

## **Scharenberg Family Ancestors by Edward H. Scharenberg**

### **Introduction**

This is a collection of individual histories of some of the descendants of Karl Von Scharenberg that I have gathered over the years. While most of this information comes from different family members, they do not always agree on exact dates, and sometimes the stories are slightly different; however they will give you some idea of the family's past.

You will notice that in the early days the family used the name Von Scharenberg. "Von" was a title bestowed by royalty on those who were usually related by birth or marriage to a member of the Royal Family, or to a faithful servant. There three provinces in Germany at the time of Karl's life, and each was controlled by separate members of the Royal Family. I have not been able to connect Karl by marriage to the Royal Family, however several family members have told me that he worked for the Royal Family as a barrister (lawyer) or a game keeper. Karl feared for his family during the German Revolution of 1848, that eventually ended the reign of the German kings. He emigrated to the United States with his family in the spring of 1852 and dropped the "Von" from the name at that time.

Enjoy, Eddie

### **Karl and Albertina (nee Eichler) Von Scharenberg**

Karl is the oldest member of the family that I have been able to trace. He was born in Germany in 1809 and died in Chicago, Ill in 1892. Karl was married to Albertina Eichler, who was born in Germany in 1811.

The following information was sent to me by Dorothy Itstok in 3/28/1986:

Karl Von Scharenberg was born in 1908 and lived for 83 years. He had 8 children: Edward, Julius, Herman, Amelia, Louisa, Charlotte, Hermine, and Jane. Karl was a barrister to the Crown and overseer of farms and extensive forests. With previous knowledge of unrest and discontent among the peasants, on the day they heard the church bells ringing they packed their household belongings in a farm wagon and hiding their children under the hay, they left the area, not wanting to be involved in the political troubles. They drove to the northern part of Germany but the boat they had intended to take had left. They had to camp there for several weeks. Some people they met got on a freighter and Karl made inquiries and was able to get his family on also. Crossing the Atlantic took 41 days, they had terrible weather and everyone was sick. Karl and Edward stayed on deck most the time. He had a great coat lined with fur to cover them. They and the crew were the only ones not sick. They landed at Quebec, Canada, and came down the St. Lawrence River to Buffalo, N.Y., and then to Blue Island, Ill. Edward was 13 years old and the year was 1853. It seems at one time I heard that Karl never worked after they came to the U.S., but that Albertine was an excellent tailor and managed. Edward's children, Julia and Stella, knew some of their aunts.

The following information was furnished by Charles Unbarger on 12/20/1986:

Karl Von Scharenberg was born in Germany in 1808. He was a gamekeeper for the German Monarchy in the Black Forest region of Germany. He was furnished a house, garden spot, hogs, chickens, and such as part of his wages. He married Albertine Eischler and they had eight children- some were born in Germany and some were born in the Chicago, Il area.

Their names were Edward, Herman, Charlotte, William, Amelia, Louisa, Jane and Hermine. Edward was the oldest and born in 1840.

Karl and Albertine became worried for their family in 1852 when there was an uprising to overthrow the Monarchy, they decided to emigrate to the U.S. Some friends had left earlier for Blue Island, Ill, and they decided that this was where they would go. They bundled up pillows, feather beds and whatever they could carry, and set out for the nearest German port. There were two steamships operating between Germany and the U.S. at that time, however both had left port the day before they arrived. Rather than wait another 30 days for the next steamer sailing, they left for the U.S. on a sailboat. During the crossing, Albertine and the smaller children stayed below deck. They encountered some terrible storms and most of them were sick for the entire trip. Karl had a long horsehide great coat and he and Edward stayed on deck, wrapping up in the coat and sleeping the deck at night. The crossing took 30 days. They arrived in Canada sometime in 1853 and traveled down the St. Lawrence River and through the Great Lakes to Chicago. They traveled overland from Chicago to Blue Island, Ill., where their friends, who had arrived earlier, had settled. They soon moved back to Chicago, where they spent the rest of their lives.

### **Edward Julius and Bertha (nee Milabach) Scharenberg**

Edward J. Scharenberg was born in New Strelitz, Germany, on July 24, 1840. He was the first child born to Karl and Albertina and immigrated to the United States with his family in 1852. They settled in Blue Island, Ill. For a short time and later moved to Chicago, Ill. Edward was sent at a young age to live with a family friend who had a farm near Saint Ann, Ill, where he helped with chores to earn his room and board. During the Civil War he enlisted in the U.S. Cavalry at the age of 21 and attained the rank of sergeant. Edward took part in 49 engagements and battles and was wounded in the Battle of Gettysburg when a rebel slashed his forehead with a saber. His horse was shot out from beneath him in the Battle of Winchester, where he was captured by Confederate soldiers and sent to a prison camp at Libbyville. When the Union Army was getting close to Libbyville, the camp was shut down and they were moved to Andersonville Prison Camp. The guards at Libbyville took all the boots of the prisoners (to keep them from running) and they were forced to march 98 miles barefoot to the Andersonville Prison Camp. Andersonville Camp was captured on February 11, 1865 by the Union Army and he was then sent to Washington D.C., where he was hospitalized and treated for scurvy. He was released from the hospital on his 25<sup>th</sup> birthday, and was reassigned as part of the Presidential Guard for President Lincoln. He was able to shake hands with the President several times and talked about it many times during his life. He was discharged in 1866.

He moved back to Chicago and took a job as a horse drawn streetcar conductor and later as an Assistant Deputy Cook County Clerk. He married Bertha Milabach on January 30, 1867. Bertha immigrated to the United States with her family from Lucerne, Switzerland, where her family had owned a hotel on Lake Lucerne for many years. The Milabach family operated the hotel for several generations and it was still standing in ruins at the end of World War II. An old family story claims that William Tell also had a home on Lake Lucerne and was a close friend and neighbor of the Milabach family. William Tell, legendary hero of disputed historical authenticity, was said to have lived in the Canton of Uri in Switzerland in the early 14<sup>th</sup> century. The Habsburg emperors were seeking to dominate Uri and they raised a pole in the village's square with a hat on top. The local townsfolk were demanded to bow before it. William Tell passed by without bowing and he was arrested. He received the punishment of being forced

to shoot an apple off the head of his son, Walter, or else both would be executed. Tell had been promised freedom if he shot the apple. On November 18, 1307 Tell split the apple with a single arrow from his crossbow. When he was questioned about a second arrow in his quiver, Tell answered that if he had killed his son in the test then he would have used the second arrow to kill the emperor. He was then arrested again, bound and brought to a ship to take him to the Emperor's castle at Kussnacht. Tell managed to escape during a storm on Lake Lucerne. He went on to Kussnacht by land and when the Emperor arrived, shot him with the crossbow, which sparked a rebellion leading to the formation of the Swiss Confederation. Tell died in 1354 while trying to save a child from drowning in an alpine river. Therefore, if there was a "Tell family home" on Lake Lucerne, they would have been descendants of the original William Tell.

This was the second marriage for Bertha. Her first marriage was to a man named Herbert Schnell in Switzerland. They had two children, Wilhamine (often referred to as Minnie) born on Feb 2, 1864, and Bertha Elizabeth II. It is believed that Bertha E. II stayed in Switzerland with her father and later married a banker from Spain, but I have not been able to verify this. Wilhamine came to Chicago with her mother and became a part of the Scharenberg family. Edward J. and Bertha had 5 children: Alfred H. born 9/15/1867, Julia E. born 8/24/1869, Estella C.L. born 5/6/1872, Edward H. born 6/2/1880 and Herbert Stanley born 11/13/1884. Edward and Bertha saved their house from the Great Chicago Fire in 1871 by staying on the roof with buckets of water and putting out the sparks. He had just returned from a hunting trip in the West and had sent barrels of game home by rail, which the family had pickled and smoked. They used this food to feed all the neighbors for nearly a week after the fire. They moved to Jefferson Park, Ill. In 1882, but Edward continued working in Chicago. He also served on the Jefferson Park town board until it became a part of the City of Chicago. Bertha died in 1928 at the age of 76 years. Edward was still living at their Jefferson Park home at the time of his death in 1939, at the age of 99 years. They are both interred at the Union Ridge Cemetery, 6700 West Higgins Ave., Chicago, Ill.

#### **Article taken from The Providence, Vol. 6, No.1, April 1927**

The Providence Gleaning was a monthly publication by the Jefferson Masonic Temple, 5481 Gale Street, Chicago, of which Edward was a member. On Friday 3/18/1927, the stated meeting was held and also a reception for Brother Edward Scharenberg, who celebrated his 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary as a Master Mason. Brother Scharenberg showed his appreciation by relating some of his experiences while serving in the Civil War, and it was enjoyed by the large crowd that attended. At the conclusion of his talk, Worshipful Master P.C.Hamann presented our distinguished brother with a small token as a remembrance of this eventful day.

#### **Brother Edward J. Scharenberg's Address:**

Worshipful Master and Brethren of Providence Lodge, this is an occasion I am justly proud of, for it is one of the happiest events of my existence. It has been my good fortune to have lived beyond the time allotted man, four score and nearly seven years. My wife and I have journeyed together through the ups and downs of life for sixty years, a privilege that comes to but a few of us mortals, and we are thankful to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for having spared us. I wish to express my sincere thanks and appreciation to Providence Lodge for the beautiful token sent us in honor of our 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary, About 10:00 PM on the day of our celebration someone broadcast our celebration over the radio and played the Lohengrin Wedding March, and we all marched through the rooms, surrounded by our children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and a happy time was had by all.

The Degrees of Masonry were conferred upon me by Covenant Lodge No, 526 in March 1877. In 1882 I moved to Jefferson Park, built my home and raised my family, and I have lived here ever since. Before I affiliated with Providence Lodge, I spent many pleasant evenings with the Brethren of Providence, over the Blacksmith Shop, The Avenue House, and the Butler Building. I have met every past Master of Providence in open lodge except Lyman J. Budlong and William P. Gray, although I have met them. I feel very grateful to Providence Lodge for the honor conferred on me tonight on my 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary as a Mason, and I am proud of being a member of Providence Lodge.

Being the only Civil War veteran member of Providence Lodge at present, I thought it fitting to relate a few incidents of mine during service with the army that would probably interest the brethren. I enlisted in the early part of 1862 and was mustered in as a corporal in Company B, 127<sup>th</sup> Infantry. We guarded southern prisoners for several months at Camp Douglas. A number of us tired of that kind of duty and applied for our discharge in order to join the regular mounted service at the front, where something was doing. We were sent to Carlisle Barracks, Pa., where we went through cavalry drill several weeks, got our horses and arms, and our first camp was at Arlington, across the Potomac River opposite Washington, D.C, in sight of Gen. R.E. Lee's late residence. I was consigned to Co. A, 1<sup>st</sup> U.S. Cavalry, served three years, was promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, and served with the Armies of the Potomac and Shenandoah, and participated in forty-odd engagements. We arrived at Falmouth, Va. on the Rappahonoc River and joined my Co. and Reg. and got there in time for dinner. The cook had bran soup and broken lot of old stale hardtack, and serving same we found it full of little brown bugs, like small bedbugs – well, they boiled all right, so we didn't mind the extra meat. In the Battle of Gettysburg I had my horse killed under me, but as Lady Luck was with me I escaped by a small margin. In the winter of 1863 my company was assigned to army headquarters, Gen. Geo. E. Mead in command, while in winter quarters for duty as guards and messengers. During that winter, part of the Russian Navy was anchored off New York Harbor so there was a review of the Army of the Potomac, something over 100,000 troops, in honor of the naval officers and President Lincoln, and I being the Sergeant in charge of the escort, had the honor to shake hands with President Lincoln. I also voted for him. The Battle of Winchester, Va, Sept 1864, my experience as a prisoner in Southern Prison and why Washington's birthday is one of the happiest days of my life: My regiment, the 1<sup>st</sup> U.S. Cavalry, were at the front on the firing line, our Adj. Lieut. Moulton made a detail of 40 men from the different companies as an escort to him to carry some special orders to the Commanding General, whose headquarters were at Winchester, Va, about eight or ten miles north of where the battle was raging. Mosebey's Rebel Guerrillas being in rear of our army, raising cain with our supply trains was the cause of the large escort to Lieut. Moulton. We arrived in the outskirts of Winchester where the Lieut. left us. I, being the only Sergeant and carrying the guidon (flag) of Co. A, was left in charge during his absence. We unsaddled and left our horses to graze. We waited several hours, and just before his arrival, a small troop of the first Jersey Cavalry passed by us for the front, so we had no Advance Guard ahead, and the firing seemed to get nearer. The country is hilly and heavy wooded, riding up a steep hill on a narrow wagon road, a fence on one side, we were strung out by twos, when the head of our party reached the top they saw what was coming, the officer ordered to turn to the rear and gallop. Before we heard the command the Johnnies rode over us, a number of our horses were down, my own for one, and I was under him. Three or four of our boys were shot dead and some wounded, soon as I could extricate myself and flag, I started down the road on a run until a Johnny ran over me and sent me sprawling in the dust, partly stunned, so as I

realized my surroundings I heard a Johnny holler, "Pull off your boots, Yank." I did not care about them, whether I was killed or not, I know what was in store for me, so I told them if they wanted my boots they would have to pull them off, which they did pronto. While they were quarreling as to who was to get my hat, another Johnny galloped by, snatched my hat and got away with it. They herded all the prisoners together that night, brought lanterns and all the boots and shoes that were worth taking they got. They robbed us of everything that a soldier is liable to carry in his pockets, even to food in the haversacks. We laid there in the open field that night, nothing to eat or drink, in the morning each man was issued a pint of cornmeal, a day's ration. They had some old cooking utensils; some made corn-pone and some mush, no salt. As best we could, we started at once for Staunton, Va, up from the Shenandoah Valley about 89 miles; the most of us bare-footed and bare-headed and after a mile or two there was blood in our tracks on that hard mountain pike, aplenty; we made 89 miles in four days. On arriving at Staunton there were about 2000 of us prisoners. We camped in the woods- no shelter, no blankets, and very few clothes. We had to dig a trench around a large square of ground, so the guards could walk on the embankment and there was no escape. We stayed there about three weeks when we were loaded in cattle cars without seats; we could not lay down for want of room, and we finally arrived at Lynchburg, Va. We were confined in a large tobacco warehouse and were fed on corn bread, a piece about 4" square and from 1-2" thick, without salt and most of the time sour, for a day's ration. There were three floors, I being on the first at one end of which were about twenty tons of tobacco stems; some of the boys got a box of clay pipes at a big price from a guard and they took solid comfort for time by stripping the tobacco stems and smoking it. One day, several Confederate officers came among us on my floor and they picked out about thirty husky boys, myself being one of them, to pile baled hay in a large open shed. They told us if we worked well we were to have an extra ration of one-third loaf of white bread and one-half of boiled beef at night after work. You can imagine what an inducement that was to us starved boys. We worked about two weeks, so the last night of extra rations, hay all piled up, some of the boys, I was told after it happened, had left a kind of passage to crawl to the center of the pile, and laid a slow match, so the whole pile went up in smoke besides causing a million dollar's worth of damage to adjoining property, while we were munching our extra rations.

By this time the boys were failing in health and spirits from starvation and disease and the cooties were getting the best of them as they were losing courage and neglected going through their clothes regularly for the vermin. We were called to the powers that were, about once a week, to be searched for anything of value which was promptly confiscated. The windows of the first floor were partly boarded up, one of the boys had a button pulled off his pants during a search and stood close to the window for light to sew on the button. The guard had seen him and shot him dead. The next day the guard was a corporal.

About 50 of us conspired to make a break for liberty on some dark and stormy night, so we placed a number of our crowd on the basement floor, claiming were ailing and were unable to get up and down the stairs as they had to, and there were only three guards in the basement. The guard's quarters were opposite the prison, with guns and equipment stacked out in front, and we decided to make a rush for it shortly after Taps around 9:00. About that time another prisoner came upstairs smiling, with a loaf of bread under his arm, and right away everything was bustling with guards. They grabbed their guns and marched into the basement so we knew a traitor had sold us out for a loaf of bread. In about three minutes there was a contrivance made from an old piece of shelter tent material, tied around the fellow's neck and he was left hanging from a rafter. The guards heard him holler and rushed up the stairs and

shot into the crowd, killing one and wounding several. They took the traitor away before he strangled, and we never learned what became of him, and our escape plans were put to rest.

The weather was getting cold now, our clothes were worn to rags, there were no fires to warm by and when we laid down at night, on the hard, splintered planks, we had to lay like a lot of spoons, all one way. If one wanted to turn on his side, with sores and hips full of splinters everyone had to turn in order to keep warm, for there was nothing over us but foul air. One day, new orders came and we were to be moved to Danville, Va, as our army was advancing on Lynchburg. We rode on cattle cars as before and stopped every few miles repair the track ahead of us. We arrived at Danville where there were six prisons, I was located in No. 3. The boys were now dying at a fearful rate. There were sixty-five Negro soldiers on the third floor of our prison and when we were paroled only eleven were still alive. One of them by the name of Rodney Long was in charge of them and I met him some years later in Chicago. Prison No. 6 was occupied only by officers. They conspired to vacate their "hotel" by tunnel route. They misjudged the distance and the earth began to cave in on them and they had to crawl up out of the tunnel. The guards waited until a man's head appeared and then brained him with their muskets. We never saw any of the officers again. I was very cold one night and could not keep warm enough to sleep so I hollered for everyone to turn over. As we turned over the man next to me did not move. I found him dead. His body was pulled out to close up the line but the man on the other side of me did not move and we found that he had died, also. I had been lying between two dead men, no wonder I was cold. The death rate now was awful, I saw boys turn gray in less than a week. Some that did not take exercise would sit on the haunches against a post, covered with an old piece of canvas and when call for rations came they would remain in that position only to be found dead.

Finally new orders came and we were going to Richmond, Va to be exchanged. Now all the conversation changed and the general mood of the boys was more pleasant, the main topic was what we were going to eat when we got out. We arrived at Libby Prison in Richmond, Va and I did not know at that time what day or date it was. We only stayed there two days and had white bread and boiled beef as rations. Orders soon came to get ready to walk down to the docks on the James River where we were to board a Confederate boat. As we passed through the poorer section of the city a number of old Irish women tried to hand us some bread and good water. They showed real sympathy for us and at our conditions, but they were rudely thrust aside with bayonets. It was very cold and I got a hold of some old rags before we left Libby and tied them around my feet as there was snow on the ground. There were only 1,200 of us now to take the boats, about 800 poor American young men had been laid to rest in southern soil. The boats went down the James River to within about one-quarter mile of Uncle Sam's boats and when we stopped, there were about the same number of Confederate soldiers that had been held in U.S. prisons and they were well-fed and well-clothed, waiting in a nearby field. The exchange was made and the Confederate soldiers were loaded on the boat to make the trip back to Richmond.

We started over the snow-covered fields to the landing where our boats were, but hundreds of our boys fell by the wayside and had to be picked up, some on stretchers- but as soon as we saw Old Glory flying in the breeze some shed tears, others sang and cheered. Life was still sweet to them. We finally got under way. We had hard-tack and boiled pork, and best of all, old government java (coffee), but unfortunately salt pork was a poor diet for many, and about 50 of them died before we landed at Annapolis, Md. I ate my hard-tack and coffee, but the pork went to the fish. When we reached Annapolis, Md., we were ordered to go to a large,

low building with many iron tubs down its center, where we were scrubbed and new clothes were issued to us. We were shaved and had haircuts. After supper I strolled over the grounds. I noticed many decorations of bunting and flags everywhere and I asked a young soldier what the meaning of this was. I thought probably the war was over. "Why, don't you know?" he asked. I told him that I had just arrived as an exchanged prisoner. "Why, this is Washington's birthday," he said. Now you all know why Washington's birthday is one of the happiest days of my life.

### **Herbert Stanley and Myrtle Violet (nee Browder) Scharenberg**

Herbert S. Scharenberg was born in Jefferson Park, Ill on 11/13/1884, the youngest child of Edward Julius and Bertha Elizabeth Scharenberg. He had two brothers, Alfred J. and Edward H., and two sisters, Julia E. and Estella C.L. and two half-sisters, Bertha E and Wilhamine (Minnie). Herb completed his grade school years at the Jefferson Park School. His father worked in Chicago and since there was no high school in Jefferson Park he was able to enroll him in a high school there. He became the first family member to graduate from high school (I believe high school was two years then). Herb spent many hours hunting and fishing with his father as a child and while attending school in Chicago he joined a sports club; I believe it was called The West Side Sports Club. Once a month they would go on a fishing outing, a hunting outing or a trap shoot. His father gave him his first shotgun as a graduation gift and he soon became a top competitor on the shooting ranges in the area.

Herb met Myrtle Violet Browder in the fall of 1905 while on a pheasant hunting outing to Morton Grove with his sports club, and they were married on 4/29/1906. They lived in Jefferson Park and they were blessed with a son on 6/23/1907, Herbert Oliver, and a daughter, Virginia, in 1908, who died shortly after birth. The death of Virginia caused them to move to Morton Grove so that Myrtle would be closer to her family, but Herb continued to work in Chicago and commuted every day by train. The Hamilton National Bank was taken over by the National City Bank of Chicago (which later became First National Bank of Chicago), and he became a teller for a short time, and then the chief clerk. Herb joined the Morton Grove Fire Dept. and was soon elected president of the Fire Department and the Village Treasurer.

The following article was copied from the Niles Township Directory of Local Government, published in 1915:

Herbert S. Scharenberg, Village Treasurer, president of the Morton Grove Volunteer Fire Department and cashier of the Morton Grove Trust and Savings Bank, has been in the banking business for seventeen years. He has served as Clerk of School District No. 70 for three years past. The fact that Morton Grove needed a bank is what attracted him five years ago from Jefferson, where his parents, Edward and Bertha Scharenberg were pioneers from Germany in 1849. The story of this bank cashier is one of rapid rise. While still attending the Jefferson Park School, his first position was that of a bellboy at Fox Lake, Ill. There he met Mr. Nelson N. Lambert, now vice-president of the Fort Dearborn National Bank, who asked him to call when he had finished school in 1899. He was with Mr. Lambert three years. In 1903 the Hamilton National Bank was organized and Mr. Scharenberg accepted a position of trust with them and soon was made manager of the transit department, and successively became city bookkeeper, receiving teller, and general bookkeeper. In 1908 the National City Bank purchased the entire business of the Hamilton Bank and he was one of the eight clerks selected out of a total number of sixty-eight, who were taken over to the National City Bank of Chicago, which later became the first National Bank of Chicago. He was a teller only a short

time, became a general man, and shortly after was appointed assistant to the chief clerk. Not being satisfied with the progress of a large institution, Mr. Scharenberg, being progressive, conceived the idea of organizing the Morton Grove Trust and Savings Bank in Morton Grove, where he was living at the time. The movement was heartily received by all the business men of the village and subscriptions for stock were exhausted in less than forty-eight hours, there being a total of sixty-seven stockholders. Application to organize was dated 2/5/1912, and signed by Henry Fink, Herbert S. Scharenberg, Mrs. Fred Dilg, August Gewcke, Jacob A. Hoffman and Louis H. Grimme. A bank building was immediately started and the capital and surplus collected and deposited with the National City Bank of Chicago, Ill. The building was completed in November 1912 and on December 6 a charter was granted by the State Auditor of Illinois. The Bank opened for business on 12-21-1912- a very successful day for the bank and practically assured those connected with it of its certain success. Herb was elected Cashier by the board of directors, resigned his job with the First National Bank of Chicago, and moved to Morton Grove.

Herb and Myrtle were enjoying life in Morton Grove. They both became very involved in local clubs. Myrtle was a member of the Eastern Star, The Morton Grove Sewing Club and the local artist group. Herb was on the Village Board, the Fire Department, and the School Board. He went on hunting trips out West every fall with the Sporting Club that he still belonged to in Chicago.

There was a "Road House" built just outside the village limits about 1915, and it became a popular hangout for the locals and the Al Capone Mob from Chicago, who Herb met many times.

Things began to change for the Scharenberg family about 1918, when tragedy struck. Herb had attended the Village Board meeting and at the close of the meeting went to the Road House with the Mayor of Morton Grove and two aldermen. They had several drinks and headed back to town. When they dropped Herb at home, he invited them in for a night cap. Herb, who was an amateur taxidermist, had put some formaldehyde away in an old liquor bottle and hadn't marked it. He mistook the bottle for a bottle of liquor and poured them all a night cap. They raised their glasses for a toast and all of them downed the formaldehyde in one gulp. They knew immediately they were all in trouble and started yelling for help. Myrtle rushed down and started giving them milk to drink, Herb first, then the others, but it was too late for the mayor and one alderman. They both died within a few minutes. The local law officer was called and he ruled it was an accidental poisoning, and Herb was not charged with any crime; however, many of the townspeople never forgave him. He lost his seat on the village board and school board and it became difficult working at the bank. They decided it was time to move from Morton Grove.

Herb still wanted to stay in the banking business so he went back to The First National Bank of Chicago. A short time later, the bank decided to open a branch in Lyons, Ill, a small suburb on the west side, and Herb was appointed bank president. His brother Alfred, who worked for the City of Chicago, was appointed vice-president. The Lyons Bank opened about 1920.

A short time after they moved to Lyons, Myrtle was looking for something to do and decided to open a small restaurant and soda fountain. She leased a building on Ogden Avenue, just a couple of doors down from the bank, and next to the Mara's Florist Shop. The restaurant was called The Black Lantern. Herb Jr. was now a teenager and he worked the soda fountain, Myrtle did the cooking and waiting on tables. They became very good friends of the Mara

family and when things started to pick up, their daughter Ruth started helping them out as a waitress. Ruth would later become the wife of Herb Jr.

Everything was going good by the fall of 1925. The restaurant was prospering, Herb Jr was now going to Lane Technical High School in Chicago, and working at the restaurant in the evenings, and Herb Sr was working at the bank with his brother. Herb Sr still belonged to the Sportsman Club in Chicago and went on a weekend hunting trip with the club to White Lake in Montello, Wisconsin. They stayed with a family who lived on the east shore and he fell in love with the area. During the visit the family told him they were thinking of selling the house and moving back to the city. Herb brought the family back to White Lake for a short vacation in June 1926, to show the lake to Myrtle, who immediately fell in love with it also. The home was now for sale and after talking it over they decided to buy it as a vacation home. The property was about 4 acres and also had one small cottage on it at the time. They signed the papers on 6/26/1926 and returned to Lyons. The economy started slipping by July, things started slowing down at the Black Lantern, and a few banks had closed. They could see a depression was coming and decided it was time to move on. Myrtle closed the Black Lantern and the Mara family, who operated the florist shop next door, took over the lease, using the walk-in coolers to store fresh flowers, and the front part of the building as a place to construct floral arrangements for funerals and weddings. Herbert Sr. resigned as president of the Lyons Bank and arrangements were made for Herb Jr. to stay with the Mara family and continue his education at Lane Tech. They sold their house and moved to Montello sometime in August, 1926. Herb Sr. had planned to get a job in the area, but it was the beginning of the Depression years and there was no work to be found in Montello.

The new house was two-story with four bedrooms upstairs, kitchen, parlor and a dining room downstairs. There was no running water, electricity or telephone and only a potbellied stove for heat. The first project was to put in a telephone so they could stay in contact with their friends back in Chicago. The telephone company was a small, privately-owned business and only had phones in town, no rural lines at the time. The only way to get a phone was to construct their own line into Montello, a distance of a little over four miles. AT&T had long distance lines that ran along the highway, about a mile away, and they agreed to rent space on their poles for the lines, but Herb would have to string and maintain his own wires. The two Herbs cut poles from a neighbor's farm and installed them along the road right-of-way as far as the AT&T lines. Then they strung the wire all the way to town, and the first telephone in the area was installed. Myrtle spent the first summer and fall fixing up the house and cottage.

When Fall came, Herb Jr. went back to Lyons to stay with the Mara family and continue his schooling at Lane Technical High School. Herb Sr. and Myrtle spent the Fall putting in flower beds, building walkways and cleaning the beach area, cutting wood for heat and lots of fishing and hunting, which they both were very good at. They knew that by Spring they would need some income, but there was no work, so they decided they would open the beach area to the public as a picnic and swimming area for a fee of 10 cents per person. They would try to rent the cottage to some of their friends from Chicago, and Herb would become a fishing and hunting guide. Since there were no cooking facilities in the cottage, Myrtle would start serving meals in the dining room, and it wasn't long before Herb started serving drinks. They would call it "White Lake Beach Resort." They spent the rest of the winter building picnic tables and getting things ready for the first season.

The word spread quickly with their many friends back in Lyons and Morton Grove that they would have a cottage to rent, and by the Spring of 1927 it was reserved for most of the summer. The drive from Chicago took about 7 hours and many of the roads were just sand lanes, so most of the vacationers came by train to Princeton, where they would be picked up and brought to the resort. The spring of 1927 was spent putting up a large chicken coop to raise mallard ducks to use as decoys for the fall hunting season, and chickens to serve in the dining room. A diving board and pier were built and a flagstone walkway built down to the lake. Myrtle had a rock garden and pond built in front of the dining room, with a bridge across it and a swan statue sitting on the side. It soon became known as the Swan Pond. She put bluegills from the lake in it during the summer and it became a favorite spot for small children to fish. A young child fell into the pond about 1950 and almost drowned so it was never filled with water after that. The Beachview cottage was built on the site in the spring of 1954.

The first guests to arrive were a group of 10 fellows on a fishing trip. They were members of the Sport Club that Herb still belonged to in Chicago. Four of them stayed in the cottage and six stayed in three of the bedrooms above the main building. They would go fishing early in the morning and when they came in Myrtle would make them breakfast. They were catch and release fishermen and only saved enough fish for the evening meal. Herb would fillet the fish while they were eating breakfast and put them on ice until dinner. After breakfast some would take naps, others went back out fishing. Lunch would be served at 1 pm and the first day Myrtle made them fried chicken and corn fritters. Corn fritters are a small deep fried cake made with a corn batter and were served with homemade raspberry jam. They were such a hit with the men that they requested them with every lunch. The dining room was open to the public a few years later and corn fritters were served with every chicken dinner, but became so popular they soon became a part of every meal. The men spent most of the afternoon playing cards. A few of them decided to go swimming but found the water to still be too cold and soon abandoned that idea, so instead would take a walk around the lake, or through the woods to look for wildlife.

Pheasant, partridge, quail, and prairie chickens were abundant in the area, and during the fall migration the lake was a favorite stopover/rest area for bluebill, canvasback, and other ducks. The Sports Club members enjoyed their fishing trip so much that they decided to return again in the fall for a hunting trip. Herb made arrangements with some of the neighboring farmers to hunt on their land. He also made a deal with the farmer who owned most of the north shore of the lake to build a duck hunting blind on a point of land that jutted out into the lake. The blind was a wooden structure sunk in the sand about two feet, with 4" slits of glass around three sides, and a three-section sliding roof. The mallard ducks that Herb raised during the summer were used as live decoys. The mallards were attached to a small anchor with about a 4' length of cord, and set out every morning in the water in front of the blind. When they were done hunting for the day they would pick them up and put them back in the pen. Herb would start training the ducks in the late summer and early fall by taking a shotgun along when he was feeding them and shoot it a few times. This would get them accustomed to the sound and they wouldn't even flinch when the hunters would shoot over their heads. The mallard decoys would call a flock of wild ducks in, and the hunters would let them swing by once or twice. Then on the next fly-by they would slide the roof open, stand up and begin shooting. They never shot a duck sitting on the water, to protect the live decoys, unless it was wounded. Herb had two water spaniels that were trained as retrievers and were used most days to pick up the ducks, however if it was a day with a west wind they would let the ducks float down the lake to the shore in front of the resort and Myrtle would pick them up.

The water levels in White Lake seemed to run in cycles. It would rise for several years and then decline for several. Herb always said it was a seven year cycle, but in later years that seemed to vary. The duck hunting blind was built in one of the low cycles and a few years later it had to be raised to keep it from flooding, and a walkway was built out to it. The walk was built with large waste granite blocks from the quarry in Montello and then covered with gravel. It was used until about the mid-1940s. There were many summer cottages and a few permanent homes on the lake by this time and safety became a problem. The blind was locked up but remained there for many years. It soon became a gathering place for the teenage crowd in the evenings. The hunters took turns hunting in the blind each day. Herb would come back after the duck hunters were set up and take the rest of the group out to hunt Ring-necked Pheasants, Prairie Chicken and grouse. They would all meet back at the resort for lunch and the afternoons were spent cleaning their game. They would save all the down feathers, bag them up, hang them up to dry, and in the winter Myrtle would send them out to be washed and then make pillows out of them. The family is still using some of the feather pillows to this day. Myrtle would use some of the game they shot for their evening meal, and on one occasion made them roast mallard duck. She had become acquainted with an Indian Chief from Wisconsin Dells who sold her some wild rice and red cabbage. She served the wild rice and red cabbage with the meal that night. The men thought it was great and a few years later when the dining room was open to the public it was put on the menu. It was only served in the fall but became very popular and was still a special on the menu seventy years later.

Herb Jr. came home for the summer to help and some of his jobs were to put ice in the coolers, fill the oil lamps, stock the bar and put lime in the outhouses. Construction was started on a building adjacent to the home that would become the bar room, and would open the following summer. The bar would be downstairs and the second floor would be bedrooms they could rent in the summer. An ice house was built during the fall of 1927; it would have a walk-in cooler underneath that could be used to store beer kegs, and food for the summer. The first ice was cut off the lake in January by a crew of local farmers. The ice was cut into long strips about 3' wide with a large circular gas-powered saw, pulled by a team of horses, then cut into blocks about 3' square with hand saws, hauled to the ice house and packed in sawdust. The work took about two weeks and when they were done a party was held in the bar room (called the Tap Room) for all the families. There was a tragedy one year when the ice gave way and the team of horses and a couple of men fell into the water. The men were pulled to safety, but they could not get the horses out and they were lost. Ice cutting became a yearly tradition and was carried on every year until about 1940.

During the winter the dining area was enlarged by taking out the wall between the parlor and dining room and making it one room. A couple more tables were added and now it would seat about 20 people at one time. Logs were cut on a neighbor's farm to build a new cottage the next year. The cottage had two bedrooms, a large living area with a stone fireplace, a screen porch facing the lake and a large outdoor patio in back. They named it The Happy Hours and now they could accommodate twice as many guests the summer. It was replaced in 1962 with a duplex unit known as The Happy Twin and Happy Hours. A screened porch was built in the spring of 1928 along two sides of the main house. A local mason built a large stone fireplace in the dining room and connected the bar with the porch by a stone breezeway. All the stones in the fireplace and breezeway were gathered from neighbors' farm fields when they did the annual spring plowing. This made the farmers happy as they

wouldn't have to pick them out of the fields, and it created new friendships that lasted for many years. The Montello Granite Company made them a beautiful granite mantle piece. Propane gas was now available so the cottages were equipped with gas stoves for cooking. They had small gas tanks outside with a meter that took quarters. Each quarter would give you enough gas to cook for a couple of days. The old wood cook stove in the kitchen was replaced with a new gas restaurant range. Local people began coming for dinner, and the dining area soon became too small again. The porch was set up with tables and chairs and this became a favorite dining area because the breeze off the lake would be cooking and refreshing.

The next few years saw the addition of a couple of new cottages and about 1930 the addition of a dance pavilion, which was called the Hay Loft. It was decorated like a traditional hay barn, with hay in the loft, oil lamps, horse rigging hanging on the walls, and a small beer bar on one wall. Public dances were held on Friday and Sunday nights, and most Saturdays were wedding receptions and wedding dances. The Polka was the favorite dance at the time.

During the early 30s a building known as the Motor House was built. It had a large electric generator powered by a Ford Model T engine, and the resort had the first rural electricity in the area. The generator only produced enough electricity for lighting so was only used during the evening. The late 30s saw the beginning of The Great Depression, and when business began to slow down, it was decided that the resort would have to close for the season right after Labor Day. Herb found a job with his old employers at the First National Bank of Chicago, and he went back to Chicago for the winter, where he worked in the downtown office on Lawrence Avenue in Chicago. Myrtle stayed in Montello, taking care of the ducks, geese, etc. They only had one car, which Myrtle needed to get back and forth to town, so Herb would come back by train most weekends. Herb Jr was married by this time and would also come home for the weekend visits with him. Herb would return to the resort every Spring and operate the resort for the summer season, returning to Chicago in the winter, until the beginning of World War II. Commercial clamming on the Fox River between Montello and Portage was a big business in the 1930s, and was forced to close during the Depression. Herb saw one of the boats for sale and thought it would be nice to have to take people on rides around White Lake. He took Myrtle to look at it and she thought it could be made into a unique cottage. They ended up buying the boat, but Myrtle won out and it was moved to the shore of White Lake and remodeled into the Houseboat Cottage. It was used as a cottage until 1964 when it was torn down to make room for a new building that included apartments and motel rooms. Several more cottages were added and by 1940 business was operating from April to November again. The Rural Electric Association was formed in the late 1930s and electricity was now brought to the area. All the buildings were electrified, a new well was put in, kitchens were added to the cottages and refrigeration now became a reality. The Ice House was converted to another cottage.

The United States entered World War II in 1941 and when the war ended in 1945 the business had grown to the point that it could support two families. Herb Jr. was asked if he would like to become a partner in the business. Herb Jr. was married to Ruth Mara in 1934 and they now had three children- Norma R., Edward H., and Herbert J. They lived in Riverside, Ill and Herb Jr. was working at the Electromotive plant as a quality inspector on the line that produced generators for the Army. He had already been notified that when the war ended he would be laid off, so they decided it would be the right time to become involved in the business. They packed up and moved to Montello in June 1945. The Lichtenberg

Brothers operated a trucking business in Princeton, Wisconsin at the time and often brought cattle to the Chicago Market. Herb Sr. made arrangements with them to move the family to Montello on the next trip. The truck arrived late in the afternoon with only a driver. Ruth made dinner and after dinner the driver, Herb Jr. and Ruth's brother Frank packed everything in the truck. The following morning they all had breakfast with the Mara family and then they left for Wisconsin. Herb Jr. rode in the truck with the driver and Ruth followed in the car with the three children. The rural roads were not paved at the time and they had several flat tires and it took them all day to make the trip. They arrived in Montello late in the evening on 6/5/1945 and waited until the following morning to unload the truck. Herb Sr. bought a farm about two miles from the resort that was used as a place to take guests hunting. He rented the farm land and farm buildings to the Ed Sommerfield family, who owned the neighboring farm and were looking for more land to plant crops on. The people that were living in the house moved to town and house was empty so it became the new home for Herb Jr and family.

The business had expanded to eight cottages by the 1945s and the soldiers had started to return from the war. People were ready to celebrate and business boomed. The dinner business picked up to such a degree that people had to make a reservation at least 12 hours ahead or you couldn't get a table.

Dance patrons were now coming from as far away as Portage and Ripon. A piece of land across the road was leased from the neighboring farmer and made into a parking lot that held about 100 cars. But that wasn't even enough and some nights they had to park along the shoulders of the road and walk in from as far away as a half mile. Electricity was still in its early stages and many nights the lights would go out for short periods. This didn't stop the dances, the patrons would just go out and start their cars, shine their lights in the windows and the dancing would continue. The Larry Woodbury Band became the house band and would play every Sunday night from Memorial Day until Labor Day. The jitterbug and the waltz were now the craze on Sunday night. Friday nights saw a variety of polka bands and a completely different crowd came for them. Many older people from the area would come early and part around the hall. The ladies would just sit in the cars and visit and listen to the music, and the men would go in the bar and have a few drinks. Saturday nights were wedding dances that were open to the public and huge crowds would show up, many not even knowing who the bride and groom were, but all had a good time. There was no plumbing in 1945 and a large outdoor facility was built that had four stalls for the ladies and four stalls for the men. The long lines waiting to use them dance nights soon made it apparent that it was time to do some remodeling.

A family from Milwaukee who owned a design and construction firm and had been a cottage customer for several years was hired to do the work. Plans were drawn up to add a cocktail lounge, bathrooms, and remodel the Tap Room, and to completely remodel and add bathrooms and a kitchen to the dance hall. A circular bar that would seat 50 was designed for the Tap Room, and a straight 30' bar for the Dance Hall. They were built at their factory in Milwaukee during the summer of 1946. A crew of about 15 men arrived the day after Labor Day. They stayed in the cottages during the week and would return to Milwaukee on the weekends. Myrtle would provide meals for them in the dining room. The major part of the construction of the dance hall was completed by the middle of October 1946. Everything had been closed in and the crew was cut down to about six men. The cottages were closed and the men moved into the rooms about the dining room for the remainder of the winter. The

Dance Hall was completed by November and work began on the Tap Room in December. An addition was added on the west side of the building for the bathrooms, cocktail lounge and a small area for an office and liquor storage. The old bar was removed and a new circular bar installed with all new lighting and refrigeration. A walk-in cooler and new furnace were put in the basement and everything was completed by the first of April 1947. A three day Grand Re-Opening was held on Memorial Day weekend in 1947. There were drink specials in the bar and a free dance on Saturday night.

The dining room also had a special menu for the weekend and word quickly spread. The crowds were overwhelming. The estimates for the number of people that came Saturday night for the dance ranged from 400 to 500. Myrtle could see they would soon run out of sandwiches that were being served in the Dance Hall. Luckily there was a local grocery store owner, Mr. Paul Freitag, from Montello, and butcher store owner, Mr. Art Luedke, from Princeton in the crowd and they both offered to go back to their stores to get more supplies. They brought back a variety of sliced sandwich meats, hot dogs and hamburger and all the bread and rolls they could find. Myrtle, Ruth, and the kitchen crew started making sandwiches and big pots of coffee. The bar in the Dance Hall only served beer and had to close down by midnight because they were out of beer so the crowd shifted back and forth from the Tap Room to the Dance Hall. The Tap Room quit serving drinks at 1 a.m. and Myrtle started bringing in the free sandwiches and coffee. The crowd was not ready to go home and they talked the band into playing another hour. The Sheriff and town constable were both on the premises but as long as no drinks were being served they made no effort to shut the party down. The sun was coming up by the time the last of the crowd left.

Special dances were added to the dance schedule with Big Name Bands from the Chicago area that were on tour in Wisconsin. These were usually held on Wednesday nights and included The Les Palmer Orchestra, Tiny Hill Orchestra, and many others. There was also a special free dance to honor the returning veterans of the war, with veterans in uniform also receiving free drinks for the night. The Larry Woodbury Orchestra provided music free of charge and the Ballroom and Tap Room were decorated in red, white and blue for the occasion. The word spread quickly and this turned out to be one of the largest crowds ever attending a dance, with veterans coming from as far as Madison.

Herb and Myrtle decided to take a vacation of their own that fall of 1947 as long as Herb Jr was there to take care of the business and animals. They left in October and went pheasant hunting in the Dakotas, then on to Montana for elk and deer hunting, then to the southwest just to relax. Myrtle fell in love with the Mexican culture and decided to redecorate the dining room into a Spanish theme. Many items were bought and shipped back to Wisconsin. They returned home before Christmas and during the winter redecorated the dining room in a Mexican/Spanish theme, and it became known as the Spanish Room from that time on.

The building phase came to a close for a few years and the winters were spent working in the cottages, adding indoor plumbing, updating the electricity, etc. Herb Sr. became more involved in hunting, fishing and trap shooting. Herb Jr took a job for the winter months as a car salesman at Knickerbocker Dodge and Plymouth dealership, and driving school bus in Montello. The summers flew by and Herb Jr's family had all become involved in the business. His wife Ruth was helping in the kitchen and waiting on tables during serving hours. Norma, the oldest, was also waiting on tables. Edward (Eddie) would stock the bar and sweep the floors and outside walks, pick up the garbage and help in the bar washing glasses, etc. Herb the third, called Snooky to distinguish him from the other Herbs, would take care of the boats

and help with other odd jobs. Frank, the youngest, would show people to their units and help carry in their luggage. Frank had to wear a life jacket all the time because he hadn't learned to swim yet and was usually found on the beach with the other kids.

Myrtle started ailing in the summer of 1951. She lost her appetite, started losing weight and was tired most of the time. She saw the local doctor in Princeton and after several tests was diagnosed as diabetic. She was put on medication but continued to fail. Right after Labor Day she was taken to Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. She had a battery of tests and was now diagnosed as having cancer, and that there was nothing they could do for her. She came home and passed away on 4/29/1952, on their 46<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. The funeral was on May 2, which was the 18<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Herb Jr and Ruth.

Herb decided to retire and the resort was sold to Herb Jr. on the first of June 1952. They exchanged houses and Herb Sr. moved to the farm and Herb Jr. family moved to the resort. Herb Sr. became very active in the Wisconsin Trapshooters Association after his retirement. He set up a workshop and started loading his own shotgun shells, and competed in a meet almost every weekend somewhere in the state. He won the State Veterans' Championship Title two years in a row after the age of 70. The winters were spent competing in the southern circuit in Georgia, Alabama and Florida, where he won second place several years at the National Meet, never quite taking the championship. He also went on elk and deer hunting trips to Wyoming and Montana in the Fall and many trips to the Dakotas for pheasant hunting. The Stelter family lived on a nearby farm and two of the brothers often would go with on many of his trips. Herb Sr. passed away on 10/21/1960 at the age of 75. He was cremated, as he had requested, and his ashes were spread over White Lake by airplane in the spring of 1961.