

How many remember 65 years ago when in Palestine on the corner where Mrs. I. D. Fisher lives now, George Weirick had a store and post office. One night while sleeping in the store he heard someone trying to get in the back door. He got his shot gun and got behind a cracker barrel and when the two burglars stepped in the door he shot one of them in the stomach. The man fell and crawled to the barn where later the men found him and carried him into the house where he died the next day. The other man got away but they later found his overcoat in a field where he had lost it. The room in which the burglar died was several years later moved across the street east where it still stands on the corner where Reuben Kibler's blacksmith shop used to be. Across the street, where Mrs. Smythe now lives was Dr. Pearman's home and office. He drove a team of ponies hitched to an open buggy when he made his calls. Bonnie Latta, just a boy then, took care of the ponies. Behind his farm stood a one-room school house where 42 boys and girls were taught from the chart class up to the eight grade. Outside the door was the wooden pump, where all the children drank water from the same tin cup. Across the road south was the church which still stands. Elmer Vandermark was the first Rural mail carrier; Will Hatfield was the barber; Libby Yarnel wove carpets; Milt Black was the paper hanger; Frank Montimore, the stone mason; Lyman Dunnuck the sexton at the church. South of the store John Wainwright and his father had a shop where they made and sold wooden pumps. Ray Henderson's father had the grist mill, where he ground corn and wheat by power furnished by the water coming over the dam. The mill is still there. North and west of the cemetery Mr. Eby and Mr. Hearld had large berry patches of all kinds where the women and children picked the berries. For every 100 quart of berries picked they were paid \$1.25. Ruth Blackwell's father, Will Shirey had a cider mill where anyone who had apples got them ground into cider and made their own vinegar. Peter Sarber was the fisherman. He caught rock bass as large as a man's hand and sold them 13 for 25 cents. Bill Hatfield, Dan Fawley and Milt Black had a thrashing outfit and did all the thrashing for the farmers. Palestine was quite a village in those days.

(Remember old Reuben Kibler, who used to have a blacksmith shop in Palestine, on Rd 25, southeast of Warsaw? Kibler was a noted violin player.)