

LETTERS FROM EX-DECATURITES

Tacoma, Washington, Sept. 5th, 1928.

Greetings to the Boys that learned their acrobatic stunts on Shakesley's sawdust pile:

And greetings to the Girls that fought the boys in a three days battle over the high board fence on the old school grounds:

I have no particular desire for a return to my boyhood days, yet pleasant memories crowd my mind as I reflect on the early history of Decatur.

My early school days were brightened with an unfading light that shone from the face of a certain teacher, and when through the conspiracy of Mr. Quinn and Dan Cupid I was deprived of my greatly adored teacher, I felt like going to war. About a year later, on hearing that a baby had arrived in the Quinn household, I seized upon the inconsequential event to once again bask in the smile of Mrs. Quinn. I rapped at the door. It opened. There was the smile, the light of those wonderful brown eyes and the kindly word, I said "How is Frenchie?" There was an explosion of laughter which I couldn't very well account for and then I was invited in to see the child in his crib. I fled like a lot of other Decaturites when I said "he's nice" and got out feeling that maybe I did something I shouldn't. But I suspect that I was the first if not the last to call your distinguished citizen that endearing, if not dignified name—Frenchie.

If time would permit, I should like to describe to the benighted citizens of the present day the process by which Mike Smith used to convert the wood ashes which farmers sold and delivered to him at six cents a bushel into lye—black salts and pearl ash. But I will forbear and store my memories of the old ashery at the north end of town for another occasion.

Hoping the finest of weather may be afforded the people of Decatur through the week of your celebration I beg to be remembered by my many friends of Decatur's yesterday.

Respectfully,

J. C. Dorwin.

Cleveland, Ohio Sept. 10, 1928.

Mr. Roy Archbold, Chairman of Invitation Committee, Decatur, Indiana.

My Dear Roy:

"The Old Home Week" invitation arrived while I was on a vacation.

I am planning on being at Decatur the latter part of this week.

Thanks a lot for letting me know about this.

Charles L. Archbold.

Dr. Roy Archbold: I am a little slow in knowing what I want to do about Old Home Week—and not living so many miles away.

I distinctly remember 16 years ago—my oldest son—then a baby—now a big six footer—cut two teeth that week—and I was up with him every night.

Am going to try and come over Friday. If you have any banquet of any sort going on that day, will be glad to sing for you and all Old Homers. Just drop me a line about it.

Sincerely,

Florence Sprunger Starr.

Jackson Heights, N. Y. City, Dr. Roy Archbold, Sept. 3, 1928 Chairman Invitation Committee, "Old Home Week," Decatur, Indiana.

My Dear Doctor:

Your letters of invitation to "Old Home Week" were received and I thank you and your committee for having been remembered. It will be impossible for me to attend but hope that my father and perhaps a sister or two may be able to be there to represent our family.

We left Decatur in 1893 moving to Lafayette, Indiana, and although I have lived in three other states before coming to New York, Decatur seems more like home to me than any where else. Decatur, with its well knit social ties between the families who have always lived there, seems to me, more like a southern town than one in the north. Southern people have learned more of the philosophy of living than we of northern traditions, who seem, many of us too busy for the cultivation of friendships. Yet you in Decatur have gone to the trouble and the expense of looking up all the people who ever called Decatur home, and inviting them back to an "Old Home Week."

It makes one proud to have been born in such a town.

It gave me quite a thrill to drive through Decatur the last Sunday evening in July and to stop for about two hours at the home of my cousin, Mrs. Fred Smith. Time was limited and I missed seeing my old school day friends yet the fact of being again in old Decatur was a great treat.

Allow me to wish you a most successful "Old Home Week" and again to thank you.

Most Sincerely,

O. J. Dorwin.

Dr. Roy Archbold, Chairman Invitation Committee, "Old Home Week," My Dear Dr. Archbold:

The cordial invitation to attend "Old

Home Week in Decatur, has been received. It would indeed give me pleasure to be present and join with old friends in celebrating the interesting occasion, but it is with regret I write you, I can not come. It has often been said that our school days, are the happiest days, and in many ways I think this is true—I know the memories of my school days, during the four years spent in Decatur, when my father was pastor of the Presbyterian church are fragrant.

Sending greetings to those who perhaps will remember me as a school girl of long ago, and with many good wishes for the success of "Old Home Week."

I am yours sincerely,
Grace A. Reynolds.
Blaystown, N. J.

Tacoma, Washington, Sept 5th, 1928.
Mr. Roy Archbold.
Decatur, Indiana.

Dear Friend Roy: I am envious of the people who shall gather at Decatur to celebrate the days of yore in good old Adams County.

I am writing you rather than my esteemed friend French Quinn, the secretary, because I fear the letter would never be scanned by other eyes, should I send it to him because of his extreme modesty or madness and what I have said about him.

I am sending these letters to you through my daughter Mrs. Margaret Asperstand who will be in Decatur during the week September 10 to 15.

There is also a possibility of my son J. R. Dorwin meeting her and enjoying the festivals

Very Truly Your Friend
J. C. Dorwin.

Mansfield, Ohio August 14, 1928.
Mr. Roy Archbold:

Dear Friend I want to thank you, and the committee and all the kind friends in Decatur, for the loving invitation you have given me to attend Old Home Week in Decatur. Sorry I can not be with you at that time.

Again I thank you.
Mrs. Ida M. Suttles

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 1, 1928.
Dr. Roy Archbold,
Chairman of Invitation Committee,
"Old Home Week in Decatur",
Decatur, Ind.

Dear Friend Roy: This will acknowledge receipt of your kind invitation of the Citizens of my old boyhood home to spend the week of September 10th to 15th inclusive, with them, and enjoy "Old Home Week in Decatur".

At the present time, I do not believe it will be possible for me to spend more than one day with you, if that much, as it so happens that the week of September 10th to 15th, will be a rather busy week for me. I can assure you that if there is any opportunity to get to Decatur and participate in this celebration, I will be only too glad to do so.

Very Truly yours,
R. A. Knoff,

San Bernardino, Calif Aug. 30 '28.
"Old Home Week in Decatur."
Decatur, Indiana.

Mr. Roy Archbold, Chairman:

It was quite a pleasant surprise to receive an invitation to attend the "Old Home Week" back in Decatur, my old home town, and I wish to thank you very kindly for your remembrance of me. Perhaps there are still some one living there who knew me; my maiden name was Martha Fritz. I lived with my widowed mother, two sisters and four brothers in Decatur for some time.

As I scan the names of the various committees I recall this and that face, and would certainly be very glad to attend your "home coming", but the distance, and many other circumstances make it impossible to be with you, however, you have our best wishes for a happy re-union of as many as can attend.

My husband joins me in extending to you all severally, and collectively, continued success. Sincerely,

Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Lankow

Nampa, Idaho Sept. 7, 1928.
Dr. Roy Archbold
Dear Sir:

As am not able to be at the "Old home week in Decatur" my childhood home, will write a few lines. I was born and raised at what was known at the "Old Limberlost" or old Buffalo in 1857, May 26. I am 71 years of age. Moved in '65 to Decatur with my parents T. L. Wilson, who formed a partnership with Wilson and Jackson lumber and milling company. Likely some of the old timers will remember the 3 rafts loaded with heading and Walnut lumber. One had 25 thousands heading, one 75," and 100 thousand shipped to Fort Wayne to Hemphill and Argos, if Clate Dorwin is living he can relate the affairs to you all as he went over the "mill dam" or Beaver Dam in a skiff, the Captains of these rafts were Dan Jackson, Manwel Woods and my father.

One of my most vivid remembrances was the explosion of the Hi Shadley Wheel Co. plant as we lived directly across the street. One man who had worked for father; "Tobacco

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Top, Ed Ballough, of Chicago (right), pilot, and 71-year-old Capt. Dickinson, "Santa Claus" of the air, who were first of Class B air racers to arrive in Los Angeles. Lower left, Bob Cantwell, who led Class C into Oklahoma City, and lower right, Tex Rankin, who lost his cat mascot, but nevertheless led the Class A field at Yuma, Arizona.

Burt" was killed another Mike Westberger was also in the explosion. I was working under Charley Baker a few days before this happening. My father, uncle Joe Burdige and myself were there within a few minutes after to help rescue the injured and dead. I have one sister Mrs. Ida Shank who now lives at Monroeville, whence I have not seen for over 50 years. Would like to speak of a few school mates Jim and John France, Dick Townsend, Jessie Allison, Lina Lytle and an old teacher Frank Crabb, and if any of these are living would love to hear from them.

A few older ones at that time were Jess Nimlick, and son John, John Crawford and son, Billy Niblick. Dr. Sours, John King "Sheriff" Dave King, Pennelton Rice, Dave Studabaker, Phillip Stoops, John Shubb, John Blood, Jud Hill, Editor of Decatur paper.

My brother and myself helped to haul the pressed brick for the Court House also hauled brick for Catholic Church, also hauled one slab that went into the vault of the Adams Co. Bank.

I have now a cousin there Al Burdige a barber.

I would like to hear from any of

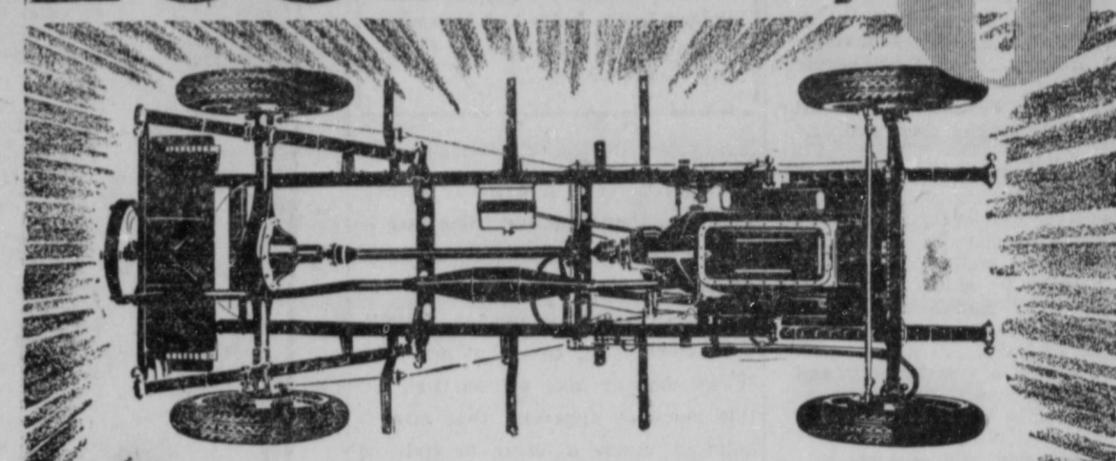
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Decatur Daily Democrat