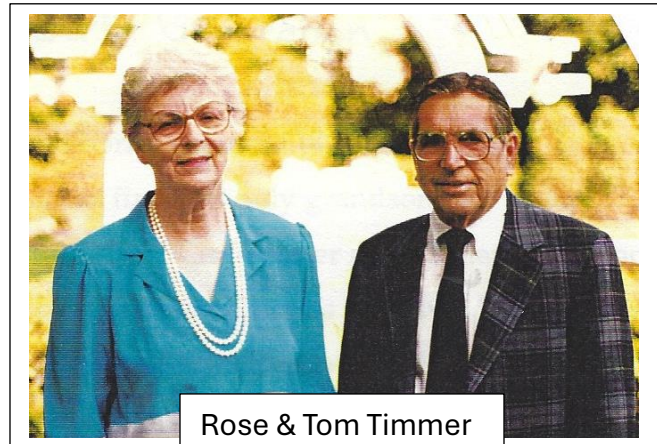




The Timmers

The first Timmer to come to Tippecanoe was Gerhart. He was born in Germany in 1830 and migrated to America in 1853. His Tippecanoe story is long and quite interesting. He started a cooper business (barrel maker), many of our homes and business buildings were built with bricks from his backyard on S. 3rd St. In 1867 he built the family home at 229 S. 2nd Street.



In 1925 the family and Newman Buckles bought the defunct Tip Top Canning Co., later buying Newman's shares. In 1997, George, Scott and Matt Timmer managed the cannery and were majority stockholders. Tip Top closed in 2020.

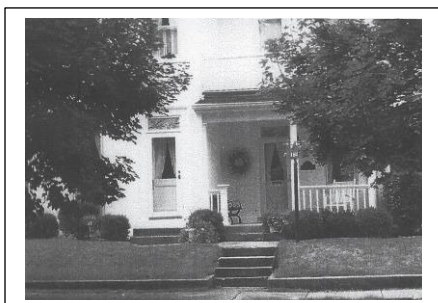
Robert Timmer was born in 1907 and married Majorie Hoyer in 1934. They had two children:

Don who married Nancy Custer and Jane who married Jerome Cline.

Thomas Gerhart Timmer was born in 1911 and married Rosemarie Hoffman on July 10, 1936. They had three sons: Thomas Jr., Peter and George.

Besides the cannery, Thomas bought the Amole Soap Co on S. 1st Street and later the Huffman Creamery on the northeast corner of 1st and Main. Rose ran the Creamery. Both Tom and Rose were very active in the community and the Tipp Methodist Church.

Another Timmer Connection



This house is the William and Emily Eickmeyer Family Homestead at 209 S. Second St. It was taken in 1884. Their son Henry married Elizabeth Cottingham. After her death he married Lillie Hartley. Their daughter was Margaret Eickmeyer Fox Dailey (Susie Spitler's grandmother).

It has been renovated several times and has been the home of Tipp football Coach Alkie Richards and, until a few years ago, Matt and Claire Timmer.

Tipp City Honors Century Homes: A Tribute to Our Living History

Tipp City's historic charm is more than just a collection of beautiful old houses—it's a reflection of the people and stories that have built this community for over a century. To celebrate that enduring spirit, the Tippecanoe Historical Society has introduced the Century Home Award Program, recognizing homes in Tipp City that have reached the milestone age of 100 years or more.

Through this program, homeowners of qualifying properties are presented with an elegant Century Homes plaque, designed to be proudly displayed on the exterior of their home. Each plaque serves as a lasting emblem of Tipp City's heritage—acknowledging the craftsmanship, care, and history that have allowed these homes to endure through generations.

"Each house tells a story," said a representative of the Tippecanoe Historical Society. "From the families who built them to those who lovingly maintain them today, these homes connect us to our shared past."

Participation in the Century Homes program not only honors the buildings themselves but also strengthens the sense of pride and community among residents. It serves as a reminder that preservation is not just about architecture—it's about people and place.

CENTURY HOME plaques have recently been awarded to:

- 150 S. Hyatt - Logan Rogers home built 1900
- 228 W. Broadway - Scott and Sarah Hoover home built 1900
- 16 E. German St. - Team Scenna Rentals LLC. home built pre-1920
- 227 S. 2nd - Frank and Mary Landwehr home built 1922
- 318 S. 2nd - Cathy Smith home built 1883
- 234 S. 3rd - Carly and Gabe Jones home built pre-1920
- 242 N. 2nd - M. G. Ziessler home built pre-1920

For more information about the Century Home Award and how to apply, residents can contact the Tippecanoe Historical Society.



Is *your* home
a Century Home?



Have your home recognized as one
of our community's Century Homes!

Submit an application
form to the Tippecanoe
Historical Society,
learn about your
home's history and
receive a plaque to display!



A project supported by the Tipp City Foundation

Letter from the President

Your Tippecanoe Historical Society members have been busy. A major refresh was performed on the Century Homes program that recognizes Tipp City homes that have been a part of our community for 100 years or more. Hats off to members Paula Lantz, Marilyn Richards, Carol Graf, and Jackie Wahl for the hard work needed to revitalize this important program that is such a right fit for the mission of our Society. *See the Century Homes article.*

We were delighted to welcome visitors to our booth during the Mum Festival. We just love fielding questions about Tipp City history while displaying Tipp City artifacts and items from the archives. A special shout out to Cherie Page, who helped with set-up. She is the daughter of Phyllis (Parsons) Schindler, now residing in California, but supports the Society in this way to honor her mother. Also, congrats on her fine finish in the Mum Run!! *See the Mum Festival article*

Society members have been busy creating the history story boards for the houses on the 2025 Tippecanoe and Christmas, Too Home Tour, December 6th. I encourage everyone to take the opportunity to visit these houses that are ALL Century Homes!

An Epic of Old Tippecanoe is a brand-new feature written by member, Ed Merta. Thanks for sharing your special talents with the membership!

The Society has joined the Downtown Partnership and we look forward to the Society being more engaged in various community programs.

Thanks to Board members, Joanna Pittenger, Karen Kuziinsky, and Karen Jackson for reviewing and updating our by-laws. The bylaws help the society stay on mission and provide guidelines for growth and change. When finalized, the revised bylaws will come to the membership for approval.

Barbara Smith

Welcome New Members

Mike Chaney, Tipp City
Deborah Day, Tipp City



Thank You

Two individuals made monetary donations to the society:

Bruce Brownlee (South Carolina)

Amy & Jeremy Hardings in honor of Bill Rodenberg



THS at the Mum Festival

New signage welcomed visitors to the Society booth at the Mum Festival. Tipp City history books by author and Society member, Susan Furlong were available. Ornaments, High School yearbooks from several decades, as well as photos, postcards, and various artifacts from the Museum were also on display.



Susan Furlong discussing her book



An Epic of Old Tippecanoe

By Ed Merta

The narrative that follows is based on historical accounts. The author, however, has taken the liberty of filling in the gaps with a bit of imagination. The point of doing so is to suggest that local history should be more than a catalog of facts and artifacts; more than a means of civic promotion; more than preservation as economic development; more than raw material for educational and social doctrine. History, grounded in fact and the human hunger for meaning, should tell stories that speak to the soul. Or try to, as our limits and the gulf of years will allow.

On a spring day in April 1857, the old man lay dying in his grand alabaster mansion at the corner of First and Main, not far from western Ohio's Miami and Erie canal.

Much else was going on as he died. On the streets outside the room where he lay, people might have gathered breathlessly to talk about the monumental decision of the United States Supreme Court, only days before. The Court had struck down legal limits on owning slaves. The townspeople outside the dying man's window might have begun to comprehend what the Court's decision would mean. Armies trampling the fields of the Republic. Massed phalanxes of rifles. The sound of artillery – thunder on a cloudless day. Blood soaking the soil, piles of corpses rotting in the sun.

The man dying in his bed nearby knew he wouldn't live to see it. His sons and daughters would. All he could do was pray.

In middle age he'd established the town outside his window. He saw this act as the mission he'd been charged with in this life. It isn't hard to imagine that as he prepared to leave that life, his mind would have drifted back to the days when the sense of his mission first came to him.

When he was young.

In the year 1817 he got married. He was 20 years old. He had a single horse and 50 cents to his name. He and his bride lived in a log cabin in Miami County, Ohio, apparently with the groom's mother, somewhere near a stream named Honey Creek.

The young man knew he had to do something more provide for his family. He would have heard other young men talking about an absurd way to do it. Just another one of those crazy schemes to make a huge pile of money quicker than a lickety split — or whatever the slang for it would have been, back in those days.

Loose talk of such boondoggles likely filled the local taverns. Consider, for example, the town just to the north of our newly married young man's log cabin. That august community bore the name of Homer's mythic city, the one bested by a wooden horse. Maybe the young bridegroom we're learning about here would have had occasion to visit the taverns of Troy, Ohio, now and then (I don't actually know whether or not he drank). The watering holes in Troy would have reeked of sweat and cigar smoke and tobacco spit all over the floor. Enclosed by dank stone walls and sticky wooden floors, drunken men talked of mad schemes to escape their lot, on those weary evenings after the work in the fields (or on the canal, in time) was done.

Honey Creek, Miami County, Ohio. Photo by author.



Our young man would have listened. One scheme in particular kept coming up. He would have wondered, I think, if maybe there was something to it. He would have talked more about it, in the daylight, with sober men who ran the flour mills and the tanneries and the farms that regularly sold their produce downriver in the growing metropolis of Dayton, Ohio, a city at the confluence of five different rivers.

These were the boom times, the years after America's second great victory over King George III of Great Britain, in what everyone now called the War of 1812. In that conflict the redcoat armies had burned Washington City to the ground, the naval armadas of His Majesty had sealed up the young nation's ports. Yet somehow the Republic had won the day.

By the grace.

In the aftermath of national glory, our young man, trying to soak up elder wisdom in the taverns and streets of Troy, would have heard whiskey-soaked tales of war's tribulation. At one point during the War of 1812, the armies of the United States protecting Ohio had been annihilated by the enemy. The forested Buckeye State had lain open to invasion from the north. At the time, our young man had been a boy living in a log cabin amidst the trees with his mother. We can imagine mother and son waiting in dread for columns of the crimson coated British troops to come burning and pillaging and killing their way through the Ohio countryside.

It never happened. General William Henry Harrison had saved the land. In 1813 Harrison's army won a great victory in Canada over the British at the River Thames, north of Lake Erie. It was the second time Harrison had saved Ohio. The first had been his 1811 victory over the Indians, at a river in Indiana called Tippecanoe.

Our young man remembered.

That childhood lay behind him as he spoke with the elder farmers and merchants of Troy, Ohio in the weeks and months after getting married in 1817. The men of affairs about town told him: no, it's not a mad scheme that the drunken men speak of. It just takes some learning, some concentration, some dedication. And then the bravery to go where you've never gone before.

To be continued in the January newsletter

Upcoming Events

Tuesday, November 11th 3:00 pm – Board Meeting – Tipp Senior Center

Thursday, December 4th 3:00 pm – THS Christmas Dinner at Bob Evans

Saturday, December 6th 11:00 – 4:00 – Tippecanoe & Christmas Too Tour of Homes

Tuesday, December 9th 3:00 pm – Board Meeting – Tipp Senior Center

Saturday, December 20th – Museum closes for the winter

Tuesday, January 9th 3:00 pm – Board Meeting – Tipp Senior Center