

THE LIFE STORY
OF
ROY
AND
PAULINE GARDNER
McKINLEY



FOREWORD

This book is not for sale. It is not required reading. If you should get drowsy or lose interest, please turn to the appendix for relief.

This book was written for the benefit of our children and our grandchildren. It's a story of our lives and some of their ancestors. It could not have been written without the help of Pauline's brother, Porter, who lives in London, Ohio, and my sister, Dorothy McKinley Bennett, who lives in Columbus. Dorothy has traced the history of our mother's family from Scotland to New England and up to the time of her death.

This effort is dedicated to the memory of Pauline. She was my friend, helper, counselor and good wife for over sixty-two years.

Our journey was a good one. I hope you will enjoy the trip with us.



January 25, 1998

Dear Joshua,

The skies are cloudy and things are slow here in Coshocton today so I thought I might get in touch with you about our recent Christmas celebration.

It's been exactly one month since I drove your grandmother Olinger over to your home at 2651 Andover Rd. in Upper Arlington, a suburb of Columbus.

Now that Bernice Olinger is something else! At age 92 she's as sharp as a tack. She has more memories stored in her mind than you could store in the latest computer. Besides that she can carry on a great conversation spiced with a good dose of humor.

Your aunt Nancy, husband Dick, and cousin Molly had driven up the day before from Virginia Beach. We expected the whole family to be there with the exception of Amy, when lo and behold she appeared from nowhere. What a wonderful surprise to have her with us! Her parents had flown her in from Arizona as a special Christmas gift.

Your house was so pretty with all of the trees, candles, and decorations. As soon as we opened the door we were greeted by good smelling food cooking in the oven or on the back burner. Your dad's fire in the fireplace removed the chill from the spring-like day.

Your mom, with the aid of your brother Nate had prepared a feast rather than a meal. As though the turkey and roast beef with potatoes, dressing and of course cranberry salad were not enough, we enjoyed that wonderful Graetners ice cream with home made cookies for dessert.

All of us received more gifts than we deserved but we kept them anyway. You surprised me with a heavy package that I thought was a dictionary or reference book. It turned out to be a new ream of typing paper and I didn't catch on at all. Later in the exchange I received another gift from you and that let the cat out of the bag. It was a book entitled "How To Write Your Own Life Story" by Lois Daniel. You were challenging me to write a paper about the history of our family so you could have it as a future reference.

I don't know whether to thank you or chastise you. But after serious thought, I have decided to accept your challenge. I would remind you, however, that I am eighty -eight years old and three bad things can happen to old people. Number one, you lose your memory. I can't remember what the other two are!

Thank you for making my Christmas a memorable one and thanks especially for the paper and the book.

I hope to start writing tomorrow.

Your friend,

Grandpa Roy

OUR BIRTH

Pauline Anita Gardner was born March 9, 1911 to her parents Minnie Frazier Gardner and Walter B. Gardner. She was born in her parents' home on a farm about two miles south of Georgesville, Ohio in Franklin County. Georgesville is a small village on Big Darby Creek about seventeen miles southwest of Columbus.

When Pauline was born she discovered that she had an older sister, Thelma Irene Gardner, who was eight years old.

Roy Delmas McKinley was born December 19, 1909 to his parents Anna Highfield McKinley and Peter Pearl McKinley. He was born in his parents' home on a farm about five miles southeast of London, Ohio in Madison County. The area where he was born is generally known as Lower Glade and the crossroads community about a mile away is known as Rupert and can be located on Route 665 between London and Lilly Chapel.

William Howard Taft was president of the United States when we were born.

A loaf of bread was four cents,
A gallon of milk was thirty-four,
A pound of butter was also thirty-four,
A gallon of gas was ten cents,
A new Ford car cost seven hundred dollars.
The average cost of a new home was three thousand four hundred dollars.
The average annual income was twelve hundred.
A favorite song was Alexander's Rag Time Band.
Another favorite was My Blue Heaven.
One of the movies at this time was Queen Elizabeth.
The highest speed at Indianapolis was seventy-four miles per hour.

ROY'S GRANDPARENTS

On my mother's side of the family my grandfather was James Highfield, who married Louisa Jane May in 1868 in Gallia County, Ohio. Mr. Highfield was born in Virginia. James and Louisa Highfield had fifteen children as follows:

George	Maude
Cora	Edward
Minerva	Ella
John	Jesse
Harvey	Leroy
Henry	Nora
Rutherford	Charles
Anna	

My grandmother was Louisa Jane Highfield, daughter of Martha Rose and Granville May. Louisa is a descendant of a Robert Rose who was born in Scotland. In 1634 he and his wife Marjorie (both 40) sailed with their eight children on the ship "Francis" for New England. They took up residence in Wethersfield, Conn., which was the oldest town in the state. Through the sale of real estate, he became quite wealthy. The wealth was passed from generation to generation.

Lemuel Rose, a sixth generation descendant of Robert Rose, migrated from Granville, Mass. to Granville, Ohio in 1805. The wagon train trip took seven weeks, and as families

became attracted to virgin farm and timber lands, they settled there. Hence the towns of St. Clairsville, Cambridge and Old Washington were created, as others pressed on to Granville, Ohio.

My other grandfather was James McKinley, whose family came from Scotland and probably settled in Virginia. From there he moved to the Athens, Ohio area.

He married Rosanna Hale and they had fourteen children whose names follow:

Pearl	William
Frank	Martha
Fred	Mary
Cora	Sara
Tillie	Louise
John	Rosa May
Bruce	Lillie

I did not have access to background information about James McKinley or Rosanna Hale.

PAULINE'S GRANDPARENTS

Her one grandparent was Jennett S. Gardner (1845-1917), who married Mary E. Lilly (1852-1932) on September 26, 1871 at Lilly Chapel.

Jennett enlisted to participate in the Civil War when he was seventeen years old. He served the last two and one-half years of the war and then returned to the family farm near Georgesville.

On September 26, 1871 , six years after the war ended, when he was twenty-six, he married Mary E. Lilly, a local preacher's daughter. This relationship probably started when Jennett served with Mary's brother, James Lilly, in Company K with the Ohio Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War.

Jennett and Mary Lilly Gardner had seven children born in this order:

Nathaniel J. Gardner
Edward Gardner
George Gardner
Eugene Gardner
Walter B. Gardner
Imogene Gardner
Jennett P. Gardner

Lilly Chapel was named after Mary Lilly's father, James Lilly, who was both a preacher and a teacher. Jennett and Mary Lilly Gardner are buried in the Oak Grove Cemetery near Georgesville.

Pauline's grandparents on her mother's side of the family were Armstead and Ella Frazier. They were parents to seven children:

Minnie M. Gardner	Marion Frazier
Marjorie Barber	Thomas Frazier
Leota Hensley	Carl Frazier
Blanch Gardner	Frank Frazier

The Gardner family we know about have their origin in Ireland and Scotland. From there they settled in Pennsylvania and came to West Jefferson, Ohio in Madison County.

History indicates that they moved their family, including the children and all their possessions on the backs of two horses. This was a distance of four hundred and fifty miles.

OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Pauline had a sister, Thelma, who married Howard Windle. Thelma and Howard had two sons, Richard and Robert Windle.

Pauline's brother is Porter Gardner of London, Ohio and he is married to Mary Jane Slaughter. Porter and Jane have one daughter, Sharon Kay.

Both Howard and Thelma Windle are deceased.

Roy McKinley had four brothers and five sisters as follows in order of birth.

Helen married Leslie Siebold and they had one son, Harold. All three are deceased. Edith married Harry Seaman and they had one daughter, Isabel. All three are deceased. Cecile married Otto Dietsch and they had no children. Both are deceased. Robert married Lillian Parrett and they had a daughter, Barbara. All three are deceased.

Raymond died at age two. Howard married Elizabeth Baber. They have a daughter, Peggy and a son, William Howard, Junior. Both Howard and Elizabeth are deceased. Dorothy married Harold Bennett. They have a daughter, Sharon Kay and a son, David. Ralph died at age two.

Jean first married Benjamin Myers. They had two sons, Donald Scott and Thomas. After Benjamin's death, Jean married Theodore Persinger and later married LaVerne Eagle.

OUR IMMEDIATE FAMILY

Pauline and I are parents of two children. Nancy was born May 9, 1941 in the Mount Vernon Hospital. Nancy graduated from Muskingum College and is a teacher in Virginia Beach. She married Richard Dunbar, who graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy and is now a retired Navy Captain.

Nancy and Richard have two daughters. Molly graduated from Radford University with a Masters Degree and teaches in Virginia Beach. Amy also graduated from Radford and is currently living in Tempe, Arizona. She keeps busy with working, doing art work and traveling throughout the West.

David was also born in the Mount Vernon Hospital on August 4, 1946. David attended Muskingum College, but graduated from the Ohio State University and is in the real estate business in Columbus. David married his high school classmate, Sara Olinger. Sara graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University and teaches science in the Upper Arlington City Schools.

David and Sara have two sons. Nathan graduated from Ohio University and works as a recruiter in search of qualified persons with high tech backgrounds. Joshua is in his second year at the Ohio State University and hopes to become a professional designer of products.

OUR FAVORITE AUNTS AND UNCLES

Just about everyone at some time has a favorite aunt or uncle. My favorite uncle was Jesse Highfield, my mother's brother.

I can't tell you exactly why we were on the same page, but we were. He drove an overhead electric street car in Columbus until he retired. My cousin, Ralph, his son, and I

would get on his car at Livingston and Third and ride all the way to the end of his track in east Columbus and return. We enjoyed the clang of the big bell as he approached each cross street to pick up or discharge passengers. He lived very near the corner of Beck and Third Streets which today is right in the center of German Village.

Uncle Jesse loved to fish. He would come to our farm and we would fish in Little Darby Creek. I spent lots of time with him and I now know that it was time well spent.

He followed me through high school and college up to the point when he lost his health. It was a sad funeral for me as I said good-bye to my favorite uncle.

Pauline's favorite aunt was Imogene Gardner Fox, her dad's sister. Most people called her Jean. I heard Pauline speak of her real often before I had a chance to meet her. When I met her, she lived with her husband, Arthur, who was an electrical engineer in the New York City area. The Foxes and the Gardner family visited back and forth even though they were many miles apart.

I believe that I mentioned somewhere else in this paper that Aunt Jean helped Pauline through college with a loan. You didn't have to spend much time with Aunt Jean to know that she was a real lady. She was a lady with great character, a nice personality and one you could trust with confidence.

WE START TO SCHOOL

Pauline went to a one room school near her home for a year or two and then went to Fairfield School near Lilly Chapel for a few years, but finally graduated from the eighth grade at Georgesville.

She spent her first two years of high school at Fairfield, but was transferred to West Jefferson High School through the consolidation of school districts.

Roy spent six full years at the Lower Glade one room school. He had to miss one year of school because of an accident which will be discussed later in this book.

His family moved to Columbus and lived on S. Belle St. along the Scioto River next to Central High School which has now been made into COSI, center of science and industry. While in Columbus, he attended Avondale Junior High on West Town Street near Mt. Carmel Hospital.

His family moved back to a farm near West Jefferson and he graduated from the eighth grade at Gillivan, a crossroads about five miles northwest of West Jefferson on highway #42. He attended all four years of high school at West Jefferson until he and Pauline both graduated in 1929.

LOWER GLADE

The Webster Dictionary says that the word "glade" represents a "low level of ground covered by grass". I suspect that when pioneers first saw this area, it was exactly like that. Through the years ambitious farmers drained the wet fields by digging ditches complete with baked clay tile to empty into Glade Run which then emptied into Deer Creek. Glade Run was the name of a stream or creek.

I was born in Lower Glade, but there was also an Upper Glade about three miles north of us. State Route 142 now runs through Upper Glade on its way from London to West Jefferson. Upper Glade also had a one room school.

My father was one of those ambitious farmers who dug the ditches by spade and shovel. He then placed the clay tile in the long ditch and covered them with dirt. I can recall getting a free ride to London where we would buy a big wagonload of tile. The trip would take about a whole day because we had to load and unload the tile. London, Ohio was known for its tile mill and grain elevators.

Community activities at Lower Glade were centered at Rupert, which was one mile from our house. Rupert consisted of a grocery general store, a one room school, a church, two or three houses and a blacksmith shop that later became a garage when the first automobiles appeared.

My older brothers and sisters lived at Lower Glade until they were mature adults. I lived there until I was twelve or thirteen and then we left the farm and moved to Columbus. Even though I was young, I have vivid memories of farming, going on fox roundups, trapping muskrats, going to school and church.

When I was in the fourth or fifth grade, a Sunday school teacher asked three of us to be in a play for public consumption. Gayle Noble was the doctor, Margaret Livingston was the nurse, and I was the patient in bed. The nice lady coached me to moan and groan as though I were really suffering. For those of you who have known me all my life, it doesn't take too much coaching. I have continued to moan and groan to attract attention. Did that play get me started or was it in my genes to show off? I'm sorry, but I have always been a player and not a spectator. Oh well, everyone has to be someone. There are over five billion people living on the planet earth and each one is different from all the rest. Why not me?

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

The one room school was red because it was made of red brick. Many of them were made of wood, but nearly all sat on about one acre of ground. This land had been set aside free for school purposes by township trustees or county commissioners. One room schools of this era replaced the one room log schools that were built by the early colonists on the east coast of America.

At one time about the beginning of the twentieth century, there were over a hundred one room schools in Madison County. About 1920 they began to disappear. Consolidation of one room schools turned them into two room, four room and larger ones.

We walked to one room schools, but soon school wagons appeared. The wagons gave way to small school busses. Today we have huge diesel engine busses that transport students for many miles to large rural schools. Someone once said, "The only thing that is constant is change."

My one room school consisted of the school building, a coal or wood shed, a stable to house the teacher's horse, two outside toilets, a small playground and a pump to provide drinking water.

On the inside some of them had a cloakroom for our winter coats. That was also a good place to send pupils who misbehaved. I was well acquainted with our cloakroom.

The interior was equipped with a round coal or wood burning stove, a water bucket, about twenty-five or thirty desks, a teacher's desk and a recitation bench. A blackboard covered the entire front of the room. Pupils spent a lot of time doing problems on the blackboard.

The teacher had graduated from high school and had passed a special examination to qualify for teaching. She came to our school driving her own horse and buggy. An older boy would often help her unhitch the horse from the buggy and tie the horse to its stall.

There were from twenty to thirty pupils in all eight grades. She would teach one class at a time when she called them up front to sit on the recitation bench. If you couldn't learn to read in the first grade, you had several more chances because you could hear them reading again when you were in the second, third, and so on.

Just imagine that poor soul teaching all subjects in all grades. Reading, writing and arithmetic were the basics, but you also had history, geography, spelling, and if she had the time, she did some elementary art and music.

If you were good all week, you could color a red bird on a piece of construction paper after the last recess on Friday. I don't recall getting to color many red birds.

Spelling was one of my favorites. We had a hard back spelling book that started with easy words and they became more and more difficult. The grading in written spelling was always fair because you either got it right or wrong.

Educators down through the years have tried all kinds of new methods of teaching spelling and many of them have been failures. One modern day teacher asked the pupil to spell what the child's father or mother did for a living and then define the word. John said my father is a d-o-c-t-o-r and he helps sick people get well. The teacher said, "That's good, John." Mary said, "My mother is a s-e-a-m-s-t-r-e-s-s and she makes and sells nice clothes." Luther said, "My dad is an e-l-e-c-t-r-i-c-i-t-y-w-i-r-e and he wires houses and motors." The teacher said, "Now Luther, you have the idea, but your spelling needs lots of work. We just have time for one more." Willie said, "My ole man is a b-o-o-k-i-e and I'll lay you ten to one that kid will never spell electrician."

The one room school today is a thing of the past. It's an antique as far as today's educators go. You can't deny that out of the one room schools came doctors, lawyers, inventors, teachers, college professors, preachers, architects and many, many more professionals.

Many of the stories in the McGuffey readers taught more than reading. They taught morality, decency, honesty and other traits of character without saying so. I'm glad that I was a one roomer for six years and a two roomer for the eighth grade.

One room teachers were usually good at keeping order. If you wanted a drink, you could just get up and get one if you didn't go too often. In order to go to the toilet which was all the way across the playground, you had to hold up your hand and ask permission. Sometimes two or three hands would be raised at the same time. By the time she said I could go, I already had. It wasn't much fun to walk a mile in wet pants when it was about ten degrees above zero.

THE FOX HUNT

At the time we lived on the farm at Lower Glade, there was an excess of red foxes in the area. Whenever farmers met at meetings, church services or at the general store, they discussed the problem. The foxes were destructive because they ate chickens and eggs.

The county was so interested in the problem that they paid a fee or bounty to people who brought in evidence of having killed a fox. They usually got a fox by traps, guns or a

round up. Some ambitious farmer would organize a fox hunt and get the word out to attract a crowd.

Since roads were laid out in squares or right angles to each other, it wasn't too difficult to name the boundaries by road names. The men and boys were to report to their assigned stations along a certain road before ten A.M. The teams would start walking toward a designated center field where the march would end. This field was usually a pasture field so your vision would be good as the four sides came together.

Hunters usually carried a stick, club or cane. Guns were not allowed unless they had been asked to do so. When you had a circle of hunters around a huge circle in the center field, they would yell out if they spotted a fox or foxes. The hunters would close ranks by getting closer to each other. Finally the circle would be so small that certain people would go in and try to kill the foxes by gun, club or chasing them until they were exhausted.

You see, a fox is a very clever creature. They found ways to slip through the cracks or hide under almost little or no cover. The fox drive would produce no foxes or sometimes several. I remember having been on two drives.

The hunt would be concluded with a dinner served by some church or community group at about one o'clock. Good appetites were not a problem.

MY LAST RIDE

In the days before farm tractors were used, all farmers used mules or horses to do their work. Each farmer usually had three types of horses. He would have the heavy draft horses to pull the plows, wagons and all the implements. A driving horse would be used to pull a buggy or carriage. The riding horse was a lightweight that normally had lots of speed unless it was very old. We had such a horse and we called him "Old Bud". He was a fractious horse, ready to fly as soon as you got on his back.

It was the first day of school for me when I was starting the seventh grade. It was probably in 1922. My neighborhood friends and I had just walked home from Lower Glade School which was one mile from our home. My dad had left word with my mother for me to take all of our horses to the back pasture. I was thrilled because I loved to ride "Old Bud". Bud and I had enjoyed a great summer together jumping the winrows in the hay fields. We seemed to sorta belong together. We understood each other and he would obey every command as we flew through the fields.

This day was to be different. We rode up behind our aging driving horse that we called Dick, who was always pokey and managed to be the last one. As I recall, I kicked him with my bare foot to nudge him along. That was the last I ever remembered. Dick must have felt we were too close for comfort and kicked back. Old Bud reared up and threw me in the air to land on my head and shoulder. We were about a quarter of a mile from the house when the accident happened.

When I came to from being dazed, I could hear people talking and found that it was my dad. A very close neighbor lady just happened to see me get thrown and she screamed for help. My dad could have been a long distance away in another field, so I was lucky. He carried me to the house and called the doctor in London, five miles away. The doctor would have to drive there in his horse and buggy.

When Dr. Kyle finally arrived, he thought it was just a dislocated shoulder. He secured my arm to my body and asked my dad to bring me to London the next morning for x-rays. To say I was hurting would have been putting it mildly, but the next morning we drove the

five miles into London. It was the first time I had ever been hurt and I was scared skinny. The x-rays showed the ball was out of the shoulder socket and was broken off from the main bone.

Dr. Sparling's wife (a nurse) drove me to Columbus to Mt. Carmel Hospital, another new world for me. The doctors couldn't operate because my arm was so swollen. I was packed in ice eight days before the famous Dr. Judd Wilson did the surgery. I was a very lucky boy that I didn't lose my arm.

After a month in the hospital flat on my back, I was sent home to be quiet in bed. About every two weeks I would have to go to London for therapy. When they finally released my arm from my body, the doctors were pleased that my arm would work.

That was my last ride on my good friend, "Old Bud". I missed a year of school and dad left the farm to move to Columbus and I had lost too much school to pass the seventh grade.

The next year I enrolled in Avondale Junior High and passed Mt. Carmel every day. Once again, I was in a whole new world.

WE MOVED TO COLUMBUS

I broke my arm in September of 1922. About March of that same year, my parents decided to quit farming and move to Columbus. My dad had lost most of his live-in help with the chores and the farming.

My brother Bob had left home to work in Columbus. He saw no future on the farm. Raymond had died at age two in 1918 near the end of World War I. I was hurt, and Howard was younger than I, and dad was broke financially.

Bob, Ott Dietsch, Uncle Jesse, Uncle Will and cousin Emil Highfield all worked at Jeffreys, a big manufacturer of coal mining equipment. Dad got a job at Jeffreys too, so he rented a house on South Belle St. on the west bank of the Scioto River at the west end of the Town Street Bridge.

It was only a three bedroom house, but my brother Bob, my sister Cecile, and her husband Otto moved in with our family of Dad, Mom, Jean, Dorothy, Howard and me. That's nine people who lived in tight quarters for about sixteen months.

Three men, Dad, Bob and Ott Dietsch, who lived in that house all worked at Jeffreys. Since my dad had been a farmer, he was assigned a job as landscape gardener at the Jeffrey Mansion on East Broad Street. The Jeffrey home later became the Governor's Mansion. Mother and Cecile did the cooking, cleaning and served as general managers of the house.

Dorothy and Howard attended school in the Fieser School on State St. not too far from our home. I went to Avondale Junior High about a mile west of home on Town St.

Dad never really adjusted to city life or to his job. He had always been in charge and he didn't like working for someone else who was in charge, so he quit.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

When we lived in Columbus, we soon learned that we had good neighbors beside us. Mr. Parrett was a lawyer who made a good income as a bail bondsman for people in jail. Mrs. Parrett was the homemaker.

They had a son Olin and a daughter Lillian. Both were street car students to The Ohio State University. Olin became a lawyer and Lillian became a high school home economics teacher. Both of them were uncommonly good to me and my siblings.

I remember Lillian taking us to the Gift Street Church where she was a staunch member and volunteer. We respected and liked her because she was what we call a role model today, but we didn't know what that meant then.

Lillian and my oldest brother Bob became more than good friends. They not only liked each other but later fell in love and were married. They lived on the west side of Columbus all their lives. Bob and Lillian had a daughter, Barbara, who also became a school teacher.

After Bob died, Lillian lived alone for several years. She finally needed help and my sister Dorothy rendered yeoman-like service to her without thoughts of money. Our son David became her power of attorney and helped with her financial affairs.

I was very proud of David, who said some very nice things about Lillian at her funeral. She deserved all the recognition she could get because she had helped shape the lives of us, her daughter, and her grandchildren.

Lillian was a grand lady. She once lived next door.

BACK TO THE FARM

Bob went back to school at Bliss Business College. Cecile and Ott moved to a farm near West Jefferson, where they lived and worked for Edward Fitzgerald.

The McKinley family moved to a farm on the King Rd. just less than a mile from my sister Helen and her husband Leslie Siebold and their son Harold. My sister Helen, Cecile, Dorothy, Jean and my brother Howard and I were together again within a radius of two miles. We were about five miles from West Jefferson.

Yes, we were back on the farm again but we still faced a financial struggle that was nearly too much. Without the help of Helen and Les and our new neighbors, we would not have survived.

Pearl McKinley was a survivor. He was as strong as a horse and he worked like one. From daylight to dark was his mode of operation. He could and did do in one day where others would have spent two. There was no time for vacation or for leisure.

He was one of the most generous people I have ever known, but most of the time he was too generous. He did not have much money and he didn't manage what he didn't have very well. He would literally give the shirt from his back and he often did. He couldn't say "no" to anyone who was in need.

Moving back to the farm and Gillivan School became a blessing to me. Instead of developing into a river rat in Columbus I became interested in baseball and pitched on the school team. We played other area schools and I became hooked on baseball. Reflecting back, I believe this move changed my entire life.

I graduated from the eighth grade at Gillivan and entered West Jefferson High School in 1925 and graduated in 1929 as did Dorothy, Howard and Jean later on. About the end of my Junior year we moved again to a farm on U.S. 40 about three miles west of West Jefferson.

This was a farm of about one hundred acres. It was low and even swampy in some areas and hadn't been kept up with fertilizer, fences, etc. The handwriting was on the wall.

The family lived there about four years and moved to Main Street in West Jefferson. They later moved to Twinn Street. Dad finally gave up farm management and worked for others as a ditch digger, fence builder and general laborer. He had a good reputation as a fence builder and doing drainage work. In fact, he was almost always in demand.

My mother died in the house on Twinn Street in 1949 and Father lived there alone until he died in Doctors Hospital in Columbus in 1958 at age eighty-seven.

GILLIVAN SCHOOL

Returning to a small rural elementary school was probably one of the best things that ever happened to me and my brothers and sisters. We had just been just numbers in the huge Columbus City School System. This was a two room school that housed all eight grades with two teachers. The upper grade teacher was also the principal of the school.

We all liked those school days because we became involved in the whole process. We knew everyone in our room and we knew where most of them lived.

I especially was pleased that the boys had a baseball team and I really got excited about buying my first glove and baseball. It's hard to remember how we were selected to play certain positions on the team, but I became a pitcher and remained one through high school, college and semi-pro baseball.

We played some other elementary schools like Plumwood, Lafayette, West Jeff and "A" School. Some of my player friends on the Gillivan team graduated and we played together again on the West Jeff team.

Most adults have learned by now that when kids are involved in interesting projects, they'll have less time to get caught up in other serious problems.

THE SCHOOL PUMP

When Pauline graduated from the eighth grade at Georgesville, she entered high school at Fairfield, a rural high school south of Lilly Chapel. She spent her freshman and sophomore years there but was transferred to West Jefferson High School because of a change in district boundaries.

We both arrived at school at about the same time that first day of our junior year and did not know each other.

West Jefferson High School did not have indoor plumbing, so you had to pump drinking water from a well. She was about to pump the water when for some unknown reason I became very polite and chivalrous all of a sudden and proceeded to do my duty. She thanked me and we stood and talked awhile before we had to answer the school bell.

To say that I was impressed by what I saw would be putting it lightly. She was a very attractive looking young lady and she was very well groomed. She wore her auburn hair in bangs and I remember she had a short haircut. I can well remember that she wore a skirt and sweater and that the sweater was bright red.

We continued to be good friends and had some classes together. We were both taking college courses because there were only two kinds: college and general. It probably wasn't until near the end of that junior year that we had our first date or get-together away from others.

By some odd coincidence we both got a summer Saturday only job as clerks in the West Jeff Kroger Store. We worked from seven in the morning til ten at night and were paid two dollars each. All the farmers and their wives came to town on Saturday and we really were two tired people at day's end.

John Laird, the Kroger manager, liked our work so well that he helped me get a whole summer job at Krogers first-ever supermarket at Whittier and High Streets in Columbus. This was the summer before I would start to college. I was in charge of the produce department and rode to Columbus six days each week with friend Joe Heston and was paid fifteen dollars a week. I saved one hundred dollars that summer.

We didn't date often because we didn't have the time or the money. One of our special places to go was the brand new Ohio Theater in Columbus, and after the movie we went for White Castles (six for a quarter) and Vernors ginger ale for fifteen cents.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

Both of us enjoyed our high school experience. We liked our teachers and our classes. We were both very busy with school classes, work, and school activities.

Pauline was very active in her Georgesville Church and she played trumpet in the high school band. She took trumpet lessons from a music professor from Capital University.

I played football, basketball, baseball and ran in the mile relay in track. I didn't do this because of my great talent, but because of a shortage in the number of players we had.

I pitched for the baseball team, played fullback in football, forward on the basketball team and ran second on the mile relay team. We had the honor of placing fifth place in our division in the Ohio High School Relays which were held in the Ohio Stadium. That was quite an experience for a bunch of farm boys.

Pauline's brother Porter played tackle both ways, and my brother Howard played guard on our football team. One of our players caught a pass and ran the wrong way toward a touchdown until we nearly all tackled him on about the ten yard line.

Our high school coach was Bill Garrett who had just graduated as a center from the Muskingum College team. He coached at West Jeff for about three years and then entered medical school at Ohio State. He graduated with honors and became a doctor in Chillicothe, Ohio where he still lives on his cattle farm at age nine-two.

This past summer, he and his wife drove to Coshocton to have dinner and reminisce with me once again. It had only been sixty-eight years since I was a member of his teams. If there ever was a role model, he was it.

MY MODEL T FORD

When I was a senior in high school, we lived on U.S. 40, three miles west of West Jeff. One Sunday a young man came to our house to tell us his automobile had broken down and asked if we could help him. Fortunately, the Model T had stopped very close to our house. Howard and I went out with him and pushed it into our barnyard.

He said he was from Indianapolis and gave us his address and we gave him ours. He said we could either sell or buy the car for seventy-five dollars, and left us the title. The

engine would run, but the car wouldn't. It either had a bad clutch or a worn out differential gear.

When he left, he just took his suitcase and walked out onto Route 40 and thumbed a ride. That was easy to do in those days because people trusted each other. We never sold the thing and I believe we either paid him a little or he gave it to us after about a month.

My good friend and football teammate Bob Maddux said he knew where there was a wrecked T we could get for free. We pulled the car to West Jeff and did our work in his garage. I'm surprised we didn't get killed by doing what we did with nothing to do it with. We finally replaced the whole transmission and it worked.

Why am I telling this story? You see, we got this entire rear end from a fellow who lived several blocks from Bob's house. How would we get this heavy part to his house? He suggested that he would drive his car, we would place the heaviest part on his rear bumper and I would follow on foot carrying the lighter part.

Some people just don't get it! I suggested that he drive slowly and that was a mistake. He not only drove too fast but blew the horn so people could view this idiot slapping his feet on the hot pavement in pursuit of a laughing maniac driver on Main street in West Jeff.

Seeing that I was drained, he finally stopped, rolled on the grass and laughed. I suggested that I drive and he follow, but he didn't fall for that. He promised he would be good this time. He started this nonsense again, but stopped real soon because I had told him I would dump the thing on the pavement. I consider him one of my best former friends.

I took Pauline rides on dates in that Model T coupe and it was lots of fun. One floor board was missing so it was fun to see the road go by. I had installed a battery operated door bell as a substitute for a horn we didn't have.

The electronic age was upon us.

COLLEGE BOUND

In our time, you didn't start planning for college in the third grade like they do today. There were no SAT or ACT tests, college preference tests, etc.

I believe Pauline had always had college on her mind and her folks were in a position that would offer financial support. She chose to go to the Ohio State University because it was but twenty miles away so she could live at home and commute. Ohio State was tax supported and tuition was much lower than it was in private colleges. She paid twenty dollars each quarter. They offered Home Economics and private ones didn't.

She really only needed money for tuition, books and gasoline for the first three years and could be at home on weekends to assist at home. The last year she moved to an apartment off campus just a few yards west of High Street. This gave her access to all college activities and a taste of college life which she had missed in commuting.

Even though the Gardners were more affluent than the McKinleys, the effects of the depression caused concern if she were to rent an apartment. Her Aunt Jean of New York offered an interest free loan so she could live near campus.

She thought very highly of her Aunt Jean and once had ridden on a train with her grandmother to visit her in New York City. She not only accepted the loan but paid back every penny after graduation.

Considering the times, she had a pretty good college experience. But very few had the privilege of going in those days.

I might add that she paid a price for commuting. Roads were not good and cars were not as dependable and comfortable then. She drove through mud, snow, detours, etc. And I doubt that she missed two or three days in three years.

She was a survivor.

My approach to college was quite different. I never even considered college until near the end of my senior year in high school. Then, as though it were predestined, several things happened.

Number one, my high school English teacher Lina B. Heffron stopped me after class and said these five words, "You should go to college." That remark planted a seed but I never thought it would germinate because my family and I were poorer than Job's turkey.

Number two, my high school coach and friend for life, Bill Garrett, asked one day, "Is there any way you could go to Muskingum?"

Number three, a Mr. Walter Young showed up at our farm and spent a long time with me talking about Muskingum. He was a Muskie grad and now a recruiter for them.

I was getting excited about Muskingum but I recall my folks saying things like: where would you stay, how could you get books, how would you get there and what would you do about some new clothes? I thought the door had been closed until the phone rang in a day or two.

Number four, Walt Young was calling to say I would get a scholarship for half my tuition. I said, "Thanks but I can't make it because of all the other expense with zero money."

I had just about given up until number five happened. A letter came from the Vice President, J. Knox Montgomery, and basically this is what it said. "We have found a job for you working in a dairy very close to the college. You wouldn't get paid but you would live with these people and you would get your board and room."

To show off one more time, I jumped about three feet high and made a proclamation that, "I was going to college."

As exciting as that was for me, I realized that was a blow to the family. Dad had lost a worker that he desperately needed. Mom had lost the oldest of her at-home siblings. Howard would have to finish high school and carry the farm burden I had left. Dorothy and Jean were left to worry about what their future might be. Everything has a price tag. You win some, you lose some.

I was so dumb or naive about college life that I looked up a West Jeff graduate who was attending Muskingum. His name was Joe Heston and he was a great help even after I arrived on campus.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

The depression that started in 1929 was a shocker! It came without warning. Millions of people who were wealthy one day had no money the next day. The stock market crashed. Banks closed their doors. You couldn't get in to deposit or withdraw funds. You couldn't write checks because you had no money to support the check. Many investors who were wealthy awakened to find out they were broke. There was a rash of suicides because of this.

My oldest sister's husband, Leslie Siebold was a farmer. His two big crops were corn and hogs. He raised corn to feed his hogs and sold the hogs to make money to operate the farm. One day he took his hogs to the market and took his check to the bank and deposited it in his account. The very next day the bank closed its doors and he had no money for all of his hard work and his investment.

Pauline and I were just graduating from high school. I think the depression affected her family more than mine because we didn't have much money to lose.

THE LYONS DAIRY

When my brother-in-law, Leslie Siebold and I came to Norwich on U.S. 40, we could see the red tile roofs at Muskingum in New Concord. We were now about three miles from what would be my home for the next four years.

Our first stop would be at the Lyons Dairy about a half-mile south of town on a dirt road. There we were greeted by Herbert and his wife, Pearle and their three children, Neva, Scott and Vera.. They made me feel very welcome and after some get-acquainted conversation, they invited me to move in.

After getting me settled in mid-afternoon, Les decided he should leave to make the long trek back to his farm near West Jeff. I would learn later that he had told my sister Helen, "that he never had felt so sorry for anyone in his life as he did for me when he drove away". I guess perhaps I did have a rather sunken feeling as he drove out of sight.

The Lyons and I then soon greeted my new roommate whose name was Virgil McNaughton, from Hopedale in eastern Ohio.

In a couple of days they had taught us the routine and schedule of our new jobs, and this was a challenge. We got up at four in the morning seven days a week including all holidays.

Those crazy seventeen cows wanted to be milked twice a day, regardless of what we thought. After milking we took the milk to a special little building where we bottled it in glass milk bottles and placed the Lyons label caps on them. We would get through with all the chores by six and then eat breakfast with the two adult Lyons while their children slept.

Now it was time for Herbie to deliver the milk to homes all over New Concord, and it was time for Virgil and me to walk about a mile to our eight o'clock classes up on the hill.

In the evenings, Virgil would help Herbie while I practiced football. In basketball season we would just reverse because Virgil was a basketball recruit.

Can you imagine getting up that early, going to school, study, practice football and then start again the next day? I can't believe we did it.

The milk he sold was not pasteurized, but we sterilized the bottles with a special solution in hot water. We washed each bottle, one at a time, by placing it on a spinning brush powered by a gasoline engine. In early spring of the same year, he was under pressure to buy all new equipment, improve the barn, etc. He decided to sell the dairy to the Cambridge Dairy, which met all new standards.

The Lyons left the farm and moved into a large home on Thompson Blvd. They took Virgil and me with them to stay through April and May. Virgil went home for the summer and never came back.

I stayed on and mowed the campus grass every day that it didn't rain, and at that time I helped the janitors get ready for the next year.

Through some help from Joe Heston and Bill Garrett, I was given a bid to join the Alban Club, a men's club on campus that had their own house. It's now a Greek letter fraternity. Throughout my four years, I either lived with the Lyons' or at the Alban House.

Needless to say, the Lyons family became my family away from home. The kids and I ate together and even played together. Vera was the youngest and somehow some way she and I got to West Jeff for a weekend which she spent with Pauline on the farm. I still see Vera and her husband each year at the Muskie Homecoming. She lives Louisville, Ohio, which is a small city in the Canton area.

Only Vera and her sister Neva are living. Pauline and I went to visit Mrs. Lyons in the Masonic Home in Springfield when she was over ninety years old.

WE GRADUATE

We both graduated from our colleges in the spring of 1933. Since we graduated about a week apart, we were both able to attend the two services. We were excited, of course, and were fortunate that we had a teaching job awaiting us in the fall.

Since we were both going to be elementary teachers with most of our training in high school subjects, we decided to attend summer school at Muskingum. Unfortunately because of schedule problems, we each had to attend at different six week sessions.

The teaching certificate laws had changed at that very moment in history. The new law said that a teacher who was certified in high school could get an elementary certificate by taking six semester hours of credit in English, Math-Science and History.

We both qualified with four year certificates in both elementary and high school. With later work I received a life certificate in both areas. That change, pushed through the legislature by Senator J. G. Lowery, a Muskingum professor, made us eligible for our first two jobs.

FIRST TEACHING POSITIONS

Both of us were fortunate to get a position in 1933. There were more teachers than there were jobs. We were both actually invited to apply for the positions by our local board.

Pauline taught the first four grades in Georgesville and I had the seventh and eighth grades at "B" School near West Jeff. I also became principal of this four room school. Each of us remained with these schools for four years until I took a teaching and coaching position in Fredericktown.

School boards at that time had little money except enough to pay teachers and minimum expenses for operation.

We were told in April to take good care of our paychecks. We wondered why. They ran out of funds and closed the school on April thirty. We were just paid for eight months and had to find summer jobs for four months. I was lucky enough to find work at Springfield where they made International trucks.

Here are some of the things we didn't have in schools in those days. There was no school nurse, telephone, copying machine, cafeteria, playground equipment, overhead

projectors, encyclopedias, first aid kits or even construction paper. When we needed paper for art to celebrate holidays, the teachers bought and paid for it.

In spite of all the modern day conveniences, I believe we had good schools. We had dedicated teachers who were innovative, and kids who hadn't yet heard of the distasteful stuff that's going on in today's world.

One of my students won the Madison County spelling contest which included champions from all county schools grades one through twelve. Pauline and I decided to do something nice for her as an extra bonus for winning the contest. When I asked her if she would like to join us in a Saturday trip to Columbus, she said she couldn't because she didn't have a winter coat. Pauline gave her own coat to her.

We spent a nice day in the big city where the student had never gone before. We visited the State House, The Ohio State University, toured downtown Columbus, and ate in a nice restaurant. It was a great trip for my speller, but a better one for us. It's better to give than to receive.

BUFFALO

In April of 1934 I had a call from my college roommate who lived in Buffalo, N.Y. In our discussion, he discovered that I would be out of work for four months. He was working in the office of the W. A. Case Heating Plumbing wholesale warehouse. His Aunt Maude was treasurer and a principal stockholder.

Within a very few days he called to see if I might like to come to work there too. He said my future could be encouraging there if I liked the work.

I decided to go and drove up alone with my belongings in my 1929 Model A Ford. They helped me find a room and I started to work. The idea was for me to start at the very bottom of the business and work my way up until one day I might have a position in the office.

I worked right out in the warehouse moving, stocking and doing inventory on all of the material a plumber might use. One day another fellow and I were moving large quantities of heavy iron pipe and my college football knee went out of place.

They put me in a hospital and the specialist said I would need surgery on the knee. Aunt Maude gave me an option of having it done there or go back to be near my folks in Columbus. It only took a few seconds to decide on Columbus. This must have been in early June and I had only been there two months.

It was back to Columbus and knee surgery in the White Cross Hospital, which no longer exists.

I started to ponder where will I work after about a month's recovery. They had not yet found a replacement for me at "B" School. The president of the school board came to visit me in the hospital and asked me to return to teaching.

That decision didn't take long either. I was sick of living alone in a big city doing a job I didn't like. I liked kids and adults and not pipes.

My friends in Buffalo understood, and so my stay with them lasted but a couple of months. I guess I was just made to do school work for a great portion of my life. Even though they knew that my knee was hurt in football, the company paid all of my hospital and surgery bills.

I have always thought highly of Aunt Maude and my college friend Chuck Chur. In fact, since we both married we have met for dinner at Roscoe Village Inn to relive the good old days in college.

A LONG COURTSHIP

Pauline and I knew each other and cared for each other almost eight years before we married. Why so long?

First of all, each of us wanted to get a college education which would take at least four years. Secondly, neither of us had any income or even the prospects of getting any.

During college years, we didn't date on a regular basis because most of that time we were one hundred miles apart. We both agreed that in college we would each date other people for social purposes and to find out if we were really in love with each other.

As luck or fate would have it, we were back together on a full-time basis after we graduated from college.

1933 was a very difficult time to find a teaching position. But for some unknown reason she was employed to teach in Georgesville and I in West Jefferson. Each of us lived with our parents because we couldn't afford to live elsewhere. We dated on a regular basis while we were teaching.

We were a good match for a long courtship and marriage because she was always very sensible with enough sense of humor to tolerate me who was always pretty goofy but serious enough to do what I had to do.

We finally did get married and I remember a story about getting married later in life.

This lady who got married later in life met a friend downtown one day who said, "I hear you got married." The other lady said that she "had finally made it!" The friend said, "That's good," and she said in return, "It's not all good, he's a lot older." The friend said, "That's too bad," and she said in return that it is not all bad because he has a lot of money. The friend said, "Oh, that's good," and the lady said that was not all good because he was awful stingy. The friend said, "Oh, that's too bad," and the lady replied that is was not all bad for he built her a beautiful new home. The friend said, "Oh, that's really good," and the lady said it "wasn't all good because the wind blew it down." The friend said, "That's too bad," and the lady said, "It wasn't all bad... he was in it."

OUR WEDDING DAY

Today is February 2, 1998 and it's real early here in Coshocton. The reason I couldn't sleep is because I was getting fidgety and nervous, so I just got up and started writing about this special day in my life.

Yes, I know it's ground hog's day. Yes, I know the domesticated ground hog in Columbus, Ohio said that spring is just around the corner and the one in Pauxatawny, Pa. said we'll have six weeks of winter. None of that makes me nervous. We'll take the weather in stride regardless of what the woodchucks say.

The real reason I am nervous and had to get up to write this story is because it's the anniversary of our wedding day.

Just a few short hours from now on this date in 1935, we would be saying "I do and I do". That was at 10 A.M., sixty-three years ago today.

I can well remember being nervous on that day. It was the first and last time that I would ever have had that experience.

Being the obnoxious joker that I am, I once told friends that I was so nervous when I got married that I kissed the preacher and gave Pauline the ten dollars.

We were married in the church parsonage in Lilly Chapel. Isn't it ironic or coincidental that Lilly Chapel was named after Pauline's great grandfather James Lilly?

The minister who performed the ceremony was Reverend J. Ira Shirer of the Methodist Church. Reverend Shirer served both the churches at Lilly Chapel and Georgesville, so he had been Pauline's minister.

Weddings of most people in those days were not large affairs, partly because of tradition and also because of money. The cost of a wedding and reception in 1998 would have bought a hundred acre farm in 1935.

Our two best friends, Nellie Jo Dyer and James Madison Arganbright, stood with us during the simple ceremony. And it was simple. There were no special clothes, no maids of honor or even any music.

But after we said our "I do's" and kissed, we were married. Perhaps if we had planned better for a great wedding, it might have lasted longer. We were only married for sixty-two years and four months.

To celebrate a bit, the four of us drove in separate cars to a restaurant on West Broad St. for lunch. After a nice lunch and some fun conversation with lots of giggles by Nellie Jo, we said good-bye. They left for their homes and the newlyweds left for Wyandotte, Michigan, a suburb of Detroit.

We spent the weekend with my sister, Edith McKinley Seaman. We drove home late Sunday afternoon, and on Monday morning we were back at our teaching posts at Georgesville and "B" School.

We lived with Pauline's parents for a couple of months while we planned and prepared to live in our first home.

OUR FIRST HOME

One day I met Mr. George Buswell on Main Street in West Jeff and we stopped to talk as people often did in those days. He had known me as a young boy who had walked past his farm on my way to school at Gillivan.

He said, "I hear that you have just been married," and I beamed and said that I had. Of course, being of a loquacious nature, I probably told him more than he really wanted to know. When he got a chance, he asked me if we had a place to live yet. I told him that we did not, but were looking.

He told me that he and his wife had retired from their farm and had built a house on West Main near the Catholic Church. They did not like living in town and were going to move back to their farm in March and would like to rent their home to Pauline and me. I told her that night and she got all excited when we drove by later and saw this small but pretty bungalow which was almost new.

We arranged a meeting to see the house and said we would love to live there but probably couldn't afford such a new home for our first one. He wanted to know if we could

afford seventeen dollars a month? In unison we said, "Yes," but we asked why that small amount? He said, "You're young, you have no children and I know you will take good care of it."

We were living with Pauline's folks and now in a couple of months we would have our own first home. She could drive our one car to Georgesville to teach and I could ride a bus less than a mile to "B" School where I was teaching. Each of us was being paid one hundred dollars a month minus four dollars deducted for retirement, which we greatly appreciated after we retired.

What do you furnish an empty house with when you have little or no money or furnishings? Where there's a will, there's a way.

Pauline's parents gave her the beautifully carved upholstered living room suite that her grandparents had bought when they were first married. The house had a gas furnace, some built-in cupboards and a built-in outside accessible ice chest, which was a refrigerator then. We borrowed four hundred dollars to do the kitchen, bedroom and den.

Each of the two schools planned kitchen showers for us, so we got a bountiful supply of utensils, dishes, etc. As an example of how showers sometimes go, we received seven casseroles.

David and Sara have that old living room furniture and someday will have it completely re-worked again. The finish is as nice as it ever was, but it needs to be glued and upholstered. That furniture was Pauline's grandmother's, David's great, and our grandchildren's great-great grandmother's. Grandmother Mary Lilly Gardner was born in 1852 and died in 1932.

Our first home still stands in good condition on Main Street in West Jeff near the Catholic Church.

We thanked George Buswell about each month we paid the rent for the privilege of living there for two years and four months, 1935-1937. It took a lot of courage for me to tell him that I had shot a hole in the plenum of his gas furnace.

It's on to Fredericktown! You can't stop progress. Tempus fugit.

I get to become a coach... Pauline gets to teach Home Ec. We had reached our next goal!!!

WE MOVE TO FREDERICKTOWN

In early summer of 1937, I received a call from George McConaghah, the superintendent of the Fredericktown Schools. He indicated that he needed a teacher coach and would like to talk with me if I had any interest in making a change.

I had never met Mr. McConaghah, and really didn't know where Fredericktown was located. I wondered how he even knew about me. I had worked for his father at Muskingum College when I was a student there. He might have said something about me.

Nellie Jo Dyer, who was our wedding attendant, was the high school music teacher in Fredericktown and she might have put in a good word for us. I guess life is full of little surprises.

I followed through and took the job as head football and basketball coach. In addition to that responsibility, I taught six classes of English each day.

Pauline and I had decided that she would not teach so we could start a family. That plan was changed when the Home Ec teacher resigned just a week before school started. Pauline was drafted and so we were both teaching in the same school.

Even though my first football team had a miserable season, winning just one game, we liked the school, the town and the people. Harold Bennett, a graduate of Kent State, was first year assistant. He left to coach basketball at Plain City where he was very successful. He later married my sister, Dorothy.

My teams kept getting better and in our fifth and last year we were undefeated in football and won the county championship in basketball. That 1941 football team and I, as coach, were the first team voted into the Fredericktown Hall of Fame.

THE FREDERICKTOWN LIONS CLUB

In 1938 Hal Walters, of Lions International, came to the village to explore the possibility of starting a local community Lions service club. The town started buzzing about this new venture where members would meet for dinner every two weeks during the evening. The purpose of the club was to meet for fellowship, get better acquainted and do projects to make the community a better place to live and work.

Before long Hal announced that he had signed sufficient numbers to establish a club and had done enough background work to call a first meeting that would be called Charter Night. The group had now met informally to select officers and a board of directors. Now it was their duty to work with Hal and plan this grand first meeting.

I became a charter member and later would become president of the club. Our members soon discovered that the real mission of Lions is to assist people who are going or have gone blind.

The Fredericktown Club became one of the strongest in Ohio and did a great service to the whole area. One of their better projects was building and equipping a playground for area children.

They became experts at raising money to fund these projects. One of their big early projects was to sell tickets on a new car and then hold a drawing to give the car and other prizes away. Different members would drive the car to another city and sell tickets on it, and they were easy to sell.

My tour of duty came when we went to Mansfield to spend an entire Saturday on the town square. We just got our signs up and started selling when the police arrived.

The police said we needed a permit from city council to advertise or sell on city streets. We tried to explain that our officers had obtained such a permit. The officer said that the one responsible for our group would have to get in the cruiser and go to the police station. They all pointed to me and thought that it was funny to see me being picked up by the police. I didn't, but the chief was very nice when I told our story about building playground.

The chief wanted to know how much it cost to buy a ticket. I jumped on the chance to sell and told him it was a lot cheaper to buy a whole book, and he did. Then he delivered me back to the group and we had a big day.

The club at one time had over one hundred members and was the hub of community affairs. They still meet, and in May of this (1998) will celebrate their sixtieth anniversary. I

am the only living charter member and have been asked to speak at the meeting if I am able.

There were three members who had much to do about the programs that were special or unusual. The three were soon called "The Three Idiots". I almost regret to say that I was a member. Don Bone and Ed Studer were the other two members.

One Sunday evening the president asked to meet with us to plan a special meeting. We met at Don Bone's home. We just had started the meeting when the Bones had visitors arrive in front of their house. The Bones went out to visit since it was warm, and left us in their home. One of us suggested that we rearrange their furniture while they were out. They had a combination living/dining room connected by an archway. In about ten minutes, we moved or reversed all furniture, lamps, etc. in those two rooms. Then we sat down and pretended to be reading the paper when they came in. I can't describe their looks or reactions when they stepped in. There are no secrets in a small town and the story was all over the area in about two days. I really tried to stop the project, but was unsuccessful.

COACH RESIGNS

It was a very difficult decision to resign from Fredericktown. We had to leave a great team, a good school and all the friends we had made in those five years. So, why did we leave?

We have all read those famous lines: "Time nor tide waits for no man." It was my time. We had increased the size of our family with the birth of new daughter, Nancy. Pauline was not earning a salary and my salary did not have much promise for future growth.

The athletic program had been put in place to the extent that the football team went three consecutive years undefeated under three different coaches. Our building program there had developed some really fine young men and some strong athletes. I hesitate to mention names, but one could really not afford to mention one because of his later success.

That person was Ollie Cline. He had been in my program from the seventh through the tenth grade and was fast becoming a great player. During his junior and senior years he broke lots of records. He scored 175 points in seven games as a senior and was All-Ohio in 1942 and 43. He played varsity football for Ohio State. He made All American in 1944 and Most Valuable in the Big Ten in 1945. He played professional football for the Cleveland Browns, Buffalo Bills and the Detroit Lions.

ON TO WILMINGTON

On the day the moving van picked up our earthly possessions in Fredericktown in 1942, it was a day of mixed emotions. Sorry to leave but happy for new experiences. Tears were shed.

Wilmington was a city of about five thousand, not far from Dayton or Cincinnati. It was a nice clean city and was the home of Wilmington College. The townspeople were friendly and the school scene was inviting.

We rented an upstairs apartment so we could look for better housing later if we were to become more permanent residents.

I loved the athletic facilities compared to the Fredericktown situation. They had built a concrete stadium with a pressbox and a running track. The indoor facilities included a coach's office, a training room and laundry equipment to do the white tee shirts, socks, etc.

I had a full-time assistant in the person of George Houck who was also head basketball coach. We clicked right away, but we soon discovered that we had a job on our hands. It was a rebuilding year in Wilmington and we won but three games. Our program for the future looked good and George and I were given longer contracts with increases.

As you recall, World War II was at its height in the spring of 1943. All able-bodied men had been drafted or had enlisted. George and I had both gone to Columbus to try to get into Navy officer training. Neither of us passed the physical.

Soon the military and civilian recruiters were in Wilmington High School to find male college graduate school teachers for important civilian jobs at Wright-Patterson Air Base in Fairborn, Ohio. They pinpointed four of us and offered us very lucrative salaries compared to our teaching ones. I did not want to go. The other three did. We went but I was the only one who stayed through the summer. The other three returned to teaching. At that late date Wilmington did not have a coach and asked me to return but I refused because I wanted to stay put and see how this would work out. George Houck took the job. I gave him my playbook and he had a great season as a first year head coach, but I have never looked back.

As Satchel Paige once, said, "Don't look back, someone might be gaining on you."

THE AIR FORCE

When I left coaching at Wilmington, we bought a house in Fairborn. It was a new house, but after living in it about one year, we discovered we had a new problem. The people who built the house had received a federal loan to build a house to rent because of the housing shortage. It was illegal for them to sell the house.

We had made a down payment and were paying installments to a Fairborn bank. Our lawyer worked it out for us and it was to our advantage. They had to give us back our down payment and then they had to lease us the house at a government controlled rate. That was quite a relief.

I started at Wright-Patterson as a student in an aircraft instrument repair class. That was my assignment and I did that for about one week. The instructor wanted to know how much education I had and I said, "I have a masters degree in school administration." He wanted to know why I was in this class and I told him that's where they put me.

The very next day I was sent to the headquarters building to contact a Major Engle. In thirty minutes I was made civilian director of off-reservation training for all air bases in nine states.

I set up training classes in Ohio and Kentucky in instrument repair and sheet metal training. These classes were held at night in vocational schools which already were equipped.

After the trainees reached a certain level of proficiency, we transferred them to become workers at Wright-Patterson. I set up a secretarial school in St. Louis and we transferred those trainees into our air base to fill jobs. We dispatched workers from nine states into our base to get specialized training.

Those two years provided me with a tremendous experience in administration. The war ended in 1945. I was offered government jobs in Oakland, California and Washington, D.C., but declined both offers.

Fredericktown was calling and offered to move us if we would return, and we did.

WE RETURN TO FREDERICKTOWN

After our tour of duty at Wright-Patterson, we were asked to return to our old haunts. The temptation was great, but the salary would decrease significantly from government pay.

The people in Fredericktown offered to move us and help us find a house if we would come. To leave Fairborn wasn't so difficult because I was destined to be a school person.

Our good friends, Ina and Williard Mayer, were being transferred to Chillicothe and wanted us to buy their home of many years, and we did. The house was just around the corner from the school.

I returned as a coach again and actually started practice when George McConogha resigned as superintendent to move to Coshocton. The school board changed me from a coach to a superintendent of schools.

We stayed there seven wonderful years. Nancy had been born on our first assignment there and David was born on this stay. We renewed old friends, made lots of new ones and started another new career in administration.

Life was so interesting with all of the community activities including church, school games and, of course, the Lions Club. The village had become more interested in golf and that pleased me. I even won the town golf tournament by defeating Jones Ackerman on the last hole of a play-off. The prize was a four wood which I believe is still in the family.

All good things must eventually come to an end and I decided to go to the Coshocton Schools. Another very difficult but appropriate decision.

WE MOVE TO COSHOCTON

That same George McConagha who invited me to coach in Fredericktown and to return there from the air force base has now invited me to become high school principal in Coshocton.

This was a very difficult decision for us to make in 1952. We loved everything about Fredericktown after having spent another seven years there as superintendent. It was a sad move. We would have to sell our home. Nancy would be in the sixth grade and David would be starting to school.

Why did I decide to move? Long range thinking told me that I couldn't be superintendent there forever. It also told me that I couldn't ever get a larger position in school work coming from a small system. I had heard that "sometimes you have to take a step backward to take two steps forward." I took the principal position at Coshocton and stayed in that position for four years. I gained a lot of knowledge about how a city school system operates.

Four years later in 1956 I was made superintendent of the Coshocton City Schools and remained so for sixteen years until I retired in 1972.

TONAWANDA

Mr. Harry Lybarger owned a cottage on the old canal bed along the Walhonding River about two miles west of Warsaw. It had been in his family for two generations. His father, a doctor, had visited patients in the summer from there by way of riding horseback.

Tonawanda in Indian language means "swift waters". The water beside the cottage was very, very swift. The cottage and the grounds were in bad condition and Mr. Lybarger was no longer able to maintain it.

I rented the place from him and we had it for seven years. What a wonderful getaway just twelve miles from Coshocton. We spent evenings, weekends, and some vacation time in the summer there.

It would take a book to describe our work and play at Tonawanda. We entertained, we swam, we fished and we grilled hamburgers by the dozen. We graduated from no boat to row boat and even to a small motor boat.

David and Nancy were growing up and David's interest in more water, more power had grown too. I must admit that mine was too. David and I took our boat on a trailer to Seneca Lake near Cambridge and had a wonderful time. We were hooked, no pun intended.

We would later leave Tonawanda and build a cottage at Seneca in 1962.

SENECA LAKE

We leased a lot from the Muskingum Water Conservancy District in New Philadelphia in 1962 and built the cottage there. Since David lives closer than Nancy, the lease was placed in his name so the place will remain in the family, hopefully for some time.

Seneca Lake is about one hour from Coshocton. It has been a great place to build, plant trees and improve over these past thirty-six years.

When I was president of Coshocton Rotary, we had two great outings there with over one hundred in attendance. Several Rotarians brought their boats, so we swam, ate, played and took rides to show our guests the lake.

Family gatherings, weekend guests and fish fries have been the order of the day. Last September, 1997 we held a work week at Seneca.

Son David, grandson Josh, son-in-law Dick Dunbar and I spent four days there in a camp improvement program. It could be called "eager beaver days" because work was the central theme. Dick was so eager to come that he flew in from Virginia Beach. He was even more eager to fly home to rest.

We washed and painted the whole cottage and removed and replaced all of the shrubbery. After removing the shrubs, we placed several tons of dirt near the foundation walls and covered that with mulch.

I forgot to add that we cooked up some wonderful food, took long showers and had a laugh or two. What a nice time at Seneca!

SWITZERLAND

In May of 1957 I was president of our Coshocton Rotary Club. They said they would pay nearly all of my expenses if I would attend the Rotary International Convention in Lucerne, Switzerland. The meeting was to last ten days including travel.

The school board insisted that I go because it would expand my intellectual horizons and add to my credentials. Pauline couldn't go because she was teaching full time.

I flew alone from Columbus to New York where I joined Rotarians from Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. This group stayed together the entire trip, traveling by bus, rail, boat and

plane. We made quick stops in Ireland, Paris, Holland and Germany before attending the meeting in beautiful Lucerne, Switzerland.

A fellow Rotarian in Coshocton insisted that I take his camera and bring back colored slides, which I did. After returning, I shared the slides with a little speech with Rotary and several other groups.

The Coshocton City Boards of Education always had quality people and I have always appreciated their sincere desire to improve the quality of education.

INNOVATIONS IN EDUCATION

Sometime in 1960, an invitation came suggesting that I join a group of one hundred twenty educators from all over the United States to study and report on new ideas in public education.

I was selected from among all superintendents in Ohio to make up a team of just thirty in all of the Mid West States. With other teams of thirty from the East, South and West they now had four teams of thirty for a U.S. total of one hundred twenty to make this pilgrimage across the country.

Our Mid West team first met in Columbus for a briefing and to establish a travel plan. We went by bus to Flint, Michigan to study and view firsthand their celebrated program of community education in action. This was a great experience for all of us and we wanted to return home to implement as much of it as our local board could afford and accept.

Many of the ideas that I observed in Flint had a great influence on the building of our new high school eight years later.

We went by bus from Flint to the Chicago area, where we would spend several days. While there we visited the famous University of Chicago High School, a model of national reputation. I was really impressed by the operation of the huge library filled with books of all kinds at the fingertips of the students.

The head librarian had a doctorate and her four assistants had master degrees in library science. Computers in the library made unlimited information available to students for regular assignments and term papers.

The wonderful high school at Northwestern University in Evanston was almost beyond description. It was one building with four wings. Each wing housed students grades ten through twelve. In other words, it was really a set of four schools simply called East, West, North and South. Each had its own principal, faculty, band and athletic teams which competed against each other.

I was impressed by the fact that bells weren't ringing all the time. They had six one hour classes in a day and changed classes on the hour. When students walked into a room, they went by a table to pick up their printed assignments for the next day.

This school is so famous that they have classroom visitors from all over the world. They even have special chairs in the back of each room for visitors. We were told to walk in with the students, sit down and not be a distraction. The students paid no attention to us at all, but they surely listened, spoke and took notes when the teacher started speaking to begin the session. At five minutes before the hour according to the clock on the wall, they arose and walked out.

Our four teams of one hundred twenty total all flew into Santa Monica, California and spent two full days in discussing the pros and cons of what we had seen going on in the

schools of America at that particular time in our history. Our team flew to Columbus where we each departed for our homes.

The trip was sponsored and paid for by the U.S. Department of Education. What a one-in-a-lifetime experience!

MY GREATEST CHALLENGE

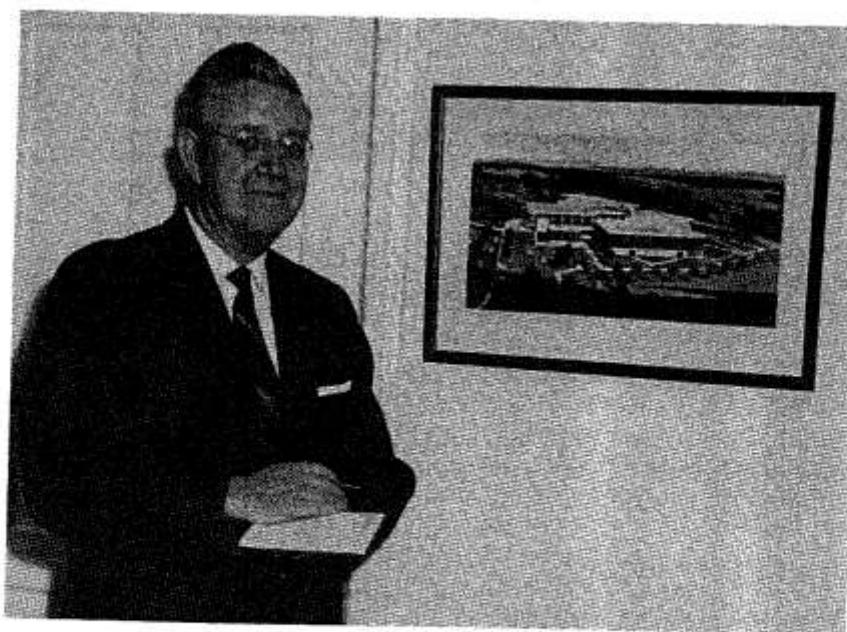
When the school board and I discovered about 1967 that we would be overcrowded by increased enrollment, we decided to put a bond issue on the ballot. With a tremendous effort we passed a three and one-half million dollar bond issue in 1968.

We owned seven acres of real estate in southeastern Coshocton, but needed at least twenty more acres according to state standards. To acquire that much land that in some cases was laid out in building lots took some doing. Piece by piece we obtained a total of some thirty acres.

We employed the architects, sold the bonds and built the new high school. It was opened in 1970 at the beginning of the second semester.

That meant that we had to move an entire high school system piece by piece. The old high school became a middle school for grades five through eight. This was the first middle school in eastern Ohio.

The new high school housed an Olympic size pool, a huge gymnasium and a one thousand seat auditorium. With earned interest at that time the building cost four million. Today it would cost twenty million.



The work required to accomplish all of this just about did me in both physically and mentally. After our all day open house, I had to go to bed for a few days to regain my strength.

Our community has enjoyed the facility now for over twenty-seven years. We have concerts, swimming meets and basketball tournaments that we never could have managed without the new building.

At the commencement in 1972, the school board named the auditorium after me, and I was pleased with that honor.

OUR CHURCH AFFILIATION

Pauline and I both had been raised in the Methodist Church when we were small children. She attended Sunday School and then later taught classes for many years in the church at Georgesville. She continued that practice until she graduated from college.

My earliest recollection of having a church experience was when I went to Sunday School at the little crossroads church near my home in Rupert. In Columbus I recall going to the Gift Street Methodist Church with my next door neighbor. Her name was Lillian Parrott and she would later become my sister-in-law. When my family returned to the farm, I went to church with my friends at Gillivan.

After we were married and moved to Fredericktown, we somehow became Presbyterians. We moved to Coshocton in 1952 and transferred our church letter again to the Presbyterian Church. Both of us have attended church on a regular basis for the past fifty-seven years.

Pauline became active in the women's work of the church and was elected to the executive board. She helped to create and manage a sewing group that met each Monday morning to quilt comforters. They sold the comforters and bought blankets to send to organizations who were trying to clothe the naked. The group was very successful in this venture.

She developed quite a reputation as a pie baker. Her pies were often sold before she could get them to the rummage sales.

Pauline was quiet and reserved to the point that she never actually sought a church office. She enjoyed the sidelines and suggested that the church affairs should be addressed by me.

I became a Deacon, an Elder, and served two four-year terms as chairman of the Board of Trustees. I have served on a majority of church committees and helped in fund raising campaigns to update the building. My most recent responsibility is serving as a commissioner to the Muskingum Valley Presbytery. These meetings are attended by about fifty percent ministers and the other half are lay church people.

My most exciting and intensive work was serving fourteen months on the Pastor Nominating Committee. This involved research, travel to hear ministers, and listening to tapes of sermons. The minister we called has been with our church for eleven years.

OUR HOBBIES

Since I had been raised in the country, I had a built-in interest in the hobbies of fishing, hunting and swimming. The area farms provided a huge hunting ground. A creek near the farm provided a place to swim and fish at a very early age. All of my life I have never lost my desire to be near the water. You have read more about this elsewhere in this paper.

When I retired from my career as a school administrator, the teachers gave me gifts that were conducive to starting or continuing a hobby. For example, they gave me several wood working tools and an electric trolling motor for fishing.

When I faced the always present question of "What do you do when you retire?", I became enthusiastic about doing wood work. This led to my own purchase of more and more tools and I was hooked.

My main objective was to build things for my children and grandchildren. So out of the shop in our basement came doll cradles, doll beds, doll houses (13 of them), grandfather clocks, jelly cupboards, butler tables, plant stands, etc., etc., etc. I could really get lost to the outside world in my shop. This hobby lasted for several years because I lasted for so many years.

Pauline loved to sew. She had lots of training in this area while getting her degree in Home Economics from the Ohio State University. She could make clothes easily and later on she became very active in a women's sewing circle in our church.

She loved to cook and especially loved to bake. Our family always counted on Pauline to come through with the goodies such as pies, cakes, cookies and special desserts. Early in our marriage she baked coconut macaroons for my birthday. I really can't remember a birthday without them, and they were so yummy in my tummy.

People used to say Pauline sews while Roy saws. I would make the picture frames and she would make the beautiful cross stitch pictures. You can find them all over our home and the homes of our immediate family.

We both enjoyed travel, and like lots of people, never had the time or took the time to enjoy it fully. We enjoyed some great fishing trips to Michigan and to Canada with our friends, family and relatives. We have fond memories of our trip to Rice Lake with our own kids and with the Windle family. Not only was the trip a success, but so was the fishing. We caught some big ones about six inches long and lots of smaller ones.

My longest trip was to Europe to the Rotary International Convention in 1957 when I was president of the Coshocton Rotary Club. That one lasted ten days and included several countries including the convention in Switzerland.

Our longest trip together was a month long tour of the West in 1972. We had both retired and didn't want to be in Coshocton when the school bells rang once more. The highlight of that trip was seeing Dick and Nancy and their girls, Molly and Amy.

One of our great disappointments was that we never got to the New England states, but we are grateful for what we were able to do.

I was fortunate to be able to attend many school administrator conventions. There would be over twenty-five thousand at these meetings and it was necessary to hold them in large cities to accommodate the crowd. Hence, we went to Atlantic City, Atlanta, New Orleans, Las Vegas, Philadelphia, etc. These meetings were very exciting for me because I had my expenses paid and I heard great speeches embellished with fresh jokes which I copied and then thrived on them by retelling them to my family and friends all over Ohio. Some of them were actually funny.

THE MAGICIAN

For about ten years in my life I was sorta known as "Mac the Magician". This started in 1946 when we lived in Fredericktown the second time.

I had always wanted to know how magic was done because it always looked so real, but I knew there was a trick to it.

Pauline and I were on a program committee for some organization and had no idea as to what we could do. I had fiddled around with a few tricks and so I said, "Why don't I do a magic show?" She went into a fit laughing and said, "You would make a fool of yourself." And, of course, that was my specialty, making a fool of myself. I have done that all these years to camouflage the timid person that I really am.

I took a card table and performed five or six tricks. The tricks were easy for me, but I had trouble with the patter that goes with it because I've always had trouble in speaking or knowing what to say! My first trick was the rubber pencil. I made a real lead pencil look like it bends and then handed it to a lady who broke it into two pieces. This brought a huge laugh and the show was on. Even conservative Pauline laughed and was pleased with my performance. The crowd really got excited about it because there was no magician in Fredericktown.

The next day one of the men in my audience brought me a magic catalogue from the Palmer House in Chicago. I ordered a few tricks and started to get excited about magic. My reputation leaked out and I was being asked to do short magic shows. Cheapness made it attractive because I never charged and people were looking for programs.

After I had fooled most of the people in Knox County, I became principal of Coshocton High School in 1952. My reputation followed me because I told a few dozen people. I did magic all four years I was the principal. I went everywhere to all kinds of groups. I took my daughter Nancy along to carry equipment on stage to my tables that I had built. I built a special cabinet in our basement to house this stuff. Every class party in CHS had me because I asked them to.

Every time I went to a convention, I looked up the magic stores and got a new trick. My biggest show was for about four hundred kids and their parents at a Christmas party in Dover, Ohio.

I always wondered how I would ever get out of doing this because it was becoming a drag. The Coshocton City Board of Education came to my rescue. They made me superintendent of schools in 1956.

I decided that I was no longer a magician, but that I was head of a school system that needed all of my time and energy. It would have been rude to say, "I can't come to a special board meeting tonight because I'm doing a magic show for a little church in "Podunk". So, I said, "I quit," which reminds me of a story.

This farmer who lived alone decided to sell everything he owned and go live in a monastery for the rest of his life. He went to the monastery and inquired about the lives of the monks and they told him life would be very difficult for him. He would have to get up early to read and pray and he would live in a world of silence for two years. He could only say two words each year for the first three years. He joined in spite of their warnings and at the end of his first year they asked him to use his two words in front of all the monks. After some thought, he said, "Bad food." The second year, he said, "Hard beds." The third year, he said, "I quit."

PLAY GOLF

Many, many years ago, small groups of Ohio School Superintendents met around the state to play golf. At one of their meetings, someone had the brilliant idea of organizing a

statewide golf tournament for school administrators.

I was one of seventy-three golfers who was invited to the first tournament which met at Granville and has continued to do so ever since. That was in 1949 and this year we will celebrate our fiftieth anniversary. I have enjoyed good health to the extent that I have never missed a meeting in fifty years.

The seventy-three golfers we had at the first meeting was the smallest one we've ever had. The largest number we have ever had was two hundred fifty-two about 1972. The group got so large that it was difficult to manage for two full days of play. We have closed the membership at about one hundred fifty now and it makes a much better tournament.

We have an elected executive committee from over the state. They meet twice a year to plan the next meeting. We've been fortunate to have had just three tournament managers in fifty years. They arrange the pairings, set up the flights and award the trophies at one of our two big banquets.

The executive committee elects a president who presides over the whole program and especially at the banquets. I was president in 1969 and 70 and have been elected for our big celebration coming up on July 27 and 28 in this year 1998. I was so honored because I am the only living active charter member from the seventy -three who first met fifty years ago.

Fifty years ago, we each had a caddy to carry our clubs. We paid them fifty cents each day for the two days. We now drive carts at a cost of fifteen dollars for two golfers per day.

For twenty-five years we stayed at the historic Granville Inn. Our room for two people cost six dollars each. The great banquets also at the inn cost four dollars. I recently had dinner at the same Granville Inn with a group of friends and my tab was thirty-one dollars. Times have changed.

The Ohio Schoolmens Golf Association has been high on my agenda for forty-nine years and I can't wait until July 27. What a nice memory!

In the first tournament, it was my first time on the tough Granville course. Obstacles abound with hills, a creek, hundreds of trees, a lake and sandtraps galore. I shot a score of 204 which put me at the middle flight of the seventy-three golfers. I was pleased.

I had to quit playing a few years ago with the advent of a new hip and knee and a huge dose of embarrassment that goes like this. I was just ready to hit my ball when a three hundred pound man on the tee yelled to say that I was on the ladies tee. I said, "I know, I know, it's my third shot."

No respect!

COETV

After I had retired, I was invited to become the Executive Director of the Central Ohio Educational Television Foundation at Ohio State. There were eight of these foundations in Ohio and each was affiliated with a state university which had facilities to telecast educational programs to most of the elementary and secondary schools in the state.

COETV covered all private and parochial schools in an area between Mansfield on the north to Portsmouth on the south. It included some sixteen counties and all cities and villages within those counties. Our Coshocton City Schools had utilized their programs for some time and so I had an insight into what they were about.

The board had some problems in administration, management and personnel and I had experience in those areas as well. I met with the board at a dinner meeting and as a result, they employed me to go to work at OSU in September, 1973. At the meeting I agreed to stay but a short period of a few months until I could possibly correct their concerns.

Since I had no plan to move to Columbus, I drove every day to the campus, which is seventy-five miles each way, five days each week.

Working with the present staff, housed in The Fawcett Center for Tomorrow, we turned the program around within a few weeks. I saw great potential within the organization to enhance their programs, service and to add additional personnel.

The board asked me to stay on and offered me a lucrative salary increase just to complicate matters. I stayed for seven years until 1980, when I became President of the State Board of Education for Ohio and resigned because of a possible conflict of interest.

After two or three years of driving each day, we considered moving to Columbus. In fact, we looked at several homes near the university. We didn't find a place that we were real enthusiastic about and perhaps we really didn't want to leave our friends and our life in Coshocton after having lived here for nearly twenty-five years.

My experience with COETV was another great one in my several careers. I made new friends with school people all over central Ohio and it was very satisfying to be able to expand the television program. At retirement I was honored when the Ohio Broadcasting Network gave me a distinguished service award.

I have been retired from COETV for seventeen years. New technologies have been invented in my absence from the program. They are now serving the same geographical area with these new programs.

COETV has changed to ITSCO, which means Instructional Technologies Service for Central Ohio. Computers are now the thing all across the U.S.

Two of the employees that I employed over seventeen years ago are now in charge and recently drove to Coshocton to reminisce, have lunch, and tell me about their new mission. It was great to see them again to relive a portion of my past.

STATE SCHOOL BOARD

In early 1973 a friend called and suggested that I run for a seat on the State School Board, and I decided to investigate.

This is a board that meets in Columbus for a weekend each month. It is nonpartisan and is principally an advisory board to develop policy to assist the state superintendent in his direction of the schools of Ohio.

I had to get five hundred signatures from qualified voters in my Senatorial District of eleven counties. That was no problem because I had excellent help from superintendents I had known over the years.

I was elected for a four year term and later elected to a full six year term, so I spent a total of ten years before being defeated on my third try.

My defeat came as a result of legislative changes in districts. When I ran this time I had but one county, Coshocton, left from my old district. The new district started in Coshocton and went east to the Ohio River. My opponent ran as a Democrat in a nonpartisan election. Eastern Ohio is largely Democratic and I lost the election.

During my last two years on the board, I had served as president and during that two year period, I made dozens of speeches concerning all aspects of education in Ohio.

Members of the board do not earn a salary. They are paid necessary expenses to cover meals, lodging and travel.

It was a very rewarding experience for me.

OUR TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

Pauline and I had each made the trip by plane but never by car. We scheduled the whole month of September following my retirement in August, 1972.

This was a real treat for just the two of us. We took the southern route by way of St. Louis, Colorado Springs, Aspen and Las Vegas.

We had toured the Smoky Mountains, Blue Ridge and Appalachians, so we thought we were well prepared to cross the Rockies. We found out otherwise then we drove over the Continental Divide between Colorado Springs and Aspen. I still have a very vivid recollection of those hairpin curves and no guard rails. We especially enjoyed our visit to the Grand Canyon and the red rock country.

We spent a week or ten days visiting with Dick, Nancy and our two young granddaughters. The Dunbars were very familiar with the area and took us on lots of short tours of the city.

One of our best trips was an all day journey up to San Francisco through the vineyards and vegetable country. Of equal importance and fun was our tour to San Diego and into Mexico. The zoo at San Diego was one of the many highlights on the entire trip.

We took the northern route back to Ohio by way of Salt Lake City and Yellowstone Park. I really enjoyed the Bad Lands in South Dakota and wished we had more time to spend there.

It was a great trip complete with lots of colored slides and great memories.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

After having received a "D" in speech in college, I doubted that I would ever be guilty of giving a speech in public.

While coaching in Fredericktown, our team won the county championship in basketball after a no loss season in football. This success brought some good press coverage in our area newspapers. A phone call suggested that I should be the speaker in another area for their championship season.

My speech, with a mixture of some sound principles for living and humor, caused the phone to ring quite often. This little speech was the beginning of what was nearly a lifelong of second career speaking.

I wish I could tell you how many, but the fact that I don't keep good records or diaries prevents that. But from memory, clippings, and letters, I can indicate the types of speeches that have been given.

These include athletic banquets, commencements, honor societies, farm programs, school administrators, church, school teachers, school boards, golf outings, Roscoe Village,

leadership, service clubs, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. Many of my requests have been to present pep talks or motivational material to groups who have a specific goal in mind.

In spite of my poor showing in a college formal setting, the requests indicate that people have enjoyed my musings over the years, and so have I.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

The only reason this material is noted is because my advisor suggested that I do so. Now all of you who believe the previous statement will please stand on your heads.

The offices held and honors bestowed are in no particular order and are listed without elaboration.

Class president for junior and senior classes in high school
Vice president senior class in college
President of Coshocton County Retired Teachers - three terms
President of Coshocton Rotary Club
President of Coshocton Salvation Army Advisory Board
President of State Board of Education in Ohio
Executive Board Member, Muskingum Valley Council, Boy Scouts of America
Boy Scout Silver Beaver Award
Ambassador of Good Will, Coshocton Chamber of Commerce
The Coshcoctonian Award
Muskingum College Alumni Distinguished Service Award
Distinguished Service Award, Ohio Educational Broadcasters
Distinguished Service Award, Ohio School Administrators Association
Honorary Doctors Degree, Muskingum College
Trustee, Muskingum College

DECLINING HEALTH

Both Pauline and I enjoyed excellent health until about 1982, or when we were about seventy years of age.

She suffered a heart attack that did considerable damage to her heart. Her energy level after that was never the same. About eleven years ago, she discovered that she was suffering from a bad onset of diabetes. Through diet and insulin, she kept this pretty well under control. Two years ago she found a lump in her breast and tests showed it to be malignant. Radiation took care of that, but the three took their toll on her general health.

The diabetes affected her eyesight to the degree she couldn't drive, read or even watch television, but she accepted her situation very courageously.

In 1983 I had a total hip replacement and followed the next year by adding a new knee. Both have worked out well, but those operations slowed my golf and other activities considerably. I am extremely pleased to have my present health at age eighty-eight.

When Pauline became ill at home, I knew she needed help and rushed her to our Coshocton Memorial Hospital emergency room. She died on May 30, 1997.

The stories on the following pages
are brief items of interest
concerning our lives.

Hope you find them interesting.



TID BITS

When the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, I was riding with one of my best Fredericktown friends between Danville and Mt. Vernon when we heard it on the car radio. We had gone to Danville to get a singer for a Lions Club Minstrel Show.



When President John F. Kennedy was shot, a taxi driver told me at the corner of Broad and High in Columbus. I was attending an Ohio Education Meeting at the Veterans Building and had just walked across the bridge to the Deshler Hotel. People in the hotel were really excited and were telling everyone they saw.



When I was in about the fourth grade I went fishing in Glade Run near our farm. Most of the fish were very tiny throwbacks, but this one looked like a whale to me. As Nate would say, "it was awesome". It was a carp and I think it might have weighed a pound or so. I was so excited that I ran all the way home at top speed and put in the horse trough. It lived there for several days because we pumped fresh water every day. Sometimes when the horses were drinking, it would splash and scare them. One day it flopped out of the water and a horse flattened it. Revenge, I guess.



The first automobile my parents owned was a big old Elcar touring car. It was a used car and was almost always in the garage at Rupert where Chuck Lewis tried to keep it running. In those days tires weren't very good and you could always see people along the roads changing or repairing tires. We were no exception.



Deer Creek was about a mile and a half from our house. On Sunday afternoons the neighborhood boys would go to the ole swimmin' hole under the railroad bridge. Girls were not allowed because the boys swam in their birthday suits. Sometimes some foreigners would sneak in and hide your clothes. You couldn't leave until someone found them for you. We always had free swimming lessons there because the older ones would grab the young ones and toss them in. After gurgling and spitting and crying, they soon caught on enough to churn their arms and legs.



People had to make their own fun and entertainment when we were first married. When we moved to Fredericktown we discovered a group of couples who called themselves the "Hamburger Crowd".

My apologies to Oprah Winfrey. These couples met on Sunday evenings at different homes and cooked burgers on their permanent fireplaces in their back yard. These were forerunners to outdoor charcoal and now gas and electric grills. Everyone brought food and the host cooked the burgers. We all sat around the fire and made suggestions as to how the world should be run. Nancy and David might faintly remember such people as the Ackermans, the Mayers, Kunkels, McConaghahs, Wagners and the Herendeens.



In 1956 George McConagha left the Coshocton Schools to become superintendent of the Grandview Schools in the Columbus area.

The day he resigned, our local board offered me the Coshocton position. They gave me twenty-four hours to decide, which I didn't understand. I told Pauline that I didn't want the job, but I might get a boss I didn't care to work with, so I accepted and stayed sixteen years. Later they told me if they had given me more time I would have not accepted.



About 1936 when we lived in our first home, we had an unusual accident.

I had gone pheasant hunting on Saturday and was disappointed when my twenty gauge pump gun wouldn't fire. Two pheasants went out right in front of me and I aimed but the gun wouldn't shoot.

The next morning, I got ready for church before Pauline did. I thought I would go down in the basement to see what was wrong with my gun. After thorough examination, I could find nothing wrong.

Standing about three feet in front of the furnace, I pumped the gun and pulled the trigger. Wow! This was really awesome! Pauline screamed from the stairs, "Are you all right?" I couldn't answer because I was so scared. You can't believe the bang in that cement floor and walled basement. Finally, I said that I was fine.

We decided not to tell anyone that I had done such a stupid thing including shooting a hole in the sheet metal above the cast iron furnace. The word got out. You see, a secret is something you only tell ten of your closest friends.

I never lived that down. My hunting friends and relatives wanted to sell me a furnace hound so I could hunt better.

Don't mess with a loaded gun!



When we lived near Gillivan, I was in the eighth grade and walked to school in good weather. In bad weather you could ride in a school wagon if you walked to the main road.

Lem Johnson drove a team of horses hitched to the school wagon. It was a long narrow wagon with benches on two sides and an aisle down the center. It had windows on two sides, but had no heat.

This was the beginning of modern day super deluxe diesel engine busses that now cost upwards of a hundred thousand dollars and carry sixty pupils.

Lem's horses weren't too swift and the kids would get cold. It was warmer when you walked. The reason it was cold is the fact that Lem chewed tobacco and in order to spit had to keep his side window open. Sometimes the kids would yell in unison, "Shut the window, Lem" as he kept on chewing and spitting.

When I would go to National School Conventions they would have an old school wagon on display, and I always thought of Lem.



When Pauline's folks butchered, they would give us a quarter of beef and have it frozen for us in small packages. What a nice gift for Christmas.

One Christmas we started home from London with our car full of clothes and the trunk was full of frozen meat. We just got through Delaware and it snowed like mad. You could barely see to drive and all of a sudden I found that we had a flat tire.

It was pitch dark. Route 42 wasn't real wide, so I had to get way over on the snowy grass. The flat tire was on the ditch side in the front because the car pulled to the right.

Pauline and Nancy sat in the car to stay out of the storm. I had to unload all the frozen meat on the ground behind the car in order to get the spare and the jack. After changing the tire which was all covered with heavy snow, I put it and all the meat back in the trunk. So thankful to be in the warm car when I was frozen, we started again.

No, not again. I pulled over to find that it was a rear tire flat instead of the one I had changed. I had changed the wrong tire.

I went through the whole process again and we were back on the road toward home. About a half mile when we could laugh a little about this dastardly act, Nancy said, "Daddy didn't even swear."

No wonder I shot a hole in the furnace. You big dummy!



The Titanic went down in 1912 when I was three years old, but I can remember people talking about it when I became older. The movie "Titanic" has produced over nine hundred million dollars in ticket sales in 1998.



In 1973 I was offered a position as Manager of Roscoe Village by Mr. Edward Montgomery. I declined the offer because the position had the same problems as those of a school superintendent and I could have served three more year in that position.

After we got home from California, he called me again to see if I would lecture about the Village, and I said yes to that. They prepared a beautiful set of slides for me and I traveled over Ohio and presented some fifty lectures. I spoke to service clubs, church groups,

company dinners and historical societies. My first lecture was in the Lafayette Hotel in Marietta.

The lectures brought lots of visitors to Roscoe.



Wilbur and Orville Wright made the first airplane ride at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina in 1903. That was six years before I was born, but I can remember as a small child seeing the first plane we had ever seen. This big thing flying just above the trees came over our farm probably from Dayton. It made a big circle and flew out of sight. All the neighbors saw it and discussed it for some time.



The winter of 1918 was a terrible time for my family. That was the winter of big snows and a winter when nearly everyone had the flu. Everyone in our whole family had the flu at one time or another. As one became better, he or she had to try to help the sick ones. There were cows, hogs, and horses to feed and care for. Food had to be prepared when supplies were low. I was only nine, but I can remember all of the misery. I have read since that over twenty million people around the world died of the flu in 1918.



The Madison County Press, published at London, did a huge promotion to increase subscriptions to their newspaper. They offered prizes in cash and merchandise to prospective winners.

Since Pauline didn't work in the summer, she decided to get involved in the sales campaign. She obtained all of the official forms, etc. necessary to officially represent the company. I can't recall the length of the campaign, but there was a start and finish date established.

She had my blessing and support because she needed something to do and we needed the money. Her strategy was to map out a trip in the country for each day and call on people in person.

She won four hundred dollars for second place and that was a half year's teaching salary. I was proud of her commitment.



This little anonymous poem we once heard in church sums up our feelings about giving.

If you do your givin'
While you are livin'
Then you'll be knowin'
Where your givin is goin'.

Over the working years of our lives, we have given generously to several organizations. Number one on our list is Muskingum College, which virtually gave me an opportunity to build a career.

Not in any particular order of importance, we have given to: our Presbyterian Church, The Salvation Army, Boy Scouts of America, United Way, Diabetes Assn., Heart Fund, and the American Cancer Fund.



While at Fredericktown, Pauline and I escorted senior trips (after graduation) to such places as Washington, D.C., Gettysburg, New York City, etc. The students raised money during their junior and senior years to help pay the expenses. They also had to contribute from their own personal funds.

The trips were made by charter bus and we usually had at least four chaperones with us. Although these trips were fraught with potential problems of all description, we were really very fortunate by not having a major problem.

The experience was wonderful for the young people because many had never ventured far from home. After the trip I would write up a special little report for them to keep in their scrapbooks of memories.

In some of our contacts with these people at class reunions, they still remind and thank us for having had that opportunity.



We had our final commencement in Fredericktown in 1952 just before we moved to Coshocton.

I had heard an outstanding speech given by an Ohio State professor at some meeting I attended. After his speech, I asked if he gave commencement speeches and he said he had on several occasions. I followed up by letter and he confirmed the date.

As we gathered for the commencement, we soon became quite anxious because he had not arrived and it was near time to start. He did not come at all and, of course, there was a vacant chair on the stage.

I asked the minister on the way to the stage if he would speak for a few minutes if he failed to show. He said he couldn't do it.

I had to give the speech with no notes and no preparation. It lasted seventeen minutes according to my wife. The graduates applauded me, but I'll never forget the occasion.



About fifteen years ago, four men decided to drive up in the Amish Country to have breakfast. They went to Miller's Restaurant in Baltic which is twenty-three miles north of Coshocton. The four men had grown up in the Baltic area and knew several people who still lived there. They didn't realize that they were becoming charter members of what we now call The Baltic Boys.

It's a group of retirees who eventually hear about the ritual and say they would like to go. These men come from nearly every walk of life including ministers, doctors, farmers, school administrators, financial directors, foresters, auctioneers, etc., etc.

We meet at a designated parking lot every other Tuesday just before eight in the morning. At eight we hop into cars and make the thirty minute drive. With different drivers each time, it helps people get to know new people.

Our record number of attendees is thirty-six, but we average about thirty each time. If they all went on the same day we would have about fifty men.

We have no dues, no bylaws, and get rude if anyone tries to make a semiformal speech. We spend one hour on breakfast and tall tales and arrive back home by ten o'clock. Occasionally a stray car will wonder off in the surrounding area to rediscover their old haunts and leave some rider stranded in the starting parking lot.

It's been a great affair to break up the monotony of everyday life, and an easy way to learn about every other person's life.

I forgot to mention that breakfast can include all the good Amish food such as fried mush, pancakes, omelettes, sausage gravy on biscuits, bacon and eggs, and french toast, not to mention oatmeal for the less hearty.



On my eightieth birthday I received a birthday card from my nephew, Bob Windle. It was hilarious. On the outside of the card it said, "Researchers have found a man living in Norway who is one hundred and twenty-four years old." When you open the card it says, "He says he went to school with you."

This past year when I was eighty-eight I had one from my son, David and it too, was very funny. It had a picture of a real old man with no teeth, big ears and a smile a mile wide. He was in laughter beyond his limits. Beneath his picture it said, "I hope to live to be as old as your jokes."

Why do people send me funny cards?



When we were teenagers one of the traditions in vogue was the "box social". These were held in churches, schools or clubs, usually near Valentines Day.

The young lady would prepare a cold meal, place it in a box, usually a shoe box and take it to the party. It would be colorfully decorated, but have no name on it.

The auctioneer would sell each box lunch to the highest bidder to make money for the sponsors of the event. As soon as some of the boys suspected you of bidding on your girlfriend's box, they would try to outbid you.

I recall distinctly of paying for more than I could afford for the box Pauline took for the privilege of eating with her later. It was worth it.



Bob Windle married Ruth and I thought I would try to create a bit of excitement at the reception. To do this I tried my hand at a little poetry which follows:

A TOAST TO THE NEWLYWEDS

Let us raise a toast to Bob and Ruth
Wishing them love in the midst of their youth.
From East to West now Bob he flew
And there they began their friendship anew.
They met in Ohio for their holiday task
And there for Ruth's hand ole' Bob did ask.
Then they had phone bills only Bell could pay
Because there was much to each other they had to say.
Bob's been so pokey, to tell you the truth
People went into shock when he said "please" to Ruth.
The rest of their story has now been told
And we gathered here to watch their life together unfold.
What else can we say except grant them our best
We've helped them this far, let Bob do the rest.
For them our love and best wishes will never dwindle
So let's drink a toast to —

MR. & MRS. ROBERT WINDLE.



In 1935 Pauline and I went with another couple to Lake Nosbonsing near Calendar, Canada to fish. We were but ten miles from where the Dionne quintuplets had been born. People from all over the world were coming to see them, so naturally we wanted to join the crowd. It was estimated that some ten thousand people visited there each week.

The Dionnes had built a special enclosure where the quints could play with toys, etc. and not be seen by the visitors. We entered the circular building and just moved slowly around them and then made our exit.

Papa Dionne had various concessions in the area to cash in on his amazing family of five girls. The girls did not ever have happy lives, and just three of them remain today.



When we were first married, I organized and coached a semi-pro basketball team. We were the West Jefferson Merchants. Different business men paid for a uniform and for that we put his name on the back of a jacket.

We played on Saturday nights so we wouldn't interfere with high school basketball on Fridays. Nearly every game we packed the West Jeff Township House because people had little entertainment in those days. We played the best teams we could book such as the Waterloo Wonders, Springfield Internationals and House of Davids from Michigan.

I had assembled a fine team which included all stars from the area. We could hold our own even against some of the best.

We played the Waterloo Wonders just after they had won the state high school championship twice in a row. They were a clever group of about seven regulars who played on an outdoor court when in high school. They could pass behind their backs, roll the ball up their legs, and shoot with either hand.

We paid the five of them (no subs) one hundred dollars to come to West Jeff. That's only twenty dollars each but they drove in one car and had a game every night.

They developed into quite a show team. Even with my good team, sometimes they would have but three men on the floor and we couldn't get the ball because of their trick passing. The other two would sit with the audience while eating a sandwich or drinking a soda. We lost by twelve.

When we played the House of David, we advertised that their center, Tiny Reichert, would be eight feet and one inch tall. No one believed it, so they all came to see him and he was. He would stand by the basket and rest by holding on to the ten foot high rim. His team would pass him the ball and he would hold it in one hand high above the rim and then after we tried to get it, he would drop it in.

He was the second tallest man in the entire world. His last game was with us because serious players would knock him down and he didn't like the game anymore and joined the circus where he just had to appear and walk around the ring.

I put my foot with a dress shoe into his shoe because he wore a size twenty-four.



The Fredericktown Lions promoted big Halloween parades and parties. They encourage big crowds by offering substantial prizes for people in costume.

I read in a magazine a story about how to build an "ostrich" costume and asked Pauline if she would help, and of course she did.

We built the big round body from chicken wire and covered it with burlap. For the five foot neck, we covered a pole stick with blanket material and I made a head with bills that would open when I pulled a string inside the body. He had big eyes made of large overcoat buttons. For legs I had painted feathers on long underwear. This costume was now at least nine feet in height.

The party was in the high school gym and so I had but to walk through three yards after I was dressed at home. You should try that sometime after dark. I would get his head caught on clotheslines, tree branches, etc. When I got to the building, I had to hold his head way down to get through doors, but I made it into the competition march around the floor. The people went crazy. I won first prize and they really went crazy when I disrobed and they saw I was their superintendent of schools.

Pauline and I took the outfit to the big Mansfield parade and I won twenty-five dollars as first in my division.

I loaned the ostrich to a friend and he won first in the Mt. Vernon parade. He enhanced the operation by laying eggs along the way. He had blown up balloons and dropped them from inside the body.



You always make a few longtime friends when you go to college. There were four of us who have met, called or written to each other for over sixty years.

My friends were Chuck Chur from Buffalo, N.Y., Gene Auld from Mt. Gilead, and Bob Walker from Adena, Ohio. On our fiftieth anniversary as college grads we met for a Sunday dinner and gab session in Roscoe Village.

I got to see Gene Auld almost on a yearly basis when we spent a weekend in Columbus to attend the state high school basketball tournaments. We would join my son and my grandsons for a great weekend of food and fun and frolic.

But all good things must end. My friend Chuck Chur died last year. Just before I got a call from the hospital that Pauline had died, I got a call from Gene Auld's wife saying that he, too, had died of a heart attack. The calls were five minutes apart. I could not even attend his funeral because they were both held at the same day and hour.

Life is fragile but I treasure the memories.



My father bought a horse hair clipper at a farm sale. This was before we had electricity, so the clippers operated manually. When you turned a crank, that would spin a cable to activate the clippers.

My father also made a mistake of leaving three young brothers alone while he was away for a few hours.

Brother Bob was older and Howard was the younger. It was decided that we should cut Howard's hair. Bob was to hold Howard, who put up quite a battle, and I was to turn the crank.

The end result was that Howard had a wide streak cut down the middle of his head from front to back. It wasn't pretty, but he was very unhappy.

When Dad arrived home, he was greeted by Howard, who was still very upset with his older brothers. Dad had us remove the rest of Howard's hair and then we got clipped. He didn't use the clippers and he didn't touch our heads.

Ouch! It still smarts.



My father once gave me a pig to raise. It was the smallest pig in the newborn litter and he doubted it would live.

I fed the pig milk from a bottle and gave it lots of tender love and care. The pig became so attached to me that it followed me everywhere I went. In fact it became a pet and also a nuisance. It would walk right in front of me or between my legs. I called the pig "Runt" because that's what they call the smallest one in the litter.

Runt and I were buddies until he fully matured and I sold him. Perhaps he became a forerunner to the then unheard of Bob Evans Sausage.

I heard this story about another man and his pet pig.

The State Patrolman stopped a driver on the freeway for having a pig in his front seat. He told the driver that was wrong because the pig could cause an accident. He wanted to know why he had the pig. The driver said, "I'm taking him to the zoo and I'll be real careful."

In two months the same patrolman encountered the same man with the same pig on a different freeway. He pulled the man over and said, "You told me you were taking that pig to the zoo."

The man said, "Oh, but I did and we had a wonderful time. Now we're on our way to Cedar Point."



Pauline and I owned two dogs and a cat during our marriage.

The first dog was a Beagle Hound and she was an excellent rabbit dog. We would go into a woods and she would start to circle slowly and give her low tone bark. I would stand still and soon a bunny would hop slowly out of the brush and high weeds. It was not unusual for us to get a rabbit about every evening just before dark.

In Fredericktown we had a cat that Nancy enjoyed. Pauline did the cat in when it slept beneath the car and she didn't know it was there. I can't remember how she explained its absence to Nancy.



When Nate was very young, he and I went fishing at Seneca Lake. I told him to be very careful around the water and he asked, "Why?" As soon as the motor started he stood up in the boat. I said, "Please sit down," and he asked, "Why?" I told him we would fish near a brush pile and he asked, "Why?" I told him the little fishes live in the brush and he asked, "Why?" I said, "Don't throw your line in the brush - just fish beside the brush," and he asked, "Why?" On the way home after untangling yards of line, I asked him to sit down in the boat. He asked, "Why?" I finally lost it and yelled, "Nate, sit down and don't ask why all the time," and he asked, "Why?" It took me ten minutes to get him out of the water. When he grew up, he knew how to fish near the brush and caught lots of nice ones.



When Dick Windle was very young, he and I camped one weekend along the Little Darby Creek. We lived in a tent covered trailer and cooked beans over an open fire. It was a great experience that I will never forget. I'm not sure, but I seem to remember that his parents came to visit us. Perhaps to see if we were both still alive.



David and Sara stopped by Granville one day and purchased one of the nicest pups you ever saw. It came with papers and was named Duchess. We kept her and enjoyed her very much for eleven years. She loved the water and we have pictures of her diving from the dock at Seneca Lake. Duchess was a small collie and we were great pals.



Today is March 9, 1998. Pauline would have been eighty-seven today. She loved red roses. I will have one today to honor her memory.

APPENDIX

This is a small collection of jokes and stories that are being recycled once more. They have been told and retold at meetings, conventions and golf outings. Whether or not you believe they are funny depends on your viewpoint. Doesn't everything that is written, spoken or seen depend on our viewpoint? That reminds me of a viewpoint story.

The young farm boy was driving a tractor pulling a wagon load of unbaled or loose hay. When he drove by his best friend's house, he looked to see if his friend was out so he could wave at him. In taking his eye off the road, he got over on the berm and upset the whole load of hay. His friend and his parents heard the crash and came running out to see if anyone was hurt. Since it was noon they invited him to eat with them and then they would help reload the hay. The driver said he couldn't eat because his dad wouldn't like it. They scoffed at that but he still resisted the free lunch because his dad wouldn't like it. Then they said, "You keep talking about your dad - where is he?" The driver said, "He's under the load of hay."



This Quaker farmer went to a sale looking for a gentle milk cow. The man who was having the sale told him he should buy "Ole Betsy" because she is gentle and gives good milk. When he took Ole Betsy home and sat down to milk the first time, she kicked him over. He was unhurt but shocked and tried again. She knocked him over again so he went in front of her and looked her right in the eyes. He said, "Now Betsy, thou knowest that I cannot curse thee - thou knowest I cannot strike thee - but what thou knowest not is that I can sell thee to a Methodist and he will knock the hell out of thee."



Did you know that rich men tip waiters less than poor men do? Rich men don't want others to know how rich they are and poor men don't want others to know how poor they are.



These two men had known each other for over thirty years, but met after a long absence. They talked for ten minutes and finally one of them said, "I'm embarrassed; I've known you all this time and I can't remember your name." The other fellow hesitated a while and then asked, "How soon do you have to have it?"



Two couples were discussing the fact that they couldn't remember names. One man said, "We belong to a memory club that has really helped us. We meet at different homes and play little games to enforce our memory, so why don't you join our club?" The other man said, "What's the name of your club?" The man responded by asking him the name of a long stemmed flower with a red bud and he said, "Rose, of course." The other fellow called to his wife and said, "Hey, Rose, what's the name of that memory club we belong to?"



A man walked into a store and met two men talking rather loudly to each other. Obviously, they couldn't hear well. He joined the conversation by saying, "It's windy out." One of the men said, "Thanks for telling me. I thought it was Thursday." The other man said, "I'm thirsty, too, let's all get a drink."



I had to give up golf, not because of old age, but because of embarrassment. I was just ready to hit the ball when a three hundred pound man on the tee yelled to me that I was on the ladies' tee. I said, "Yes, I know, it's my third shot."



An American History teacher was having review in preparation for the exams. The only person who volunteered to answer the basic questions was a Japanese boy who had lived here but six months. The teacher scolded the class and said she was ashamed of them. When she turned her back to get a piece of chalk, someone said, "Kill the Jap." The teacher really became angry and wheeled around to ask, "Who said that?" The Japanese boy jumped up and said, "Harry Truman in 1945."



The football team with the ball was behind six to zero, but they were on the opponent's one yard line. There was just one tick left on the clock and the coach couldn't send in a play. He prayed on the sideline that the quarterback would call play fifteen because that was their only hope. The quarterback did call number fifteen and they scored a touchdown and kicked the extra point to win. The coach went crazy and ran out on the field to hug the quarterback. After they got calmed down, the coach wanted to know why he called the winning play number. The player said, "I had been looking at that big linebacker

all night and he wore number sixty-seven. I just added six and seven and came up with fifteen." The coach said, "You're a wonderful kid and you won the game but six and seven are only thirteen." The boy said, "Gosh, coach, if I was as smart as you are, we'd lost the game."



This third grade teacher took a few minutes each week to have what she called "a happy thought time". Each child was to stand and express his or her happy thought for the day. John said, "I would like to be a doctor and help all the sick people get well." The teacher thought that was very nice. Harry said, "I would like to work at the Salvation Army to help feed the poor." These are lovely happy thoughts the teacher noted, but we just have time for one more. Little Susan was waving her hand frantically so she could recite. The teacher said, "Yes, Susan, why are you so excited?" Susan said, "I would like to be pregnant." The teacher gasped and asked her what pregnant meant. Susan said, "I don't know." The teacher asked, "How did you know to say such a thing?" Susan said, "This morning when mommy came down to breakfast, she told daddy she thought she was pregnant and daddy jumped up, dropped the paper, spilled his coffee and said, "Now that's a happy thought."



This executive head of a huge corporation was close to retirement when he had a terrible wreck in his fancy car. The medics thought he was dead, but in three months he returned to his office, but he had lost both of his ears. He put together a search committee to get a replacement for him. He told the committee to bring him the three finalists so he could choose the right one. He also told the committee that if any of the final three mentioned his lack of ears he would not get the job.

The three candidates were all very well qualified. He asked the first one a final question, "Do you notice anything unusual about me?" "Yes sir, in all honesty, I do. You don't have any ears." The executive thanked him for coming and said, "The committee will notify the winner." The second person said the same thing. The third one said, "Yes, I do, you wear contact lens." The boss said, "You are a very, very perceptive young man. May I ask how you came to that conclusion?" The young man said, "Well, sir, it really wasn't that hard. Judging by your age I thought you might have a vision problem and since you don't have any ears to hold your glasses on, I just thought you wore contacts."



Three women were taking time out at a bridge game by discussing their children. One lady said, "My son just graduated from law school and has a first job in a big firm that will pay him seventy-five thousand." The second said, "I don't want to put you down, but my son just graduated from medical school and we think he'll make one hundred thousand his first year."

The third lady didn't say anything. One lady inquired, "Don't you have children?" She said, "Oh yes, I have a wonderful son but he didn't go to college and didn't even finish high

school." "Oh my," the other ladies gasped, "is he on welfare?" "Oh no, he made over a hundred and forty thousand last year." "Well, what does he do for a living?" The nice lady said, "He's a sports mechanic." The other two said, "We never heard of such a job. What does he really do?" The mother said, "Oh, he fixes horse races, ballgames, and other events."



This fellow was driving on a detour on some very bad roads and he knew he was lost. He saw an old gentleman digging in his garden and stopped to inquire. He yelled at the old man, "How do you get to Pittsburgh?" The old man said, "My son-in-law usually takes me."



My office at one time was next to the art room in the high school. One evening after school was out I heard quite a commotion over there and went to investigate. It was the cheerleaders making signs for the big football game to be played the next day. After we greeted each other, they continued painting and cracking their gum, talking a mile a minute. They often mentioned "Old Maxwell House". I got so curious I just had to ask, "What's this 'Old Maxwell House' thing?" They said, "He's one of our teachers and he lectures all the time, so we call him that because he's good til the last drop." I said, "Do you have nicknames for all your teachers, including me?" They said, "Oh sure, we call you Old Sanka." I wasn't going to be embarrassed in front of them and hurried home to look up the Sanka ad in a magazine. It said, "Old Sanka, ninety-five percent of the active bean has been removed."



This man and his wife were driving on a country road one Sunday evening. He was going about thirty-five when he looked in his rear view mirror and saw a three legged rooster running behind him. The chicken passed him and turned into a farmer's barnyard. He drove in also and the farmer was standing near the house. He jumped out and asked, "Did you see a three legged chicken run by here?" The farmer said, "Oh yes, we have lots of them." The driver wanted to know if they were good to eat. The farmer said, "I don't know, we have never been able to catch one."



This football team had not won a game in four years. Worse than that, they had never scored a point in four years. In this game they were behind thirty-seven to zero just before the half. The team that was ahead thought it was the half and ran off the field. Eight plays later this team finally scored.



The nice lady had invited a few friends in for dinner one night. It was a really hot night and they had no air conditioning. As she worked feverishly in preparing the meal she asked her real young daughter to ask the blessing and they rehearsed a bit. When the ladies were seated, she called on her daughter and she said, "I don't know what to say." Her mother said, "Why, of course you do. Just say what I said this afternoon." So the girl said, "Lordy, Lordy, why did I ask all these people here on such a hot night."



Once my son David was eating like he was starved. I suggested that he slow down. He kept on, so I tried a different approach. I said, "David, you're eating like a pig." He just grunted and kept on eating. I said, "You even grunt like a pig." He still kept on and I said, "I bet you don't even know what a pig is." He said, "A pig is a hog's little boy."



When the late great Jack Benny was given a big award including a standing ovation, he said, "I don't deserve this, but I have arthritis and I don't deserve that either."



Two men were talking about where to send their kids to college. One said, "I think I'll send my girl to Georgia Tech." The other said, "Oh my God, don't send her there for all they have are paid football players and prostitutes." The other man got mad and said, "Watch your tongue, that's where my wife went." Somewhat shocked, his friend asked, "What position did she play?"



Abe Lincoln once told a story about a king and his staff who were going on a long journey. They met a man riding a donkey and the man suggested they not go on the trip because a bad storm was coming. They paid no attention and got caught in the storm. The king sent two men to bring the man on the donkey to him. The king asked the man how he knew a storm was coming. The man said he knew because the donkey's ears laid flat against his neck when a storm was coming. Abe said that since then every jackass in the country has wanted a job in government to predict something.



A man who had some money decided he would start a company and make more money. He built a new building and manufactured dog food. He hired a staff of sales people and at the end of the first month, the sales hit the top of the chart. The second month the sales hit the bottom, so he called in all the salesmen to find out why. He asked, "Who has the most modern plant, the most attractive labels, the best advertising?" They all said, "We

do." Then he wanted to know why it wasn't selling. A little man in the back stood up and said, "The damned dogs won't eat it."



A magazine company recruited a lot of college men to sell Bibles during summer break. One fellow applied, but he stuttered beyond control. The manager felt sorry for him and hired him even when he knew he would fail. At the end of the first week the stutterer had the best record. The manager asked him to explain his success to the whole group. He said, "I just tell them if they don't b-b-b-buy my Bible, I'll r-r-r-read the whole thing to them and they b-b-b-buy right away."



After Pauline and I got acquainted, I asked her when she first really got attracted to me. She said, "I came by your place one evening and you were out in the field feeding the hogs. As I gazed into the evening sun and saw your profile, you just sorta stood out down there among the hogs."



Back in the sixties educators were starting programs to help students with learning disabilities. I was invited to a meeting in Columbus. It seems that the only auditorium that was available was at the State Institution for the feeble minded on West Broad. Pauline wanted to ride along and shop at Lazarus while I was in the meeting. She dropped me off at the meeting and I told her I would hitch a ride with one of my friends and meet her at Lazarus about four o'clock.

I did not see one friend that I knew, so I asked an official there how I could get a taxi. He wanted to know where I wanted to go and I told him. He said, "We will have a patient bus going right by there in five minutes." He told me to go out to the bus and the driver, who was also the custodian of the patients, would check me in. There were four patients in line when I arrived and pretty shortly the driver came. He started to count them in saying one, two, three, four, and then he stopped me and said, "Now who might you be?" I said, "Why I'm the superintendent of all the schools in Coshocton," and he said, "Five, six, seven."

Every superintendent has at least two friends. One is his wife and the other is his dog.



The fourth grade teacher enrolled a new student. He told her his name was Damet Jones. She said, "That's an unusual name, are you sure that's right?" He said, "Yes, I was named after my grandfather." They got along well and she found that he was a good student. One day they had a spelling contest and each student was to challenge the one before him by pronouncing a larger word than the one before and then spell it correctly. The city

teacher supervisor had slipped into the room and was reading the bulletin board and listening to the spellers. Damet pronounced the word chlorophyll, and the teacher said, "Now Damet, you know you can't spell that big word." The supervisor didn't know about Damet's name and it made him angry that the teacher said Damet, so he wheeled around and said, "Oh hell, give the boy a chance."



Once when I was in the hospital, flowers arrived almost as soon as I did. The flowers were from the school board. When I went back to school, I thought I would read the school board minutes to see if I had missed anything. I found the vote to send me flowers was three to two. When I told that as a joke at a public meeting as a speaker, a lady read it in our local paper and called me to say she thought "that was awful of the school board to do such a thing."



One of the biggest speeches I was ever asked to give was in 1982 at the Deercreek State Park Lodge. I was president of the State Board and my audience was made up of all fifty State Superintendents and their wives. I thought I had prepared well and the audience reacted very favorably. We had a hundred miles of night driving after the dinner to Coshocton. Surely Pauline will make it a pleasant ride by bragging on my speech. She never mentioned it until we were beyond Columbus and I couldn't stand it any longer. I used the subtle approach and asked her this question, "Honey, I wonder how many great speakers there are in Ohio?" After some hesitation, she said, "I'm not sure of an exact number, but there's at least one fewer than you think there are." Ouch!



Even though I had three years left on my contract when I retired, I told someone I retired because of illness. In other words, the school board got sick of me.



This man went to sleep every Sunday in church. He sat in the fourth row right in front of the pulpit. This disturbed the minister. He asked one of his best church members to try to keep the man awake. The minister said, "You sit right behind him, so why don't you sorta nudge him when he dozes off?" The nice man said to the minister, "Why don't you keep him awake, you're the one who put him to sleep."

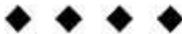


Once I was speaking to an audience of about three hundred in Canton. Before I was introduced, I noticed that some of them were straining to hear. When they got me up I decided to test the microphone. I picked out a man in the back row who was wearing a red

coat. I said, "Sir, you in the red jacket, can you hear me?" Before he could answer, a puny little teacher right at my feet whispered to me, "If he can't, I'll be glad to change places with him."



Once I was asked by a committee to be the master of ceremonies for a big dinner here in Coshocton. Governor Rhodes was the main speaker. The committee told me to ham it up so we could have some fun. That was hard for me to do because I'm rather reserved by nature. Well, I got the gang going pretty well and even introduced the governor with a couple of jokes. When the governor got up, he said to the audience, "You people realize that you have the best MC in Ohio." The crowd roared and I was proud of myself. The governor then said, "If you would take all the masters of ceremonies in the world and lay them end to end — that would be a good thing."



This is a good "don't worry" story. Little Mary was about to go on her first date in a car, out of town after night. Her mother said, "I know John must be a nice boy or you wouldn't be going with him, but I'll be worried. When you drive out of sight, I'll be worried. You'll have a good time at the party, but I'll worry — and when you start home, I'll really worry because you'll take a back country road, and the car will stop — and John will get out and say we're out of gas — and he'll get back in the car and put his arm around you and I'll have a nervous breakdown." When Mary got home, her mother was doing thirty-seven miles per hour in her rocker. Mary said, "Oh mother, we had a wonderful time — everything you said would happen did, but boy, did I cross him up. When he got back in the car on the lonely road, I just slid across the seat, put both arms around him and thought, now let his mother worry a while."



A minister had a man in his church who slept every Sunday. He tried all kinds of sermons, but none kept him awake. He said, "I'm going to do a very emotional one next Sunday," and he did. After the man went to sleep, the minister told the congregation, "I want all of you to do some real soul searching because in a little while I'll ask you to answer a tough question." Later he asked all of those who felt they were going to heaven to please stand. Everyone stood except the one asleep. The rustle of the standing got the man partially awake. The preacher asked those who felt they were going to hell to stand. All the man heard apparently was the word "stand" so he jumped up. He looked all around and said, "Reverend, I don't know what we're voting on, but it looks like you and I are the only two in favor of it."



When I came home from golf one day, Pauline asked me how I did. I said, "Harry beat me by two strokes." She said, "I thought you were playing with John." I said, "Would you want to play with a fellow who kicks his ball, writes down the wrong score and throws his clubs?" She said, "I surely wouldn't." Then I said, "Neither does John."

THE END

PRINCIPAL

MENTOR

STATE SCHOOL BOARD PRESIDENT

SUPERINTENDENT

INNOVATOR

EDUCATOR

HUMORIST

MAGICIAN



in remembrance
of
Roy McKinley
1937-1942 1946-1952



TEACHER

EXEC DIRECTOR COETV

COUNSELOR

COACH



The work required to accomplish all of this just about did me in both physically and mentally. After our all day open house, I had to go to bed for a few days to regain my strength.

