

The Eschmann family in Germany  
(I'm quite uncertain about this detail; Don or I can check if we see them this summer)

The place where my grandfather was born is now occupied by  
Gustav and Walter Eschmann, Ladbergen, Hölter 95, Westphalen  
(I'm not sure what Hoelter means; it's not in my dictionary) Box? zi  
Lina, wife of Walter? Günther, older son, a younger one-----

The branch of family in Lengerich has Wilhelm (Willi) and his wife at  
Bogenstrasse 3, Lengerich 21A, Westphalen. A bus from the RR station  
a mile or more away, stops at their house.

Willi's son Rolf is married and lives at Kienebrinkstrasse 11,  
Lengerich 454, Westphalen. He speaks and writes good English.  
Willi's daughter, Renata, (~~Mr~~ Frau Fritz Schaebeck) has 2 Or 3  
children. Her husband has charge of the roads in the county, with  
an office at Tecklenberg.

I have the following table of names, but I am not sure what they mean:

Harmon	Wilhelm
Heinrich	(died 1954)
Ernst	lives
August	lives --- Greta & Alma
Adolf	died 1935
Wilhelm	died 1936

<u>Ernst</u>	<u>Heinrich</u>
Wilhelm	Wilhelm
Fritz (Heine, Hannah, Willi)	Riga (died)
Heinrich	Anna
August	Louisa
Anna	Dina
	Friedrich *(Why starred, I do not know)
	Mata
Anna, Johanns?	

It may be that the names underscored were brothers of my grandfather;  
They think someone from the family is in Knoxville (Tenn.?)

Dear Ones: (This was written some time ago, as you will see)

While Alice and I were together in Banff, she asked me to tell her more about my father and mother; then we started to talk of many things and I promised her I would sit down during the afternoons of my long and lonely drive home and put down on paper for the grandchildren some of the story. I'm only now typing out what I wrote then and maybe, if you are interested, I can write more details of later trips with the family, and so on, when I get resettled in Granville.

I never knew my grandfather James Little, but I remember my grandmother, Hannah Little, my mother's mother. She lived with a son's family, Howard Little, in a large brick house back from the road, two miles East of Dresden and also spent much of the last years of her life with us in town. A still larger brick house is now in ruins further along the main road. Lawrence Little, a son of Howard's and my cousin, now living in Urbana, Chic can tell you more about this other Little who had two daughters, Kate and Alice and one son, Grant, who never married. (There may have been another son, but the three lived together and the older daughter Kate was somewhat of a musician. She gave me a four-volume set of all Beethoven piano sonatas, which I still use in class, having worn them nearly threadbare. My mother's brother Howard, had a large family and one grandson lives in the homestead, a son of Wallace, who lives in Dresden. (I'll attach a "tree" which is very incomplete; Lawrence can give you a more complete one.)

My mother, Alice Little (not the Alice of the above paragraph, who married late in life, somewhat to the dismay (?) of her brother and sister, and lived in Granville) - my mother was remarkably well-educated, having been a student at the Young Ladies Institute (YLI) in Granville. She loved to read and her letters were beautifully written. She played the piano, painted some pictures, kept a dairy which I still have, and was not only a wonderful mother but a woman of real culture.

My grandfather and grandmother Eschmann came to this country about 1848 from Germany. They both died before I was born and are buried in the Dresden Cemetery. When Agnes and I were at the farm near Ladbergen, where my grandfather was born, they told us that the Eschman family had lived on this farm since 1840. The word Esch, they said, was old German for a tract of land of a certain size. The family was the folk who lived on an Esch; in that part of Germany the land is not divided, but inherited by the youngest son; so it remains large enough to support a family. → A grandfather, Gustav, his son, Walter, (wife Lina I think) and two grandsons: Günther and a younger one whose name I do not have. (Of course Günther whom I have seen several times, will have to move out when he grows up, if they keep the custom of giving the property to the youngest! (I'll try to attach a "tree" for these relatives, but it will probably not be accurate. Rolf Eschmann could draw up a better one. At the old "homestead" as is customary, I think the cattle are in one end of the building. They have recently added an addition to the other end and they have a kitchen with all the modern conveniences. They are as fine folk as you could wish to meet and I hope you may some time. Another branch of the family is in Lengerich, a city of some 30,000 on the railroad, half-way between Münster and Osnabrück. Willi (Wilhelm), Rolf's father, is a grandson of ~~the~~ a brother of my grandfather. Rolf speaks and writes English quite well (He teaches Technical Institute in Hannover: architectural engineering, I think. When I travelled by bicycle with Dr. Chamberlain, my parents stayed at a hotel in Ladbergen, so I had this slight clue and we sent Willi's family packages of coffee, etc. after W.W.II. Six years ago, Agnes & I stayed at a hotel in Lengerich for a couple of days and attended the wedding of Renata, daughter of Willi.

Germany

Willi

1913

This was a very interesting wedding: first in the Lengerich church with six "fraternity brothers of the groom, in full regalia, crossing swords above the entrance; then they took over an Inn in Ladbergen for a big meal and speeches & dancing; Agnes and I left at midnight, after they had cut the bride's veil in small pieces for the guests; lots of old customs, the bride & groom staying until midnight!

Willi was Lengerich's town-architect; served in the German Army, WWII; his wife and the two children, with most of the town stayed in a RR tunnel a couple of miles from town during the American bombardment. Rolf's wife's name is Hekga and they have a daughter, now about four, named Christiane. (I'm putting these details in for D&D who may see them this summer)

My father dropped one N from the end of the name, because he wanted it to look more "American" for his boot&shoe business, I think. But it is hard to keep hotels, etc. from adding it again when I deal with them in Germany. Grandfather and Grandmother Eschmann came across right after they were married (about 1848?) and travelled directly to Dresden, *Ohio*, where there were already quite a number of Germans, as the name indicates. I think my father told me that some of them came from Westphalen: Schaumloeffel, Stucker, etc. they may even have come from Ladbergen; my grandfather was a stonemason and help build the locks that lead from canal to Masking~~um~~ river; also he helped build the piers and abutments of the old suspension bridge. This was a beautiful bridge unfortunately swept away in the 1914 flood while I was in Europe, with my father and mother, (their first and only trip abroad)

My grandfather then purchased a farm near Wills Creek, half-way to Coshocton and all the children were born there. (See extra sheet) I have seen what remains of a spring-house on the Wills-Creek farm and I'll try to find it with Elinor this summer, for I'd like her to see some of my grandfather's stone masonry. Speaking of the family name, it is quite rare in the USA. I do not know of any other relatives with the name, except those on extra sheet, and I seldom see the name in a telephone book. There are other families related in various ways that my father talked about, an "Uncle Henry" at Dresden. There was a Karl Eschman in Switzerland who was quite a composer. (I have some of his compositions); Rudolf Ganz (a well-known musician in Chicago traces his ancestry back to him, but "Rudi" and I have not been able to establish relationship to each other. There is a Karl Henry Eschman whose book on Schubert Sonatas, I think) is in the Eastman library, but the folks in Westphalen did not know him. I just looked; there is no Eschman(n) in the Los Angeles Telephone book.

However, I was pleased to find in the little history of Ladbergen published in connection with the thousandth anniversary of the founding of the town, among the list of school masters of the village, which had been accurately kept for a couple of hundred years, that an Eschmann had the longest tenure in that position of any one on the list, 25 yrs.

My father and mother lived, first, in a house on the Dresden farm which I still own. It is now in ruins; my sister Frederica (Friedee they called her) died before I was born, at the age of five, I think of appendicitis, from their description. My father had his store in a corner frame building in town (there is a picture somewhere); then he built a large brick building with two stores below and hall with a stage on the second floor. The home where I was born is across the R.R. from the Presbyterian church, diagonally.

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Since you may not know as much about the Eschman family in USA as you do about the Frazier family, I'll write down something here:

Henry Harmon Eschman

My father/had two brothers : Michael(a veteran of the Civil war) was older and Charles, the youngest of the family I think. Charles's son Herman lives on the home place where the family moved from Wills Creek; it is just across the Suspension bridge, turning left, first house on R. My father's sisters were: Elizabeth(Mrs. Egbert), Sophie(Mrs. Baugher) and Francis (my aunt "Frankie", who never married). Aunt "Lib"(Egbert) lived on a large farm, the house at the r. top of highest hill on way to the Little's(Dresden). Aunt Sophie lived in Newark and her daughter Ertel, my "cousin Ertie" with whom I kept in contact, died last summer. (Her married name was Cummings and a son, George, survives her. There was another aunt who died when I was small; I do not remember ever seeing her. I do remember listening open-eared to Uncle Mike's stories of the Civil War, when I could get him to talk about it. He had a son and two daughters; the son Tingle Eschman was a broker with Hornblower & Weeks in Chicago(since passed away) This son had only one daughter. My cousin Herman Eschman has a married daughter with a family, living in Dresden (Mrs. David W. Longaberger). As far as the name Eschman is concerned, & our branch of the family--the continuance of the name depends upon Peter and James of A.A. However, I am not one to put "stock" just in a name. The real tradition of the family depends on all sixteen of you grand-children, so far as this branch of the tree is concerned!

\* \* \*

My father employed a German-born helper in the store, who actually made boots & shoes, and later, when I knew him, did all the repairing; However, I believe my father had also been able to make shoes, or at least to repair them. This Mr. Holborn spoke German of course as well as English with an accent. He had a big beard; in fact he was the picture of a Hans Sachs( in Die Meistersinger). He and my father spoke German sometimes and I probably picked up a few words; my father had his German from his father and never spoke it at home for mother knew no German. I learned my letters, my mother said, from the box-cars that passed the house on the RR(Wheeling and Lake Erie). I think I remember the pen on the back porch where they put me when I misbehaved and I certainly remember the day I was taken to school to start the first grade, My father took me and we went by way of the ME church which was then either being built or else repaired. Father was probably a trustee(?). I also remember that I stole some moveable letters from the first grade and my parents made me take them back and confess to Miss Roney, the teacher; this was a good lesson since it is still a vivid recollection.

I remember many trips with my father to Zanesville, where he purchased shoes from a wholesaler to sell and I would also help as a boy in the store when customers were thick, especially while on visits home after I went to school in Granville. My father played cornet in the town band and sang tenor most of his life in the Methodist choir. He also sang in a male quartet with Harry and Wilson Shore and one other. This quartet was always in demand for funerals and my father must have sung in a hundred services or more for that was the music then most desired at such times, (of course, unpaid). We had an old square piano and I played duets with my mother or accompanied my father's singing or cornet solos. We had an upright in Eschman's Hall that was more modern and for the winter lecture-concert courses, I soon began to play accompaniments for visiting singers, etc. The scenery rolled up and the wings slid in slots, so I liked to play up there because I had seen quite a few travelling melodramas; I actually remember one which brought a moving log, to which the heroine was tied as it

4-slowly moved up to the saw (the hero rescued her, of course). I built myself a miniature theatre in the "Wash-house" behind our house (no longer there) and liked to make scenery and pretend to stage shows. Ertel Baugher had seen Ben Hur and brought me the souveneer pictures of the sets, so I tried to produce that. Probably working this way as a boy helped me to stage operas later at Denison.

My thoughts are moving in so many directions, that perhaps I should back up and tell you something about my start in music. I started at my eighth birthday. My first teacher, Miss Bryant (later Mrs. Spencer) played four-hands a great deal with me and she could have done nothing finer, I now believe (In fact at IHC here, I have had a few piano students and I have played 4-hd. with each one) You see we had no player-piano in those days and no phonograph, so the only way to get to know great music was to play it on the piano. So we went through many symphonies, overtures, opera transcriptions, etc. in 4-hd. arr, as soon as I got so I could read well. In fact this was probably the spur to improve sight-reading, as well as helping to make an accompanist, adjusting to another player. Miss Bryant and her mother often entertained a small group of people who enjoyed music (followed by ice-cream and cake!); we entertained too in turn and so did the Shores; so during each Winter there would be a few "meetings" of this sort. It was not many years after I started taking lessons that I began, in emergencies, to play the piano or reed organ at church, later more or less regularly. Trying to get various effects for the "voluntaries" at church out of a reed-organ helps me to get effects from various limited organs I have played since.

When Miss Bryant thought she had given me about all she had to give, she suggested that I go to Mr. Lillienthal in the County Seat. I am not sure how old I was then, but I do remember that my father and I made the first trip down on a Steamboat. It only ran for a few summers, taking cattle on at Ellis, running over one place in the old Ellis Dam where the masonry had fallen enough to let the boat through. (There is now a new dam with locks). Mr. Lillienthal, whose name as a musician is still a legend in Zanesville was an elderly musician. He seemed very old to me at the time but I suppose he was no older than I am now. He was just what I needed as a second teacher: very strict and with a fine sense of classical style. I had been playing music that looked much more difficult than the "simple" Haydn sonatas that he gave me, but I remember (when he saw I was thinking that they were too "easy", he said: "My boy, these are too hard for you now, but I'll let you try them; maybe some day you will be able to play them".

After the first few trips I went by myself on the train. I guess my father told the conductors to keep an eye on me. Then there were the streetcars that took me up the hill, from which I walked a few squares to my teacher's home, near the water-works tower. I usually rode up and walked the long way back to the RR station. Sometimes I walked both ways and then I could buy an ice-cream soda with my car-fare. (Bread 5¢, milk 5¢ qt., eggs 10¢ a dozen, oysters, 25¢ a quart, beefsteak 25¢ a pound) St.-car 5cts.  
Street

I had what you would call a peculiar boyhood. (I have often said it was very fortunate that my parents decided I was to enter Doane Academy at 14). Most of my contacts were with grown-ups. Perhaps because of the death of my sister, my parents were unusually careful. There were no Boy Scouts in those days. The Muskingum River was considered treacherous and I did not learn how to swim until I was in Granville. I had no intimate boy-friends. I read a lot. My parents had all Shakespeare, Dickens and James Fenimore Cooper, and practically nothing else--so I read all of these through before I was fourteen. Much of the Shakes-

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peare, I did not understand, of course; but I used dominos to represent the characters in the plays and worked them around on the table to keep track of the cast. There was no town library and scarcely any magazines available. I remember only the Youth's Companion, but I borrowed books from the school superintendent and the ministers.

I used to climb Mt. Pisgah, as my father called it, on Uncle Charlie's farm and the hills West of town, by myself, many times, thinking "Tall thoughts" from their tops and imagining and sometimes writing down all sorts of ideas. I collected stones and a few fossils and later took all the geology Denison offered plus a half-course at Harvard; Don carried on that interest. As you know, Agnes and I probably "met" when our baby carriages passed each other on the street. We went through the first eight grades of school together and I think our first-grade teacher told us after our wedding that I had written "I love Agnes" on my slate in that grade--or maybe I'm just imagining that story! Whether true or not, I do remember that we had a rivalry so far as general averages on our grade-cards were concerned. Sometimes she ranked first and sometimes I would.

So I was a "strange" boy when I first came to Granville, in the fall of 1905. Mother and I secured an apartment in the first floor-back of the red brick house with the fan-tall front window above the door--"the Grover house" (just East of the then Phi-Gam house, now "antiques" on Broadway). She stayed until Christmas only; feeling then that I could get along alone, but wishing to have someone keep an eye on me, she arranged for me to room with a couple of maiden ladies, the Misses Monroe, she had known at their home near Dresden, a house corner of Elm and the (Cherry) street that goes to Columbus. I lived alone the rest of that year, but had a roommate the next year. I have often wondered what has become of him,--name Grandoli. He stayed in Granville only one year. I remember a bunch of boys came one night to get him and duck him in the Raccoon. It may have been because he talked too much--or was too brilliant. The following year I moved into the West Dorm (now no more) where I lived on the top floor through the rest of the Academy (until I moved to the Figi house. I graduated from both (Acad. & Coll) in six years; I mean, I did not move down town to the fraternity house until the middle of my middle year in college. (Then I had Karl Babb for a roommate; his widow lives in Xenia) In those days the Acad. was only three years and I did a good deal of theoretical work in the Conservatory along with them, which gave college credit & so finished college in three years. I do not recommend this. Have often wondered if it would not have been better to have had two more years before I entered Harvard. I only had a year and a half of fraternity life; though the Figis did me as I graduated from the Academy. My parents rather urged me to wait, for that same Spring a boy had lost his life at Kenyon, during an initiation in which he had been tied to a rail-road track on a switch; the train took the switch instead of the main road. I told the Phi Gams that, if they would hold the bid open, I'd join them later--or no other. I've always been grateful to the chapter for doing so. In the middle of my second year I was pledged and then initiated in March. I probably would be more extroverted and "half fellow well-met" if I had had more undergraduate fraternity life.

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We frequently had very nice candle-lit dinners at the House on Wednesday evenings. I took a few different girls but never got very much interested in any of them. Sometimes I took the chaperone, Miss Farrar, my piano teacher. There were no dances allowed during the school year, but the seniors after commencement, always had a house-party. I asked Agnes and had also had her up before for the principal social affair, the Washington Banquet (college affair); she stayed at the Rose's; arrived by RR (Penn.) at a little stop where the T. & O. C. crosses the Penn. tracks; walked over to the interurban line, where it rounds the way to an old stone bridge. Remember this was winter and the train was late! All of which reminds me of the time I walked some two or three miles from an interurban East of Cleveland through the rain at night, when Agnes was teaching Latin at Kirtland.) Well, to continue about the house-party, we moved out of the house for the girls and their chaperone, Mrs. Wilson, the voice-teacher. Three of the men later married girls who were there (one of the three girls was with another man at the party. It lasted about three days. So you can understand why the Figi song, now at that time: "Just take an evening in the Springtime" had a special meaning for Agnes and me,

Switching back again: Doane Academy was a very fine school for me and I was sorry when the great improvement in high schools everywhere ended its existence. For one thing, there were a number of boys like myself in knee trousers at fourteen plus quite a number of older men, some in their late twenties or more, men who realized that they wanted to be ministers or professional men when they were too old to fit into High School. This made a fine combination, particularly in the Academy Literary Societies, Cicero and Irving. I was a Ciceronean and so were the Phillips brothers from Jamaica. One of them became a famous preacher and Edgar, my best friend among the brothers, a fine lawyer. The literary societies had an annual contest (oration, essay, debate) - that was a real rivalry (I won something a time or two but forget what.) We met incoming boys at the T&OC station or the interurban and started "rushing" for these lit. soc. almost like fraternities did. The oldest Phillips brother kept a hive of bees in the attic of East dorm (also no more) since he worked for a bee-keeper in northern Ohio during the summer. He also helped run the Hygiene boarding-club, buying cracked wheat at the mill for breakfast food. I think my meals cost about \$2.00 a week in this co-operative place.

Edgar Phillips had discovered the works of Elbert Hubbard, a rather strange American "philosopher" and cultist, and Edgar introduced me to his ideas. Not only did Hubbard write and print his own books, but he established a community, East Aurora, N.Y., where his Roycroft handworkers and printers lived. Sometime you might read his egotistic, assertive and almost atheistic writings. They had some influence on me at the time as did the strong self-will and force of Emerson's Essays. I suppose there was a lot of this in the essay I read at the commencement in 1911--was it called "The King of the Begets" (I hope not)--meaning: man! In those days we did not have a visiting speaker; student essays formed the program. There was no department of Speech, but each senior, under Prof. Williams, Prof. Willie, had to speak in a series in Recital Hall during the year. The academy did have special speakers for their commencement and I was flattered to have Dean Hundley ask me to give the "address" the Spring after I started teaching. I had just returned from Germany and I think I talked on "Kultur and Culture"

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The literary societies had weekly programs and each program had a critic. If I can talk extemporaneously or in front of a class, I owe much of that ability to these academy societies. The college lit. soc. were much more tame and perhaps even then a little on the decline. I did some varsity debating and that brings me to an interesting item: Percy Wiltsee sent me in 1961 a little clipping from the Cincinnati Enquirer, about a debate between Denison and the U. of Cincinnati in their "Fifty Years Ago" column. We won on the negative of the question "Resolved that there should be a National Income Tax). Little did we know then what a large part of each man's income that tax would take. No doubt Percy was pleased to see that I had been "agin it".

Another fine influence - even in my academy years - was the men's Glee Club of the college. You see there did not happen to be any man in college who could play as well as I did then, and the club needed an accompanist. So I went from knee trousers in September to white ties and tails in April of my first year. The trips in those days were a real education. Harold and Charles Thomas, seniors in college took me under their wing. Harold was student leader and a fine baritone soloist. Travelling with the club (sometimes we had a private car on the RR) to large cities, being entertained at alumni and trustee homes, was an education. I had never travelled before and learned how to meet people, etc. in such fine homes as Eaton's in Cleveland (the man who later met the Russians, etc. or tried to -- a millionaire) and Kraft -- the cheese man in W. Chicago, who had an Egyptian "museum" in his home -- I continued with the club all six years, playing solos on the programs, etc.; was student leader in my senior year, and then faculty director for many years when I returned as head of the Conservatory.

I sometimes wish that I had kept programs of the plays, operas and concerts I have heard. To back track a bit, I remember seeing Joe Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" as a boy; Paderewski was my first big piano concert, in Zanesville; father went with me as we had to stay in a hotel all night (no autos then). I also remember my first orchestra concert; it was the Pittsburg Symphony under Emil Bauer and it was held in Columbus, at the Southern Theatre (now no more). These were all before I went to Granville; but I also remember a disappointment: Mme. Schumann-Heink came to the Weller Theatre (Zanesville) in the early Wagner opera Das Lieberverbot and I could not convince my parents that I should go. As a result I've never heard the work for it is never given now, not even in Europe. Of course I had wonderful opportunities later in Boston and elsewhere: Maude Adams in Chanticleer, the Irish players straight from Dublin with Lady Gregory and Singe (!) along in person; the fine Boston Opera Company, in a beautiful new house, now torn down, - with Maria Cay, Zenatello, Sembrich, Nordica, Tetrassini, and Mme Maeterlinck in two performances of Debussy's Pelleas and Melisande, a week apart. She was the wife of the poet-librettist. We also had the Met for ten days and I bought a ticket to the topmost gallery for 14 performances. I almost got operatic indigestion! Caruso in Meyerbeer's Propheta and Les Huguenots I heard in the old Auditorium in Chicago; my first Aida in Cleveland (vaudeville theatre); Wagner's Parsival in Newark O. auditorium, I think about 1907, plus Deems Taylor's King Henchman in the same place (now burnt down) -- Believe it or not, those were the days for Newark: Bertha Kalisch in Suderman's play Magda (read it!) and David Warfield in several plays.

Let's return to my own few performances on the stage. When I was in college, there were no mixed theatricals. The men played women's parts and the women played men's parts. I remember some very fine male Lydia Languishes and female Falstaffs, Malvolios, etc. The Senior girls always gave a Shakespeare play at Commencement time. I remember being Cassio in Julius Caesar ("he hath a lean and tender look" - and I did then! Funny that the only thing I remember about that performance was George

Williams' own modern shoes showing at the end of the ~~box~~ pier as they carried him off as Caesar. I'm sure I was a poor actor as I never had any leading roles; however I did play one of the twin Promos in Shaperepeare's Comedy of Errors with Kirtley Mather as the other.

I was certainly not athletic as a boy; if any of the grandsons are, they must get the ability from the other side of the house. I enjoyed tennis but the wind-up of my serve must have been fearful and wonderful. By twisting my racket I was able to get a good low one in occasionally and at Camp Willson near Bellefontain, where I went to the Columbus Y business men's week for many summers after I was married, I got up to the semi-finals one summer. At Denison I ran cross-country poorly and the only time I ever ran a meet ~~for~~ away from Granville (against OWU) we were defeated and I came in last! One of my first purchases after I got a salary was a canoe, which I had always wanted, and I made many happy trips down the Muskingum, a beautiful river, from the Dresden farm where I kept it, to the Ohio and once, past Marietta and the Blennerhassett Island, famous in Ohio history, to Parkersburg. Students or faculty and Frank Robinson, a wonderful cook, went with me--Don went once when it rained a lot; we camped out on the way. There were some ten dams with their locks; sometimes we would look through, if the lock-keeper was in a good humor; other times we had to portage. However, except for one trip back-up stream from Zanesville to Dresden, we always went down stream since that was so much easier. Sometimes we would put the canoe in the baggage car of the OHMV RR in Marietta, but more often Agnes would have to drive down there so we could put the canoe on top of the car and drive home. On one of the trips which we started just outside Newark, a fish jumped into the canoe at a narrow place, going to Zanesville.

Speaking of fish, I'm no fisherman but I like to fish. Agnes always enjoyed telling that the Rups went up to Minnesota to be there when the muskellunge season began. We followed a couple of weeks later. They had caught none, but on my first time out, I got one on a plug that I had bought at the Newark "B&O" store--merely asking myself, if I were a fish--would I bite on that". I'm almost ashamed to tell of another time when I got a fish I did not deserve. Herman Shipps was waiting for the arrival of some wealthy men (for OWU) at a fishing camp in the wilds above Blind River, when he let the guide take us out with a deep trolling spinner and I suppose the guide thought I was one of the men Herman wanted to have a specially good time; at any rate he probably took me over likely water and a 14 lb. lake trout took the bait and I do not remember that the really important visitors caught any. However the fish that I remember with the most pleasure is the pike Barbara caught as we were fishing (I was rowing) in a little New England lake. I had fastened the reel on an old golf club which was in the cottage. Barbara thought we had struck a log! When we got the fish ashore, the cottagers on each side were amazed as they did not think there were pike in the lake. That was fun--and we had a good meal.

Music was my main interest at Denison with geology second. As a senior, I tramped Granville township, seven miles by seven miles, trying to map glacier drift and asking farmers about the depth of their wells, etc. Dr. Carney must have gotten a lot of amusement from my reports. I doubtless discovered many things that were not there. I shall always be indebted to Miss Fannie Judson Farrar, my piano teacher throughout academy and college. When I left Mr. Lillienthal, who cared only about the music and never about hand positions etc., I was playing with faulty, tight and inefficient technique. Miss Farrar had studied in London the Matthay methods. They emphasize relaxation, arm weight, etc. rather than hammer-fingers. She would not let me play in public or even student recitals for almost a year. Arthu Judson asked me to play on the Spring

Festival. (The "Festival" lasted three days and this was a morning concert I think, so Miss Farrar relented and I played a Schumann March. Judson (Juddie to some) was a good violinist and I accompanied him when he needed some one in an emergency. Mrs. C.B. White and he played all the Beethoven Violin-Piano Sonatas one year, but when Judson left Granville he put his violin away, became an editor of "Musical America" and then a manager of concert artists, as well as manager of the Cincinnati, Philadelphia and New York (Phil.) symphonies. He probably made his millions using his own artists with the orchestras he managed. I wonder if he ever wishes he had continued with his playing and his conducting.

Carl Puge Wood (who later became ~~head of music~~ at Vassar, a teacher, and then head of music at U. of Washington in Seattle) was my theory teacher at Denison. He had a Harvard M.A. and was an excellent teacher. The two men whom I consider to be the finest teachers in other fields that I had were C.B. White ("Swipes") in Academy Latin and Irving Babbitt in comparative literature at Harvard; read his books: Rousseau and Romanticism, The New Laocoon, etc. (Babbitt was the closest I ever came to a Philosopher (Humanist)). I was way over my head in his course at first; all I could do was to write down notes frantically and then ask one of the older students in my dorm, who was taking the course, to help me understand. He quoted from French, German and Italian authors at the drop of his grasp bug, from which he pulled his notes. His course is a Harvard legend and I still find many references in books praising his teaching or quoting him. One reason why his course was so fine for me at that time, was that he argued against letting yourself go in uncurbed romanticism. Sometimes I could not accept all the rigors of classical Humanism, but he was good for me. I wrote my first paper for him which I revised and sold to the Musical Quarterly (April, 1922 issue). I remember I got forty dollars for it.

I would not say that any of my teachers in Denison were as outstanding as the two above. They were good, however, and probably I did not appreciate them as much as they deserved. I remember that I was provoked at the teacher of Freshman English, Raymond Pence (later at Purdue) because he was always marking my papers for errors in punctuation (I used dashes often) while I thought my ideas were more important. When I came to write a book, I wished many times that I had paid more attention to what Pence was teaching! A friend indeed was Dr. Willis Chamberlain in German. He took my roommate, Quincy Main, and me with him on a bicycle trip the summer after my Harvard year. When you learn that he did not charge us a penny and that his help with the language was invaluable, you will understand our gratitude. We bought bicycles in Cologne; rode up the Rhine and across the Black Forest to Schaffhausen. I remember hard pedalling for three or four days and then wonderful coasting for a day or more down the other side, through Switzerland; then up to Nuremberg; I went on to Berlin where I met my parents.

They had rented an apartment in a Gartenhaus, i.e. across an inner court, on Waghauslerstrasse and installed a piano. I studied theory and composition with a well-known German composer, Hugo Kaun. I have some of his compositions, a Brandenburg Suite (4-pds.) an opera, etc. You do not see his name on programs now for his style was conservative, though there is a biography and he was fairly important in his day. He disliked Strauss for his modernity. As I see it now, it is better to follow the radicals in art; however Strauss lived long enough to find his music criticized for being too old-fashioned, -the same scores that had been condemned for being too radical when they were written.

My piano teacher in Berlin, Victor Heinze, was almost a waste of time; for one thing, he insisted that his students press hard on keys after sound had been produced. (The section of piano-action Miss Ferrar had in her studio proved the absurdity of his method. All he did was to increase the pressure in the finger of the performer and so ~~was~~ his

nervous system, which made him think the tone had changed. ) However, his lessons were class-lessons; some six students came at the same time and we played for each other and the teacher criticized; in this way, I heard more repertory and got something from the lessons. I wish now that I had entered the Berlin Hochschule für Musik. Probably my German would not have been good enough then (both Kaun and Helze could speak some English). I did get to know Bernard Ziehn's books through Kaun and I have used his plurisignificance of notes, intervals and chords many times since.

In Berlin, I kept my bicycle, and during the year I covered the whole city and the province of Brandenburg, Potsdam, etc. thoroughly. I also heard Strauss and Nikisch conduct; was present at a very early Rosenkavalier and about the second part of Ariadne auf Naxos. Maybe Strauss conducted; I wish I had programs so I could be accurate. While in Berlin, I heard almost no modern French music, until along in the Spring when the French Embassy sponsored a concert and I heard some Debussy again. What a pleasure! You see I had had so much modern French music in Hill's course at Harvard that I suppose I needed the heavier and at times denser German music to make me appreciate the French taste and Debussy's charm. There are many ways to Parnassus!

While in Berlin, I received a cablegram from Wallace Cathgart (Head of the Western Reserve Historical Society and Chairman of the Trustees Com. on Instruction) asking me to come back to Denison as Director of the Conservatory. They offered me only nine hundred dollars for the first year, but I was glad to accept. They raised my salary to eleven hundred the next year, probably because I married Agnes and they thought I needed more. Of course you must realize that the full professors then got only two thousand (the dollar went further). I augmented the total by playing the Baptist Church organ for a year or two. Then I got the job of Organist and director at Trinity Episcopal in Newark. It was probably the best paying job in the county, ten dollars a Sunday and I continued there for seven years, working with the unruly boy-choir for extra rehearsals (some of the boys are gray-headed men in Newark now.) After seven years, Agnes suggested that I quit, so we could have more normal Sundays with the family in church. I realized too that I had been working about seven days a week since Conservatory work demanded some time on Saturdays (I never had more than student-secretarial help; one of them was Leonard Crain, who became a printer and publisher in Burma). Speaking of that country, Dr. Saagrave, Burmah Surgeon, was a student in one of my early Cons. orchestras, playing viola.

When I went to Harvard in the Fall of 1911, there were only five or six graduate students in music and one of them I discovered was the son of a minister in Zanesville, O.: George Dickinson; so we became good friends; I played his wedding music for he married a girl in Newark, O. and he played for my wedding. During the year at Harvard we used to get hold of the orchestral scores of the works the Boston Sym. was playing the following week, by 'phoning back to each other, the titles that were disclosed as soon as we got our hands on the program book after we had run all the way to the second balcony to lay claim to a fifty-cent seat for which we had stood in line. We usually got the scores out of the library before any other students knew what had happened; rather selfish I suppose. George became Head of music at Vassar and planned their new building, whose music library is named after him. He followed to Berlin the year after we were there; I valued his friendship and keen musical judgments. I acknowledged these in the preface of my new book, -most of which he had read in copy and encouraged me to publish. I'm sorry he passed away without seeing it in print.

11-

I'm not a composer, as I have written very little music: some dozen songs, some of which I like; a masque of the Four Seasons, which had a very beautiful performance of the South Plaza many years ago; a trio for piano, violin & cello, a Te Deum for the Denison Centennial about winds up the list. One of the Ballets from the Masque was performed by the Boston Pops orchestra at a Harvard concert; another was read through by the New England Conservatory orchestra, and both were later performed by the Oakland Symphony in California under Orley See. *Abn/df*

I enjoyed conducting and, like the miracle of the loaves and the fishes, sometimes a performance would come off better than anyone dared hope for. I had the pleasure of conducting the Festival Chorus with the old Russian Symphony from New York twice (I think Sam Gelfer's father was a member of the viola section)--in Haydn's Creation and Coleridge-Taylor's Hiawatha; with the Cleveland Symphony in Aida (concert perf.) and Cesar Franck's Beatitudes; with the N.Y. Philharmonic in Wagner's Tannhauser (concert perf.) In these early Spring Festivals we usually had the visiting orchestra for two days each. They played an orchestral concert under their own conductor and we had a rehearsal and a choral concert under my direction. When visiting orchestras became more and more expensive, we had to rely upon the college orchestra, augmented. Even under these conditions, many of the performances I remember with pleasure; one of the Creation on the South Plaza with a beautiful sunset and later the full moon! Another fine one was Verdi's Manzoni Requiem in which the quartet of soloists had been trained together in advance by the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia (two of them became rather famous in opera later). Then there was the perennial "Messiah", for many years we gave two performances, Sat. eve. and Sunday aft. People came from all over central Ohio (one year we took a record by address-cards which we then used to publicize the Spring festival.) With these two performances counted in, I think I figured I had conducted this work 78 times!

Before the opera workshop was set up, I did operas with action and scenery, responsible for most of the sets too. (Armbruster's warehouse of scenery in Columbus was a wonderful place to find the latter.) I translated and produced two old German operas: Lortzing's Czar und Zimmerman and Dittersdorf's Doktor und Apotheker the latter for the first and probably only time in USA(?); I think we gave Offenbach's Orpheus in the Underworld 2 Or 3 times and Smetana's Bartered Bride at least twice; there were several performances of Gluck's Orpheus, some of them on the South Plaza where the dancers came on from the steps up the hill or on a platform behind the rear brick wall, unseen. The orchestra in front was covered, the audience looking over their head; i.e. no scenery! (except the sun-dial)

And then there were the family vacations. Agnes and I decided we did not want to have a summer home, even if we could have afforded one. As soon as we had our first car, we began these migrations with a tent strapped on the running board at the side of the car, or above the front bumper or on top. It was an umbrella affair and the trick was to use one pole for the center and get the other three on three corners and finally, if just right, you could take the center pole out to use for the fourth corner. Often it took several tries standing under the hot canvas; but we sang on the way: "The land-lubber lies down below, below, below" and many other songs. One car had a roof that leaked badly; in Washington D.C. we woke one morning to find the tent surrounded by water and we had to pack up and hunt a hotel. But we had fun as a family together and that helped. We seldom went the same direction, but went West, North, South and East, even around the Gaspé.

That's about all I wrote on the way back from Banff; if you want more, I can continue in "retirement"!

1119 Periwinkle Way #4  
Sanibel FL 33957  
August 2, 1991

Dear German Cousins,

Finally I have the Eschman family information from the Dresden Cemetery. Alice and I were in Dresden recently--in fact I'm sending you a copy of my last typed letter to family and friends, for it tells what Hal and I have been doing since the first of the year.

I have also included a copy of the biography, so called, that Dad wrote the summer Mother died. It should have been rewritten and edited, for he scribbled it "off the top of his head", so to speak, but some of it will be interesting to you. The last page about the German Eschmanns is not very accurate, I afraid.

The other paper, entitled "The Long Voyage", was written by Laura Eschman Wilbur. When Alice and I were in Dresden we had a good visit with Herman Eschman, Laura, his daughter and her two grown daughters. Alice took most of the pictures that day and hasn't sent me copies. When she does I'll send some off to you. Herman is 83 years old and the last of my father's first cousins. He was Charles Eschman's son. Below is the family tree as far as Herman remembers:

Emigrant Herman Heinrich Eschmann born 16-8-1816  
died 4-3-1881  
married in 1833 Friedareka Schulte born 27-11-1818  
called Sophie died 12-10-1889  
They had seven children: Heinrich Herman, Karl's father  
Michael W., Civil War Veteran  
Elizabeth, married name Egbert  
Josephine, mentally ill, committed  
Franciska, died 1933 /suicide  
Sophie, married name Baugher  
Charles, Herman's father, died 1934

Heinrich Herman Eschman, born 1848 and died 1917, was married to Alice Little, born 1853 and died 1914. They had one daughter, Friedareka, called "Freetie" (name on tombstone). She was born 16-8-1875 and died 26-4-1890. Karl Henry Eschman's dates are, born 23-6-1891, died 11-6-1970 and Agnes' dates are, born 17-8-1891, died 6-7-1965.

Any pictures I have sent you are yours to keep, of course. I wish you, any or all of you could come to the States to visit us in Florida and also David and Mary in Oregon. They live quite near my sister Alice Rankin and her husband, Howard. I think they visited you one time. When Hal and I will get to Germany again, I'm not sure. We probably will have to go next time with a tour where our luggage and room reservations are handled by a professional. Hal is now 76 and I am 75, so we have slowed down some, but we're still enjoying life together. So let's keep in touch at least by writing letters occasionally. Love to you all!

## THE LONG VOYAGE

A family history contains many special things—it contains inheritance, memories, wishes, dreams, and roots. It gives us our pride and it provides a companionship with infinity. My father has shared his family history with me and I now share my knowledge of it with you, my family, friends, and readers.

Father has told me the Eschmann family history in a segmented fashion, and I will attempt to assemble and compose the origination of the Eschmanns in America with fact and a sprinkling of tales that cannot be documented at this time, but also should not be disputed.

Herman Heinrich Eschmann was born August 15, 1813, in the city of Westphalen, Prussia. He and Friedareka Sophia Shulte, born in Westphalen, Prussia, November 27, 1818, were married in 1838. They left a son buried in Westphalen, Prussia (now Lengerich, West Germany). They caught the fever to travel to the new land which was precipitated by the Kaiser's requiring each young man to give three years to military service. Being self-directed persons, Herman Heinrich with Sophia gathered their belongings and packed them in a brown rectangular trunk. It was papered on the inside with actual Westphalen newspapers, and my father saw it when he was a child. They crossed the border into Holland. When there they converted their currency into Dutch Guilders—eleven to be exact—and sought transportation to America in 1839.

When they attempted to buy passage on a ship parting for America, they discovered their finances were not enough for passage for both of them. Sophia was the ticket holder and Herman "stowed away" until they were far from port and he would not be made to return! A very daring venture for a young couple, though I'm sure a very trying time for both wife and husband. She wondering

if he actually was stowed away on the vessel in which she was a passenger, and he concerned about the consequences if and when someone found him stowed away.

It is believed that they entered the port of New York City. To date I have not found immigration details. They sailed from Holland (approximately fifty miles from Westphalen, Prussia) 1839.

## WATERWAYS

In the early 1800's Ohio was a great unsettled area still referred to as the Northwest Territory. Settlers were just starting to move into the area. By 1820 farmers and businesses faced a problem. Farmers were raising more than they could use and needed to sell some of their products to buy tools, plows, iron pots, and other items they could not make.

About this time Ethan A. Brown appealed to the legislature to build a canal. The state tried to raise money by holding a lottery, but were not very successful due to the political and financial structure of the state at that time. Only after much difficulty were a sufficient amount of bonds sold to finance the initial survey. On April 23, 1822, James Geddes of Onondago, New York, was employed by the commissioner to survey the canal for \$1,500.00. His work began at Portage Lake May 2, 1822. In the summer of 1826 work on the Cuyahoga section of the canal was in progress. When the canal was completed, the trip from Cleveland to Portsmouth was 309 miles, and the fee was four cents a mile.

The Ohio Erie Canal branch came to Dresden where it connected with the Muskingum River. Both Roscoe/Coshocton and Dresden had aqueducts to cross over natural waterways. By March 9, 1836, the Dresden branch of the canal was in operation.

The Eschmann family does not appear in the Jefferson Township census until 1850, but my thoughts are that they were probably in this geographic area since the time that the canal branch was in the process of being built and completed. Two great aunts and an uncle lived at Roscoe (Sophia and Herman's children). Could they have returned to a place they knew as home during their early youth? Did the young family live there during the building of the aqueduct

there before moving on to Dresden to construct the stone aquaduct across Wakatomika Creek and cut stone canal locks to the Muskingum River?

## JOURNEY'S END

Similar to the current shift in society from an industrial to a communication society, I'm sure that Herman and Sophia experienced pains during his conversion from a canal stone cutter to a town laborer (as listed on the 1850 census). The young family was adding a family member almost every other year, and Sophia and Herman were approaching middle age. The early church lists available from Dresden churches do not list them as members. My father tells me they were members of the German Methodist Church located on High Street in Dresden. Friedareka Sophia Schulte Eschmann's church obituary (October 13, 1889) at her death tells she was the mother of nine children, two already dead and seven waiting to join their mother. She was a loyal practicing member of the Bisch Methodist Church which was one of the first works in the Newark - Dresden Mission. The church at that time regulated social structure and publically condoned and chastized its members for their actions. Early Dresden history speaks to the equal number of sellers of spirits and churches in Dresden. The dirt streets, brawling laborers, and thriving industry in the town would have been attractive to those who were seeking a means of excitement and support for young growing families.

Even the name Dresden sounded familiar to them. The river-hill terrain and trees are much like that of Westphalen. There was another Eschmann, John, who lived in the town, but there is no known relationship between the two families. During this 1849 time period, some were heading down the canal towards the Gold Fields of California.

The wooden frame house which stood on Third and Chestnut streets in Dresden was built in one of the quieter areas of the town. With several children

beginning to go to school and voicing the demands of childhood, Sophia as well as Herman were kept quite busy. I wonder, did Sophia do quilt work, did she make the family recipes I speak to later in the paper, did she pass on her genes to me for appearance and/or "hang in there" during difficult times. Did Herman find joy in his work? Did he love his family? Did he cherish the feel of the earth on his lands and did he love his garden?

How did the whale oil lamps, brought lovingly from Westphalen remain intact through all the growing family years. Were they used with oil for lights or were they placed lovingly on the mantle a a reminder to a couple of the family and friends they left behind in Westphalen?

## B. The Homestead

## WILLS CREEK

The 1776 Map of Ohio showing Indian Trails and Towns circa 1776 identifies Wills Town near where Wills Creek and the Muskingum River intersect. It is surrounded by Delaware Indian towns.

In 1833 an assay map of the County of Muskingum identifies Range VI, Lot 2 and 3 near Wills Creek. This is the land on which the Eschmann farm was later located. A Methodist Church was located in that general vicinity. This whole Muskingum area was originally appropriated by Congress as settlement of Revolutionary claims. It appears a J. Wilcox owned land that bordered what was later called the Eschman farm.

An Atlas of Muskingum County, Ohio, from actual surveys by and under the direction of F. W. Beers assisted by Beach Nichols and others was published by Beers, Soule and Company, 43 John Street, New York in 1866. The Zanesville Pilot Club of Zanesville sponsored the reprinting of this atlas in 1973 by the Bookmark, Post Office Box 74, Knightstown, Indiana.

The Plan of Range VI, Adams Township III show H. Essman (Eschmann) to reside on plot two (2). There is a definite dot establishing the existence of a house.

The Muskingum County Records Office show in Deed Record Book 13 that Henry Shueson and Wilhemina Shuesen deeded to H. H. Eschmann received June 17, 1848, and recorded June 21, 1848, "29 and 75/100 acres west side lot #2, East one-half section #3, and Range VI. Twenty acres east side of lot #2 West half section of quarter section #2 in section #3 of Range VI." This agreement was intended December 22, 1845, and recorded when the money was paid to Mr. and Mrs. Shueson.

The 1860 census recorded Herman, Sophia, Michael, Mary, Josephine, Henry, Charles, Frances, and Margaret all reside on this Wills Creek farm. Charles left memories of his childhood with his son, Herman. He told of keeping the wild turkeys out of the wheat and dropping the corn, by hand, as his father planted in the soil.

Memories of a magnificent, hand hewn stone face spring remained in Charles' memory. When a middle-aged man, my father viewed this spring with its proud keystone remaining intact as a tribute to the master stone cutter craftsman who constructed this edifice to serve his family with fresh water. I visited this area this spring, but was unable to locate this stone faced spring. A farmer who is a hunter, assured us it is still there and has promised to take us to see this when his busy schedule will permit time.

The children attended Oak Grove School during their learning years. We visited this school location on a crisp spring day. My father recalled he did his practice teaching in a one-room school located on this site. He stayed with a neighbor and walked daily to the school.

The tall oak trees are all that remain to encourage memories of recess and children's cries of joy when school was completed for the day. A few white tombstones witness the ancestry of those who probably donated the school, church area.

The coal trucks rumble by at a steady pace, grey dust billowing as they rattle down the road empty to get another load of coal. This coal has been waiting beneath the soil for generations. The people are gone from this Wills Creek area; soon the coal will also be gone forever.

## THE FAMILY

When Herman Heinrich Eschmann and Friedarika Sophia Schulte were married in 1838 in Prussia, I wonder if they had any idea how many miles and how many moves their family would experience. So many miles from their family and childhood friends.

The journey from Prussia via Holland began in 1839. Family history indicates they left a son buried in Westphalen. Sophia's obituary tells us she was the mother of two children awaiting her in heaven and seven to follow her to heaven. The 1860 census lists seven children living in Adams Township, Wills Creek.

Michael William is recorded as the oldest child. Mike was born in 1841 and died in 1916. He resided with his parents and helped farm. When the Civil War occurred, he volunteered and was a member of the Twenty-Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He spent time in Iowa after the war, believed to have married Hannah while there and returned home just in time to witness his mother's death. He was the father of two daughters, Ola and Mary.

Mary Elizabeth Eschmann (Egbert) was born in 1844. She resided near Dresden in Madison Township during her life. She married F. H. F. (Fred) Egbert who was a farmer of a 300 - 400 acre farm and operated coal mines on his property. The large wooden farmhouse is still standing on State Route 208 about one mile north of the Eschman farm. Aunt Lib and Fred had seven children: John, Charles, Mae, Laura who lived to marry, raise their families. Bertha, Ella, and John H. are buried in the Dresden Cemetery. They apparently died as infants or very young children. They share the same marker stone. Aunt Lib died in 1921.

Josephine Eschmann was born in 1846. She married Jacob Theurer. They shared their adult married life in Newark, Ohio. Jacob was director of the Newark Water Department. When he retired, he was given a gold headed walking stick. The inscription is "JACOB THEURER Newark City Official 1890" in beautiful script. Charles Eschmann had this cane and used it when he became elderly and walked to Dresden. My father now cherishes this cane, but has not resorted to using it when he occasionally walks to Dresden and up the path of the Canal as he did when he walked to school. Pictures of Josephine reflect her to be a stern, solidly built woman. No records indicate she had children.

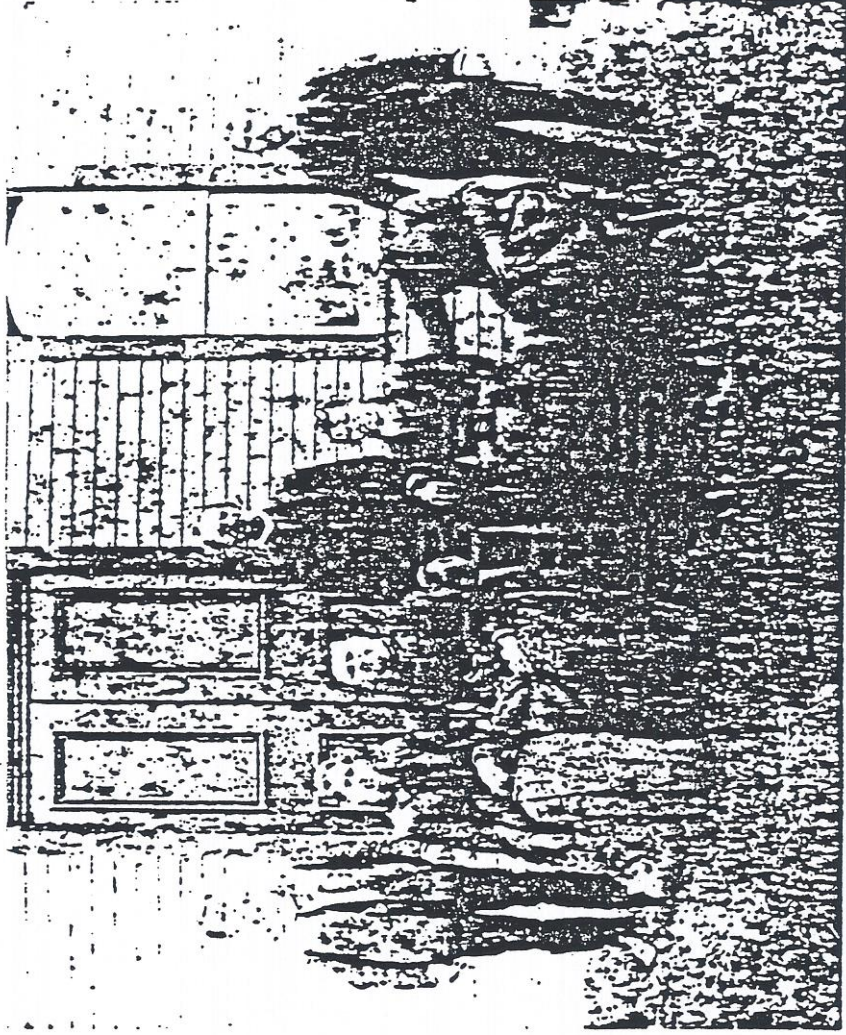
Harmon Henry Eschmann was born in 1848. He became a shoemaker by trade. His trade flourished, and he became a shop owner and erected a large two-story building which remains in Dresden and is still operated as a business. The building was referred to as "Eschman's Hall" and though the downstairs was for a department store type business, the upstairs was for the presentation of plays, social gatherings, and basketball. Uncle Henry married Alice <sup>Little</sup>~~Mears~~. They had two children, a daughter Freita who lived only three years, and a son ~~Karl~~. ~~Karl~~ studied music in Germany, and he and his parents visited the Eschmanns in Westphalen during his schooling. For many years ~~Karl~~ was the Dean of Music at Denison University in Granville, Ohio. As a child I enjoyed his visits to our home and the wonderful music he played on our old piano. He welcomed us to many recitals at Denison. My first exposure to Handel's "Messiah" was under his direction. I am now grateful for the wonderful letters he sent from Germany to my father and the wealth of family history they contain.

Charles Walters Eschman was born in 1851. He was my father's father. Census list him as attending school, farming, and finally being head of household on his own farm. Charles attended Oak Grove School, to the best of my research he completed the eighth grade. He was a school board member when the Jefferson High School was built. His son, Herman, graduated from this same Jefferson School as did his wife, Mary Adams Akeroyd Eschman. For many years he was the treasurer of Madison Township. It is noted by this writer that he signed Madison Township checks as Charles W. Eschman, he did not sign the double "n" (nn) as he had when he was a child. He and Mary had one son, Herman, who still resides on the family farm in Madison Township. Charles died in 1934. Herman was twenty-seven years old and married at that time. His wife, Mary, died in 1942 when Herman was thirty-five years old and the father of a two-year-old daughter, me.

Frances A. Eschmann was born in 1853. She resided in Newark and was a school marm during her adult years. She is remembered as being a large framed, coarse voiced woman with almost masculine bearing. She was never married. When she died in 1933, she was buried near her mother, father, and brother Michael at the Eschman lot in the Dresden Cemetery.

Margaret Sophia Eschmann was the youngest child of the family as recorded in the 1860 census of Adams Township. Sophia was born in 1856. She lived her adult life in Newark. She and her husband Newt Baugher were parents of two children, a son Carl and a daughter Ertel.

From this family of children only a grandchild, Herman, and a great-granddaughter, Laura, remain in the Dresden area. Some relatives live near Newark, Ohio, and a great-granddaughter Elinor Eschman Dunham lives at Granville, Ohio. The closest Eschman named male is Donald F. Eschman of Ann Arbor, Michigan (brother of Elinor). Time has harvested the Eschmann's from the Dresden vicinity. The Eschmanns still remain on the family farm in Germany. The source continues to produce Eschmanns.



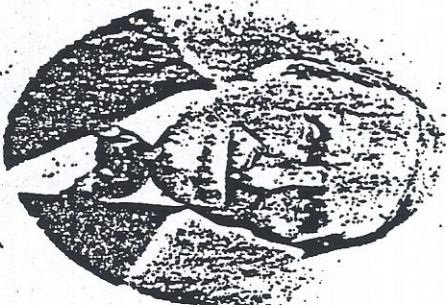
Children of Herman and Sophia  
Seated: Sophia, Josephine, Frances, Elizabeth  
Standing: Henry, Michael, Charles  
Circa, 1890



*Rosenville Ltd. Co.*

139 MAIN ST.,  
ZANESVILLE, O.

Sophia Wilhelmine Fredarika Eschmann



*Rosenville Ltd. Co.*

139 MAIN ST.,  
ZANESVILLE, O.

Herman Heinrich Eschmann



Champaign County Historical Society

Urbana, Ohio 43078

January 27, 1973

Dear Elinor and Harold:

We were happy to have your letter of December 22nd with your family history; this has been added to the Eschman line in the enclosed folder. Also included is a brief of our Cone and Schoff family. You will note we both have Revolutionary ancestors on the Little and Schoff lines and are entitled to membership in D.A.R. and S.A.R. I have membership in S.A.R. on both lines. While many of the Cone's served during the Revolution, I cannot find where our ancestor, Matthew Cone #22, had any service.

This genealogy business is quite nerve-wracking and you no doubt will find errors as well as omissions. I hope you will make a note of things I should correct. I have also compiled six lines of Emily's ancestors and this, together with our three lines, are on file with the D.A.R. in Washington and Columbus, as well as in our local library. It may be of use to someone in the future.

Was glad to hear that Herman Eschman knows where your ancestor's home is located and I think it would be nice to see it; I just hope you will be able to get back to it. I believe your father showed me probably two family albums a number of years ago but I doubt very much if I could identify many of them. Pictures quite often do not have names and younger generations just have to guess. However, I would love to see them and sometime this spring or early summer Emily and I will plan to stop in Granville to see you and perhaps go on to Dresden or visit the old Eschman farm if you have directions.

Are you still teaching or have you decided to join our club of retirees? It seems that I get involved in so many projects and sometimes think there is too much to do. At present we have a project to restore a schoolhouse (pencil sketch above) which our historical society has leased and will eventually become our museum.

We are tired of winter already but we agreed it would be more comfortable here at home than going to Florida. We enjoyed our European trip four years ago and our British Isles trip two years ago and would like to repeat at least some parts of both. Am about to run out of paper so will close. Our cousins are so few in number and we like to keep in touch.

Sincerely,

*Emily and Lawrence*

208 E. Church St.,  
Urbana, O. 43078