

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH NEWS

VOL. V

STOW, O., FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1938

NO. 21

THE EARTH

Nothing but infinite power and wisdom could organize and operate the earth. It must be round so it can speed and roll in space, it must twirl and speed so as to make day, night, seasons, and warm itself from the sun. It must have water and moisture, and that miraculously distributed by rain and dew, to bring forth vegetation. It must be solid, but not all, clay and soil must be a portion. If it were soil and sand it would be too soft, if all were granite and rock it would be too hard.

Perfect wisdom has contrived in the best manner possible to advance and maintain a wondrous system of plants, trees, flowers, vegetation, animals and races of men, beings likened unto His own glorious self. Everything on this Earth is adequate to the end that man be happy, prosperous and finally enter into his reward.

Whether we examine the mountains or the plains, the rivers or the sea, the hill-top or valley we discover minerals, fuels, gold, silver and precious gems, all part of one great scheme, namely, mankind, his preservation, his immortality.

Heat and cold, day or night, summer or winter, life or death it's all in the wondrous provision of eternal providence with man as the object of the Creator's matchless plan.

From this wonderful earth all material and physical life springs. By day and by night the earth gives forth of her bounty to all people. Out of the earth emanates the mighty forest furnishing material for the home, ships to cross the sea and fuel to keep us warm.

For a thousand years the majestic forest may hold forth and survive, defy the elements and shelter the traveler but according to fixed and unchangeable laws of the organizer of this universe Mother Earth takes back to her bosom the great forest that she gave. Disintegration, decay, a tumbling down and the mighty forest has been absorbed by unerring laws, ships, houses, all that man has exacted from the forest are called back, salvaged and must return to the dear old parent earth.

Over and over again the earth will send them forth on the great mission of providing for the races of men. From the earth springs humanity, male and female, on they come like flowers and weeds, some to glorify their Maker, the Sovereign of the Earth, others to curse His Majesty and bring reproach upon their heads.

All arise from the earth, it is so in every land from time immemorial and who knows how long our Creator will suffer it to be so. This kind generous earth that so lavishly gives forth the human kind, who love, who hate, who build up and pull down. This same earth calls back again to herself, all, yes, all that she gave, she cradles the young, the old alike, the winds blow, the summer sun smiles bright and fair, but the earth and her task goes on.

GEO. M. HULME

CHURCH NOTES

This next Sunday evening Rev. Hulme will preach on the subject, "The Marks Of A Patriot." Special music will be furnished by the Ladies Bible Class under the

Sunday Evening Topic:-

"The Mark of a Patriot"



STOW COMMUNITY CHURCH
GEORGE M. HULME . . . Minister
 859 Ardmore Av., Akron, UN-1685
 Business Phone Number JE-9224

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH NEWS

Drawer C

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direction of Mrs. Mosley. The Daughters of America will present the church with a new flag. A delegation of these ladies will be present at that time. Every-

body is invited.

On Friday evening, June 3rd, the regular Church-Nite business meeting will be held. All members of the church should be present.

Sunday evening, June 5th, the Men's Bible Class under the direction of Mr. Swanson will furnish the special music.

Children's Day will be observed on June 12th. The exercises this year will be held in the tabernacle in the evening. The Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor will have charge of the singing. Howard Sanner will direct. The exact time of this meeting will be announced later.

June 19th Mr. A. S. Phelps and company will again have charge of the music. Incidentally this last Sunday evening we were all agreeably surprised with the musical program. Not in several weeks have we enjoyed a musical number on Sunday evening as

We Hold Aloft . . .

your highest estimates of the duty to aid you in your plans in the most economical manner available.

THE MCGOWAN FUNERAL HOME

WA-1313

247 Stow Ave.

Cuyahoga Falls

CHURCH CALENDAR

Bible School, Sunday . 9:30 A. M.
 C. E., Sunday 6:30 P. M.
 Evening Evangelistic
 Service, Sunday 7:30 P. M.
 Teachers Training Class and
 Prayer Meet, Wed. 7:30 P. M.
 Orchestra Practice, Wed.
 Evening 7:30 P. M.
 Church Business Meeting, First
 Friday Evening of Month

much as the number "The Sinner and the Song," solo part by A. S. Phelps. A quartette made up of Mr. Osman, Mr. Sanner, Mr. Swanson, Mr. Woodring and Mr. Phelps produced especially harmonious and inspirational music.

The last Sunday in June i. e. the 26th, the young people of the church will put on a missionary play in the evening. They expect to use the tabernacle.

OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST TO CHURCH FOLK

Mr. Biggs announced at Bible School last Sunday that a group of our young people plan to hold Saturday evening prayer meetings. The first of these will be this Saturday evening at the home of William Shaffer on Berger Avenue, about the fifth house east from Diagonal Road. People who are interested in the better things of this life and the life to come and people who would deepen their spiritual nature are urged to attend.

Tuesday afternoon prayer meetings for ladies are still being held weekly at the home of Mrs. Dunn.

Wednesday evening Bible classes are being conducted weekly at the church.

C. E.

The topic for study and discussion at the Y. P. S. of C. E. next

Sunday evening is "The Homes of Tomorrow" — Wayne Mowery, leader. Time of meeting, 6:30 P. M. Place—church parlors, providing fish odor has departed, otherwise meeting will be held in church auditorium. All young people are cordially invited to attend.

CORRECTION

The item in last week's paper regarding the injury of Russell Houck gave a wrong impression to many. This was not the Russell Houck who formerly lived in Stow. The following notice corrects the mistaken identity.

DEATH

Russell Hauck, of 367 Hudson Road, Stow, Ohio, was injured near Loudonville Saturday, May 14th at Ashland Samaritan Hospital. He leaves his wife Mable, one daughter Mary Dianne, age 11 weeks, one sister, Mrs. Margaret Loos of 189 Williamson Road, Stow, one brother Edward and parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hauck of Columbus. Funeral services were on Monday, May 23rd, at Columbus.

**MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAM
CHURCH OF CHRIST**

9:40 A. M. May 30, 1938

Organ—Mrs. Mildred Gheen.

Song, America—Leader, Ray Hosfield.

Invocation—Rev. Hulme.

Song, "There Is No Death"—Quartette.

Introduction of Speaker—Dr. K. H. Harrington.

Speaker—Atty. Blake Cook.

Reading of Honor Roll.

Services to be continued at cemetery.

Closed Memorial Day **Buy Extra Saturday** **Baughman's Feed Store**

Open Until 10 P. M. Saturday

Number—Stow Band.
Legion Services—Commander
Archie Moore.

Invocation—Rev. Gregory.

Laying of flowers on unknown
soldiers grave—By committee.

Salute—Firing Squad Roger
Moore Post No. 175.

Taps.

N. W. Biggs—Marshal of Day.

PERSONALS

June third is the last day of
school.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Putt and
children spent last Sunday in
North Canton.

FOR SALE: Buick car. Price
\$85.00. Five good tires, car in
A-1 condition. Mrs. Cowels, Dar-
rowville. (Adv.)

Attendance at Bible School last
Sunday was 241. Mr. Cross's class
won the banner.

Ben B. Harris of Munroe Falls
was injured Sunday in an auto

accident last Sunday at the school
house corner, Stow.

For a brand new modern up-
to-date home with five acres of
land see Earl Bradley, Diagonal
Road, Stow. (Adv.)

Birthdays celebrated last Sun-
day at Bible School were those
of Marion DeWitt, Harry Olson,
Sr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Buck.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Palmer and
Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Putt of Stow
spent last Sunday in Columbus.

Mrs. H. J. Stockman has been
confined to her home for the past
few days with an infected knee.

Mrs. Dorothy Hulme Sengipeal
and son (nearly 3 years old now)
was in Pittsburgh last week vis-
iting in her brother's home.

Mrs. Ralph Sommers of West
Graham Road returned home last
Sunday from St. Thomas hospi-
tal. It is reported that she is now
getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Taylor of

DIRECTORY OPPORTUNITY

We have decided to close out the few STOW, TALLMADGE, MUN-
ROE FALLS, SILVER LAKE Directories we have left at a price that
every family can afford. On and after May 28th, with every dollar
or more purchase from the firms below, you can get one of these Di-
rectories for only fifteen (15c) cents. One to each family. While
they last.

In Stow: STOW PHARMACY, BRAUNLICH DRUG STORE, STOW
MARKET (J. I. Fisher), STOW CASH MARKET (Eddie Ruggles),
ISALY'S, SHELL SER. STA., GERBER & SON SER. STA., FRIENDS
SER. STA. (W. E. Bridgers), MULLIGAN'S SER. STA., BETTY LOU
BAR-B-Q, FURST GROC., BAUGHMAN'S FEED STORE. In Tall-
madge: KRAMER'S GROC., HINE GROC.

W. V. SMITH, Stow, Publisher

GERANIUMS

15c. - 25c.

Fresh Annual Plants 20c. doz.

Silver Lake Florists

Hudson Road celebrated their golden wedding anniversary this last Sunday. Many friends presented them with best wishes on the occasion.

Mrs. Kurt Akers and Miss Louise Grove are in an Akron hospital with injuries received in an auto. accident at Six Corners, Akron last Monday. It is reported four cars came together at the same time.

Though the well at the Stow School was not covered by water during the recent downpour, just to be on the same side the powers that be gave it a dose of chlorine. A bad taste for a day or so is much better than an epidemic of typhoid fever.

FOR SALE: Top Soil. Earl Bradley, Diagonal Road, Stow.—(Adv.)

FOR SALE—Young pigs. Earl Bradley, Diagonal Road, Stow.—(Adv.)

"Bud" Trommer and Winifred Crichton, both freshmen this last year in Stow High School, won scholarships for the next year in

the Akron Art Institute. Three scholarships were awarded by the Stow Culture Club.

Mae West recently hatched seven young swans—and who is Mae West She is one of Mr. Lodge's swans that swim about on Silver Lake. Mr. Lodge says these birds hatched just before the high water. Wild duck eggs due to hatch a little later were covered by water and killed.

FOR SALE: Vegetable plants, tomatoes, cabbage, peppers, etc. John Lindsay, Fish Creek Road, Darrowville. (Adv.)

As we see it only two things wrong with the last Friday night's fish supper. (1) When we got around to eat there was no more fish and (2) the hangover odor of fish in the kitchen Sunday. A crowd much larger than the men expected, attended. The after address by W. C. Wright was excellent and very much worthwhile. The three points necessary to success which he discussed were imagination, common sense and courage.

Stow Open Air Market

Opposite Stow School

First Quality FRUITS and VEGETABLES

Special for Saturday Geraniums

We Will Be Pleased To Serve You

WA-9255 Bill and Joyce Edwards Prop.

Seeds and Plants

Baughman's

Stow

McGrail Antique Shop

UPHOLSTERING and
CABINET WORK

Phone WA-1091

150 E. Kent Rd.

Stow

STOW DAIRY

General Dairy Products

A. F. STEIN

149 Hudson Rd.

Stow

Phone WA-4794

MARTHA SPAGHT

GENERAL INSURANCE

A Service That Makes Friends

And Keeps Them

JUNCTION

SHOE REPAIR

H. M. WYATT, Prop.

Good Material - Good Work

2721 Hudson Drive

Announcement has been made of the approaching marriage of Miss Helen Joy Cowden, daughter of Mrs. Helen Cowden, Schiller Avenue, Akron and "Bob" Franklin, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Franklin, West Arndale

Road, Stow. The event will occur June 11th at the home of the bride's mother in Akron.

Mr. E. M. Idle, formerly with the Falls Hardware of Cuyahoga Falls is the new manager of the Stow Hardware. Mr. Idle and family live in Hudson but expect to move to Stow in the near future.

Now you can have your car washed in Stow. Reasonable rates. Inquire at "Eddie" Parsons Service Station, or of "Bill" Henry, 123 Williamson Road.—(Adv.)

STOW SCHOOL

This week we hope to include a fifteen page article on the early history of Stow School by Frank Green. This article has been in our hands for some time and we are glad now to publish it with the cooperation of the Falls Reporter in whose paper it recently appeared. Read it. You will find much of local interest.

Fleetwing
Gas



Fleetwing
Oil

Friend's Service Station

W. E. "BILL" BRIDGERS, Proprietor

The Story of Stow Township School, District Number 3

BY FRANK GREEN

Out of a mass of material which I have accumulated from various sources, I am going to try to give you a picture of our school from the beginning down to when the schools in the township were consolidated. I have the names of 52 who taught during that time. Undoubtedly, there are more. I don't know where the first school was taught nor the year in which it was organized. I am quite sure that the first teacher was Erastus Southmayd. He came to Stow in 1808 or 09 and for some time lived in a log cabin near where Holt's Drug store now stands. He taught for some time.

Very soon after the township was surveyed—1804—and laid out into lots, school districts were established. Before 1830 there were settlers in every part of it. There are two little records books that I found in the Town Hall. One has plots of the school districts as they were laid out in March 1835. These plots give the names of the owners of farms and their location in the districts.

District No. 3 included the following town lots:—14, 15, 16, 17, 24, 25, 26, 27, 34, 35, 36, 37, 44, 45, 46, 47, 54, 55, 56, and part of lot 66. These families at that time lived in the district:—Wm. Wetmore, Edwin Wetmore, Titus Wetmore, Caleb Wetmore, C. H. Wetmore, Allen Nickerson, J. H. Pendleton, Amos Fletcher, Chester Stone, Recompense Tiffany, Noel Beckley, Thomas Gaylord, Frederick Wolcott, J. T. Gaylord, Wm. Gaylord, Erastus Southmayd, W. B. Butler, E. S. Beckley, Lyman Beckley, J. Pratt, C. Powers, Calvin Thomas, L. W. Butler, Wm. M. Graham, Ira Barnes, L. A. Childs, Simeon Lindsey and one other whose name I can't make out. Twenty-eight families in all. With the big families of those days they must have had a "Whop-

ping" school.

The other book is for District No. 3 alone. It has records of the meetings of the school board and of the tax payers in the district and also records which some of the teachers kept.

The earliest entry in this book is October 19, 1830. On that date Noel Beckley, Frederick Wolcott and Edwin Wetmore were chosen directors. June 11, 1831 a meeting was held at the school house for the purpose of ascertaining the minds of the residents relative to building a school house and to fix the site for same. By a unanimous vote they decided to build and the site was fixed about thirty rods north of the four corners. In 1842 a tax of \$25.00 was levied to repair the school house and Joseph Nickerson was employed to do the work for \$25.75. I wonder who paid him the extra 75c.

In 1846 each household sending children to the school must furnish one quarter of a cord of wood for each child sent to school. I wonder what kind of a heater was used to burn the wood. The stove used in my days was a pot bellied affair that heated the ceiling and froze our feet.

I find no records giving the names of teachers in the school up to 1842. In that year Samuel B. Williams taught the school for four months for \$15.00 per month. For many years the teachers boarded around among the families in the district so that they had their living free. In 1843 John R. Biglow taught the school. Elista Bronson taught it in the summer of 1844 for \$1.25 per week. According to David McIntosh, district clerk, there were twenty-five male and twenty-eight female children between the ages of four and twenty-one years in the district October 15, 1842.

September 19, 1845, at a meeting of the qualified electors of the district, the directors were asked to devise some means to ascertain what scholars damaged the school house and cause the parents or guardians to repair such damage or cause them to pay for it.

In 1846 Mary Williamson, aunt of Henry, taught the school. Here is her quarterly report. School commenced April 20th and ended July 31st 1846 including twelve weeks. The number of scholars that attended were 15 males and 19 females. The branches taught were Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic, Reading and Writing.

A word of explanation here. For many years the regular term of school was four months. This school was held in the winter months to give the older boys a chance to go. During the summer they had to help on the farm. A man teacher taught and he often had his hands full to keep order. The summer terms were taught by women and I think they were paid by the families who sent children according to the number of children they sent. The records kept by Miss Bronson and Mary Williamson show the total number of days taught for each family. For example J. Butler paid for 86 days and Noel Beckley for 285 days.

In the winter of 1845 Zebulum Deuel taught the school, beginning November 17, for four months (88 days). The number of scholars was 55, of these 30 were boys and 25 girls. Average attendance 33. Branches taught, Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Algebra, and Logic. Zebulum evidently had his work laid out for him. How he ever found time to hear all his classes recite will always be a mystery to me. Walter Caldwell taught in 1847 and William Sadler in 1848. I can find no record of our school from 1848 until 1857. I know that William and Leonard Southmayd taught there during that time. Probably others. My father, Francis Marion Green taught here in 1861. He says that he taught in

3 districts here in Stow. The Williamson district No. 7, The Fish Creek district and the Stow Corners. Father in his biography tells nothing of his school work here in Stow except to say that the school he taught at Fish Creek in 1862 was the last of his teaching. However I have this from Ethe Talcott who was his pupil at Fish Creek. He says that father was very patriotic. Remember this was in Civil War times. Mr. Talcott says they had a marshal band in the neighborhood, some of his scholars were in the band. Father would have them bring their instruments to school and after he called the school to order, they would come out on the floor and play. His favorite tune was "The girl I left behind me." Father had a flute and this song was, I think, the only one he ever played on it.

In 1862 Simon P. Wolcott taught the school. Mr. Wolcott became a very well known lawyer in Kent. His son Duncan married Daisy Lodge. Henry Warner taught in 1864. He was a well known resident of Stow for a good many years and is buried in our cemetery. Julius O. Williamson taught in District No. 6 in the winter of 1865-6, and in our district a few years later. He was the father of Henry, Homer, Don, Arba and Earl and one girl Amy. I am sorry that he has left no record of his teaching. During his lifetime in Stow he was one of its best known and respected citizens. Ed Wetmore and Charles Beckwith went to school to him. Ed says that he was a fine teacher but kept very poor order. When he was explaining a problem at the blackboard he would get so interested himself that he would forget the rest of the school and they would do all kinds of stunts. Charlie says that Julius played with them out of school and the boys called him by his first name, but when school was called he was Mr. Williamson. Caroline French taught in 1866-7, and Miss G. J. Carothers in 1867-8. My record is not complete. Some of the clerks of the school board were more careful than others in setting

down the names of teachers. Any historian, writing about Stow will always be grateful to William Southmayd for the records that he kept. Louisa Hinsdale taught here in 1868-9. She was a member of the well-known family that lived in Wadsworth. Her brother Burke was superintendent of the Cleveland schools at one time. Both he and his sister were in Hiram with my father in the old Eclectic Institute under James A. Garfield. The Greens and Hinsdales were neighbors in Wadsworth at that time. No record for two or three years that I am sure of but Dollie Sweeney—Mrs. Byron Longcoy—taught in 1871-2 and probably Lizzie Reed, now Mrs. L. R. Freeman, just before her, that is in 1869 or 70. I have the names of two Brown girls, nieces of John Brown of Harpers Ferry fame, and Delia Humphrey who taught our school, but no dates to fit them. Of Mrs. Longcoys school she says that she went to Aunt Jane and then came back the next year and taught. Her father Dr. Sweeney had been the village physician for many years but at this time moved to Kent where I think he lived the balance of his life. The Sweeneys lived where Francis Cox now lives. Mrs. Longcoy was 16 years old at this time. Her term began in April. She taught the summer term and as there was a surplus in the treasury she came back in September and taught eight weeks.

Mrs. Freeman is still living in Cuyahoga Falls. Lottie Lawson taught the school in 1873 and Eliza Filly in 1873 and 74. Mary Packard taught in 74 and 75. She was my first teacher. I remember her as a middle aged woman. Until I was 13 years old, I was short and chubby. Charlie Grubb, the husband of Anna, worked for my father. He used to call me "Stick in the mud." Mrs. Packard was very kind to me and when I went to sleep in my seat she would set me up on her desk. Harvey Grubb was our hired man at this time and occasionally on very cold mornings would take us children to school. One zero morning he froze his ears stiff and the teacher

thawed them out with snow. Frank Carter taught in the winter of 76 and 77 and then Aunt Jane came back for the summer term. I think this was the last of her teaching. Carter was a friendly young man and I think very well liked by all of us.

Mrs. Longcoy has left us her tribute to Aunt Jane and I will set it down here together with those of my own and other of her scholars.

Aunt Jane:—Most of the teachers who taught the Stow Corners school taught for only one year, or at the most, two or three, but Mary Jane Sturdevant or Aunt Jane, as everyone in Stow called her, must have taught here in a period of about twenty years. Not all of her teaching was in District No. 3. She taught the Fish Creek school. Mrs. Mary Coffeen was one of her scholars. She says of her that "she governed by love, a sweet and gentle woman." When the children studied noisily, she would softly sing "Study low, Study low, children don't disturb me so." Perhaps she taught in other townships but most of her teaching was here. She was my teacher in 1876. I think this was the last of her teaching. Mrs. Dolly Sweeney Longcoy, who was her pupil and afterward taught our school gave me her recollections of Aunt Jane and I set them down here.—

Turning back the pages of memory nearly seventy years, we call to mind the picture of a slender little woman with a child at her knee, teaching her to read. How can this child of long ago estimate the character of this faithful friend? Her work was closely interwoven in the life of the community. Those of us who were associated as teacher and pupil always, we think, stood in awe of Aunt Jane. We feared to offend or hurt in any way. Our parents loyally supported her, with their sympathy in her discipline. Our memory of her is somewhat hazy and fragmentary, but of one trait we feel sure, that she was hard as steel with the transgressor, until he was penitent or conquered. We remember a boy who made her

much trouble—a so-called bad boy. We since have thought he was about the average boy with a quick temper, whom she unconsciously antagonized. Fearful were the battles waged when this boy matched his strength with that of this sinewy woman. Clothes were rent, buttons flew, many whips were used, faces were scratched in the effort to prove that "the way of the transgressor is hard." She was slight of build with dainty hands and feet, black eyes that seemed to know our inmost thought. Curly black hair that she had almost subdued by drawing it tightly back into a small knot. Thin lips, almost never smiling.

Her whole life was lived patiently, heroically. It seemed that it was overshadowed by the experiences of her youth, aging her before her time. She had had her girlish romance, which had brought disappointment, for she gave her happiness when a girl of sixteen into the hands of a cruel task-master who worked her in the fields, and she felt the lash of his whip when she displeased him. She had the sympathy of his family and was freed from his cruelty. She lived for many years with Josiah and Elizabeth Wetmore. Aunt Jane was a woman true to her convictions. While in our youth we sometimes thought her hard, the veil was thin through to her tenderness. She gave us high ideals and we see that this little woman literally gave her life to others. "Herself to her neighbor lending." We went back and taught our first school where Aunt Jane had given us our first lessons.

My own memories of Aunt Jane are meager. I was seven or eight years old when I went to school to her. She often stayed over night at our house. According to our modern standards, she was very old fashioned and she cordially detested sham or make-up in any form. I recall the tongue lashing she gave a girl when she used perfume on her handkerchief. Sister Lurie says that she wore button shoes and changed them often from one foot to the other

so that they would wear evenly.

She was born in Auburn, Ohio in 1828. The first record that I find of her teaching was in 1857. She taught from then on until 1876. Not always in District No. 3, but in some other district in the township. Cousin Hannah Prior and Charles B. Wetmore were her pupils. She was Ed Wetmore's and Charles Beckwith's first teacher. All the Green children went to school to her. I think her last teaching was in 1876. Sister Daisy was six years old at that time. Aunt Jane was a very active member of our church. She spent the last years of her life in a little house which she was permitted to build on the church property. Before that time she had lived in various homes around the Corners, most of the time, I think, with Josiah and Elizabeth Wetmore. She was a welcome visitor in any of our homes. After she built her house she loved to have some of her girls stay all night with her. One night Daisy and Edith Southmayd stayed with her. Aunt Jane sent the girls to Seth Wetmore's for milk and then they went to Luther's for something. They gave them some cider. The drinks didn't mix well and both the girls were sick.

Here is an Aunt Jane story given by Bess Bixler. Aunt Jane kept Matt Randall (Bess's mother) and Florence Richardson after school to punish them for some mischief. She kept them so late that one day the girls brought a lantern to school to light their way home. This angered Aunt Jane so that she kept them longer than ever.

In 1877 Louis E. Grubb, a cousin of Harvey, a boy of eighteen, came from the southern part of the county to teach here. I was nine years old then and can vividly recall his first morning in school. He was a kindly dignified youngster with little sense of humor and utterly lacking in tact. He had evidently been told that the school was hard to handle and he meant to make a good impression at the start. After calling the school to order he made this statement, "I want you boys

to understand that I am master here." There were eight or ten big boys, some of them as big as he was. What a foolhardy thing to say! It was a fatal blunder, literally. After a few weeks of school he had to give it up. He went back home and died of brain fever. Of course those boys accepted his challenge and tormented the life out of him. They used their Yankee ingenuity to devise various means to torture him and not get caught at it. They were ably seconded by the girls. They threw apple cores and spit balls at his hat which hung on the wall. My father knew Louis' parents in Manchester and he sometimes stayed over night at our place. One day he punished my sister Mary for some prank in school. That night he stayed at our house. The teachers did their own janitor work so we children were all at home when he got there. Father and mother and all of us were in the dining room when he came in. He walked up to them and shook hands. Mary pushed a chair out for him to sit down but just as he started to do so she drew it back and he came down violently to the floor. Mary, who could keep her face straight in any circumstance, apologized for the mishap (?) and helped him to get up. Things in school went from bad to worse for him. The scholars did everything they could think of to make life miserable for him. We little ones took our cue from the older ones and helped all we could.

The climax came when some one of the boys, either George Graham or Am Durkee worked out a scheme to put bells under the floor beneath the seats of two of the big girls. The two girls were my sister Lurie and Della Edmunds. Della was afterwards Mrs. Rob. Durbin. Some ingenious way was worked out so that when a stick was pressed down into the floor at one of the boys' seat, it tightened the string fastened to the bell so that it rang. The teacher thought the girls had the bells. He would stand back of one of their seats and then the bell under the other girl's seat would

ring. The girls denied—truthfully—that they had the bells. The teacher was frantic. Finally someone "peached" and one morning the school directors came in. We knew the game was played out then but two of the smaller boys asked to go out and they crawled under the house and got the outfit so that the directors found nothing. That finished Mr. Grubb and Nellie Norton taught the balance of his term.

In the fall of 1877 an auburn haired young woman came from Middlebury (East Akron) to teach our school. Her name was Minnie Inman. The Inmans were a very well-known family in Akron at that time and later in Winter Haven, Florida where they had large orange and lemon groves. Miss Inman was a splendid teacher and very popular with all of us, not only in school but in the whole neighborhood. We had had occasionally, before then, evening entertainments at the school house at which the scholars spoke pieces, sang songs or spelt down, but she had the most ambitious and I think the most largely attended school exhibition ever held in the district schools. The Disciple church at the Corners was built in 1876 but the old church which stood at the west end of the Cemetery had not yet been torn down and it was there that the entertainment was held. Not only the scholars took part but some of the young people who had finished school several years before. John Graham had the "paper" and some of his pungent paragraphs are still remembered by those that heard them then. In my story of the Grahams I told the one about the "little Green on Pearl St. crying Wetmore, more wet."

Here is another:
 "Hattie can walk it and Lettie can walk it
 Will can walk it and carry the umbrella
 And Hattie can walk it and Lettie can walk it
 And I'll never tell."

Hattie was Hattie Hartle, afterwards Mrs. Earnest Johnson. Lettie was Letetia Breneman, still

living in Cleveland. Will was Will Parks, a Cuyahoga Falls boy who was coming to Stow in those times to see these girls. He met them one evening in the Falls. It was raining and because he couldn't find a horse and buggy to bring them home, they walked and he carried an umbrella.

Then there was a mixed quartet which sang several selections. The members were John Graham, Henry Nickerson, Minnie Inman and Hattie Hartle. Lurie Green spoke "Curfew must not ring tonight" and I spoke my first and perhaps my last piece, at least I think of none other that I ever spoke. It was that classic juvenile "You'd scarce expect a boy like me." Frank Southmayd sang "There's a yellow girl in Texas that I'm going down to see" and George Southmayd "The girl I left behind me." Then there was a play. The title was "Taking the train to Morrow." Lucy Southmayd was the leading character. The scene was in a railway station. She wanted to go to the town of Morrow but the agent thought she wanted to go tomorrow. Will Cox had the part of a drunken man and acted the part very realistically. He took a drink occasionally from a bottle as he rolled around on the stage. The teacher thought that the bottle had cold tea in it but Will had substituted hard cider. Perhaps some other old timer can recall other numbers on this famous program. Minnie Inman not only won the regard of her pupils but she won a husband. She married Henry Nickerson who lived in the old house where the Dierke's lived before they built their new home. Henry was a fine friendly neighbor. In 1880 Minnie, then Mrs. Henry Nickerson, taught the school again. Trying to be a good farmer's wife and managing our unruly bunch of children too, was often too much for her quick temper and she sometimes boiled over. Perhaps no one else who went to her school will recall it but during her first school she wore a brown dress which I liked. She wore that dress a few times when she taught her second year

and it always seemed to me that on those days every one in school was lovely. After Minnie Inman's first year Alta Carr taught and then Herman Mack.

Herman was the son of Hiram Mack, a well-known Bath township farmer. The Macks were good friends of father and Herman was often at our house.

Lois White taught the school the summer terms of 1879 and 1880. She is the sister of Mrs. Julius Williamson and the daughter of Henry White. He was one of the finest men who ever preached for us here in Stow, a christian gentleman. Lois not only wanted to develop us mentally but morally as well. I don't think I was a very bad boy, but I was always in on anything that looked like fun in school. Aunt Lois kept me one night for some prank and prayed earnestly for me. I presume my misdemeanor bulked larger in her mind because I was a preacher's son. Hattie Rowan taught in 1881. I wonder if any one can recall her. I am a blank there, but I distinctly remember Mattie Peckham who taught the school year of 1882-3. She was a bright, wiry little woman. Like Minnie Inman she came from Middlebury. Both families have streets in Akron named for them.

She was a sister of Professor Peckham, who taught ancient languages for many years at Hiram College. She was a splendid teacher and had plenty of courage too. One time I recall a big boy talked up smart to her. She walked back to his seat and looking him squarely in the eye said, "I don't want any of your sass." Following Miss Peckham in the fall of 1883 was Flora Mishler. I was one of the big boys in her school and she was very helpful to me. A brother of hers had lived at Charlie Gaylords. He must have been an odd boy for we called him "Peculiar."

Julia Southmayd, the mother of Ethel Grove, taught in the summer of 1884. She was a fine girl and a splendid teacher. Howard Gaylord who got most of his schooling in Munroe Falls school, attended her school that term be-

cause (I think) the school at Munroe Falls was let out. He said that at the close of her school she gave each of her scholars a little photograph of herself. Following Julia in the fall of 1884 came Emily Wolcott. She came from Talmadge. She was my last district school teacher and I am sure one of the best. Sister Daisy says of her that she told the girls to hold up their heads as if they were somebody.

Perhaps here is a good place for me to set down some of my own memories of the old school life in district No. 3. My father built the house we lived in for many years, on the East Graham Road, in 1876. We had come from Toledo a short time before. We—my four sisters and I—usually walked the one and one-half miles to the school at the Corners. We shortened the route by cutting across lots through Uncle Lotan Hartle's pasture. We carried our dinner in tin pails. There were five of those lunches to be put up every morning, but mother had plenty of "good eats" to put in them. Big slices of home made bread thickly spread with butter. Lean slices of home cured ham or sometimes corned or dried beef. Doughnuts or some kind of cake or "jumbles" and always pie. I usually ate most of my lunch at the forenoon recess so that I would have more time to play at noon.

When the spring freshets came the brooks were full of water. Sometimes the water ran across the road at Scott Nickerson's so deep that we had to crawl along on the rail fences to get across. When the water was high we boys would take our dinner out of the pails and stuff it into our pockets. You can imagine the scrambled mess that pie would be when we reached school. We raced the pails in the swift water in the brook that crosses both the Graham and Kent Roads and runs through the gulf. At noon sometimes six or eight of us boys would take short pieces of boards—two boys to board—and race them over the water falls down into the gulf. One noon six of us raced the boards clear through the Gulf

down to the river. We heard the bell but were so excited by the race that we took a chance and didn't go back. When we got to the river we were all on the south bank of the brook. There were some warped old fence boards lying on the ground. They barely reached across the water. We doubled a couple of them. I was the smallest and youngest of the boys, so the others told me to go across first. I usually went with boys older than myself and was proud of it and I was always the goat. I got across safely and held my end of the boards for the others to come across. The last to come was Will Chamberlain. He was short and fat, a good deal heavier than the rest of us. The boards broke. We had a hard time pulling him out of the water. Then we cut across the lots to the grave yard. The old church was still standing but not in use. We crawled under it to look at the traps Will had set there. When we reached the school house it was after the afternoon recess and the doors were locked so we sneaked into Wilson's barn and crawled down into the hay to keep warm. We all wore leather boots and were soaking wet. After school was out, they boosted me into a window to get our dinner pails. We had to stay in for most of our recesses for the rest of the term for this escapade.

Here is another story. Charlie Cox lived one winter with Mrs. Laura Hall, a widow. She lived in the Carlyon house. She had had a load of coal dumped in front of her place. Her drive was soft. Charlie got excused in the afternoon to wheel the coal in and his brother Sam and I cut school to help him. After we got the coal into the cellar Mrs. Hall told Charlie to draw a pitcher of cider. Now this cider had started to work in the fall and then frozen up so that it had to be drawn out of the barrel with a siphon. It was thick and sweet but it had a kick like a mule. We drank what was in the pitcher and Charlie slipped down the outside cellarway and got more. Sam and I stepped high going home. We

played ball in Mr. Wilson's old orchard across the road from the schoolhouse. Charlie Nickerson, Luther Wetmore and sometimes other of the men in the neighborhood played with the big boys. Uncle Lotan Hartle came sometimes. He was much older than the others and his shoulder was so stiff he couldn't throw the ball, so he tossed it but he could catch and bat all right. He was a fine man and liked young people. There is a short steep hill down to the brook just east of Williamson Rd. This was then the Nickerson pasture. One winter we boys made a skidway down it. We would pour water on it so that it was smooth as glass. It was great sport to slide down it but hard on boots. Another memory of the Nickerson pasture. One noon a lot of us little ones were playing there. A dam of loose stones had been built to make a pond for water for the cattle. I thought it would be fun to roll some of the stones away so that the water could run faster, so we began. The released water poured out of the pond in a big stream and we kids did all we could to help it. Old Mrs. Nickerson came running down to see what we were doing. When she was near enough to see she screamed, "You little Devils" and we scooted for the school house. The school yard was a narrow strip taken out of Josiah Wetmore's farm. His land was on three sides of it. A good oak board fence was built around it but there are frequent items in the school clerk's records of bills to be paid for the repair of that fence. We made teeters across the boards. We ran all over the Wetmore farm, slid on his (Brick) pond and stole his nuts and apples. We usually got water from his well but sometimes some child would let the bucket down too far and rile the water and they would forbid our using it for a while. Then we had to go to the spring in the Gulf. We all wanted that job. Of course it took two of us to carry the pail. After the water was brought some child had the privilege of passing it. We all

drank from the same dipper and threw what we didn't drink back in the pail.

From earliest times the Gulf held attraction for the scholars of Stow school. We went there early in the spring for arbutus blossoms and later for the early shoots of wintergreen. We would gather a big bunch for the teacher, especially if we were late. I was often in mischief but never seriously punished. One winter some of us boys got the habit of bringing in snow balls. We put them in our desks. We would bite out a chunk and melt it in our mouths or slide it down someones neck. Someone told the teacher just who was bringing in the snow and she lined us all up on the recitation benches. I was at the end and Sam Cox at the other. She had a heavy oak ruler. She told me to hold out my hand. I stuck it out—slowly and reluctantly, you can bet—. She gave it a sharp spat. I yelled "ouch" and got off easily. Then she went down the line feruling each boy's hand until she got to Sam. When she told him to put out his hand he stuck it into his pocket. The teacher, Miss Inman, had auburn hair. She tried to pull his hand out but Sam was a good sized boy and strong and she couldn't get hold of it. That made her so mad that she lost control of herself and began to hammer him over the back with the ferule. That hurt but Sam was a stubborn little Englishman and wouldn't give up. He would look up and taunt her by saying, "Oh, don't you think you're hurting me." Finally she gave up and slammed him down on the seat and walked away. This was the second teacher who had tried to conquer this boy. Louis Grubb had whaled him until George Graham asked him to take someone his size.

A girl that I particularly disliked at one time sat across the aisle from me. For some unaccountable reason she seemed to like me. She would smile at me and write me nice notes which I promptly made into spit balls and fired them at her when I got the chance. I was well fed up on

that girl and while she was reciting I bent a pin and put it on her seat. When she sat on it the effect was electrical. She arose quickly and yelled, "I don't think you are much of a gentleman." Probably she was right but it cured her of any affection she had for me. We dressed warmly in the winter. Heavy woolen underwear. I had a pair of Jeans pants that I never could wear out. I have spoken of the leather boots we boys all wore. No rubber then. We would try to keep the boots pliable by smearing them with mutton tallow at night, but they were in snow and slush and coated with mud and got so stiff that it was a chore to pull them on in the morning. Harvey Grubb, our hired man would have me sit down on the floor in a corner and he would pull and I would push until we got them on. We waded in water over the tops of the boots and I often had wet feet all day. In fact I sometimes left water in them so that when I wiggled my toes it would make a squeak and make the girls laugh. In the summer I went barefoot and wore just two garments, a shirt and a faded pair of blue overalls. Dressing was a simple affair. In those early days school athletics were not commercialized as today. We played baseball, when there were enough of us, much as it is played today. If there were too few of us to choose up sides, we played "one old cat or two old cat." Other popular games were: Pom Pom Pull away, Ducky on a rock, or Ante over. Any old timer can tell you how these games were played.

I have been told that in the days before my time the boys took the wooden shutters off the windows and slid down hill on them. If the teacher was the "right sort" he came out at noon and played too. How many different scholars attended the Stow Corners school during the years from 1810 to 1906? Of course nobody knows. There are several families who had three generations in the school. Most of those now living that I have asked for memories have seemed to be reluctant to tell of those bygone days. A few have

responded splendidly. You shall hear of them before I finish this tale.

I started to high school in Kent in the fall of 1835 and from then on until I taught here in 1891 I had no direct contact with the school. Mary Means followed Emily Wolcott for one school year and then Emily's sister Kate for two years. Kate Cutler taught in the spring of 1888. She was a nice precise old maid. One of the dependable members of the Christian Church. Her family have lived at Silver Lake since early times. Mrs. Calvin Mohr, the only one now living near here has the farm which was the Cutler home. I think there were no boys in the family but seven girls and they all came up to the Corners school. Mrs. Mohr recalls that she split her thumb open, I think, playing "ducky on a rock." She was hurt so badly that she said that she couldn't walk home, so her sister came for her with a horse. They found her up in one of Uncle Seth's cherry trees eating cherries. She says that when they stood in line to spell they would stand on their own big toes to make the teacher laugh.

Effie Loomis followed Kate Gilbert and a well known citizen of Stow Township. She has told me some of the happenings in her school. She says "I never think of that school without remembering the 'Gulf.'" She thinks that some of the girls thought her mean because she wouldn't let them go there alone but went with them to gather arbutus. Some former teacher had taught the scholars to sing "rounds." One of the rounds was "Scotland's Burning." Of course they sang it as loud as they could. They used to bake potatoes in ashes and cook steak too. Can you remember, dear reader, of this, the delicate flavor of the potatoes cooked that way? Mrs. Gilbert remembers today where each pupil sat. She says "what a gloomy place it was. The windows so high no child could see out unless they climbed onto something. The walls were black and dirty. I am glad the children now-a-days have it nicer."

I followed Miss Kippen. She had trouble with a hot tempered boy and the directors hired me to take the school. It takes a lot of common sense and tact to teach successfully in a community where you have lived for a long time. All the children knew me as Frank Green. Many of them were in school with me and several were my relatives. I believe I did as well as could be expected under trying circumstances. I presume if you ask some of my old pupils they will tell you I was a wonderful teacher. John McFarland followed me. Probably I didn't keep very good order in my school. At any rate, John, who was a fine conscientious young fellow, was a stern disciplinarian. He made a speech the first morning. He closed the speech in this way, "Now I've talked to ye kindly and gently." The matron who gave me this item, with her brother were John's pupils, and this has been a joke between them ever since. He was Inez Holden Giffert's first teacher and since she has sent me some of her memories, I set them down here. She says John had a raw hide whip which he used on disobedient boys. She recalls the chart with its first lesson. "The rat ran—the rat ran at Nat." The old radiator stove that stood in the middle of the room with scholars crowded around it to get warm after long cold trudging to school and sometimes frozen feet to thaw out—first day of school every pupil trying to get a back seat, which availed them little as the teacher soon arranged them by her own plan. Space doesn't permit me to give all the memories that have been given me.

Jessie Freeman was the next teacher. She came in September 1892 and taught for three years. Her response to my request for interesting items from her school work here was one of the most cordial that I have. Before I start her experiences I want to tell one more out of my own. The first operator of the creamery that used to stand where Howard Ferris lived on the Munroe Falls Road was Will Wilson. He had a

boy. This boy was eight years old but I think he had never attended public school. He was a bright boy. He could explain the use of a piece of machinery better than most men. The first morning he came to my school, the other boys clustered around him. He laid down his slate and books, squared off and said, "I want you fellows to let me alone." That was enough to start things. Some big boy pushed a littler one against him and the boys began to fight. I pulled them apart and sent them all to their seats. I started to teach him to read from one of the first lessons on the chart. A rat was pictured running toward a hole. The script said "Do you see the rat." I read it for him and began to point out the words. He began, "Do," and looked around the room, "You," all at once he turned to me and said, "Spouse he's in the hole yet?" Of course the whole school roared and I laughed with them.

Jessie Freeman, now Mrs. Crane was the daughter of Elizabeth Reed who taught here about twenty years before. Her father L. R. Freeman, was a very well-known business man in Cuyahoga Falls. I set down here most of what Jessie wrote me.

"Dear Frank:—Do you realize that you have asked me to look back forty-five years. It gave me a shock when I looked it up. Mother has been very bad this last two weeks especially mentally and I couldn't get any answer from my questions to her. She was married in June 1872 and had taught at Copley just before that, so it seems that it must have been a little before '71 that she taught in Stow.

I began my checkered career in September 1892 and taught for three years. If I am correct, and I think I am, they moved the old school house away and built a new one the summer of 1894. They moved the old one to the church yard for a parish house or recreation hall. I remember giving a grand entertainment in the school house to earn money to buy a bell for the new one and that we had a furnace instead of the big round

stove in the front of the room. One thing always bothered me. There was never any kindling wood in Stow. Mr. Luther Wetmore told me that if I was as smart as my mother had been, I could find some. I do not know of anything, really funny that is fit to put in your history, but some very funny things did happen. In these modern times a real author spares details but it is really surprising how many of those pupils are still living within rather short distances from their childhood scenes and they wouldn't like to be laughed at. Note—I have had to leave out some of my choicest notes because I too am tender hearted.—I remember drawing my first pay at Thanksgiving time. It was \$70 for three months work. I had to drive to the far ends of the township to get three men to sign my order and to the treasurer for my money. I earned it all that night for there was a heavy snow storm and it was long after dark before I reached home. I think we had the first Boxwell Commencement that last year that was there. Of one thing I am sure that the older children taught me as much as I taught them and that I have always had pleasant memories of it all. I enjoyed riding back and forth on my little "Sulky" through mud a foot deep and of staying over night at the different homes, especially "Crazy" Chamberlain's. Mr. Chamberlain gained his nickname by singing religious songs as he drove around the country."

Harry Longcoy followed Jessie Freeman. As I presume most of you know he has been for many years one of Kent's best known merchants. Most of you do not know that his mother was a Wetmore and that she was born, I think, in the old red brick house that stands on the north side of the Kent Road a short distance this way from Fish Creek. Harry answered my request for memories with the following friendly letter:

"Dear Frank — The following may help you in your sketch. I came in the fall of 1895 following Jessie Freeman. Henry Gra-

ham was school director. I did your father's chores for room and board. Had debates in Munroe Falls when Fred Caley taught and who, by the way, was some talker. (Note—Fred Caley was a Stow boy. He lived in the old farm house just beyond Homer Lowes. He was for many years secretary of the Cleveland Automobile Club.) That year the Street railroad was extended to the Kent corporation line, so I could get to Kent. I do not remember any funny incidents. One pupil, Joe Cox, has been in my employ some years and it has been interesting to watch the lives of a number of my pupils and to see how Stow has grown. The School buildings it has today makes our little one-room school house seem "Small Potatoes." We had to hear a class every fifteen minutes and sometimes two at a time. I saved a bigger proportion of the salary I received then than I have ever been able to since. Thank you for the inquiry and am sorry I cannot give you more information."

Harry and I were on opposite sides in a debate while he was teaching here, on the temperance question. He spoke for prohibition while I claimed that local option was the best way to handle the nasty business. I don't remember how the judges decided but after the debate was over Harry's mother made a better speech than either of us in which she properly squelched me and complimented her son on his stand for the complete elimination of the liquor traffic.

Following Harry Longcoy as teacher came Bessie Beckley in September 1896. She had attended the old school as had her father and mother. Her father, Noel was the son of Noel who came here in 1817 with his father and mother. I have mentioned that he (first Noel) paid for 285 days of schooling for his children in 1846. Bessie's mother was Matt Randall, who brought the lantern to Aunt Jane's school. Bess is now Mrs. Perry Bixler. I haven't been able to pry much out of her. Bryan and McKinley fought for the Presidency in the fall of 1896

and in Stow as in every hamlet in the U. S. The contest between the adherents to the Gold Standard and those for the free coinage of silver was vigorously carried on. Even the school children took up the battle. I think I came again as teacher in District No. 3 in the fall of 1897, this time for two years. During the seven years since I had last taught there had been some changes. The old school house had been replaced by one more modern. The personnel of the school had greatly altered. The big scholars of the old school were gone and the little ones of the old were the large ones of this. I was older too and had acquired—I hope—a degree of dignity, but I know that I still played ball with the boys at noon and enjoyed it as much as they did. I am writing this on my 69th birthday and I hope if I live to be a hundred I can still play a good game at something. All work and no play has always made Jack a dull boy. Perhaps in what I have written I have said more about the fun we had than I have of the work we did. I can assure you that any teacher under the old district plan of teaching, if he did his full duty was crowded with work. Harry Longcoy says he had a class every fifteen minutes. Well, figure it up yourself. There were five reading classes besides the chart class. Corresponding grades in arithmetic, spelling and writing, with two classes in geography and grammar, and one in U. S. history. Scholars were not regimented as they are today. If we liked some particular branch we often reached a class with scholars much beyond our age. I fitted three boys to take the Boxwell examination. This gave them the privilege to go to the surrounding high schools. The boys were our grave and dignified Scott Nickerson, our postmaster, Fred Wetmore and Charlie Holden. Scott and Fred passed the examination. Charlie was a good example of what happens when a pupil is permitted to follow his own inclination in his studies. I had tried to put some balance into the school work of these boys so that they would

pass in all branches which the examination covered. Arithmetic was Charlie's forte. It was easy to interest him in that, but hard to hold his attention to anything else.

The arithmetic questions were handed out first. They were pretty stiff problems, just the kind that Charlie liked. He spent nearly the whole day on them and made a very high grade but he had almost no time for the other branches and so failed to pass. Elliot Osgood was pastor of the Christian Church at that time. He was also a physician. For some time he came to the school each week and gave us a lesson in physiology and hygiene. Knowledge comes easily to some of us. I think I can say without offending any of those, still living near here, who attended my school that Will Nickerson, "Little Bill," as we called him to distinguish him from his father was the best balanced student that I taught. I can remember him when we "spelled down," standing up to the last. He looked like a Kewpie with his big head and spindly legs. I handed him a list of teachers' examination questions one time. He worked them out and I am sure he would easily have passed on them. I could tell you much more of my teaching days at Stow Corners but perhaps you have heard enough for now.

Alice Nickerson was the next teacher. Another Stow girl and another of my pupils. She has told me nothing in connection with her school life here except this little story of her brother Scott. "Scott wore his first pair of rubber boots to school. He tried to cross the road in front of the school house and his boots came off in the sticky mud so that some one had to go out in the mud and get him.

After Alice Nickerson came May Roose for two years. Then Grace Newton in 1903. She only needed one year here in Stow school to catch a husband. You all know her now as Mrs. Scott Nickerson. I can't get her to reveal what happened during the school year she taught. Millie Cox taught in 1904. She is now

Mrs. Forrest Hawk, one of Stow's best-known citizens. You will have to ask her about her school work. She won't tell me one thing. I think Italia Hill came in 1905 and taught that year and in 1906. I believe she was the last teacher in the old school. I can get little information from the teachers or scholars who were in the Stow Corners school during the last ten years of its existence. Perhaps some one twenty-five years from now can get them to talk. There are others, now living in Stow, who can tell you of the centralization of our township schools. I was away during most of that period. I have no apologies for errors in records of this sketch. I had to use those which the school clerks kept and no doubt they made mistakes. Let no one think that I believe that we of the old school were better taught than are our children today. The teaching of the old schools was not standardized. We used our own methods, however crude, to educate our flocks. More, much more, depended upon the natural ability to teach. President Garfield said, "Mark Hopkins sitting on a log could teach more than any modern teacher with the best of methods." Hopkins was one of his teachers at Williams College. It was a fortunate pupil indeed who during his school life, had more than one really fine teacher. It was the rule, more than the exception, for teachers to teach only one school year and in our early schools there were often two in one year. With the exception of Erastus Southmayd and Aunt Jane there is no record of any teacher having the school for more than three years, so the way of getting the young idea to shoot varied with the teacher. This is my story of the school in District No. 3. Perhaps there is someone still living in each of the old districts who can write interestingly of their school days.

A few years ago Mrs. Coffeen and Etne Talcott both from the Fish Creek district wrote me some memories of their childhood days and I had them published in the Kent paper. Henry or Homer Will-

iamson for Oregon Corners, Porter Ritchie and George Darrow for Darrow street, John Hibbard and Virgil Houseley for Little Ireland, Mrs. Shakespeare and Howard Gaylord for Munroe Falls, all are quite competent to tell a good story of school life. There are others in every part of the town.

I have interspersed the recollections of some of those students who have given notes from their school life in the Stow Corners school, but I have a few left. All of the children of Zebulum Stow must have attended our school. Their home was the old house that stands just north of the gas station and store across the road from the voting booth on the Hudson Road. There were six of them—William, Alfred, Russell, Lucy, and the twins Lathrop and Laura. They all went to Michigan in 1864. All are gone now. Lathrop and Russell were active in business in Grand Rapids. Lathrop was mayor of that City. Lucy married William Bellamy. One of their sons, George, founded Hiram House, a social settlement in Cleveland, forty years ago. He is still the head of that splendid institution. Laura, the other twin died in Grand Rapids this year. She was eight-eight years old. These children of Zebulum Stow were my mother's first cousins and for some time I had carried on a correspondence with cousin Laura. I asked her to recall her school days in Stow.

She was fifteen years old when they went to Michigan. She remembered going to school to her cousin Simon Wolcott. She sent me a typewritten story of a lifelong friendship between herself and a girl who was her schoolmate in the Stow School. The girl's name was Ada McCarty. She lived at the Corners, Cousin Laura thought in the Hartle house. Her mother was dead. The teacher, Simon Wolcott, called her "That sweet little Ada McCarty." Both girls moved away soon after but they never quite lost track of each other. They married. Laura lived in Grand Rapids, Ada's husband was wealthy. She traveled in Europe and in this country.

Finally seven or eight years ago Ada visited Laura in Grand Rapids. These old ladies sat up most of the night recalling their girlhood days in Stow. A short time after this visit Ada died suddenly. The story is a very pretty one.

Another girl of the long ago who has written of her childhood here in Stow is Mrs. Harriet Smith. She was Hattie Reed, one of the three daughters of Hiram Reed. Her home now is at Chittendens on the State Road. Her sisters were Mrs. Peter Bientz and Mrs. Tom Steele. The Reed home when they went to school here was where Harry Olson now lives. Later Mr. Reed ran the Call cheese factory at Darrowville. Mrs. Smith says, "I do enjoy looking back, and in the sunset of my life, in my quiet little home it affords me many pleasant moments. The old Stow school was so pleasantly located, with its row of hickory nut trees on the south side and west end of the school yard I think some of those trees are there yet, just a few rods north of the Corners on the west side of the road. (The trees are all gone, Mrs. Smith.) The first teacher that taught when we attended was Emily Wolcott from Tallmadge, that was about sixty-five years ago. (There were two Emily Wolcotts evidently who taught our school, both from Tallmadge. Can anyone tell me how they were related?) Then Julius Williamson taught. He also taught singing school in the winter. Then there were the Brown sisters, Fannie and Lutie, and they were lovely teachers. The latter married a man by the name of Clark and lived in Kent. She has just recently passed away. The Brown girls were from Hudson. One of the pleasantest memories that I have is of the grand Sunday School superintendent, William Southmayd when the church stood at the west end of the cemetery. I can hear him yet singing, "Shall we gather at the river, where bright angels feet have trod." He was George Southmayd's and Lucy Southmayd Gaylord's father, as fine a Christian man as Stow ever possessed, and the little church

was full of Sunday School scholars. Rev. Bartlett was the pastor."

Mary Graham was a scholar in the old school I think a little later than Mrs. Smith attended. She recalls the following teachers but is not sure of the order in which they taught. Helen Fenn, Lucy Brown, Dollie Sweeney, Lizzie Reed, Eliza Filly, Mary Packard, Aunt Jane, Frank Carter, Will Grubb, Mrs. Kilbourne, Minnie Inman. John Graham adds the names of Fannie Brown and Delia Humphrey to Mary's list. Mary says "Aunt Jane taught many years and then was unable to teach for some time. Then she taught two or three years when I went to school. We remember her as a faithful teacher quite in advance of her day.

Letetia Brenneman came to Stow school about this time too. She went to school to Julius Williamson and Dollie Sweeney. Then she went to the Falls school. One of her teachers there was Almeda Booth, famous as a teacher in Hiram college when Garfield was a student there. She recalls with pleasure those years in the little white school house at Stow, with congenial friends. As I recall there was good discipline and a splendid foundation laid in the common branches. Mrs. Emma Fields, then Emma Holden, was a school mate of mine for a few years." The teacher she remembers best was Minnie Inman. Some of the older scholars were Lurie Green, Anna Southmayd, Will Graham, and Will Cox. The big boys sat in the back seats. One day the boys made a sort of bridle of string and tied Will to the window. That made the scholars laugh so the teacher made him take a chair up in front. There were two chairs, one was weak. Of course Will took the weak one and it broke down. (Note—Will thinks Emma has him mixed with some other boy.) Emma recalls our carrying water from the Wetmore well and the long time we took to get it. Daisy Green, my little sister, has given me these gems. She says, "Believe it or not, that Frank Green, who sat on a front seat, used to prompt the old boys in U. S. History. That

is, I whispered the answers to them on the recitation bench. I did know Venables history almost by heart before I ever studied it. Some teachers put us on our honor.

They would call the roll at the closing time. Those who had not whispered said perfect. Some of them would say "I'm perfect," that is the I'm very low and the perfect very loud. One more of Daisy's memories.

Harry Wetmore, Celia Studt's brother, had a slight impediment in his speech. One day he said: "Please may I do out." The teacher said, "No, Harry." In a few moments he asked again. Again she refused. The third time he said "Please may I do out," he added, "its nesshary." That time he got permission to go out. That reminds me of a story about Harry. The Wetmore boys, Bert and Harry, lived so near the school that they had to go home at noon for their dinner. This was a hardship, because noon time was play time. Harry was in such a hurry to get back to school to play ball that he ate almost nothing. His folks made a rule that he must clean up all he had on his plate. Harry got around that rule by shoving all he could under the edge of his plate. I have one more letter written to me by Grace Whittlesey, a schoolmate of mine. She is now Mrs. Sam Cox, the mother of five girls and two boys.

Grace was, and I presume is, one of the most fluent talkers I ever knew. What she says of her school days is interesting but inaccurate historically. She was seven years old when she came to Stow and started in school. She says her first teacher was Herman Mack, then she went to Mr. Grubb and then to Alta Carr, and then to Mrs. Nickerson. The school clerk's book has the teachers in this order. Aunt Jane, F. N. Carter, Lewis Grubb, Nellie Morton, Minnie Inman, Alta Carr, Herman Mack, Lois White and then M. Inman, now Mrs. Nickerson, teaching again. Grace considers that she spent the best days of her life in the Stow Corners school. She recalls the good times we had

sliding down hill and playing ball across the road in grandpa Wilson's orchard.

Are you tired of this rambling, incoherent tale of mine? It is finished. We have only memories now but memory is a precious thing, God's best gift to old age. Bouyant youth with all its joys and ambitions fails us but as long as the intellect last memory will tint our western sky. "Youth's but the half, the best is yet to come. The end of life for which the first was made." It is my hope that this narrative of early school days will be enjoyed, not only by those of the Stow Corners school but also by all those who ever attended a country school. Perhaps it will prompt someone, who better, than I have done it, can tell the story of a District school.

DON'T BLAME OTHERS

By John Jaster, Jr., Ohio Highway Director

Motorists often have only themselves to blame and not the "other fellow" for automobile accidents.

Analysis of motor vehicle accidents on state highways outside municipalities proves conclusively that a great many mishaps are due to the drivers' own faulty practices of operation.

Statistics compiled by the Traffic Bureau of the Ohio Highway Department disclose that 1,545 or approximately 16 percent of the 9,538 traffic accidents on the state highway system outside municipalities during 1937 were caused by motor vehicles colliding with fixed objects.

The fact that no other cars or pedestrians were involved in so many cases indicated quite clearly that motorists can get into trouble pretty readily all by themselves.

Undoubtedly inattention on the part of the drivers played a large part in the majority of these fixed object-collision accidents.

In order to reduce the number of such accidents automobile drivers are urged to observe speed limits, warning signs and all traffic laws and regulations.

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PERSONAL

Continued from page six

Weather: As a matter of historic interest we record the fact that on Thursday morning of last week Stow had a cloudburst. On that day between the hours of four-thirty and eight A. M. some three to six inches of water fell. Mr. Kastens measured $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches which fell during that time in a pail in his yard and another person measured seven inches in a straight side pail which stood out in the open for thirty some hours during the rainy period. Cellars and basements were flooded, wells and electric pumps were put out of commission, the boiler room at the school house was flooded, therefore no school, the dam at Meadowbrook gave way emptying their forty-two acre lake and damaging and undermining the new concrete bridge on Hudson Drive. Lightning struck the homes of Henry Lower (twice in the same place), Delbert Hilliard, and Kenneth Putt, all of Franklin Road. In the home of Kenneth Putt one of the babies beds was burned by lightning but the baby was unhurt. Gardens were washed out. People

found out what kind of a roof they had over their heads, etc.

Newton E. Thomas, Stow High School senior, has been awarded a four year Genesee scholarship by the University of Rochester.

The scholarship carries a stipend of three hundred dollars a year. According to a notice in the Monday evening paper Thomas was nominated for the honor by Principal R. E. Ganyard of Stow High School. Throughout his course Thomas has stood high academically and will graduate among the first three of his class. He has been prominent on the gridiron as well as in the glee club, orchestra and dramatic society. Thomas also won first place in Summit County and honorable mention in Ohio for a world history scholarship.

STOW SCHOOL NOTES

This is the time of the year when most everybody is made aware of the fact that another school year is nearing completion. Announcements from those who are about to finish some division of their school life come to us through the mails.

And Stow is right in the front rank when it comes to schools.

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WA- 3921

Last Saturday a group of our young people were honored at Columbus, for their attainments in scholarship. As we understand it scholarship tests are given by the State Department of Education. Those students who pass with a grade in the upper one per cent of those participating throughout the whole state receive special recognition. In this upper one per cent there was only one county that had a larger number than Stow receiving recognition. And in Division III the Summit County team of thirty-two came out second. There were twenty schools listed in this class. Those from Stow who were on this team were Lloyd H. Swanson, Clara G. Hardy, Donald E. Becker, June L. Mowery and Mary B. Semon.

Among those who won individual honors considering only county schools, Donald Becker, won fifth place in Latin II.

The best in fresh home-cured meat. Poultry dressed while you wait. Kent-Stow Market, top of hill on Kent Road, one-half mile east of Fish Creek. Telephone Kent Co. 54F31. (Adv.)

CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION

The grade school is "out" June 3rd. On Sunday evening, June 5th, the Baccalaureate services for the graduating class of the Stow High School will be held in the High School Auditorium. On Thursday evening, June 8th, commencement exercises will be held in the High School auditorium. Candidates for graduation are listed below. Of this number the highest scholastic average was made by Don Moore, the second

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 EDITH EK
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 ALICE HAMILTON
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 ALDEN HANSON
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Fill up for Decoration Day

"Eddie" Parsons 140 E. Kent Road, Stow
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CHARLES C. TROMMER
INA WADE
ROGER WATKINS
EDWARD WEYGANDT
ERVIN WILLIAMS
JOHN WILLIAMS
JEAN WORCESTER

MORE ABOUT STOW SCHOOL

Frank Green in writing the history of Stow School takes us up to the time when the centralized schools first came into being. Those who should know say this was in the year 1907. Mr. F. A. Garman was the first superintendent. There were four rooms in the building. There were four teachers. Someone should write a history of the school from that time on down to the present.

In the latter day history there should be included the following

poem written by Mr. W. H. Peck which was presented before a meeting of the Stow Literary Society early in the year 1914 over twenty-four years ago. It deals with the then existing congested condition of the school.

When Charlie Roe went into town
To run the much sought dollar
down,

He spent some time in looking
round

To get a place,

A dry goods clerk he chose to be
Because the work was light you
see.

A pleasant place, and, as a clerk
Could wear good clothes each day
to work,

He had good sense, and didn't
shirk

So won the race.

He won by striving every way,
Without demand for larger pay,
To do his work just right each
day

Which won him praise.

He did the best that he could do
Regardless of the wage he drew,
And then you see each year or
two

He'd get a raise.

LEDGEWOOD GREENHOUSES

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Combinations, Geraniums, and potted plants for
Decoration Day

Delphiniums, azaleamums, columbine, foxgloves, canterbury bells, platycodon, bleeding heart, buddlia liatris, painted daisy, lilies and other perennials. Dahlias, large, miniature and pompons, new varieties. Annuals including lantanas, cuphea, Schling's snaps, nirembergia, pink and blue ageratum, celosia, periwinkle, petunias.

188 STOW TALLMADGE ROAD STOW, OHIO

For years he toiled and saved his
 rocks,

His girls were wearing larger
 frocks,

His boys could almost wear his
 socks,

And Rose more thoughtful
 grew.

He pondered—Would he care to
 greet

Those friends of theirs upon the
 street?

If they should ever chance to
 meet?

Right well he knew.

He talked it over with his wife.

She said, "Let's leave the city
 strife,

Let's try the simple country life
 And move more slow.

Our children we must educate
 In schools where they can grad-
 uate."

He said, "It soon will be too late
 Where can we go?"

"The country schools are most de-
 spised

But I know of one most highly
 prized,

Because you see it's centralized,"
 She made the reply.

"And that's not all, it's up to date,
 As good as any in the state,

There's not a bit of need to wait
 'Till bye and bye.'

*If Paul Revere Should Ride Today --
 He'd Surely Choose a Chebrolet.*

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**140 varieties of
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Lawn Seeds

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Fine Chick feed

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Scratch feed for
the laying hens**

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**BAUGHMAN'S
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That was enough, our good friend
Roe

His wallet stuffed with hard-
earned dough,

Threw up his job and came to
Stow

To buy some land.

He looked around for several
days,

He studied farms and farmers
ways

To find out just what crops to
raise.

He pumped and quizzed the farm-
er jays

On every hand.

At last he found a farm to suit
With shade trees, water, shrubs
and fruit,

With telephone and rural route
Right at the door.

The bargain closed, he paid the
tin,

Then moved his wife and family
in.

He bought up stock and tools and
seed

And every blessed thing he'd need
And even more.

Roe's energies with might and
main

Were turned to raising fruit and
grain,

And live stock wandered down
the lane

To pastures green.

The pants he wore in days of
yore,

The time he run the dry goods
store,

Were finished up now by the
score

Like common jeans.

The children placed in proper
grade,

The start to school was duly
made.

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Wash Cloths Regular 10c. Values at - - - 5c.

Doe Skin Polo Shirts for Ladies and Girls, Reg. \$1.19 at 89c.

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Tennis Shoes for Girls Regular \$1.19 values at - - 89c.

Tennis Shoes for Boys Regular 98c. values at - - 79c.

Store Open All Day Every Wednesday

In numbers there is strength—
and so—

The school held out a welcome
hand

And gladly hailed this little band
Who'd come to them to till the
land

And learn the farmers'
trade.

And many others that we know,
Have since that day moved into
Stow.

Not one of them has come alone,
They've come to stay—they'll
never go,

They've brought their families
along,

With children small and children
grown

Race suicide is there unknown,
You'd better know.

The welcome hand was not with-
drawn

From Tom, Dick, Henry, James
or John

They saw their chance and came
right on,

What made them stay?

The street car line, the moral
tone,

The everlasting road of brick,
Have done their share, but most
of all

The school has done this won-
drous trick,

Leave this? Not they.

These pilgrims after good pure
air

Soon filled the school house up
"for fair"

With not a bit of room to spare,
And still they came.

They're coming now at such a
pace,

They've filled up every vacant
place.

Those once large rooms have
scarcely space

For any one.

What would you do in such a
case?

Please answer every mother's son.

This question you must fairly
face,

What's to be done?