

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

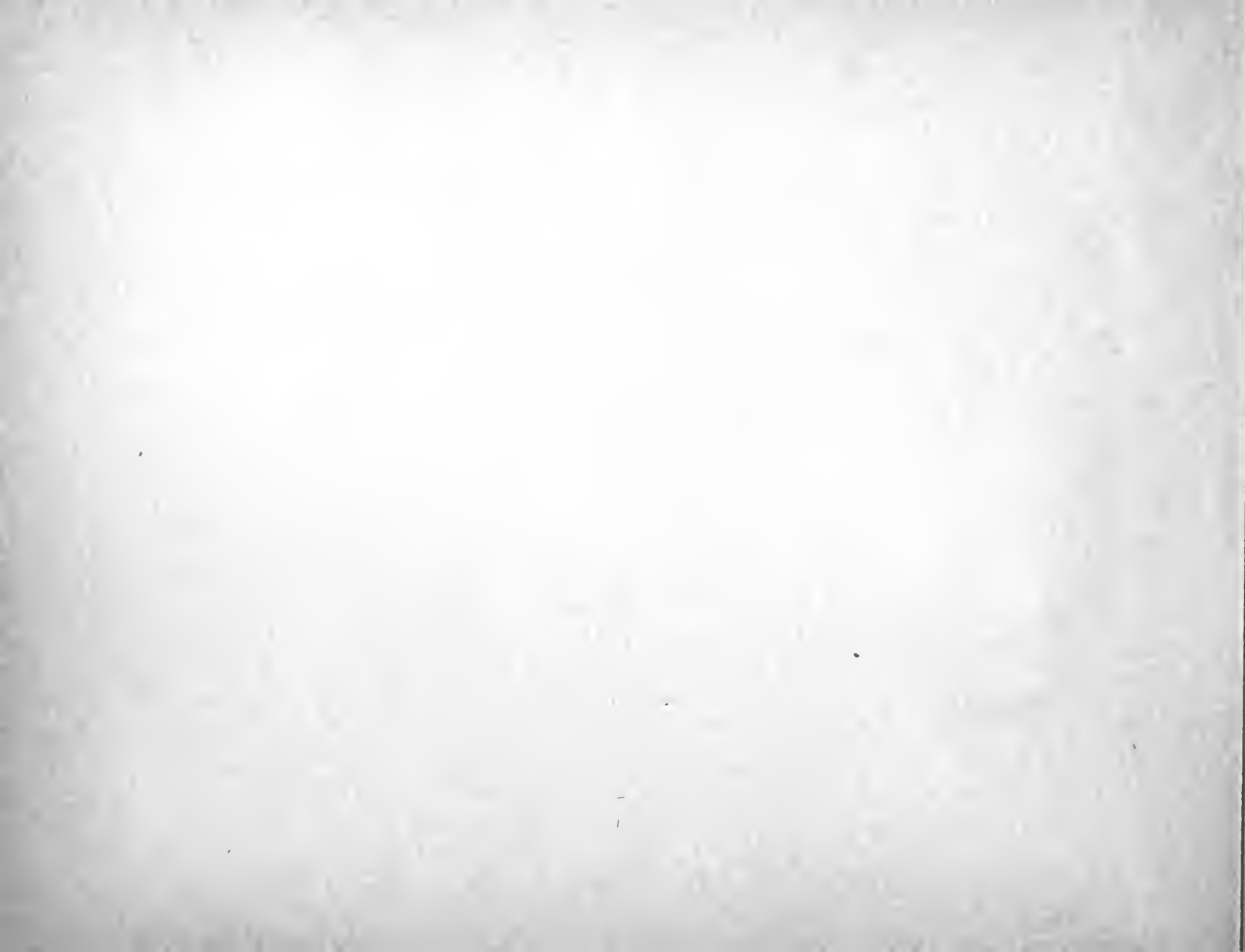


3 3433 06252146 7



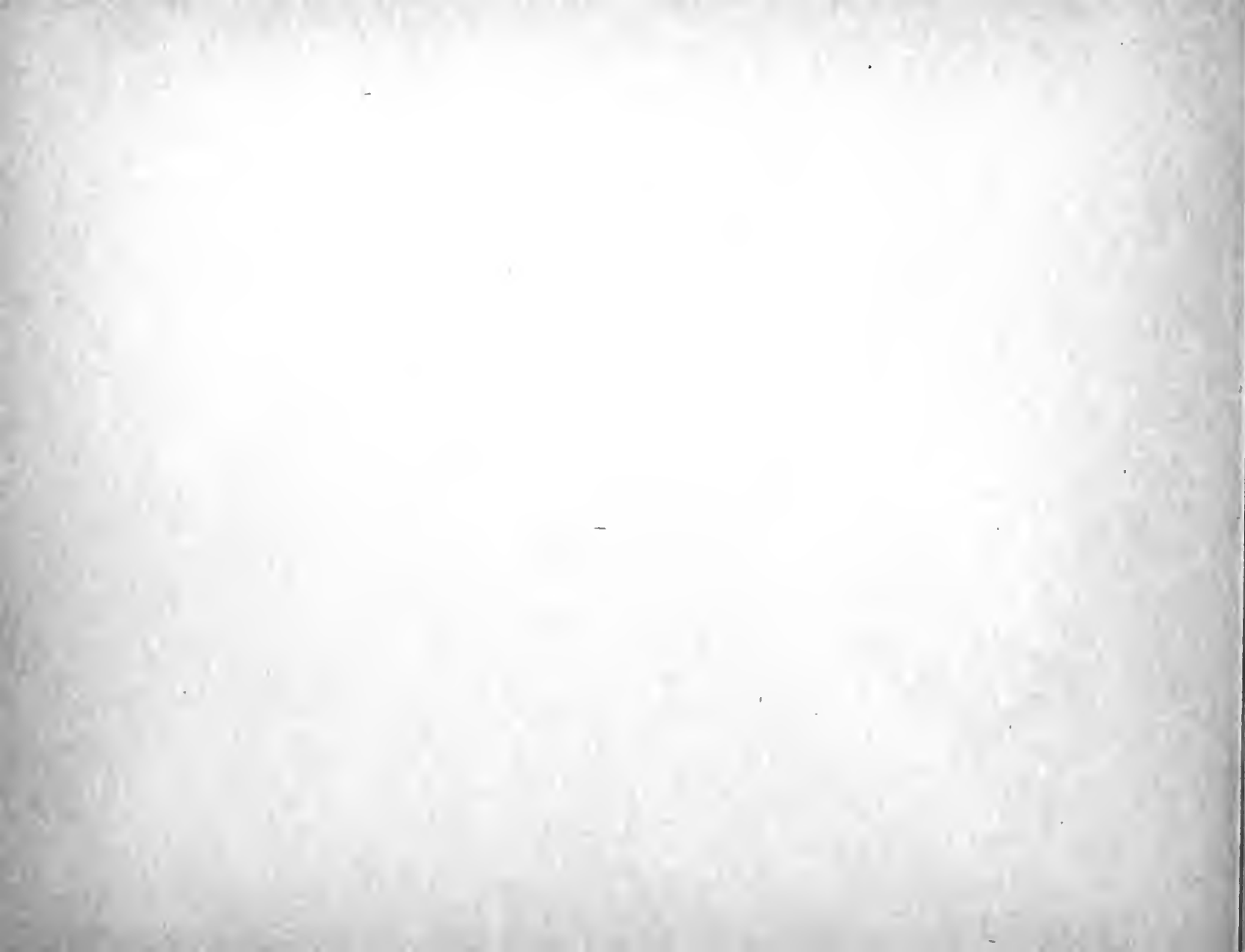
APV  
Bowen

Bowen



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/bowenfamily1814100bowe>



# THE BOWEN FAMILY

1814---1914



## BOWEN CENTENNIAL

Held at the Old Farm, October First, Nineteen Fourteen



Edited and Published by

THE BOWEN CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION

S. C. BOWEN, President  
LYNN, INDIANA

MERL CHENOWETH, Secretary  
WINCHESTER, INDIANA

55078A



To the memory of Ephraim Bowen and his wife Hannah, who, one hundred years ago today, braved the dangers of the wilderness and settled on the "Old Farm", we lovingly dedicate this book.

October twenty-second nineteen hundred fourteen.





The "Old Trail" running back into the distance. In their "Shaker Wagon," Ephraim Bowen and family drove over this part of the trail soon after entering upon their own land.

A TALE OF THE AIRLY DAYS.

(By James Whitcomb Riley.)

Oh! tell me a tale of the airy days—  
Of the times as they ust to be;  
"Piller of Fi-er" and "Shakespeare's Plays"  
Is a' most too deep fer me!  
I want plane facts, and I want plane words,  
Of the good old-fashioned ways,  
When speech run free as the songs of birds  
Way back in the airy days.

Tell me a tale of the timber-lands—  
Of the old-time pioneers;  
Somepin a pore man understands  
With his feelins 's well as ears.  
Tell of the old log house,—about  
The loft, and the puncheon flore—  
The old fi-er-place, with the crane swung out,  
And the latch-string through the door.

Tell of the things jest as they was—  
That don't need no excuse!—  
Don't tech 'em up like the poets does,  
Tel ther all too fine fer use!—

Say they was 'leven in the family—  
Two beds, and the chist, below,  
And the trundle-beds that each belt three,  
And the clock and the old bureau.

Then blow the horn at the old back-door  
Tel the echoes all halloo,  
And the children gethers home onc't more,  
Jest as they ust to do:  
Blow for Pap tel he hears and comes,  
With Tomps and Elias, too,  
A-marchin' home with the fife and drums  
And the old Red, White and Blue!

Blow and blow tel the sound draps low  
As the moan of the whippwill,  
And wake up Mother, and Ruth, and Jo,  
All sleepin' at Bethel Hill:  
Blow and call tel the faces all  
Shine out in the back-log's blaze,  
And the shadders dance on the old hewed wall  
As they did in the airy days.

## BIOGRAPHY OF EPHRAIM BOWEN.

Ephraim Bowen, Sr., was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, October 22d, 1709; emigrated to Mason County, Kentucky, married Hannah Hale in that State and came to Green County, Ohio, in 1795, seven years before Ohio became a member of the Union and from there moved to Randolph County, Indiana, arriving October 22d, 1814, the day he was forty-five years old. He was the fourth settler in the wilds of Randolph County. He brought six children with him, namely, Nancy, James C., Jane, Squire, Rebecca and Hannah. Rachel and Ephraim L. were born in this County, making eight in all.

Ephraim Bowen was a soldier in the War of 1812, and the County Historian states that he was an honest, upright, God-fearing man; considered "pretty well off" for those times.

The first settlement in Randolph County was made in April, 1814, by Thomas W. Parker, who located his cabin on the east side of the Old Boundary, just north of the Wayne County line. Mr. Parker says that during the summer John W. Thomas and Clarkson Willcutts settled farther north and on October 22d, Ephraim Bowen drove up to his father's door, and he went still farther up Nolan's Fork, and the farthest north of any. North and northwest of him was an endless wilderness, except a few soldiers at Fort Wayne and Fort Dearborn, Green Bay and Mackinaw.

### FIRST RELIGIOUS MEETING IN RANDOLPH COUNTY.

Squire Bowen says the first religious meeting was held in Ephraim Bowen's cabin, probably in 1815, and that Stephen Williams exhorted at that meeting. The first sermon was preached also in Ephraim Bowen's cabin by Rev. Mr. Holman of Louisville, Ky. Text from Isaiah, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why, then, is the hurt of the daughter of my people not recovered?"

James C. Bowen and others who heard that sermon spoke highly of this first effort by that gifted servant of Christ in his introduction of the gospel message into this new land.

Ephraim Bowen's dwelling was long a place for the Methodist meetings of that region. It is said that when Ephraim Bowen completed his cabin the first article taken therein was the Holy Bible.

The third marriage license issued in Randolph County was to Samuel Frazier and Mary Cook, dated June 21, 1819. The marriage was performed by Ephraim Bowen, Justice of the Peace, August 3, 1819, six weeks after the license was issued.

## THE QUAKER TRACE

In the year of 1882 Ebenezer Tucker, an intelligent, broad minded educator, wrote a History of Randolph County and in the collecting of data he frequently called upon James C. Bowen, Squire Bowen and Ephraim L. Bowen, who told to him the stories as recorded on the following pages.

The first road opened through Randolph County was the "Quaker Trace," opened in 1817, and running from Richmond through Arba, Spartanburg and on north to Fort Wayne.

Squire Bowen says: "The 'Quaker Trace' was begun in 1817. James Clark and twenty-five or thirty others took three wagons with provisions and a surveyor with his compass and chain and measured the distances, blazed trees and marked mile trees, cut-

ting out the road wide enough for a wagon to pass. They wound around ponds and big logs and trees and quagmires, forded the Mississinewa and the Wabash, and so on to Fort Wayne. James C. Bowen went as one of the company twenty-five miles to beyond the Mississinewa Crossing, till one wagon load had been used up. That team returned and James came back with them. The route passed through Arba, Spartanburg, Bartonina, South Salem, through Mount Holly, through Allensville, crossing the Mississinewa just north of that place, through North Salem and crossing the Wabash at Jay City, Jay County, near Corydon. There was but one house between what is now Chas. Comer's, one mile north of Spartanburg and Fort Wayne, viz., at Thompson's Prairie, eight miles north of the Wabash.

## STORY AS TOLD BY JAMES C. BOWEN

---

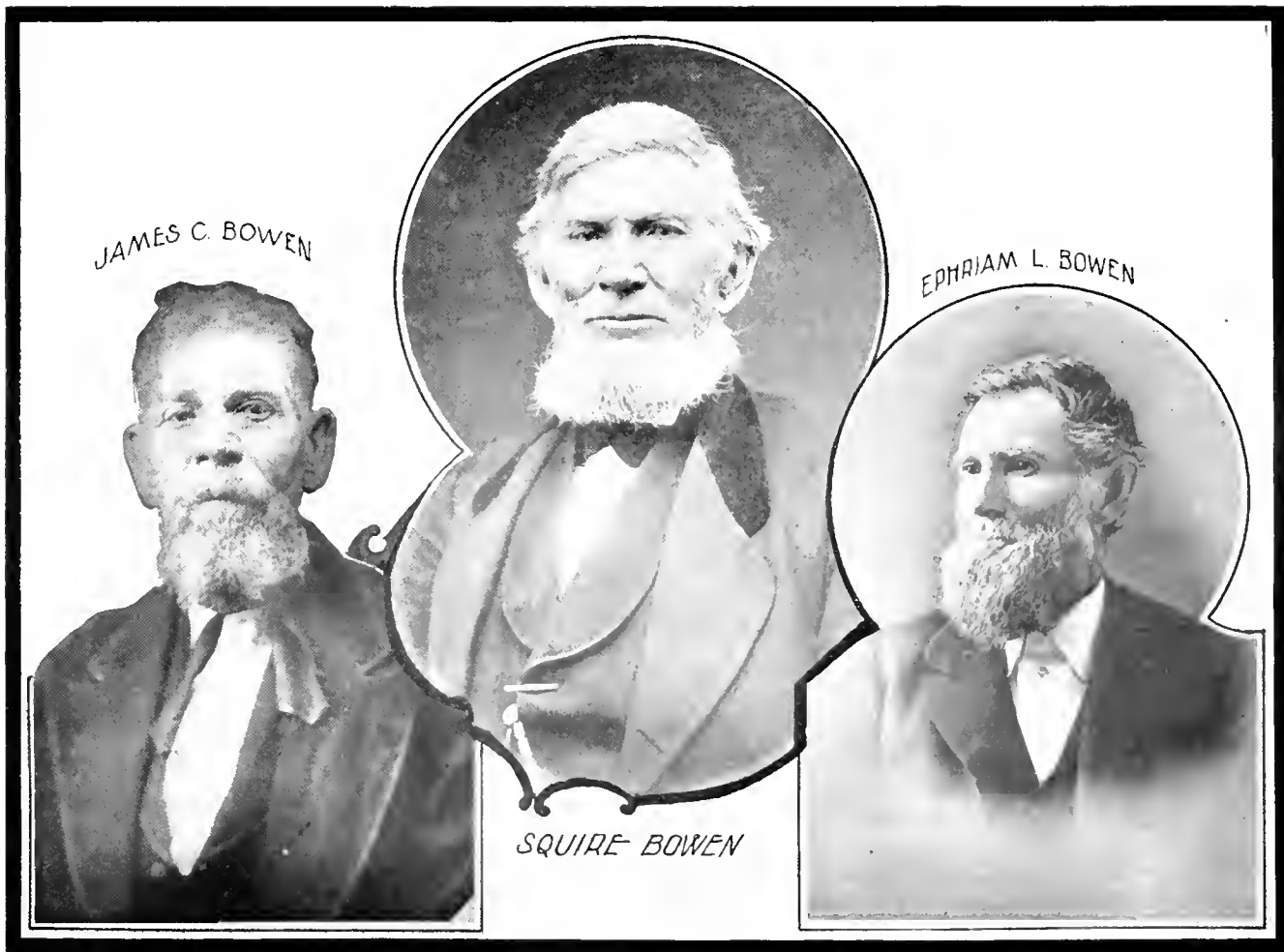
"Hunting was splendid and game plenty in the woods. Deer, bears, turkeys and wolves were abundant.

"We used to go to mill to Newport to George Sugart's mill, but oftener to White Water to Jere Cox's mill. Sugart had a little 'corn cracker' run by water power. The buhr went around no oftener than the wheel did. Sugart would throw in a bushel of corn and go out and swingel flax, etc., for an hour or two and then go in and attend to his grist again. Awful slow! One day a hound came in and began licking up the meal as it came in spurts from the spout. It did not come fast enough for him and he would look up with a pitiful howl, and then lick for more meal! We boys would go fourteen miles to mill on horseback. Sometimes we would go with a wagon and take a load, and then it would take two days. Often the settlers had to go over to the Big Miami for provisions. Sometimes two men would join teams and go with four horses and bring a big load. Once I went with Clark Wileutts' son and we boys went on horesback to a mill four miles

east of Richmond, to get a grist of corn. We each got a sack of corn, took it to Cox's mill, got it ground and took the meal home. It was twenty miles and took us two days.

"Pork was \$1.50 a hundred net, and sometimes \$1.00 or even less than that. As late as 1835, when I was Justice, I rendered judgment on a debt, and the defendant said he had wheat at Jeremiah Cox's mill and he could not get twelve and one-half cents a bushel, in money, to pay the debt. At Newport, Jonathan Unthank sued David Bowles for \$5.00, balance on a store debt. Bowles was angry and declared he would never trade with Unthank any more. 'To think,' he said, 'that I have traded there so much and he must go and sue me for \$5.00!' Benjamin Thomas of Wayne County said he had as good wheat as ever grew and could not get twelve and one-half cents a bushel in money, to pay his taxes!

"In making 'Quaker Trace' I went about twenty-five miles beyond the Mississinewa River until one wagonload was gone and then returned with that team."



JAMES C. BOWEN

EPHRIAM L. BOWEN

SQUIRE BOWEN





HANNAH HARRISON



NANCY  
THOMPSON



JANE  
SMALL



RACHEL DAVIS

This space is left for the picture of  
Rebecca Semans. In case this pic-  
ture is found notify the Secretary,  
MERL CHENOWETH,  
Winchester, Ir d.

REBECCA SEMANS





View of the "Old Trail" leading from the spring and "Old Rock" toward the house. After leaving the wagon at the "Old Rock," Ephraim Bowen and wife must have walked over this part of the "Trail" on their way to the spot where they located their cabin.

## STORY AS TOLD BY SQUIRE BOWEN

---

"My brother James and myself first went to Fort Wayne with a four-horse team in 1820. James himself had been the trip a year or so before that. We took our feed along for the whole trip as there was but one house from one mile north of Spartanburg to Fort Wayne, viz., at Thompson's Prairie, eight miles north of the Wabash River. At Black Swamp we had to wade half-leg to knee deep walking to drive—we always had to do that. After that first trip we always took oxen, generally three yoke for a team. No feed was needed for the oxen, for they could be turned out to pick their living. Our load was commonly about 2,500 pounds by bacon, flour, etc. Bacon would be 10 to 12 cents a pound, and flour \$7.00 to \$8.00 a barrel. The trip would take about two weeks, and we expected to make about \$40.00 a trip. It would take eight days to go, three days in Fort Wayne and four days to return. Once an ox team came through in three days, which was the quickest trip ever made. We would unyoke our oxen, 'hobble' them, put a bell upon one of them and turn them out. For ourselves, we would build a fire by a log, cook supper, throw down an old bed on the leaves under a tent stretched before the fire and lie down and sleep as sound as a nut. We would start early, drive till 9 o'clock and get breakfast, and let the oxen eat again. From two to six teams would go in a company. Sometimes the teams would get 'stuck' but not often. If so we would unhitch the 'lead' yoke from another team, hitch on in front and pull the load through. Once only I had to unload. I got fast in

the quicksands in crossing the Mississinewa. We got a horse from a settler, Phillip Storms, carried the flour to the bank of the river on his back, hitched the oxen to the hind end and pulled the wagon out backward.

"The first religious meeting was held in father's cabin and the sermon was a good Gospel sermon, and was food to the hungry souls longing to be fed in the wilderness. We used to go to meeting to Dwiggin's near Newport, and they would come up to our house. The Methodist meeting house near Dwiggin's was warmed thus: They had a box nearly filled with dirt, standing in the middle of the floor, and would make a fire with charcoal in the box. That house never had a stove in it, but was warmed in that way as long as it stood, fifteen or twenty years. They would have a rail pen near the church to hold the coal and carry it in as it might be needed. Mrs. Bowen says she has carried many a basket of coal to replenish the fire. The first meeting house was at Arba, built by the Friends in 1815, and used for church and schoolhouse both; I went to school there four or five years. Afterward they built a hewed log church and had a stove in it.

"We would catch wolves in a wolf-pen. We could pay our taxes with the "scalps." A wolf-pen was made, say six feet long and four feet wide and two feet high, of poles for bottom, sides and top, the size of your arm. The top was made like a 'lid,' withed down to the pen at one end and so as to lift up at the other. The 'lid' would be 'set' with a trap so as to fall and catch the wolf and fasten him into

the pen. The bait would be deer meat. To kill the wolf, take a hickory switch and make it limber by 'withing' it, i. e., twisting it limber. Make a noose and slip it through the pen and around the wolf's neck, and lift him against the top of the pen and choke him to death. If the wolf were shot and bled in the pen no more wolves would come into it. One big wolf father undertook to choke, but the dogs wished to much to get in at him that we let them in, but the wolf fought them terribly and whipped the dogs out, till father put an end to the battle by choking him in dead earnest. We moved into the thick, green woods. We would cut out the trees a foot and under, grub the undergrowth, pile and burn the logs, girdle the big trees and kill them by burning brush piles around them.

"The last time I went to Fort Wayne was in 1820. Several tribes drew their payments there for years after Fort Wayne was laid out as a town. The Indians around here were Shawnees. They would trap in April and May and then go back to their towns. The squaws would plant and raise the corn and dress the skins. The men did the hunting and the women did the work. At one time at Fort Wayne, thirteen Indians were killed during one payment in drunken fights.

"Plenty of wild plums and grapes and some blackberries were to be found. The plums and grapes grew on the banks of the creeks and along the edges of the wet prairies. There were different sorts, red and purple, small and round, but very sweet and good, better than most tame plums. Some grapes were fall grapes and some winter grapes. The blackberries grew on the 'windfalls.' There was one near Spartanburg. There were crab-apples, but too sour

to use, and papaws, but no one would eat them. The woods were full of weeds of many kinds, and of pea-vines, and horses and cattle lived well on them. Some places had been burned over and the woods in those spots were open like a big orchard.

"I knew Johnny Cornstalk, the Shawnee chief. My mother-in-law once made him an overcoat. He was a large, portly, fine looking, genteel Indian, straight as an arrow. He once came with his wife to my father's on horseback, to tell him that they had found a bee-tree in his woods. They rode up, Cornstalk dismounted, but his wife sat still upon her horse tall, straight and lady-like, genteel, dressed richly in Indian fashion with a beautiful side-saddle and bridle and a fine pony. Mother said 'Won't you light?' Spry as a cat she sprang off and they went into the house. She was waiting for an invitation. They were a stately, elegant looking couple. Cornstalk told father of the bee-tree and father went and cut the tree down and gathered the honey and gave Cornstalk half. They were then "camping" near James Jackson's, now Thomas Taylor's place. I knew Chief Richardville five miles above Fort Wayne, on St. Mary's River. He was a Miami chief, had a large brick house and was rich. His daughters dressed Indian fashion, but very grand and stylish. He was a good, honest, genteel, friendly man and much respected, both by the Indians and white men. We made bricks one season at Fort Wayne and saw him often.

"In plowing, when father first moved, we used a bar-share plow and a wooden mold-board. I could tell tales by the hour of those old times, but it is not worth the while to print so much of an old man's gossip."

Ephriam and Hannah Bowen lie buried side by side in the beautiful cemetery at Spartanburg, near the "Quaker Trace" which they helped to establish. Their graves are marked by stone slabs and bear the following inscriptions:

EPHRIAM BOWEN  
Died August 20, 1858  
Age 88 Y. 9 M. 29 Da.

Remember, friends, as you pass by,  
As you are now so once was I;  
As I am now so you must be—  
Prepare for death and follow me.

HANNAH HALE BOWEN  
Died September 1st, 1844  
Age 67 Years.

The verse on grandfather's stone was put there, we are told, at his request.

Nancy Thompson is buried at White Water, Wayne County, Indiana.

James C. Bowen is buried at Arba, Randolph County, Indiana.

Jane Small is buried at Redfield, Dallas County, Iowa.

Squire Bowen is buried at Spartanburg, Randolph County, Indiana.

Rebecca Semans is buried near Gilead, Miami County, Indiana.

Hannah Harrison is buried at Hollansburg Darke County, Ohio.

Rachel Davis is buried at New Enterprise, Wabash County, Indiana.

Ephriam L. Bowen is buried at Spartanburg, Randolph County, Indiana.

EPHRAIM BOWEN'S LAST WILL.  
(Spelling, etc., as found in the original document.)

I Ephraim Bowen Senr. of Randolph County in the State of Indiana do make and publish this my last will and testament hereby revoking and making void all former wills by me at any time heretofore made.

First I direct that my body be decently enterea and that my funeral be conducted in a manner corresponding with my estate and situation in life and as to such worldly estate as it has pleased God to intrust me with I dispose of the Same in the following manner to wit:

I direct first that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid as soon after my decease as possible out of the first money that shall come to the hands of my Executors from any portion of my Estate. I also direct that my wearing apparel be given to my three Sons, Share and Share alike but Shall not be entitled to receive any further Share of my said estate. I also direct that my Estate be equally divided between my four living Daughters after one fifth of said estate be given to the living heirs, of my Deceased Daughter Rebecca and my Bereau Bed and Bedding be given to my Daughter

Rachel. I also order and direct that the bond held by me against my Son Squire for my peaceable possession of the East half of the North East quarter of Section twenty-eight in Township Sixteen of Range one west be given up to my said Son Squire Bowen without any emuniration what ever. And I hereby make and ordain my Son Ephraim L. Bowen & Son in law James Harrison Executors, of this, my last will and testament in witness whereof I Ephraim Bowen Senr. the testator have hereunto set my hand and Seal this the first day of April A. D. 1857.

EPHRAIM BOWEN,  
Senr. (Seal)

Signed, Sealed published and declaired by the above named Ephraim Bowen Senr. as his last will and testament in the presence of us who have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses thereto in the presence of the said testator in the presence of each other.

JAMES C. BOWEN  
SQUIRE BOWEN.















The gentleman on the right with the broad smile is S. C. Bowen, Sr., president of the Bowen Centennial Association; the lady on his right is Celestina Flatter; the gentleman with the paper in his hand is Ephriam Hale Bowen, permanent chairman; the lady to his right is Emma Humphreys; the next four gentlemen are Ephriam L. Semans, Lewis C. Bowen, Benjamin F. Bowen, and James R. Bowen; the lady at the spinning wheel is Hannah Wise.

These and seven others whose pictures do not show, were the grandchildren of Ephriam Bowen present at the Centennial.



Mr. Chairman, in the name of this Great Family, we present to you this gavel.

## THE BOWEN CENTENNIAL

- - - - -

Charles E. Bowen, after coming into possession of the old farm, began to plan for the holding of the Bowen Centennial in 1914 and often spoke to members of the Bowen family regarding such plans. On the tenth day of June, 1910, he was summoned to the Great Beyond. His untimely death deprived us not only of his plans and assistance in carrying them to a completion, but it removed from our midst another honest, upright and useful member of this great family.

On Decoration Day, in the year 1913, a number of the members of the Bowen family met at Spartanburg and perfected an organization known as the Bowen Centennial Association, the purpose of which should be the formulating and carrying into effect of plans for the Bowen Centennial. S. C. Bowen, Sr., was selected president of the Association, and Merl Chenoweth secretary-treasurer. The following persons were selected that day or at a later date to act as secretaries of the various branches of the family:

FAMILY.	SECRETARY.
Nancy Thompson	-- Jno. W. Turner, Whitewater, Ind. Albert Harris, Union City, Ind.
James C. Bowen	---- Mrs. Ella Bowers, Winchester, Ind.
Jane Small	----- Dr. T. W. Morgan, Crete, Ind.
Rebecca Semans	--- Rev. E. L. Semans, Warsaw, Ind. Mrs. Myrtle Barnes, Winchester, Ind.
Hannah Harrison	-- Albert Chenoweth, Glen Karn, Ohio. Orla Harrison, Columbus, Ohio.
Squire Bowen	---- John C. Bunch, Crete, Ind. Chris E. Chenoweth, Crete, Ind.
Rachel Davis	----- Jane Ivens, Roann, Ind.
Ephriam L. Bowen	Harry J. Wise, Lynn, Ind.

The greatest task now confronting the Association was to secure the names and addresses of all members of the family, and although several hundred letters and cards were sent out, yet there were some who did not receive invitations to the Centennial. Seven states were represented at the reunion and letters received from North Dakota, Texas, Kansas, Tennessee, Washington, California, Michigan and other states show how widely this people are scattered.

October first was the date selected for holding the meeting and the day was an ideal one. Carriages and automobiles began to arrive early, old friends and acquaintances exchanged greetings and everyone felt that it was good to be there.

Family headquarters were established for each of the eight branches and as each member registered a card bearing the name of the family and the name and address of the party registered was attached to the lapel of the coat or worn in some conspicuous place where the name could be easily read. Each of the eight families were given a different colored card. All of those wearing green cards were descendants of Hannah Harrison, those wearing orange colored cards were descendants of Jane Small, etc. All of the eight colors were represented. Samantha J. Ivens, of Roann, Ind., wore the only white card, the color representing the Rachel Davis family.

Places of special interest on the Old Farm were marked with cards explaining same. The family tree with nearly thirteen hundred names was

placed where all could see and many corrections were made during the day.

When the noon hour arrived three long tables swayed under their load of good things to eat, all of which looked inviting to those whose appetites had been whetted by the October breezes which rustled the leaves of this odd, old forest, the home of our beloved ancestors.

Immediately after the noon hour all members of the family, and those who had married into the family, collected at a point in sight of the old trail, the spring, the sugar camp and the historic old rock and a fine picture of the group was taken.

S. C. Bowen, President of the Bowen Centennial Association, then called the meeting to order. The congregation sang "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," after which Rev. E. L. Semans offered prayer.

The President, S. C. Bowen, then greeted the family as follows:

"One hundred years ago Ephraim Bowen came to this country and settled on this farm. The farm passed from him to his son, Squire Bowen, from Squire Bowen to his son, James D. Bowen, from James D. Bowen to his son, Charles Bowen, who originated the idea of this Centennial, and finally it became the property of the latter's widow and two sons who own it at the present time. Charles Bowen did not live to see the completion of the work he had started. We have carried out his plans as best we could and are delighted to see so many present.

One hundred years ago this month Ephraim

Bowen and his wife, Hannah Hale Bowen, came to this country. They were the fourth family to settle in Randolph County. They came down the old trail over yonder to your right, past the spring and the rock where it is said our great grandmother sat and ground her snuff, using this old snuff box which I hold in my hand. They came in around to the cornfield on your left and there they built a little log cabin just east of where the house now stands. There they began the battle of life in this country. You who are old enough to remember the trees we used to have in this country have some idea of the work it took to clear a spot for their wilderness home and enough ground to raise the crops necessary for their own food.

I can not tell you all that happened in those times but I can remember much that happened, for I was fourteen years old when my Grandfather Ephraim died. There are others here today who know more than I can know about those early days, so we will pass on to the next number on our program.

We are now ready for the report of the Nominating Committee.

Dr. F. B. Morgan, of Huntington, Indiana, chairman of the Nominating Committee, addressed the Chair as follows:

Mr. President, we, the Nominating Committee, beg leave to submit the following report:

For Permanent Chairman, Ephraim Hale Bowen.

For Secretary, Merl Chenoweth, and any representatives of the Press who may be present.

Official Stenographer, Ernest Mikesell.

Mr. President, I move you the adoption of the report.

Motion was seconded and report adopted as read.

The President then introduced the Permanent Chairman as the oldest living Bowen today.

The Secretary, Merl Chenoweth, then addressed the meeting as follows:

Before the Permanent Chairman assumes the duties of his office I wish to say that seventy-nine years ago there was born to Squire Bowen and wife, a son, of whom they were so proud that they gave to him all of the family name on both sides of his distinguished grandparents' house, viz.: Ephraim Hale Bowen. This son grew to manhood on this farm and today you have conferred upon him the honor of presiding over this meeting. That he might have a souvenir of this memorable occasion we have taken a limb from the old pear tree south of the house, which tree must have been planted by his grandfather Ephraim, and which, from all indications, will die this Centennial Year, and from this limb and a walnut rail found near the spot where his father and mother began house-keeping, we have made for him a gavel. Work was done on this gavel by one or more members of each of the eight great families originating with our common ancestor. Mr. Chairman, in the name of this great family, we present to you this gavel; and this, another gavel with the same historical setting, the family presents to you, S. C. Bowen, President of the Bowen Centennial Association.

Remarks by the Chairman, Ephraim Hale Bowen:

Friends—We are glad to meet you all again and in the name of Mrs. Charles Bowen and her two sons we welcome you back to the old farm, here to mingle with one another as in days gone by. May the day be a pleasant one and may you return to your homes at the close of this day with a feeling that it was good to be here.

Here are a few old relics which we wish you to see. This is the old snuff box which Grandmother Hale used one hundred years ago when she sat on that old rock yonder and ground her snuff while her daughter, my grandmother, and my grandfather sought a location for their cabin. This is grandfather's old ax. Grandfather always used this ax when hunting deer.

When he killed a deer he would cut it into quarters and hang them in the trees until he could get a horse and take the meat home. Venison was the meat they used most.

Grandmother would say, "Old man, we are about out of meat," then grandfather would take his gun, which he called Weather's Leg, and start out in pursuit of deer. He never had to go far off of this quarter section to find the deer.

I slipped this old ax out of the house one Sunday morning and chopped down an old rotten peach tree with it. He gave me a whipping for this, so I remember it very distinctly.

I could tell you a lot about the witches which Grandfather told me about. Just get me at it and I could tell stories of witches all day, but we haven't time for that.



Grandfather was honest in his belief of the witches. He used to tell me how they were tried and condemned in Pennsylvania.

I want to give you now the deed and will of our grandfather. The deed was a grant from the government; but I believe I will tell you one witch story, just as Grandfather used to tell it to us.

In the neighborhood where Grandfather lived there was an old lady who lived right across the fields from his home. In those days witches were always old ladies, never men. One day a young neighbor girl was out riding and she met this old witch, but no one knew at that time that she was a witch. The old witch stopped her and took her hand and told her how good she was. When the girl got home she took sick for she was bewitched. They had a terrible time with the girl, for she could see the witch while the rest of them could not. She would vomit up pins in strings like fish-hooks. I do not know how this happened, but it must have been true, for Grandfather saw that himself. This went on for a long time until they finally heard of a man who was a conjurer and who had power over the witches. They took the girl to him and he said he could do anything with a witch; could either put out her eyes, take a limb or kill her. They said "kill her." So he instructed them to leave the girl, go home and tell everyone the witch was going to die in nine days, also saying he would show her illness beginning with a corn. In a few days one of the granddaughters of the witch came in and said, "Grannie isn't feeling very well. She has a bad corn and it is bothering her

very much." The corn kept on growing until in nine days the woman was dead.

The next thing was to bury the witch. Arrangements were made for her burial, so they put her in a wagon and started for the cemetery. On the way they had to pass the house where the witch formerly lived. When they got in front of the house the team, which had always been faithful, stopped. With all of the swearing and whipping they could not get them to start for some time. Two of the wheels on the opposite side commenced to rise, the men finally pulled them down, drove the witches away and started on. They put the witch in the grave, puled stones on her, and taking a drink departed.

The Chairman then announced the next number on the program, a talk by Mrs. Elizabeth Newburn, who spoke as follows:

#### TALK BY MRS. ELIZABETH NEWBURN.

Friends—This is the greatest pleasure I have had for many days, standing her before you talking about the Bowen family.

I think my mother and father would have enjoyed this reunion had they been here today.

My mother—Hannah Harrison—during her last days with us recalled very clearly the incidents of her early life and her mind went back to the time when she was a little girl and went with her older brothers to Fort Wayne when they went there to burn brick. She told me many incidents that happened while they were there. They moved into a log cabin where the Indians lived. She told me

that one day when she was alone that some Indians came into the room where she was and wanted some water to drink and when they got it they left. She was very much frightened, as I am now.

The Indians often got drunk but seldom disturbed them.

Grandfather would often tell witch stories by the hour. They really believed the witch stories that they told. Grandfather called me his "Little Red Bird."

I am glad to be here today to do honor to my grandparents.

An old spinning wheel was then brought out and Mrs. Hannah Wise gave a fine exhibition of how they used to spin flax. Her picture may be seen sitting at the wheel.

Under the leadership of Ernest Barnes the congregation then sang "Home, Sweet Home," with a feeling inspired by memories of bygone days.

Albert Harris exhibited an old Bible which he remembers of having seen Grandfather Bowen use many times when visiting at their home. Grandfather Bowen left this Bible out in the yard and a rain came up which watersoaked the leaves and caused the back to come off. Mr. Harris says: "I remember Grandfather Bowen pretty well. As I remember him he was short and stout and wore a small beard. He was of Welsh descent. When we lived on the Moore farm near Crete we used to come down here often and Grandfather and I would race as far as the bridge, rest awhile and then race on to the gravel pit. He always let me beat him in the races we ran just to hear me laugh. I remem-

ber the old dun horse he used to drive and I remember Grandfather's funeral. These things happened many years ago, but I think I shall never forget them.

The chairman then called Orla E. Harrison to the platform, who spoke as follows:

"I am glad to be with you today. I rejoice that the descendants of Ephriam and Hannah Bowen have returned to this old farm and that we can pay this tribute of respect to the memory of this God-fearing couple. They were among those early pioneers who came out into the West, blazing their way through the forest. They helped to mark out the pathway of civilization, over which humanity is now marching. No tongue can describe the hardships they suffered. No pen can portray the privations they endured, nor the fortitude they possessed.

Here in this beautiful spot they built their home. The sound of the woodman's ax and the smoke from the cabin home proclaimed the founding of this great family gathered here today.

Let us appreciate their courage, their valor and their good Christian charity. May their spirit animate us today and may their deeds written upon the imperishable tablets of love be an inspiration to all of us in our life work, and may their memory bind this great family together in friendship and affection.

The congregation then sang "America," after which Elder Semans offered the following remarks:

I want to say that I am very much pleased to be with you today and feel it a great honor to be

a descendant of Ephraim and Hannah Hale Bowen. I feel proud of such ancestors, who had the courage to come to this country and settle and begin the nucleus of a home and family which today are found in all parts of the United States.

This family has been very prolific and almost every descendant has had a family, some of them very large ones. There were fourteen in my family and I am the only one living today. I feel a little lonely when I think of this.

I was born on the Hiram Hill farm and when father wanted more land he sold that farm to Mr. Hill and moved to Miami County, where he purchased four hundred acres of land upon which we lived six or seven years.

Mother died and lies buried out there. The cemetery has since run down and mother's grave could not be found and her grave is unmarked today.

After that we moved back to Randolph County. I lived here until 1861, then joined the army and served four and one-half years. Afterward I became a preacher and am still a preacher, although on the retired list.

Ernest Mikesell, the official stenographer, during the day collected the following stories from those who had heard them told by these early settlers:

Story of Grandfather Ephraim Bowen, told by Columbus Bowen:

"I was seated by the fire one evening and my

wife was getting supper and she came past where I was sitting and stopped and says, 'Old man, what are we going to do for meat. This is the last morsel we have in the house.' I said, 'I guess I will have to go out and kill a deer.' She says, 'You can't kill a deer now with the leaves all so dry.'

"Well, I went to bed and I laid awake thinking how I might find a deer and I remembered of having often seen a large deer just west a little ways from our home, but could never get a shot at him. So next morning I took old Weather's Leg—that was my gun and I went along through the dry leaves, and stopped and listened and then went forward again and stopped and listened and then advanced until after a while I heard the leaves rattle on the opposite side of the ridge and I stood still. He kept on coming toward me until after a while I could see a pair of horns above the ridge and I could hear my heart thump.

"Well, it kept on coming over the ridge until it was right before me and then it stopped and raised its head and I drewed for the sticking place. At the crack of the gun he bounded away and I thought to myself, 'Is it possible I have missed so good a chance to get a deer.' I advanced to the place where he was standing and looked at the place and saw some hair. I said, 'Old fellow, you have got it and that pretty bad, too.' I turned in the direction he went and at every jump he made I saw the blood had gushed out each way.

"I went a few steps over the ridge and there I saw him laying dead enough. I quartered him and hung him up on the branches. I went home, got the horse and sled and hauled him in and we had plenty of meat."

Story by Celestina B. Flatter:

"When my father, James C. Bowen, was thirteen years old, soon after they settled here, he rose early one Sunday morning. It was a very bright sunny morning and there was frost on the ground. He slipped the gun out of the house and slipped down toward the place where the old Katy Davis cabin was built. He was not there long until he saw a large deer.

"He wistled at it and it looked up at him and he shot and killed it. Then the trouble was to get it home. He slipped home and awakened his oldest sister while the rest of the family was still asleep. They ran down to where the deer lay and dragged it to the house. When they got the deer to the house they awakened the rest of the family and had quite a surprise on them."

Story by Carrie Chenoweth:

"When Ephraim and Hannah Hale Bowen first came to this country during the first year they just went out and gathered the corn in baskets and then pitched it up in the loft where it was kept until they took it to mill.

"One day my father (Squire Bowen) and his sister were in the field (it is now in corn), when all at once they both fell down and when they tried to get up they fell again. They got to laughing about it and wondering why they could not stand up. They finally got up and started for the house and their mother came to meet them. When she came up to them she said, 'Children, there has been a great earthquake and it shook all the dishes in

the cupboard and the loom just batted together and the whole house shook.' Afterwards they heard that it had happened away down in South America, and then they knew why they could not stand up in the field."

Story as told by S. C. Bowen, Lynn, Ind.:

"My father, Squire Bowen, was nine years old when the family moved to Randolph County and he often told to me the following story:

"When our family lived in Green County, Ohio, father owned an eighty-acre farm. He wanted to sell it and move to Randolph County, Indiana. My mother objected to taking the family of six children away from the schools and society into the wilderness and for this reason would not let father sell the farm.

"The children were anxious to move and besought mother continually to let him sell the farm and said, 'Mammy, do let him sell the farm. Oh, mamma, do let him go, do let him go,' until she finally gave up and consented to let him sell the farm and move.

"After we came here and began the clearing during the winter and spring days we were so lonely with no children to be with except ourselves that we began to complain to mother about the lonesome condition and loneliness of this wilderness and then she would recite our word, 'Oh, mammy, do let him sell the farm. Do let him go.'

"I would often go on a Sunday morning into the clearing and sit on a log with my face toward our old home and long to be with my former playmates, listening to the birds singing; the song of

the swamp robin was the most lonely note that I heard, and is now.

"My father went back to our old home to look after some business and brought our old pet dog home with him. Awhile he seemed content, but soon began to howl piteously of evenings, looking in the direction from which he came. This added to the loneliness of the situation and we children could hardly refrain from crying and then mother would say to us, 'Mammy, do let him sell the farm. Oh! mamma, do let him go; do let him go.' Soon the dog was missing. He went back home and we never saw him again.

"Father said, 'When returning from the old home on horseback one day Captain, the dog, was

following me and when we came to the Miami river he looked up at me piteously. I reached down my hand and he reached up his paw. I lifted him to the saddle in front of me and forded the river, when Captain jumped down cheerfully and continued to follow me to our new home, but he got lonesome and went back.'

"I asked him how Captain crossed the Miami river on his way back. His reply was, 'Reckon he swam.'

"As a small boy I was much interested in this and many other stories as told by these good people. However, they may not interest others as they did me."

As the shadows of this stately forest lengthened across the old trail on this memorable day, a feeling of sadness touched us. Each in his own heart regretted that some absent friend was deprived of the pleasures of the day, or with an undying love called to memory the face and form of a departed one. Impressed with the incompleteness of this or any other earthly reunion, the children of Ephraim and Hannah Hale Bowen, with a feeling of reverence and respect, sang the closing song, "God be With You 'Till We Meet Again."

DESCENDANTS OF NANCY THOMPSON PRESENT  
AT CENTENNIAL.

A. J. Harris ..... Union City, Ind.  
 Mary Frazier ..... Union City, Ind.  
 Minnie Jackson ..... Cincinnati, Ohio  
 Ava Marie Frazier..... Union City, Ind.  
 Esther Smith ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Harry S. Harris..... Winchester, Ind.

DESCENDANTS OF JAMES C. BOWEN PRESENT  
AT CENTENNIAL.

Lewis C. Bowen ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Celestina Flatter ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 J. Luther Flatter ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Ernest F. Flatter ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Bert W. Bowen ..... Lynn, Ind.  
 Elma Bowers ..... Winchester, Ind.  
 C. G. Bowen ..... Lynn, Ind.  
 Neina Cummings ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Benjamin F. Bowen ..... Lynn, Ind.  
 Sarah E. Harris ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Ada G. Hamilton ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Olive Spade ..... Portland, Ind.  
 Maude Spade Tormohlen ..... Portland, Ind.  
 Donald B. Shaw..... Lynn, Ind.  
 Ruth Flatter ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Eva Warfel ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Elsie Christman ..... Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Charles Christman ..... Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Josie Shaw ..... Lynn, Ind.  
 Ina Sharp ..... Richmond, Ind.  
 Elizabeth B. Sharp..... Richmond, Ind.  
 Fred G. Bowen..... Lynn, Ind.  
 David Benjamin Bowen..... Lynn, Ind.

Hylma Harold ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Lois Harold ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Orville Bowen ..... Lynn, Ind.  
 Harry E. Bowen ..... Kokomo, Ind.  
 Bruce H. Bowen ..... Kokomo, Ind.  
 Rosa Dowden ..... Muncie, Ind.  
 Minnie Buckingham ..... Lynn, Ind.  
 Henry W. Bowen ..... Lynn, Ind.  
 Bertha Mercer ..... Fountain City, Ind.  
 Mary Holaday ..... Crete, Ind.  
 Ervan Holaday ..... Crete, Ind.  
 Grace Bowen ..... Crete, Ind.  
 George T. Bowen..... Crete, Ind.  
 James R. Bowen ..... Greenville, Ohio  
 Keith Bowen ..... Crete, Ind.  
 G. S. Bowen ..... Lynn, Ind.  
 Raymond M. Bowen ..... Lynn, Ind.  
 Harold Bowen ..... Lynn, Ind.

DESCENDANTS OF EPHRAIM L. BOWEN PRESENT  
AT CENTENNIAL.

Mtha Chenoweth ..... Winchester, Ind.  
 Opie Chenoweth ..... Winchester, Ind.  
 Elizabeth Marie Chenoweth..... Winchester, Ind.  
 Merrill Wise ..... Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Dana Wise ..... Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Leona Coleman ..... Winchester, Ind.  
 Henry Lahey ..... Winchester, Ind.  
 Harold Lahey ..... Winchester, Ind.  
 Elnora Lahey ..... Winchester, Ind.  
 Loyd Bowen Wise ..... Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Harry J. Wise ..... Lynn, Ind.  
 S. C. Bowen ..... Crete, Ind.  
 O. C. Bowen ..... Upland, Ind.

Effie L. Parks -----Upland, Ind.  
 Wm. O. Peele-----Upland, Ind.  
 Florence Oxley -----Farmland, Ind.  
 Rachel Oxley -----Farmland, Ind.  
 Orvam Oxley -----Farmland, Ind.  
 Iva Murrell -----Winchester, Ind.  
 Eugene Murrell -----Winchester, Ind.  
 Harry C. Wise-----Crete, Ind.  
 Ullie C. Wise -----Crete, Ind.  
 Hannah L. Wise-----Crete, Ind.  
 Blanche Wise -----Crete, Ind.  
 Emma Jackson -----Crete, Ind.  
 Hubert Jackson -----Crete, Ind.  
 Hattie Dowlar -----Union City, Ind.  
 Erville Jackson -----Crete, Ind.  
 Wendell Middleton -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Christina Middleton -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Ruth Middleton -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Freda Haisley -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Leta Chenoweth -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Onda Chenoweth -----Lynn, Ind.  
 John Chenoweth -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Bertha Chenoweth -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Hattie Hart -----Union City, Ind.  
 Harry Hart -----Union City, Ind.  
 Merl Hart -----Union City, Ind.  
 Robert Ross -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Stanford Ross -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Lizzie Hart -----Union City, Ind.  
 Ralph Hart -----Union City, Ind.  
 Pearl Hart -----Union City, Ind.  
 Florence Hart -----Union City, Ind.  
 Clara Bailey -----Union City, Ind.  
 Mabel E. Bailey -----Union City, Ind.  
 Olive Lahey -----Winchester, Ind.

Edna Lahey -----Winchester, Ind.  
 Roger Lahey -----Winchester, Ind.  
 Alice Lahey -----Winchester, Ind.  
 Chas. Lahey -----Winchester, Ind.  
 Howard Middleton -----Crete, Ind.  
 Marcus B. Wise-----Lynn, Ind.  
 Cecil Wise -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Ruth Wise -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Mary Wise -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Gertrude Wise -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Opal Wise -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Catharine Wise -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Florence Taylor -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Mervyn Taylor -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Squire Leslie Taylor -----Lynn, Ind.  
 Robert L. Middleton-----Crete, Ind.  
 Mary E. Middleton-----Crete, Ind.  
 Josie Bortner -----Richmond, Ind.  
 Maurice Bortner -----Richmond, Ind.  
 Dorothy Bortner -----Richmond, Ind.  
 Minnie Middleton -----Crete, Ind.  
 Elizabeth A. Wise -----Crete, Ind.  
 Mary Middleton -----Crete, Ind.

DESCENDANTS OF SQUIRE BOWEN PRESENT  
 AT CENTENNIAL.

Carrie Chenoweth -----Lynn, Ind.  
 George Chenoweth -----Winchester, Ind.  
 Merl Chenoweth -----Winchester, Ind.  
 Opie Chenoweth -----Winchester, Ind.  
 Elizabeth Marie Chenoweth-----Winchester, Ind.  
 Ed. Chenoweth -----Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Chris Chenoweth -----Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Dana Wise -----Spartanburg, Ind.

Ivy Wise ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Harry F. Bowen ----- Canon City, Colo.  
 Carl W. Bowen ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 James D. R. Bowen ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Carl Wm. Bowen ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Judith Bowen ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Philip Bowen ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Joseph Bowen ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Merrill Wise ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Lloyd Bowen Wise ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Nancy Thompson ----- Hollansburg, Ohio  
 Steve Thompson ----- Richvalley, Ind.  
 George E. Thompson ----- Hollansburg, Ohio  
 Emma Humphreys ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Minnie Alexander ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Mabel Humphreys ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Von Cleve Alexander ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Ephraim H. Bowen ----- Redkey, Ind.  
 W. S. Bowen ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Rachel Baird ----- Ft. Wayne, Ind.  
 Joseph Bowen ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Leonard Thompson ----- Hollansburg, Ohio  
 Faye Hodgkin ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 James Hart ----- Crete, Ind.  
 Ada Rust ----- Greenville, Ohio  
 Jean Rust ----- Greenville, Ohio  
 Opal Anderson ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Hellen Chenoweth ----- Winchester, Ind.  
 Mary Nicholas Chenoweth ----- Winchester, Ind.  
 Catherine Anderson ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Carl Edwin Anderson ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 J. W. Chenoweth ----- Winchester, Ind.  
 John C. Bunch ----- Crete, Ind.  
 James B. Chenoweth ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 May Chenoweth ----- Lynn, Ind.

Hilda Hutchens ----- Muncie, Ind.  
 Zella Hutchens ----- Muncie, Ind.  
 Clifford Hutchens ----- Muncie, Ind.  
 Lula Hutchens ----- Muncie, Ind.  
 Reeva Bunch ----- Crete, Ind.  
 Bernice Bunch ----- Crete, Ind.  
 John K. Bunch ----- Crete, Ind.  
 Felo Chenoweth ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Carrie Donhue ----- Crete, Ind.  
 Lina Hart ----- Crete, Ind.  
 Anna Donhue ----- Crete, Ind.  
 Gail Chenoweth ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Glen Chenoweth ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Leo Chenoweth ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Wm. H. Chenoweth ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Georgie Bowen ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Anna Bowen ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Lily Boren ----- Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Marvin Bowen ----- Spartanburg, Ind.  
 Ernest E. Chenoweth ----- Winchester, Ind.  
 Ernest F. Mikesell ----- Winchester, Ind.  
 Cecil Chenoweth ----- Winchester, Ind.  
 Frank Hale Bowen ----- Redkey, Ind.  
 Wynnette Strong ----- Redkey, Ind.  
 Belle Humphrey ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Onda Chenoweth ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Leta Chenoweth ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 John Chenoweth, Jr. ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Mary Humphrey ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Squire Humphrey ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Leroy Chenoweth ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Carrie Hodgkin ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 John Chenoweth ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Mayo Hodgkin ----- Lynn, Ind.  
 Squire G. Chenoweth ----- Hollansburg, Ohio















