

The following remembrance of Isaac Martin was found on file at the Douglas County Museum in Tuscola, Illinois. The museum has no record of the exact source and date of the piece, but it most likely appeared in one of the Tuscola newspapers within a few days after the date of Isaac's death (5 December 1916).

FOUND DEAD IN BED

Isaac Martin of Camargo is a Victim of Heart Disease.

DID NOT LIKE TO WORK ANY TOO WELL

And Couldn't Do Much When He Tried, but was Harmless and had no Enemy.

Isaac Martin, a familiar character in Camargo and vicinity, was found dead in bed at the home of Frank Van Vorhis, in the Brushy Fork neighborhood, Sargeant township, last Monday morning. Martin, who was a harmless, ne'r-do-well sort of a fellow about 65 years of age, a man who never did any more work than he was compelled to in order to keep body and soul together, had left his old and familiar haunts about Camargo and gone to the Van Vorhis farm to help him with his butchering and retired to his room Sunday night in his usual good health, but when Mr. Van Vorhis went to call him Monday morning he found him cold in death, life evidently having been extinct several hours.

Dr. Rice of Tuscola, the county coroner, made an examination of the body and gave it as his opinion that the man had died of heart disease and at the inquest held later the jury returned a

verdict to that effect. The funeral of the deceased took place Tuesday, the burial being made at the county's expense. Isaac Martin was the son of John Martin, one of the early settlers of the county, and was born on a farm one mile south of Camargo, where he grew to manhood and spent the greater portion of his life. As stated before, he and labor were never on friendly terms and many times he would have suffered for the necessities of life had it not been for the bounty of his acquaintances who pitied and provided for him.

While it may truly be said he was of but little use to the community it also may just as truthfully be said that he had not an enemy in the world and that everybody felt kindly towards him and dealt charitably with him. He did not like work and even when forced to resort to it as a means of self preservation his efforts were futile. He didn't have the knack of making thing move, got in the way of others who were able to do things and was a hindrance rather than a help. He had an idea that the county fair at Camargo would be a dismal failure without the help(?) he gave it and the officers of the association gave him a job every year, although they would have much preferred that he institute a boycott on their show. But the poor fellow is gone and out of the way and let us cover his memory with the mantle of charity and remember him for his kind heart and his freedom from thought to do any man or anything harm.