

Snedecor Family

Good morning and welcome to the Snedecor family plots.

Here lie my family members: Grandpa Eliphalet – “Liff”

Grandma Sarah “Seaman”

-you’ll see her family in the plots next to the fence. I’ll let the next tour address the Seamans.

Dad – Lewis Nelson Snedecor

Myself – Sgt John H. Snedecor

Uncle Obediah - Obie

Since we’re in a churchyard, I will start the way the Bible does, “in the beginning”.

Although in 1776 we declared independence from England, the government as we know it began with Washington’s election in 1788. . . the year grandpa was born. The 13 states had 4 million people. By the time he died, that had expanded to 34 states with 32 million people. 16 presidents held office in his lifetime. I had 8 presidents, 3 who died in office. I voted for none.

Grandpa moved from the center of the island to Islip with grandma. They had 6 children (dad), 3 brothers and 2 sisters. Islip developed a reputation for great hunting and fishing. Rich businessmen from NYC would pay good money to be escorted to prime areas. An opportunity arose to purchase a tavern on the Connetquot River. It included a farm and was close to a mill. The river was so rich one 2 hour trip yielded 43 trout. Grandpa put a limit of 10 per trip after that. Local Indians would escort the gentlemen to key hunting areas for deer, turkey, quail, grouse and duck. One hunter, a restaurant owner named Delmonico, was so excited after bagging a deer that he dropped dead before he got to it!

It wasn’t just hunting, but people from Currier and Ives that came to capture the beauty. John Audubon painted birds. Tiffany did glasswork.

Grandma’s cuisine was lauded all the way to NYC and Grandpa put together a concoction that made its rounds too.

Dad died when I was 6. That left mom with me, Mary and my brothers Lewis and Jeremiah. She was remarried to a man in NYC leaving us in the care of Grandma & Grandpa. Mary helped Grandma with wash and cooking. Since manure starts with m-a-n, we men got to clean the barn and stable. School was in nearby Sayville.

War broke out. My first assignment had me go to Louisiana. Since I could write and had math skills, they had me assigned to the quartermasters division. I made sure our troops got what they needed, similar to our guests at the Inn. After 2 years, I was transferred to Virginia as an MP. I was promoted to corporal in January. Sergeant. A month later I was killed in action at Opequan Creek near Winchester, Virginia. So here I lie, 15 decades later. I'm not sure where the rest of the family went. . . .