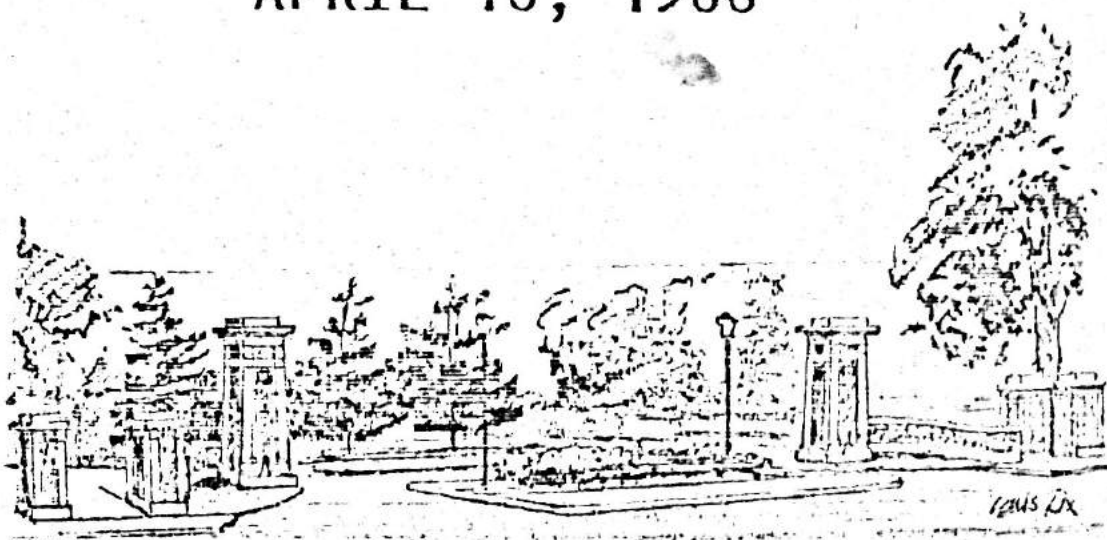


HISTORY
OF
HARRISON BOULEVARD HOMES

WRITTEN
BY
MARGARET WALLACE NEWMAN

DONATED
BY
KEN & TINA RODEWALD

APRIL 18, 1988



JULY - DECEMBER, 1987

Like the song, where shall I begin? This is a love story about a home and a neighborhood. In early May, 1920, my parents bought and moved into our home at 4003 S. Harrison Boulevard. The family included my father, Dr. J. Clifford Wallace, physician and surgeon - my dear mother - my maternal grandmother, always called by my baby name for her, "Dar" - our beautiful Persian kitty, Snowball - her kittens - and myself, eight years old that very month.

What was it like on the boulevard in 1920? Beautiful young elm trees canopied the sidewalks, which were illuminated by ornamental lights including light fixtures at the north and east entrances of the Harrison Hill addition. Only ten homes had been built here on the boulevard, as the majority of the lots were vacant. The first home off Rudisill Boulevard on the northwest corner, where Husars now live, was built by Martin J. Grace, paving contractor. The middle home with the tall white pillars was occupied by Mark Schulz, Sales Manager of the Bowser Company, a gasoline pump manufacturer. Rodewalds live there now. On the southwest corner of that block, Albert H. Schaaf built his home. This is Steiner's home now. Albert Schaaf and his partner, Frank Hilgeman, were the real estate developers, having already created Arcadia and Englewood Courts. After the Harrison Hill Addition, they presented South Wood Park.

The next block south on the west had two homes. The square brick in the middle of the block was that of Louis Ridgeway, a coal contractor. That home is now occupied by Rob Palmer and his family. The southwest corner was that of Ely

E. Perry, a lawyer. The Johnsons now call this home.

Going one block south on the west side of the boulevard, next to the north corner, was Dr. M. B. Catlett's home, now home to the Klugmans. It was the only home in that block in 1920.

Back to the first block from Rudisill, on the east side, again there was only one home. Dr. Ronnie B. Shields, a New York painless dentist, lived there with his gorgeous brunette wife with dimples in her smile and laughing eyes. This is where Var-kettas live now.

The Shields had a beautiful sunken garden with a fountain in their back yard, and a half-moon driveway circling off Boerger Avenue, now called Foster Parkway. Their riding horses were delivered to them on weekends and holidays so they could ride extensively in the country. They also hunted with dogs. At one time, their basement walls were painted with murals showing dog heaven with dogs floating around on wings. Mrs. Shields drove an electric car which was kept in the lower back of the house, where a driveway came in from Boerger Avenue. Large brick posts illuminated by big white globes were at either side of the driveway. These were similar to those which are now at the garage driveway in the back.

Next came our home at the northeast corner of the 4000 block. This was built in 1916 by George Hall, Arthur Hall's brother. Arthur was the founder of Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, and George was a realtor. People often ask if our solarium and sleeping porch were part of the original house. Yes, they are shown in the building plans. As was the custom then, we have a back stairway which joins at the landing of the front stairs. There is a small hole in the dining room floor for a bell connection to the kitchen so the lady of the house could call the maid by tapping her foot on the lever that rang the bell. The

maid's quarter was upstairs, with a wash stand in the corner of the room. Mr. Hall was an artist, and had a two-story garage built so he could paint upstairs when weather permitted, as it was unheated. There was a Bowser gasoline pump between the garage doors, and there is still a gasoline tank under the driveway.

The Reids live in a home built by F. Karl Jurgensen, a teller at the Old National Bank. You undoubtedly know that our former mayor, Win Moses, lived there a few years ago.

Proceeding to the last block south, on the east side of the boulevard, the very last house - this beautiful colonial was constructed by Dr. Roth. Dr. Eric Schaab and his family have lived there a long time.

Rudisill Boulevard was paved with tar and crushed stones. In the summer the tar was soft enough to scoop up with our fingers so we could chew it. Imagine the germs! Boerger Avenue, now Foster Parkway, and Branning Avenue were not paved. The name Boerger Avenue was ultimately changed as a result of World War I and the dislike of the Germans. Likewise, the name Jaenicke Gardens, created by Mr. Jaenicke, who was the head of the Park Department, was changed to Japanese Gardens.

Marie and her sister Flora Moellering advise theirs was the very first home to be built in the whole Harrison Hill area. Theirs is the very large brick home at 4426 S. Calhoun Street. Their father, Mr. William H. F. Moellering, sold the land south of Lexington and one block south of their home, including the Circles, to Hilgeman and Schaaf in 1916. Their property was the Moellering Brick Yard. Did you ever wonder why we have so much clay in our yards?

At that time, one could stand on Harrison Hill and look over the city to the north and the

rolling country and meadows to the south. Harrison Hill is 35 to 50 feet above the sidewalk around the Court House. We could see Fairfield from our second story windows.

In the Spring and Summer, the sweet call of the meadow larks was a delight to hear. Red headed woodpeckers abounded, loudly drilling hollow tree trunks for insects. As now, there were lots of cardinals, blue jays, sparrows, robins, and mourning doves. I don't remember any grackles then, but I suppose we had blackbirds.

The street cars were owned and operated by the Traction Company. They ran on steel tracks in the streets, with the electricity supplied overhead by trolley wires. A trolley pole from the street car connected a wheel to the trolley wire. At Calhoun and Rudisill were double tracks, so a street car could wait for the Interurban to pass or another street car to come. Going around corners at transfer corners, trolley poles frequently came off the wires, causing the motorman to descend and put the trolley wheel back on the wire. In the winter, ice and snow caused no end of trouble on the trolley wires, sometimes creating great big sparks. The motorman always seemed to enjoy clanging the street-car bell when they started up at the corners, and to clear pedestrians.

Interurbans ran on the same tracks as the street cars, using the same overhead trolley wires. The interurbans had a loud, deep toot and slanted off Calhoun Street at Marquette Drive into Lafayette Place, and on to Decatur for a round trip back to Fort Wayne.

In early Spring, frogs summoned the coming season with their unmelodious croaking. My playmates and I went out there to catch polywogs and pick some of the prolific bounty of Spring wild flowers. There were spring beauties, violets, Dutchman's breeches, Sweet William, trilliums, May apples,

blood root, Jack-in-the-pulpit, ferns, and many others. We made colored paper May baskets, which were hung on neighbors' front door knobs and contained a nice assortment of wild flowers.

Although there may have been a few homes in Lafayette Place then, I don't remember any. Around World War I, my husband and friends remember city kite contests held in a large field across from Moellering's. There were no power lines or telephone poles there to interfere with such an event. A great number of trees had to be felled for the building of Lafayette Place. Marie Moellering tells of gypsies living in tents south of Sherwood Terrace in the more densely wooded area. Anyone who investigated their tents were met with a good water dousing.

In the Summer, horse drawn wagons carried 100 pound blocks of ice, covered in large pieces of canvas to protect them from the sun. The iceman had to chop the large blocks of ice into 10, 15, 25, or 50 pound pieces, depending on what size the housewives ordered. These pieces were picked up with huge ice tongs and slung over the iceman's shoulder, which was protected with leather to keep him from getting cold and wet. He carried his burden into the house. At our house, there was a small enclosed back porch which offered a small opening through the brick wall of the house and into the refrigerator in the butler's pantry. He had to open the back door of the refrigerator, slip the ice through into the ice compartment, close the back refrigerator door and finally the opening in the wall before his job was done. In the meantime, the neighborhood children clambered on the end of the ice wagon for the lovely ice chips to suck. We all scooted when the iceman reappeared.

Milk was delivered both Summer and Winter in a horse-drawn wagon. In the Winter, the wheels tinkled, musically crunching the snow and ice.

Milk and cream came in glass bottles of various sizes - half pint, pint, or quart. These were placed outside the house, usually on the back porch. On real cold days, the cream would freeze and ooze up and over the bottle. Frozen cream was delicious, and many times the neighborhood cats would have to be chased away from licking the unprotected bottles.

The postman came twice a day, mornings and afternoons, including Saturdays. First Class Mail was two cents and post cards were one cent. There was no such thing as junk mail, and the magazines were few (such as the Saturday Evening Post, National Geographic, Delineator, Woman's Home Companion, and Popular Mechanics).

Our homes were heated with coal furnaces. There was always a decision about the grade of coal to order - hard or soft. Hard coal was more expensive and made less smoke, supposedly making hotter fires. Coal was delivered on the outside of a coal chute which slid into a coal bin in the basement. The occupant had to shovel the coal from the bin to the furnace pit. Too much draft would make the coal burn too fast. Next was reversing the procedure of drafts and banking the coal so the fire would last through the night. If the coal was too compact on the top, it would generate gas and possibly blow out the furnace fire door.

Metal baskets were used for the ashes and clinkers which had to be cleaned out at least once a week. The ashman had to come and carry the baskets out of the house and haul them away. The charge was so much per basket. Coal furnaces made a pretty dirty job for everyone involved, and heaven help us if the fire went out during the night!

What about schools? There were no Harrison Hill, St. John's, or South Side High School in 1920. As we had moved from West Wildwood Avenue in May,

I was to finish the Spring semester in the school I had been attending - South Wayne - which was one block west of South Wayne Avenue at Cottage and Indiana Avenues. My new neighbor, Phyllis Ann (Girly) Schaaf and I walked to and from school twice a day, except when it rained and someone drove us. One day on starting back to school after lunch at home, Girly and I decided it was just too lovely and beautiful a day to go back to school for the afternoon. We turned and came home to play. Never having skipped school before, we didn't realize we would need an excuse. Mrs. Schaaf became suspicious when we appeared and called my mother, only to find out that my story was different from Girly's. We both had to be punished, of course.

In the Fall, the Hamilton School at the northwest corner of Clinton and Pontiac was where I was to attend school next. Riding my beautiful new bicycle, I joined a large group of students coming from the south. Our bicycles were placed on racks inside the school and carefully locked with chains between the steel spokes. Our classroom was in a portable building heated by a single coal stove in the corner of the room. I caught double lobar pneumonia there.

South Side High School was built in 1920-21. The field to the north of the school had been used for Chautauquas and circuses. South Side was only one story when it was built, except the entrances on Calhoun Street and Darrow Avenue. Did you know there was a South Side Grade School at one time? There was, and those of us grade school age were housed in a few classrooms as well as portable building along the south of the building. I came home sputtering and coughing one noon. My father wondered what could be causing this and went over to school to investigate, only to find out there was spontaneous combustion in the coal bin under the ground near the portables. We were dismissed that afternoon, and my father was the hero of the day.

Harrison Hill School was finished in 1922, and we were the first class to graduate from that school in 1926, entering South Side High School that Fall.

Calhoun Street near South Side High School was not commercially built up in the 1920's, except for a few buildings. Directly across from the school on the southwest corner of Darrow and Calhoun was the Greasy Spoon Restaurant, a popular hang-out for students. In back of this on Darrow was the White Motor Garage. White Motors were competitive with International Harvester at that time. On a hill just south of the Greasy Spoon was Seaney & Anderson's Costume Shop. The rest of the block southward was vacant except for an ice cream parlor on the corner of Calhoun and Oakdale. For some reason, this was not at all popular with the students.

On the southwest corner of Calhoun and Oakdale was a small grocery store. This is now a vacuum cleaner store. Residences and vacant lots came south to where the Castle Office Building and Apartments were built in 1926. The first tenant in the corner store was Martha Washington Candy Store. This is now Baskin-Robbins. Leo Lauer's Drug Store succeeded the candy store. Leo was very well liked by high school students, and had ice cream tables and chairs placed in the grassy area along Rudisill. This proved to be a very popular place for people to stop by and sit at the outdoor tables for ice cream sodas, sundaes, and cones in nice weather.

On the east side of Calhoun, there was a large vacant field at the southeast corner of Calhoun and Oakdale. This was owned by the City Schools, and was ultimately traded for the residences and land on Clinton Court to allow the expansion of South Side's athletic facilities eastward along Clinton Street. Darrow was then closed between Calhoun and Clinton.

South of this field toward Rudisill was the Feistkorn Furniture Store. Howard's and the Fort Wayne National Bank recently vacated this building, which is now occupied by a radio station and pizza shop. Runyan's Standard Oil Station was on the northeast corner of Calhoun and Rudisill. The Gospel Tabernacle to the east on Rudisill was built in 1932.

On the southwest corner of Calhoun and Rudisill was the Harrison Hill Drug Store. This was built about 20 feet from Rudisill, and you will place Tom's Supermarket there now. Reidmiller's grocery store was next south, and then Freese & Branning's Floral Shop. They did my wedding flowers in 1951. Their greenhouse was at the corner of Rudisill and what was then called Agnostic Avenue. Mr. Boerger was the real estate agent who developed that area and it seems some of his relatives were non-believers, so he named the street for them. Later John Worthman, a realtor, wanted to develop the same area but couldn't with one of the streets being named Agnostic Avenue, so he made a deal with Charles Buell who was on the City Council. The street was subsequently changed to Buell Drive, with certain concessions having been made by Mr. Worthman.

Just west of Harrison Hill Drug Store was a grey stucco house on the alley. Dr. Berkey, a dentist, had his office and residence there. I also have memories of a boy named Fatty Carpenter living in that house, who came to our house asking me to make scrambled egg sandwiches for him. I wonder whatever happened to him.

South of Freese and Branning's was a private residence where my good friend Louise Lehman lived. She helped me learn to ride my bicycle. The rest of that block south to Boerger Avenue, now Foster Parkway, was all vacant lots.

The south side of Rudisill Boulevard from Calhoun east was all residences. After the homes near Calhoun were moved or demolished, Mr. Runyan lost his lease with the Standard Oil Station and established a Texaco station right across the street. He was a favorite with the south-enders, and never lacked customers. Eventually, as you know, the whole west end of that block was converted into stores. Mr. Carl Seibel, Jr., owned all that land and lived in the Schaaf house (now Steiner's) on Harrison Boulevard. Meyer's Rexall Drug Store was an early tenant on the corner (now Hook's).

In 1920, lots on the east side of the boulevard had gorgeous big old elm, oak, and wild cherry trees along the alley. The elm tree still standing on the back corner at Calhoun and Foster Parkway will give some idea of the magnificence of these trees. At one time, they bordered the cow path that extended south to the Moellering Brick Yard. Mr. Moellering rented some meadows north of his property on Lexington Avenue for his cows to graze in. Several large elm trees and two wild cherry trees grew in our back yard. Incidentally, my father planted the large walnut tree along our alley, from a walnut. The huge oak tree in Shedron's back yard was just a young tree in the 1920's. There is a table of water in this area which supplies plenty of water to the tree roots. A wonderful large rope swing was built for me between the two large wild cherry trees. Imagine the hours my playmates and I pumped upward and upward until we got the "jerks." What great fun! All of these large trees have died or been cut down as houses and garages were built. What elm trees were not cut down caught the Dutch elm disease, which also killed the trees along either side of the boulevard sidewalks.

Another swing in our back yard was a common type wooden swing suspended from a wooden frame. Two seats, each accommodating two people, faced each

other over a slatted wooden floor. The whole swing moved back and forth like an open cage propelled by the occupants. This was a popular meeting place for neighbors to gather and share the news.

Croquet was a popular yard game then. There was a croquet set in our back yard for many summers. It was a nuisance whenever the grass had to be cut, but it afforded a lot of entertainment for children as well as adults. Also, there were two large spikes in the grass for horse shoe pitching, which seemed more popular with adults than with children.

Since writing the last chapter, a friend advises me that the mother of Bill Blass, the famous designer, worked at Seaney & Anderson's costume shop as a seamstress. Bill Blass probably spent many hours there as a boy and young man. He prefers not to be reminded that he grew up in Fort Wayne. Also, when Mr. Seaney was married, he dressed his bride in black, veil and all. When their baby was born, the child also was dressed in black and had a black baby carriage. Obviously, Mr. Seaney thought black was very chic and smart fashion-wise. We are now reading of many weddings done in black. Old fashioned, aren't they? You also know that Ken Scott, another renown designer, came from Fort Wayne. Enough of the digressing - but it is interesting, isn't it?

The Harrison Hill Community Association was quite active in the 1920's. The snowy sidewalks were plowed by a heavy wooden triangular plow pulled by a horse. A man walked in back of the horse and held the reins to one side. The Association Santa Claus, Floyd R. Neff, came to every home in his costume and delivered a nice box of candy. Mr. Neff also headed the Indiana University Extension Center located just north of St. Paul's Lutheran Church on Barr Street. The second building on the Indiana-Purdue Campus is names in Mr. Neff's honor.

Some of the ladies living in the Harrison Hill area organized the Harrison Hill Club, a social group which met in the members' homes for lunch, conversation, or whatever. Some of the names of the members were well known in the city such as Messers, Gallmeyer, Neff, Catlett, Waldschmidt, Glass, Brubaker, Logue, Feisthorn, and my mother.

Playmates? Oh my, yes! At first there were only Girlie, Hart and Sam Schaaf, and Marc Schulz to the north and Walter Jurgensen to the south. Marc delighted in scaring the living daylights out of the girls by releasing garter snakes he caught and kept in a bottle. He had only played with us for a short time when his father was transferred to England to assume an office there with the Bowser Company. The Higgins bought the Schulz home (Rodewald's), so we gained three playmates - Rita, Edgar, and Monica. Rita, Girlie, and I were inseparable. We considered Monica too young. We three wobbled all over the neighborhood in our mothers' high heeled shoes, sporting flowing gowns created from old discarded lace curtains. We all read extensively, and received lots of books for birthdays and Christmas. School teachers had us bring our new books to school and read a chapter every so often to the whole class. The South Side Public Library was then on the west side of Calhoun Street just north of Suttentfield. We were young patrons of their services.

The Schaafs, Higgins, and I were well acquainted with Robin Hood, King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. We girls played Queen Morgan le Fay with Hart and Edgar being knights. Our horses were broom handles. No one in the neighborhood had a lid on his garbage can, as these were employed as our shields. It was a time of pure imagination.

The Schaafs appropriated the south end of their three-car garage to Girlie and Hart for their playhouse. They alternated every month occupying the front or back portion of the playhouse. The upstairs of our two-story garage was my playhouse.

On our garage wall, there is still in white chalk "no admission" instead of "no admittance." We made lots of mud pies which were decorated with weed seeds. Iron weed seeds were particularly suitable. Each month brought a new issue of the "Delineator" magazine, giving us a new supply of paper dolls. We learned simple embroidery stitches and made hats and outfits for our dolls on the small hand-cranked Singer sewing machines received as gifts.

The boys played with their erector sets, mumble-typeg, ball games, marbles, and collected stamps. The girls jumped rope, played hopscotch, jacks, tiddlywinks, pick-up sticks, and we all played checkers, carom, old maid, hearts, and the many games we received for Christmas and birthdays.

As more families moved here and built new homes, we gained more and more playmates. Next door to the Jurgensens, Reynolds built where McCullochs now live. This added John, Paul, and Robert. Walter Jurgensen, who is now a retired physician, reminded me only a few weeks ago that I had a deadly aim with a snowball which hit him in the ear. In the Winter, we always had wet mittens after making snowmen, building forts, and making angels in the snow.

Across the street, the Perrys moved (Johnson's), and Betty and Bobby Carlson were happily added to our ever growing group. Frank Mills built where the Koehlingers live, giving us Burton, Virginia, Robert, Beth, Frank, and Kenneth. Betty, Beth, and I became fast friends. Gallmeyers built in the block south of us (Libbings), but we considered Marybelle too young to play with. Zerns built their beautiful Italian home across the street in 1925-1926. The Dale McMillens bought Grace's (Husar) home, adding Mary Jane and Dale Jr. to our group when we were a little older.

It was great fun to pitch a tent in the yard between the Schaaf's and the Higgins' and sleep

outdoors. We all became very involved in Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts. Camping was a must in the Summer, and the programs during the year were fascinating. We eagerly earned merit badges, which were sewn on our uniforms and proudly displayed.

One of my favorite bicycle rides was south on Fairfield Avenue, which was not paved beyond McKinnie Avenue, on out to Moellering's Feed Mill, which was approximately where McComb's Foster Park Funeral Chapel is now, and south to the Fairfield bridge.

We all had chores to do around the house and yard. I earned \$1.00 cutting our grass with an old-fashioned reel type lawn mower, which was powered by muscle locomotion.

In the evenings after dinner, the children would gather in the parkway to play run Sheepie run, red light, hide and seek, and whatever else we could think of. About nine o'clock porch lights went on and parents whistled and clapped for their children to come home and go to bed. Reluctantly we disbanded, only to resume our great fun the next day and evening.

No one ever had to suggest anything for us to do. We were busy days and evenings going to school and enjoying a wonderful playtime which we created for ourselves.

Two of our pastimes were roller skating in the Summer and ice skating in the Winter. Skates were clamped on to the soles of our shoes, as no one had shoe skates then. Those of us with weak ankles wobbled all over in our ice skates, but we didn't care. The bane of our existence was losing the key that fastened the clamps. These keys are appearing at flea and antique markets now.

It was a common custom for our piano teachers to come to our homes for our piano lessons. Some of the more affluent teachers had studios, however. At Spring's end we had to participate in the piano recitals. Ugh! How we all hated it, as it meant memorizing whatever we were to play. The teacher rented a hall, and our parents invited family and friends to witness our performances. Everyone was dressed in his or her Sunday best, and the teacher sported a corsage. How she beamed when we all played to her satisfaction, and she was always very consoling when we forgot part or lost our place in the music.

As we started growing up, Mr. Higgins gathered Girlie and Hart Schaaf, his own three children, Rita, Monica, and Edgar, and myself to drive us to Trier's Dancing School once a week. The Higgins' car was a large seven-passenger open touring car with removable mica window curtains and pull-down jump seats in the rear. It was cold in the Winter, but fun. Trier's was on the second story of a building in the first block east of Calhoun Street on East Wayne, a little east of the present Murphy building. Mr. Trier was a very portly gentleman who waltzed divinely. What a thrill it was to dance with him. Ed Higgins and I delighted in dancing together and tripping our friends whenever we could.

The building where Trier's Dancing School was located had to be torn down so that the Paramount movie and stage show theatre could be built. The Paramount incorporated elaborate art-deco architecture and interior decoration. The Embassy Theatre was built about the same time. Originally, the Embassy was called the Emboyd. Mr. Quimby built the Emboyd and named it in honor of his mother, Emma Boyd.

Mr. Trier had to close his dancing school, but founded Trier's Amusement Park at West Swinney Park. This was a great place to enjoy its large roller coaster, Dodge-Em, indoor House Of Mirrors,

and the huge slide. We sat on the carpet pieces to descend the side, and walked up the stairs to slide down again and again. Concession stands around sold popcorn, ice cream, hot dogs, etc. There was a dance hall with a live band, but we were too young to enjoy that.

One Summer, Higgins strung Japanese lanterns over their porch for a delightful neighborhood childrens' dance in the evening.

Radio was introduced early in the 1920's. What excitement! My husband and some of his friends built their own crystal sets, which preceded commercial receivers. These were powered by a 6-volt dry cell battery, and the parts consisted of a round oatmeal box, cotton-covered copper wire, a wooden doughnut-shaped vario coupler, a metal shaft, a plastic dial graduated from 0-100, a Galena mica crystal, a catswhisker (fine copper wire), and earphones.

By any chance, did you happen to read Jim Payne's "Letter to the Editor" in the News-Sentinel last summer? In August, 1925, when the Lincoln Life Building was only 3 or 4 years old and WOWO was about 1-1½, Jim Woulfe, my brother Pooch, and I would take a wash tub and place it on the wide sidewalk in front of Lincoln Life. We would prop it up on two bricks, place our crystal receiver under the tub, and listen to WOWO. Later on, it was either Atwater Kent or Stromberg-Carlson. The popular brands of commercial radio receivers were Grigsby-Grunow, Atwater Kent, Crosby, Scott, Silvertone, Westinghouse, RCA, Stromberg-Carlson, and General Electric. Families delighted to no end announcing in the mornings they had heard transmissions the night before from as far away as WLW from Cincinnati, KDKA in Pittsburgh, WSB in Atlanta, and Schenectady.

Many Sundays were spent driving out to Devil's Hollow for a picnic or cook-out and a weinie roast.

Miller's Cafeteria and Miller's Tea Room were popular places downtown for Sunday dinner, followed by a movie at the Emboyd, Paramount, or Palace Theatre. We always tried to be home early enough to listen to the latest chapter of One Man's Family about Father Barber and his family living in San Francisco.

When Betty Carlson, Beth Mills, and I were in the eighth grade at the Harrison Hill School, 1926, we decided to build a hut on the rear of a vacant lot on Webster Street just back of Mills' (Koehlinger's). We gathered discarded wooden grocery crates and any building supplies we could use from the new homes being built in the neighborhood. It was a three-room hut. The roof over the living room was a large discarded sheet of corrugated metal. When we picked it up we disturbed a large coiled snake. Imagine the screams! We grabbed the metal sheet and ran. One day an oil delivery truck lost a faucet on the street. This became our kitchen faucet from which water aimed at the edge of a wooden makeshift sink in the kitchen. Water was kept in a nail keg on a shelf over the sink. The seams of the keg were filled with parrafin. The hut was started early in March and, after a Summer of sawing and pounding, the hut was completed.

Our mothers and Mrs. Ridgeway (Rob Palmer's home) donated pots, pans, dishes, curtains, rugs, and some furniture. As we were grateful to our neighborhood benefactors, we decided to have an afternoon tea for them. Wild rose corsages for each guest were arranged in paper doilies. Sorry, but I don't remember what we intended to serve. However, the weather was uncooperative so it rained. Our roof leaked. Our party was ruined. Of course, our guests had to scamper. Oliver Wear, our math teacher at Harrison Hill, came to see our hut before we tore it down. We greatly appreciated her interest. She was a wonderful teacher and later became the City School Supervisor for math programs.

Five of the "Boulevard Kids" who grew up here on the boulevard moved back as adults with their own families. Dalton McAlister had lived as a boy and young man in the Varketta's home. He purchased the Husar home for his family. Byron Hayes lived with his parents in Shedron's home as a young man. He stayed in that home and raised his four children there. Marybelle Gallmeyer (Libbing's) as a child always admired the Zern's beautiful Italian home across the street. When she married Dr. Richard Stauffer, they bought her dream home. Jack Zern was raised in that home which his parents built in 1925-6, and bought the house for his family when he became an adult. I lived here until my marriage in 1951, and moved back in 1957 after my grandmother died and mother said she couldn't live in this big house alone any longer. Of all the "Boulevard Kids" who have lived here, Jack Zern and I are the only originals living here now.

It is interesting to review some of the Harrison Hill people who were or became well-known.

Hart Schaaf (now Steiner's) went to England with the United Nations Organization after graduating from college. There he met and married his charming wife, Barbara. From London, they were transferred to Bangkok, Thailand, where their two sons were born. From Bangkok they were assigned to Colombo, Sri Lanka. Ting and I visited the Schaafs in Sri Lanka in 1972, and Hart was reminded of the rotten tomato he threw at me one day when I went over to play in Girlie's playhouse.

Dale W. McMillen, founder and President of the Central Soya Company, lived in Husar's home in the 1920's. Max Kraus (Schaab's) was President of Kraus & Appelbaum, wholesale distributors of agricultural products in 1920 to 1929, and he later became an officer of Allied Seed Company.

Benjamin F. Geyer (Klugman's) served on the School Board, and the Geyer Middle School is named in his honor. Merle J. Abbett (Koehlinger's) was Superintendent of Fort Wayne Public Schools, and the Abbett School is named in his honor.

In the 1920's, four executives of the Wayne Pump Company lived across the street from each other in the 4100 block of the boulevard. Benjamin F. Geyer was President. Irving Zern was Vice President and Treasurer. Ernest F. Gallmeyer (Libbing's) was Vice President in charge of sales. Robert Jauch (Davis') was Vice President in charge of engineering.

Parker Whiting, who built the home where the Phillips now reside, was President of the Fort Wayne Livestock operation.

David Fishman founded the Fishman Apparel Store, which was just north of Wolf & Dessauer on Calhoun Street. Jerry and Elena Pruss now live in the Fishman home, recently vacated by the Brooks.

Wendell C. Glass (Rodewald's) served as Vice President of Rea Magnet Wire Company.

Robert Pollack (Chamber's) founded Wayne Maid Dresses, internationally known for their smocks, blouses, and dresses.

Several well known bankers have lived here. Edward F. Scheumann (Birchhoff's) was Vice President and Cashier of the Fort Wayne National Bank. Jay Powell (Stacey's) was President of Anthony Wayne Bank and is presently Executive Vice President of the Summit Bank. Carl Gunkler (Ross') was President of Lincoln Bank.

Lincoln Life Insurance Company has been well represented here. Henry Persons (Ross') was President at one time, as was Henry F. Rood (Ross'). Dr. H. C. McAlister (Varketta's) was

Medical Director at one time, and Dr. Donald C. Chambers presently serves in that capacity.

Theodore F. Hagerman, President of Hagerman Construction Company, lived in the home now occupied by the Prusses.

After selling the Brookside Estate to Saint Francis College, Mrs. Grace Bass Leslie and her daughter, Mary, moved to Varketta's house. Mr. Manley Lord, General Sales Manager of the Fort Wayne General Electric Works, had lived there previously.

Over the years, the boulevard has been home to many lawyers and doctors - too many to name.

Beth Mills (Koehlinger's) moved to Port Washington Long Island with her family. There she met and married Bill Gardner. They had two daughters, Marilyn and Gail. Marilyn entered a dramatics school where she met Telly Savalas. They married and had two daughters, Penelope and Candace. Telly went to England to make a movie but, since her children were small and in school, Marilyn couldn't go with him. Telly fathered a son in England, so Marilyn got a divorce. She now has two condominiums, one in Hollywood and one in Vail, Colorado. Candace finished her college education and persuaded her father that she really wanted to act. She is thrilled to be working with her father, and starred in Telly's movie, "Kojak: The Price of Justice," which aired on CBS February 21, 1987. So...Beth Mills, my playmate and hut co-builder, became Telly Savalas' mother-in-law and grandmother of another budding Savalas star.

Speaking of the entertainment world, the Erwins lived in the home built by Edward F. Scheumann, now Bircheff's. One of the Erwin sons, John, is the voice of Morris the Cat, and doing very well in his field.

What more is there to remember? Lots, no doubt. Harrison Hill and the boulevard have always been a very special place to live, and should continue to be so - considering the fine young people now residing in and moving to this area to raise their families. Let us all hope the Harrison Hill Community Association continues to be as active and alive as it is today. It's great!

A million thanks to my dear husband, Ting, who has been wonderful helping me to remember.

The End.

Margaret Wallace Newman