

**TALES, LEGENDS, MYTHS
& NOTABLE CITIZENS OF**



PAW PAW, MICHIGAN

Robert R. Hindenach

Updated: 10 March 2022

FORWARD

This work has been assembled by me from many sources including some related to me verbally. As it says on the cover, they can be tales or myths or legends and possibly sometimes of dubious validity. This has been put together less as a history lesson in some cases, and more as a celebration of what small town life was and still is to some degree. I have decided to not use real names in a few circumstances for various reasons. I don't consider this a work of fiction for the most part, nor of total fact in a few cases. It was collected mainly for the enjoyment of any former or present Paw Paw resident, or anyone else with ties to the community. Several people have been instrumental in helping this work get into print. The Paw Paw District Library, the Harry Bush family, and most of all Dan Smith, PPHS-63 who has placed it on his pawpawwappaw.com website, and has really spent a lot of time finding candidates for the book, and pictures of them. He also has done a lot to make this work look professional. Thanks to all.



**Robert "Butch" Hindenach
Paw Paw High School
Class of '57**

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NOTE

ON BOTTOM OF
PAGE WILL TAKE
YOU TO
OBITUARY

HAPPY DAYS

Growing up in Paw Paw has created a lot of fond memories for many of us I am certain. Longtime residents often reminisce about eating at Hotel De Hamburger, Hamburg Haven or the Cozy. Many recall being taken to the Cinderella Shop, Abrams, or the Stag Shop to prepare for the school year. Water's Hardware was a fixture for decades and Tuttle Floral Company has now passed 100 years of serving people by the same family. Paw Paw has had literally thousands of businesses, starting in the 1830's when founder Peter Gremps opened Gremps' General Store. The village has always had a sweet tooth evidently, judging by business concerns such as Jake's Cakes, Piemonte's Pies and the Ten Cent Pie Shop which were all early 20th Century sugar stations, while The Icy Spot and the Nice Ice Parlour provided ice cream treats to earlier generations. Later on, Merrill's Bakery and the Sweet Shop provided the same services and Lyon's Den of Sweets sold candy inside the Dyckman House. However, probably the best name for a business selling bakery sweets was Dough, Ray and Me. In the 1920's a man could get a shave and a haircut at Dreamland Barber and then stop next door to pick up a cigar at Mike's Smoke Emporium. In the 1930's a romantic drink was often shared at the Rendezvous Tavern on Main Street.

When shopping for an automobile about 1925, local residents often visited Finley's Hupmobile Sales or the Shafer & Conner Maxwell Auto Company. The Violet Ray Laundromat and White Swan Laundry helped keep everyone's clothes clean while Bland's Bath House and Noon Diner took care of the personal cleanliness and appetite of many a Paw Pawite. About the start of World War I, the Great Whale Clothing Store offered attire for the whole family, and if you were short of cash, House's Cheap Cash Clothing House offered lots of bargains. Anyone growing up in the 1940s should recall three "dime" stores downtown at the same time, Ben Franklin, Chamberlain's Dime Store, and O'Neil's 5 & 10 Cent Center. Spayde's Drugs and Dillon Drugs offered medicine, and soda fountains to generations of local people, and Barnes Brothers offered a somewhat unusual combination, gasoline for your car plus records, sheet music and candy all in one location. Simcox Market, A & P, and Kroger were busy food concerns, and Java Joint no doubt was filled with coffee drinkers and stories too. Jake's Cracker and Sausage Shop offered homemade food alternatives.

No one asked "Where's Waldo's Fish and Fruit Shop?" for it was in the post office building in the 1890s. The Mammoth Hardware Store was actually in a very small building next to Hodges' Horse Collar Company not far from where the La Cantina stands today. At one time the village had three hotels inside the village limits, The Exchange Hotel, Hotel Clifton, and the long-standing Dyckman House. In the 1880's local diners had several places to frequent including Colonel Hawkins' Diner, Bennett's Oyster Saloon, and The Fish Dish. Many of us grew up with Breedveld's Shoes but in 1910 the place to shop was the Honest Merchant Shoe and Fishing Equipment store. Perhaps the most aptly named business was Bate's Baits in the 1930s. For recreation, there was Miller's Whist Parlor and The Bridge Lounge, and one can only wonder about the success of firms such as Whepley Onion Company, the Paw Paw Junk Shop, Paw Paw Pigeon Supply and the Paw Paw Cannon Company..... Remembering so many local fixtures such Jach's Hardware, Coast to Coast, Young's Jewelry and Desert Gems, Parkway, Bowlmore Lanes and the Big Barrel... So many businesses have come and gone and most have had an impact on our lives.



A MAN OF HIS WORD

A Paw Paw resident I knew of when young, grew up in the early years of the 20th Century and had an aunt and uncle on the other side of the county. Every year he and his younger brother were shipped off during summer vacation to spend quite a bit of time with them. They quickly learned their Uncle George had a ritual starting just before noon every day. He would gather up his two young nephews and head for a nearby bar where he would spend most of the day drinking whiskey and playing cards with some friends, while the youngsters would play with the dartboard, partake generously of the free lunch while adding to their vocabulary thanks to the men at the gaming tables. It was a pleasant enough way to pass a summer day I suppose, but they had to remain vigilant and be sure they got Uncle George headed towards home at a reasonable hour. If he imbibed too much of the golden elixir, it was almost impossible for him to get out of his chair, and the two youngsters would have to support his weight all the way home.

He never became abusive or overly boisterous from drinking, in fact, he became very friendly and gregarious to all. It was a daily ritual that they had to stop by the cigar store Indian to discuss topics of the day with the wooden figure and often the two would converse for quite a while before he could be persuaded to continue the journey. After he was safely home, the boys were pretty much on their own for the rest of the day. George would sleep until dinner and then head for bed about 7PM and after that they had time to explore their vacation village and get to know many of the local children of for it seemed to be somewhat legend in the town. According to local lore, Uncle George had been a foot soldier during the Civil War or the Rebellion as he always called it. They knew this to be true for he still had his uniform hanging in a closet. George had spent a lot of time fighting in the southern states and would write home telling how horrible the drinking water was. He claimed he only drank rainwater left in wagon wheel grooves in the ground, or from buckets of collected water. He declared all southern water was only fit for the “most dastardly of crazed curs” and was in fact undrinkable. He made pledges that if he survived the hostilities and got back home he would “never touch my lips again with a drop of water no matter how pure”. After he did return to Michigan this declaration became fact after he received his first army pension check. He immediately sent a large portion of the money to a distillery in Tennessee and soon but not soon enough, a case of whiskey would arrive which he protected with his life. This happened every monthly payday the rest of his life. Also true to his word, he was never known to sample water again as far as anyone knew. Remarkably, he lived to the age of 92 and was buried in a coffin made from the wood his shipments from the south arrived in, for that is the way he would have wanted it.



This is a narrative composed by Paw Paw native Rick Brill to substantiate why Isaac Willard, a Paw Paw citizen (1803-1879) is deserving of a Michigan historical marker to be placed in Paw Paw.

ISAAC W. WILLARD



Isaac Watts Willard was born on the first day of December 1803 in Worcester County, Massachusetts. His family had deep Yankee roots dating back to Major Simon Willard's arrival in America from England in 1634 and his founding of Concord shortly afterward. Isaac became the middle child of seven. In 1805 shortly after his birth, Isaac's family moved to Rockingham, Vermont. He spent his childhood there, receiving an education at the highly regarded Chester Academy.

In 1827 a couple of years after completion of the Erie Canal, Isaac Willard traveled to the Michigan Territory for the first time and visited the settlements along the trails of the future Territorial Road and Chicago Road. He returned the following year and eventually settled in White Pigeon in 1831. While there he entered a mercantile partnership with future Michigan Governor John S. Barry who also grew up in Rockingham. While in White Pigeon, Willard was named the first clerk of the

Circuit Court, and served in the Michigan cavalry during the Blackhawk War.

In 1834 Willard dissolved his partnership with Barry and moved to Kalamazoo to set up a mercantile concern on Main Street. In 1836 he was named Postmaster of Kalamazoo a position he would hold for four years. In 1836 he was elected and sent as a delegate from Kalamazoo County to the 2nd Ann Arbor Convention of Assent, where Michigan consented to give up the "Toledo Strip" to Ohio in return for the western Upper Peninsula and official recognition of Michigan's statehood. While in Kalamazoo, Willard served in many official positions such as Probate Court Judge, Justice of the Peace, Assessor, and Auctioneer. He was commissioner of the first railroad, the Kalamazoo & Lake Michigan Rail, and a board member of the State Bank of Kalamazoo. Willard Street in downtown Kalamazoo is named after him for his contribution to the development of the village during the original platting.

By 1836 Isaac had begun to invest in the development of a small community 15 miles to the west called Paw Paw. Along with Peter Gremps and Lyman Daniels he surveyed and platted the village of Paw Paw. He again entered the mercantile business this time with Gremps and began the planning for the construction of a saw and flour mill. He also purchased considerable acres of land in and around the settlement. In 1840 he moved from Kalamazoo to Paw Paw. During that decade he invested in many businesses running a saw

and flour mill, mercantile, lumber, farming, real estate, hotel distillery and even a riverboat operating on the Paw Paw River. He became Supervisor of Paw Paw in 1846.

In 1849 the plank road craze captured the attention of Michigan governments. Willard was named on the state board for plank road construction and put in charge of the building of the Paw Paw to Lawton plank road. In 1850 Willard was named Van Buren County delegate to the 1850 Constitutional Convention. A year later he helped organize St. Mark's Episcopal Church of Paw Paw.

Willard also had a role that had an impact on the national political scene. In 1853 he was named U.S. Timber agent for Michigan and the Western Territories, for the newly formed U.S. Department of the Interior. His mission was to protect the timber on federal lands from illegal cutting by lumber companies. He faced bribes, threats and multiple attempts on his life, yet he did not waver. In the famous "Timber War" of Manistee, Michigan, he used the aid of the warship "Michigan" and took captives to the Detroit court to successfully prosecute the worst of the timber pirates. Newspapers began to use the term "Willardism" to depict his incorruptible and fearless adherence to duty.

Willard became the driving force in the development of the Prospect Hill Cemetery just outside the village of Paw Paw on one of the highest peaks in Van Buren County. It became his passion in the last twenty years of his life and many claimed it to be one of the most beautiful cemeteries in Western Michigan. In 1874 on the highest summit of Prospect Hill he built an enclosed observation tower 127 feet tall where it was claimed one could see the distant waters of Lake Michigan and over a dozen communities from the observation deck. To critics it was called "Willard's Folly" but to admirers, the tower was a magnificent landmark visible to travelers miles away.

Isaac Watts Willard died on Tuesday, April 18, 1879, at the age of 75 years. He was laid to rest on the peak of Prospect Hill Cemetery in a spot he loved, with a grand view of the community he helped create.



THE LAWTON MURDERS

In the early 1900s Lester and Sarah Tabor, both attorneys, lived in a large home on the corner of 2nd Street and Franklin in Lawton, Michigan., They had three children, Florence, Maude, and Walter. They seemed like a nice family, although rather standoffish and even somewhat reclusive. In 1911 Lester died and Mrs. Tabor soon afterward deeded a nearby farm from his estate to Maude. This angered the brother and sister and they soon moved out, creating animosity between the family members that would last the rest of their lives. In 1916 Mrs. Tabor told everyone that Maude had moved west for her health and she had later died and was buried in Colorado.

In 1919 when Sarah had left town for a trip, Florence was staying in the family home. One evening while searching for reading material she entered the basement and opened an old trunk partially buried in one corner. To her horror, she discovered a body which she recognized at once as Maude. After the authorities were called it was learned that with Maude's body was the body of an unborn female with the skull crushed. Joseph Virgo who had been "seeing" Maude was arrested on suspicion of murder. Virgo had been married five times or more and was not well accepted by the community. Also, the bodies had been embalmed which was his trade. However, after a thorough investigation, Virgo was released and Mrs. Tabor was charged with manslaughter in the tragedy.

The trial brought many different accounts from Mrs. Tabor. She first maintained the story that her daughter had died in the west. Later she changed it to say Maude had taken her own life in the house in 1916 and she had buried her in the basement with Virgo's help to avoid talk in the village. Finally, she stated that Maude had a seizure and died, and she had asked to be buried on the family grounds. At the end of the trial, the jury stood deadlocked, eight for conviction and four for acquittal. While the authorities were debating whether to try the case again or not, Sarah suffered two heart attacks along with other serious health problems according to her doctors.

The crime was finally marked unsolved and dropped from the books of the Court of Van Buren County. Two doctors had testified that Mrs. Tabor had less than thirty days to live, and that seemed to have ended the matter. Except for the fact that Sarah Tabor lived for another ten years afterward.

This is a bio written by a baseball writer-historian friend of mine, Charlie Weatherby of the Napa Valley, California. Charlie has written exhaustively researched bios on three Paw Paw players who all spent time in the major leagues in the early 20th Century. Sadly I have had to condense all of them from their original length of 15-20 pages each. Sorry Charlie!

GEORGE "PAT" PAIGE



Pat Paige was born in Paw Paw May 5, 1882. He attended school in Paw Paw and was the main pitcher on the high school baseball team in 1897, 1898, 1899 and 1900. He finished his high school career with an impressive 23-4 won-lost record. In 1905 Louisville, of the American Association, secured the rights to Pat Paige. At the end of April, they sent him to Calumet of the Copper County League. He had some fine outings for the Grizzlies and some not so good ending the year with a 17-30 record. From then on Pat made a tour of a lot of minor league teams including Denver, Charleston, Norfolk, Knoxville, New Orleans and Atlanta. He was purchased by the New York Giants in July 1908 and he stayed with the club much of the year but saw no game action. In 1910 Paige had a great year with New Orleans, winning 24 and losing 14 for the Pelicans. Later that summer he played semi-pro ball with the Benton Harbor Speed Boys to stay in shape.

The next May, Paige was sold by New York to the Cleveland Naps and he made his major league debut on May 20 against Washington. He went the distance and got the win scattering 10 hits for an 8-4 victory and his only major league win. Although never a great hitter, he also stroked a bases-loaded double driving in three runs. Pat got one more start on June 1st and allowed seven runs on 12 hits in seven innings although he did not get the loss. Two days later the Naps sent him to the Toledo Mud Hens and his brief stint in the big time was over. He did continue to pitch in the minors through the 1914 season when he retired. Paige, especially in his later years, gained some attention for his ability to pitch with either hand. He kept two gloves by the mound and often changed hands from one batter to the next.

One sad note in Pat's career was his friend Karl Killefer. Karl was the oldest of three baseball-playing brothers and was considered the best, which is saying something because both Wade and Bill became major league players. One day while they were still in high school Pat and Karl were hunting and an accidental shot by Karl hit himself in the arm. It took quite a while to get him to a doctor and due to extreme loss of blood, he died the next day. Had this accident been avoided, it is very possible that Paw Paw would have three brothers playing in the big time, likely at the same time. There have been very few families with three siblings all major leaguers with the DiMaggio and Alou brothers probably the only ones of note.

After baseball, Paige moved from Paw Paw to Elkhart, Indiana and worked for the New York Central Railroad. He died in 1939 and was buried in Elkhart.



SQUIRE PUGSLEY

Navigating the Paw Paw River all the way from North of Paw Paw to Lake Michigan has always been a challenge for boaters, and remains so today for summer canoe and small boat owners intent on reaching the lake. Due to the many fallen trees and other hazards, it is a long, exhausting and frustrating journey. Paw Paw people have been attempting this for at least 150 years, in the early days as a matter of commerce instead of recreation. During the 1860's two boats of nearly 40 feet in length were used to transport freight between Paw Paw and St. Joseph. The boats were pointed at both ends and were poled between the two villages. Eventually, it became so difficult and dangerous a trip, the boats were abandoned. The wreckage of some of these vessels was visible north of Paw Paw for years afterward.

About this time, a fund was started to clear the river, but according to local legend, the only result was a few small "look out for snags" signs placed strategically along the river bank. Squire Pugsley, the first of a Pugsley family that have been longtime residents of the area, had to switch to driving his grain to the lakeside with two yokes of oxen and a large wagon. Overland this was a four to five-day trip, mainly through forests and difficult terrain. However, Squire made this work when many others gave up on the plan. Squire was a very interesting person, wearing typical English fashion of the day. He could be seen in Paw Paw wearing a helmet cap with peaks at both ends, and a long worsted coat with a short skirt with huge pockets. He also was adorned in moleskin or corduroy knee breeches with leggings and heavy hob-nailed shoes. No doubt his appearance alone gained him a lot of attention and he became somewhat of a local celebrity both for his remarkable success at farming and also for his unique and colorful attire and personality.

GEORGE HOWE



George Howe, a 1910 graduate of Paw Paw High School was both an exceptional student and athlete. In four years of football at Paw Paw, he scored 11 touchdowns and never missed a play on the field in that time. In track, he was a frequent Van Buren County champion including shot put (four years), discus (two), hammer throw (two), javelin, and the 100, 220, and 440-yard dash events. Upon graduation he was awarded a spot at the Naval Academy where he played four years of football at left and right guard, winning All-American Honors from the New York Herald his senior season. He also was conference heavyweight champion in wrestling in 1913 and excelled in track and field also. Upon graduation in 1914 he was appointed Ensign by President Woodrow Wilson, and while serving on the U.S.S. Nebraska, was given a letter of commendation for rescuing a drowning shipmate in heavy seas.

MICHIGAN'S BANANA



You can spell it paw paw, paw-paw or papaw, or get technical and refer to it as *Asimina Triloba*. Regardless, it is a local wild growing fruit tree from which the Paw Paw River and the village and townships of Paw Paw got their names. Sometimes it is confused with the papaya, a much more tropical fruit. Paw paws are low growing, almost more of a shrub than a tree, and like to stay close to river beds usually in the shade of taller trees which protect them from the heat of the sun. The paw paw was an important part of the diet for early Native Americans and white settlers also. The Lewis and Clark expedition depended on this fruit to survive during parts of their journey. Thomas Jefferson had a large stand of the trees at Monticello. At first, many settlers of that area had small groves of paw paws but eventually, the lure of raising more profitable fruit took them basically out of cultivation. The paw paw does not store or ship well which cuts into the profitability for commercial growing.

The *Asimina Triloba* has many unusual traits. The long leaves when crushed smell very similar to motor oil. The interesting black blossoms that appear in May also have an unpleasant odor. Instead of depending on bees for pollination paw paws require flies to do the work. Some growers suggest hanging road kill or ground hamburger in the trees to produce a larger crop of fruit although this does not appear to have gained much acceptance among area gardeners. The chemical reaction that causes the pungent odor also serves as a natural pesticide which is popular with organic gardeners. This also makes the trees nearly insect free. The taste of the “Michigan Banana” has been described as anything from “nauseating” to “a real gourmet delight,” and the truth probably dwells somewhere between. It is the largest native grown fruit in North America, usually, three to five inches long and filled with a lot of lima bean sized seeds that make eating somewhat of an adventure. It has the consistency of a banana and is usually mildly sweet if harvested in late October when it ripens. High in vitamins A and C, it has more nutrients than an apple, orange, or banana. It is also believed to have strong anti-cancer properties.

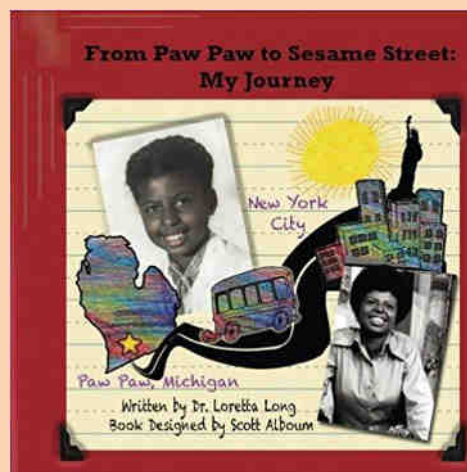
Because of the perceived health benefits, the paw paw today is staging a revival as an upscale gourmet fruit. West coast restaurants offer many salads and desserts featuring the paw paw. Small farms producing the fruit are springing up all over the country as the once-maligned fruit enjoys a rebirth of popularity.

LORETTA LONG



Throughout school I knew Loretta; Loretta Moore as she was known back then. She was a grade ahead of me and was always a friendly and gracious person. I would like to say at this early age I knew she would go far in the entertainment business, but I only knew she was talented. Her senior choir show performance I can still picture today. She came out on stage at the old high school, all alone, and started to sing “The Man I Love” and I was just amazed at her talent but never realized where she was going with it.

Loretta was born in Paw Paw, Michigan in 1938 and her family lived north of town near Armstrong Corners. Loretta, soon after high school ended, left her home for New York City where she soon was singing on a Public Television show known as “Soul” and performing in summer stock musicals in the area. She was signed to play the role of Susan Robinson on “Sesame Street” from its debut program on. While performing on the show Susan continued her education and earned her Ph.D. in Urban Education in 1973 from the University of Massachusetts. While finishing her education, she was substitute teaching which confused some of her young students when they saw her in the classroom and also on their TV screen. Besides her performances, Loretta has ever since been a consultant and public speaker on issues of multiculturalism and education. Loretta also appeared on several other TV shows and I can recall how strange, but wonderful, it was to sit in my living room and see someone I had known most of my life singing on the television set in our living room. Loretta had a cameo part in the “Muppet Movie” and often served as the voice for various Muppet characters. She also has had records on the market, including some featuring songs from Sesame Street. Since our early days, I have only encountered her one more time and that was when she returned to Paw Paw a few years ago to be inducted into the PPHS Hall of Fame. I have to admit she was the same wonderful person she had always been, still friendly and sweet, and just as lovely as ever.



DODGE'S TAVERN

As Paw Paw began to receive settlers in 1835, founder Peter Gremps felt the area could benefit well from a public house or tavern. It was obvious the Territorial Road was going to go through Paw Paw and there would be many people looking for food and drink. Gremps convinced Daniel O. Dodge of Schoolcraft to “keep his tavern” here and it quickly became one of the most noted stops on the road. The tavern which was only a 24 by 16 building at first often saw at least 100 hungry customers with all the fare provided by Mrs. Dodge. This stopping place was instrumental in causing several families to decide to locate in Paw Paw, which was precisely what Mr. Gremps had in mind when he proposed it.



CAPTAIN R.M. BUCK

R. Mortimer Buck



Company C, 4th Michigan Cavalry

Romanzo Mortimer Buck of Paw Paw, Michigan was a member of the Michigan 4th Cavalry and took part in a bizarre capture on the last day of the Civil War, May 10, 1865. R. Mortimer as he liked to be called, enlisted at Paw Paw on August 6, 1862, joining the 4th Cavalry. This regiment fought in many of the bloodiest campaigns of the war, including the battle of Chickamauga. In January of 1865 Buck was promoted to Captain of Company L of his regiment. Lieutenant Colonel D. Pritchard of Allegan was the commander of the unit. In May of that year, near Irwinsville, Georgia the regiment encountered a group of men and women headed south at great speed. As they approached the party, one woman broke away and took flight. She was captured moments later. To the astonishment of all, this “lady” turned out to be Confederate President

Jefferson Davis, attempting to flee in some of his wife’s clothing. In northern newspapers, it was later reported that Davis had been wearing a long, woman’s wig, sunbonnet and a hoop skirt, mainly in an attempt to ridicule the deposed head of state, but it was merely his wife’s overcoat and shawl.

Buck was discharged from the service on July 1st at Nashville and returned to Paw Paw. For a few years, he was considered somewhat of a local celebrity known as the captor of Jefferson Davis. However, regardless of how much or little he had to do with the incident, eventually his fame waned as the years went by.

When Colonel Pritchard wrote his account of the incident he singled out seven members of his command for special mention and Buck was not among them. Pritchard himself was given the monetary award that had been set aside for the capture of Davis.

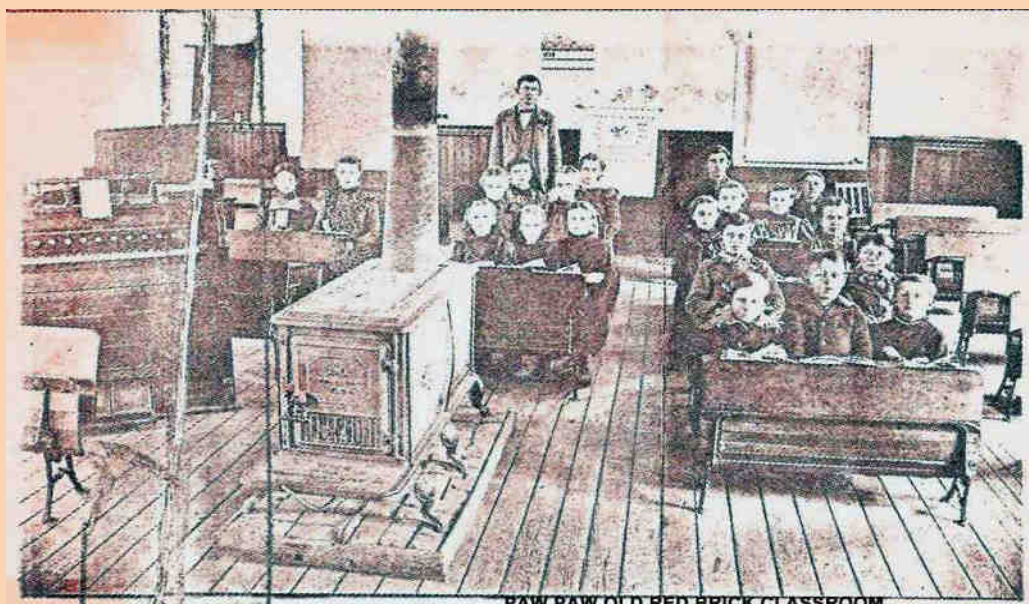
R. Mortimer Buck spent the rest of his life in Paw Paw, dying on December 9, 1902. His death announcement in *The True-Northerner* gave no mention of his military achievements, and his gravestone in Prospect Hill Cemetery is also devoid of any mention of the incident. An attempt to locate any area descendant of Buck has proved fruitless, so we may never know just how much he had to do with the apprehension of the head of the Confederacy.

EARLY SCHOOLING

Public education in Paw Paw began in 1834 when the village was just starting to become populated. Miss Roxa Agard, daughter of John Agard, proprietor of the trading post North of town was the first teacher. Classes were held during the summer months in Ronald Hickley's Blacksmith shop in the village, with attendance normally varying between four and ten students a day, depending in part on how many were required at home any given day. Miss Agard was paid a total of five dollars for the entire school year. The next year Melissa Warner held classes for 14 students in a log shanty on the west side of the Paw Paw River. Pay had improved, for she was awarded fifteen dollars for six months instruction.

In 1837 the first real schoolhouse was built on North Gremps Street. This served the community until the Paw Paw Union School known as "The Old Red Brick" was constructed between 1868 and 1869. Before this time several small private schools had sprung up at different times in the village, none lasting more than a year or two. The new school was impressive and a source of great community pride. The three-story building had cost twenty-five thousand dollars to build, an enormous investment in education at that time. The first year the new school housed over two hundred and fifty pupils, an indication of how much the village had grown in 30 years. In the mid-1920s, the Red Brick was demolished to make way for a new building on the same site which now is Michigan Avenue Academy. For two years during construction, classes were held in churches, businesses or any other available structure all over town, usually just one class to a building.

Today, education has grown in the village to the extent that there are four separate campuses housing students, plus a pair of private schools. In sharp contrast to the humble beginnings of the school system in Paw Paw, today Paw Paw Public Schools educate more than 2,300 students with an annual operating budget in excess of eighteen million dollars.



PAW PAW OLD RED BRICK CLASSROOM

GALA DAYS IN THE VILLAGE

Van Buren County has always been home for many community celebrations such as the County Youth Fair in Hartford, and the Lawrence Ox Roast every year in late summer attracts large crowds also. In fact there seems to be something special going on every summer in every settlement in the county. Paw Paw was barely settled when the first July 4th celebration occurred in 1836. It featured several patriotic addresses with three local veterans of the War of 1812 present.

In the 1850s and beyond, various troupes of entertainers would occasionally visit the village, performing at the Village Hall until the M.E. Church in town moved and their old building became the Longwell Opera House. These functions were well attended, giving locals rare chances to experience professional entertainment such as plays, lectures, and concerts.

Early in the 20th Century various Chautauqua shows arrived each summer for several days, setting up their tents on the banks of the newly created Maple Lake. Many notables traveled with these shows and William Jennings Bryant often presented his "Cross of Gold" oration to a thrilled audience. At least mostly thrilled, for one year a group of ancient local curmudgeons, as they were described in the local press, reportedly lodged a protest due to their distaste for Mr. Bryant's politics, but they were quickly dispersed so the show could go on. Many residents attended every performance although the content never varied.

In October of 1912 Paw Paw attempted an ambitious undertaking, a "Carnival of the Century" that ran from a Thursday morning through Saturday evening. Evidently, it had to have been remarkable entertainment for the time with a trapeze artist performing daily over the village. The Ford Brothers Band played on the bandstand by the lake daily, and Paw Paw and Dowagiac played baseball games on Thursday and Friday, to large crowds. Among other highlights were a Leap Year Party at the Opera House, a bun eating contest and a greased pig chase won by Clair Stevens, although he did suffer some facial damage pursuing the slippery hog. In an abrupt change of pace, the pig chase was followed immediately with a public wedding and reception with a two beer limit to everyone over the age of 16. What the limit was for younger beer drinkers was not revealed. Saturday was exhibit day when all the vegetables, fruits, baked and canned goods were judged, sometimes creating short disturbances such as when someone's Aunt Sylvia's pickles were spat out on the ground by one judge. Saturday evening featured a large bonfire and a community sing-along, as well as a local talent contest won by a young man who read several poems.

The Grape Festival in Paw Paw was celebrated every fall during the 1940s into the 50s and later it resurfaced as the Grape and Wine Festival and then the Wine and Harvest Festival. Today this celebration of the grape (and the grain for some) has truly become big business with huge crowds and a myriad of activities. Car shows, arts and crafts, grape stomping contest and lots of food vendors, plus live entertainment and fireworks displays, have perpetuated what began over 180 years ago.



This is a chapter from a book written by another friend/baseball author/baseball historian: Peter Morris. The book is called *Baseball Fever: Early Baseball in Michigan*. I recommend it highly.

THE FATHER OF PAW PAW BASEBALL

Baseball has a rich history in Paw Paw with such major leaguers as Pat Paige, Wade, and Bill Killefer, and Charlie Maxwell hailing from the area. But the man most responsible for introducing the game to the area has been forgotten. Baseball began being played in Michigan almost as soon as the state was settled. However, it remained primarily a child's game lacking fixed rules and not limiting participation. Games continued until something more pressing or entertaining came along. In the 1840s a group of New Yorkers called the Knickerbockers began turning this childish amusement into an adult activity. They devised rules, divided the players into two sides, kept score and thereby created winners and losers.

The game had spread to Michigan by 1857. Detroit's first club, the Franklins, did not last long, but it was soon succeeded by the Detroit Base Ball Club. This club had practices on weekday afternoons which prevented many working men from joining. In July of 1859, a club known as the Early Risers had been formed composed of young men employed in stores and offices, whose occupations prevented their taking any recreation during the day. Henry Field who had pitched for the Early Risers in the state's first regulation match back in 1859, had completed his medical studies and began a practice in Paw Paw shortly after the end of the Civil War. Dr. Field helped establish and became president of the area's first ball club, the LaFayette Base Ball Club of Paw Paw in 1866. They soon had a rival in the Decatur Base Ball Club.

These two teams were invited to meet as part of a Fourth of July celebration in Lawrence and compete for a purse of ten dollars. Upon arriving at the Lawrence Driving Park the players discovered they were expected to pay a twenty-five cent admission fee. Both teams indignantly refused, arguing that more people were there to see the baseball game than the horse races for which the premiums totaled three hundred and seventy dollars. Eventually, they were admitted in for free. After the LaFayette Club won the game 61-31, they headed to Dowagiac, where in front of another large crowd on the fairgrounds, Dowagiac defeated the Spear Club of Niles 57-27 to win a purse of twenty dollars. The LaFayette and Cassopolis clubs then concluded the day's activities by playing a short match which Paw Paw won 28-21.

The officers for the LaFayette Club were President Henry Field, vice president J. A. Holton, C.A. Harrison secretary, and L.D. Andrews treasurer. Field caught for the club and Holton pitched, but the others were identified by surname only. Hayes 1B, Hainck 2B, Fee SS, Doughty 3B, Ocobck LF, Engle CF, and Lord RF.

It would be nice to report that Henry Field had the pleasure of seeing the game he introduced to Paw Paw become an institution, but sadly on September 21, 1870, Dr. Field traveled to Lawrence to attend a patient and suffered a fatal heart attack. The father of Paw Paw baseball was only 34 years old.



A VILLAGE WITH GOOD TASTE

When a Paw Paw resident travels, relating the name of their hometown frequently elicits one of three responses. A reference to Charlie Maxwell, the grape and wine industry, or the hamburgers from Hotel De Hamburger. Today the food from this little restaurant has taken on a mystique apparently shared by almost anyone who ever ate there. Hotel De Hamburger was started by Frank S. Sage in Bangor and moved to Paw Paw on East Michigan or East Main as it was known then around 1900. An old trolley car was purchased and moved from Kalamazoo to house the enterprise. At first, the hamburgers were cooked at home and wheeled to the establishment in a red wagon by family members. Later the food was prepared on the site and menus were not required. The fare was hamburgers, just hamburgers. In later years bags of potato chips were added, along with coffee and soft drinks. French fries were never served nor anything else. Frank's son Chuck and wife Joyce joined the business in the 1930s and stayed on for 50 years, feeding generations of hungry Paw Pawites. The establishment's business day usually began about 7AM as Paw Paw Village workers, among others, appeared for a hamburger breakfast.

Joyce Sage takes enjoyment from the comments she still receives about the business today when she is out in public. "Seems like when I am shopping, someone always comes up to me and talks about our food." She says. "They remember everything about the place including all the big band records and record player, even people from Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids." Many people suggest she should start the business again but she isn't interested in that. "Not today, I don't think the taste of the food could be duplicated." So much for the fantasies of a lot of former customers longing for one more "Sage burger".

Governor William Milliken of Michigan once stopped at the Hotel for lunch and Lawrence Welk showed up one day while performing at nearby Crystal Palace to borrow a record from Chuck's massive collection of big band and jazz 78 RPM records.

In 1988 Frank and Kim Sage became the next generation in the business and they brought in an old Chris Craft boat to serve as a bar, converting it into more of an upscale restaurant known as The Harbor. Lynne McGuire obtained the property in 1995, demolished the old trolley and redecorated the attached building to create her Bistro 120, still a popular spot for area people looking for a good meal.

Many people hated to see the old landmark torn down, but it was time. As Chuck Sage used to say:

**"This restaurant is so old that the termites have to stand
Shoulder-to-shoulder to hold up the building."**



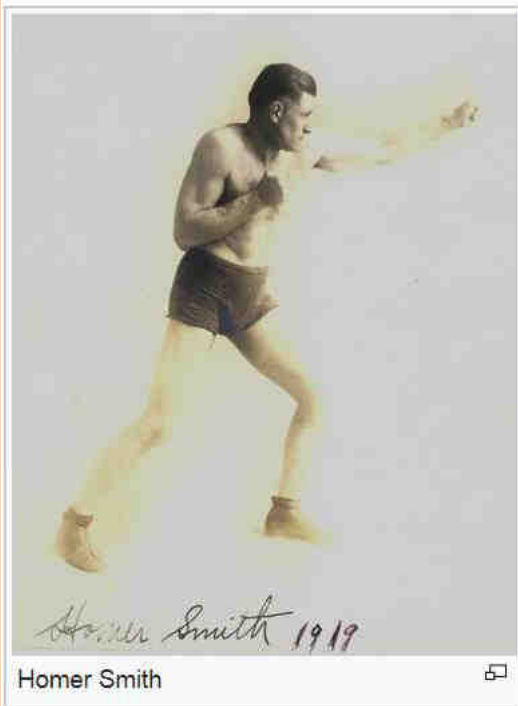
JOHN BONAMEGO



John Bonamego was born in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania in 1963 but soon found himself in Paw Paw, as his parents relocated closer to their former home in Lawrence. He grew up, attended and graduated from Paw Paw Schools, eventually being inducted into the PPHS Hall of Fame. From an early age, John had always had an interest in sports, and football most of all. So it wasn't a real shock when he became Redskin varsity quarterback leading his team to a 5-4 record his senior season and making the All-Wolverine Conference team.

Bonamego enrolled in Central Michigan University and played wide receiver and quarterback for the Chippewa's, graduating in 1987 with a degree in health and fitness. That same year he became the football coach at Mount Pleasant High School and then served as a player-coach in Europe with the Verona Redskins. After that, came 11 years of college coaching starting with Maine in 1988 followed by time at LeHigh for one year and then six years as an assistant at Army. He joined the pro game in 1999 as an assistant coach with the Jacksonville Jaguars and had his first chance as special teams coordinator his second season there. After that he served in the same role with the Green Bay Packers, New Orleans Saints, Miami Dolphins and back with the Saints and Jaguars again before making a homecoming of sorts, landing the Detroit Lions special teams coaching job in 2013. His special teams were known for being very adept at blocking kicks and returning kicks. On February 9, 2015 John became the head football coach at his alma mater, Central Michigan University. He has also been a very good ambassador for football and is known for his strong motivational talks with players and prospective players.

HOMER SMITH



Paw Paw's Homer Smith was a very prominent boxing heavyweight early in the 20th Century. A very large man with a powerful right hand, he had a very successful career in the days when boxing was a major sport. He never won a title but was generally ranked as a top contender.

In 1917 he lost a match to Bill Brennan, despite knocking his opponent to the mat ten times. After the verdict was announced many in attendance tried to rush the ring in protest.

Smith was once knocked out by Jack Dempsey in 1921, and the next year took 16 knockdowns in a ten round match with Luis Angel Firpo, arising and continuing to fight after each one in a match that

went the distance. It was the first fight Firpo had won since coming to the U.S. that he failed to win by a knockout.

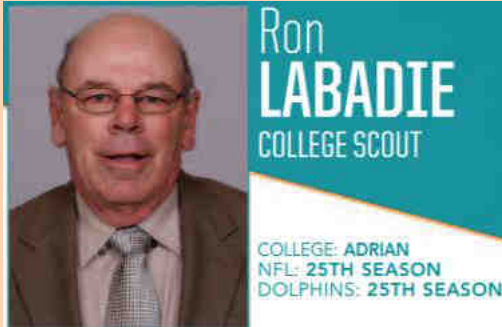
POWER TO THE PEOPLE

In 1904, the Paw Paw municipal lighting plant had become obsolete, limiting the amount of power available to residents of the village. After exploring various options it was decided by the governing body in 1907 to build a dam on the Paw Paw River north of town, to construct a new plant to increase the amount of power and ensure for some time to come, there would be no problems as the village increased in size. This would also create a lake through the very heart of the village.

There were many obstacles before the power plant became a reality. Early work was hampered by very heavy rains and a lack of materials. The "Blizzard of 1908" that January, further impeded the work, and the following spring the worst flooding in the history of Paw Paw added to the problems. However, by July of that year, the project was finished and the lake was filled to capacity. At first, the hope was that the new town showplace would create a large village tourist industry, but this never materialized. Instead, an increasing number of cottages and later, year-end homes, populated the area. *The True-Northerner* staged a contest to find a name for the new body of water, with many interesting suggestions being offered. Among entries were "Lake Pottawattamie," "Lake LaFayette," "Lake Serene," "Lake Two-Paw," "Ho'made Lake" and "Lake Pee Pee Yah" which was inspired by a Native American former denizen of Paw Paw, Chief Pee Pee Yah. Cooler heads prevailed in the selection committee, however, and a somewhat generic "Maple Lake" was born. Probably the idea of Lake Pee Pee in Paw Paw was not euphonious to the contest judge's ears.

A causeway known as the North Bridge which ran through the center of the lake was built and existed until 1936 when it was removed to improve the water flow of the lake and also to offer a better view of the lake when entering the village from the west. In the 1930s the "power plant of the future" was destroyed due to a poor foundation. An improved structure was developed at the same site. Today Maple Lake still sits as a centerpiece of the village, affording travelers one of the prettiest entries to a town in lower Michigan.

RON LABADIE



Ron Labadie, born April 7, 1949 in Paw Paw, and a 1967 graduate of PPHS, stands as one of the best athletes ever to perform for Paw Paw. He was a four-sport standout in high school, and his senior year earned All-Conference first team honors in football, basketball, baseball, and track, a remarkable achievement. In football he also was the leading point producer for Southwestern Michigan his senior year, and a member of the Class B All-State Honorable Mention squad. Labadie went to an at least as great a career at Adrian College in football. He was voted the football team's MVP three years running, was named to the MIAA All-Conference team and led the MIAA in scoring, his senior season. Labadie started his football coaching career at Marshall High School from 1974 to 1981, winning two conference titles. In 1982 he returned to Adrian College as head football coach where he captured three conference titles and took his team to the NCAA Division III playoffs in 1983 and 1988. He also served as the school athletic director from 1985 through 1989.

He joined the Miami Dolphins as a college scout the next year and was a regional scout until becoming the team's Director of College Scouting from 2001 to 2006. Labadie now serves again as a regional scout, concentrating on east coast football.

DOANE HARRISON

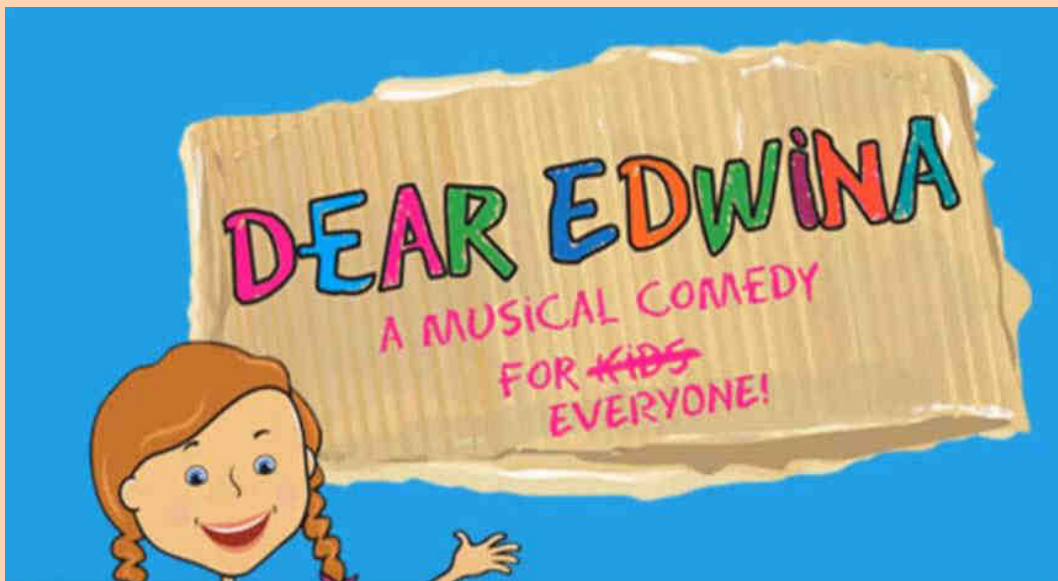


A Paw Paw native born September 19, 1894, Doane was an American film editor and producer whose career spanned four decades. He began his career early in the silent film era and in 1925 was the editor of nine films starring Richard Talmadge. By 1928 he was editing films for Pathe Exchange, an important early film company. Harrison joined Paramount in 1935 and remained there for 18 years. His first film there was *Four Hours to Kill!*. After that, he and Mitchell Leisen formed a notable producer/director team stretching over eleven films and twenty-three years. Four of his most notable films were *Hold Back the Dawn* in 1935 which earned six Academy Award nominations, *Easy Living* 1937, *Midnight* 1939, and *Remember the Night* in 1940.

Harrison is probably best known for his long association with film great Billy Wilder known as one of the all-time great 20th Century filmmakers. Harrison died in 1968 in Riverside, California. In January 2019, Doane Harrison was inducted into the Paw Paw High School Hall of Fame.

DEAR EDWINA

Dear Edwina is a 2008 musical comedy performed by young people that takes place in Paw Paw, Michigan. It features a 13-year-old Edwina Spoonapple who has very talented siblings, but because of this feels she is not talented or special. She does have talents including leadership, singing and advising and she makes use of them by directing musicals out of her garage at home. These musicals are based on letters written to her by neighborhood children who need advice. One of her main goals is to be in the "Advice-a-palooza" festival because she feels it will prove her as talented as her siblings. Edwina goes through a series of problems, including boy problems and seemingly rejections before she finally realizes that love is much more important than getting a prize. There is also a *Dear Edwina Jr.* version of this show aimed at younger people. There are 18 songs between the two versions of the show, with one titled *Paw Paw, Michigan* available only in the *Dear Edwina Jr.* production. *Dear Edwina* received two 2009 Drama Desk Award nominations for Outstanding Music and Outstanding Lyrics.



THE LURE OF PAW PAW



Just mention the name Paw Paw to a fishing lure collector, and you will have his or her attention instantly. Lures made by the Paw Paw Bait Company are considered one of the “Big Five” of collectible vintage tackle made in the United States. In fact, the early two-piece boxes with artwork sometimes will sell for more than the actual lures. If you have the box and bait both in reasonable condition, you may have something very valuable.

eBay the world’s largest online auction service always has a lot of Paw Paw Bait auctions going on with many of them producing premium prices. The origin of this company goes back to 1908 when Horace Ball and Charles Varney of Paw Paw formed the Moonlight Bait Company. They were members of a group called the Moonlight Fishing Club whose members had no time to fish during the day; therefore they fished after dark. Ball was the janitor at the Van Buren County Courthouse and fashioned some of the early baits in the courthouse basement on slow work days.

Many of their early lures glowed in the dark which was perfect for late night fishing. As the enterprise grew, the company acquired a competitor, the Silver Creek Novelty Works in 1923. The next year Clyde Sinclair and Floyd Phelps of Paw Paw gained the controlling interest in the concern and founded the Paw Paw Bait Company. Their business was located in the 400 block of South Kalamazoo Street. Much of their product was sold directly to Sears, Roebuck, and Company, and was always featured in their catalogs. Paw Paw wooden lures were known for their quality for they were the first bait producer to offer tack pointed eyes, a large improvement over glass eyes used by their competitors. Paw Paw Bait was also the first to produce plastic lures to meet the demand for lighter spin fishing baits.

The company flourished for some three decades and in fact, longtime employee Del Arnold left in 1949 to start his own business in Paw Paw, the Arnold Tackle Company which had a successful run of its own, and whose top products are also desired by collectors. The company employed over 25 workers at one time during the late 1950s. Later on, Arnold Tackle went exclusively into ice fishing lures until Arnold retired in 1973.

Josephine Burns of Paw Paw became the Paw Paw Bait secretary in 1959 and her husband Lawrence also came into the business at this time. In the early 1960s, Paw Paw Bait lost the Sears account and went into a decline. Baseball star Ted Williams was the new fishing spokesman for Sears and the company went with a different line of lures that Williams had requested. In 1963 Josephine Burns took over control of the company and as Clyde Sinclair had rented his building to another business she was forced to move the business to her home in Almena. She completed one more year of production of her products shutting down the business late in 1964 and ending four decades of service to the fishermen of the world.

In 1970 Burns sold her inventory and equipment to Shakespeare Company of Kalamazoo keeping the company in her name. Shakespeare sold baits which were called “Paw Paw by Shakespeare” from 1974 to 1981 but they never caught on with the fishing fraternity. If you have some old fishing baits in your attic they may be someone else’s treasure. Paw Paw Bait’s Bullhead, Crippled Minnow, and Crawdad are just three examples of baits that often sell in excess of one hundred dollars in good condition.



CHRIS D'ARIENZO



Courtesy of
Elisabeth Caren

Chris D'Arienzo

Chris was born in Hastings in 1972 and grew up in Paw Paw as a member of a well-known local aggregation, the Scotese and Dacoba family. He took his love for music and made a name for himself with a book which was the basis for the rock/jukebox musical *Rock of Ages*. The idea for the musical was built around classic rock hits from the 1980s especially from the noted glam metal bands of that era. The musical features songs from Styx, Journey, Bon Jovi, Pat Benatar, Twisted Sister, Steve Perry, Poison, and Europe, among other well-known rock bands. He has seen his work progress from Hollywood to Broadway and to the Big Screen with great acceptance at every level. *Rock of Ages* has earned several nominations and awards including a 2009 Tony Award nomination, and as of March 2014, it is the 31st longest running Broadway show.

WILLARD'S FOLLY

Isaac Willard who has already been profiled on these pages, was obviously a person who accomplished a lot during his life and much of it in Paw Paw. Sad to say though, one of his greatest accomplishments in his own mind was his work on Prospect Hill Cemetery and the observation tower at the peak of the hill which was ridiculed by a portion of the populace.

As one of the highest elevation points in Van Buren County, Prospect Hill was chosen as a suitable place for a public cemetery by the founding fathers including Peter Gremps. Isaac Willard was selected as president of the Prospect Hill Association. With a great deal of diligent work by Willard and others, he created an attractive burial ground with lawns, smooth drives, and walks. In later years he began construction of a 127-foot wooden tower at the summit of the hill. It was enclosed with several windows on the way up the stairs and an enclosed observatory at the peak. It was said on a clear day Lake Michigan could be seen as well as over 30 surrounding villages. It became a popular diversion on a summer day for many area residents, at least the ones brave enough to attempt an ascent.

There were some village residents however, who felt placing the structure used for entertainment on cemetery ground was an error in judgment. To many, the tower became known as "Willard's Folly". There was talk about a curse on the structure and many expected it to be just a matter of time before it created a catastrophe. Others felt it was unsafe, especially if the wind was blowing. One group of doubters actually held a protest at the building site, but Willard pressed on. The tower survived for several years to the annoyance of many and in fact, Willard was buried at the base of the edifice. A few years later the entire structure came crashing to earth early one morning. It was determined that the foundation had not been strong enough to support the tower for long, although a number of Paw Paw people felt the "curse" had proven to have been fulfilled.

The same type of discussions took place in Paw Paw during the 1990s when continual problems at the construction site for the new high school slowed the work frequently. When a wind storm actually brought down a portion of the new building, at least some Paw Paw denizens felt they had awakened an old indian burial ground. However now many Paw Paw Redskins teams play at that very spot with no problems except for a baseball diamond that does not drain well after a rainstorm.



HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN: PAW PAW'S HUMAN BLOWTORCH



Photo Courtesy of Robyn Gibson

Today in Paw Paw, the name A. William Underwood brings little if any recognition, mainly faint memories from a few who have been around the longest. However, he was a hot topic of discussion for locals and in fact for much of the United States in the 1880s. "Shoat" Underwood as he was called, was probably of Native-American and African-American descent and was a flaming youth at the time. That is in literally flaming as he was alleged to have the ability of being able to create fire on objects by merely blowing on them. Prominent local citizens such as Doctor L.W. Woodman inclined to be skeptical until the day Shoat asked the doctor for help. Underwood claimed he had to take great care when breathing deeply to avoid starting a fire and wanted the doctor to do something about it. Woodman made tests in the presence of colleagues and Underwood performed feats of flame none of them could explain. The doctor told the Michigan Medical News on September 11, 1882 that "He will, take anybody's handkerchief and hold it to his mouth, rub it vigorously with his hands while breathing on it, and immediately it bursts into flame." He was made to strip and wash out his mouth thoroughly, wash his hands and submit to the most rigid examination to prevent the possibility of any humbug, and still by blowing on any paper or cloth, envelope it in flame. He will while out gunning in the woods without matches, if desirous of a fire, will lie down after collecting dry leaves and by breathing on them start fires.

This report to *The Medical News* was picked up by several large city newspapers including *The New York Sun* and *The New York Times*. Underwood's story has also been included in several books dealing with strange phenomena.

Throughout the years, Doctor Woodman frequently stated publically that he was sure Underwood's phenomena was authentic. A. W. allowed himself to be tested and investigated for years without anyone ever finding any evidence of a hoax. Prominent doctors and scientists would wash his mouth out well and make him wear surgeon's rubber gloves, but it made no difference, the fire worked every time. Underwood became known as The Fire-Breather or either the Paw Paw Indian Blow Torch or the Paw Paw Negro Blowtorch, for many people were uncertain as to his ancestry.

In an interesting footnote to this story, in 1974 rock artist Brian Eno put together a record album of his own compositions called *Here Come the Warm Jets*. One of the songs was titled *The Paw Paw Negro Blowtorch*. Eno evidently had somehow become aware of Shoat's story and thought it would make a hot song. The lyrics do not really mention A.W. by name, nor his fire making habits, but the last line of the song goes, "You'll have to make a choice between me and the Paw Paw Negro Blow Torch."

The rest of the lyrics don't appear to make much sense either, but then not much of the 1970s appear to make sense today anyway.

EARLY BELIEFS

When white explorers and settlers moved into what would become Southwestern Michigan territory in the early 1800s, they quickly learned a legend from the Pottawatomie Native Americans. In fact, the story predated the Pottawatomie all the way back to the time when mound builders had populated most of the area. This tale told of a great inland lake that covered much of the Paw Paw area except for the highest points such as what would be later known as Prospect Hill. It was a bountiful area filled with wildlife that sustained a large native population well. One night, during a full moon, the people were aroused by a horrible noise that agitated and scattered animals and waterfowl from the area. When daylight appeared the lake and shoreline were gone, replaced by a raging river that had swept away everything in its path, leaving a wasteland of mud, uprooted trees, and dead fish. Canoes, habitat and human life had been taken also. Runners were sent to the west and it was discovered that the great lake which came to be known as Michigan had also become part of this maelstrom that took everything to an unknown destination. This condition remained for hundreds of years. Natives believed evil spirits had destroyed one of the most beautiful valleys in the land. Eventually, still according to the legend, the area was restored to its original beauty.

Paw Paw's neighboring township of Almena was named in honor of Native American Princess Almena in 1842 by F. C. Annable, then in the Michigan State Legislature. He had heard of a beautiful Pottawatomie princess of the area and selected her name when the township was established. To this day it is said the princess is buried on a small island on a pond near the fish hatchery.

JOHN AGARD

John Agard of English and French descent, along with his family, came to Paw Paw in 1833. With the help of Native Americans from Niles, he built a small cabin on the Paw Paw River, about a mile north of the current downtown section of Paw Paw. He soon constructed a larger cabin to create a trading post, stocked with goods brought by wagon from Prairie Ronde. Agard exchanged his products with the local natives for maple sugar and furs. Eventually several of these families built cabins near the post. Agard's daughter Roxa, who was the first schoolmistress in the settlement, was known as the beauty of the land whose hand was sought by every eligible man for miles around, but as female teachers were not allowed to marry at this time, their favors were not returned.

In October 1835 Agard suddenly died of a heart attack. He was buried on his property and his family left the area before winter set in. The property was abandoned and for years the only traces were the foundation stones no longer visible today. A legend remains however that Agard somehow had a cache of gold hidden near the trading post, but to the best of knowledge available, the alleged treasure was never located.



JASON BABIN



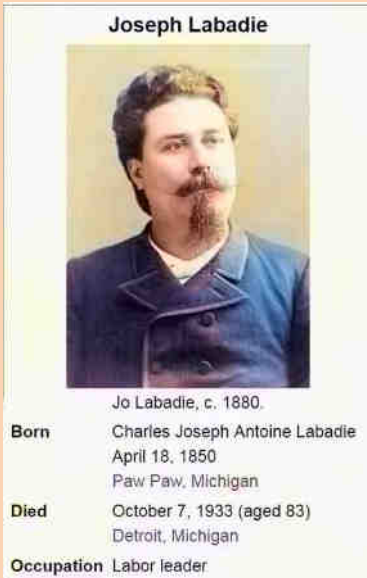
Paw Paw native son Jason Babin excelled in athletics at PPHS, with a special love for football, which he spent most of his younger years preparing for. He was an all-conference player as a junior with high expectations for his senior season. Sadly, a broken leg in the opening game put him out, but through self-perseverance, he was able to come back and play the final two games of the season. He also had a fantastic two-year career in wrestling, making the All-State Team twice with a won-lost record of 87-5 as a junior and senior, and he topped this off with a 45-0 undefeated last season mark, with a state wrestling championship in the 275-pound class. Babin took up track and field as a sideline, and still holds the school discus throw record.

Babin enrolled at Western Michigan University to play football and made an impact almost instantly, being the only true freshman to win a letter. Before he was done, he held Bronco career marks from sacks with 38, and tackles for a loss with 75. He also spent a little time on offense catching three passes for 55 yards. Babin started all 12 games as a senior, earning First-Team All-American honors from *The NFL Draft Report* and *College Sports Report* while adding Second-Team berths from *Sports Illustrated*, *The Sporting News*, and *College Football News*. He was a team captain and MVP, First-Team All Mid-American Conference selection, and Defensive Player of the Year his last two years in college.

Babin didn't have to wait long on NFL draft day, for the Houston Texans took him in the first round with the 27th pick. He soon established his reputation of being an excellent pass rusher in his first season with 51 tackles and four quarterback sackings. He began a journey around the NFL playing next at Seattle, followed by Kansas City and Philadelphia before landing in Tennessee, where he had an amazing season with 58 tackles and 12.5 sacks which led to his selection to the 2011 Pro Bowl.

After a second round with the Philadelphia Eagles ended with his release, he was claimed by the Jacksonville Jaguars in November 2012. He gained some national publicity on November 17th 2013 when he inadvertently ripped off a handful of Cardinals running back Andre Ellington's dreadlocks during a tackle and walked to the sidelines with them, which was caught on camera. In March 2014 he signed again with the Jaguars, after a season with 7.5 sacks as a pass rushing specialist.

CHARLES JOSEPH LABADIE



Born April 18, 1850 in Paw Paw, “Jo” Labadie was an American labor organizer, anarchist, social activist, printer, publisher, essayist, and poet. He spent much of his boyhood as a frontier existence among Pottawatomi tribes in the area, where his father served as an interpreter between the tribe members and Jesuit missionaries. His only formal schooling was a few months at a parochial school.

He moved east after reaching adulthood and became a printer for the *Detroit Post and Tribune*. He quickly joined the newly organized Socialist Labor Party in Detroit and distributed socialist tracts on street corners. In 1878 Labadie organized Detroit’s first assembly of the Knights of Labor and ran unsuccessfully for mayor on the Greenback-Labor ticket. In 1883 he embraced individualist anarchism, a non-violent doctrine he would maintain most of his life.

Five years later Labadie organized the Michigan Federation of Labor and became its first president. He soon began writing verse and publishing handcrafted booklets. In 1908 the city postal inspector banned his mailings because they bore stickers with anarchist quotations. He lost and regained a job at the Detroit water board, first for expressing anarchist sentiments, and then returning after a massive public protest for the person known in Detroit as the “Gentle Anarchist.” In 1933 Labadie died, after collecting a massive collection of radical literature which has come to be known as the finest collection of 19th Century radical ephemera in the United States.

ROY ROWAN



Roy was born in Paw Paw on January 25, 1920. From an early age, he longed to be an actor performing whenever possible, as well as competing on the sporting fields at PPHS.

He eventually moved to California, and in 1950 got his start as the announcer on the *Jack Benny* radio show where people from his hometown could often hear "This is Roy Rowan saying good night for Jack and his friends".

By 1952 he was the announcer for the *I Love Lucy* TV show and sometimes performed also. Over the years he was on many of the top early TV programs such as the *George and Gracie Allen Show*, *The Joker's Wild*, *Pete and Gladys*, *The Paul Lynde Show*, *Here's Lucy*, *Mission Impossible*, *Mr. Terrific*, *General Electric Theater*, and *Omnibus*. He is listed as a member of the cast in each of these shows, often playing himself as a newsman or announcer. His last appearance on the tube was in 1974 when he portrayed a late night TV movie host on *Here's Lucy*.

Rowan died in 1998 in Encino, California.



Roy Rowan (TV Announcer / Tournament Announcer) was the off-camera announcer for every episode of "I Love Lucy" as well as "The Lucy Show" and "Here's Lucy." He was also the voice heard when TV or radio programs were featured on the plot of all three shows. He was heard announcing the TV football game in "Lucy is a Referee" (S1:E3). This is his first on-camera appearance on the series.

SETH HANDY

Seth arrived in Paw Paw in the 1890s from somewhere in New York State. His last name wasn't Handy, in fact, I don't know if anyone knew his surname. He was called Handy by one of those rules as a heavy person might be called Slim or a bald man known as Curly. In truth, he was anything but handy, although he tried to make a living as a handyman. He was in his 20s or so when he set up residence on the Paw Paw River north of the village. He lived in a teepee much like a Native American, although according to him, he was sometimes Irish, sometimes Russian, and once in a while a Swede. This it was said, to be a typical response by him. He stood tall almost reaching six feet and had a long flowing beard and mustache with a thatch of blonde hair on his head. He was amiable to all and always attempting to help his fellow man or woman, although not always with perfect results. It was suspected that one reason he lived in a teepee was, this repairman was incapable of building any permanent structure that could withstand the pressure of a dog rubbing up against it without collapse.

One of his first projects was to build a hen house for an area farmer. He worked at it for months it seemed, but it never housed an egg. When it was nearly completed he announced he had to start over because there was a lean on the building. Not a lien, a lean. Seems it was leaning so far to the east that he was afraid to enter it to shore up the building because of a fear it would collapse on him. Collapse it did, although luckily no one was inside at the time. After that, he had some problems getting more work in town, but he was still a friend to all. That summer, it is told he took to planting a large garden near the river producing mainly flowers and corn. The flowers were picked as they blossomed and distributed for free throughout Paw Paw. Seth was a strong man who could carry 150 pounds of feed bags by himself. Soon people who felt sorry for him began hiring him for other types of labor, more suited it seemed to his talents. This enabled him to survive and remain in town for several years.

He was also known as the *Daily News* for he would stroll around Paw Paw announcing any noteworthy local events such as weddings, births or new arrivals in town while mentioning specials and good buys in the village stores. All this for free just as a service to the community. Each year his gardens grew larger and he still refused to be compensated for all the joy he was bringing to his neighbors. At one time it occurred to him that he wanted to become a minister and was drawing up plans to build a church. It probably was the trepidation people felt about entering a structure he had constructed that kept anyone from expressing interest in his plan. Suddenly one day the whole show ended. Seth was nowhere to be found and after a few days, he was discovered in his teepee. For some reason no one could ever comprehend, he had taken the shotgun he never would have used on any other living creature, and blown his head off. No one ever knew what caused this and he was buried, by his request, on the banks of the Paw Paw River.



OL' PAW PAW



Charlie Maxwell was born and raised in Lawton, attended and graduated from school there. Yet thanks to a nickname given to him by a Detroit Tiger radio announcer, he became known as “Paw Paw Maxwell” and still is to this day. Charlie was an excellent athlete at Lawton and played baseball for Western Michigan College in 1945 before being drafted into the army. He came back to the sport and played parts of eight seasons in the minor leagues before reaching the majors on a full-time basis.

Signed by the Boston Red Sox, he won the Triple Crown at Roanoke, Virginia in 1949. After hitting .320 at Birmingham the next season, he was called up to the parent club at the end of the season. He was with the Red Sox for most of the next two years but seldom saw the field, as he was mainly a late inning defensive replacement for Ted Williams. Maxwell started the 1954 season in left field in Boston due to an injury to Williams. In mid-May, Williams returned to the lineup and Maxwell returned to the bench. In the offseason, Boston dealt him to Baltimore, but he only managed four at-bats by the time he was traded to the Tigers on May 9th. Charlie played well in his first season in the Motor City, but it was 1956 when he finally became an everyday player. He responded with a .326 batting average that was third in the American League. Ted Williams was the league leader. Maxwell hit 28 home runs and scored 96 runs plus drove in 95 runs. He led the league in fielding average also, with a .987 mark. Next season at age 30 he had another strong season, winning a spot on the American League All-Star team for the second straight season.

After a letdown the next season, the Tigers signed Larry Doby to take his place, but Doby struggled and was let go, giving the spot back to Maxwell. He then responded with career highs with 31 home runs and 96 RBIs and tied a major league record, hitting four home runs in a row during a doubleheader in May. For the season he hit 12 of his round-trippers on Sunday and became known as the player with the “Sunday Punch” or “the Sabbath Smasher.”

Charlie’s last strong season was 1960 with 24 home runs and 84 runs driven across the plate. Once again he led all outfielders in fielding percentage. In 1961 the Tigers traded for Rocky Colavito, and Maxwell was a part-time player from that point on. He was dealt to the White Sox in 1962 and immediately went on a tear hitting .352 for the Southsiders with a 13-game hitting streak. He continued his Sunday punching with five of his nine home runs coming on that day including three in a Sunday doubleheader. Charlie played sporadically after that and was released in April 1964.

His 14-year career produced a .264 career average with 148 home runs and 532 RBIs in 1,133 games.

Charlie Maxwell is still an important celebrity to so many Tiger fans, who helped make him a statewide favorite to this day.

Obituary Link: [Charlie Richard Maxwell](#)
8 Apr 1927 - 27 Dec 2024



JERRY MITCHELL



Jerry Mitchell was born in Paw Paw, the youngest of three athletic brothers. He distinguished himself early in high school by exhibiting his talents in basketball and track, especially in the high hurdles and high jump. He jumped 6'3" his junior season and had a good chance to break some records as a senior. However as much as Jerry enjoyed sports, something else was calling him and that was dance. He had been very involved in dance already and finally left PPHS a year early when a career in dance became an almost certain reality. He moved to St. Louis where he pursued his dream learning everything he could about acting, dancing and directing, aiming at a career in the theatre. He finished his schooling with a fine arts degree from Webster University.

When Mitchell finally made it to Broadway he performed as a dancer in *The Will Rogers Revue* as well as revivals of *Brigadoon* and *On Your Toes*. His first professional credit as a choreographer was for the 1990 musical *Jekyll & Hyde*. The 1999 revival of *You're A Good Man Charlie Brown* was his first show as sole choreographer which he followed with the extremely popular, *The Full Monty*.

In 2003 Mitchell was named one of Dance Magazine's "25 to Watch" as he continued to climb up in the world of dance. *Legally Blonde: The Musical*, which opened in 2007 was next on his schedule and he served as a mentor on the reality competition, *Step It Up and Dance*, in 2008.

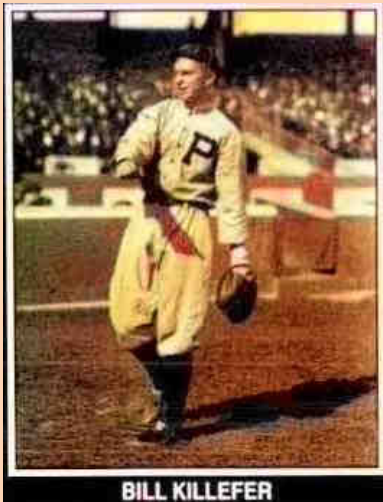
His list of nominations and honors is a long one including his 2005 Tony Award for Best Choreography for *La Cage aux Folies* and the Drama Desk Award for Outstanding Choreography also for *La Cage aux Folies*. In 2013 Mitchell directed and choreographed the Broadway musical *Kinky Boots* and won the Tony Award for Best Choreography and also was nominated for another Tony for Best Direction of a Musical, also for *Kinky Boots*.

Among many other top shows he has been involved in are: *Grease Revival*, *The Rocky Horror Show Revival*, *Hairspray*, *Gypsy*, *Never Gonna Dance*, *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*, *Legally Blonde* and *Love Never Dies*.

Jerry has reached the pinnacle of his profession and is in constant demand whenever he finishes a show. However, the most important thing about him is he has never forgotten where he came from. He often mentions Paw Paw when accepting an award, and on his frequent trips back to his hometown, acts as if he is still the boy next door.

This is another condensation of one of Charlie Weatherby's bios on Paw Paw baseball players. Charlie got to know Bill in Charlie's youth during the last year of Bill's life, being a neighbor of his. He admired Bill so much he started doing bios on Bill and others and was very instrumental in getting the Killefer Brothers tribute stone placed in Paw Paw, right across from where they played ball which is now part of Maple Lake. He also spoke at the dedication ceremony.

BILL "REINDEER" KILLEFER



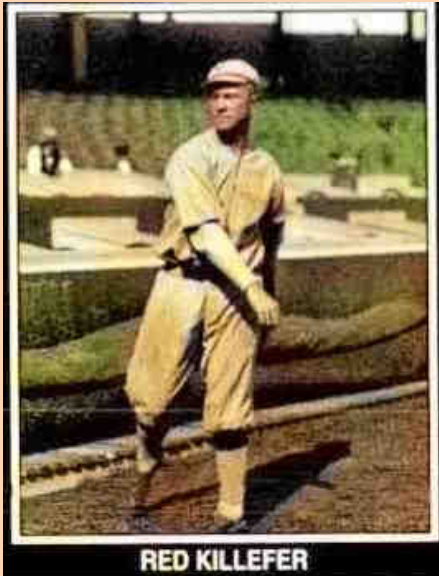
Bill was born in 1887 in Bloomingdale, Michigan. The next year the family moved to Paw Paw where all the children attended school. During his junior year, Bill and his team were declared State baseball Champions after defeating Flint Central High School 6-3. Bill and all the Killefer boys were known as fierce competitors on the diamond, but very engaging at any other times. The fights Bill and brother Wade got into in later years when they were both managing on the west coast are legendary. Bill's younger sister Ola always said that her brothers were "House angels and diamond devils." Bill continued his ball playing after graduation at Sacred Heart College in Watertown, Wisconsin. After the season ended he joined the Jackson Convicts (a mascot not real convicts). His play caught the attention of the Austin Senators who signed him to a contract. Bill played on an all-star team at the end of their season and met player Everett Hornsby who introduced Bill to his younger brother Rogers. They became good friends and Bill was instrumental in convincing the boy to try for a baseball career. It was a good decision for Rogers ended a long major career with the second-best all-time batting average behind Ty Cobb. In 1909 Killefer contracted with the St. Louis Browns. He spent some time with the Browns the next two seasons and then settled into the starting catcher position. In 1912 he was dealt to the Philadelphia Phillies where he linked up with future Hall of Fame pitcher Grover Cleveland Alexander. The twosome soon became known as the best "battery" in baseball. After several very successful seasons together, including three 30 win seasons for Alexander, in 1917 they were traded together by a financially strapped Philly team to the Chicago Cubs where they enjoyed some more successful seasons. At the time it was known as the "biggest and most lopsided trade in baseball history," with the Cubs gaining a large advantage. The Cubs won the National League pennant before losing to the Red Sox in the World Series. Killefer served as player-manager for Chicago in 1921 and continued at the helm of the team until midway of the 1925 season. He was then signed by his old friend, St. Louis Cardinal manager Rogers Hornsby as a coach and was called very instrumental in helping his team win the World Series. The next year he was a coach for the Browns and became their manager in 1930.

After he was let go in 1933, he took two years off from baseball and then became manager of the Sacramento Solons of the Pacific Coast League, leading them to a first-place finish. He continued on the west coast including some interesting matchups with brother Wade until 1939. On one occasion both brothers were ejected from the same game for protesting different decisions. Bill Killefer continued on as a manager and at Elmira, New York one of his players, Walt Paynich was also a PPHS graduate. Bill became a Brooklyn Dodger coach when Larry McPhail, a rival since they had played against each other in the Michigan high school state title game invited him to join the team. In 1947 Bill Veeck convinced him to become a talent scout and he signed Larry Doby, the first black player in the American League, that summer. Bill died in early July 1960 and was buried in Prospect Hill Cemetery in Paw Paw. To this day he is considered one of the best defensive catchers of all time.



This is the final of the "Paw Paw Trilogy" of early 20th Century baseball players, thanks once again to the efforts of Charlie Weatherby.

WADE "RED" KILLEFER



Wade "Red" Killefer was evidently born with a very competitive nature. Whether this can be attributed to his flaming red hair or not is just conjecture. In any event, it served him well most of the time, as he spent 35 years involved with baseball as a player, coach, manager and team president. He was so well liked he even had a team-the Mission, California Reds named after him.

In 1901 as a high school senior Wade was a shortstop, cleanup hitter and captain of a Paw Paw baseball team that went 20-2 and won the state title by defeating Ludington 9-5. Red spent some time at several colleges after graduation playing at Purdue and Kalamazoo College among others. After a year at the University of Michigan when he was ineligible to play, he returned to Paw Paw and coached the local football team to a 4-0 record in 1906. Later that year he signed a baseball contract with Kalamazoo of the Southern Michigan League where he hit a healthy .295. He was drafted by the Detroit Tigers later that fall and the next spring he spent two months with the team without getting in a game. Finally, he was sent to Johnstown, where he impressed with his bat skills. The next season things began to improve for Wade as he became at least a semi-regular in Detroit playing at times in the outfield next to Ty Cobb. In 1910 when Detroit played against the Browns and Red's brother Bill, Red spent much of the game trying to make his brother look bad stealing a pair of bases off him. However late in the game when he attempted to steal home, his brother tagged him out to end the inning. The next season Wade was demoted, being sold to the Minneapolis Millers. Finally, at age 30, he became a starter for the Cincinnati Reds in the outfield. When his brother Bill and Grover Cleveland Alexander were traded to the Cubs, it had been declared the most lopsided trade ever with the Cubs coming out on top. In 1917 Red was on the other side of a trade that appears even more one-sided. He and the Red's manager were traded to the New York Giants for three future Hall of Fame players; Christy Mathewson, Edd Roush, and Bill McKechnie. To make the trade even worse, Wade played one game in New York and then retired from major league baseball. After playing some minor league ball at Louisville, he took the first of several managing jobs with the Los Angeles Angels of the Pacific Coast League.

His years on the coast were filled with much success - he ended up as a member of the PCL Hall of Fame and a lot of controversies. One game where his team was playing badly he offered the fans a chance to replace some of his players on the diamond and a few did. When coaching the Hollywood Stars in 1938 Wade needed an outfielder, but not having the money to buy him outright from Indianapolis, he worked out a trade where a case of gin, two boxes of limes from Wade's California orchards, and one dollar in cash secured the player. Killefer retired after the 1941 season to his beach home in Hermosa, California. Wade died September 4, 1958, in his adopted west coast land.



This is a condensed version of something my father Russell Arthur Hindenach Sr. wrote late in his life. Seems to give a hint of what life was like at that time.

EARLY 20th CENTURY PAW PAW

In a home in the early years of the new century, on cold nights my parents prepared fire kindling in the kitchen stove to start first thing the next morning, for the house which would be very cold. Most homes also had coal stoves in a middle room which were banked at night to last as long as possible. The first chore for me in the morning after lighting the stove was to place a kettle of water to heat so the outside water pump could be thawed to use as that was our only water supply. If I or my brother did not fill the kettle the night before, there was a lot of trouble for us. In 1910 my father made a down payment on a home in Paw Paw across from where Hawley Funeral Home operated for a long time. The new home was a large upgrade for us with a real furnace in the basement and an indoor bathroom which meant major improvements in our lives. My father was a pharmacist and worked at a local drug store. His salary was \$15.00 a week which was our sole income. His house payments were also \$15.00 a month so the occasional month with five paydays meant a chance to splurge a little.

Our food was usually simple and not too plentiful. Breakfast almost always meant oatmeal or cream of wheat or corn meal with toast made at the sitting room coal stove. Lunch, which was called dinner, was occasionally a little meat, but often just boiled potatoes and some other vegetables and often fried bread. Supper was often leftover potatoes fried with a little canned fruit or cookies, homemade of course. Once in a while, we were treated to chicken for Sunday dinner, but more often it was a small pot roast or boiled beef and we couldn't have seconds, for the meat was meant to stretch out over the entire week. In the fall we gathered hickory nuts and walnuts and often had popcorn cooked over the stove at night, with one slice of an apple before bed. I can still remember my hands in pain from shelling the corn. Around 1916 my father bought the drug store and then we began to live better.

In the early days, I can remember never having enough to eat. Winter was special for my brother and I and our friends. Downtown would be full of sleighs and horse-drawn bobs when the roads were snow covered. We would catch rides by standing on the runner of a sleigh or hanging on the side of the cutters. We would ride all over town this way and end up home late for supper and our shoes would have to go in the kitchen to be thawed. By this time, our supper was usually a plate of potato soup and fried mush with maple syrup. We were to be punished if we didn't eat everything on our plates, but that never happened. There was no refrigeration at that time except for those who had an ice box in the summer. We kept food in a safe which was a wooden cupboard with screened doors in the basement. Food did not keep well in a safe and I recall when milk became sour and thick we were given it on a spoon with a little sugar to help get it down. Potato peelings made the potato soup, and un-popped popcorn kernels were ground up to make breakfast cereal. I was probably 12 years old or so before I learned that a chicken had parts besides the neck and the back.

I loved to read, but there were very few books available. The school had a small library and after school, all would run to try and get a book to take home. Often they were gone before I got there. My mother somehow finally managed to buy us a very small set of encyclopedias, and I could soon recite each book by memory A to Z. School in Paw Paw for me began in Kindergarten, and after one week I was promoted to first grade because I could write my name. All my reading helped too I suppose. The teachers were cranky old spinsters for the most part; I don't believe married women were allowed to teach. They would hold up flash cards with spelling or math

problems on them, and if you didn't know the answer in a few seconds you were given a hard rap on the knuckles with a ruler. If you talked out of turn swat on the bottom. Classes included Arithmetic, Penmanship, Geography, Physiology, Social Skills and English. In fifth grade, we also had manual training where the girls knitted and the boys made wood projects.

We often spent our summers at our grandparent's house. Their small town had two distilleries and four breweries plus 23 saloons and was not much larger than Paw Paw. I guess this is the reason we had to be off the streets before dark. My grandfather was a blacksmith, with his business just a block from his home. We spent hours watching him heat and shape horseshoes and then plunge them in water to cool. My grandmother always had an afternoon treat for us, even when we were very young. It was a glass of homemade wine and cookies with caraway seeds in them.

One unpleasant memory of my early days had to do with the odors in school, especially in the winter months. Some children were sewed into their underclothes that were not changed until spring. Others often came to school with a poultice of raw onions around their chest to ward off a cold. It was also thought to keep evil spirits away. Those of us that were not encased in underwear were given a bath every Saturday night, taken in the kitchen in a big galvanized wash tub. Water was heated by water from a tea kettle. This was followed by the weekly dose of Epsom salts or castor oil. Also in the winter always a spoonful of goose grease with sugar on it, and starting March 1st a like amount of molasses with powdered sulfur on it. A kerosene lamp was kept burning all night in case someone had to get up. Sometimes I wonder how we survived all this.



A few more memories from my father Russell's early years:

EARLY HIGHER EDUCATION

When I moved up to Paw Paw High School it was a big change for me in many ways. For one thing, I was now allowed to wear long pants to school, as we all were, for the first time. Another thing was, the teachers were more like human beings instead of slave drivers. I enjoyed the classes and did quite well, except for English, which was strange as I loved to read so much. There was little social life, and almost everyone had to hurry home after class to do work around the house or at a parent's store.

We had one class party each year which was a skimpy potluck dinner with some very unusual food, a few childish games, and we were home by 9PM. My work before school began at 5AM at the drug store. I had to prepare the day's ice in the cases with salt around it, and fill all the syrup vases and make sure everything was clean and neat. I often barely made it to school by the 8AM start. I played baseball for the school, both spring and fall, and basketball in the winter. It was always fun to ride to an out of town game by horse and sleigh, stay overnight with our opponents, and come home early Saturday morning. Our gym was in an old skating rink, which was narrow with chicken wire all around it. This is why basketball players were called cagers. In Lawton, we played in a small gym, in the town hall in Decatur, and upstairs over a business in Gobleville. Our home court had a potbellied stove which was working in the center of the floor and you had to be careful to avoid it while playing. Basketball was a slow game at that time, a center jump after every score and seldom more than 10-12 points scored. In the event of a foul, each team had one player chosen that shot all the free throws. Spectators watched in winter coats and hats because it was always cold inside.

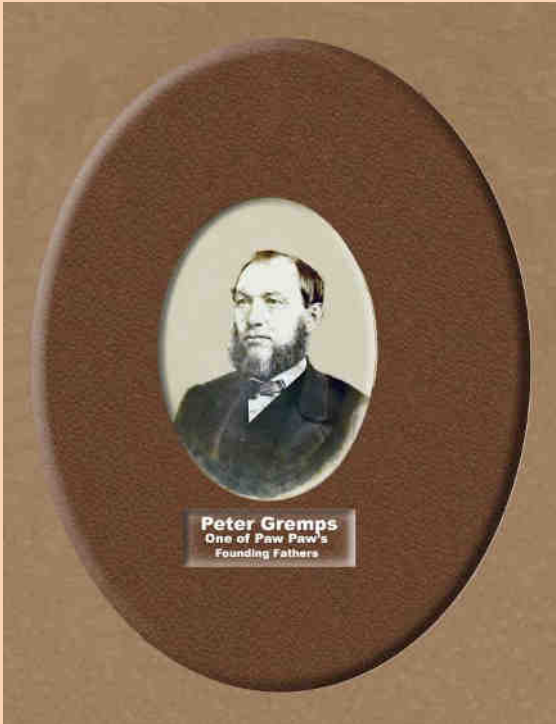
Winter was a time for our family to make sauerkraut which was long anticipated. I had to shred and pound enough cabbage for six huge crocks, and then it was placed in the cellar for several weeks to ferment. It was an exciting day when we had our first meal, and it was hard when it was all gone for another season.

Riding to out of town baseball games was trying. It seemed at least twice a trip we had to get out and change a tire, and we never knew exactly when we would arrive. Summer meant trips to Lake Cora to swim, and if I could save a nickel, I rented a bath house. We usually had to walk all the way from town. One more nickel meant I could purchase a candy bar or soda from the Lake Cora Hotel. It was a great time to be young. School classes were more enjoyable for me, and Latin and History were two favorites. I did well, usually winning spelling bees despite my unexplainable dislike for English classes. At that time I did not like being around girls, at least until I was forced to ride home from a baseball game in Hartford with several who had been driven over for the game. At that time the girls would stand by the diamond and give cheers for our team. On the ride back, I discovered for the first time, Dorothy Tuttle whom I had not realized was in our school until that time. We were the same age, in fact had been born in Paw Paw the same day and year, but from that time on we were together most of the time and later married.

About that time Dutch Sage brought his Hotel de Hamburger to Paw Paw. He had been selling his hamburgers, a rarity at that time, at fairs and functions and decided to create a permanent business in the village. The original “restaurant” was a 12-foot square structure with four stools and a counter and in the summer more stools outside. The first year it stood next to the Paw Paw Savings Bank, but the next year the bank made them move due to the overpowering smell of fried onions. It was then they moved to their long-time location with a large area for customers. Dutch would arrive at work at 5AM and cook large stacks of hamburgers which he kept on the grill and reheated as needed. Every night he would take home the unused buns and work them into the next day’s beef, so he actually was creating early meatloaf sandwiches. People would arrive at about 7AM for a “Sage Burger,” and this continued throughout the day.

My junior year was spent preparing myself for graduation and college. I planned to go to the University of Michigan to study law, and Dorothy also planned to go there. Despite our same age, she was a class behind me because of my early promotion to first grade. Many students did not graduate at that time, many boys were needed on the farm or at home, and often parents decided that girls did not need that much education and were kept home to help run the house. My plans for U of M had to be delayed as my senior year I and some of my classmates were called to service due to World War-I.

PAW PAW'S FIRST RESIDENT



The first permanent resident of the Village of Paw Paw was Peter Gremps, who was born in Palatine, New York in 1801. His father was a soldier in the American Revolution and was seriously wounded in action. Son Peter joined the mass migration to the west in 1833, via the Erie Canal and on to Detroit.

With a Native American guide, he found his way to Schoolcraft, where he met Lyman Daniels. The two of them soon came to the spot that is now Paw Paw. They were seeking a site for a lumber mill West of the Detroit area. In Paw Paw, they discovered a partially constructed mill, which the owner gladly sold to them. The mill was located west of what is now the Michigan Avenue bridge, but it was destroyed by fire a few years later.

Daniels and Gremps purchased considerable tracts of land in the area and laid out a village which they called Paw Paw, after the many fruit trees that grew abundantly along the nearby river. Gremps then returned to the East and in 1835, returned with his family to stay. He built the first store, just east of the bridge, and then started construction of a home on the north side of the village, which stood for 120 years.

Gremps, along with Daniels and another early settler Issac Willard, built the first grist mill and acquired the first physician in the village, Dr. Barrett of Stone Arabia, New York, very close to Palatine. He also brought the first lodging to town known as Dodge's Tavern. The last of the Gremps line in Paw Paw, Caroline Johnson, who was a long time Courier-Northerner and Courier-Leader writer, died over 20 years ago.

BOB SCRANTON



A Paw Paw native born in the village in 1918, Bob spent most of his life in education and service to his communities. Bob graduated from Paw Paw and then from Western Michigan College and later received his master's degree from the University of Michigan. He taught one year in Byron Center, Michigan before joining the U.S. Army in 1942. Serving in the 109th Infantry Unit he was a POW, captured in Germany during the Battle of the Bulge. After the war he remained active in the military and was an American Legion member for over 50 years, serving as Commander of the Brighton, Michigan post. He also was a charter member of the 106th Infantry Association serving as president.

Bob went back to teaching at Hartford Schools serving as a coach also. He moved on to Brighton in 1952 and became Athletic Director and Principal. In recognition of his 25 years of service, the Board of Education named their middle school the "Robert L. Scranton School".

As head of the Brighton Recreation program in the 1960's, he spent his summers with Little League and American Legion baseball and also taught hundreds of young children to swim. For his work, he was awarded a prestigious award from the Rotary Club International. He attended the Brighton First Presbyterian Church and served both as a Deacon and Elder.

Sports were always his first love and he spent many years ushering at University of Michigan football and basketball games, becoming a member of the Representative Council from 1970 to 1983.



2nd LT. FRED REICHEL

Fred Reichel was born April 6, 1920 in Chicago, but spent his childhood in Paw Paw, and graduated from high school with the Class of 1938. After attending two years at Western Michigan College he enlisted in the Army Air Corps in 1940 and was a participant in World War II. After earning his pilot wings as part of the 303rd Bomb Group (Hell's Angels), the B-17 he was co-piloting got shot down over Germany, and after parachuting to the ground from 19,000 feet (his only jump), he was captured and spent 15 months in captivity. At first, he was listed as missing in action just a year after his brother Lt. Leonard Reichel was reported missing as an aviator, and Leonard was later declared perished. Fortunately, Fred survived and completed his education both at Western Michigan, and later, University of Detroit Law School. In later years he was an Attorney Advisor in the United States Defense Department, still serving his country. He passed away on March 8, 2012 in Rochester Hills, Michigan.



FRANK LEWIS VAN NESS

Frank was born in Paw Paw, Michigan in 1866 and grew up here but did not graduate from PPHS. He moved to Chicago with his family and showed much promise from an early age as an artist. Members of his family from the Tuttle side still reside in Paw Paw today. His aunt and uncle Casper Cook and Sarah Van Ness Cook are buried in the Almena Cemetery.

Frank's artistic talents covered a large part of the art world. He was an illustrator, a turned into quite valuable artwork.

He came back to Paw Paw frequently from his base in Chicago, and painted the picture of the "Old Red Brick" which was presented to the school in 1924, and can still be seen today in the Michigan Avenue School stairwell.

He also created a large number of portraits of prominent military men. In his later years, he was one of the artists that traveled the country doing murals of local scenes for U. S. Post Offices. Although not one of his, the Paw Paw Post Office has an excellent example of this type of work in the lobby.

Frank's painting, especially a series of California landscapes and some of his military portraits are still available for purchase every so often.



OUR MOBILE OPERA HOUSE

This gathering place for entertainment and culture in Paw Paw has had many different uses over the years, and even two locations. The Longwell Opera House, as it was long known, actually began as the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the corner of North LaGrave Street and what is now Michigan Avenue, until moved to its present location on North Kalamazoo Street just north of the Post Office.

After the Longwell family purchased the building, a new Methodist Church took over the old location. It was not an easy or quick journey for the building either, as it spent the first winter after the sale, sitting on the side of the road due to a dispute among the movers. It was not a traffic problem at the time because horses just went around it. It was among the first structures in the village equipped with electricity and had colored light bulbs all around the ticket booth. Equipped with ample seating for over 200, and a balcony, it was home to many types of entertainment on a regular basis from traveling shows.

The business was also known for a while as the Colonial Theatre and operated until 1925. It frequently held community events and political meetings. It stood vacant for a while, before Vern Decker and Loyal Fenton turned it into "The Rink" for roller skate fans. Later it held the Paw Paw Yeast Company, a manufacturer, and a frozen locker plant for storing food by individuals. The structure also served time as a church, an appliance store, and is now used for an exercise and strength operation.

COLONEL RICHARD J. WHITE, U.S. AIR FORCE

Richard White was born in Paw Paw in 1923, attended school here and graduated with the class of 1941. His father Harry White was well known as a long time custodian at Paw Paw Schools and a friend to every student. During Richard's school years he was active in Student Council, Glee Club, and the Wappaw Staff while playing four years of football and two baseball seasons.

After graduation from High School, Richard joined the Army Air Corps and devoted 31 years of his life to the service including serving in the Vietnam War. He retired as the Base Commander of Kessler Air Force Base in Biloxi, Mississippi. Richard spent his retirement years in his adopted hometown of Shalimar, Florida, and passed away on April 17, 2010.



DAN VELEZ



A seemingly long and unlikely journey for Dan became an amazing display of determination and drive, for a boy who came to Paw Paw from Columbia at the age of 13 with his mother and younger brother Alex. This trip ended near the top of the entertainment business in Los Angeles.

Dan spoke no English when he arrived in Paw Paw, but quickly mastered the language with a lot of help from movies and television. He learned so well that, as a senior and Student Council President, he was chosen to deliver the acceptance speech when PPHS was given the distinct honor of being named a Michigan Blue Ribbon School, for academic excellence.

He showed his athletic skills by being the first and, so far only, Paw Paw athlete to win All-Conference 1st Team honors in tennis, all four years. He capped this off his senior year of 2002 with a 21-5 dual match record, and a berth on the Michigan State All-State 1st team, the only Redskins tennis player to achieve this honor. He was selected "Most likeable boy student" in the Wappaw at graduation time.

After high school he spent two years at St. Monica Community College in California, to prepare for a long dreamed-of career in the entertainment industry. He soon became a casting director and helped form Big Dream Casting where he placed many actors in feature films, TV shows, and commercials. Dan was obviously on his way to the peak of his chosen profession when a tragic accident took his life at his Los Angeles apartment on October 31, 2014. In his memory, the industry has created a Dan Velez Scholarship Fund for actors and others in the entertainment field.



THE LITTLE TRAMP IN PAW PAW



Charlie Chaplin, often known as the "Little Tramp," and almost certainly the most popular and famous silent screen actor in the history of the cinema, once spent a summer in Paw Paw and drew weekly comics about Paw Paw for the True-Northerner newspaper.

Chaplin had been ill from overwork and his physician told him to "Take a week in the country". Charlie did much more than that, spending the summer of 1915 in Paw Paw staying at the Lake Cora Hotel and other resorts on Three Mile Lake.

He had a talent for drawing and produced a comic strip with a local theme for eleven straight weeks in the local press. There seems to be no record of how or why he chose the Paw Paw area, but it appears that the local residents took very kindly to having a celebrity in their midst, and he took delight in the area and populace also.



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STAFF SGT. RUSSELL A. HINDENACH, JR., U.S. ARMY



Russell was born in Paw Paw on June 20, 1925 and died October 25, 1944 at the age of nineteen. He was a member of the 1943 PPHS graduating class. While in school Russell participated in football, basketball, and golf. He also was a member of the Boy Scouts, a participant in school plays and attended First Presbyterian Church in the village. He planned on playing football at Western Michigan College after graduation in 1943, but instead enlisted in the U.S. Army as a member of the 141st Infantry, 36th Division.

Russell died in Epinal, France as the liberation of the country was almost complete. Posthumously, Russell Hindenach was awarded some of his nation's highest decorations, including the Silver Star, Bronze Star, and Purple Heart medals. He was cited for twice having saved the lives of members of his platoon under hostile fire, including returning wounded platoon mates for needed medical assistance, though seriously injured himself. He was buried in France and was later returned to Paw Paw in 1947, where he is interred at Prospect Hill Cemetery.

The Paw Paw Class of 1943 preserves his memory and that of classmate Henry Dawson with the Hindenach-Dawson Award, given annually to the outstanding male athlete in the senior class. In January 2015, Russell was inducted into the Paw Paw High School Hall of Fame for his service to our country.



THOMAS KOWALSKI



Born in Paw Paw on January 9, 1932, Tom graduated from the local high school in 1950 and spent much of his life working on some key projects for the government.

After serving in the Air Force during the Korean War, he became an engineer at National Water Lift, and later at Parker Hannifin Company in Kalamazoo. He was granted a number of patents in 1981, and was very instrumental in the development of the Lockheed L-1011 aircraft, along with research and development of the M1 Tank. Thomas also created the landing mechanism for the Lunar Lander for our space program.

Tom was awarded the Technical Authorship Award in 1992. He also was active in Paw Paw activities, serving as Chairman of the Board for the Paw Paw BPOE, and was very instrumental in building their lodge. He also served as President of the Paw Paw Conservation Club. Tom passed away in 1996 in his hometown.



PAUL PAYNICH

Born in Copper City, Michigan in 1915, Paul and family moved to Paw Paw after the copper mine boom ended in the Upper Peninsula. Paul was a standout athlete at Paw Paw and possessed a very strong throwing arm. However, when he was in high school, Paw Paw dropped baseball for four years to concentrate on the track team that won three consecutive state titles in the early 1930s. Paul also was talented at track and field, excelling in both the javelin and shot put. As a senior, he was Class C State Shot Put Champion, with a toss of 49 feet, one inch. After graduation in 1933, he attended Michigan State where he played baseball and track. He was signed to a Minor League contract and played with Jackson in the Southern League for three years, with his brother Walt joining him on the team for two seasons. Paul later caught on at Elmira, New York and one season there his manager was Paw Paw's Bill Killefer. Paul retired in the area to Horseheads, New York and is buried at Pine Valley, New York.



EDWARD MIHELICH

Edward was born in 1912 in Calumet, Michigan one of 12 children. After his mother died when he was just five years of age, his family relocated to Paw Paw where they had relatives.

Edward began to show an interest and a talent for music at a very young age, and by the time he was in high school had mastered many instruments, playing the clarinet, trombone, bassoon, tuba and bass violin which was his favorite.

He played four years with the Paw Paw High School Band and soon after graduation in 1930, he caught on with a nearby band. Because of his talent and versatility Edward soon was playing with many of the major big bands of the day. He performed with Charlie Barnett, Artie Shaw, Gene Krupa, and Harry James among others. He also played with many of the top singing greats of the era including most notably, Frank Sinatra.

Edward spent much of his life touring the country with one big name group after another. He continued to play well into his 80s with various small and large groups that were still featuring the big band sound. Edward died in 2005 in Los Angeles, California.



More from my generation:

GROWING UP IN THE 40's and 50's

Being a young boy in the 1940's and 50's was a good thing in a lot of ways. We did have trepidations as every generation has, mainly the threat of polio and the Cold War. But overall it was a pretty happy time it seems to me. I can recall another terror, my Sunday School teacher who liked to run her class like a Prussian Army General would. We did not dare to talk or move when she was teaching, or she would give us her dreaded "evil eye" that could nearly melt a young boy. When I used the poor judgment to agree to be a part of her Christmas Program at church, I was a victim of the "eye" too frequently. Miss Miller (which was not her name), was rumored to have been a member of the Military Police in her younger days and was carrying on that noble tradition with us. One time during the dress rehearsal, I unwisely turned my head a few degrees to the left. She immediately stopped the show, glared at me and told me I would never be anything in life but a garbage man. All I wanted to be in life at that time was outside on the sidewalk on my way home. The night of the performance I managed to keep myself in check and the show went on as planned, which meant Miss Miller would let me live to see another day. By the next year, we were thrilled to learn she had left town and was rumored to be at Parris Island, teaching Marines to fight dirty.

Summer vacation at the age of nine or ten seemed to go on forever, and a nice thing about that was, it seems to me it never rained all summer. We spent every day outside it seems until way past dark doing the things young boys did. We fished, rode our bikes, played baseball, marbles and flew kites, played horse at my basketball hoop, swam and so many other great things. We got in trouble sometimes also, such as the time my best friend borrowed some wood panels from his father's garage to put down on our muddy basketball area. We played a lot of sandlot baseball, or I guess I should say weedlot baseball because it sure didn't have any sand. We of course never had nine players for each team which meant we had to use time-honored rules such as "pitcher's hands are out" and "right field is out." One problem was the younger brothers of players who always whined until they were allowed to play and then quit at a crucial point in the game. I recall when they would ask what position to play, we always told them to play "left out."

We rode bikes everywhere, often to town to check for new comic books or baseball cards at the newsstand. I still regret taking all my New York Yankee cards including Mickey Mantle and Yogi Berra and using them for BB gun practice. Guess that is what happens if you are a Detroit Tiger fan.

The year my parents got their first television, we started watching in the evenings. Mainly roller derby, wrestling, boxing, and Captain Video and the Video Rangers. Later, the Lone Ranger and puppets Kukla, Fran, and Ollie. There were no programs on at first until about 7PM and they ended about 11PM it seems.

For me, school was just something to keep me from doing what I wanted. We wondered about the future for any boy who liked to study. If he spent his summers reading books like "David Copperfield" or "Little Men," we avoided him at any cost. Girls, of course, all loved school and were most of the best students. It was a few more years before we learned to appreciate them.

I tried once, in fifth grade, to learn to play the clarinet, but I am afraid my short fingers and lack of musical skills nearly caused my instructor to have a nervous breakdown. He would say to me after I played, "No, no no! It is not dah, dah, dah, it is dah, dah, dah." I could never see any difference, and soon my instrument was listed for sale.

Lunchtime in school was not wonderful either. You could bring a sack lunch or eat the not-so-hot school lunch. I used to imagine what unsavory and unknown substances were a part of the hamburger gravy that was deposited over the mashed potato lumps, and I do mean lumps, kind of like lumps of coal. There was something about that sickly appearing yellow gravy that gave me nightmares. So I usually ate my peanut and olive sandwich and pitied the kids who were forced to consume things it seemed a buzzard would have dumped in the trash.

Sleeping outside overnight in the summer used to be a young boy thing to do also. Probably wouldn't be allowed today. We would get together blankets, pillow, and a canteen filled with Mission Orange Soda and head back to a woods behind my house. It was fun to a point, we built a fire and cooked some ears of corn that we borrowed from a field nearby, not good because it turned out to be field corn which is not tasty. When it got dark we would sit around and talk about movies and sports and the yucky girls in our class. We tried to go to sleep about midnight, but it always got so cold and a little scary although the only people we ever saw were prospective parker couples. So about one AM or so we headed back home to a suddenly very welcome bed.

In high school, the school year got a little more interesting. There were different teachers for every subject, and gym class was more fun, especially on Fridays when the girls and boys shared the gym. I tried Boy Scouts for a while but my dreams of being a Davy Crockett or Daniel Boone in the woods evaporated. It seems most of our field trips were either to the Tastee Freeze or an encampment near Briggs Pond, also known as Mosquito Alley. My mother decided I needed to hone my social skills by tenth grade and set me up for dance lessons. At first, it seemed tolerable, my dance teacher was young, pretty and light on her feet. She gave lessons in her basement and things were going fine until the time she was absent, and her massive mother took her place, not wishing to miss a week's payment. Mama was under 400 pounds and almost five feet tall and sweated like a steer. When she moved let alone danced, the perspiration streamed from her until the floor became slippery. To make matters even worse if possible, she only knew one dance, the polka. So in her basement, she and I slipped and slid to a Frankie Yankovich 78 RPM record for what seemed to be 11 hours. After that, I never returned for dance, especially after Mama told me that I would be a part of the upcoming children's recital. I had visions of me with maybe 30 tiny girls in tutus performing before an enthralled audience.



HUGH RICHARD PAUL



Dick Paul, as he was known to friends, spent much of his life towards furthering technology for much of the world. He was born in Kalamazoo in 1936 and was a 1954 graduate of Paw Paw High School. He had a lifelong interest in communications and after becoming an amateur radio operator decided to make this his life work.

He became a broadcast communications engineer and innovator, developing technical projects related to distance education for governments and key institutions. As a young man, he served in the Naval Reserve as a Radioman and worked on the development of the X-15 rocket-powered research aircraft. Later, as Director of Engineering at the University of Southern California, Dick helped develop the network of NPR radio stations and consulted on many communications projects.

Dick gained his formal education at Valparaiso Technical Institute, Western Michigan University, and USC. His expertise in radio and satellite communications led him to engineer distance communication projects for third-world countries, much to their betterment. He married high school sweetheart and classmate Susan Swindell and was put to rest on November 24, 2011



SATURDAY AT THE MOVIES



For those growing up in the late 1940s and 1950s in a small village such as Paw Paw, attending the Saturday afternoon double feature movies at the Strand Theatre was not only a rite of passage but almost a holy day of obligation for young boys. Not many girls attended, as they knew that cowboy shows were just for the guys I guess. Each Saturday we would plan our entire day around the shows, making sure we got there early enough so we could sit in the first or second row. Why we did this I am not certain, as it mainly just gave us sore necks from looking up at the show from an odd angle. Of course, we had to prepare for the event with provisions purchased outside the theatre, because inside the prices were elevated, and the only really good candy they sold was Milk Duds. When we reached our seats, the first thing we did was to reach under our seat to see how many pieces of chewing gum had been deposited there. I have no idea why this was important, but it certainly was. The next thing was, as soon as the lights dimmed and the curtains opened, it was required that every young person in the place start cheering and screaming as loud as possible. This always produced the same result; the owner would stop the movie, turn the lights back on and order us to be silent. Why this was important I have no idea, for no adult would have been caught dead or alive in that place at that time. Anyway, soon the picture started again with the same reaction from the assembled, and this time the owner just allowed the clamor to die down on its own. Right away we started to eat the contraband we had smuggled in, always the Creamsicles first, as they were already in a major state of meltdown.

Everyone had their favorite heroes, Hopalong Cassidy, Roy Rogers, Whip Wilson and Lash LaRue also (I have no idea why the whip fetish). My own personal favorite was Johnny Mack Brown, who had the neatest cowboy suits. It seemed that no one liked Gene Autry very well, as he sang too much and was obviously not in shape to be a real cowboy. Often the double group of juvenile delinquents in New York, featuring Satch, the dumbest guy ever, in our estimation. Yet somehow he always managed to prevail over the bad guys, despite his mental breakdowns. There were several rules that had to be followed in every western picture of the era: Each great hero had to have an incredibly stupid side-kick, sort of a Satch with a saddle; there had to be several fist fights with Roy or Johnny or whomever usually taking on several bad guys at once. Another rule was during the obligatory gun fight among large boulders - no matter how many tons of ammunition were expended, no one ever got hurt unless one of the good guys aimed very carefully before firing, and then you knew someone was going down. Each show ended with the boss of the villains trying to escape on horseback, with the hero in hot pursuit. He always caught up and jumped the fleeing bad guy, just as they reached a small incline for them to fall down as they fought. In the end, truth, justice and all of that always prevailed, and we nearly trampled each other leaving the theatre the second the movie ended.

CIRCUS IN TOWN



Burr Robbins was born in 1837 at Union, New York. His parents wanted him to become a minister, but at the age of 18, he ran away from home and soon joined the Spaulding and Rogers Circus in St. Louis. After

serving in the Civil War, he bought a small magic lantern show and made the summer fair circuit in Michigan. He purchased his first animal, a spotted wildcat and renamed it an American leopard. He soon added some white hens he stained a bright vermillion. In 1871, Burr bought the John Stowe Circus and changed the name to the Burr Robbins & Company Circus and Museum. Robbins had made his home in Paw Paw in 1867, and it was not until after the death of his wife in 1870 that he began to set out every summer to play fairs and other gatherings, mainly in Michigan, with his ever-increasing collection of animals and sideshow attractions. He soon had a lion named "Old Parker" which took a leading role riding on top of the big wagon in every parade. In 1872 and 1873 he returned to Paw Paw at the end of the season, each one a large financial success. In 1874 he established a new winter quarters in Janesville, Wisconsin to concentrate on building an ever bigger and better show to bring him fame and also fortune. He soon had 20 mammoth animal dens, including one with trained serpents, and another with performing crocodiles. A trained buffalo named Ben Butler was known for startling feats. By 1875, the title of his show became even more impressive: *Burr Robbins Great Menagerie Roman Hippodrome and Egyptian Caravan*. Who could resist a name like that? In 1881 his show became a railroad circus that was only topped in size and scope by the *Barnum & Bailey Circus* in the days before the Ringling Brothers came aboard. By this time the main tent could hold 4,000 people who paid 25 and 50 cents to be entertained. By this time his show's name had grown to almost impossible length: *The Burr Robbins Great American Menagerie, Museum, Circus, Aviary, Hippodrome, Caravan & Great Royal German Zoological and Equestrian Exposition*. He continued to bring his shows to Michigan, but it is not known if he ever again visited the place that knew him when, Paw Paw, Michigan.

SHAYNE WHITTINGTON



Shayne was born in Paw Paw in 1991, the third generation of a prominent Paw Paw athletic family. His grandfather Dale and father Scott both excelled on the playing fields and courts for Paw Paw, but Shayne, despite still living in Paw Paw, attended school in Lawrence. He was tall and talented, especially at basketball at an early age, leading the Tigers to a 23-2 record his senior year and earning Class D All-State honors, both his junior and senior seasons. By graduation from Lawrence, Whittington had grown to six feet eleven and had created interest from several colleges. He chose to stay close to home, enrolling at Western Michigan University where he played sparingly his freshman season. He elected to accept a redshirt for the 2010-11 season to work on his game and his strength. By his junior year, he had advanced enough to become a member of the All-Mid-American Conference (MAC) second team, averaging 13 points, nine rebounds and nearly two blocked shots per game. As a senior, Shayne was named to the All-MAC first team after being chosen MAC-West Player of the Week a total of four times. Starting all 31 games, he averaged over 16 points and nine rebounds per outing. Undrafted in the 2014 NBA draft, he still was generating a lot of interest from several teams. On July 2, 2014 he signed with the Indiana Pacers and is slowly gaining playing time and confidence in the world of professional basketball.

VETERAN'S ATTORNEY



Matt Cooper is a Paw Paw attorney who has made a name for himself working for the rights of servicemen on duty. He won a landmark decision that gave a serviceman help when he came back from duty overseas and found his house was being foreclosed. Cooper took on the case and won, which gained publicity not only in the United States but around the world. He created a way for any person in his country's service to be protected from losing their residence. Cooper appeared on, and was interviewed by, various national news programs, and partly because of the interest this created, he decided to do more to help these people. He was written up in the New York Times, in a story which resulted in people from around the world contacting him. One man in Texas sent the man Cooper had defended a sizeable donation to help with his expenses. Cooper soon formed the Service Members Civil Relief Act Foundation, to offer Michigan vets help. Known as the SCRA Foundation, it has become, as has Cooper personally, the place for service people with foreclosure problems to go. He has become an expert in this field and has only started his dream, which is to develop similar foundations in every state of the union. Already two states are working on this, and he frequently flies around the nation to speak on this subject. Matt Cooper now has an additional part-time job teaching the aspects of the decision, at the Western Michigan University Law School. Although never in the armed services himself, he knows many of the hardships, as he has had several family members that have served their country.



INGRID LACY WILLIAMS



In a small community such as Paw Paw, when someone passes away, especially someone young, who was well known and loved by so many outside the area, it creates a great deal of attention from the local citizens. This may not be the case with Ingrid Elaine Lacy Williams, a former Paw Paw resident and a 44-year-old family woman with a celebrity husband and five young children. Ingrid perished from an auto accident February 10, 2016 in Oklahoma City, and her passing created a great deal of attention from the national media and especially among players, coaches, and administrators of the National Basketball Association. One reason she was not so well known, was that she did so many kind things for so many people, but did them out of the spotlight with no thought of recognition. Lacy grew up in Paw Paw and had a successful high school career on the academic, athletic, and social levels. She was a gifted athlete, showing her versatility in track and field, excelling in the 100 and 200-meter dashes, and also the mile run. She is still a co-holder of the 400-meter dash relay school record. She was equally prominent in basketball and cross country in her school days. She also was a great student, earning the coveted Senior Student of the Year honor upon graduation. Also popular among her fellow students, she was a member of the Paw Paw Homecoming Queen's court her senior year and was named Miss Paw Paw for the Blossomtime celebration in Saint Joseph. She was voted Best All-Around female student in the class mock election, and spent much time as a member of the Spanish and Forensics clubs.

Upon graduation, Lacy enrolled at Notre Dame University, and almost immediately met the man she was going to spend her life with. Monty Williams came to South Bend as a highly touted basketball player, and he and Ingrid quickly became a constant couple. His basketball career appeared to have come to an early end when he was diagnosed with a heart problem, but with determination and constant encouragement from Ingrid, he was able to overcome the condition and became a college All-American, and a high draft pick in the NBA. He always gave his wife all the credit for staying by him and setting him back on the track to his dream of playing professional basketball. After his initial season of pro play, the two were married. After nine years as a player, he retired and became a professional coach.

It is likely that many of her friends from Paw Paw would have predicted good things for her future, but probably none could have foreseen the impact she would have on the lives of many in her far too short time on earth.

When husband Monty was head coach of the New Orleans Pelicans, player Ryan Anderson suffered a devastating loss, the suicide of his long-time girlfriend. Ever since he has given Ingrid all the credit for getting him through his loss and keeping him playing basketball. For at least a year, he spent his nights sleeping on a couch at the Williams home, with Ingrid and Monty treating him as a son. After Ingrid's passing, in a tear-filled television interview, Anderson told of the sincere efforts of this lady to

bring him back and put him back on the basketball court, but even more of helping him turn his personal life around.

In interviews on ESPN and other sources, many well known former and present NBA players spoke highly of their encounters with Ingrid including Magic Johnson, Stephen Curry, Isaiah Thomas, Avery Johnson, and Kevin Durant who wept openly as he tried to find words to express his sorrow. All-Star player Anthony Davis said, "I am completely devastated. Ingrid Williams was like a second mother to me when I got to New Orleans."

Ingrid not only helped players with personal problems frequently but worked on many facets of charity work, including a great deal of time at both New Orleans and Oklahoma City, dealing with ways to feed the homeless. The day after Ingrid's passing, there were moments of silence in her memory from many NBA games.

Ingrid leaves her husband Monty and her five children: Lael, Janna, Micah, Faith, and Elijah behind, but also leaves a legacy of a life well spent helping others.



150 YEARS AND STILL SERVING



Today as it has for over 150 years, the Dyckman House in Paw Paw serves as a place for comfortable lodging and dining. After operating as a hotel for over a century, it still offers rental apartments and provides food and drink on a daily basis. The Dyckman actually is the second hotel to stand on this corner in the main business area of the village. A fire in 1859 destroyed the Exchange Hotel at the same site, and soon it was replaced by an impressive new brick structure that was a sense of pride for the community. In 1868 it was threatened by another fire that damaged much of the block, and was closed down for a short time in the 1890s while looking for a new owner, but remained a focal point of downtown Paw Paw.

The Dyckman House has served an impressive list of celebrities over the years. Famous underworld figure Al Capone was frequently a patron from 1923 to 1931 and was known as a generous tipper by employees.

During the Big Band era of about 1935 to 1945, many prominent orchestras stopped overnight after performing at the Crystal Palace in Coloma, and sometimes the Lake Brownwood Dance Pavillon in Paw Paw. It was said at the time that often the jam sessions held at the Dyckman late in the evenings would have been well worth an admission charge.

Famed ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, a native of neighboring Decatur was often seen dining when he was back home in Southwestern Michigan during the 1930's to 1950's. It is not known if Charlie Mc Carthy accompanied him to the table.

Heavyweight boxing champion Joe Louis trained for several years at Great Bear Lake in Van Buren County in the 1940's and was known for attending the Strand Theatre and sneaking out to the Dyckman for a dish of ice cream that his trainer forbid him to partake of.

It was a stopover at the Dyckman in 1915 that helped comic Charlie Chaplin decide to spend much of that summer in and around Paw Paw at local resorts.

In 1958 most of the National Democratic Party leaders met in Paw Paw to discuss with Michigan Governor G. Mennen Williams about a possible run for the presidency. Among those who attended breakfast at the Dyckman was John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

About this same time while Gene and Katie Mitchell were managing "The Pump" lounge in the establishment, they offered area acts the chance to play on weekends. Rocker Del Shannon who was born in Grand Rapids and grew up in Coopersville, performed his top hits "Runaway" and "Hats Off to Larry" to delighted local diners. Shannon was elected to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1978.

Today known as "Brewster's at the Dyckman", this establishment continues to serve the community and area in the same manner it has since the time of the Civil War.



42 YEARS LATER IS BETTER THAN NEVER



Guy Arrans is a 1965 graduate of Paw Paw High School, and in October of that year at the age of 17, he enlisted in the United States Navy. After boot camp, he was chosen to attend Gunners Mate School, where he volunteered to join a select group to man the new PBR (Patrol Boat River), a 31-foot fiberglass boat with a crew of four. Heavily armed, it also was equipped with radar to help find the enemy on night patrols. When he arrived in Vietnam there were 70 PBR's in operation which soon became 120. In a twelve-month period in 1966 and 1967, these few hundred men were involved in over 1,000 firefights against the Viet Cong. They searched Vietnamese boats for contraband, set night ambushes and supported Navy Seal teams. They aided Navy minesweepers in keeping shipping channels open, as well as aiding the Vietnamese Army when it came under fire from the Viet Cong. Having survived all this, Arrans came home upon his release, married his wife Elizabeth, and attended Lake Michigan College, later transferring to Western Michigan University where he earned his degree. After graduation, he joined the Pri Mar Petroleum Company, where he is still employed as President and Chief Operating Officer. He is also a former Chairman of the Michigan Petroleum Association and remains on their Board of Directors.

In 2006 he attended a military reunion in Denver, where he learned he was eligible for awards for his service to his nation. Through the efforts of other Vietnam veterans, his service record was presented to the U.S. Navy for consideration, with the final decision made by the Secretary of the Navy.

Monday, June 1, 2009 he was presented the Bronze Star Medal with Combat "V" device. A portion of his service to our country was described at the ceremony by the reading of his citation: "In 245 patrol missions Petty Officer Arrans faced numerous enemy firefights while neutralizing enemy supply lines and capturing enemy watercraft. His heroic actions and leadership were inspirational to his boat crew and prevented damage to his PBR. His courageous actions, unrelenting perseverance, and loyal devotion to duty reflected great credit upon himself and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

While Guy served in Vietnam, two more members of his family were also serving in this action, brothers Leon as a Navy Seabee, and Gary as a U.S. Marine.



TYLER FIELD

Tyler Field, located in a neighborhood on the South side of Paw Paw, has a long history as a sports complex for the school. The North half of the field was actually purchased by the Paw Paw School Board in 1908 and became the baseball diamond after the creation of Maple Lake claimed the previous ball field the same year. Fifteen years after the initial purchase, Mrs. George Tyler donated the Southern half of the property to the school in memory of her husband, and also provided funds to construct a first-class, quarter-mile cinder track. In appreciation, Paw Paw Schools named the area Tyler Field.

The football field was moved to the Southern half in time for the next season, and it was appreciated by the fans a great deal. Of course, the players liked it also, despite labeling it "sand burr heaven" for the first two or three years. In 1933, the school petitioned the federal government to provide help with improvements to Tyler. The CWA (Civil Works Administration) that was created to find temporary employment for workers during the depression, granted the request and budgeted fifteen thousand dollars for the project. Work began December 1, 1933 and included a reconstruction of the ball diamond, new topsoil for the football field (hopefully with no sand burr seeds), and eight new tennis courts, that were constructed to be used as an ice skating rink in the winter. It was at this time the stone wall was also created, thanks to the CWA and the WPA that followed. An annex building by the school was moved to Tyler also, and from that time on served as a field house for the local Boy Scouts.

Today, long after its inception, Tyler Field is still a very well used facility. The baseball diamond which also served as home for several fast-pitch adult softball teams in the 1940's and 1950's after the addition of lights, is still used today and is known as Charlie Maxwell Ball Field. The football field is now used for the Rocket Football program, with a lot of financial help from Paw Paw grad Jason Babin, who became an NFL first-round draft pick, and an all-pro player also. The far south end has become an impressive children's playground thanks to donations of money and labor by many in the community. The tall stone wall that covers three sides of the area has recently been renovated and now appears new again.

Almost certainly, many more generations of Paw Paw athletes will be honing their skills there, thanks to the generosity of a lady 100 years ago.



WHERE THERE IS SMOKE



It was common in villages 120 years ago or so, for the threat of fire to wipe out entire blocks of homes or businesses. Especially before the days of volunteer firemen.

Paw Paw has had its share of damaging blazes, but always has had the heart to rebuild and move forward. At least five fires in the last four decades of the 19th Century left their mark on the village. In 1859 the Exchange Hotel was destroyed, despite the efforts of nearly the entire population of Paw Paw. A bucket brigade, comprised mainly of women, passed water all the way from the Paw Paw River to their men, who battled the flames as best they could, but to no avail. A few years later, a blaze at a residence on the site that later become Van Antwerp Drugs, Paw Paw Drugs, and then Dillon Drugs, caused so much panic among helpers that they carefully carried bedding and pillows downstairs and out the door, while chopping the legs off a piano to get it through the front door, and then leaving it inside to burn. They also threw wooden chairs, dressers, and glass items out a second story window, some even after the fire was extinguished. It was about that time the village fathers decided Paw Paw needed a trained firefighting team.

In 1866, flames swept both sides of Main Street west of Kalamazoo Street. The building housing the Smith Clothing Company was destroyed, mainly because the owner, old Captain Smith, placed himself and his clerk on guard at the doors, not allowing anyone to enter to remove any portion of his merchandise. He stated that it was all covered by insurance and anything removed would likely be damaged or stolen, and he would be out his money. That same year, two buildings where Warner Supply now stands were leveled by fire. It seems that local legend has it that Jim Bennett, who operated a saloon on Kalamazoo Street, took a pail of whiskey to his townsmen battling the flames, and before the problem had ended, four local Sunday School Superintendents were overcome, and not from smoke. The last one to go down was the head of the Free Will Baptist Church who stumbled over the tongue of the fire engine and was pronounced down for the count.

Just a year or so later, a huge fire broke out in what was purported to be a house of ill repute in Decatur. It was said it took just 20 minutes to put the fire out, but over an hour before all the firemen could be put out of the structure.

A GRAPE IDEA

The grape and wine industry in Paw Paw has been an important factor in the growth of the village for a long time, and much of the credit goes to a Paw Paw couple who were early visionaries, sensing what growing this fruit could mean to the area. Arminta Granger was born in New York State in 1841, and as many others from that area did, she moved to Michigan and to Paw Paw with her parents General Thomas Granger and wife at a very young age.

Arminta attended school in the village and was the earliest graduate of the local school system, earning her degree in 1859. Always active in community events and services, she taught for several years in the rural school system of Paw Paw.

In 1866 during the Civil War, she married Lt. Dalziel Spicer who provided much-needed help for the war effort, recruiting 100 young men from the Paw Paw area for the Union Army. The young couple moved near Lawton on a farm for a few years where they became pioneers in proving that the local favorable summer and fall growing season was an ideal location for the production of grapes.

After a few years of farm life, they returned to the Paw Paw home that Arminta lived in for all but 13 of her 88 years. Their son Harold Spicer became somewhat of a local notable also as publisher and editor of the Courier-Northerner newspaper that today is the oldest still operating weekly paper in the State of Michigan.

The Spicer family no longer is a part of the village scene, but their legacy lives on in the fruit that made Paw Paw famous.

ELSIE BELLE TUTTLE



Elsie was born in Paw Paw, Michigan in 1872, youngest of three, including sister Gertrude, and brother Roy, founder of Tuttle Floral Company which is still a fixture in Paw Paw today. From an early age, Elsie had an intense interest in teaching and learning, often pretending to be a teacher in class with her two siblings as her students. Always eager for education, Elsie was noted in 1887 in the Paw Paw Schools newspaper as a top student in the school, with sister Gertrude also on the list. After her second year of high school, she moved on to newly established Alma College, a Presbyterian school which reflected her religious upbringing. She was part of accelerated courses for teaching, which bore a 100 dollar fee for one semester. Upon completing her studies with high honors she began to search for a position, where she hoped to make a difference in the lives of young people. Soon the perfect spot for this aspiration appeared at

an African American country school outside of Macon, Georgia. She applied and won the job without an onsite interview. As her private school salary was meager, she existed by living with the families of her students, usually two weeks in a home. As a white school teacher in a black school she suffered much of the bigotry her families did, and there were many places in the community where she was not welcome. Regardless, she continued to return to Macon every fall, and had a positive influence on many, often offering small gifts to keep students from dropping out of school. One part of being virtually shunned by the community had a profound effect on her physical health that she would have to deal with the rest of her life: One day she stumbled as she left the school building, fell and broke a hip. At that time no white doctor would agree to treat her, and the only physician who would have set her hip properly only came into the area every three months. Her hip never healed properly, and she was forced to use a cane, and later a walker, to get around from that time on.

She still traveled south every fall to work with her “families,” as she called them, until her ever increasing lack of mobility forced her to retire back to Paw Paw, to live with Sister Gertrude. Despite her handicap, she continued to be of help however she could, writing correspondence for ailing neighbors and doing any volunteer work she could do at home for her church, the Red Cross, and other area charities. Instead of feeling badly for the way her life had turned out, she often expressed joy, that on a summer day she could look out the window and see people going by, and enjoy her bed of daylilies near her window.

A very happy time for her was when some former student she had stayed in touch with showed up at her door to thank her for what she had done to make him or her a success. Elsie died in 1958 and is buried in Prospect Cemetery in Paw Paw.



MAY GERTRUDE TUTTLE



May Tuttle, or Gertrude as she preferred to be to be called, was born in Paw Paw, Michigan on a farm known as White Oaks, south of the village.

As a child she exhibited an intense interest in artistic pursuits, spending much time painting and sketching. She learned to work on the farm, and soon developed a lifelong love of their barnyard animals which was shared by her younger sister Elsie.

Gertrude was awarded second place in the Paw Paw Schools academic Olympian Honor Roll of students in 1887 as reported by the school newspaper of the time, the *Paw Paw Progress*. The only student in the school to rank above her was sister Elsie.

Gertrude left Paw Paw Schools and the village after 11th grade to head east and pursue an art career at a fine arts college in New Jersey. For two years she rented a room from her art instructor and spent weekends working in a millinery shop, where she learned to create fashionable and expensive hats for ladies of high social stature. In the classroom she was also making strides in commercial art, becoming quite skilled at creating intricately designed wallpapers.

After her graduation, she opened her own hat and wallpaper shop in Newark, New Jersey, where she became a large success in a short time. Soon her hats were being sold in New York City and other large cities on the east coast, with a “Hat By Gertrude” being very fashionable. In fact, Gertrude was enough of a success that she was able to accumulate enough wealth to retire at a relatively young age and return to Michigan, partly to be of assistance to her sister who had become partially disabled. They both lived the rest of their lives in their parent’s home on North Kalamazoo Street in Paw Paw.

Gertrude continued to create and sell wallpaper designs she shipped east for several years. As one who loved to stroll outdoors and help others, she ran errands, walked and bathed dogs, and did shopping for neighbors unable to perform these tasks for themselves, well into her 80’s. Until the age of 90, she continued to be frequently seen walking around the village on summer nights.

Both sisters always were very active in the local Presbyterian Church projects, as well as many other village projects that required volunteer aid.

Gertrude died in 1961 and is buried in Prospect Cemetery in Paw Paw.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL JILL STIGLICH



Jill Stiglich grew up and graduated from Paw Paw High School in 1982, being not only an excellent student, but a top athlete also. Jill currently (2017) serves as the Deputy Director, Program Acquisition, Defense Procurement and Acquisition Policy (DPAP).

Previously, Jill served as Deputy Director, Program Acquisition and Strategic Sourcing. In addition to her current responsibilities of program acquisition, she and her staff identified opportunities for improvement and provided recommendations that resulted in sourcing policy and process development, revision, or elimination. In collaboration with the DPAP staff and DoD components, the directorate conducted spend analysis and facilitated business solutions that permitted the department to take the best advantage of strategically sourcing approximately \$370 billion of goods and services a year.

Jill served as the Deputy Director, Contingency Contracting. In that capacity, she served as the Department's advocate for emergency and contingency contracting. She was responsible for preparing legislative proposals, appeals, and Congressional testimony for contracting in support of deployed forces, humanitarian and peacekeeping operations, and disaster relief. While on active duty in the Air Force, Jill served as a subject matter expert to the Commission on Army Acquisition and Program Management in Expeditionary Operations.

Ms. Stiglich was commissioned in the Air Force upon graduation from the United States Air Force Academy in 1986 and has over 25 years of experience in contracting. She completed numerous assignments covering a broad range of contracting areas and served as the Executive Officer to the Aeronautical Systems Center Director of Contracting, as well as the Air Mobility Command Inspector General. Jill also served as the Assistant Chief, Commander's Action Group to the General of the Air Mobility Command. Lt Col Stiglich was selected to Command the Royal Air Force Lakenheath Contracting Squadron, as well as supporting RAF Mildenhall and the European Office of Research and Development, where she led Military, DoD civilians, and Ministry of Defence employees. She was then assigned to the Air Force Contracting Operations Division, Washington, DC. In this capacity, she represented the Assistant Secretary (Acquisition) and Assistant Secretary of the Air Force on business and contracting matters concerning Fighters/Bombers, Command and Control, Space and Weapon Systems, as well as functioning as the principal business advisor on procurement matters in these areas.

Lt Col Stiglich deployed to Iraq and served as the Director of Contracting for the Coalition Task Force-7, Iraq (later changed to the Multi-National Forces-Iraq), where she was responsible for contingency contracting support for over 150,000 warfighters. After her tour

of duty, she was awarded the Bronze Star Medal. She was then assigned to the Air Force Office of Legislative Liaison where she advocated legislative programs to Congress to authorize policies for Air Force acquisitions and small-business participation DoD-wide, as well as programs of the Chief Information Officer and information technology issues. Ms. Stiglich was then selected as the Executive Officer to the Assistant Secretary of the Air Force (Acquisition), where she assisted the top Air Force acquisition official with direct taskings, guidance to directorate staff, and reviewing and making recommendations directed by the U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff, Secretary of the Air Force, and Secretary of Defense.

Ms. Stiglich received a Bachelor of Science degree from the Air Force Academy, a Masters of Aeronautical Science from Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University and a Masters of Military Arts and Sciences from Air University.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. BRADLEY



Bill Bradley was a Paw Paw School student all the way from kindergarten to Graduation in 1957.

An outstanding athlete at Paw Paw, he was a member of the 1957 Redskins football team that was selected #1 in the state in Class C, going 8-0 and allowing just nine points the entire season.

After high school Bill enlisted in the United States Army and served honorably, retiring with the rank of Major. He attended and graduated from Troy State University as a member of Alpha Phi Fraternity with a BA degree and magna cum laude honors.

While in the service, Bill was awarded the Bronze Star, Meritorious Service Medal, Medal of Valor, and the Army Commendation Medal.

A member of the National Order of Battlefield Commissions, he has contributed to the A & E Civil War Journal, and lectures on the Black involvement in the Civil War, to high schools, colleges, and universities around the nation, including Paw Paw Schools.

He also is a retired GTE Government systems Software Project manager and has served as a board member of the United Way, and a Van Buren County Mental Health consultant.



A PAW PAW TRAILBLAZER



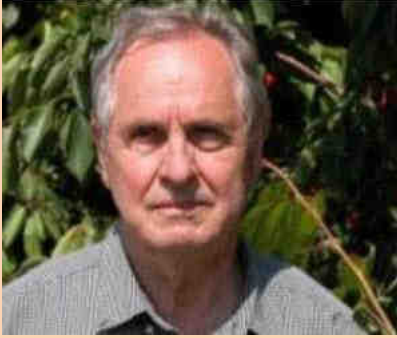
Sherman Ampey, a 1960 graduate of Paw Paw High School, was an early groundbreaker for African-Americans in police work. An extremely popular and talented student at Paw Paw, he set out after graduation on a career in law enforcement. He joined the Michigan State Police, and after graduation from the FBI National Academy in Quantico, Virginia, was the first African-American in Michigan to receive a promotion to 1st Lt. and as a Post Commander in White Pigeon, Michigan. In 1988 he also became the first of his race to become a major, assigned to the Safety and Regulatory Bureau, as Deputy State Director.

1991 saw Sherman rise to Commander of the Emergency Management Division and become appointed as Deputy State Director. Between 1991 and 1995, he was a member of the National Emergency Management Association and served two years as chairman.

In 1994 he was appointed to the Board of Visitors for Federal Emergency Management Training Institute, in Emmitsburg, Maryland.

After retirement, Sherman came back to Paw Paw, where he has devoted much of his time to researching the Underground Railroad, that his great-great-grandparents used to leave Virginia for a new home, which happened to be Paw Paw. He has created a mini museum about the Railway on his farm and offers tours to groups and individuals. Sherman also manages somehow to pursue his lifelong passion for fishing.

FARMER'S FRIEND



Martin J. Bukovac is a 1947 graduate of Paw Paw Schools. While in high school he was a Future Farmer's of America member. Little did his classmates realize, he was destined to be a very important part of the agricultural industry, not just in Paw Paw, but nationwide and worldwide.

After graduation, he entered the service and became a Tank Unit Commander. He returned to further his education at Michigan State, earning his B.S. with honors in 1951, followed by his M.S., and earned his PhD in 1957. He was selected as a National Science Foundation Senior Fellow, as a postdoctoral student at Oxford University in 1965. He worked for 40 years in East Lansing doing research on flower formation, fruit growth, and development. His work led to many patents and practices currently being used in the horticultural industry. At Michigan State, he served as a mentor to 37 graduate students and 45 postdoctoral and scientists visiting MSU.

Martin was elected to the U.S. National Academy of Sciences, recipient of an honorary doctoral degree from the University of Bonn, Germany, and designated a University Distinguished Professor at MSU.

His work has been recognized by numerous awards and invitations to lecture in England, Japan, and China. He has served as a visiting professor at Ohio State, Oregon State, Guelph and Zagreb University, and the NARA Institute of Science and Technology.

Doctor Bukovac served as President of the American Society for Horticultural Science, won the Alexander Von Humboldt Prize in 1996 to conduct research in Germany, and in 2001 was elected to the American Society for Horticultural Science Hall of Fame. He retired from Michigan State in 1996, and has since had over 40 works published in agricultural publications around the world.

1859 PAW PAW BUSINESS ADS

From the True-Northerner newspaper files for 1859

O.P. Gorton's Yankee Notion Store- North side of Main Street: "Every notion will cause a commotion."

J. H. Simmons Hardware- Corner Main and Kalamazoo Streets: "Finest line of hardware in North America."

Holmes Dry Goods: "Hats, bonnets, boots and shoes, carpetings, paper hangings, groceries, crockery, hardware and lunch counter. Cheap for cash!"

Henry Eggleston Prop. Paw Paw Steam Foundry & Blacksmith: "Engines, plows, wagons manufactured and repaired, all work in the blacksmith line done in a dependable, honest, and cheery fashion."

New York Drug Store: "Drugs, medicines, paints, books, stationery, jewelry, oysters in season. Bowel disorders are a specialty."

F.W. Sellick- on Main Street: "Fancy dry goods, family groceries, friendly people."

M.P. Allen Company- opposite M.E.Church on Main Street: "Tables, bed-steeds, lounges, toilets, coffins made to order."

Granger &Sortore- upstairs over the drug store: Boot and shoe maker, groceries and fresh eggs, both chicken and duck."

The Exchange Hotel- corner Main and Kalamazoo: "Stages leave and return daily from the Paw Paw Station."

M. Smith & Brother- near Butler's Hardware on Gremps Street. "We offer the finest popcorn kernels anywhere. Pamper your gustatory organs with the delicious morsels and perhaps a wish will open involuntarily in our mind to "pop" the all-important question to one of the many fair ladies of our village."

Dr. Brown Dentistry -over Lemon, Warner & Company store: "I can be found at all times in my upstairs rooms prepared to execute elegantly and well all kinds of work in the line of my profession. Teeth extracted, gold and silver foil filling, new teeth inserted. I have been completely sober for four years and this will continue."

Paw Paw Free Press: "The best and most of weekly news of the area and the world. We do printing also."

A. Bangs Livery Stable-in rear of the Exchange Hotel: "Horses and carriages at all times to let. Passengers conveyed to any part of the county at all times."

J. B. Downs- three doors east of the Exchange: Ready-made clothing, gentleman's furnishings goods, vegetable and fruits in season, firewood available."

Grimes & Murdick Partnership: "Groceries and provisions, fish, fruit, nuts, palm, oils, balms, Willow Ware, confectionary, hay bales in season, cigars, medicines, pure liquors for medicinal purposes."

C.M. Odell M.D.-opposite Exchange Hotel: Physician, surgeon, dentist and obstetrician. Also a dealer in books and stationery and confections."

E.J. House Cheap Cash Store-alley behind Exchange Hotel: "As cheap as any man on this side of sundown, no credit."

The J.J. Barrett & Wife Company: "Stoneware, green and black tea, tomato catsup, pickled lobsters and oysters, raisins, plug tobacco, German abrasive soap, herring, table salt, bird pepper sauce, cheese and whey packets. Shipments weekly from Kalamazoo."

Orange Hayes' Dining Saloon-north side of Main Street one door west of Sherman's Hardware:

"Fruit, each in its own season, fish fresh, pickled, and preserved, guaranteed fully edible, game of all kind, dining room has all delicacies the nation offers, served at all times. Best and cheapest cigars in the town."

Sellick & Foot: "Now is the time to buy our goods, hard times made easy here. Dry goods, clothing ready made, boots, a grocery and lots of surprises."

IN OLD NEW YORK



Dale Harrison was born in Allegan, Michigan in 1894. As a youth, he moved to Paw Paw and soon became an employee of his grandfather's jewelry store where he received a rather handsome salary of three dollars a week which he spent with reckless abandon. He also sang in the church choir, played roles in village theatrical productions, wrote pieces for the Paw Paw True-Northerner, fell in love with every new girl in school, "and otherwise made a perfect ass of myself" in his own words.

About this time he attended the 1904 World's Fair and after writing about his adventure for the paper, he decided he was going to become a newspaperman. He graduated from Paw Paw in 1912, along with another Harrison, Doane who became an important part of the American film industry. His story is also in this work.

Dale went on to a college in St. Louis determined to reach his dream. Little did he know most likely that his journey would culminate in New York City with a column with a readership of 29 million.

From St. Louis he went on to work in the trade in Detroit, Chicago where he joined the Associated Press, Omaha, and Columbus before settling in New York. His first real reporting job had been at the Belleville, Illinois News-Democrat where he was given the undertaker's beat. In New York City he began his "Dale Harrison's New York" column that gained popularity quickly, and at its peak had a national readership of 29 million.

Just five feet three inches in height, Dale had become a big man in the Big City. His unique ability to find and report tales of the interesting characters and stories of the city and introduce them to America made him famous. He was soon compared favorably to Damon Runyon who did the same type of writing, creating many short stories such as "Guys and Dolls". Dale was said to be at home at a police lineup, a raid on a risqué theater, or at a concert at the Met. In short, he had the ability to find fascinating tales all over the hundreds of small towns that make up New York City. He often referred to his hometown, remarking, "You know Paw Paw, that little Michigan town where that other great writer Will Payne came from". Will's own story can be seen next.



WILL PAYNE



Will Payne was a very prolific and successful writer of short stories especially from 1902 to 1929. He was born in 1865 and lived in Paw Paw much of his life, and only attended the schools until the end of eighth grade which was not uncommon at that time due to the needs of families or a desire to move on with a chosen profession. For Will, it was writing from an early age. He showed a great talent for creating short stories often not aware of what he would be writing about. His method was to create a title he liked, and develop a story around the title. He often wrote adventurous tales that also included mystery and at least a little romance too. He is credited with over 170 short stories that reached publication including over 130 for the very popular Saturday Evening Post alone. He also saw his work appear in other nationally known magazines such as Collier's, Red Book, Atlantic Monthly, Cosmopolitan, and the Metropolitan. He received several awards for his writing and frequently was given an illustration from his story of the week and billing on the front cover. His "Jitney Juggernaut" a tale of an old Ford auto was selected as the short story of the year by the Saturday Evening Post in 1908. Among his other, most acclaimed works were "The Strange Boarder", "The Crow's Nest", and "A Question of Character". In 1920 Will was still a resident of Paw Paw living on North Kalamazoo Street. He eventually retired to Florida and passed away in 1954.

LADY OF THE CLOUDS



V. Leora Blaisdell was born in Lawrence, Michigan in 1895. She attended Paw Paw Schools for a while, at least the years from 1907 to 1909 at Wildey Country School. From an early age, she was a determined lady with many interests and talents. After she completed her schooling, V. Leora became a teacher in the Kalamazoo school system and soon became fascinated with aviation. She planned to become among the first licensed female pilots and, after training at the Kellogg Airport in Battle Creek, she applied for a license that was granted in 1930. Her license was assigned by aviation pioneer Orville Wright. She took place in many air tours, finishing second in a women's race in Anderson, Indiana behind a woman who had flown for two years. For her efforts, she won over three hundred dollars in prize money, obviously a large sum at that time. She was unable to turn flight into a full-time career as she hoped, but remained active in the air for years. In later years, she became a secretary at the Van Buren Sheriff's Department, and was known by many as the "Lady of the Clouds." She was an advocate for the female suffrage movement, proudly voting in the first presidential election after voting rights were extended to women, and in every election after that for the rest of her life. She also was a talented poet and produced several books of her works.

In 1977, the Paw Paw Business and Professional Women's Club honored her for her many contributions to the community and for all women. She was given a plaque celebrating V. Leora as "A patriot, musician, pilot, teacher, intellectual, and poet." Obviously, this lady who was a prominent aviatrix also had her feet solidly on the ground.

LIEUTENANT ALAN H. SMITH, U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES



Alan Smith, a 1935 graduate of Paw Paw High School, was a high-ranking student and a very gifted athlete. He was a standout in football, and perhaps the best track and field athlete Paw Paw has ever had. A book written about the history of Michigan track champions shows a list of the best ever, and Alan was chosen as captain of that squad by the author. In the 1934 and 1935 track seasons, Smith was undefeated in four events, capping off each year by winning all four in the state finals. He led Paw Paw to Class C State Championships both of these seasons, and a true indication of his talents are shown by the fact he still owns the 100-yard dash record at Paw Paw, and his long jump mark stood until 2013. He continued his academic and track career at the University of Michigan where he was a three-year letter winner and Big Ten 220-yard dash champion in 1940.

He enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Forces in 1941 and received his wings at Kelly Field. He was sent to Egypt where he was a member of the Black Scorpion Squadron and had been previously decorated with the Air Medal for outstanding courage.

Lieutenant Smith was killed in the line of duty April 20, 1943, just days after being released from a hospital due to wounds suffered in action. He had been decorated with the Silver Star for "gallantry in action" and the citation stated in part:

"That even though wounded, he continued to engage the enemy when his formation was attacked, and through superior skill managed to damage one of the enemy planes and put shots into another, landing safely his own plane."

GOOD GOVERNOR GOODING



Frank R. Gooding

Frank Robert Gooding was born in Tiverton, England on September 16, 1859. He immigrated to America in 1867 along with his parents. They settled on a farm near Paw Paw where he attended school until heading west to Shasta, California in 1877. He engaged in farming and mining, moving to Idaho in 1881 and settling in Ketchum where he worked as a mail carrier and later owned a firewood and charcoal business. In 1888 he settled in Gooding, Gooding County, Idaho, a town and county named for him and his family. He was elected to the State Senate, and then as the seventh Governor of Idaho from 1905-08. After running unsuccessfully for the U.S. Senate in 1918, he won the office in 1920, serving a total of seven years, dying in office.

CARL HENRY BARRETT, AVIATOR



Carl H. Barrett - Passport Photo

Carl Barrett was born in Paw Paw in 1890. graduating from the local school with the Class of 1906. From an early age, he was interested in flight and spent several years in various types of aviation work. He entered the United States Army in 1917 and became an aviator. He spent two years from 1922 to 1924 stationed in the Philippines and spent much time in China, Japan, Manchuria, much of Europe, and many Pacific Islands as well as other parts of the world. His last five years in the service were spent at Kelly Flying Field In Texas, charged with testing the

ability of young flyers. Among his prospective aviators was Col. Charles E. Lindbergh. It was here also that he became good friends with Frank Hawks, who at that time held the national distance flying record.

Barrett retired from the service in 1929 due to a physical disability. He returned to the Paw Paw area, and in 1933 became a student teacher in world history at Paw Paw as part of the school's decision to become a training unit of Western Teacher's State College in Kalamazoo, later Western Michigan University.

His extensive world travel proved to be of large benefit to his world history students as he had a great deal of personal knowledge not only of most of the United States, but of much of the rest of the world also.

Upon his passing Carl was buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

FROM A HUMBLE BEGINNING.....

N.A. Earle was born in Arlington Township, Van Buren County, of a family with little means. At the age of 20 he decided to take the money he had earned from the fall harvest, and as he was his only support, used it to enroll in Paw Paw High School. He planned to only stay as long as he could afford to, but he showed such promise as a student, he obtained a job working as a school janitor for \$3.50 a week which allowed him to continue his education. It was soon obvious he was the top student in the school, and after he graduated with high honors and as Class Valedictorian of the Paw Paw High Class of 1870, he was immediately hired as a teacher at the same school. He proved to be an adroit instructor, and in four years he was awarded the position of school Principal. He was successful as an administrator also, and left to enroll in the University of Michigan Law School. After gaining his law degree, he settled in Grand Rapids and began a law practice. He soon was elected to the Michigan State Legislature, 5th District where he served until his untimely death at the age of 43 from consumption.

After his passing, the Kent County Bar Association passed a resolution honoring him that reads as follows:

“Resolved that we point with pride to his manly career, his sterling integrity, and his courageous struggle for life against fatal disease, and that he left a moral of personal and professional attributes worth alike of admiration and imitation.”



My father's narrative of growing up in Paw Paw continues through World War I.

ACADEMY DAYS

In the summer leading up to my senior year at Paw Paw, I found myself preparing to take a competitive test for an appointment to the Naval Academy. It was my father's idea, not mine.

I learned beforehand that two of the subjects on the test were classes our high school did not offer, and so it was determined that I had to attend prep school at Annapolis for six weeks of cramming for the test. When I arrived, I learned I would be staying in a house built before the Revolution. Several of the prospective students stayed there, and we soon learned to hate our daily fare which always was just corn meal and something called liver pudding. Ugh! I was sixteen and the youngest in my group. At night some of the others would head to a tavern and have a few beers. Once I went with them and was served with no questions. I felt I was totally grownup, standing at the bar and drinking beer.

When I went to the Academy for a physical, I was very impressed with the buildings and the men in uniform, but couldn't wait to get back home. I passed all the entrance exams, and I still didn't want to be in the Navy, but as we were at war in Europe, I felt I needed to go.

I felt bad after getting home that I would miss my senior year as I enjoyed school very much. I had developed an interest in music as a junior learning the clarinet, baritone, tuba, and trombone and also taught myself to play the mandolin. I helped organize a mandolin band and we played at the Court House once a week all summer. The school band I soon joined played summer dances often and concerts during the school year. I also joined a home guard company and we drilled for one hour every day and once a week marched downtown for a drill exhibition on Main Street. It was great. We carried wooden guns and flags and were in fancy uniform. It was very exciting for me.

I finally received word to report to the Academy. The first month was spent mainly drilling, sailing and rowing. I missed my hometown and Dorothy, not a pleasant time. The upper classmen spent the summer sailing and so the new men were alone and inside the walls, except for Saturday afternoons when we were given four hours in town. Not having any money, I usually just spent the time studying. It seemed that most of the others of my group were from wealthy families. We were paid one dollar a month, but we had to buy razors, soap, and other necessities. We also attended church every week, and everyone had to take their turn as part of the perpetual standing guard over the place where Captain John Paul Jones was buried in the basement.

In June I was assigned to the battleship *Wisconsin* for the summer cruise. Every day began at 6 AM with a lot of scrubbing decks and polishing brass. We sailed to Cuba and Saint Thomas, and then went through the Panama Canal and north to Provincetown, and then back to Annapolis. After that my month's leave began, so I borrowed money from a friend to head to Michigan. I managed to get to Kalamazoo, but with no money left I had to find a cab driver that would take me home so my father could pay him.

It was a nice month leave, but when I returned to Annapolis, I had some bad news. With the war now over, the accelerated three-year college plan was returned to four, and I would have another year away in a place I really didn't want to be. After exchanging many letters with Dorothy, we decided I would finish the year and then get out of the service.

When I was freed, Dorothy was working at my father's drug store, and I took a job at a bakery to earn enough money so we could marry. However, all the parents wanted both of us back in school and that put us at the University of Michigan, I in pre-law which was what I had wanted all along, and Dorothy in the Business College.

Soon after school commenced, we skipped off on a weekend whim to South Bend for a secret marriage. We returned to Ann Arbor, I back in my dorm and she in hers. What we hadn't counted on was the South Bend Tribune published all marriage notices, and it was sold in Paw Paw. Soon someone told our parents. They made us return to Paw Paw feeling that now as a married couple, we would not devote the necessary time to our studies. I am sure this would not have happened, but it did end my dreams of a law career.



This is something I wrote for our 50th Paw Paw Class reunion.....

CLASS OF '57 DO YOU REMEMBER THESE?

- Places we liked to go, things we enjoyed doing (and some we didn't). How many are familiar to you? As the song goes, "The Class of '57 had its dreams. We all thought we'd change the world with our great words and deeds. Or maybe we just thought the world would change to fit our needs, the class of '57 had its dreams".

- The Big Barrel Drive-In was a summer way of life in Paw Paw-cold root beer mugs and good-looking car hops. The Parkway Restaurant, with jukeboxes at every table, was the place to meet on a Saturday night.

- Our high school boys' locker room was not for the faint of heart. A lot of scary livestock inhabited the darkened corners. Silverfish were the size of lobsters.

- Miss Toms' Home Economic class had some delicious cooking odors seeping under the door at times, but at other times, it smelled somewhat akin to the boys' locker room.

- Ethel Nantz's Senior English class prepared us for college, but the *Canterbury Tales* went on forever.

Asparagus picking before school led to a lot of sleeping in class rooms and study hall.

- Schwarz's Drive In on Westnedge Avenue was the best place to cruise after you had washed and waxed your car. Not to mention their strawberry pie.

- The Lake Brownwood Dance Pavilion and the "parking lot" at Lime Lake were always popular.

The State Theatre was a great place to watch a movie and observe stars twinkling overhead also.

Art class with Mr. Phillips was interesting. A couple of boys who will remain unnamed to protect the guilty used to hide in the storage room during class and shoot "poison darts" actually sticks of chalk at the rest of the students that were intent on becoming artists.

- Ben Franklin Store, a great place for kids with the seemingly unending glass cases filled with candy.

Spayde's and Dillon's Drugs: Phosphates, sodas, cherry and chocolate cokes, malted milk shakes in cold metal tins with cookies, and Dixie Cups with pictures of movie stars on the lid.

- Coney Island may have been the prototype of a greasy spoon, and some of the help looked kind of greasy also with their D.A. haircuts.

- Sadie Hawkins Day may have been the original dress down day. A few unkempt students dressed as they usually did, and fitted right in.

- "Borrowing" watermelons from area farmers after dark was exciting, but nerve racking also.

The Strand Theatre was not like the State, but the balcony was fun when you were allowed to go up there. We watched *Rebel Without a Cause* twice in a row one day and we all wanted to be half as cool as James Dean was.

- Mister Michmerhuizen's class room - last door on the west end, second floor of the school, through the study hall, and turn left. That man could certainly get enthused about his subject matter.
- Basketball games - you had to get there during the "reserve" game if you wanted a seat. If you sat in the balcony behind the metal backboard, you couldn't see very much of the game. Coke in paper cups and bags of Be-Mo potato chips cost ten cents each.
- Mr. Jones' - school plays such as "Submerged" and "Arsenic and Old Lace" were great, but better yet was being a member of the motley stage crew as Jones called us.
- The hamburger gravy in the school cafeteria (served cold with the obligatory lumps in the mashed potatoes) caused many a hungry student to swear profusely and vow to start eating lunch at Joe's Gas Station across the street, with every candy bar known to man.
- Boys not out for spring sports got their physical education by pulling weeds from the track and removing stones from the baseball diamond during gym class under Mr. Falan's supervision. Track and baseball players could just practice their sport. Actually pulling weeds is a life sport.
- Mr. Emmert's and Mr. Vaughn's classes were actually movie appreciation classes. We would watch a movie nearly every day. Then Mr. Vaughn would add to the academic benefits of the film by showing it backwards.
- Homecoming parade, the football game, and dance were always highlights of the fall season.

Isolated country roads on a starry, starry night, no additional comment.

- Watching "submarine races" at Blocker's Pond, no additional comment.
- A lot of us walked or drove downtown from school to eat lunch at The Grill, Hotel De Hamburger, Hamburger Haven, or the Sweet Shop.
- Mission Orange soda, Gummy Sombreros, Beeman's Pepsin Gum, Wayne Buns, and Orange Slices were near the top of our healthy snacks list.
- Sportsman's Corner, Merrill's Bakery, The Stag Shop, Cozy Lunch, and the Smart Shop.
- The Grape Festival marked the end of summer. There was a parade, rides in the heart of town, and lots of games where you could throw away your money. You could spend a dollar and win a ten cent prize if lucky.
- Chamberlain's Dime Store, The Cinderella Shop, The Record Shop, Wilson's Place.
- Tyler Field was a great place to watch a football game. You could stand at the wire fence and be almost on the field, and also follow the ball as it moved down the gridiron. The great stone wall was easy to sneak over for a free pass to games also.
- A&W Drive In, Lake Cora Drive In, Katley's Drive In, Big Barrel Drive in, Dog 'N Suds Drive In.
- End of school year picnics at Baseline Lake, and in senior high, Silver Beach on Lake Michigan. Rides and Near Beer they actually let us buy!

- Sprague’s Barber Shop, Audrey’s Beauty Shop, Bush Sporting Goods, Scottie’s Manger, Dixie Inn, Liberty Market, Griff’s Barber Shop, Messner’s Shell Service, Young’s Jewelry.
- Band and choir concerts and Miss Paw Paw competitions were always large. One girl became incensed when she was eliminated early, and nearly destroyed our beautiful auditorium stage, and then left with one finger raised, I suppose to show she was really number one.
- Decorating the gym for prom night was more fun sometimes than the actual dance. It was always a challenge to turn a basketball court into an exotic tropical paradise with those nets hanging down.
- The milk man and the Colonial Bakery man delivered their product right to your front door. Grocery stores had home delivery, and the doctor came to the house when you were sick.
- Walnettos , Almond Joy, Hires Root Beer, Double Bubble Gum, and Powerhouse bars.
- The Tribal News weekly school newspaper was fun to work on. A favorite column was “Heap of the Week” examining a student’s car in the parking lot. Once an “unnamed” student reporter wrote on the senior of the week column, “This busy senior girl....”, but accidentally added a “t” after the “s” in busy. I swear it was just a mistake by me, and besides, she wasn’t.
- Journalism Class was where we produced the school newspaper and it was a rather informal class. We often sent out for sweet rolls and coffee or milk, and sometimes adjourned to Lake Michigan for the rest of the school day in our teacher’s car she loaned us. We didn’t get in trouble for she was also the school secretary, and didn’t mark us absent.
- Bowling at Bowl More Lanes on Fridays for gym class was a lot better than the gymnastics we did sometimes. Why didn’t the girls get to bowl too?
- Rudy’s Party Shop, Dutch Cupboard, Breedveld’s Shoes, Troy Motors, Walker Ford, and Harrison Chevrolet.
- Having coal delivered to your house in the winter was not fun. It meant you had to eventually transfer all of it to the furnace.
- Weston’s Bait Shop, Barnes Brothers Gas and Records, Silver Bell Baits, Maple City Dairy Bar.
- Cleaning out your locker on the last day of the school year was enlightening. “So that is where that tuna fish sandwich went last October!”
- The Earth Angels were a small group of senior boys who thought they sang a lot better than they did.
- Those beautiful senior cheerleaders – Cathy Downs, Nancy Byers, Ellen Vukorpa, and Mary Ellen Mumford.
- Tastee Freeze, Our Acres Bait Shop, Paw Paw Bait Company, and Arnold Tackle, the blacksmith shop near the Court House.

- If you were lucky enough to have a television in the early 1950's, you never missed "I Love Lucy", "Jackie Gleason, "Milton Berle", or "Our Miss Brooks". In fact you probably watched everything from "Roller Derby" and "The Lone Ranger" to 'Captain Video and the Video Rangers'.
- It was rumored that study hall was supposed to be a place to study, but that was not its intended purpose. It was a place to pass notes and pelt people with spit wads.....also for mashing up notebook paper and throwing it up in the light fixtures to cause smoke.
- Reit's Roller Rink was a popular place on weekends. A lot of us spent hours on end skating there, and for some literally skating on our ends.
- High school dances where the guys wore pink shirts with charcoal slacks, girls in poodle skirts and loafers with pennies on them. A lot of ponytails and flat tops going on, and white bucks and blue suede shoes that no one dared step on.
- Mrs. Beals wanted everyone to be an accomplished vocalist, but it just wasn't to be for some of us.

Some not to be identified boys always faked singing and hoped she wouldn't call on us for a solo. I suspect she knew better.

- There was always a great pine smell in Shop Class. Mr. Lindeman would get so frustrated with those of us with no chance of earning a living working with wood. I was actually incapable of constructing even an out of whack towel rack.
- Mr. Vaughn was a good person, although he suffered at times from the actions of some of his students. One day in Chemistry class he intended to show us a sample of an atomic explosion on a slightly smaller scale. He told us it would be loud, but not dangerous. As he prepared for the blast, Joe Minarovic (imagine that!) sneaked up behind him and shouted "Boom!" just as it was ready to ignite. Mr. Vaughn screamed, threw his hands into the air and hit the floor covering his head. For the rest of the day he was obviously shaken. He never tried that experiment again, and likely Joe was never his favorite student again as if he had ever been.
- Kroger Store and A &P, Harold Keegan Plymouth, Kaiser-Frasier Auto Sales, Wilson's Place.
- Fifteen minute television shows-Dinah Shore, Kate Smith, and Perry Como, among others. Two or three songs and a tooth paste or cigarette commercial and they were over.
- During World Series time in the fall, study hall students were allowed to go into a room and listen to the baseball game.
- Saturday afternoon double headers at the Strand. When the movie began everyone would scream and cheer. Mrs. Dennis would stop the film and walk down the aisles telling us to be quiet or the movie would not be shown. The movie then began again with the exact same reaction from the audience.
- A white sport coat or tuxedo and a pink carnation were part of the guys' standard uniform for prom night. It was amazing how well some of the boys cleaned up.

- “Maxine”-the Mumford girls’ taxi, snipe hunting, rock and roll shows at Kalamazoo Central, Deer Forest, senior skip day, English three speed bikes with hand brakes. Blue jeans had to be Levis, not Wranglers if you wanted to be “cool and hep”.
- Tennis shoes were US Keds or Red Ball Jets. Taffeta party dresses for the ladies and turtle necks for the guys were in fashion. So were trench coats and Ivy League hats.
- AM Radio station WJJD played as we cruised and listened to rock and roll and sang along too.
- Basketball games in Larry Burn’s barn with cows as referees. It was easy to dunk you just jumped from a hay bale.
- Mrs. Oster’s math classes were challenging. How did she ever write so beautifully on a blackboard?
- The Hartford Youth Fair was okay, but the Allegan Fair had more to offer.
- Norm Karlberg would let you listen to any 45 RPM you wanted at the Record Shop. Sometimes when the owners were out of town, he’d put a closed sign on the front door and we taped radio-like programs.
- Stone Cottage Restaurant, the Capital, Uptown, and Fuller movie houses in Kalamazoo, the Civic Auditorium, Gateway Inn and Tuttle Floral, La Cantina and Western Auto.
- Visiting every new car dealer in town was a fall ritual. Sometimes we had our picture taken in a brand new Oldsmobile or Pontiac.
- Was there anything more terrifying than trying to type with our typing teacher glaring at us? Hard to make your fingers work when they were shaking.
- If the bottles of milk from delivery were not brought in quickly on a cold winter morning, the cream would push up past the cardboard lid and create an icy column of ice cream of a sort.
- When people first got television sets, they were viewed in a completely dark room just as if in a movie theatre. Had to sit fairly close to see that eight-inch screen. Also, at the end of the telecast day, the national anthem played, and then there was just a test pattern until noon the next day.
- The Paw Paw Library always had those two sweet old ladies that looked like they pre-dated the construction of the building by many years. Many of us just used the library as the place we told our parents we were going to in the evening.

What memorable memories we all created together!



Here is the last episode of my father's narrative of his life in the little town of Paw Paw. My mother Dorothy died in 1980, and Russell in 1986. Members of the Tuttle family are still living in town, for the 183rd year in a row. The greenhouse business has continued, still run by the family that initiated it in 1906. So glad we asked my father to record his memories of growing up in Paw Paw.

DARK DAYS, DEPRESSION AND WAR

"Eager to start a new life and put thoughts of a law career behind me, I took a job as a surveyor for the Allegan County road commission. My father-in-law wanted to move his business, *Tuttle the Florist* from Pine Street out of town to the East, and asked us to join the business. We hadn't planned on this, but he became quite ill, so we decided to go with it for a while. We built a house next to the new location. The next spring a week before Easter the building burned to the ground. It took several years for the enterprise to get back on its feet, and I was working 15 hours or more a day. In the winter I had to work nights also, rising once every hour to tend the fires that kept the greenhouses warm. By this time we had a son Russell Junior and daughter Barbara, with another child on the way. As it turned out daughter Nancy arrived with the Great Depression, which was especially hard on luxury businesses such as flower establishments. We kept Dewey, the one employee other than family. Dewey managed to stay with us by planting two acres of potatoes and he and his wife ate 34 bushels of them that winter and nearly nothing else. I remember buying a bushel of wheat for fifty cents which provided us with breakfast cereal for a long time. One day I went to town and saw a sign on Tarbell and Stevens Market saying, "Pork chops five cents a pound", but I didn't have a nickel to bring them home. By 1934 we were falling far behind financially and when I was offered a job at a youth camp in the UP at Sidnaw, Michigan near the Wisconsin border, I jumped at the chance. I was in charge of taking over an abandoned Ford Motor Company lumber camp and putting it back in shape to accommodate 150 boys from welfare families. I insisted on going home weekends to be with family and this was allowed. The days at camp were spent half of each day planting tree seedlings, and the other half in the classroom. Every Friday at 5PM I left camp, and every Sunday began back at the same time. It was a ten hour trip through Chicago and twelve when I went through the straits. I was paid one hundred and fifty dollars a month, which seemed to me a huge salary at the time.

When I was offered a different job in Marshall which was just a 55-mile trip I took it gladly at a somewhat reduced salary. Later I was about to be transferred to Lansing, and as things were improving, I chose to return to Paw Paw and the floral business. Somehow the business had survived some very difficult times. In the deepest year of the Depression, total sales for the year had been under six thousand dollars. Soon a new opportunity appeared for me. I was selected to be in charge of the National Recovery Act for Van Buren County. I supervised the building of many area WPA projects including the stone wall at Tyler Field in Paw Paw.

The next year our last child Robert was born. Within days my sister Marge started calling him Butch, and that is who he is to this day.

Things were still improving with the business, but then the next obstacle had to be overcome, World War II. Six months before Pearl Harbor I received an application from the Naval Academy for a commission. At first I was not interested, but on the day of the attack at Pearl Harbor I filled it out and mailed it in. I didn't hear back until August, when I was ordered to Cambridge for five months training at Harvard. When I was ordered to San Francisco for transport to the South Pacific, it began

the most difficult thirty-one months of my life. I contracted malaria and dengue fever and my weight went from 244 to 133. I thought my son Russell would not have to go in the military due to my service, but he would have none of it, and enlisted soon after his graduation from Paw Paw in 1943. Unable to overcome my afflictions I was sent to a hospital in San Francisco. Dorothy came by train across the country to see me, and I was so happy when I saw her again. She came to me with tears streaming down her face, and told me our son had been killed in France.

After a five-month recovery in San Diego I was granted a thirty-day leave and was then ordered back to the South Pacific with a promotion to Commander. However I still was unable to eat very much or gain weight and was transferred to a hospital in Bethesda, Maryland and went through under a retirement review which was granted. I came back home and my children did not recognize me at the train station due to my new streamlined appearance.

I finally became able to get back on my feet and regain my health, and resumed running the greenhouse business with my wife and family from that point on.



ALL HALLOWS' EVE IN PAW PAW

Some years ago in Paw Paw when my friends and I were quite young, Halloween was one of the biggest days of the year. Back when it was just a children's day to dress up and accumulate a hoard of sweet things, adults were not involved in any large degree. Children would set out on their own in small groups with no supervision at all. It was just a "Be home by dark" request which was never honored. Today it has become a time for grownups to dress in costumes and hold their own parties, and to hover over their children when they go "trick or treating" throughout their neighborhoods. Not that this is a bad thing, today the threat exists that dangerous items may be handed out to unsuspecting young people, for who knows what purpose some sinister motivation created. Years ago children had so much more freedom to be on their own at an early age. I can recall walking home alone, well after dark, for three miles or so after a Friday night Paw Paw football game or Saturday night double feature at the Strand Theatre, with no fear of any dangers unless neighbor Old Man Long caught you walking on his lawn.

It was exciting to pick what costume to wear and to be able to liberate enough candy to fill a pillow case, which was what many of us used. We used to plan routes that took us to the homes where people were known for handing out the best and sweetest merchandise to assorted goblins, ghosts, an occasional ogre, and others. We always felt sorry for the kids who were only provided with a Lone Ranger eye mask and some disreputable clothing due to a home budgetary crisis of some sort. They were always known as "Hobos" which lowered their social standing among their peers immensely. In earlier days, home owners who refused to hand out treats were victims of "tricks," such as tipping over an outhouse or soaping windows. We had no interest in causing problems, just hoping to create a tribute to the "Mister Tooth Decay" the tooth paste ads warned us about.

I do remember that Paw Paw merchants used to apply something to their windows to discourage soaping, but we were all too intent on reaching perhaps 2,500 calories in our bags by 9 PM to be interested in that. I know I always headed early to a house that handed out popcorn balls, homemade of course, and the couple that gave out huge five cent candy bars. Their supplies did not last long. If you didn't get an early start, you might find parents that became desperate after handing out all their goods, and tried to offer semi-sweet chocolate morsels about half the size of a marble, or an apple slice. We always rejected anything we didn't intend to put in our mouth as soon as possible. My great aunts Gertrude and Elsie always loved to participate in the sugar giveaway, but they were not wealthy, and so after quickly exhausting their supply, they were forced to drop overripe slices of banana or left over from supper johnny cake in bags. One year they ended up handing out spoons full of powdered sugar. Elsie, always one who loved to keep records, sat by the door and kept track of how many children they had, and put it in her diary to compare with previous years.

Halloween meant a lot to us and stayed in our memories for a long time, in fact I still can recall those nights with pleasure. Of course today every child has a visual record of their Halloween created by a parent with a camera where it can be seen later no doubt with a musical background and in color and with what we used to call stereo music. Just not the same to me though.



It seems like "Hit and Myth" might be a good title for the small collection of some tales or myths below that have appeared at one time or another in our community. Some no doubt have at least some basis in truth, and others quite likely are entirely manufactured. Hence some hit the bullseye, and others so preposterous they badly myth.

SCHOOL SPIRITS

Evidently in the village of Paw Paw, and in the school system in particular there appears to be a history of local ghost sightings going back about 150 years. Records of the first encounter on record with the super natural in town was recorded soon after the Union School or Old Red Brick as it is also known as was built alongside what was to become West Michigan Avenue. Soon after the school was opened, people began to claim a shadowy figure could be seen looking out the windows in the evening, and on weekends also. It was usually said the apparition was a young Indian maiden who walked the halls often. The general agreement was the educational building had been built on a family burial ground of the maiden's ancestors. It seems she was the last survivor of her family and lived past the time the building took over the site. When she passed away, she could not be buried with her family, and stayed at the site hoping to join her loved ones.

However when the Old Red Brick was taken down in the 1920's and replaced by a new school, she allegedly disappeared and was never seen again. The new educational building was at first the weekday home for all students living in town, and later for grades seven through twelve, and finally a middle school. A few years ago it was purchased by the Freshwater Church which has done a great deal of renovation to the structure that is approaching 100 years of age. There have since been reports of lights blinking on and off during remodeling construction, and workers at the church-to- be would say "Oscar is back!" as that is the name that has been given to the apparition.

It is hard to say when the stories of spiritual activity in the newer school emerged. I attended the school for 13 years, K-12 and never heard a word of this story, and apparently no one else around my age has either. A few years ago rumors began to circulate once again of ghost sightings. There seems to be some disagreement as to the nature of the spirits with several different versions presented. Some people have claimed the ghost is a man named Oscar as noted above, who likes to close and open doors, and makes a sound of footsteps with no one visible. Others insist it is a man named Wilmer who was a janitor at the school and killed himself in the auditorium, over an unhappy love affair.

A photo has been produced showing an Adult Education graduation class of 1995 posing in front of the main entrance, and there appears to be something or someone looking out a window at the scene. The figure was not noticed at the time, only when the picture was developed. Several people claim it is a young boy in the window, but they obviously have much better eyes than I do. Recently a tale has emerged that there are also not one but two evanescent forms on staff at the Cedar Street School, and they are apparent music lovers. The specters, a little old man in a top hat and a young girl companion like to crank up the music on the radio at night and turn on the intercom so the sounds resonate through the halls.

Not sure how much I personally buy into these ghost tales, but they seem to make for some interesting reading at the least.



PAW PAW'S GOLD RUSH DAYS

It seems the Agard family, although only residents of Paw Paw for a few years long ago, had a large role in the early history and lore of the area. In fact they have been chronicled twice already in other chapters of this work.

Coming to Paw Paw in 1833 John Agard became well known for the Indian trading post he built and operated north of the village area, on the Paw Paw River, and also for having a daughter, Roxa, who was the first Paw Paw school teacher. John died just two years later and his family left the area, although he was buried on his property. In later years the property was abandoned, and only traces of the foundation perhaps still exist today.

However a legend soon took hold in the village, of a large cache of gold John had somehow acquired and buried here, which has never been found. Why his family didn't take the treasure with them, if they were aware of it, never seems to have been explained but if it did exist, it created a small sensation for the area for a few years at least. Old stories evidently often claimed the treasure had been obtained by his trading with local Native Americans, who supposedly had acquired the precious commodity from the Mayan Indians in a long-distance bartering network that began long before white settlers had arrived in Paw Paw.

It appears that interest in buried treasure seemed to really take hold in the late 1850s when word was spread beyond the village borders, and even into adjoining states. It had been said that people began to flock to the area to search for treasure, and they even became known locally as the 59'ers. A camp was set up on the banks of the Paw Paw River near the site of the post, and Paw Paw became somewhat of a boom town for a short while. Evidently much as the California Gold Rush, this created some problems with unlawful activities and frequent fights between prospectors. It became a concern to local residents and there was a move afoot to evict the intruders. The start of the Civil War it seems, brought an end to the problem as men who had become tired of their futile attempts to become rich headed home to join the war to save their nation.

It seems today that with all the metal detectors available, it might not be too much of a problem to ascertain whether or not this story has any merit, assuming that the Agard property could still be identified, and perhaps even well worth the effort. Until then, hopefully the legend or myth of the 59'ers will continue.



ALPHONSE'S HIDEAWAY?



Alphonse Gabriel “Scarface” Capone was a famed criminal of the early 20th Century, and has often been linked to the Paw Paw area in several ways. One of the suspected hideouts in the area for Capone is an attractive home on Three Mile Lake. The Jim Garland family purchased the home in 2000 and soon learned from neighbors the rumors about the house, which was claimed to be a hideout and getaway for “Scarface” Capone. Eventually they began digging, looking for answers. They cleared an area of what appeared to be a shaft with wood and steel that ran from the bottom of the hole back further into the basement. A circular outline in concrete greeted them and they smashed through it to see what was below. The concrete gave way exposing a hole with brick walls and a heavy iron fixture at the top. When Jim reached some six feet by cutting his way through dirt he discovered Chicago Daily newspaper clippings from the 1930’s and 40’s, along with some empty bottles among other items. They suspected at first it may have been an old well site, which likely was not the case for there was no solid bottom evident. About 100 assorted artifacts were liberated from this spot, but none that could offer a link directly to Capone. Beside the home is a yellow carriage house that neighbors claim was where the employees, or gang, of Capone stayed. There is also a five-sided three- story silo in a wooded area with windows on each side. Supposedly this was a lookout tower for Capone’s security team with a pool table available. It has also been claimed that the ground floor provided a venue for cock fights which Capone was known to promote.

It is possible this suspicion is true as Capone was well known for spending a great deal of time in the area, possibly because of purported relatives nearby. Perhaps it is also possible Mr. Capone has not entirely left the building, as the Garlands also have experienced what they feel is paranormal activities on the site. Frequently a television set in the main room turns on suddenly, and a rocking chair in the carriage house rocks with no one in it, which caused the owners to finally get rid of it.

Tales of Capone in Paw Paw are not restricted to Three Mile Lake either. It has long been a local urban legend that he often spent time in the Dyckman House in downtown Paw Paw, and that he had a getaway tunnel that either led to an escape route, or to the basement of the bank across the street, which would have made after hours withdrawals practical and convenient.

Perhaps Capone also enjoyed the water, for rumors of his appearances at the Lake Cora Hotel also are part of area legend.

In fact, he was perhaps not the lone fugitive using the hotel to hid out from the law, for John Dillinger, a criminal that enjoyed a great deal of popular support and almost celebrity status from common people also, it is claimed, frequented the Lake Cora area.



OLD NEWS

This is a collection of small news items I have found while looking through old Paw Paw *True-Northerner* files online. Seems editors and reporters had more leeway as to what was acceptable to print than they do today.....

1858

“The notorious Jim Hennesey who has infested Paw Paw for 2-3 years committing petty larcenies upon every possible occasion was nabbed last week attempting to break into Mr. Bunker’s store. He has been bound over for trial and soon will be just a bad memory in these parts.”

1858

“Last Sunday a dozen or more Irish railroad workers fell upon a Scotchman fellow worker, mauling and bruising him severely. The Irish lads were in possession of a large quantity of whiskey obtained in Lawton, most of it already inside them. They objected it seems to a comment by the Scotchman about eating fish upon any other day than Friday. Will not our temperance friends in Lawton do something to put down the whiskey vending in their fair village? “

1864

An ad from the Paynter & Wife Company

“Best prices ever in Paw Paw on quality items including, dry goods, clothing, lumber, salt, shingles, kerosene lamps, canned oysters, raisins, spectacles, fresh bread, fancy soaps, fruit trees and grape vines, wallpaper, bonnets, wall pictures, paint, worm lozenges, fresh fruit and vegetables, blood pills, nails, stomach bitters, horse powder, toys, books, shawls, curtains, and bad teeth removed. “

Of course, in the 1870s, there were slow news weeks also.....

1871

“It is a main topic of discussion in the village lately of the inordinate number of toads inhabiting the downtown this summer. If any “old timer” can recall such an invasion, please respond with details.

1870

“Sunday last, some vile fellows thirsty for intoxication forced entry to the Paw Paw Brewery and helped themselves well and often to the beverage. They then possessed C. Nash’s office and passed time in hideous revelry, Marshall Koons has them now in the county jail where they will have ample time to reflect on their ill-spent lives. Their names will all be printed in our next issue.”

1872

“A silver cup will be awarded to the homeliest man present at the Musical Society Festival Friday next. It will prove difficult to pick one with so many worthy candidates available.”
Seems as though editors liked to deflate egos at that time also.....

1869

Miss Polly Bright of our town may be the fairest young lady residing. This is not just our opinion either, if you doubt us, just ask her.

1873

“The theatrical show at the town hall last Friday and Saturday for the benefit of the local drum and bugle corps was a decided failure. After figuring the profits, they came to less than three dollars total. At the same time, some others profited greatly from the event claiming most of the revenue for unreasonable expenses. If the corps tries this again they will hopefully seek assistance from a different class of people than was those who assisted this time.”

1874

“It was said that the other day a man in Lawrence was killed by a runaway team of horses. We have since learned it was Perry Carroll and he is still among the quick after a hard kick in the nose from a hoof. He is doing well as could be expected, but less attractive than ever.”

1874

“W.J.Sellick’s has Wight Ague Cure. For chills, fever, dumb ague, bilious fever, jaundice, sick headaches, unfortunate bowels, sour stomach, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, pain in the back, neuralgia, nervousness, dizziness, limb pain, bouts with the jumpies, and bilious colic. Cleanses stomach and purifies the blood. Only pure ingredients, contains no mercury, strychnine, arsenic, cocaine, nor any poisonous substances. 50 cents for a big bottle.”

1875

“Paw Paw School has announced there are nine new members of the Advanced Math Honor Class, six girls and two boys.”

1875

A verdant Paw Paw youth visited the Ice Cream and Peach Festival last Sunday. While he was there he became smitten by the charms of a winsome young lady. He courted an introduction and was warm in his attentions until someone whispered in his ear that the big man dispensing the ice cream was her husband. He instantly wilted and left the celebration at amazing speed.”

1876

“Orrin Bursen was injured by the train hitting him while sleeping on the tracks Sunday morning. He will recover and flourish, but as this is the second time this has happened to him in little more than a year, it is hoped he only drinks at home hereafter.”

1877

“The True-Northerner is looking for a part-time office boy. If possible one who will not know more about the business at the end of his first week than his owners do.”

1880

“The Little Joker Fly Paper Company of Paw Paw is opening for the season May 10th. There are openings for three employees at the moment. They prefer employees who will stick with the business.

1882

“The old disgraceful tumbled down house on the corner of Paw Paw and Niles streets owned by Jack Boss, which has been a disgraceful eyesore to our village for many years is such no longer. It has been sold and the new owner has demolished it. This blight on our village is gone forever.”

But tell us how you really feel.....

1882

“Entertainment of Saturday last in the village was of the lowest quality possible. A sad party of motley itinerant, played-out, low, and unsavory fellows played Hamlet to the assembled multitude of paying citizens, and the general opinion was Hamlet lost. This miserable concern’s principal attraction was one Albert Hillsworthy, who thinks being a great actor means shouting his lines at such a high volume that much of the assembled left for home early. He mistakes bluster for talent we fear. A miserable being called John K. Allen manages this farce which he calls the New York Theatre Company, a name no doubt stolen from some legitimate troupe. It is hoped that if this disgrace appears again next summer, the local law will post at the village entrance to insure the low life group moves through our hometown as rapidly as possible.”

1885

“Mrs. Christiana Popenick was down to Kalamazoo a while ago. Adam Frobenus kicked her off his front porch in a very rude and insulting manner. She obtained a judgment against him in Kalamazoo court and that kick cost him three hundred dollars.”

no comment.....

1886

“A fruit tree vendor Connor Lamb and Estella Hogmeyer were married Saturday in Decatur. No comments please, about the mating of farm animals.”

1886

“A fine game of polo is expected at the new rink on Friday, January 9th. The Paw Paw Excelsior Club will take on the Kalamazoo Young Alerts. No admission charge.”

1885

“John R. Kinney is visiting the area from his home in Strasberg, Missouri. He has been away from us for eight years, and looks about as good as he ever did”.

1886

“A matched game of baseball will be played at the fairgrounds next Friday afternoon between the Paw Paws and the Dowagiac Golden Nine. The Dowagiac aggregation is one of the best amateur clans of players in the state. Turn out and give the boys encouragement. Admission is fifteen cents and ladies free. Chairs available for the ladies only.”

1883

“Our fair village will now charge a \$4 per day license fee for any traveling entertainment performing in Paw Paw. The fee will be waived if two tickets are provided for every board member.

1883

“J. M. Longwell was notified to abate and desist a nuisance after Mrs. Sabin objected to him keeping a large hog in his backyard near her dining room window. He will be happy to settle the issue as soon as the pig is slaughtered.”

1899

“The New York Sanitarium & Gold Cure is a new Paw Paw business venture. D. F. Hibbard of Marion, Indiana is the manager. The firm has leased quarters in the Union Hotel from which they will cure alcohol, morphine, opium, and tobacco habits as well as other vile afflictions of which human flesh is heir to.

1901

A county picnic of the Odd Fellows lodge will be celebrated next Thursday at Lake Cora. Everyone is expected to attend and have a good time. Managers of the S. H. & E. Railroad have generously placed a special train for the occasion leaving Lawton at 9 AM, and Paw Paw 9:30. It will return at 5:30 PM. Fare of the round trip is twenty-five cents per person. There will be music and entertainment all day, but organizers reveal they already have ample volunteers that will read their own compositions of poetry or prose. The Paw Paw Band and Mattawan Glee Club will be among groups performing.

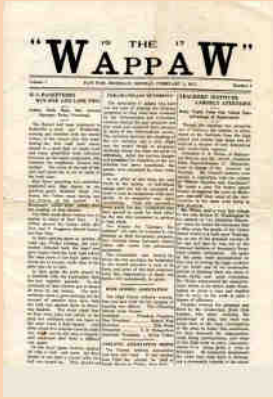
Wonderful, now what will I do with my new velocipede ?

1882

“Be it ordained and established that from this date on it shall not be legal to ride a velocipede or bicycle on any sidewalks of the Village of Paw Paw. A fine of ten dollars or 10 days in jail or both in extreme cases will be the penalty. “



ORIGIN OF THE WAPPAW



Paw Paw High School has been producing a yearbook for a long time, with the catchy name of "Wappaw." However, this label was begun about 25 years earlier at the school, as the name of a school newspaper issued every Tuesday. Unlike later school papers such as the "Tribal News," this one was on quality paper stock and professionally printed in four-page editions, much nicer than later day attempts to make a mimeographed newspaper appear of quality. I have collected some interesting, I hope, items from several editions from the 1921 school year to attempt to capture what it was like to be a PPHS student of around 100 years ago:

"A number of high school girls with a sweet tooth attended a taffy pull at the Southworth home Tuesday evening."

"The band xylophone will be replaced by a better one soon, as the current one is not loud enough to be heard of the clamor of the whole band."

"Several boys at the school traveled to Mattawan Friday to watch a baseball game. They came home after dark and made it back because the garage man was so kind as to leave his gas pump unlocked and in perfect working order. The boys were greatly in need of gas and,—'nuff said."

"For some reason, the Mandolin Club was chosen to perform at the April Fool's Day party at the Saxton home, and they did prove to be the proper choice considering the occasion."

"Ruthie Raymond it seems indulged in so many "sweets" during winter vacation she missed the first day of school return to shop for larger clothing."

"The two young ladies of the high school that removed the picture of a former teacher not perhaps held in the highest regard by many, need to retrieve and return said picture from where it now resides a short way from the North Bridge in Maple Lake."

"Notice! Upon entering Miss Donaldson's room remember she wants only complete silence, and very little of that."

"Paw Paw baseball club humiliated themselves Tuesday at Saint Joseph. They appeared to be of no mind to play baseball as it is intended to be played. Our left fielder not to be named here seemed not interested in participating in the event, allowing several catchable balls to sail over his head. He then waited until they stopped rolling and strolled over to pick them up."

"Some showed their mastery of French in Mr. Castle's class this term, and ones who did not, have been removed from the class and advised never to travel to Paris."

"The first summer band concert was held Wednesday to the delight of many in attendance. After one trombone player had to leave early, it was even more enjoyable."

"Several senior girls were looking weary Friday morning in class, after going joyriding with a certain recent Paw Paw graduate who will not be named here. Regardless, he looked a lot like Raymond Hodges, and drove Mister Hodges' automobile."

"The new street light near the school has removed an elegant location for young people to spoon."

"Certain junior boys with mischief intent, tried to tip over an outhouse Halloween night, but they failed, and when attempting to conceal themselves afterward, a couple of them forgot it is not a bright idea to hide behind a small tree that is not as wide as they are."

"It is the time of the year when lackluster students to this point are attempting diligently to make up for inattention the entire school year, and are now trying to learn what they have missed all term in the two days remaining before the semester tests."

"The basket ball rooters of Paw Paw received a rather cool reception at the Lawton games, but reported a hot time before leaving. Everything went well until they reached Main street, when someone discovered flames in one of Lawton's massive skyscrapers. Dashing hither and yon in search of means of arousing the populous and of finding the cistern gusher, they charged to the scene of the disaster, to find an open stove door responsible for the commotion."

DINING WITH THE DOGS



In early 1839 William Lee arrived in Paw Paw and found temporary employment thrashing wheat for Asa G. Hinckley. He soon bought an acre of land from Hinckley and built a cabin. He brought his family to Paw Paw in the winter of 1839 and his father James Lee joined them in 1841 at a nearby location.

William had worked as a mason, but had little experience nor talent for farming. The local Indians always were well supplied with sugar, and Lee, to obtain sugar for his family plowed for Pee Pee Yah, an elderly Native American who owned a farm in the area. Lee did not get a large quantity of the substance for his labor and had to share it with Asa Hinckley for the use of his horses. Mr. Lee normally took his dinner with him when plowing, and one day he found Pee Pee Yah's dogs had devoured it. He told Mrs. Yah she should provide his sustenance, to which she agreed. She handed him a large wooden ladle, pointed to a large kettle full of stewed corn and told him to help himself. He began to eat and presently the dogs came up and joined him in the repast, dipping their mouths into his bowl and the kettle. He protested, but they demanded to keep him company, but he was very hungry, so when he was assured it was the etiquette of the house for the dogs to eat out of the same dish as the family, he proceeded with his meal. He later admitted it had been a pleasing repast with friendly companion diners if not formal dining.

Pee Pee Yah was once a prominent chief of the Pottawattamies, but had turned to farming and had bought land from the government. There were other Native Americans in the township that owned small lots of property, but Pee Pee was the lone one to arise to a respected state for the quality of his farming. He was regarded by others of his race, and white people also, as a superior farmer and was respected and revered by all.

WANTED

DEAD or ALIVE

Paw Paw Courier-Northerner

October 25, 1963

Ex-Jesse James Gunman, 101, Claims Paw Paw as Hometown

A United Press International wire story out of Mexico City this week tied the peace-loving community of Paw Paw to the bad men of the old west.

But, the story was 87 years old.

As the story was told by 101-year-old Karl Ruthven Cook of Mexico City, he ran away from his home here in Paw Paw 87 years ago to embark on a life of crime with such bad company as Jesse James and Billy the Kid.

Cook, a resident of Mexico (for obvious reasons) for the past 83 years, recalled for the press that he went from Paw Paw to Kansas City, Mo., where he rode with the James gang, rustled cattle with Billy the Kid, knew Bat Masterson, and had a long distance acquaintance with Sheriff Pat Garret, who killed the Kid. Garret was the reason Cook took off for Mexico, where he has stayed ever since.

He says he has worked as a railroad engineer, a miner and a

real estate salesman. He married a German girl in 1906 and is the father of five children.

There is no record of Cook's birth in Paw Paw. The county's birth records only go back to 1867.



Jesse James
1847 - 1882

DR. TROY HENDRICKSON



Troy Hendrickson grew up in Paw Paw, graduating with the class of 1989. He has risen from a small town environment to become a world-known global professional educator, keynote speaker, consultant, facilitator, and so much more. He delivers workshops, programs, and keynote speeches throughout the United States, Asia, Europe, Australia, Africa, and New Zealand among others. He has been recognized for his expertise in leadership, communication, team performance and conflict resolution.

To use his own words to describe him, “I am passionate about challenging people personally and intellectually. I love to see behavior change that will allow them to maximize their potential and effectiveness. I enjoy creating innovative, energetic learning environments and take pride in being thought provoking and engaging when teaching, presenting, or keynote speaking. I use visual facilitation and a wide range of adult learning, cognitive neuroscience and memory retention in all my speaking endeavors and workshops. As a dual citizen of the Australia and the United States I am available to work throughout the world on leadership programs and speaking endeavors of many types.”

Troy had a successful high school career at Paw Paw, in athletics he was an All-State team football player his senior year and a first-team Wolverine Conference honoree, both as a junior and senior. He also was proficient in the classroom, earning Board of Education Academic Honors at graduation, as well as earning two scholarships to start his extended journey through higher education.

He began college at Eastern Michigan University, playing football under Coach Jim Harkema and was one of three freshmen who made the travel squad for the Hurons. After two years at EMU, he transferred to Saginaw Valley State University on an Athletic scholarship, where he continued his studies and excelled on the gridiron as well, earning recognition as a 1st Team Academic All-American, one of just 11 football players nationwide to be so honored. Troy also won the “Golden Helmet Award” at SVSU and set records for placekicking and career points that have since been surpassed. He was also selected as the SVSU Management Student of the Year in 2003. He graduated Summa Cum Laude with a Bachelor of Business Degree in Management and a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Communication. Recently, Saginaw Valley State honored him with their Outstanding Alumni Achievement Award (March 2019), the highest honor for a SVSU graduate.

Troy continued his education at Central Michigan University, Curtin Graduate School of Business, and Harvard Business School, earning two Degrees and then became a Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.) through Curtin University with a focus on leadership, sales, consumer behavior, memory retention, neuroscience, adult learning, and speaking.

Hendrickson continues to serve as an Educator/Global Faculty Member at Duke University (Duke Corporate Education) and has also served as the Dean of Faculty at Stanley College (Australia), and as Director of the Master of Business Leadership Program at Curtin College also in Australia. Troy has three adjunct professorships through Europe and Australia and delivers guest lectures for students at Universities, as well as attendees at Business Leader’s forums.

Today, he continues to work as a business consultant and professional speaker and has worked in more than 50 countries including the United States, Australia, France, Spain, Iceland, Czech Republic, Ireland, the United Kingdom and many locations throughout Asia and Africa. He is recognized for his unique and engaging presentation style and thought-provoking workshops. His aim is to create “Transformation beyond just delivering information.”

Troy is an excellent example of what someone growing up in a small village in America can achieve, even on a world-wide stage, with the proper motivation and dedication to excellence.

Although a constant world traveler, Troy still owns a home on Maple Lake in Paw Paw, and makes frequent stops here, mainly to exhibit his fishing skills.



"ELEMENTARY MY DEAR WATSON"



My first memories of Elementary School in Paw Paw are still quite vivid to me: Huge blue wooden blocks on the Kindergarten School floor. They were present for our lone subject for the school year, block building. Our first year of school we served just one purpose, to take these cumbersome objects and pile them as high as we could each half day. After a particularly difficult day on the job I am sure we felt akin to the builders of the Egyptian pyramids. I hope they were well compensated for their work - we slaved gratis.

We didn't learn anything worthwhile in our first experience with education, no time for that we were simply day laborers. Some mornings when we came in and saw all our work had been undone by Mr. Jenkins the custodian, we felt like an ant colony after a rain had destroyed their work.

I can imagine a progress meeting between our teacher, Miss Muth and Elementary Principal, Mr. Watson would have gone something like this:

Muth: "Well sir, the children are doing a really nice job of stacking the blocks this year, not a single serious head injury yet."

Watson: "Excellent, excellent, Muth, what this shows is that we are doing a great job of creating human beings out of these small lumps of coal they keep sending us."

Muth: "Absolutely correct sir, four hours of piling blocks is part of what makes this country great."

Watson: "Excellent, excellent, just keep those little devils stacking higher, and if no one pees in the Western Flyer wagon, we can chalk up another successful year of education for our youth."

Muth: "Mr. Watson it is great knowing we are preparing each young boy for a career as a leader in industry, well probably not Carl, and teaching every girl to be a wonderful and obedient house wife and amazing mother."

Actually there was one day each spring when we took time off to make a Mother's Day present to take home. We didn't really make them ourselves, for we could not be trusted with anything sharper than Jell-O. Miss Muth gave each of us a small board squared to about five inches. We more or less painted them and our clothing, and then she retrieved them and put a small nail in a corner. This meant we now had a smart designer potholder-holder to put on the kitchen wall. I am sure none of them ever saw a wall, so different from today when every scrap of paper a student brings home is proudly attached to the refrigerator with a cute magnet. After this day of frivolity it was back to the pyramids until June, and we were prepared for first grade.

At least we thought we were prepared, but the first day of the new year brought some cultural shock. We arrived and started looking around for the blocks, and you can imagine how we felt when we were told this year we would be required to sit in a chair and actually do something cerebral. Add to that we were now in school all day with no nap time. We had learned a career trade with the blocks, and now they were being taken away from us. This was a lot to be expected from a group of blue-collar workers.

There was one girl in class named Amy, who had been taught to write her first and last name over the summer at home. Maybe this was not really a large accomplishment for her name was Amy Lee, but it impressed our new teacher Mrs. Schelsky. She had Mr. Watson come in and witness the event, and he promptly promoted her to second grade.

We were given paper to practice writing our letters on that had about four inch gaps between lines, and the quality was so poor that there were actual small chunks of wood imbedded in the paper. If your pencil hit a piece of maple it sometimes tore the page apart. Timmy Meister got so frustrated after shredding several sheets of paper he pleaded to go back to Kindergarten for a few days to let his head clear. The person I felt sorry for was Frederick Jurrans Quackenbosch, a recent arrival to the United States and Paw Paw. He finally did master his whole name just days before summer vacation.

Little did we realize that when we moved up to second grade, they would do it to us all over again - cursive writing! What a frightening phrase that was to all of us. Why was it that every time we acquired a new skill, they made it obsolete immediately? We had just learned to print and now the rules were changed again. Pencils? Sure, we were pretty good with them and now we were given a pen and ink well. Some of the luckier kids had fountain pens but the rest of us had to smudge and blot as best we could. When Christmas arrived many of us got fountain pens under the tree which really thrilled us.

In retrospect, I can see it was a good thing we were weaned off blocks and pencils. How difficult is job placement for someone whose only skills were as a pyramid construction associate or a person who could only write four-inch-tall letters?

GRANDPA WHO



Starting at a young age, I wanted to be a writer, and started taking notes about funny or interesting things that happened to me quite young. That is why I am able to relate childhood incidents, not from a superior memory. For example, there was, we shall call him Davy, and his “Grandpa-Roy-who-lives-with- us” as Davy used to call him. Davy was a good friend although three years younger than I, but as there were not a lot of boys my age in our neighborhood, we did quite a few things together. We played with toy soldiers, trucks and bulldozers, board and card games, and any game involving a ball. We read comic books together, ran through the sprinkler, and went to Wilson’s Place to look for the recent arrival of new comics, the Shopping Center for baseball cards, Sportsman’s Corner to admire their selection of car and airplane kits to build, plus Spayde’s Drugs and Dillon Drugs for an occasional juicy orange or chocolate malted. We also loved igniting sparklers on summer nights and ringing the doorbell of neighbors, and then hiding when they answered.

Davy was the first in our area to have a basketball hoop on his garage which meant friend Jack and I spent a lot of time there. I was always Bob Cousy of the Boston Celtics even though I never mastered passing behind my back very well. Every summer we would bury time capsules with some of our treasures such as Detroit Tigers baseball cards, Indian arrow heads, and malted milk balls which we often were unable to locate later when we wanted them. I am still trying to remember where I hid my Mason jar full of nickels I had accumulated. Wish I still had my Jim Delsing and Virgil Trucks Tigers cards also.

There was just one blight on the landscape, and that was Davy’s “Grandpa Who” as we grew to call him. He was a very old man with some disgusting habits. He chewed tobacco and spat when and where he wanted to. He also smoked long black cigars that he had to bite the end off before lighting, and then also chewed the residue. He normally ignored children. The first time I met him he was sitting in his chair looking not pleasant. I tried to get on his good side which probably did not exist.

“Good afternoon sir.” I began in my most polite tone. “How are you on this beautiful summer day?”

He never looked at me but replied about the status of his well being.

“Go! Now!” he suggested in a not pleasant voice.

That was our only conversation ever, and we never became really close friends after that encounter.

Grandpa Who also was noted for the spells he suffered every few days, created it was said, when he served in World War I and was caught in a mustard gas attack. He might be reading or listening to the radio, and suddenly stare straight ahead and appear to not be aware of anything going on around him. This could go on from a few minutes to a couple of hours, and then end just as suddenly. He would cough and sneeze for a few minutes, and then stand up and shout, "Damn the Irish!" Then he would go back to whatever he had been doing before the attack.

One afternoon Mrs. Thode, a pillar of local society was coming to visit Irene, Davy's mom. She banished Grandpa Who to his room fearful of what he might say to the visitor. Davy, myself and his younger sister Babette were playing Monopoly at the dinner room table, and the two ladies were secluded in the parlor having tea with everything seeming to be going well. Then Grandpa Who struck.

"Irene!" he called from his room, "Has that mouthy old hag with the rear end of a rhino left yet?"

Silence prevailed. None of us dared to move or even breathe. The pause seemed to go on forever until Irene took charge of the situation.

"Yes Roy, she left a long time ago. Oh, and guess what? Mrs. Thode is here now."

That confused him enough that he left his room, went out in the back yard and luckily went into a trance by the garbage can that lasted until after Mrs. Thode had departed. Any mom who could pull this off and also smell like sugar cookies much of the time had to be a supermom.

It wasn't too long after this episode that Grandpa Who left for a nursing home. He began to suspect some of the neighbors were Russian spies, and kept tipping over their garbage cans looking for radio transmitters. Also, he had ceased to believe in bathrooms anymore, and when some obscene phone calls to Mrs. Thode were traced to him, it was time for a career move.



HUEY'S WISDOMS

I grew up under glass you might say. My parents and grandparents owned Tuttle Floral Company in Paw Paw, and I worked there from about age 12 until I was 50. My mother's parents founded the business in 1908 or so, and now it has been in the family for over 110 years. After experiencing firsthand how hard it is to grow quality products in a controlled environment with available water and heat, it makes me wonder how farmers manage to thrive in the outside world.

Finding quality employees was always difficult, but bizarre, or at least unusual, applicants arrived frequently. Probably my favorite employee was Huey who was both. Huey Albert Lattner was not his name, but that is what he will be called here. He arrived at the front door of Tuttle's just as the Great Depression was starting to make its presence felt in rural America. He had come north from Alabama looking for work of any kind to sustain his wife and himself. Huey was a small man, but strong and wiry, and always had a big smile on his face. He proved to be a very capable worker and stayed until times became so bad, they had to let him go. The worst year of the Depression, the business grossed barely five thousand dollars for the entire year. I was not around to know Huey at this time, but luckily, he returned quite a few years later, so I got acquainted with his unique personality.

Huey had been a farmer and raised horses in his native Clagwell, Alabama, and always claimed his town was so small that at the village limits there were signs that read, "SPEED UP, YOU ARE NOW ENTERING CLAGWELL." That is a small settlement for certain.

I recall in his later years, I asked him once about his career with horses and why he quit the business. As Huey so colorfully put things, he replied; "It was them dire-rears they used to get. Seems like every time you looked at one funny, he would dire-rear all over the ground." Trying to sound more interested in the bowel habits of steeds than I really was, I asked him what do you give to a horse with diarrhea. Huey slapped his knee as he often did when preparing a punch line and offered; "Sheeeeeee...what do you give a horse with dire-rears? I always gave them at least fifty yards, and not downwind."

When Huey left the greenhouse in the 30's he was without a job as were millions. He did still own a small farmhouse and land in Clagwell, that he had built with his brother Cletis. So he returned to his roots, and raised acres of potatoes that first summer, selling them for twenty cents a bushel. What he didn't sell he stored in his basement, and he and wife basically lived on potatoes every winter until times began to improve.

When he returned to Tuttle's in the 1960's, he was an old man, but still able to do a days' work. He would seldom even take a coffee break with us, but when he did he would pull out a small bottle of "elixir" and take a sip. He suffered from arthritis and often massaged sore joints from the bottle also. In fact he claimed it was good for any type of ailment, and also

grew hair if you wanted it to. When it was time to get back to work Huey would always say, "You know I have heart trouble." I would always feign alarm, and he would continue, "Yep, I sit down and ain't got the heart to get up again."

Summers, Huey took time off to go back home for a few weeks to help Cletis with his melon crop. They would bring truck loads up north after harvest to sell. One year they arrived at Tuttle's with a dump truck filled with huge Charleston Grey melons. When I mentioned what a big job it must be to unload so many, he slapped his knee and offered; "Not any more, when the man says he wants some melons, Cletis just pulls the rope, and we drop a whole big batch right on the spot." Confused, I asked if that breaks some of them. "That is right, oftentimes breaks one Jimmy Hell of a lot of them. I recall we took a load all the way to Muskegon, and we broke darn near every single one of them." He added that some don't want to pay for them then, but it sure sped up delivery time.

One year Cletis stayed up north to assist Huey with his sideline business of raising turkeys. Huey mentioned that his brother had more time since his wife left him. I remarked I was sorry to hear that, but his reply was: "Clete's best friend ran away with his woman, but he hadn't been his best friend until he did." Huey also told me that Cletis had quit a job at a hog farm because he thought his boss had told him to go and slap the hogs. It was later he learned that to slop the hogs was to feed them.

After Huey finally retired for good, he still liked to stop in and see what was going on in the greenhouse. Some holidays he would come in and water the plants for me so I could take some time off. He was physically slipping by this time, but still had his witty outlook on life. One day while I was waiting on a customer, I asked him if he was going to be around for a little while, wanting to speak with him before he left. He smiled, grateful for the straight line and replied; "Am I going to be around a little while? Given my age and general condition, you never know."

It was the day before Labor Day that same year when I had a call from Huey's wife Iris. She began slowly: "I'm sorry, but Huey can't come in and water for you tomorrow." She didn't elaborate at once, so I told her that was perfectly all right. After another pause, she added; "You see Huey planned on working, but he can't make it because he died last night." End of conversation. Huey had died, and it seemed he really did have a heart problem, and for the first time ever, didn't have the heart to get up. I knew he would have liked to be around to slap his knee and use that line one more time.

This is one of my tales about our village, it is factual with just enough embellishment that I hope to not reveal whom the persons involved really were.

I KNOW JACK



Jack and I became close friends soon after he came to Paw Paw with his parents, just in time to begin fifth grade. They came from southern Indiana and bought a house close to ours. His dad, Norm, was already semi-retired when they arrived, and he took a job at the village dump. One of his favorite tasks at work was to shoot the rats that infested the entire area. At that time the dump was on the northern end of the village of Paw Paw, and coming from the north the first thing you saw approaching Paw Paw was this refuse collection area. One Sunday afternoon when we accompanied Norm to work, he spent much of his time drinking out of a bottle inside a brown bag. Actually, he often did this. Jack explained he had been named after the spirit Jack Daniels, one of his father's frequent companions along with his Old Granddad. We loved to search the area for dump treasures we wanted to bring home. Old flat bicycle tires, a badly decomposed stuffed moose head, tons of useful items. Sadly, Norm never let us leave with our treasures.

One problem Jack and I had to deal with in our neighborhood was Buford Bugley, or Old Buggs as he was known to all young boys of the area. He lived halfway between our house and Jack's and he was the proud owner of a very small orchard of perhaps twelve worm infested apple trees, which he protected with a passion. Because we would have had to walk perhaps eight feet out of our way to avoid his property, we naturally tried to sneak through his domain whenever possible.

One day when we had made a record number of sorties into the orchard the old grouch decided to complain to our parents. Norm listened to Buggs' tirade calmly and as Buggs left still enraged, Norm pointed at us with a stern finger with Buggs watching. I thought we were in trouble until Norm began to speak. "Relax boys, just let the old fool think I am yelling at you and tonight I'll help you raid his place. We will strip all the fruit off his trees and pile it in his front yard." This never happened of course, but it was great to imagine. Norm paused to converse with his Old Granddad for a moment and continued, "He deserves what he gets, he is nothing but a nasty dried up old fool anyway."

Could it get any better than this? Yes, it could for Jack's mother, Gloria, came out of the house at that moment with some hot chocolate chip cookies announcing, "All's well that ends well." Wise old sayings were a staple of Gloria, she always had one that more or less fit the occasion and sometimes Norm chimed in with one of his own also.

Jack had a bad habit of creating havoc when asked to help his father which usually brought out a comment from Gloria. The day he bumped the ladder just as Norm was trying to paint

the ceiling, which distributed a generous amount on Gloria and the living floor, Norm came forth with his usually restrained response: "If you cannot help, please do not hinder." Gloria joined in with one that did not really seem to be real appropriate, "The idle brain is the devil's tool." I remembered these clichés for years, but seldom could find the proper moment to use them.

It was not many days later when Jack and I had returned from swimming and noticed his dad working on his old Studebaker. He had been trying to get it running for as long as I could recall, often bringing old parts home from work to try and incorporate them in his vehicle. Since he had been so nice to us in the Buggs episode I suggested we should try and help him. While Norm was toiling under the hood, we jumped into the car and Jack, by accident I think, hit the horn. Of course, his father banged his head sickeningly on the underside of the hood. It got very quiet and still in the area, and finally he moved towards Jack holding his head with both hands. Luckily there appeared to be no blood, but a large lump was growing in the middle of his bald head. He came up to the car window with a very strange, small smile on his face. We both tried to blend into the seat covers as Norm shook his head back and forth slowly, while still holding it and a small laugh came from his lips. He waited until he was in full control and then spoke very calmly: "Son, sometimes I almost think you are not completely responsible, nor totally capable in your actions." Jack began to explain starting with "But dad, you see....." At that moment Gloria who been observing from a distance offered, "None as blind as them that won't see."

This was probably the angriest I have ever seen Norm, and from him, these were very harsh words. Jack tried to continue, but his father put his hand over Jack's mouth and offered: "I want to be alone now, do you understand?" in a very restrained and controlled voice. We certainly did comprehend and took our leave at once. Although Norm was not really alone, as he began some interaction with Jack Daniels while still in our sight. Gloria tried to help her son I guess by commenting: "Hell is paved with good intentions."

Although it was very difficult to ascertain whether or not Jack had actually intended to be helpful, It was surprising some days later when Jack and I were asked by his dad to help him stack some firewood. Jack was not really thrilled by the idea, but agreed after Gloria came up with: "He who is all thumbs need never lift a finger." Jack did manage to drop a large log that just barely missed an Old Granddad hiding in a paper sack, but as soon as Norm ascertained the bottle had survived, he said he would finish the job alone. His relief that his bottle had escaped a horrible fate was reflected when he used another old cliché himself: "Thank you son, you are a gentleman, and a scholar, and a poor judge of good whiskey." However, Norm was a good judge of good whiskey.



LOVE AND LIBRARY PASTE



This offering is from a book about my growing up in Paw Paw which I wrote several years ago, it perhaps at times drifts somewhat into embellishment for an attempt at humor to some degree, but is still basically true, but with new names except for mine.

My first girl friend in grade school was Franny Farthingworth. What a perfect name it seemed to me. As the song sort of goes, “Say it loud and there’s music playing, say it soft and it’s almost like spraying,” at least to a second grader with front teeth missing. Actually I knew she was my girl, although I doubt if she knew it. Her family came to Paw Paw from Mitchell Mountain, West Virginia. All the boys in class enjoyed her soft southern accent and her long brown hair usually done in pigtails. She wore bright pink shoes with silver sparkles and a wide gold belt with nearly every outfit. A real fashion plate. She sat two rows in front of me, but I never realized she knew I was on the planet until the day she offered me a bite of her graham cracker. I didn’t accept because it was already a little too soggy for my taste, but I appreciated the gesture. Franny had many endearing traits. She loved to twirl her pig tails until they were wound so tight her face became rather shiny and red and her eyes began to bug out. She never walked or ran, but sort of skipped wherever she went, and she was always smiling and giggling.

Franny did have a few unorthodox traits I had to get over, however. Whenever our teacher would step out of the room she would sneak up to the teacher’s desk and steal a few fingers full of library paste to eat. She claimed it was the closest thing to what she called “Way back home West Virginny dirt.” In fact, I later learned her parents had family that shipped them a box of this soil several times a year for snacking.

Our romance, if that’s what it was, was intense, at least by me, but not long lasting. Like most young males in a “relationship” I didn’t know what was going on most of the time. We didn’t run at each other in slow motion on a beach and throw our arms around each other as you see in the movies, mainly she giggled at me, and I gently shoved her and pulled her pig tails. It was exciting, but doomed to failure. For one thing, her snacking habits were a little much. Some days she seemed to have a light mustache of paste for hours at a time. Once I saw Franny and Mother Brinda walking downtown with a little West Virginia real estate on their lips, unless it was dark brown lipstick.

Too soon she left me for the fast crowd.....third graders! I knew she would be in a world that would be too much, too soon for her, but she refused to listen. She became enraptured with Herby Brett the son of the owner of Brett’s Five and Ten Cent store. I suspected this was

just a way to get close to a healthy library paste supply, but she left me behind, and so the rest of the school year I concentrated on learning new tricks on my Duncan Yoyo in my spare time.

Franny left Paw Paw that summer. Her mother joined a traveling revival show leaving her husband behind and taking Franny and baby brother Travis with her. I never saw nor heard from my first love again, but to this day when I see a jar of library paste it brings back memories of our time together.



PALMER'S ARMY



I guess as children we all have had episodes we would like to forget and never will. Growing up Paw Paw as I did, I experienced a huge one at a young age during the Christmas season. Previous to this, my worst embarrassment had been when my grandparents celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. I was coerced into kissing both of them! Right out at a public gathering including some of my friends.

Well that turned out to be nothing compared to the time I signed up with Palmer's Army for a local church pageant. When I first heard of the upcoming event it sounded like a good time. A show where you could dress up like a king or wise man, which I felt were roles that would fit my talents. I guess I felt this would perhaps start a lifelong career as a prominent actor for me. I think I really was hoping it would lead to a remake of the *Beau Geste* movie, or one starring John Wayne, with me of course in the lead.

I kept this illusion until the days dwindled down to a precious few and the reality of emulating a Thespian began to dawn on me. This came when I met my drama coach and enlisted in the Prussian Army at the same time. Miss Palmer or M.P. as we liked to call her was, as friend Little Willie used to describe her, "One really mean and miserable old bag." Evidently M.P. had been placed on earth just to harass and terrify young people. It was the second week of November when she marched into our Sunday school room, and instantly turned it into a military boot camp that would have been the envy of any Nazi Storm Trooper. We were informed by our leader that we were to dedicate the next few weeks of our lives to being the best shepherds that we could be, which gave me visions of learning to sleep on the ground with sheep.

There were five of us chosen ones for the roles, and she drilled us until we thought like shepherds, talked, ate, breathed, and probably smelled like sheep guardians. Perhaps M. P. was a frustrated movie director want-to-be, for she had us practicing three nights a week plus three hours every Sunday. Forget about Sunday school religious training, we were going to be part of a Masterpiece Theatre presentation. All this work to perfect five very small non-speaking parts, to be noticed by ten bored parents at best.

With Christmas week approaching I felt the pressure building inside me. Would I be an acceptable herder of sheep? Suppose I was booed off stage? I was sure the punishment of an indiscretion such as this would be flogging or even execution on the spot. Suppose if I coughed or blinked my eyes? The list of bad conclusions seemed endless to me.

If there was one person under more pressure than I, it was Little Willie. He was supposed to be in a younger group, but the cherub choir was already over staffed, so he became the smallest shepherd. We all feared our leader, but Little Willie lived in terror of her. He

confessed he had nightmares of her chasing him while giving him the “evil eye.” We all knew that look. Little Willie was a little hyperactive and had major problems maintaining the immobility required of him. Fear was the only thing keeping him in the production. Dress rehearsal night was trauma for all of us for we knew if we were found wanting, our heads would roll. As our part of the production neared, Palmer called us to attention and marched us to our entry port. I was feeling so much pressure I did not realize how our group of five appeared to the audience. Friends later told me that while the other segments of the show looked like young people, we looked akin to Prussian military. The rest of the kids waved at parents, forgot lines, and fell down a lot. By contrast we were five soldiers moving as one. We stared ahead unsmiling and stiff as we marched to our appointed spot on the floor. At the conclusion of the rehearsal the entire cast was to step forward and bow. When we got our cue, we marched forward in perfect unison and did not take a breath until we got the nod from our Commander.

After the two last days before the event, which I spent dreading the upcoming performance, the day of our coming out as actors arrived. My mother prepared a nice dinner for me that day, but after seeing it was leg of lamb, I could not partake being a protector of sheep. We arrived at church and I felt ready to perform. As the church began to fill I felt tense but eager to show my acting skills to everyone. Things began smoothly, we walked out at the proper time with the proper precision and it seemed nothing could go wrong. Then disaster struck. Little Willie sneezed violently, and his false beard flew off and landed on the head of Mary. Willie grabbed it, dusted it off, bowed and ran back to his station. Just as he arrived, he stumbled and fell, exploding with a word not meant for company, and certainly not intended for church. We all knew he was dead. Would she torture him slowly or be kind and cut his head off quickly? I did not dare move a muscle; however, my head could imagine the evil eye that was building in our leader.

Mercifully, somehow the show went on, and soon ended without further complications. When we marched up to take our bow, this put Little Willie within striking distance of the M.P. Willie did the only sensible thing he could have done. He performed a liquid body function right in front of everyone. What a brilliant move by one so young. I doubt if I could have conceived the manner of escape he created. At once two Sunday school teachers grabbed the soggy shepherd and hustled him off stage with Palmer looking fearsome daggers at his retreat.

This was the end of our dramatic careers for both Willie and I, and the end of Palmer’s directing stint at our church also. It was rumored she left town soon after and took a position at a Marine training camp, teaching recruits how to fight dirty.



RICHARD D. MCLELLAN



Richard was born in Paw Paw, Michigan and attended school here, graduating with the class of 1960. He enrolled in Michigan State University, earning a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1964, and then completing his work for a law degree from the University of Michigan in 1967. He began his legal career in a private practice for one year before becoming the administrative assistant to Governor William G. Milliken. In 1973 he became a partner in McLellan, Schlaybauch, & Whitbeck, and from 1982 to 2002 when he retired, he also served as a member of a government policy group. In 2010, he founded the McLellan Law Offices, and is still active in the business.

Richard has served various roles since that time, including Acting Director of the Michigan Office of Drug Abuse, Advisor to the Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration by appointment from President Gerald Ford, and as a member of the Imagine Fund, a scholarship granting organization that ensures access and equal opportunity to higher education for students based on their race, color, sex, ethnicity, and national origin.

At the request of Governor John Engler, he served as President of the Michigan Japan Foundation, established to provide private support for a program established in Japan by Michigan's 15 public universities. He serves with three public interest firms established by the Mackinac Center, the Native Nations and the Oxford Foundation. In 1990 President George H.W. Bush appointed Richard as Presidential Observer for the People's Republic of Bulgaria elections, and nine years later he fulfilled the same function for the Nigerian national election, as part of a delegation headed by General Colin Powell. In 2011 and 2012 he served as a volunteer education consultant for Governor Rick Snyder and performed a rewrite of the Michigan School Aid Act of 1979.

McLellan has taught as an adjunct professor in international studies at Michigan State University and provided services on several committees, including the State Bar of Michigan, the Michigan Supreme Court Historical Society, and the Michigan State University College of Law. In 1983 he was named the Small Business Adviser of the Year by the Small Business Administration, for his assistance in helping communities around him.

McLellan has long been active in public education and school of choice. As legal counsel to Teach Michigan, he assisted in drafting the state's charter school law, and defended its constitutionality in front of the Michigan Supreme Court.

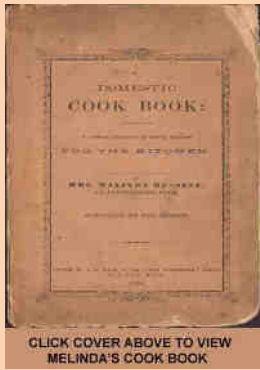
For over 30 years, he has been involved in supporting development in Africa, serving on boards for Ghana and Somalia, helping organize a business delegation to West Africa, and has often been active in ways to maximize industrial growth on the African Continent.

Among other honors he has earned are the Lawyer of the Year by *Lawyers Weekly* magazine, and Super Lawyer of the Year award in 2006, 2008, and 2009. Also received the Robert A. Taft award, and he and his law firm were both selected as among the best law firms and best lawyers in 2013 by the U.S. News Group.

Richard has served as President of the Lansing City Club and director of the American Justice Partnership, among other organizations. Despite being active as a long-time member of the Republican Party, he has earned respect from many state Democratic leaders, including Governor Jennifer Granholm who offered, "He was always the best kind of foe, honest and affable. He so often put his state ahead of his party, and besides, he was always the smartest person in the room. We could use more statesmen like Richard McLellan, in policy, politics, and life."



PAW PAW'S BLACK PIONEER WOMAN



Malinda Russell it seems was a lady well ahead of her time. She was born in 1812 in Greene County, Tennessee, the daughter of Keron, a recently freed black woman of the South. Keron died when Malinda was quite young, but although being black and free in the south was a great challenge of the times, Malinda somehow managed to gain a high degree of education for her time and place. In 1830 in Lynchburg, Virginia she worked as a nurse and sometimes traveling companion for wealthy families. She married Anderson Vaughn and they had a crippled son, but her husband died just four years later.

She managed to save quite a lot of money back in Tennessee where she ran a boarding house, until she was held up and robbed of all her wealth. Later, she owned a pastry shop until her home was raided by a traveling gang of thieves. At this time, she heard that Michigan was the Garden of the West, and resolved to make a new home there, settling in Paw Paw in 1865.

Malinda had been taught to cook by a slave lady in Lynchburg, and began to make use of her knowledge in the North by working as a cook and also writing a cook book, the first known publication of this type by a black lady. Her goal was to raise enough money to support her son, and to return to Tennessee after the end of the Civil War. The book had the impressive title *Domestic Cook Book: Containing a Careful Selection of Useful Receipts for the Kitchen 1866*. It was published locally by the Paw Paw *True Northerner* newspaper.

Most of her recipes were for fancy desserts like floating island, puff pastry, and rose cake, plus some main course items such as catfish fricassee, Irish potatoes with cod, and sweet onion custard. Her dishes mainly were more European than the soul food traditional in southern cooking. A typical recipe was short and quite sweet, for example: Mrs. Roe's Cream Pie - One cup good sweet cream, whites of three eggs beaten to a froth, one cup coffee sugar, juice one lemon, bake with a rich under crust.

It is not certain if Malinda ever returned to her home state, for within months of her publication a large fire in Paw Paw ravaged much of the downtown business district including her home, also destroying most of the books stored there. Since that time, she appears to have simply disappeared with her son and no trace has ever been found. Jan Longone, antique book collector and curator of American culinary history at the University of Michigan has done a great deal of research and searching to find what happened to Malinda, but despite several trips through the south to investigate leads, and even a visit to Paw Paw, Malinda's later life story remains a mystery.



FLATBOATING THE PAW PAW



In the early days of the Paw Paw settlement, before the Michigan Central Railroad gave a boost to travel in Southern Michigan, the idea of water transportation between the Paw Paw area and Lake Michigan gained a lot of support. The plan was to use the winding river as a way to implement flat boats to deliver and pick up items at Saint Joseph and also to commercial boats on the lake. It seems this never became a healthy profitable business despite several attempts to make it work.

As early as 1833 the Paw Paw was considered navigable, and settlers had hopes that at least a part of the stream might allow operating steamboats for a profit.

The Territorial government hoping to promote easy access to the river consented to the construction of roads connecting the forks of the Paw Paw with Schoolcraft, Prairie Ronde, Adamsville, and Barry County. The landing near Lawrence became for a while the place where freight was taken to ship down the river. I.M. Willard of Paw Paw built two large boats and loaded them with flour from his Paw Paw mill and sent them to Saint Joseph. They arrived at their destination, but it took so long with so many difficulties due to low water and sand bars, he decided the venture could not be operated at a profit. For a short while after there was considerable flatboat traffic to Saint Joseph but the results were never very much of a success.

In 1848 interest was renewed by the passage of an act of the legislature appropriating 10,000 acres of land for the improvement of the Paw Paw, to make it more navigable for flatboats, but the plan never worked out and the river remained a mill stream.

However, the stories of river men abounded with many tales of flatboating the “raging and wild” Paw Paw, when the boatmen poled their crafts along the serpentine course. Mosquitoes were a major problem to the boatman’s existence, and they waged warfare in massive number both day and night upon the river rovers. One tale by William M. Lyle said he once shipped as a cook on board a Paw Paw flatboat, and used to find the Mosquitoes so thick they would settle in swarms on meat frying in the pan. Unable to get rid of them, he always fried them with the meat, or at least with the gravy, and served them in that manner with the rest of the meal. The boatmen either never knew or didn’t care, possibly feeling it was mosquitoes and beef or nothing, and so the cook received many compliments for his labors.

Other tales included accounts of river serpents as long as the boats, and half-man half-wolf creatures that lurked by the Paw Paw trees that lined much of the river area.

A DREAM UNFULFILLED



Benny Richard (Ricky) Knotts was born in Paw Paw, Michigan on May 23, 1951, left town with his parents at an early age, and attended Comstock High School. His father was employed by Seelye Ford in Kalamazoo, and he became fascinated with automobiles and auto racing at a young age. He owned a new 1969 Ford Fairlane with a 390 and four-on-the-floor and dreamed of being a race driver.

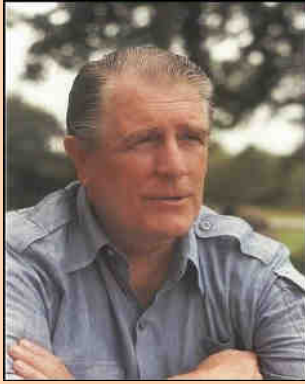
Having returned to Paw Paw he began his racing career in 1974 and competed in stock car races for six years. He had some success winning the 1979 Red Bud 400 at the Anderson, Indiana Speedway, which was considered one of the nation's top Super Late Model races on the short track calendar, while also scoring notable ASA wins at Toledo, Anderson, and Winchester.

He then began concentrating on qualifying for the 1980 Daytona 500, spending every dime he had, to try and achieve this goal, plus getting help from his parents.

On February 14, 1980 Ricky Knotts was in the field for the first Twin race at Daytona International Speedway, hoping to qualify for that Sunday's 500. Early on in the race his hopes dwindled as his Weaver powered Oldsmobile fell back and on the 14th lap his hood blew off and he hit the outside wall in the short chute just past the start/finish line. His car spun out of control across the track sideways on the infield grass and struck passenger side first against the concrete wall entering turn one. His seat mount broke and the 28-year-old man was killed instantly.

His burial took place in Wildey Cemetery in Paw Paw, and his memory is perpetuated by a fan club and a memorial Facebook page. On November 4, 2017 his wife and daughter were given a plaque honoring him as a member of the Michigan Motor Sports Hall of Fame.

JOHN HENRY WALLER



John Waller was an American historian and author as well as the Inspector General of the Central Intelligence Agency from 1976 to 1980. He was born in Paw Paw to George and Marguerite Waller on May 8, 1923. After a few years the family moved to Detroit where he completed school and enrolled at the University of Michigan where he earned a B.A. in 1946.

He had previously been rejected for military service in 1943 due to an ear disorder, but began serving in the Office of Strategic Services in the counterespionage department in 1947. For six years he served as vice-consul with the United States Foreign Service in Iran. Later as a special assistant to the Ambassador in New Delhi, India, and also in Sudan. Weller became Chief of the CIA's Near East Division from 1971 to 1975, and Inspector General of the Agency until 1980.

During his career he was awarded the Distinguished Intelligence Medal and the National Civil Service Award. In his tenure as Inspector General of the CIA, he led the internal investigation of the arms for Libya case involving CIA agents, with his report exonerating senior officials Theodore Shackley and Thomas Cines, assistant director and director of training in clandestine services.

Upon his retirement to his home in McLean, Virginia in 1978, he became a full-time writer. Among books authored by Waller were: *The Saga of a Victorian Hero (1988)*; *Beyond the Khyber Pass: The Road to British Disaster in the First Afghan War (1990)*; *The Unseen War in Europe: Espionage and Conspiracy in the Second World War (1996)*; and *The Devil's Doctor: Felix Kersten and the Secret Plot to Turn Himmler Against Hitler (2002)*. He also wrote books under the pseudonyms of John MacGregor and John Rowland, Rowland being his mother's maiden name.

On November 4, 2004 he died in Arlington, Virginia, due to complications from pneumonia.

E. & C. MEARS & COMPANY



The village of Paw Paw was surveyed and platted by Peter Gremps and Lyman Daniels in 1838. It was an ambitious project with a total of fifty-one blocks on the original plan. It was evident from the onset that Gremps sensed the ideal location along Territorial Road could mean growth for the village, and in fact, four years earlier Gremps had made arrangements with Daniel O. Dodge, offering him an entire village block if he would keep a tavern in the village to be. Dodge agreed and opened a very successful tavern directly on the stagecoach route to the west. Peter Gremps then had a building built just west of Dodge's Tavern, and used it as a residence as well as a general store. The next enterprise to enter Paw Paw was a family concern called E & C Mears & Company with three brothers - Edwin, Charles, and later Nathan Mears the owners. They were in the lumber business in Massachusetts but were looking to the west for new adventures. They studied the "Farmer's Map of Michigan" and decided to migrate to the newly opened western territory of Michigan. In the fall of 1836, they bought a large general stock of goods which they had shipped from Detroit. The steamer carrying this merchandise was routed through the straits of Mackinaw and south to Saint Joseph and reached Paw Paw. However, they discovered the goods had been broken into at Mackinaw and much of it stolen. Despite this setback, they eventually prospered in Paw Paw. The business consisted of buying and selling anything which the white settlers and Indians wished to purchase or dispose of, doing a large business in furs. They also speculated on land and village lots, selling many to new settlers and business people. Charles Mears soon became restless for a change from village life, and having heard of areas further to the north more suited for lumbering he moved on.

He built a small craft for the purpose of navigating rivers heading north and to Lake Michigan. He brought along his youngest brother Albert who had recently joined the Paw Paw business. They went as far as Manistee scouting many areas with lumber mills along the western shoreline. They later went back south and settled in an area now known as Whitehall.

In the next 25 years Charles became known as the "Christopher Columbus of the West Coast" for his part in developing many of the towns along the coast. In Pentwater, he dug a wide channel for the Pentwater River and built a saw mill to make and haul lumber to Chicago. He also created a tile and brick company. In 1837, Mears built the lumber mill on White Lake, and platted the village of Whitehall. The town became a strategic location for floating lumber to Lake Michigan.

Despite the success of the store and real estate business in Paw Paw, by the late 1840's the two other brothers moved north to be a part of the lucrative businesses created by Charles. About 1850 they built sawmills in the Ludington area and were instrumental in establishing

two settlements called Little Sauble and Grand Sauble, later renamed by Charles Mears as Lincoln and Hamlin. Mears was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, and later served in the Michigan Senate.

The Mears brothers were also responsible for the construction of the first light house standing 34 feet high at Pentwater, by the outer end of the south pier in 1873. It had an octagonal lantern room with a fixed red light, which began operation in June of that year. It had an elevated walk to gain access to the tower, but no keeper's dwelling was provided despite attempts to do so as late as 1906. The Mears brothers were also instrumental in getting Congress to appropriate \$55,000 to pay for the creation of a harbor and for the next two years, cribs were built at Ludington and hauled to Pentwater to create piers.

Despite their absence, their business in Paw Paw continued to thrive until the 1870's thanks to other family members.

WARREN HORTON SMITH



Warren Smith was born in Paw Paw on August 5, 1896 in Waverly Township. He attended school in Paw Paw and graduated in 1915. In school he played baseball and football, and in the yearbook, his goal was to be a pro league player in one of his sports. His build helped him achieve this dream as he stood 6-1 and weighed 215 pounds which was considered to be a big man at the time. His 1915 team defeated Otsego Plainwell, Dowagiac, Bangor, and South Haven with the lone blemish on the season a loss to Kalamazoo, later Kalamazoo Central.

He attended Western State Normal in Kalamazoo, later to become Western Michigan University. He played in the 1920 and 1921 seasons at offensive guard and was part of the team that posted a 6-0 record outscoring opponents 160 to 0.

After college he caught on with the Green Bay Football Corporation, which became the Green Bay Packers. One of his teammates was Curly Lambeau for whom the current football stadium was named. He played just one year of professional football, and after that, there seems to be no trace of his life available. Warren died August 30, 1965 on a fishing trip to Wawa, Ontario, Canada, so he began his life in Paw Paw, and ended it in Wawa.



Western Normal Athletic Field

SUSAN KAISER GREENLAND



Susan was born in Kalamazoo in 1956. She attended Paw Paw High School where she was very active in band, choir, student council plus several school committees. She attended Kalamazoo College and then Brooklyn Law School. She was admitted to law practice in New York and California. In 1993 a serious medical condition of her husband, from which he recovered, convinced her to find alternate methods of reducing stress which resulted in her taking mediation studies with the Tibetan Buddhist tradition since 1997. She lives in California with her husband, they have two adult children.

Susan represented ABC network owned radio and television stations from 1988 to 1993, and CBS radio and television from 1994 to 2005. While working as a lawyer she volunteered in schools, teaching secular mindfulness and mediation practices that she adapted for children and their families. She eventually left her law practice to instruct mindfulness and mediation full time.

Susan and husband Seth founded the Inner Kids Foundation, a nonprofit organization that taught secular mindfulness in the greater Los Angeles area from 2001 through 2009. She studied the effects of her program in a random trial of 2nd and 3rd graders. Results revealed improved executive functioning and attention in the children who demonstrated the most difficulties in those areas before participation in the study. This finding suggests that mindfulness training might be powerful intervention for children diagnosed with ADD/ADHD. After that she worked in the United States and abroad as an author, public speaker, and educator, by sharing her knowledge in her chosen field. She also has served on the Pediatric Pain Clinic team at UCLA Children's Hospital, the Garrison Institute for Contemplation and Education Leadership Council as an advisor at the UCLA Family Commons and has contributed to the on-line news periodical: *The Huffington Post*. She has authored two books, *The Mindful Child* and *Mindful Games*.

Jonathon S. Kaplan an expert in this field has this to say about Kaiser Greenland:
"She is a gifted pioneer in teaching mindfulness to children and teens, and I highly recommend her books."



SOUTH GREMP'S STREET MUSIC



Abraham Wechter is a well-known American luthier (or guitar maker) who has been creating custom guitars since the 1970's. He opened his first workshop in Seattle, Washington and two years later became a student of prominent guitar crafter Richard Schneider in Detroit, after he realized that this was what he wanted his life's work to be. He spent 10 years at the Kalamazoo Gibson Company which was

nationally known for the quality of their instruments, after his mentor Schneider became Gibson's guitar designer. Wechter began as a model maker, building prototypes of new models and artist guitars before being elevated to a designer. However, he always had the desire to create his own instruments that would incorporate all the features he felt were necessary for a quality guitar.

Wechter found a 6,000 square foot building in Paw Paw on Gremps Street, and moved there in 1984 to begin his own production. He designed and built many styles including the first Pathmaker and Florentine models that gained a great deal of popularity and respect in the industry. Some of his unique guitars featured drone strings placed transversely across the sound hole, and scalloped fingerboards. He collaborated with jazz guitarist John McLaughlin to create the Shakti which McLaughlin employed with his band also named Shakti.

This enterprise continued until 2008 in Paw Paw, when he moved the production to Fort Wayne, Indiana. In 2013 Wechter Guitars closed in Indiana, and he moved to Guangzhou, China, where he is still creating some of the finest handmade guitars available.

While in Paw Paw his business created instruments for well-known artists such as John Denver, Al Di Meola, Jons Hellborg, Steve Howe, Earl Klugh, Johnny Hiland and Roman Miroshnichenko.

Abraham also served as a mentor while in Paw Paw. Ry Charters, a 1997 grad of Paw Paw joined the business after high school and remained there until the concern left town. He now is a luthier in his own right, owning the Kal-Tone Musical Instrument Company in Kalamazoo.

AN AMAZING RUN



In the middle 1930's, Paw Paw High School ruled Boys Class C High School Track in the State of Michigan. They won three consecutive state titles beginning in the 1933-34 season, led in the first two by superstar Alan Smith who went on from Paw Paw to be a track standout at the University of Michigan. They also were so consistently superior under Coach Bryan Emmert that they finished in the top ten in state in their class a total of eleven consecutive times starting in the 1928-29 season. In fact, they were such a hometown and state wide sensation that during these title years, the school dropped baseball so more athletes could continue the success story.

In the 1933-34 campaign, a string of five straight Regional titles ran in a stretch of 12 years in a row that the team finished no lower than third in that competition. Smith, in his two seasons at the top rung in Michigan track and field, claimed a total of six individual state championships in the 100 and 200 yard dashes, and the long jump, plus winning as a member of the 880 relay team once running with Jim Jennings, Al Muvrin, and Dave Warner. Smith's school records in the dashes were never surpassed in the pre-metric era of track which ended around 1980. His record in the long jump stood for 78 years until DeMarcus Leak topped it in 2013.

Jim Jennings also brought home a first-place trophy in 1934, with Ben Ampey in the 440-yard dash, Pat Marcelletti mile run, Russ Dansby high jump, Willard Daines pole vault, and Joe Lula shot put all finishing in first place in their events. In the 1935-36 meet, Ampey again took the 440, and teamed up with Dave Warner, Tony Lelli, and Louie Oswalt to capture the 880 relay race. Oswalt also crossed the finish line first in the 200-yard hurdles.

Paw Paw actually has quite a rich history of track and field success with another state title in the 1946-47 season with Bob Duhan shot put, Vic Tate 100-yard dash, Carl Carrington high jump, and Dick Donovan long jump all state champions under mentor Wilbur Schenk.

In the 1950's and early 1960's, Wayne Falan's charges won nine consecutive Kalamazoo Valley Association championships, and had a remarkable 69 dual match winning streak that at the time was a state record.

ART IN THE VILLAGE

Paw Paw has several downtown examples of classical art that has been available for viewing for some time. Frank Van Ness who has already been profiled on these pages, created some Court House murals over 100 years ago that created a large stir in Paw Paw recently when a Court House employee requested their removal, feeling partial nudity was in bad taste. This was soundly defeated due to the actions of a large part of the local populace with an appreciation of art.

The local Post Office has an interesting display of Depression art in the lobby which has been on display since 1940, featuring scenes typical of everyday life in the village. These were produced by a Cuban born artist Carlos Lopez who was one of hundreds of artists that produced some 1,400 murals of this type throughout the United States between 1937 and 1942. This was a part of the Relief Art Project by the United States Treasury Department, to provide work for artists during the downturn of the economy, and also to expose more citizens to art through placing the art in public buildings, usually Post Offices. Today most of these paintings are still on display throughout the United States including the one in Paw Paw.

When the new Paw Paw School was completed in the mid-1920's in the village, Van Ness a Paw Paw native was summoned again, this time to paint a rendition of the Union or Old Red Brick School that stood on the same site as the new structure. At the same time Carl Hoerman, a German emigrant and self-taught artist, who maintained an art studio and gallery in Saugatuck agreed to produce six large murals depicting scenes typical of the area. Hoerman painted in a realistic manner with slightly simplified drawing and vivid color and became well known for his paintings of the Lake Michigan shoreline and sand dunes.

Today the former school is occupied by the Fresh Water Church which has preserved all these works so Paw Paw residents can still enjoy them.



DEAR DIARY

My mother Dorothy kept track of her life through diaries, from an early age until perhaps 40 years of age. This collection offers some clues as to what life was like in the early 20th Century for a teenager. The excerpts recorded here are from the year 1915 in Paw Paw. She recorded something every day, and this covers a period from August to late November. I felt it was not necessary to date each comment, but they are in order.



Friday afternoon we went to the Opera House to see the Bostonia Sextet Club to start Chautauqua week. They have been performing for 17 years and were very good. As an aspiring violin player, I enjoyed it as did Caroline and Martha. Afterwards there was a tedious lecture, so we left early and stopped by the Hotel De Hamburger stand on the way home.

Saturday we decided to take our dinner with us to the show so I made sandwiches for Madge, Caroline, Frieda, Martha and myself. We really stuffed ourselves. After the prelude there was a political debate, and we all somehow stayed awake. Then Rosani the Juggler gave a program. He was a funny little Dutchman as happy as could be. Aside from balancing plates, balls, pipes, sticks, bowls, bottles, glasses, and swords, he gave impressions of 25 different famous people.

For Sunday dinner we had the Chautauqua tent manger as a guest and he was very nice. We had to hurry around as to not be late for the show. For the prelude the Mustersinger Male Quarter gave a sacred program. At 3:30 Senator La Fayette gave a lecture on "Four Months in the War Zone" of his experiences in the Great War.

Monday on to Wednesday most of the entertainment was of a musical nature which was more of an enjoyable than all the orations. Thursday being the final day of the celebration, all Sunday Schools marched to the tent. Paul S. Dietrick gave a lecture, and awarded a banner to the one school with the largest attendance, which was won by the Baptists. After that the whole program afternoon and evening was Victor's Florentine Band. It was very good but sounded better outside the tent than inside.

Chautauqua is now over and I am sorry. Louis came home yesterday and asked Frieda, Martha, and I to go to the picture show at the Colonial Theater. It was as every Friday, Charlie Chaplin night with his movie "By the Sea" shown followed by Charlie's usually after picture show act. Always the same, but always funny. I guess he will be leaving Paw Paw next week, so glad we saw his last show in town.

Saturday I slept late and then played tennis with Dora, Charles, and Archur. Dora is awfully mean to Archur and began hitting him to make him sad. I was so mad I slapped her twice. She went home mad and I guess her parents will be mad at me now, but I don't care.

Bartley is the limit! He told me he is going to Military School this year. Happy, happy, happy, happy!

Martha and I went down to watch the train come in but no one got off and it just kept chugging on by. In the evening Aunt Elsie and I went to the Idle Hour Theatre to watch "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." I think she liked it more than I.

Friday Martha and I played tennis, but the fire bell rang and we went to the fire, but it was put out before we got there. I guess Mrs. Lanten let some muffins roast.

Saturday we went to Trey's for supper, but they didn't eat until so late that Alice, Martha, and I went to the Idle Hour without eating. It was very good, only Papa wouldn't let me stay through all of it. Part of it was a hypnotist.

Mama and Papa went to the house of a Grange friend today, but I'm going to Grandma's for dinner. Freida and I played tennis, and surprise, surprise James came over and we played three games. I won two but I know he let me win. James seemed very nice to me.

Monday morn began my school year. Caroline and I walked together. I take Algebra second period, Science the fourth, not sure I will like either. I am sure I will enjoy Domestic Science fifth period and English the seventh.

Bartley left for Military School today, glory be and thank you! That evening I went to Sunday School supper at the Church.

Saturday did very little, until I persuaded Papa to go to the Colonial Theater at seven. After the show we stopped at the Hotel Clifton for lemonade and cookies.

Mama and I went to the Opera House Sunday to hear the school band concert and the best was "Listen to the Mockingbird." The readings that followed the glee club nearly put me asleep.

Papa came home with a Victor Victrolia today, and we listened to it all day and well into the night.

I went to the baseball game and was part of the cheering section, but we lost 14 to 4 to Dowagiac Round Oaks School. James came over and sat by me and was pleasant, as he can be when so disposed.

It is a lot of fun watching George in Domestic Science trying to sew. He is so awkward. After school Caroline and I stopped for some ice cream on the way home.

I have a lot of fun in English class because Miss White doesn't care much if we laugh and whisper. Today in cooking class Tom looked in the room and laughed and waved at either Caroline or myself, not sure which.

This Saturday Caroline and I went calling. I put on my red stockings, a red hair ribbon, my red courdoroy dress, and a red bandana around my forehead. I also had a red handkerchief and red calling cards. Caroline wore blue. That evening I went to church and George and family came and sat next to me. I was so embarrassed.

Tuesday when school let out it rained pitch forks and hoe handles! Papa came and got me in his machine, and after drying out at home I made fudge to take to the Cassler family.

There were a lot of balloons in the drug store so I bought one, of course it broke nearly at once. When I got home, I mowed the yard and raked it. My reward was going to the movies with Mama and Mrs. Hunt.

Caroline and Dale walk to school together every day now, they are "all the go" as sweethearts.

The Sophomores had a party Friday night, and we decided to call them on our phone. Alice said they were having a memorable time, and Lester said he was bored.

I made cookies Saturday morning, and also went to Mary's house to see her new baby brother, homely little brat.

We made grape jelly in cooking. George makes me sick, always following me around after school.

I was up early Wednesday to go to the fair. Papa, Mamma, and I went with Uncle Harold, Aunt Lillie, and Lowell. The Paw Paw band played well with Tom on the trombone the best. I rode on the merry-go-round twice and once on the ferris wheel which made me dizzy. I saw James there, but not to speak to. We got to see an aeroplane go up twice overhead and watched the horse races. I bought a little white rabbit with pink eyes there, and he is awfully dear. Papa said there were about five or six thousand people at the fair. I also saw a 750 pound man. I hate to think of trying to make cookies for him.

Kenneth always tries to act smart in history, but it does not work often. This evening we went to see the Olivet Male Quartet, very nice.

I walked part of the way to school today with James. Tom wrote me a note and asked me if I liked George. I replied, most certainly I do not! Wonder why he wanted to know, but don't really care.

Saturday we went to Kalamazoo in Papa's machine and I had my picture taken at Harrington's Studio. They also took Mama and Grandma, hope they turn out nice. Before we came back we had lunch at a restaurant and it was nice. Then I had to get back for my violin lesson.

We had a school assembly this morning and the band played a few selections. Mister Rowland gave a little lecture also. Actually it was a long lecture and hurt my head almost as much as being in Algebra Class.

I have named my rabbit X-10-V-8, that should be different. Tom wrote me another note today about George, why doesn't he just write to George if that is who he wants to know about?

The Freshman Class is going to have a party Friday evening at Caroline's house. We had a meeting to see what to bring, and I am making two dozen sandwiches and some Jello. Mama and Papa went to Kalamazoo and won't be home until late so I will make my own supper. Might be mostly fudge, I will see. I finally got some oysters and made soup for supper, and it was dandy. I also had fudge for dessert. I went to the Hunt's house until Mama and Papa came home about 9:30.

Tom with the notes again! This time he asked to take me home from the party and I said I guess so, if Martha can come along.

Martha came to go to the party with me and we were the first ones there. In all 20 showed up. We played "winkum" and Tom winked at me almost all the time. We also played "clap them in and out" and had a dandy time. Some Sophomore boys came and knocked on the windows until Mister Johnson scattered them which made life better for us. Tom never walked me home afterwards, and that was fine with me.

Reverend Sharpe spoke for a few minutes before school today, but I doubt if many heard him. Tom is very attentive to me today, embarrassing, embarrassing, embarrassing! School let out at 3:30 for a base ball game against Mattawan, but I had my music lesson. I had my black hat fixed over with a red velvet band on it, and I am going to have a sort of tam for good wear out of wine colored velvet with brown fur. Papa said "that is the only wine you should ever have". We will see I guess.

Wednesday morning it rained so hard it made me mad because I wanted to wear my new dress Mama made for me.

In Algebra Arthur was put down right in front of the teacher's desk for acting up. I hope he enjoys it. Algebra is getting easy for me now.

The baseball game against Lawton came out 5-0 in favor of the Paw Paw Nine. I almost fainted when they told me.

Tom wrote me and asked why I didn't come to the game yesterday and I said I had a sore throat and couldn't cheer. He later replied that without me there the cheering was only half as loud. Not sure how to take that comment.

Thursday-we had a Freshman meeting for the basket ball team, and Mrs. Lepper is to be our coach. Glad to hear we won't be wearing bloomers to play in this year, so that means I guess the boys can attend this year. If the weather is good our first game will be tomorrow. Caroline was named team captain, and I guess we will have some fun.

It was a beauty of a Friday and we played and defeated Mattawan by a 6-4 score. Mama went to spend the night at Grandma Smith's house so I made dinner for Papa and I. Later Frieda and I went to the Idle Hour for the night's movie show.

Saturday Aunt Lillie and all the "kids" came down for the day. I took Willis to town and had his hair cut. Later James, Dale and I went to Caroline's to play tennis. On the way home James gave me a note asking for my picture. I wrote back and said he might. I went to town and gave it to him later.

Sunday morning as I got ready for Sunday School, Papa gave me some new shoes he bought at Sellick's. They made my feet so sparkling and pretty.

Monday after school I had to go to town to buy a case of water from the Criterion Spring Water Company. Papa drinks it when he has leg misery.

At the lecture Tuesday night, James came and sat right behind me, and Tom had to sit further down. It was pretty good I thought. I mean the lecture. They both gave me notes, James wants to play tennis at Caroline's Saturday and we should take our lunch. Tom wants me to join him on Maple Lake in his launch.

The next day Tom wrote me a very slushy letter and I think I will go with him Saturday. I think it would be more fun than tennis.

There is a masquerade party at Memorial Hall a week from Friday, and I don't know what I will wear. As there is a fall festival in three weeks we had to stay after school and practice some songs.

Friday night Mama and I went to the movies and saw "A Good Little Devil" with Mary Pickford.

Monday X-10 V-8 is growing and doing fine. He eats more and more, and even more.

Tom wrote me a note asking me to the masquerade. I was going to town to get something for Mama at the Yellow Front Store, and heard Tom's whistle. That evening we went to a concert at the Hall, almost every one except Eldred was dressed up fine, that is Eldred for sure, and we had a dandy time. I am happy, happy, happy!

It is getting colder as we welcome November, we played basketball against Gobles and won 8 to 0. I scored my first point of the season!

Today Mrs. Gibbs invited all the girls in the Bluebird club and the Stalwart Lads club to her house for the evening. We were supposed to bring marshmallows but when we got to the store Robert bought a pound and Tom said that was enough. He is very masterful when he wants to be. Martha, Caroline, Madge, Irene, Frieda and I each had a boy in attendance. Frieda's Robert was the only one who did not take his girl's arm.

Saturday my Tommy took me out on the lake in his launch. We got all the way across Maple Lake and the engine stopped. We finally tied the launch to the electric light plant and went down to Cole's Wharf and waited. We nearly died laughing about it. When I got home Aunt Lillie and Uncle Harold were there. They all teased me about it, but I didn't mind. Willis asked me all about it 300 times I guess.

In Algebra class Martha started giggling and couldn't stop, so Miss Bartrom sent her from the class room, and she can't come back for two days. Miss White also threw Fred from class because he didn't have his theme done, and can't return until he has it, and apologizes to Miss White and the class.

At the masquerade Tom was the only one there unmasked. I was so embarrassed I spent much of the evening by the punch bowl. Caroline won a prize dressed as a pirate with a long beard that looked like horse hair to me.

Once again Tom sent me a note, an awful one saying next time he was alone with me he was going to kiss me on the lips. I told him he might not get the chance, and he had better be very good at fisticuffs if he tried.

Miss White seems to be getting grouchy lately, she sent Clare down to the office because Harold dropped his book on the floor, and Clare laughed. He says he is quitting the class next week, and I don't blame him.

My cat Lowell is getting really cute now, but Papa does not seem to like the fact he tries to get on the table every night at dinner. I always drop him a meat ball on the floor when no one is looking.

Papa has gone to his lodge meeting tonight, and Mama is reading a book of poetry. I should be writing letters to Aunt Gertrude and Anna Hill soon, but right now my diary keeps me pretty busy as far as taking pen in hand.

Tonight after school I had to stay and practice for our school play "The House Jack built". I have a very small part, and mentioned it to Mister House. He said "there are no small parts, only small actors". So I guess I am a small actor as my Little Miss Muffitt role has only three lines.

Saturday-Mama and I cleaned house most of the day, Papa had a meeting, and Mama went to play bridge and I went along for something to do. Those ladies do talk a lot.

A dandy day, Papa made a new large house for X-10 V-8 and he seems to like it very well.

When I awoke today, snow all over the ground. Practice, practice, practice, is it worth it for a few seconds of fame? Afterwards I went to town for ice cream and saw Tom and James together.

Night of the play went well, a big crowd with many friends in attendance. All the boys laughed at me because my costume included pantalettes. The show made 20 dollars! Saturday Papa and Mama went to Kalamazoo in the morning and so Frieda and I are going to eat dinner here alone.

Tonight after school the two literary societies were organized, the Philomattia and the Columbia. I am on the Columbia side. Papa brought home five rabbits from a hunt, they were tasty but I felt sorry for the little bunnies.

We went to Grandpa and Grandma Tuttle's house for Thanksgiving, and we had a wonderful turkey and much more else than we needed.

I have to start making Christmas presents or I won't have anything to give anyone this year.

Mama and Papa are going to the Idle Hour Theater tonight and Tommy and I will be at the Idle Hour.

Saturday Frieda and I took Spencer out for a buggy ride, and Russell Hindenach came along with a wagon full of vegetables. I jumped on the wagon and rode for a while with him, with Frieda, horse and buggy trailing on behind. I have to admit Russell can be charming, I really don't know him very well, at least right now.

Mama, Papa, and I went to the Fuller in Kalamazoo to see "Lavender and Old Lace", but the roads were very bad coming home and our machine had problems staying on the road. We didn't get home until midnight, and then had some hot cocoa before bed.

LADY OF THE AIRWAVES

Katherine Roach was a Chicago born and raised girl, although she spent a great deal of her summer months in Paw Paw at area lakes especially when young. After school she found employment at Chicago's WGN Radio, and eventually had her own program starting in 1934 where she went by the name of June Baker. She was on the air every weekday at 2PM, presenting discussions and suggestions on all facets of homemaking.

She soon added six ladies who were experts in many fields in the art of successful management and beautification of the home to offer timely ideas for a generation of mainly stay-at-home wives and mothers. Topics offered included etiquette, remodeling, cooking, décor, needle work, furniture and many other skills needed to keep a happy home. She maintained her program until late in the 1940's when she moved to Paw Paw, buying a home in Almena. She also purchased a structure on East Michigan Avenue which she converted to a gift shop known as The Holiday Farm General Store.

White signs decorated with painted red lace led along U.S. 12 all the way from the Chicago area to Paw Paw advertising her enterprise. The old Michigan farmhouse also white with red shutters, was filled with delightful fare for feminine shoppers offering just what you might expect in a country store. On the second story antiques were displayed in abundance, with the lower level filled with all sorts of items ladies of the time could not do without, clothing, material for home sewing, many craft materials professionally created, soaps, lotions, and many beauty aids, and much more. In fact, in time as the volume of merchandise filled the shop an addition was added in the garage featuring glass ware, chimes, homemade candles and baskets, food items, honey, and jams and jellies, all made from local fruit. Katherine frequently had celebrities from Chicago visiting her home.



Katherine Roach (June Baker) seated far left with her staff preparing for a show.

A SON OF LIBERTY



Paw Paw has had a large number of men who fought for their country, including one who was in the service during the birth of our nation. William Nagel Dyckman II, whom almost certainly was a member of the family that built and maintained the local Dyckman House hotel and restaurant. He was born in New Amsterdam, New York, the son of William Dyckman I and Mary Tourneur December 9th, 1761 and enlisted in a New York regiment at the age of 16. Nothing is known of his rank, nor his actual regiment. In fact, some accounts list him as having perished during the war. However more accurate accounts show he began his service to his nation in 1777 and was discharged in 1781. In fact, he had quite a long life for his time, 85 years. At least part of his military time was spent as a member of the New York Sea Coast Defense.

After William returned to civilian life, he married Maria Tournuer (Turner) of Harlem, New York. They had six children including Jane, Jan, Everett, Maria, Aaron and Andrew. The Dyckmans headed West to Michigan, settling in Paw Paw, where he became a farmer and also a Town Guard for several years.

William passed away on September 6th, 1846 and was buried with full military honors at the Paw Paw Pioneer Cemetery.

In 1859 the local landmark Exchange Hotel was destroyed by fire, and it is believed some of the Dyckman children took over the spot with a new and impressive red brick hotel and saloon that bore their name. How long they stayed here is uncertain, for William appears to have been the lone member of his family buried locally. Yet the name lives on 170 years later.

A STRONG LEADER



Frederick Smith Strong was born in Paw Paw, Michigan on November 12, 1855 the son of Samuel Filer Strong and Anna Maria Fish. He spent his early days in Paw Paw, moving to Kalamazoo shortly before his graduation from Kalamazoo High School in 1876. He was appointed to the United States Military Academy at this time, and graduated in 1880, ranked 11th of 51, receiving his commission as a second lieutenant in the 4th Field Artillery Regiment. He remained at the school as a member of the faculty until joining his regiment in California. During 1889 he was transferred to Fort Riley, Kansas where he served with his artillery group during the American Indian Wars Campaign of 1890-91.

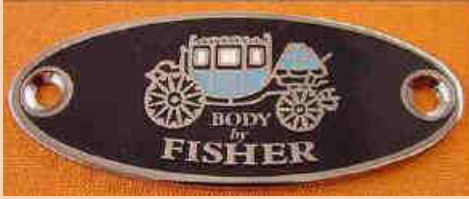
Later he served as a temporary major of United States Volunteers for the Spanish-American War. He was stationed at several military bases including in the Philippines and became a colonel and commander of the coast defenses of New York.

Strong was promoted to brigadier general and commanded Schofield Barracks in Hawaii in 1916 and 1917. In August of 1917 he was promoted to major general and assigned to command the 40th Division during training in California. His division arrived in France in August 1918 to provide replacement troops for units already in combat, and remained there until the armistice ended the conflict. The division arrived back in the United states March 3, 1919 and proceeded to Camp Kearney where it was demobilized in April of that year. In August the same year he requested an early retirement at the age of 63 which was granted, and Strong was advanced to permanent rank of major general. He settled in San Diego and spent years at several pursuits, including serving on the California Relief Commission to administer social welfare during the Great Depression.

Frederick and wife Alice Marion Johnson were the parents of Frederick William Strong who graduated first in the West Point Class of 1910 and served in the army attaining the rank of brigadier general before his retirement in 1946.

The elder Strong died in San Diego on March 9, 1935 and was buried at the Arlington National Cemetery.

PAW PAW'S MILLIONAIRE BRIDE



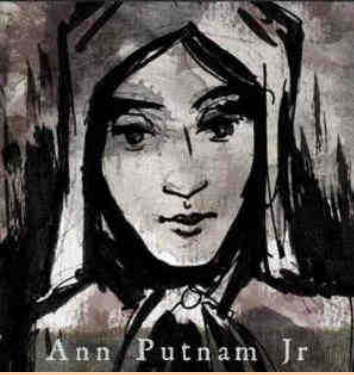
Dolly Mae Roach was born around 1878 in Paw Paw, daughter of John Roach and Mary Brughton Roach. Dolly was an 1899 graduate of Paw Paw High School, and went from a small town upbringing to the wife of a member of one the families that became very important in the development of the auto industry in Detroit. Her husband Lawrence Peter Fisher was one of seven brothers that founded the Fisher Body Corporation in 1908, which was the first in the industry to develop the idea of a fully enclosed auto body. They became connected with General Motors, well known for their "Body by Fisher" advertising, and sold out to GMC in 1926 making the 11 Fisher children worth over three billion dollars. Fisher became President of the Cadillac Division of General Motors as well as a board member of General Motors Corporation.

All seven of the brothers built homes on the Detroit River, with Peter's being the most expensive at two million dollars, at a time when a good salary for a working man was six hundred dollars a year. He had a canal dug so people could navigate their boats nearly to his front door for parties that at times lasted for two weeks, both day and night. His house only had three bedrooms, as he did not plan on having children so party goers had to leave when they needed a break in the celebrations. Fisher was known as a very eligible bachelor in social circles, and planned on marrying actress Jean Harlow before her early demise in an airplane accident. He met Dolly one day in the 1930's while shopping in downtown Detroit for lingerie intended for one of his many girlfriends. They planned on marriage, but Peter's mother objected for Dolly was Lutheran and the Fisher family Catholic. He vowed to wait until his mother died for the nuptials, which happened in 1950 after she finally passed away over the age of ninety.

Dolly lived somewhat of a solitary married life spending most of her time in her own living room next to her bedroom alone. She had suffered a stroke a year before the wedding, and chose not to join in on the party times at their mansion. Strangely in her room pictures of many of his previous loves including Harlow hung until the end of Dolly's life. In fact, it was said her husband had three real loves of his life, his airplanes, his boats, and his two dogs. When the animals passed on, he purchased silver caskets worth twenty thousand dollars and buried them on the grounds of his palace.

Peter died at the age 73, leaving half of his estate to Dolly, and half to his surviving siblings. Dolly lived seven years more before her demise also at the age of ninety.

ANN PUTNAM, JR.



The lone connection to Paw Paw in this story is that this lady was an ancestor of mine.

Ann Putnam Jr. was one of the afflicted girls who created the Salem Witch Trials, and a daughter of one of the ringleaders of the episode, Thomas Putnam. She was born October 18, 1679 in Salem, Massachusetts and was the oldest of 10 children of Thomas Putnam and Ann Carr Putnam. He was a sergeant in the local militia who served in King Phillip's War. This wealthy family had resided in Salem for four generations.

Ann and some friends claimed to be afflicted by witchcraft after being introduced to the theory by a slave Tituba who lived with the Putnams. Ann was responsible for many of the accusations against 62 local people which resulted in the executions of 20 of them by hanging and the deaths of several others while being held in prison.

The girls were familiar with a process known at the time where one would drop an egg white into a glass of water, and observe what they found trying to find out hints of their future husbands. One day when they attempted this one girl saw a specter of a coffin, and she was thereafter it was claimed, followed by diabolical molestations until her death at an early age. The girls soon began to accuse others of being under fits and vexations of Satan. Ann was a leader of the "afflicted girls" who were the prime accusers during the Witch Trials including her best friends Betty Parris and Abigail Williams. All of the girls began to exhibit strange behaviors such as barking like dogs and complaining that invisible spirits were physically harming them. When they recovered from these spells, they would point out suspected witches to the community.

Eventually Tituba was arrested and confessed she was a witch and there were many more in Salem, working for the devil. This continued the fears of many of the colonists and sparked a massive witch hunt that quickly engrossed the town.

Ann's father Thomas was also a primary instigator against alleged witches and was later claimed to be largely responsible for the entire incident, with many of the accused being in some way connected to the Putnam family not often in a good way. Many of the accusers were members of the Putnam family.

After this horrific reign of terror finally ended, little is known of Ann Putnam. It appears she lived a secluded life, seldom seen by villagers. Ann never married and after both of her parents suddenly died in 1699, she was left to raise seven siblings, still at home, by herself. In 1706 she wanted to join the Salem Village Church and wrote a letter of apology for her participation in the trials, the lone one of the nine perpetrators to do so. She claimed extreme remorse for her actions and was granted forgiveness.

Ann spent her last years dealing with several incidents of chronic illness, and perished in 1716. She was buried with her parents in Danvers, Massachusetts in an unmarked grave.

THE MAPLE LAKE TRAGEDY



In early August of 1962, the Paw Paw Junior Chamber of Commerce held a Saturday water festival on Maple Isle. The event culminated with a large fireworks display over the lake after darkness had set in.

Mrs. Veronica Lange lived on the east side of Maple Lake, across the street from Birch Lane near the north end of the body of water. She borrowed a boat from a friend, and invited Rev. Anthony Wade, pastor of St. Mary Church in Paw Paw, Rev. Clarence Wood, his assistant, and Rev. Raymond Fleissner, also a pastor who was visiting from Illinois to all join her to view the fireworks from the lake.

About 9 P M they were observed in the craft close to the home of Dr. Arthur Steele, just south of Mrs. Lang's residence. The pyrotechnics ended near 10 P M, and 11-year old Sheldon Rupert and Donald Hall were leaving the area when they noticed a boat upside down in the water not far from shore. Rupert dove in to see if there were any people in close proximity and found Wade and Lange both lifeless close to the beach. They quickly called for help which brought out a large contingent of firemen and law enforcement officers. It was the next morning before Wood and Fleissner were discovered, between 8 and 9 A M. It was later learned that Wade and Lange were non-swimmers, but Wood and Fleissner were both accomplished in the water.

A thorough investigation found little in the way of explanations for the shocking event. It was learned that the boat had been docked at the Lange pier round 9:40 that evening, so evidently they ventured back on to the water after that. Despite days of exhaustive inquiries by the law and other agencies, nothing more of importance was ever learned of the incident, nor the reason that an event like that did not attract attention from people who lived very near the place it had apparently occurred. It remains to this day likely the worst accident of this manner in the history of Maple Lake, and the Village of Paw Paw in general.

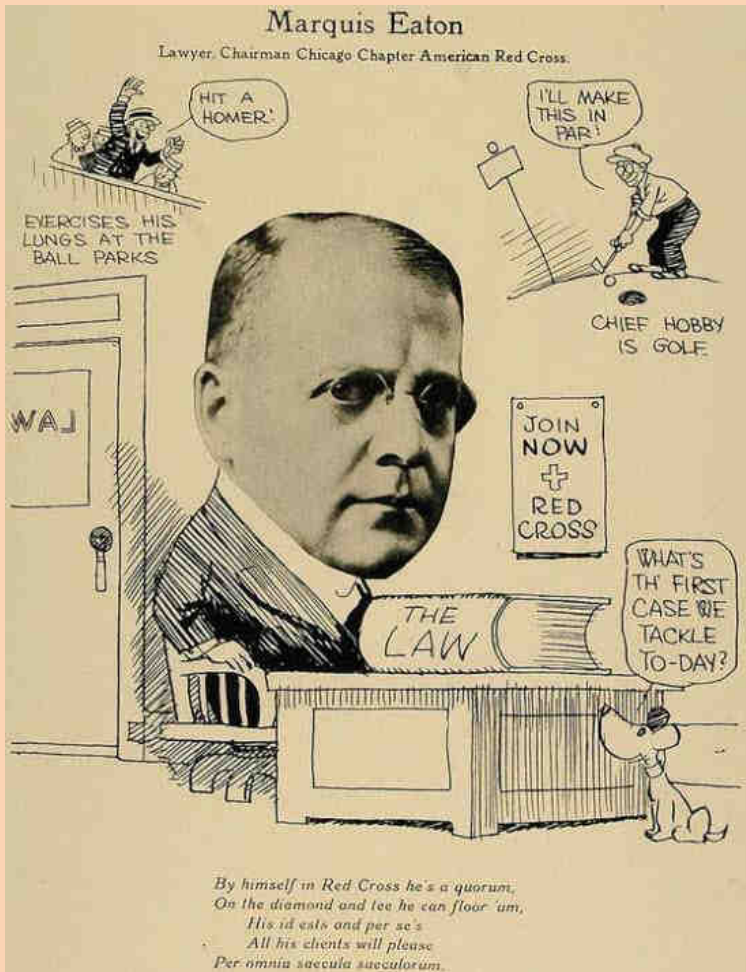
THE WOODMANS ARRIVE IN PAW PAW

The Woodman family was among the early settlers in Paw Paw, arriving in 1835. The following account by Joseph Woodman was offered by him at a meeting of the Van Buren County Pioneers Association at Lawrence in 1872. The Woodman family is still in Paw Paw 185 years later.



“I came to this county in the spring of 1835, landed at Detroit and made my way to Kalamazoo through mud and mire with two teams, a horse team and an ox team. The mud was terrible and I had to double up my teams at times to get through. I frequently met stages with the passengers going on foot carrying rails and poles. They said it was hard fare and the driver wanted them to carry two rails apiece, but they couldn’t see it. I had my family with me, wife and six children. After much difficulty I succeeded in getting them into an old log house. I started from Kalamazoo to Paw Paw the first evening after getting my family under shelter in Kalamazoo. I was told at Grand Prairie that I could not get through that night, that I would be eaten by wolves. But young and vigorous I pushed on, and without serious mishap I finally reached a log cabin known as Dodge’s Hotel where the flourishing village of Paw Paw now stands. On Saturday in company with Silas Breed I went land viewing and returned to Dodge’s in the eve. I asked Dodge if they had any meetings and was answered in the negative. I told him we had a minister in our company and we would like to have a meeting on the Sabbath which accordingly we did, holding it in a slab shanty. On Monday in company with Joshua Briggs, went out on the Territorial Road to locate land, and each selected a piece. That evening we met two men who informed us that they had located some land, and on inquiry we learned that they had selected the same land we had located. Accordingly, the next morning we started for the land office in Kalamazoo, or as it was called then Bronson. On our arrival there we located and paid for our land. On our return we met the parties who had selected the land heading for Kalamazoo, but it was too late for them. I then brought my family from Kalamazoo and established them in a blacksmith shop, and went to clearing my land. Plowed seven acres in the wood with a wood plow and raised a fine crop of turnips, pumpkins, melons, etc. My first crop of wheat yielded 20 bushels per acre, and I turned the stubble and dragged it, and next year harvested from the same land 15 bushels per acre from the litterage of the first crop without having to put down a kernel of seed. As soon as I arrived with my family at Paw Paw I proceeded to erect a house on my land, which I had completed to occupy in just four days. The next spring I went with Silas Breed to Breedsville. The first night out it rained terribly. Made a shanty for the women and children with the wagon box, and kindled a fire to warm ourselves and to keep out the wolves. You can’t think how the wolves did howl, men were scared and withal it was a very uncomfortable night. Arrived in safety at Breedsville the next day where I left Mr. Breed and family and started on my return. I found the Paw Paw River swollen by the rain so as to be almost impassable, but ford it I must. I drove the oxen in, wagon upset, lost my ax and everything out of the wagon, and went in myself head and heels. Now here I am yet, and it seems almost a miracle that I am, but I am glad to meet so many of my old friends here once more”.

MARQUIS B. EATON, ATTORNEY



Marquis Eaton was born in Mattawan, Michigan in 1876, and grew up in Paw Paw, graduating from the local high school as a member of the class of 1892 while still just 16. He came from a prominent family for his father was General Charles Eaton, a Civil War veteran often involved in the Michigan political scene, who was Michigan Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1891-92, and Michigan Adjutant General in 1893-95. He and wife Nellie Joiner-Eaton were also very active in social and charitable causes in the Paw Paw area.

Marquis attended University of Michigan Law School and was admitted to the bar in Michigan in 1898 and Illinois in 1901. After commencing a law practice in Lansing he spent much of his time working for the Michigan Supreme Court until he moved to Chicago and joined a law firm known as Defrees, Buckingham, and Eaton. He quickly became well known in the Chicago area in legal business, civic causes, and prominent social circles.

In 1908 he began a movement for "Safe and Sane" celebrations of the 4th of July which to that point had often become unruly in Chicago and much of the United States. This soon became a nation-wide way of insuring sanity on Independence Day.

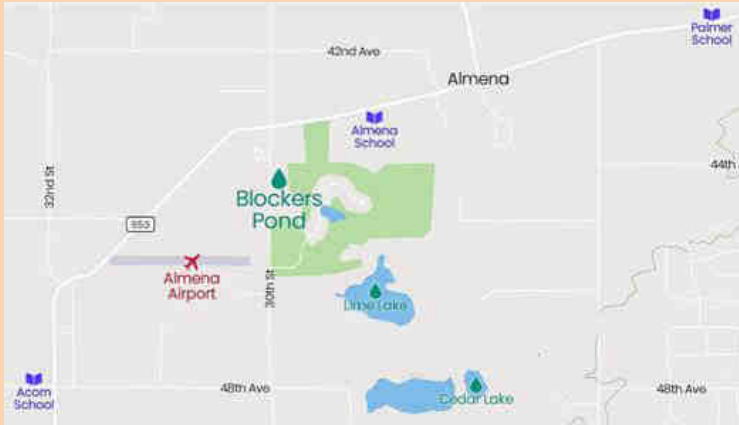
Marquis was chosen to head the Chicago American Red Cross during the very trying years of World War I, and his untiring service earned him a decoration presented by the Italian Government, and acclaim in his home area also. He also frequently presided at the National Red Cross Association Conferences in Washington, D. C.

Always willing and able to assist when needed, he was an officer in the American, Illinois, , and Chicago Bar Associations, director of the United Charities organization and Illinois Child Welfare Society. He served several terms as American Consul for Bulgaria and led many Chicago area charitable groups.

He took keen interest in legal cases that featured protection for abused children and fought forced child labor vigorously, becoming a champion for the young who had few allies at that time.

Marquis somehow found time to often visit his old hometown enjoying renewing old friendships and creating new ones. In fact just a few weeks before his untimely demise in 1925 he attended and served as toastmaster at the annual Paw Paw High School Alumni Dinner. At his funeral in Chicago lifelong Paw Paw friend Doctor Charles Gilkey officiated at the service.

BLOCKER'S POND



A popular area recreation spot was Blocker's Pond in downtown Almena. It was a favorite of many young people from tiny waders to late teenagers and many older yet. There was a dangerous undertow you needed to be aware of which made it a dangerous location to swim in especially for novice swimmers. There was a rope to swing from and emulate Tarzan's jungle cry as you sailed above

the water like the ape man traveling via the tree route.

There were lurking beasts you had to be aware of also, it was a ritual to check for leeches when leaving the water, both over and under your swimming apparel. Snakes were also lurking in various locations, and I can recall an unpleasant encounter with a very long green one I met one day staring at me, not to any improvement of my mental health.

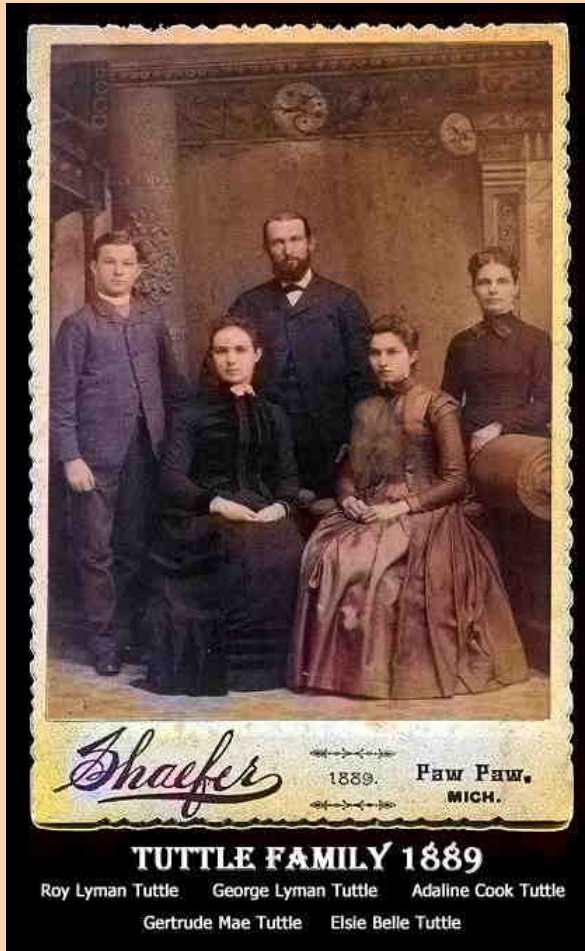
Young kids began splashing in the stream, and then graduated to swimming in the pond, with a series of poles showing you when the water was over your head. Accomplished swimmers eventually gained expertise to swim to the rock. Spending some time under the waterfall was a refreshing way to relax on a hot summer afternoon.

A cement edge around the water had a metal ladder to climb out to the bridge and then you could jump in again. The concrete soon became the reason the pond became known as the "Cement Pond" with a nod to the Beverly Hills Hillbilly television show.

No doubt many teenagers have fond recollections of the water hole due to the tradition on summer evenings of taking a young lady there to park and watch the submarine races. No more comments about that.

19TH CENTURY CORRESPONDENCE

The following is a letter written by my Great Grandfather George Tuttle to his wife Addie, who evidently spent quite a bit of her time visiting relatives out of town. George and his brother Grant were both Civil War Veterans, and were in the home building business with their father Lyman. Many of the homes they build in the Paw Paw and Kalamazoo area are still standing today.



February 28th, 1870

“My dearest wife I wrote you in my letter last week that I should come to see you this Saturday. But since I got your mail Friday last saying you want to stay another week so bad. So I will wait until next week to come and bring you home I hope. It is hard to have another time without my love and sweet baby Elsie. I guess I can live through this just once more. Mrs. Douglas and baby are doing well, she is real anxious to have you come home also. She thinks more of you than anyone in the neighborhood and consequently is anxious to have you home at this time as I am.”

“Grant and Kate are to come this week and stay with father if it quits storming. Heavy rain for two days and then heavy snow this morn. Grant wants to cut some more wood for when he gets his farm, with few prospects of obtaining one any time nearby Mrs. La Grave was in here today, says Caleb’s boy is very sick with croup, whooping cough, and other afflictions, but is improving. Reed Anderson brought a Houdan Rooster here the other day and a nice fresh pickerel, quite liberal of him to be so kind. Father went to the Administrators meeting Saturday, but it was adjourned due to so many ill members of the board.”

“Feeling lonely, I took the stage coach to Lawrence a few days ago to spend the day with Allen. Met some nice people and returned on the last stage. Bennett’s Oyster Saloon has fresh oysters in, so I bought some for dinner, and two meals the day next.”

“Abram Wright took a job at the new Byrnes Boot Shop, and another new business, Cook The Music Teacher opened above the post office. The establishment offers pianos, organs, melodians, and many more instruments of a musical nature. Wonder if it will long last in this town. I want to buy a harmonica when our finances improve which they will when good weather returns.”

“The Masons had a fine gathering the other night with 80 couples attending, and the Odd Fellows had a big time the next night at the Hotel Clifton, but I could not beat to appear alone.”

“I hope I should hear from you on the morrow telling me to come next Friday. It doesn’t seem as if I could wait two weeks to see you and Elsie. I hope you won’t feel you have to leave again for a long, long, time if ever.”

“Father and Mother are going to Pugsleys this evening, but I will stay home, alone. It looks like we may have enough snow for sleighing now which will be a diversion of sorts for me.”

“We have two possible new homes to build this summer, one in Paw Paw and one near Lawton, hoping father will be able to do more to help this year, last summer was a burden for him. Since he turned 60 of age, he is not what he once was. Sarah Tracy is anxious for you to come home, says you have been gone a very long time. Mister Evers wants me to do some repair work inside his house soon, so maybe I can buy some new clothing and especially winter underwear soon at Van Auken’s. I will save some money for you to enhance your fashion when you arrive at our door.”

“A sad tale. A woman of Lawton aged 18 was arrested in our village two Tuesdays last. She was charged of neglecting her little boy while in the pursuit of whisky and good times. She sold nearly all of her life possessions during her rum crazed actions according to this week’s Van Buren County Press.”

“The Paw Paw Railroad is doing work on the bridge over the river due to some problems with the ties and track also. Pray this does not delay my journey to bring you home. Moses Everett is planning on evicting the Wall family from his renta,l writing to acknowledge the receipt of a settlement, but Moses does not want to delay for they are ruining his structure according to him. Sad when you think what a nice building it was when we finished it. Mister Snyder said he would send whatever money he can obtain by post office to help with his absent payments. Father seems to be content to await the payment for at least a few weeks, but money is a scarce commodity in our home right now as I know you are aware of.”

“They are doing work on the cupola of the Court House, just as well we didn’t get the work, my war wound has been flaming up lately, no time to be laboring in the sky.”

I saw Austin George of Kalamazoo give a free lecture at the school house the other night, and would say it was worth the price of admission. I never saw so many men sleeping during entertainment in one room before. Mister Brayson stopped over the other day, and said he is hoping to open a new medicine shop in the village, if he can locate a suitable building to house it. Seems we have enough Medicine enterprises here already, but he can give it a try.”

“I am sending two letters that have arrived for you, one from Florence and the other by Mrs. Church where she takes you to task for not acknowledging the receipt of Elsie’s present. I am sorry you have not done it.”

“I read in the paper that the Willson Brothers of Kalamazoo concern has been burnt out again, this time making a clean sweep. Over four thousand dollars over what the insurance covered, so perhaps we have made our last train or buggy ride to Kalamazoo to shop there. Lydia Eversoll is doing some better, able to sit up for a time with Sarah helping her. Mister Hendricks was damaged during a buggy accident last week but by report is improving with the hope of soon flourishing.”

“The Decatur Mandolin Band performed in our settlement last week, but I stayed home alone. There was an attempted robbery here ten days ago, but our superior police force stopped it before it had barely begun. The wrong town to tempt attention from the law.”

“Now my pet, I have written about all the news I can think of at this time. I still hope I should hear from you morrow or the next day letting me come to get you. You can’t imagine how much comfort it will be to bring you and sweet Elsie back you belong. A kiss for Elsie, and love to you my pet, from your devoted husband, love to all.



The information below was gained from the 1959 Paw Paw Centennial book "[Footpaths to Freeways](#)" researched and written by Paw Paw's Harry Bush, long time Paw Paw historian and promoter of the village.

PAW PAW BEGINNINGS

The County of Van Buren was formed by an act of the Legislative Council of Michigan, approved in 1829. In 1835 the township of LaFayette was established, with the township meeting hall at a schoolhouse near the Paw Paw Mills. One of the first acts was to purchase one and a half acres plus fencing to establish a burial ground north of the village, which is now known as the Pioneer Cemetery. The name La Fayette was retained until 1887 when it was changed to Paw Paw, taking the name from the village within its boundaries.

The village actually began in 1833 when E. L Barrett, induced by Peter Gremps came to the area and settled near what was to become Paw Paw. Barren owned nine pairs of oxen and used them to break a great deal of land for new settlers. He built on a village lot what is said to have been the first frame house in the County. He later sold it to someone who moved it away, and while he was building another one, he and wife and children lived for weeks in a horse stable. He would drive his best ox team to Prairie Ronde where he would purchase a barrel of whiskey and sell it to other early settlers, at fifty cents a pint.

James Lee arrived in Paw Paw in 1843, following his son William who settled in the area in 1839. James frequently plowed land for new arrivals, and also for Native American Pee Pee Yah, a longtime resident of the area. While plowing for the one time Chief of the Pottawattamie band, he had brought his lunch. He discovered the resident dog pack had devoured his repast, and went to Pee Pee Yah's house and told his wife she needed to provide substance for him to continue his work. She gave him a large ladle and showed him a kettle full of stewed corn, inviting him to dine. He began his meal and soon the dogs came up to join him. He protested until Mrs. Yah assured him that it was the etiquette of the house for the dogs to eat out of the same dish with the family. So they dined together.

The village of Paw Paw was first surveyed and platted by Peter Gremps and Lyman Daniels in the spring of 1838. This plat was located on the east side of the Paw Paw River and was a very ambitious endeavor containing fifty-one blocks.

In 1846 Judge Evert B. Dyckman and Reverend Joseph Woodman platted an addition of sixteen blocks and two years later came another addition west of the river.

Peter Gremps who had first arrived in the area in 1833 on a prospecting tour, became a permanent resident in 1835. He soon induced Dr. Barrett of New York to become the first physician in the village. In his efforts to help Paw Paw grow, Gremps convinced Daniel O. Dodge of Schoolcraft to establish a tavern by giving him an entire village block. Dodge agreed and built a shanty with four rooms. Travel by stagecoach along "Territorial Road" which ran through the village was brisk, and sometimes as many as one-hundred people were entertained there in a day. Soon the Exchange Hotel was established on the same lot that later became the location of the Dyckman House. Gremps convinced Williamson Mason of Wayne County, New York to build him the first store in the village. Gremps occupied part of the building as his home and opened a business in the rest.

Charles Harrington soon opened a shoe shop and Nathan Mears followed with a second mercantile establishment. Another person who did much to promote the growth of Paw Paw was Issac Willard who came to town as a partner with Gremps in his business.

Peter Gremps was the first Postmaster of the village starting in 1835. The first flouring mill was built for Gremps and Willard called the Paw Paw Mills.

First wedding in town was of Miss Hannah Mead and Mr. Bellfontaine in 1833. She was a hired girl of John Thomas, and he a sawmill hand. There was no minister or magistrate to perform the ceremony, but Job Davis said he had once been a justice of the peace and thought it would be all right if he married them, which he did for better or worse.

December 31st, 1835, Peter Gremps moved into his new home and prepared for a visit by local Native Americans, which was a local tribal custom the last day of the year. Some twenty-five braves arrived early when Mrs. Gremps was entertaining some lady friends, and Peter was away. They did this to maintain friends with white settlers for the coming year. They insisted on kissing the ladies which did not go well but was tolerated until they were seen holding a painting of Mrs. Gremps in her wedding dress, at which time she ordered them to leave. In the following years, this tradition continued with more success.

The initial Fourth of July celebration occurred in 1836. Three veterans of the War of 1812 spoke and a banquet was provided for all. The event took place in an open space dignified by the name of the "Village Public Square."

Paw Paw's Christian Church was founded in 1842 followed by Presbyterian Church in 1843, and the Methodist Church one year later.

In November of 1890, a franchise was granted for electric lighting in the village. The Dyckman House and Broughton's store were the first buildings wired. Lighting was provided at 90 cents per month. Sixteen street lights were furnished downtown to burn from "near dark until midnight when the moon did not shine."

Shortly before 1904, Bell Telephone Company inaugurated service in town. Prior to this, the Peninsular Electric Telegraph Company offered local telegraph service to over 80 homes and businesses. Early phone service cost 75 cents per month for 24-hour service.

An institution was organized in 1880 to provide a public library in the village, but it was 1920 before it became a reality. A gift of books and money from Mrs. E. H. Harvey and a grant by the Carnegie Library Foundation made this possible.

Paw Paw's first banking institution opened in 1865 as First National Bank, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. Two years later the bank was robbed, and it took a Pinkerton Detective from Chicago six months to find the guilty person, R. M. Buck, a local merchant and local Civil War hero as part of the regiment that captured Confederate President Jefferson Davis while he fled at the end of the war, was arrested and spent three years in jail. Nearly all of the money was recovered from where he had buried it on a farm in Keeler.

Early local school buildings included one taught by Miss Roxanna Agard in the summer of 1835, taught in the Hinckley Blacksmith shop. The next summer the school moved to a log shanty on the west side of the Paw Paw River just north of Mason's Planning Mill. In 1836 a school was constructed on Gremps Street with Lorenzo Cate becoming Paw Paw's first male teacher. The building was also used as a courthouse and church. Next appeared Union School, a two-story on North Kalamazoo street, across from the Presbyterian Church. In 1868 Union School was no longer large enough to house the local students, which created the Old Red Brick school standing at the head of Main Street, which opened in 1870 at a cost of forty-thousand dollars. By this time the school had an enrollment of over 400 students. There were two private schools in town in the late 1800's, both well-known throughout the area: Oak Park Seminary, and Miss Barker's Normal School.

Some minutes from past council meetings:

June 1875 - "Ordinance passed that it shall no longer be lawful for swine, mules, asses, nor horse nor cattle to run at large in any of the streets, lanes, alleys, and other public places, except for milk cows which shall be allowed to run from the fifteenth day of April to the fifteenth of November from five o'clock AM to nine o'clock PM."

March 1878 - "Ordinance passed that the Street Commission be allowed to pay one dollar per day for day laborers and two dollars and seventy-five cents per day for man and horse."

March 1878 - "A petition was presented, signed by 300 voters of the Village and one signed by 450 ladies of the Village, praying for the suppression of billiard tables in this village."

September 1878 - "For the sale of buggies on the street, a fee of fifteen dollars per week be charged, for selling at a private sale also, and a one dollar per day fee for hawking or crying the sale in town."

July 1879 - "It shall not be lawful for the owner or occupant of any barber shop within the corporate limits of Paw Paw, to keep the same open for the purpose of doing business any time during Sunday."

October 1880 - "Motion supported and passed to appoint S. A. Whelpley lamp lighter until the first of November, 1880."

June 1882 - "It shall not be lawful for any person or persons to bathe in the Paw Paw River, within the corporate limits of Paw Paw, from half-past five o'clock AM until half-past eight-thirty o'clock PM".

June 1882 - "It shall not be lawful for any person or persons to play at any game of ball or any other game or sport on Main Street in said village."

December 1882 - "The Marshall was instructed to post notices forbidding children from catching on to sleighs."

July 1884 - "Motion was made and supported that Mr. Avery buy the cigars for the board, for being absent several times. Motion passed with one no vote by Avery."

August 1885 - "Moved and carried to appoint a committee of three to draw up a paper, in regard to the death of General U. S. Grant, to be read on Memorial Day."

September 1886 - "Moved by Trustee Showerman and supported that the committee on bird houses be discharged of their duties."

MEMORABLE PAW PAW BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENTS

This is a list of some village and area business concerns, certainly not all inclusive, that were interesting or enjoyable to enter by me and many other Paw Paw people no doubt, at some time in their life.

SCOTT'S MARKET

This small food market was on North Kalamazoo near the main four corners of the town where later Jules Serbenski had an office. I probably went there with my mother once in a while, and from what I remember it may have been like going back in the past even in the late 1940's. There was food out on display with no refrigeration all the time and even free samples of a lot of foods including processed meat to sample if you dared. There were two very large men with white hair and white mustaches that spoke with pronounced accents I didn't recognize. They also were clad entirely in white including footwear. Large smoked hams hung from the ceiling and there were bowls of free hard-boiled eggs to sample. If there were food inspectors for stores like this, they must have allowed this apparent disregard for food safety, or standards were a lot less rigid at the time. Sitting by the window right in full sun was a large barrel of raw hot dogs and another of pork sausage, and once one of the owners told me to take one and try it. I did and managed just one bite before mom whisked me out of the store probably to see a doctor in case of a bacterial reaction. It seems to me that was the last time we shopped at Scott's.

THE RECORD SHOP



G. R. Marcelletti owned the music store for many years, located on North Kalamazoo and later at the northwest corner of Michigan avenue and Kalamazoo. It was a wonderful place to go if you loved music which I certainly did. There were it seemed hundreds of records, 78 RPM and 45 RPM, plus albums of 33.3 RPM vinyl. I guess at that time albums were not clad in cellophane for we were allowed to listen to any album of our choice before deciding to buy or not. The establishment was also filled with record players, radios and televisions, sewing machines, sheet music, pianos and organs, and guitars and ukuleles. When we were high school juniors classmate Norm Karlburg got a job there which was great.

After school and daily in the summer. As G.R. Spent most of his time away doing TV repair at homes, that meant we and our friends had pretty much free rein to listen to and do what we wanted. One Saturday when G.R. was gone all day for some reason, Norm locked the doors and put "closed "and "quiet-we are recording" signs all over the windows, and brought out a reel to reel taping machine. We did a several hour disc jockey show and I interviewed a lot of friends with what we thought at the time I am sure, was very rich and clever humor plus a lot of music. A few days later Norm played a portion of our first live performance, and afterwards he destroyed the tape. This pretty much ended my performing career at an early age. To be honest Mr. Marcelletti was a very kind and friendly person who was always especially good to young people such as I, and I still wonder sometimes if he ever figured out how his store went a whole Saturday without a sale. Knowing him he probably would have laughed.



LA CANTINA



Amo and Rose Scotese were friends of my parents and frequently had them over for some of Rose's Italian cooking which they both greatly enjoyed. In fact, I understand my mother and father were among the Paw Paw people who helped convince the Scoteses to commit to a restaurant featuring these gourmet delights. Needless to say, the venture proved very popular with not just local people but people all over Southwestern Michigan, and still is a place to be revered today.

From an early age I was brought along, and it was one place I was always eager to go, when often I would beg to stay home and have a hot dog when other eating places were the food stop of the night. I loved the spaghetti, the Italian bread, the huge french fries which were not available at too many places back then, even the unique wine vinegar salad, and most of all the beef sandwiches. I also loved to play the huge Wurlitzer juke box that stood by the kitchen and the dance floor, and saved quarters waiting for the next trip to "Rose and Amo's" as I always called it.

Amo was an imposing man who always looked stern when we walked in, but I soon learned he was fine once I got up the nerve to approach him. Rose was a sweetheart who always gave me a hug when I saw her, no matter where. In later years Tony Dacoba and wife Norma Scotese Dacoba and eventually other family members joined the enterprise and helped maintain its reputation as a place to visit whenever in Paw Paw for so many out of town people. I know of one former Paw Paw man who confessed to me he drove from near Detroit to buy takeout La Cantina pizza, and always bought two, one to take back to his family, and the other to eat on the journey home.

After I got married, a favorite Friday night treat was getting a pizza to bring home and sometimes we bought another for the next day, for we both liked cold pizza at least as much as out of the oven. One problem I had was when it came to pay for the pizza, if Rose was working, she refused to let me pay for it. It got so we really didn't order it as much as we wanted, feeling we were taking money from those hard-working people.

BEN FRANKLIN



A place I always was willing to go with my mother when she was shopping for material for sewing was the Ben Franklin. I always spent a lot of time in the toy section, and the large display of bulk candy near the front always made choosing what to buy a quandary. I often settled for orange slices or chocolate stars, but I knew it was all good. Owner Joe Rucinski always seemed to be present, and he always had a joke or funny comment for the many young people who populated his store. When I grew a little older, I would walk to town to go to a weekend night movie at the Strand, and then I headed for Ben's to look at the good selection of comic books, especially the 3-D ones. It seemed as if everyone employed there was always in a good mood, and happy to see us. This was a common trait of so many of our merchants, and happily still goes on in the village.

RUDY'S PARTY SHOP

W. R. "Rudy" Huey was proprietor of this concern located near the State Highway garage east of the village. He also maintained the East End Motel next door which was a row of small buildings with some age on them. In fact, it seems a lot of people possessed that business at one time or another including the Bain family and Labadie family. Years earlier I have been told it was run by a family of sort of circus performers who also traveled in the summer performing on bicycles.

During Rudy's tenure he quickly became known as a true character and a southern gentleman. When you entered his establishment, you were greeted by a "Howdy doo!" that seemed to resonate throughout the building. Almost any statement you might make such as "It's a nice day" was answered with "It truly is" in his pleasing southern accent. Rudy also had a trove of stories from his youth he loved to share when business was slow, almost all with a touch of humor included. Rudy also liked to bowl, or at least watch bowling. He often went across the street when not working and viewed the game at Bowl More Lanes while socializing a lot which was his habit. One year he sponsored a team I was on, and he told me he wanted the best bowling shirts in town. I ordered some fancy ones, white with blue stars all over the front and back. When I brought him the bill, he appeared a little surprised at the cost. He told me, "I know I said I wanted the best shirts for my team, but I never said I wanted to pay for them". He once again was joking I soon realized. At the end of the season we won the league title and had Rudy there to accept the trophy. As he left with his award, you could see traces of tears in his eyes.

THE BIG BARREL DRIVE-IN AND MORE



The 1950's and 60's it seems was the time of the drive-in restaurants, and Paw Paw had their share.

There were two A&W spots locally, one on South Kalamazoo street, and another next to Bill Daines Golf Driving Range west of the village near Tea Pot Dome which was owned by Jack Misuraca. The Lake Cora Drive-In was of course across the road from Lake Cora Hills Golf Course, Katley's was just north of Maple Lake, and the Big Barrel west of town near the Coca-Cola plant. All these businesses gave teenagers a nice selection of places to cruise by on a Saturday night which was a sort of way of life for young boys and some girls who owned or had cars available. There was one in Gobles we used to frequent also, we called it Leon's, but I believe it was officially The Country Drive In.

It was a common thing to cruise back and forth between these food dispensaries looking for more friends, or girls and occasionally stopping for maybe a Big Barrel or A & W mug of root beer. At the Barrel they later added a small dining room with a juke box, and we spent a lot of time there singing along with the box on songs like "Waterloo" (No, not the one by Abba, the one by Stonewall Jackson). Also, Ferlin Huskey's "Gone" was another favorite. The Barrel had a hook up so you could order from the car without a car hop in attendance. This created a problem once when a friend of mine Mike McNellis, who was well known for jokes that did not turn out well called in an order for 20 hamburgers to go with mayo and pickles. Then he got out of the car and walked in the dining room announcing he wanted to cancel the order. Owner Frank Kobe pointed out the 20 burgers were already cooking on the grill and he hoped Mike had sufficient funds to cover the bill. I don't know what happened after that for I was headed for my car at top speed. Shortly later I saw Mike pass me going maybe 75. We never found out how that episode came out, but every time we suggested stopping at the Barrel Mike said no, because he had a lot of hamburgers in the freezer at home.



THE DRUG STORES



Drug Stores fulfill a great need in a community, obviously from a health standpoint first, but also, they at least used to have another important amenity, something else that had its own therapeutic benefits, the soda bar. My grandfather Al was a pharmacist and came to Paw Paw for a job in 1902. After many years he purchased the business and named it Paw Paw Drug Company. At that time, it already was a place to get ice cream and so many other treats and he expanded it. In fact in the summer he stayed open to 10PM every night for the late crowd, then he and many of his customers would ride the train to Lake Cora to go for a swim with summer residents, and then it was back to the drug store to dispense some more goodies until the very early hours.

Later after he had passed on, Richard Dillon bought the store and continued all the traditions of previous years. I know I and best friend and relative by marriage Jim Foster spent many hours of summer vacation at the bar. I usually ordered either a Juicy Orange or a Green River, but Jim was into more exotic beverage, often a vanilla Coke or something I could not stand, a chocolate Coke. I know they used to make him sick especially the third one, but he always denied it. Dillon's also had a fair amount of kid's toys to wish for too, so it was always a treat to visit.



Across the street was Spayde's Drugs, a smaller enterprise it seemed to me, but also a very special place. I remember both establishments made double chocolate malteds, served in the metal canister they were created in along with two cookies, one vanilla and one chocolate wrapped in cellophane. When I was young, perhaps because I was a late life baby with three much older siblings, I think my parents at night found the only way to make me go to sleep was to take me on a car ride after a trip to Spayde's. One evening I chose a chocolate soda as my treat of the night and threw it down quickly. Just then a neighbor of ours came in, grabbed me and shook me hard and long while teasing me. I responded graciously by expelling the contents of my stomach on his clothing. After that, I had to ride without out a treat, and the neighboring man kept his distance from me which I think made both of us more comfortable.

In later years Hill's Prescription Shop came to town with good people-Harry and Tom Hill but no sodas, and Drolet's Drugs also, both were quality establishments, but no ice cream.

IN-HOME ENTERPRISES

Years ago, many families supplemented their income by running small businesses out of their homes. Among those I recall was Wolfe's Grocery on the south side of town, I think fairly close to St. Mary School. They sold grocery staples day and night I believe, and some of my money was spent there for candy in my youth.

Gene Weston Bait was also in the southern portion of our town, run by Gene Weston and his daughter. My father took me there to buy what we needed to go fishing usually at Eagle Lake. I know this was a special treat for me for my dad seldom had time for recreational pursuits, with or without me.

Mrs. E's Candies was near my grandparents' home on Oak Street. My mother often patronized her shop to buy a box of candy for a gift, very good product.

Sylvia's Tea Room was across the street from the old Michigan Avenue School. I don't think I ever went in the place, but I know my mother used to meet members of her bridge club there before an afternoon of playing cards.

Another one that probably was not so much a small enterprise in a home as a home and business combined was the Almena Store. I can recall Max Mumford was always a very gracious owner, and a lot of fun to converse with also. Located where the current successor is today, it featured a well-stocked grocery as well as the home for the Max Mumford family. I recall spending some evenings there as a party guest of the Mumford girls.

CLIP JOINTS



It seems there was always several barber shops in our business district, and my parents always took me to Sprague's to get my ears lowered as the old joke goes. Don was a huge sports fan, especially as I recall a Detroit Tigers devotee. This was good for me as I always loved talking sports with him and whomever else assembled to kill time or get a trim. A big part of the attraction of Sprague's was the back room where there always seemed to be a poker game going, sometimes for high stakes it was rumored. My dad was a frequent participant in the games of cards, and frequently I had to wait and discuss athletics for a while longer after my hair cut had been completed.

As I approached the end of my high school days, I switched to Griff's Barber Shop as so many my age did, we were changing to a more modern I guess hair fashion, the flat top. Orville Griffith was an expert at this style, and also he had sold Southern Rose Butch Wax which was needed to make your hair stand up as was required in order to look cool.

There was no card room at Griff's, but it still was populated by a group of people much of the time albeit a much younger group with the conversation tending more towards high school sports and discussions of the hottest young ladies populating Paw Paw High School and surrounding schools also.



THE STRAND



From an early age I loved going to the movies at the Strand. It was a wonderful place, nice and cool in the summer, and the perfect way to spend a summer Saturday as a preteen and young teen. Always double features with at least one western and a second feature also designed for the young film addict. It got a little loud and wild with so many young people under one roof, and I don't think I ever saw an adult at those shows unless they had brought a child along. It was great when the bottom level seating was full, and they opened up the

balcony. This of course created a lot of items such as empty popcorn bags being thrown on the lower level audience, and even occasional spitting on some people you didn't particularly like.

The Strand had a well-stocked concession department, but we often stopped at the Cozy Lunch next door run by Ken and Eve Miles to get a chocolate ice cream bar or two to smuggle in as they did not allow imported treats. We had to eat these very quickly before they melted, and later concentrated on the Junior Mints and Butter Fingers sold over their counter.

A sign we were growing up was when we went to the Sunday or weekday shows which were geared more or less to adult audiences. I can still picture movies such as Robin Hood with Errol Flynn, The Three Musketeers, Battle Cry, Beau Geste, Attack of the Bengal Lancers, and other action films that kept us enthralled. Also, comedy such as Abbott and Costello and the Marx brothers. My parents always monitored what movies I could see, and if I told them to let me out a block before the theater that meant I didn't want them to read the posters about the show out in front. Today no doubt all of these "questionable" films would be rated G, but my parents protected me for certain.

As I look back on it today, I can recall two movies that really affected me in a strong way, "On the Waterfront" with Marlon Brando and "Rebel Without A Cause" with James Dean and Natalie Wood. In fact, I viewed Rebel on a Sunday matinee, and stayed and watched it a second time. I thought Natalie was the most beautiful woman ever and decided a few years later that if the love of my life turned down my proposal, I would marry Natalie instead.

Speaking of my future wife, I was lucky she did agree to marry, for our first date was at the Strand, and it was a double feature, "Attack of the Crab Monsters", and "The Face Eaters". I thought it was reasonably romantic movies a young girl would enjoy, but it seems it was an error in judgment according to her comments afterward.

As the years sped by, I found I was now taking our children to movies at my favorite theater, and still feeling the excitement I had experienced when I was their age.

A JACH OF ALL TRADES



Guy Jach was known by virtually every citizen of Paw Paw. He had come downstate to work for Arends Hardware in Paw Paw and soon proved to be very handy at nearly any type of household repair or improvement problem. In later days after Lew Arends had retired Guy bought the business from him. Guy was a very kind and generous person which no doubt cost him a lot of revenue at his store. He and wife Donna had a large family to care for, and undoubtedly at times things were not easy. One day I walked into his establishment over the creaky floorboards in search of new bikes for my young twin sons. He said he could order them for me and get shipment in three days, but the Coast To Coast store across the street was having a really good sale on them and it made more sense to walk a little way to save some money. I did so although it made me feel guilty. When I was attempting some project at home I took advantage of his policy that allowed me to take whatever I needed, and pay for it all upon completion, The problem with this was if I needed a paint brush he would write it on a scrap of paper and stuff it in his shirt pocket. I wonder how much money Guy lost from this innocent method of money laundering when the shirt was cleansed. When it came time to settle up, I would wait with check book in hand as he said, "Now was that two or three gallons of flat wall paint you got?" Sometimes he made a small repair on an item and refused payment for it.

Guy had nearly any item of hardware or related item you might need, with the problem being finding it in a store with three levels filled with parts and pieces of so many things he felt somebody might want and he was often correct. I recall someone needing a little glass top for a coffee maker and he came up with it charging twenty-five cents. When wife Deanna and I got married he told me their gift would be anything in the store we felt we needed after starting married life. It turned out to be an iron board stand we used for years.

My father certainly was not a fix-it person and counted on Mr. Jach for lots of help around our home. He even called him if we needed a fuse changed. When they had new carpet installed, they got by for four days with no TV before they asked Guy if he knew how to reconnect an antenna cable. Guy normally tried to avoid being paid for services like this, and only gave in when dad told him to take the money and buy something for his kids. One year Tuttle Floral offered him garden plants to sell in the spring. He agreed and soon was asking all sorts of growing questions to help new gardeners. By the next year he was a fountain of information he dispensed with every tomato plant.

Guy's store was also a place people met to talk and often debate local issues especially on Friday night when the stores stayed open to 9PM. Coley the plumber was a frequent participant at Jach's forum as it was known. It was common knowledge around the village that he did so many kind things just to make others happy. When we lost him, it was not uncommon to hear someone say, "If Guy was here, he would know how to fix this."

PAW PAW'S DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER



Yes, Paw Paw had at one time a drive-in movie enterprise. It was at the eastern village limits, at the Parkway Restaurant. This was located where Ace Hardware is today, a small food stop that when I was young offered free outdoor movies behind the building after dark, mainly on weekends. We lived at the time at Tuttle Floral Company, directly across the street which made it ideal for me. Cars would park facing south for the show which had a couple of intermissions to allow patrons to purchase some snacks. I discovered that I could view the show by taking a chair and sitting near the street on the opposite side of the road. I don't remember much about what movies I saw, of course they were black and white and no sound, at least none discernable from the distance I was stationed at.

I really loved the Parkway itself also. They featured homemade ice cream with different flavors every day or so. It seems to me that lemon and custard were my flavors of choice. They also had great hamburgers and french fries among several other tempting dishes. As I grew up and moved to the other side of town, it was still a favorite stopping place for young people like myself to congregate. It was owned by Fred and Adele Dunlap and at night was run by their son Fred who was one year behind me in school. Fred already had plans to relocate in California on a permanent basis, and had no interest in food service, so he pretty much allowed us to do what we wanted. We could walk in, go into the kitchen and throw a hamburger patty and some fries on, and cook them ourselves. We also soon learned how to rig a quarter on a string to allow us to use the juke box over and over again gratis. Sadly for the Dunlap family income, if some adults showed up at the door, the sight of a collection of apparent dropouts from the movie *Blackboard Jungle* singing and dancing was enough to head them back to their cars with extreme dispatch. I remember some attractive ladies who worked evenings with Fred. Including Rosetta Flick, Betty Root, and Erika Toliuis which created even more reasons to head to the Parkway.

Fred's mother I guess knew what was going on in the evenings, and always called her son if the father was coming. This created a mass exodus from the area. We would cruise around until the visit had ended, and then we would return for some more revelry of a sort. I still remember the fun of those days, I guess we thought we would never have to grow up, but it seems we did. Although my wife may dispute the theory that I ever did.

THE BIG WHEEL

Paw Paw has long been a community that embraces any new enterprise opening for business. When the local Mc Donalds began serving, it was like a parade of prospective customers reaching for blocks it seemed waiting for their turn both on foot and via the drive through lanes. This was also true when Big Wheel came to town. People swarmed the location often having to wait to enter the building. Actually, in many ways it was a business quite akin to the Shopping Center sans the groceries.

They offered a wide line of clothing at reasonable prices and gave parents with small children a good place to go on a Saturday where all young to old could shop and browse for a long time. I remember someone telling me that a trip to the Shopping Center and Big Wheel on the same day was almost like going to a mall. Maybe so, but minus the water fountains and escalators of course.



My children loved the store, a lot of dollars were spent there for school clothes and summer wear, coats and basketball shoes and so many other necessities vital to teen age life.

TUTTLE FLORAL COMPANY



Roy and Anna Tuttle owned a farm in White Oaks which was an area between Paw Paw and Lawton. He sold produce and cut flowers locally, and in 1908 purchased a home and extra lots on Oak Street in Paw Paw. Roy put up greenhouses and a shop and advertised his enterprise as “Tuttle The Florist”.

The business did well and in 1924 Roy was searching for a larger location to add more greenhouses, and an irrigation system to raise flowers outside in the summer. He settled upon property just outside the eastern village limits.

The business caught on and grew, despite some devastating setbacks in the first ten years or so. There was a fire that destroyed much of the structures, and a hailstorm that took out nearly all the glass. Also, the Depression was not kind to any businesses, but especially so for ones considered a luxury. In the deepest year of the Depression Tuttle Floral Company had gross sales of six thousand dollars for the entire year. The hired help had to be let go, and Roy and Anna and daughter Dorothy managed to keep the establishment going. Dorothy’s husband Russell Hindenach who had been part of the operation took a job as county director of the WPA , a recovery agency supervising a great deal of construction including the stone wall around Tyler field, the fish hatchery to the east of Paw Paw, and many other government projects to put people back to work. Before recovery he became the head of a college work program in the U.P. near the western state border at a village called Sidnaw where half the day students would learn in the class room, and the other half they would plant tree seedlings to reforest areas of a nearby national forest where trees had been cut to provide lumber. Every weekend Russell drove all the way home to see his family, and then heading back the next day.

To supplement meager greenhouse incomes for the two families, they raised chickens in part of the greenhouses to sell eggs, and grew head lettuce they shipped by train to Chicago for several years. One former employee Dewey Prince owned a farm north of Paw Paw, and grew thousands of potatoes to sell, and for their own meals. He claimed one year he had so many potatoes left in the fall, he and his wife ate nothing but potatoes he stored in his basement until spring.

World War II also was a difficult time for the business. Russell had gone back to the Naval Academy he had attended in the 1920’s, and got a commission as a Lt. Commander and was assigned to the South Pacific for much of the war. It actually was quite a good time for the greenhouse, as with so many men in the service somewhere, many of them would send money to Tuttle’s for their family’s birthdays and many other occasions.

With the war over things got back more to normal for everyone. The greenhouse began an expansion with an emphasis on wholesale spring plants. Over 40 thousand geraniums were raised each year plus many other spring flowers with many of the business customers traveling from the Chicago area to Paw Paw.

Today the business is owned by Chris Paynich assisted by his sister Heidi, as they continue a business that has stayed in the same family well over 100 years.



ACROSS THE NATION



Dick and Lucy Rennhack came to Paw Paw to operate a new Coast to Coast store on East Michigan Avenue with their children Robin, Craig, and Kurt. Their franchise store was not their initial venture in this type of establishment for they had left a similar one in their hometown of Bridgman when they made the move. They fit in well in their new environment, quickly gaining a reputation as friendly neighbors and merchants to the general population. Lucy and Dick and their sons also for some years proved to be very social people to deal with at their store, always having a pot of coffee ready in the back room for anyone who wanted to converse as well as shop. Lucy in particular, always had some kind and frequently funny wisdoms to offer to anyone who would encounter her anywhere in the village and Dick had a talent for coming up with some humorous comments of his own.

They were devout church goers also with Lucy having graduated from a Lutheran high school. They showed their convictions by frequently helping people who were having financial and other problems with assistance when it was needed the most. It was not uncommon for them to offer a better price on some badly needed item, and it was much appreciated by many.

Coast to Coast was also popular with the younger population with their selection of toys, bikes and sleds, plus sports equipment. It was a very neatly organized location with a well thought out floor plan, and upon entry someone was always quick to offer any assistance that was needed. When the business shut down, it was one more of those instances where losing a part of small-town America would not be replaced.

THE OLD DYCKMAN



The red brick structure at the main four corners in Paw Paw has a long history as a landmark in the village, going through a myriad number of owners but always as a place for fine dining and lodging. It was preceded by the Exchange Hotel that burned in 1859, and soon members of a local family called Dyckman rebuilt it as a very impressive building for the time. It featured a full-service hotel with a large dining area, and stagecoach pick up at the door for travelers. The Dyckman family had a prominent local member although he was not involved in the operation of the business. William Nagel Dyckman II was a Revolutionary War veteran, and apparently the lone family member to stay in Paw Paw for very long, dying in 1846 before the birth of the hotel, and buried in the local cemetery on Drew Street.

The hotel has been open since its inception except for a short period ten years later due to a fire, and a few years late in the 19th Century while it waited for a new owner.

Among owners I can recall were Ed Watkins, Ray and Helen Scotese, and Art and Ann Gladysz. The Scoteses gave the restaurant portion of the enterprise a catchy name as "Scottie's Manger", with Helen's excellent home style cooking creating a usual full house at the dinner hour. Art and Ann along with his brother Gerry possibly were the ones with the longest tenure at the corner of Michigan and Kalamazoo streets with a total of 40 years of providing high quality dining served in a gracious way to people from all over the area. Gene and Katie Mitchell also managed the Dyckman for several years with the lounge known as the Village Pump, a very popular watering hole.



For the past 20 years the establishment has been known as Brewster's at the Dyckman and is still one of the top places to dine in the village.

THE STAG SHOP



In 1950 a new men's clothing concern opened on East Michigan Avenue known as the Stag Shop. It featured formal wear and men and boys' everyday apparel also. A few years later the business was moved to a new building at the corner directly east of the Post Office and added another feature, The Smart Shop owned by Ed and Lib Pietrowski. Both shops flourished, and soon the Smart Shop expanded in a new location on East Michigan Avenue.

Owners of the Stag Shop Dale Schram and Jack Wilder continued to augment their merchandise selection also. I can remember being in what I thought was high style wearing things like Ivy League slacks with a buckle on the back, and other clothing fads of the era. It was something of a status symbol at the time, and much more attractive it seems than today with our ladies caught up in the frayed and shredded jeans of current fashion.

In later years the store became Jud Knapper and my young children delighted in a visit there not just to get new clothing. But to sit in the actual racing car that stood on the floor in the display area. Dale continued at the Stag Shop with some young local gentlemen helping to proper attire Paw Paw young boys and men. With Bob Dunlap and Brian Michmerhuizen being two that come to mind.

HAMBURGER HAVEN



Paw Paw has had a great number of favored eateries in and around the village, with all locals having their personal favorites. It seems today so many local franchise food outlets offer generic fast food fare that just cannot compare with the time of local home ownership of our restaurants. Hotel De Hamburger always ranks high with people reminiscing of burgers, along with Gene Mitchell's, Big Barrel, Parkway, Leo's Grill, Gateway Inn, The Cozy, The Grill, and many more. Another one that deserves a spot near the top is Hamburger Haven. I am not sure who established this institution in the village, perhaps it was brothers John and Chuck Abnet who were the proprietors I remember. During my youth in summer vacation when my father and I often appeared for lunch about 11AM there was usually already a large crowd assembled, probably some who had come in for breakfast and hadn't left yet. I had a summer rule at that age I tried to keep and that was to never wear shoes from the end of the school year until Labor Day. I always had large calluses on the bottom of my feet, and could walk over a bed of stones with no problems. One day I asked one of the owners if I could dine barefoot, and he replied he would have to discuss it with his brother. The next day I appeared still shoed, and discovered both of the brothers were functioning that day minus footwear. So, I happily joined in and at least that summer always afterward appeared to dine with naked feet. Every few days the brothers Abnet would shed their shoes again which brought some rather odd looks from other diners. This was just standard procedure at this concern.

I have heard that at least on two occasions one of the Abnet boys was carrying a large of dinner plates from the kitchen, and someone spoke up and asked, "Hey do you have a match?" The quick response from whichever Abnet was, "Sure do." Then he let the entire tableware crash to the floor,



destroying all of it while he pulled a match book out of his pocket. This from what I have heard was just a typical day at work. Clyde Sinclair who was the owner of Paw Paw Bait Company was somewhat of a practical joker. One of his favorite tricks was to give some of his rubber lure creatures to the owners of food establishments to slip in the salads of unsuspecting diners. He did this usually when he was dining so he could enjoy the reaction when the little bugs were found. They finally decided to put an end to this when he once forgot and brought a creature with the hook already attached, which ended in the mouth of some unlucky patron.

When the Abnets sold their enterprise, it was turned over to Guy Dellapella who was an appropriate successor to maintain the establishment's somewhat quirky ways. Guy also produced quality food and the place was a favorite of Paw Paw High School students who had time to walk from the school for lunch to avoid the perceived terrors of the hot lunch line. Guy was noted for his sense of humor too and to friends he knew well, he handed out some pretty creative insults. However, at times when he was busy, he became irritated with people who wanted to chat instead of order. He had some customers who enjoyed setting him off, and one "friend" once brought in a pancake breakfast to go from a local competitor, sat down to dine, and asked Guy for some syrup and silverware. All he got was a barrage of fresh eggs in the shell. In fact, some days when he had reached the limit of his patience, he would order everyone out, chasing those that did not respond with a broom. Then he locked the door and went home for the rest of the day. Guy also had his kind side, he opened early for breakfast, and one day the Liberty Market across the street which was later to become the Shopping Center caught fire, and he spent a great deal of time providing coffee and breakfasts to the firemen.

In 1959 Paw Paw for some reason had their second centennial celebration if 30 years. For the grand parade a band was formed by merchants who had played in high school. It was to be a hobo band with members dressed appropriately as tramps. Several of the musicians attempted to recruit Guy for the aggregation, but he declined several times saying he had no musical education. He did take a day off to view the parade and was invited and accepted a pre-parade visit to the Dyckman House Bar. After perhaps more than a few beverages he disappeared, and his friends assumed he had gone home. However, when the band assembled Guy took his place at the front, as a drum majorette of some sort clad in shorts, and topless with a toilet plunger to serve as a baton. He led his band the entire parade route, frequently making comments to the crowd some of them I fear not of the best content possible.

Sadly, it seems that unique businesses such as Hamburger Haven are not around anymore, at least to my knowledge. Maybe we are a saner village for this, but not certain it is an improvement in every sense of the word.

JOE'S GAS STATION

Joe Masten was a resident of Almena who owned a service station just across the street from the old Michigan Avenue School. Due to his proximity to so many young people and their lunch money, Joe soon realized having a ready and well stocked candy display was a good way to supplement his income in a town that at the time had a very large number of businesses dispensing gasoline and oil.

At the time the school had a much longer lunch break than today, and so students had a choice between sack lunches, cafeteria food, walking to town to a restaurant, or calling on Joe. A lot of us called on Joe. He had a large counter filled with likely every type of candy produced in the United States, a soft drink cooler, and a lot of Be Mo potato chip bags and other salty treats.

Joe was a good person, usually with a smile and maybe a little folksy comment for his young patrons. The line of kids waiting to buy their lunch of choice sometimes stretched out the door into the parking lot. Most candy was five cents at the time and a bag of chips or a coke was a dime, so if you had a quarter you could provide a much enjoyed but not completely heathy and nutritious midday repast.

If Joe had to step outside to dispense some petroleum, he could count on Frankie Leach to take over the sales department until he returned.

I wonder how many mothers learned where so much lunch cash ended up that they had targeted for the cafeteria to provide a proper meal away from home

TASTEE FREEZ



Even with already some great places in town for a young person to relieve a craving for ice cream, the opening of the Tastee Freez on Maple Lake across the street from the La Cantina was a big deal. Opening day it seems the entire town showed up for a look and of course a taste. Tastee Freez was the original dispenser of soft ice cream and Paw Paw was very happy to have one in their midst.

There were so many new taste sensations to sample, the hot fudge sundae was great, but just a vanilla cone was special. When you had one dipped in chocolate that was the ultimate taste sensation. Not to say we quit visiting the other ice cream shops in town, this just gave us another option, a very tasty one. I had a friend who had a motorboat in his family and we often took that to cruise up to the Freez as we called it. They even sold the broken cones to feed the ducks even though I had heard that was not a healthy snack for a feathered friend, but I never heard that from any bird that resided on Maple Lake.

This is just one of so many great things I am sure many of us remember from our younger days, I know I would like to go back in time to experience many of them one more time.

THE SUPER ONE-STOP SHOP



The Paw Paw Shopping Center came to be around the middle of the 20th Century and was located on West Michigan Avenue between Spayde's Drugs and the Masonic Temple. At first it was known as The Liberty Market, but after a disastrous fire leveled the structure it gained a new name, and soon moved a block east to the location it maintained throughout its existence. It was a departure from former groceries in the town, for it sold nearly anything one could want or need including clothing, shoes, hardware, toys, and well, just about any item you could find in any other business in town, and many things you couldn't. The proprietors were Jim Imus and Jack McGuire and soon it was obvious that they had hit on a scheme that was a huge success in the community and the surrounding area. It was very up to date and innovative in many ways. I recall one of the first times I entered the establishment I was enthralled by the automatic opening door. In fact one day I entered with one of my elderly great aunts, and when the door swung open with no one on the other side she appeared startled and refused to enter and never in fact did, still patronizing the firm, but had all her shopping list delivered to her home.

Jack and Jim also made it a practice to stock anything a customer requested. I know my father smoked an off brand of cigarette, Fatima. He had been driving to Kalamazoo to buy them for no one stocked them locally. After he inquired to Jack, a carton of Fatimas appeared, not on the shelf but in a location where I guess they kept items such as this saved for customers.

The store was populated by a large group of employees who seemed to work there forever including some very interesting people. Bob Howard, Ralph Napoli, June Treat, Lyle Cross, Jim Imus Jr, Chris Staehling, Carl Johnson, Paul Scott, Ron Jach, Shirley Flick, Frank Barich, Mike Paynich, Paul Thoms, and Cora Gwilt just to name a few of the employees that could make your day with their comments and antics. It seemed like a really big family or gathering of friends whenever I would walk through the door. So many stories came out of that group, with some even being ones you could repeat in polite society.

Every year at Christmas time the business would hold a back-room bar and served adult beverages to all that knew about it, no charge. I recall one gentleman who perhaps had a little more to imbibe than he should have, and then did his grocery shopping which developed into three carts full if memory serves me. His hardest purchase to explain to his wife when he arrived at home was the seven bottles of septic tank fluid which seemed to her to be especially excessive considering they lived in town and had the sewer system. I guess the eight bags of marshmallows did not go over well either.

The Shopping Center like so many local stores gave off that special feeling of friendship that makes small towns what they have always been, and hopefully will continue to be.

BE A SPORTY SANTA Give a Gift They Can Enjoy Give Sporting Goods

GOLF SETS
COMPLETE
Regularly \$74.00
SPECIAL - \$49.95
(2 woods, 5 irons, bag)

GOLF CARTS
\$13.95 - \$17.45 - \$29.95
Golf accessories, gloves, bags, shirts, jackets, Golf rubbers

FLY DISC - \$4.88
PARKA COAT with Zipper Hood - \$14.95
Insulated Underwear \$8.88 to \$19.95
Thermal Underwear \$5.95 to \$7.98
Thermal Sox \$1.25 to \$1.98
B. F. BOOTS \$10.95 - GAITORS \$5.95

Arnold Ice Auger \$6.95
Arnold Ice Spud \$3.50
Ice Rods 59c up
Ice Jigs - Gift pack 98c up
Stanley Thermos \$12.95
Quarts \$14.95

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Sportsman's Corner
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With all the nearby area lakes available Paw Paw was a logical location for several places to purchase bait, fishing gear and lures and anything else a proficient angler might require to head for a hot fishing spot. Among well often frequented locations close to town were Silver Bell Baits run for years by George Berner who operated out of his home and offered 24 hour service. Bush's Sporting Goods, John Shadow's Baits, Gene Weston, Pelt's Party Store, and The Sportsman's Corner belonging to Howard McIntosh. Obviously his establishment was on a corner, in fact on two different corners at different times. First on the south east corner of the main four corners, and later it moved across to the south west corner.

Howard maintained a large inventory of supplies for all kinds for sports from fishing and hunting to school sports, and lawn games for home use. If you needed some minnows or worms, gym shoes, or a badminton net this was the place to be. Besides the sporting line, the establishment also housed the insurance business of his wife Mary. An employee who was worth a trip just to talk to was long time resident Emmett Labadie. Emmett was an absolute expert on anything Paw Paw, from where a business had been 40 years previous to what college virtually any Paw Paw person's children were attending. He and Frank Johnson, a long-time postal clerk were the two sources to use for an answer for nearly any inquiry about things going on in Paw Paw town.

To a young person such as I the Corner as we called it held a large attraction for the many tantalizing merchandise items it harbored. A great selection of baseball bats, gloves, and hats, basketball, football and golf needs were catered to as well, and his selection of model kits to be constructed of cars, airplanes, boats, and so much more was only equaled by a trip to the Toy and Hobby store in Kalamazoo. Of course our construction of the hobby kits did not often turn out as we had imagined they would. I know mine were often damaged somewhat by fingerprints on the hood of a race car due to too much model glue on the fingers. Howard at least had a large assortment of model paint colors which helped cover up any glitches, or so we told ourselves.

Through the years after the passing of Howard, I still stopped in at the Corner on occasion, I had never had any interest in hunting, and fishing held just a casual amount of interest for me. It still was enjoyable to listen to Mary and Emmett expound on current events and other matters of local interest, and to meet some of the many vacationers who came in for supplies for their outdoor sport of choice. Of course, as was his way, Emmett knew all about them after their first entry into the Corner even if they only came in once or twice a year.



PAW PAW NEWSBOYS were treated to a Kalamazoo trip Monday when they saw an exhibition game between the Harlem Globe Trotters and the College All-Stars as guests of Paw Paw news dealer Julius Forbes (front left). The boys are (front from left) Gene Allen, James Lipp, Vincent Arent, Tom Oldfield, Michael O'Donnell and George Yeider. At back are William Bigelow, Dick and Michael Oliver, Gerald McCarty, Dan McNeill and Mike Forbes. (News-Palladium photo.)

This is a business that has gone through a lot of owners and a lot of name changes. In fact, I remember slightly it being Wilson's News before Julius Forbes owned it for a long time and later it became Brennan News, Morrissey News and several more that the name escapes me at the moment. I think I spent a lot of time there when young. My dad would take me in to pick out a comic book to peruse only if and when I did my third-grade homework. Julius had an enormous selection of comics and it seemed at that stage of my life I opted for Mickey Mouse and similar reading material, although for some reason I had an aversion to Looney Tunes and Merry Melodies I probably felt it was too

immature for one of my stage of life.

I seem to remember a small soda fountain in the back of the store, and that was where the paper boys and girls loaded their bicycles for their daily deliveries. Julius on occasion would lose his temper at a couple of his delivery people, and it made me happy I was not on his staff although knowing these boys very well, I did not feel sorry for them as they always I am sure deserved it. Once in the days when I was still slightly in awe and maybe fear of him, I walked up to the counter to pay for a few holiday candy canes and he refused my money saying, "This is my Christmas present to you." True, they probably were worth no more than maybe three cents apiece, but this so impressed me that I never feared him again.

A few years later I and a friend or two rode our bikes to town frequently to check out the newest arrival of comics, and my increasing maturity at that time I guess guided me to the Classics Illustrated rack to improve my mind with two minute summations of fine writing such as Moby Dick, Last of the Mohicans, and Crossing the Bard. I even attempted when in college to use one of these comics as cliff notes to pass a college writing quiz on the book Ivanhoe. It didn't work.

I have mentioned that Mr. Forbes had something of a temper at times, but he had a kinder side also. I remember one time an elderly lady was walking past the newsstand, and slipped and fell on the icy sidewalk. He and I assisted her inside and brought her a chair as she was obviously in pain. Julius called for an ambulance, and when one was not available for a while, he called in his helper Eva and drove the lady to the hospital himself.

As years went by and new owners came and left, I still stopped in every day or nearly so, to pick up the Detroit Free Press they saved for me. In more recent times I have not been such a regular patron, but still admired the wide array of magazines, paper backs, and yes comics the establishment offered.

TEA POT DOME



About 100 years ago a new enterprise came to be about four miles west of Paw Paw on what was known as Territorial Road and then US-12, and today Red Arrow Highway. It has served the area as a motel, gas station, grocery, and most of all as a restaurant. It was established by Chris Henderson, a Chicagoan who left the big city with wife Florence for health reasons, and settled nearby on Lake

Cora, formerly known as Four Mile Lake due to its proximity to Paw Paw. At first it was known as Chris Henderson's Service Station but by late 1924 had gained a more distinctive title. Family tradition says this came to be after a discussion about a current topic of discussion, the Tea Pot Dome scandal.

In the early 1920's President Warren Harding's Secretary of the Interior had secretly leased government fields to private companies with one of the fields known as Tea Pot Dome. It was learned that Albert Fall, Secretary of State had profited from arranging this venture. Teapot Dome ranks as a major national scandal, but it was said that Henderson just liked the name for its sound not as a form of political statement.

Teapot soon became a popular destination for many in the area especially in the summer months. There were cabins to stay in, a big farmer's market and at times vendors were brought in who sold assorted merchandise, clothing, and baked goods. Much of this ended up in the hands of the many Chicago people visiting Lakes Three Mile and Cora. There were weekend baseball games nearby, an occasional horse race and an indoor roller-skating rink soon appeared in the area. Many people used the local train service to travel from there to or from Paw Paw or Lawrence.

It also was a stopping place for Lawrence, Decatur, and Hartford people that had to walk to work at farms and stores in the area. There were soft drink machines and benches where people could refresh along their trek.

Today Tea Pot Dome is still a popular location for dining out although the cabins, gas pumps, and much of the lure of this location has faded into history.

THE FLEAS



Paw Paw has long been known as a haven for flea markets, one next door to Lake Cora Hills Golf Course west of town known As Reits' Market and the other La Rue's Flea Market which later became Dave's Flea Market also west of the village across from the Coca-Cola plant.

For aficionados of this type of shopping, these two locations offer a large number of vendors offering a great many types of products, many interesting, some hard to comprehend who might need them , a number of great bargains at some, and others perhaps bizarre in nature. I know when I used to visit these businesses some years ago, mentioning it to my father would always bring the same reaction, "It is amazing the things people would rather have than money."

Regardless of the opinions of my elder, I frequently took a Saturday or Sunday afternoon stroll through both of these establishments, at times to people-watch as much as shop. LaRue's was an indoor location which was open year-round, with Reits' out in the open and a warm weather enterprise.



It seemed that a large number of the vendors were enjoyable to talk to, and I got a feeling that some of them considered it a social event as much as a money maker. I recall one gentleman of some years past that seemed to get slightly upset when one of his stories was interrupted by someone wanting to make a purchase.

Among products offered were all types of produce and prepared food, tools, books, many craft items, animals, clothing, and certain offerings it was very difficult to ascertain exactly what they were. I recall one gentleman who had a business space at La Rue's that consisted of a collection of newspapers piled all the way around it at least waist high, and to enter or exit, he had to get down on his hands and knees and crawl through.

Some people became somewhat of a side show barker with a little speech created to bring shoppers to his or her location to lighten their purse or wallet by some degree.

I had friends who participated in the sales too, hoping to either diminish or add to a collection of theirs in such categories as coins, stamps, sports cards, and many other collectibles.

Honestly, I personally did not spend a lot of money at the markets, often to avoid explaining to my wife why I had brought "that monstrosity" or worse into our home.

Regardless of all this I have to admit these venues gave me a lot of hours of interesting observations, and some great stories to pass on and recall in a pleasant way.

WESTERN AUTO



Western Auto Supply owned by Arv and Goldie Hoxie was not a store I frequented except maybe before Christmas. At that time, they had erector sets, electric trains, sports items, and sleds plus other items to play in the snow and I suspect after suggestions from me, some of these ended up under our tree with my name on them. The Hoxies lived next door to my great aunts, so I became friends with their son Ken.

Mc LEOD'S CLOTHING

I know I only entered this firm once a year in November with my mother to get my yearly pair of winter boots with the buckles that often froze up when covered with snow. Seemed like a rather quiet and subdued place to shop. A lot of dark work clothing in piles it seems to me. Kids did use it as a quick way to take a short cut to the place we left our bikes in the parking lot behind.

THE HANGER

Located at the Paw Paw Airport northwest of town, it became a restaurant we dined at occasionally, always it seemed for the Friday night fish fry.

MERRILL'S BAKERY

A store filled with bad habit food perhaps, but very good. The triangles and donuts were the best, And more than a few times some of us had lunch there. I recall the owners being very nice to us even if we got a little wild from our enhanced sugar intake.



MUTT AND JEFF'S MINIATURE GOLF

Always a lot of fun to play miniature golf regardless of your talent level at the sport. We usually showed up in groups of ten or more and spent a lot of time trying to put the ball in the cup. It was a bad idea to try and follow our group around the course as we certainly took our time while breaking course rules of decent behavior.

THE GRILL



An old train dining car I guess, it was located next door to Ben Franklin and was a main watering hole or rather coffee stop for local businessmen. Many of the problems of the world were solved there, or at least the participants I am certain felt so. It was owned by several people I remember including George St. Pierre, Bob and Rae Grimes, and Charlotte Smith. I remember it being the spot with the best hot beef and mashed potato sandwich in town, except for my mother's.

PAW PAW LUMBER

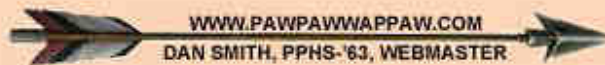


Being nearly devoid of any talent at wood working and allied pursuits, it took a lot of courage on my part to go to the lumber company and ask for help building a bookcase for our first home. Manager Lynn Munson took me into his office and showed me I should buy some bricks and lay boards on top of them, and I had housing for books. This I was able to accomplish much to my pride. I also really enjoyed dealing with Warren Ampey there, for he had a lot of consideration also for incompetence. I had a lot of respect for anyone who could make me feel like a carpenter at least in my own mind.

EPILOGUE

“Tales, Legends, Myths & Notable Citizens Of Paw Paw, Michigan” has been formatted, rendered and published for Robert “Butch” Hindenach, by PawPawWapPaw.com. If you would like to follow up on many of Paw Paw’s Notable Citizens that were alumni of Paw Paw High School, you can check out their obituaries at the following link:

[Paw Paw Alumni Memorial File](#)



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DAN SMITH, PPHS-'63, WEBMASTER

The End