#### Put This Under Your Hat

When a person is all wrapped up in himself he makes a very small package.

#### Put This Under Your Hat

The man who sponges his way through life merely soaks up the fruits of other's labors.

#### Put This Under Your Hat

The habit of thrift can be practiced even on the lowest income.

It matters not how long we live, but how.

People are like rivers, what ever is in them usually come out of the mouth.

A man who is always boasting of his family tree is generally the sap.

The difference in some people's ears is one block.

Many a man thinks he's over-worked because it takes him a whole day for a three hour job.

Love your neighbor but don't tear down the fence.

The guy with the quick temper can be compared with "The emptier the pot the quicker it boils."

An opinion is something that you hold; a prejudice is something that holds you.

The fellow with a one-track mind is generally on the wrong track.

The reason a dollar won't do as much for people as it used to do is because people won't do as much for a dollar as they used to do.

#### Put This Under Your Hat

Nearly everybody thinks of sin in terms of what other people are doing.

#### Put This Under Your Hat

You are getting old when you neglect exercising your body and are afraid to exercise your mind.

#### Put This Under Your Hat

A real friend is one who remembers what you have done for him long after you have forgotten it.

#### Put This Under Your Hat

People today are so busy making a living that they haven't time to live.

## Recollections of Wanatah: 1946-1955

by  
Jerry Benz

### Railroads

In the October 2006 edition of "Staying On Track" I wrote about how Wanatah was a bustling community when I lived there, considering all of the businesses that were present then. This episode will focus on the Pennsylvania and Monon Railroads during that same time. These railroads had a commanding presence in Wanatah although only a few local citizens were actually employed by them. Also, even though a great deal of nostalgia is evoked today by the era of steam locomotives, what we see on television today of an engineer casually leaning out the window of a steam engine while passing slowly through an idyllic landscape just doesn't entirely quite match up to the reality of what I recall.

The Monon Railroad operated on a single track and only had a few freight trains that passed through town each day. In fact, the track through Wanatah was just a spur line from the city of Monon to Michigan City. These trains usually had only a few cars and had comparatively little impact on local citizens other than minor inconvenience. Of course, the people in cars and trucks who encountered a slow-moving freight train at the US 30 crossing probably had a different viewpoint

The Pennsylvania Railroad (or Pennsy as it was called locally then) through Wanatah was their main line from the eastern seaboard to Chicago. It was a very busy enterprise. I have no knowledge of how many Pennsy passenger and freight trains passed through Wanatah each day; however, there were a lot and they did so at all hours of the day and night. There were two sets of main tracks through town that allowed for simultaneous traffic --- eastbound or westbound. There were also 2 primary sidings, one on each side of the main tracks, which began in the center of town and extended nearly to Hanna. Secondary sidings were located at the northeast corner of the junction with the Monon Railroad.

Most of the steam locomotives used to pull the Pennsy passenger trains had 2 features that gave them a very unique appearance. First, they had 2 steam pistons on each side, each attached to 2 huge drive wheels. Practically all other Pennsy locomotives had a single piston on each side with 3 or 4 drive wheels. Second, the exterior of the Pennsy passenger train locomotives had a characteristic 'streamlined' appearance. These locomotives were built for speed, and they did not slow down one bit when they passed through Wanatah. This practice was known as 'full steam ahead!'

Freight trains passing through town did so more slowly than the passenger trains but, nonetheless, they were usually moving right along also. Two locomotives were sometimes used in tandem to pull an unusually long string of cars. Either way, these trains were comprised of a large number of cars. This correlated with duration of closure of the Wanatah street crossings. For a vivid description of how people dealt with extended periods of street crossing closures, refer to the article by Audra Bailey Richardson on Page 14 of the October 2006 edition of "Staying On Track."

I recall that when these rapidly moving trains were approaching in Wanatah, the bells at both street crossings in the center of town started dinging and the crossing gates rotated down to a horizontal position. All other crossings in town had no such protection at all. As the train came into view, the locomotive quickly dominated the scene with its loud characteristic "choo-choo" sound, the noise from the drive mechanism in full operation, the noise of the steel wheels on steel rails, the steam whistle blasting loudly, and a large volume of smoke trailing behind. Much of the noise and vibration continued until the last car had passed by. For people anywhere near, including those in surrounding buildings, all conversation ceased until the train had passed by. The ground vibration could be felt prominently even in buildings across the street from the tracks.

It is difficult to describe the scene when 2 speeding passenger trains passed by each other when in the center of town, separated only by a few feet, and each going in opposite direction at a high rate of speed. In a word, maybe 'spectacular' would suffice (maybe not).

The house where my family resided during the late 1940s was at the corner of North Illinois and West Railroad Street. My bedroom was on the east side of the house on the upper floor. The window in my room thus overlooked the railroad. At about my bedtime, often a freight train heading westbound would approach on the primary siding and stop just as it reached the switch leading to the main track. These trains had been diverted during the day to the siding near the west side of Hanna. They waited there until the last passenger train of the day had passed by en route to Chicago. The locomotive would stop right where I could get a good view. All of the street crossings east of our house would thus be blocked until the passenger train had passed. Meanwhile, the locomotive would not be moving although the train crew would have the steam pressure built up to a maximum level. Excessive steam would be released in rhythmic pulses (or 'chugs'), so that even when standing still the locomotive continued to make noise. It also continued to produce smoke that drifted through town. This meant that in the summer when the windows in houses were open (no residential air conditioning existed in Wanatah at the time) and the wind was in the right direction, smoke would permeate the homes. Eventually the locomotive would start up. The first thing to happen was that all the slack in the couplings between each of the cars would be taken up with a bang from each car in succession from the front of the train all the way back to the caboose. As the drive wheels on the locomotive started to move, the engineer would apply ever more steam to the pistons to increase the pulling power. Often the drive wheels would start to spin and this caused the pistons to race with even more noise and the release of a lot of steam. The engineer would have to pull back on the throttle lever, wait for the spinning to stop and then restart the process. Eventually the entire train cleared the switch in front of our house and all was once more quiet and peaceful, at least for a while.

In addition to the passenger and freight trains that simply passed through, there also were 'local' freight trains that came to town on a regular basis. Smaller 'switch' engines pulled these trains. They brought boxcars and coal cars to the Wanatah Mercantile Co. as well as flat cars with farm machinery for the implement dealerships in town. They also delivered coal cars to the coal dock east of town. These 'locals' were not as impressive

as their counterparts in terms of speed and size but, in terms of time spent in town as they performed their job, they accounted for more than their full share of street crossings being closed.

Smoke from the trains posed several problems for the people who happened to be nearby. For example, when a train passed by and the wind direction was towards a bystander, then that person got the full treatment of inhaling that smoke. Also, clothes dryers were not available in the mid-1940s. I can remember the days when my mother did the laundry and hung white sheets or white shirts on the clothes line to dry behind our home and, if the wind direction was right, bits of soot would result in black spots. The smoke also contained small bits of still-hot ash and sometimes these caused small burn holes. I choose not to describe her comments about all of that.

The first Pennsy diesel-electric locomotive that passed through Wanatah was in about 1949. This was a pre-announced event and several people, including me, were present by the tracks for the big event. That locomotive passed through town pulling the usual complement of freight cars at a moderate speed and was much quieter than a steam engine. The honk of the diesel-electric engine was certainly different than the sound of a steam whistle. Also, the diesel exhaust was a lot less noticeable than the smoke from steam locomotives. When the Monon bought its first diesel-electric locomotive to Wanatah, it was not pulling any cars. They parked it on a siding by the Wanatah Mercantile Co. so that people could pass through.

Despite all the blocked street crossings, noise, vibration and smoke produced by steam-powered trains, I just accepted it all at the time as part of life as did others. Even so, everyone who lived in and around Wanatah had to deal with the railroads as they went about their daily activities. It wasn't until my family moved to a new house in the Lions Club Addition in 1951 that I realized that life was much better when not having to live with railroads up close and personal.

From the point of view of the engineer and fireman who operated a steam locomotive, I have often wondered how they endured all the heat of the firebox and noise of the drive machinery in their unenclosed cab at the end of the engine. The extremes of weather in summer and particularly in winter must also have been difficult to deal with.

In closing, my original depiction of Wanatah when I was growing up there during 1946-1955 was that it was a 'bustling' community. Given the description of railroad activity in this article and the level of business activity described previously, Wanatah then really was a busy and energetic community.





WANATAH 50 YEARS AGO - 1957 by.....NORM GRIEGER  
"MEMORY, MEMORY, DREAMS OF LONG AGO"  
FROM THE WANATAH MIRROR ARCHIVES

Gordon Engle is the new manager of the Cities Service Station on Highway 30. He has Dean Crane, of west of town, as his mechanic. Gene Rice, who operated the station for the past year, resigned in order to care for all of his farm work properly.

Wm. Holman, local real estate man, is recovering from his recent illness after spending some time at Billings Hospital in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Holman are at their office during regular hours and continuing tax work as always.

The Modern Woodman will have their election next Tuesday evening at their hall at 7:30. An oyster stew supper will be served. All members are requested to be present for the evening.

For the fourth time in less than two years, the Farmers Grain and Lumber Company office at South Wanatah was entered by thieves some time during Saturday night. They entered through a window and attempted to open the safe but were unsuccessful. The manager, Robert Howell, lives nearby.

The Royal Neighbors held the first meeting of 1957 Tuesday evening with a pot-luck ham supper. Oracle Mrs. Edwin Menne told of the Booster meeting to be held on April 25 and plans for initiation of new members. Mrs. Alfred Werner was the Installing Officer; Mrs. Fred Eckert, Ceremonial Marshall and Mrs. Richard Jutroske, assistant Ceremonial Marshall. Officers installed were Mrs. Richard James, Oracle; Mrs. Edwin Menne, past Oracle; Mrs. Mayburn Stassen, Vice Oracle; Mrs. A. T. Rosenbaum, Chancellor; Mrs. Marlin Mitzner, Recorder; Miss Hermoine Balitz, Receiver; Mrs. Wesley Mack, Marshall; Mrs. Emil Steinke, Inner Sentinel; Miss Minnie Bos, Outer Sentinel; Mrs. Fred Eckert, Manager; Mrs. John King, Musician; Mrs. Lloyd Steinke, Flag Bearer and Mrs. Alfred Werner, Captain. Principals of the Society are Mrs. Arthur Werner, Faith; Mrs. Hugh Morrison, Courage; Mrs. Richard Jutroske, Modesty; Mrs. Lincoln Weinkauff, Unselfishness; and Mrs. Jesse Ashenfelter, Endurance. Manager Mrs. E. C. Wojahn presented the installing officers with appropriate gifts. Mrs. Menne, Past Oracle, was presented a gift from her officers. Outgoing manager, Mrs. Leonard Christman, was also remembered with a gift. Those serving next month will be Mrs. Alvin Tesmer, Mrs. Frank Tesmer and Mrs. Clarence Westfall.

You may notice some typographical errors in this paper. They are put in intentionally. This paper tries to print something for everyone, and some people are always looking for mistakes. ( This is as true in 2007 as it was in 1957)

Tom Sullivan, President of the Wanatah State Bank, has announced that the directors of the bank have elected John A Garretson, as Cashier, following the resignation of Milton Grieger. Mr Grieger vigorously fought to keep The Wanatah State Bank, and not merge with the Merchants National Bank of Michigan City. Mr. Sullivan also stated that the negotiations for the merger of the two banks have progressed satisfactorily and that the announcement of the final arrangements will be made in a short time.

Howard Boehlke, son of Mrs. Theodore Boehlke, is the new second trick telegraph operator at Haskell.

Through the recommendation of the State Health Department, the Cass Township dump has been closed. The dump is just east of the cemeteries, between the old Lincoln Highway and the Pennsylvania Railroad. The condition of the dump got beyond control and numerous complaints came to Twp. Trustee Robert Grieger. Because of not staying within the bounds of the dump, the Pennsylvania Railroad objected as it was a nuisance on their property. Anyone continuing to place rubbish in the old dump will be subject to fine.

Curtis Heath is opening his new electrical shop in the Boehlke building which formerly housed the Public Library. He hopes to have telephone service soon to receive your calls.



#### ROYAL NEIGHBORS CAMP #9060

Front row: Leona Menne, 2 district officers, Thelma James, 2 district officers, Esther Stassen.  
 Standing left to right: Lena Eckert, Vi Fitzgerald, Elsie Werner, Hermine Balitz, Helen Steinke,  
 Elizabeth Broviak, Edna Hunt, Minnie Bos, Lil Steinke, Helena Rosenbaum, Bernice Mitzner,  
 Esther Weinkauff, Rose Ashenfelter, Gladys Werner, Florence Jutroske, unknown, Edna Morrison,  
 Rosalie Mack, Grace Mathews and Janet Timmons.

#### LETS DANCE

This was written by an 83-year-old woman to her friend.  
 The last line says it all.

Dear Bertha,

I'm reading more and dusting less. I'm sitting in the yard and admiring the view without fussing about the weeds in the garden. I'm spending more time with my family and friends and less time working. Whenever possible, life should be a pattern of experiences to savor, not to endure. I'm trying to recognize these moments now and cherish them.

I'm not "saving" anything; we use our good china and crystal for every special event such as when the scale says I lost a pound, getting the sink unstopped, or the first Amaryllis blossom. I wear my good blazer to the market. My theory is if I look prosperous, I can shell out \$28.49 for one small bag of groceries. I'm not saving my good perfume for special parties, but wearing it for clerks in the hardware store and tellers at the bank. "Someday" and "one of these days" are losing their grip on my vocabulary. If it's worth seeing or hearing or doing, I want to see and hear and do it now.

Adult: A person who has stopped growing at both ends and is now growing in the middle.

Adolescence and snow are the only problems that disappear if you ignore them long enough.

I'm not sure what others would've done had they known they wouldn't be here for the tomorrow that we all take for granted. I think they would have called family members and a few close friends. They might have called a few former friends to apologize and mend fences for past squabbles. I like to think they would have gone out for a Chinese dinner or for whatever their favorite food was. I'm guessing; I'll never know. It's those little things left undone that would make me angry if I knew my hours were limited. Angry because I hadn't written certain letters that I intended to write one of these days. Angry and sorry that I didn't tell my family often enough how much I truly love them. I'm trying very hard not to put off, hold back, or save anything that would add laughter and luster to our lives. And every morning when I open my eyes, I tell myself that it is special.

Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we are here we might as well dance.

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#### INTERESTING FACTS

The coconut is the largest seed in the world.

If you were to take 1 lb. of spiders web and stretch it out it would circle the whole way around the world!

If every person in China stood on a chair and jumped off at the same time...it would knock the earth off its axis!

If you save one penny and double it every successive day, (day two you have 2 pennies and day three you have 4 pennies, and so on), by the end of 30 days you'll have \$5,368,708!



**MONTANA RANGERS**  
George Mendal, Jimmy Clark & Catherine Rosenbaum



Leslie Childress & Mabel (Daumer) Childress



**Mohlke Family**  
Back: John, William, Ed, Arthur, Ben, Ernie & Fred  
Front row: Gusta Grieger, Carrie Schultz, August  
Mohlke and Dora Flitter



August Mohlke



Oliver & Clara James  
Children: Berneice & Richard  
1913



William E. & Augusta (Grieger) Richman  
(Mr. Richman was President of Wanatah State Bank)



August Greiger & Ernestine (Kuehn) Greiger  
(Parents of Augusta Greiger Richman)



The William E. Richman Family Sept. 1912  
Back row l. to r. Minnie-Mom-Bill-Dad- Julius,  
Lillie and Tillie. Front: Clarence-Bernice and Clara.

## GLOOR FAMILY HISTORY...

...by Ben Masek

### Part 2

Our youngest sister, Helen, passed away in 1914 at the age of nine. Walter met an accidental death while rabbit hunting in 1924. He was twenty four years old. Mother's death in 1919 was due to complications and Uremia Poison. Jakie, the youngest of the family had an appendicitis operation at the age of twenty-one and did not recover. He passed away one month after his Mother's death. Father's death in 1936 was due to a coronary.

Fred married Edith Herbst, a neighbor girl. They purchased the farm where Edith lives today. Three boys and one girl, Emil, Marlin, a pair of twins, Marshall and Marcella blessed this union. Marcella passed away at the age of nine. Fred passed way in 1945.

Bertha taught school over 20 year. She married John Freer. They purchased the General store and a home in Malden. They adopted a daughter, Joy. John died in 1937. Bertha sold the Malden property and moved to Valparaiso where she lived until 1968, when she moved in With Emma and Louise on the home farm.

Mary went to the state of Washington to visit Aunt Liz. She remained there and married Fred Hullman. Two sons, Ralph and Robert blessed this union. Mary died in 1960.

Robert was killed in an auto accident in 1960.

Freeda married Gust Heiman. They resided in Union Two, near Hanna and later moved near Wanatah. Gust helped Father with the farm and dairy herd. They had two sons, Royal and Burton and two daughters, Kathleen and Mary. Freeda passed way a few weeks after the birth of Mary in 1925.

Emma married John Dalke. They lived on the Gloor homestead. John helped Father operate the farm and dairy. After Fathers death they stayed on the farm to manage and work it for another 25 years. They had one daughter, Helen. John died in 1963.

Edith married Peter O. Peterson. They live at Augusta, Michigan. They adopted Freeda's daughter, Mary, after Freeda's death. Peter was a florist. He managed the Greenhouse for the Upjohn Co.. Peter passed away in 1949. Edith left Michigan and moved to Valparaiso where she made her home with Bertha. Later she moved to Kalamazoo and lived there until her death in 1970.

Gust married Minnie Jones. He was a farmer near Valparaiso. Later he moved to a farm near Mill Creek. They had one son, James and three daughters, Joan, Betty and Margaret. Minnie passed away in 1926. Later Gust married Mae Laymen. They had two sons, Jakie and Bill. They operated a farm and dairy near Topeka,

Indiana. The retired and moved to Topeka and lived there until Gust's death in 1966.

Amelia taught school for twenty-two years. She married George Kegebein. They tried to raise as large a family and Amelia's parents did but the depression of the 1930's stopped their family with seven children, Paul, Robert, Ethel, John, David, Beulah May and Doris. George passed away in 1947. Amelia resides on the farm they purchased fifty years ago.

Clara married a young newcomer into the community from Chicago, Ben Masek. They had two sons, Harvey and Ben Junior and three daughters, Ruth, Gloria, and Judy. Ben worked at many trades to support his family in addition to operating the 100-acre farm. Ben passed away in 1965. Clara lives on the farm they lived on when they were newlyweds.

Louise resides with Emma on the Homestead where they were born. Never being married, she devoted much of her time in helping other members of the family. As of this date (October 15, 1970) there are five daughters, twenty-eight grandchildren, sixty-four great grandchildren and twenty-three great-great grandchildren or a total of one hundred twenty living descendants of Jacob and Maria Weible Gloor.



Standing left to right...Emma Gloor Dalke, Walter Gloor, Edith Herbst Gloor, Fred Gloor, post, Gust Heiman, Freada Gloor Heiman, Edith Gloor Peterson, George Kegebein, Amelia Gloor Kegebein, John Freer, post, Ben Masek Sr., Clara Gloor Masek, Minnie Jones Gloor, Gust Gloor. Seated left to right: Louise Gloor, Mary Gloor Hullman, Jacob Gloor, Marie Weible Gloor, her sister, Rose Weible Barnwart, Berth Gloor Freer. Grandchildren: Mary's son Ralph, Fred's Marlin, Marcella, Marshall and Amil Gloor, and Freada's Royal and Kathleen Heiman.

## MONON MEMORIES by.....Norm Grieger

We had two railroads running through Wanatah. As a matter of fact, that is the reason for the town's location. Now the Pennsylvania Railroad was a grand railroad, crossing many states. It set the standard for the railroads. At one time it ran more than 40 trains a day through the town of Wanatah including the famous Broadway Limited. With all the hoopla of the "Pennsy", why did we seem to love the Monon railroad more? Well, The Monon was ours - it was the Hoosier Line. Oh sure it left the state briefly going into Chicago and down to Louisville, but it basically was an Indiana railroad. It was ours.

I know all of you have your own Monon Memories, here are some of mine:

As a youngster in the nineteen forties, I lived beside the Monon tracks, just south of town. Occasionally, the steam engines would set fire to the dry grass and weeds along the right of way. As the fire raced toward the property line where my parents had a row of pine trees, my mother would frantically crank the magneto telephone and yell to central: "Send Milt home to help put out the fire along the railroad." My Father worked at the Wanatah State Bank, which was less than a mile from home, so he got there quickly. By then Mother was out there beating out the flames with a scoop shovel and sometimes had the fire out before he arrived. The trees were fairly close to the house, and if they had caught fire, they might have taken the house too.

Speaking of fire, I also remember the Weed Burner coming along hissing and burning the weeds in the roadbed, instead of spraying as they do now. About ten minutes behind the weed burner came a motor car pulling a tank, with a couple men spraying water on any smoldering ties.

When I lived right next to the tracks, as soon as I was old enough to stand up, I started waving at the train crews. After the engine went by, I couldn't wait for that bright red caboose to come. It just doesn't seem right to see a train without a caboose. I continued to wave daily to the crewmen, and they always waved back. This went on for several years. If it got dark early, I always had a flashlight handy. I never missed seeing a train. In 1949 we moved into town about two blocks away from the tracks.

Being in town was a new adventure, and I briefly forgot about those trainmen. However, they didn't forget me. They got quite concerned as I had suddenly disappeared. After a couple of days of not seeing me they stopped the train and walked down town and inquired as to who that young boy was that lived just south of town. Upon learning that my father worked at the bank, they went in and found out that I had moved from that house. They were much relieved to find that I had only moved and had not succumbed to some dreaded disease. This shows the compassion that the Monon employees had for all the people that lived trackside. As I grew older, I still watched the trains as often as I could, and still would wave at the crewmen. And now, even with the Monon gone I still wave when a train passes me by.

Occasionally, we would hear a different sounding whistle, and that would tell us that the big yellow interurban car of the Sperry Rail Service would be coming. The old cars were converted from passenger service equipped with electro-mechanical gear to detect rail flaws. It was fun to watch them proceed slowly and occasionally backing up to recheck a section of rail. Sperry Rail Service recently bought a fleet of trucks that will run on streets as well as rails to more efficiently do their rail services. With the modern electronic equipment taking much less space, they no longer need the much larger railcars. Most of the railroads contracted with Sperry Rail Service to do their rail flaw detection .

It was always fun to watch the local do a flying switch. They would give a car a big push with the engine stopping. The car would roll through the switch onto the side track with a brakeman on top turning the brake wheel to slow and stop the car. Meanwhile, the switch was thrown and the engine proceeded on past on the main track. Cars were switched off the main track onto the siding for the elevator, and some were switched to the "wye" to be picked up by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

I remember watching carload after carload of large stone blocks go through town on the way to the port on

Lake Michigan. For years long strings of brand new boxcars went south fresh from the paint shops of the Pullman Standard Factory in Michigan City. They were heading to various railroads that had ordered new cars.

A Quonset hut stood along the tracks near fourth street housing some of the section gang. At times, an old converted passenger car would be parked there along with other bunk cars when the extra gang was working in town. At least once a week you would see Ed Bowmar on his small motor car putt-putting along checking car numbers. There was the brick pump house just south of 1250 S that was converted to a car house for the section crew, and in the steam engine days, a wooden water tank stood beside it. Along the tracks on the south end of town, stood the standpipes by which gasoline and fuel oil could be pumped under the street to the Standard Oil Company storage tanks.

Everyone in town could hear the whistle when impatient Monon engineers repeatedly signaled for clearance to cross the Pennsylvania tracks to continue on.

I watched many carloads of new automobiles going by. The condition of the road bed was on a decline, and as the cars rocked from side to side, I wondered what was keeping them on the rails. I awoke the morning of July 27, 1967, with 30 brand new Pontiacs in Hog Creek beside my backyard. I no longer wondered what was keeping them on the rails.

The Monon Railroad chose Purdue's black and gold colors for its freight engines, and the passenger engines were decked out in Indiana University's red and white. Depauw also used black and gold for its colors and Indiana's red and white served tolerably for Wabash's scarlet.

Although passenger service through Wanatah was discontinued many years ago, service continued from Louisville to Chicago until December 30, 1967. After watching the black and gold freight engines all winter and spring, it was always thrilling to see the Monon Company picnic train come through every summer. They would always use the best red and white engines and passenger cars for the annual event. We would also see passenger runs in the fall, at times, as they ran football specials.

My father's favorite Monon memory was of the day he watched the train switch in Wanatah, and as it backed up to hook up, it rammed a box car too hard. The car jumped from the track into Hog Creek.

My Grandfather, August E. Grieger, went by the nickname of "Yankee". He was of the last generation of people to hunt and fish the huge Kankakee marsh. He would spend many days each year camping with his friends eating the plentiful fish and fowl. Powerful syndicates bought up the marsh land, and by straightening the river, ditching, and draining, they reclaimed many thousands of acres. Forty-five miles of river were reduced to seventeen miles. With the destruction of habitat, the amount of fish and game was greatly reduced. The world famous Kankakee Marsh, hunted by Presidents and dignitaries from foreign nations, quickly became some of the richest farm land in the county. If you are wondering how this fits into Monon memories- they rode the Monon train on those camping trips.

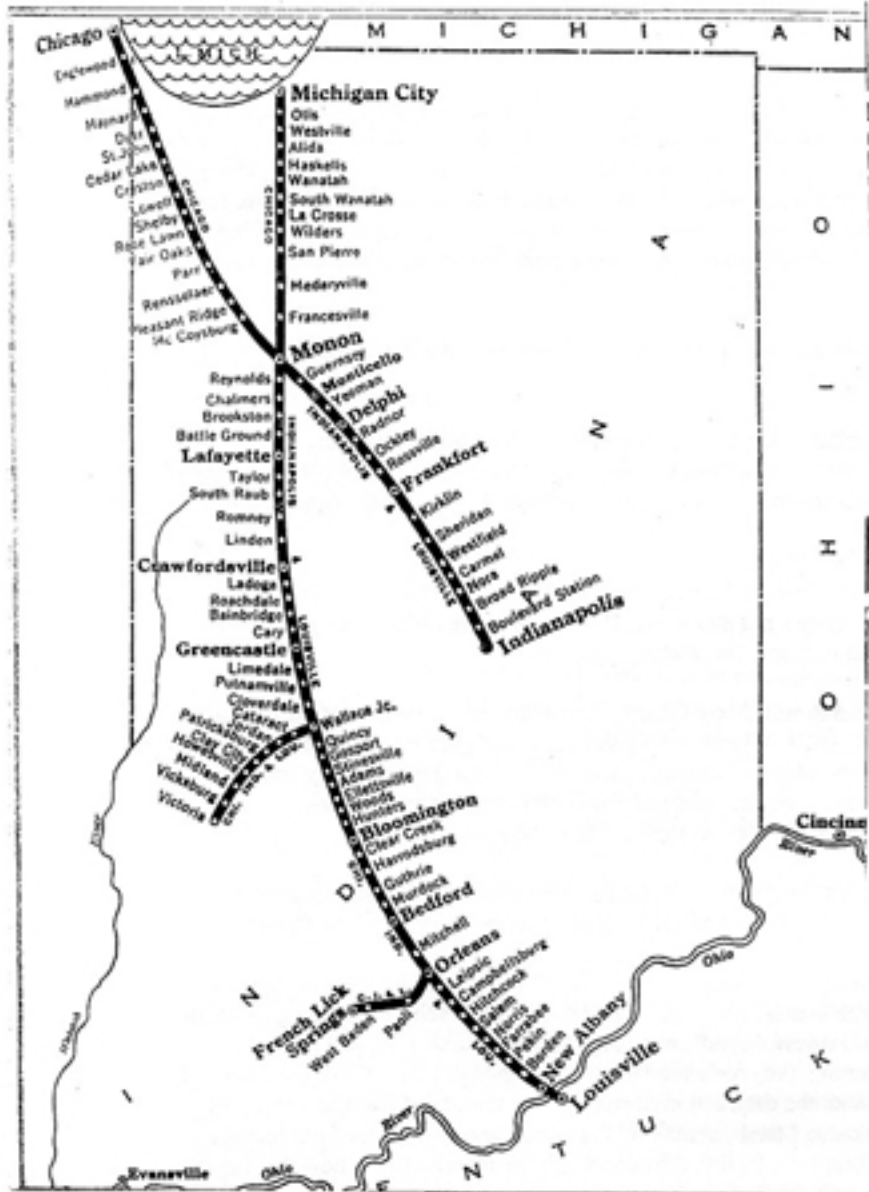
"Yankee" Grieger and his friends would load their camping gear into their wooden boat, and carry it down to the Monon railroad. They couldn't afford passenger service, but they could talk the freight crew into letting them put their boat in a empty box car or on a vacant flat car. They would ride free. The crew would let them off at Wilders or sometimes even stop at the river bridge just for them saying, "just flag us down when you want to go home." On the trip home, they would always give the trainmen some fish or game which the rear end crew would cook on the caboos stove. Up front in the engine, the hungry engineer and brakeman would have the fireman put the food in a pan and place it on the coal scoop and cook it in the firebox of the boiler.



Historical Society meetings are held on the 2nd Saturday of the month at 10:00 a.m. at the Wanatah Town Hall. They are open to the public. Come and join us for researching and reminiscing.



# MONON ROUTE



# 4-H CLUB PROJECT BY LAVERN GUSE IN 1938

## 4-H CLUB CORN RECORD BOOK

DIVISION OF BOY AND GIRL CLUBS

Year of Project 2nd Present Year 33  
 Name Lavern Guse  
 Post Office Wanatah R. F. D. 2  
 Township Cass County La Porte  
 Age 14 No. of Years a 4-H Club Member 2  
 Name of Club Cass Champions  
 Leader Le Roy Wiers  
 Post Office La Crosse  
 County Agricultural Agent O. W. Mansfield  
 County Home Demonstration Agent H. Kay  
 County 4-H Club Agent E. J. Hartman

### BASES OF AWARD

1. Record book to be approved before exhibit can be entered in 4-H Club Contest.
2. Awards in 4-H Corn Club Contest to be based solely on the exhibit.
3. Record books should be graded. They may be graded in 4 classes: A—excellent, B—good, C—fair, D—poor. Special premiums or ribbons for record books may be offered.
4. Major awards such as trips and scholarships should be awarded on the achievement basis.

PURDUE UNIVERSITY  
 Department of Agricultural Extension  
 Lafayette, Indiana

### HOW I RAISED MY CROP

#### SCENARIOS FOR THE STORY

1. Why I joined the corn club.
2. Where I chose my acre.
3. Where I got my seed.
4. How I tested my seed.
5. Troubles of a corn grower.
6. Practical points learned in corn growing.
7. Suggestions I got from farmers and station.
8. What I plan for next year.
9. How I would try to grow 100 bushels per acre.
10. How to win the contest.

I joined the corn club to see how much corn I could raise on my five acre plot.

I choose my ground where I where I had my club corn last year.

I got my seed at the 4-H Club Leaders Office at La Porte.

The seed was not tested.

### RECORD

Study carefully your 4-H Corn Club Manual—Ex. Bulletin 127.

#### Preparation and Planting

(Fill out every blank)

Size of plot on which report is based:

Length of plot in feet 26.5  
 Width of plot in feet 2.51  
 Area of plot in square feet 2.17,800  
 Number of acres on which data were kept None

There are 43,560 square feet in an acre. Allow 1 1/2 feet of cultivated ground from the outside row on each of the four sides, and measure this as part of the acre plot.

The key may vary for seed lots and on so many acres of seed to be raised, but be sure to follow the same instructions as above instructions, so it will contain neither more nor less than 43,560 square feet. A key varying 5% more or more may enter both sides' 5-acre contest and 1-acre boys' contest.

(Fill out every blank)

Kind of soil Sandy loam  
 Kind of subsoil Clay  
 Crop grown last year Corn  
 Date of breaking May 16  
 Date of preparing May 17  
 Depth of plowing 7 or 8 inches  
 How often harrowed before planting Twice

(Fill out every blank)

Variety of seed corn used 425  
 Source of seed Wm. E. Hardisty, Haverhill  
 How tested was not tested Viability —  
 Date of planting May 18  
 Stand—good, medium or poor good  
 Number of times cultivated Four  
 Depth of cultivation sift  
 Implements used in cultivation Corn Cultivator  
 Was corn damaged by diseases, insects, frosts or storms? No  
 What treatment did you give for insects and diseases? None  
 1938  
 748 5270

Was result of treatment successful? —  
 Commercial fertilizer used—Kind 2-12-6 Amount 80 lbs per  
 Broadcast or drilled in row Drilled in row  
 Amount of lime used per acre none  
 Amount of rock phosphate used per acre none  
 Amount of manure used on field—this year none last year none 2 yrs ago none 3 yrs ago 5 baby  
 When did you select your seed, and for next year? Next 15  
 How much 5 bushels Amount for sale None  
 Did your corn mature? Yes  
 Number of plants by Club Leader One  
 by County Agent None by others Club 3-4

### STORY (Cont'd)

The troubles of a corn grower are keeping out weeds, pests and other insects that are harmful.

Some points learned are the difference between hybrid and regular seed corn, that it is up longer and you get a high yield per acre.

I plan to try and grow more corn per acre next year. To grow a hundred bushels per acre you have to work the ground up good, fertilize the ground, and keep harmful insects out.

To win in a contest, I would pick out seed corn

for the exhibit while bush; and keep it separate, and sort out the best ears and shell it for the contest.



## MEMORIES

Hazel Hartwick Hundt (Everett), class of '39 recounts some of her memories.

"Some of my fondest memories of high school revolve around the music program. I always enjoyed band and particularly enjoyed the "Girl's Quartet. Mr. Long would listen to us sing in the regular classes and then ask us to try out. It was my privilege to be chosen for the quartet.

Some of the others who were in the quartet at that time were: Cleo Grieger Eaton, Edna Rosenbaum Hunt, Lucille Grieger Gardner and Eileen Mohlke Grieger. We sang for various things in the community and at school functions. I don't know how good we were, but Mr. Lowell Long always made us feel good about ourselves. My memories of my years in band are especially good. We were fortunate to have good directors and got to do many things, We always marched in the La Porte and Michigan City 4<sup>th</sup> of July parades and participated in contests in Chicago. Our parents' worked hard to provide the band with the things that we needed."

Hazel, also, shared a picture of the cast of the Sr. class play of the class of 1939. It was called, "Growing Up."



Back row, pictured L to R. are: Landis Emond, Hazel Hartwick, Dale Jenkins, Ruth Switzer, Bill Mayfield, Mrs. Prentiss (director) Betty Black, Irene Benkie and John Sheviak. Front row: Myla Jane Kelly and Ken Fryar.

## Memories, (cont'd)

The following was contributed by Lynn Guse—class of '47:

These are memories from attending in Wanatah school starting in the fall of 1935 and graduating the spring of 1947. I was always impressed by Bill Carpenter "buzzing" the town in an Army Air Force plane and landing/taking off from a small field north east of the school. I saw him in his uniform including tall shiny boots and was quite impressed. During WW2, I remember frequent convoys of army vehicles (jeeps, trucks, etc) passing by on U. S. 30.

At school, I always thought the teachers were conscientious and dedicated to their profession. There were not many secrets about who was in trouble as we passed by Mr. Lawler's glass-walled office. Our daily noon trips to Jocko's for ice cream probably was not in the best interest of our diet, but it was certainly delicious. Memories of riding the school bus are many. On rare occasions, the fog was so thick that Awalt Sommers, our school bus driver, could not see if the crossing was clear. He requested that two of we older boys bend down to listen to the track prior to waving to him that it was alright to cross the tracks. There were no light signals at the crossing. I'll always remember getting on the bus and hearing Louis Walter say, "Did you hear about the big bomb?"—the 1<sup>st</sup> atomic bomb!

My community memories include the scene of steam locomotives stopping at the coal docks. Their massive size, steam, and hissing sounds was always an impressive sight. Those of us in this era experienced recovering from the great depression followed by WW2. I understood that there were not many extra financial resources available for non-essential items during my early years. Everyone else was in the same boat. We all experienced shortages of goods during the war and were constantly reminded about the war with friends and relatives in the varied military services.

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From June Rosenbaum Broviak—class of 1947

I started first grade in 1935. Miss Hazel Hunt taught both first and second grades. She was a born teacher. She was a small person and quiet-spoken, but she always maintained order. Perhaps that was because the students loved her!!! Twenty six years later in 1961, my daughter, Shelley started first grade. She had Mrs. Hazel Hunt Deschamps. Mrs. Deschamps had all those years of experience plus she kept up with the latest teaching methods. There was a large abacus in her room and each child had a small one. Those little first graders really got a good grasp of math. She also taughts phonics, which is very important. I was privileged to know her as a student and as the parent of one of her students. Mrs. Deschamps was a terrific teacher and a lovely lady.

.....  
Grace King Sommers Birkey—(class of 1931) has generously submitted a large variety of memories. We shall be putting in tid-bits in many of the following editions.

For starters: "My mother hatched chicks in the basement, for us, as well as for customers. She had two incubators which held 100 eggs each. They were heated with a kerosene lamp. Everyone had a garden, from which much canning was done, all on a wood fueled cook stove. We raised chickens for meat. On Wednesday and Saturdays evenings we went to town for groceries. You handed the store keeper your list, and they would fill your order off their shelves. (More of Grace's memories to come)

WANATAH HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

Board of Directors:

Name	Term Expires
Rosalie Mack	12-31-07
Edward Marks	12-31-07
Brian Pressel	12-31-07
Larry Eggleston	12-31-08
Bernell Grieger	12-31-08
Norman Grieger	12-31-08
Diane Grieger	12-31-09
William Hurth	12-31-09
Ellen Volk	12-31-09

Officers for 2 yr. term

President:	Norman Grieger	733-2822
1 <sup>st</sup> V.P.	William Hurth	630-305-8570
2 <sup>nd</sup> V.P.	Edward Marks	733-2927
Sec/Treas	Rosalie Mack	733-2278
Historian	June Goodwin	733-7004

WANTED ITEMS

Historical Society is looking for:

Picture of Coal Dock

"Cock of the Walk" flour sack

Any old pictures that are tucked away in your attic, shoebox or album

SECRETARY'S REPORT . . .

. . . by Rosalie Mack

The yearly financial reports for the Wanatah Historical Society and the Wanatah Historical Society Caboose Museum have been included in this Newsletter. Your mailing label indicates the date your membership dues expire. We still have a few memberships unpaid for 2007, so be sure to check your label. All membership are very important to us. Election of directors and officers was held at our January meeting and that list is included at the top of this page.

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Post Card dated August 24, 1942 from Tillie Mack to Pvt. Wesley Mack who was stationed in Camp Shelby, Miss. (Wanatah Main street looking north from 2<sup>nd</sup> Street)