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Bits And Pieces

From Marjorie Maus Randles

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This book is in loving memory of my Grandma and Grandpa Gardner, my Mother and my beloved husband, Chester, and to my many friends.

If one has love, memories, laughter and friends, who can ask for more!

∞ MEMORIES ∞

*Memories are heartbeats,
Sounding through the years,
Echoes never failing,
Of our smiles and tears.
Moments that are captured,
Sometimes unaware,
Pictures in an album,
And love everywhere.*

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Shift

MEMORIES

There are so many of my friends, young and old, who have gone beyond the sunset, I think of all of them and the joys and sorrows that the years have seen.

I would like to write each one's name, but it would take hours to do it. You folks that are reading this will know most of the names. I loved them all.

Dear God, creator of the universe, we worship the majesty of your power. We remember those who have fought the fight, have kept the Faith and gone on to be with our Saviour, until we meet again. Amen.

To the Bride and Groom . . .

As I am sitting in this room,
I think of the little lady sweet and true,
And the handsome groom who loves her too,
May God continue to keep them so,
May they be well and happy wherever they go,
Never have to shed a tear,
And be happy for many years.

THE BOOK

Some of my friends have been wanting me to write a book, about my life. Folks think I am funny. It's just the way I was born!

My Mama and Grandpa talked to me so many times of the little things they did when they were little and I used to listen to them. In the evening they would read to me "Pecks Bad Boy" and "Thirty Years in the Planes and Mountains" and sing to me. Mama was a good pianist.

School in town was good but the town kids made fun of the country kids. We survived and turned out as good as they did.

There was always something on the farm to be done, so we never got lonesome.

When Chet and I was married we were on the farm in 1924. We had a good life but quite a different one.

My life as a widow is not lonesome. My friends come and visit me and my telephone is company.

I have no close relatives. I have cousins, nieces and nephews that keep in touch.

"Chet" always said if Grandpa and I did not have Guardian Angels we would have been dead years ago.

I can not tell you alot of the things I know about this time. Please do not be offended if I did not get to put your name in it. I might write another some time! If I find the time.

GOD BLESS YOU ALL — MARJORIE

P.S. — I still say "The first 100 years are the hardest!"

25-93

March 7, 1990

It is a beautiful day. The sky is a beautiful blue with not a blemish in it. The sun is shining in all of the golden light.

I am Marjorie Maus Randles. I was born July 17, 1904 on a Sunday afternoon at 1 p.m. Mother told me, when I was big enough to understand, that it too was a lovely day, hot, very hot. I was born in the front bedroom. Dr. Sifferd was the one that delivered me. I was without hair but Mama said I was white as snow and had a good set of lungs. Our nice neighbor, Mrs. Sadie Burdett came to bath me and prepare me for my start in life.

Mama had asked her if she would come to bath me when I was born. Her reply was, "I'll be there if I'm not baking bread or washing clothes." So it was Sunday and she was here. She put a blanket on the floor, got a big wash pan and proceeded to give me my first bath. Mama said she talked to me the whole time she bathed me. (Mama said she marked me, as I haven't stopped talking since then.)

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Lizzie Tufford walked from Everals over to see me. She had heard that Bernice had a baby girl and she came to see for herself.



MARJORIE MAUS RANGLES

Mama breast fed me but I cried most of the time for three months. On Monday afternoon Aunt Josie (Josephine) Maus came to see me. Aunt Josie asked if she could take me for a little while. Mama said she would be glad for her to take me any place. She took me out into the apple orchard. When she brought me back I was asleep. Aunt Josie came every afternoon for a week and each time she took me for a walk. On Friday, Mama asked her what she did to me that I stopped crying. She replied, "You will be mad at me." Mama said, "No way, you have given me a rest and she has slept." Aunt Josie said, "I nursed her." (Aunt Josie had a son just six months old). Mama knew then that I was hungry. She hitched up her horse and took me to the doctor. He verified Mama's diagnosis. So I was fed Carnation Milk and soon was fat and happy.

I was lucky because I had a mother and grandmother to look after me. They did a super job. One day when I was just learning to crawl, they had to go to the barn to roundup the hogs that had escaped from the pen. They put me on a blanket on the dining room floor. I must have become adventuresome so I started to crawl and I made my way up the stairway and out on the edge above the 16 steps. Mama came in and looked for me and all of a sudden, she heard my distressful noises and came to the stairway and rescued me. Thus, my first adventure. The fact that my knees got caught in my long dress, saved me from falling and perhaps even death.

Grandpa was my champion. I was his golden haired darling. He sang to me, rocked me and took me for walks. We were great pals.

One of my adventures involves the Summer Kitchen. It was in the Fall and the corn was being cut and shocked. The men were racing against the snow so Mother and Grandmother went to the barn to help. They left me in the Summer kitchen. There was a six lid coal stove and a corner cupboard that was used for dishes and food. Also, there were 5 full length windows. Mama put me and my toys by the windows and told me to stay there until she came back. So, I thought this is a waste of time, I'll just surprise them, I'll get supper. I got an iron skillet out of the cupboard and put it on the hearth of the stove. I opened the cupboard door and got a gallon crock of lard, covered with a slate lid, and removed the slate and then spooned about a pound of lard into the skillet and then I got about 18 eggs out and broke them into the skillet and on the hearth. When it came time to put the skillet onto the stove it was too heavy, so I had to leave it. Shortly Grandma and Mama came in. The lard and eggs were everywhere and mother said, "What are you doing?" I said, "Mama, I'm getting 'fuppie'." Mama didn't scold me because I was such a little girl, probably around 3 years old. She picked out all the shells and cooked the eggs for "Rover". I bet Rover had a smile on his face that night.

My Dad taught me how to suck eggs. He showed me how to take a fresh egg, take a pin and poke a hole in each end of the egg and then you could suck the

egg out of the shell. Mama would dress me up in a pretty white ruffled dress then I'd go down to the chicken house and in no time I'd have egg all over myself. Mama would miss me, and then she would find me at the chicken house. She would give me a good shaking then bring me up to the house and "redo" me.

When I was around 4 years old, Grandma and Grandpa took me to the circus. It was set up at the end of Main Street, in the Warner field. There was every kind of thing to tempt a kid and there was a man there selling homemade ice cream, so I coaxed Grandpa for ice cream and he got me a great big cone and I ate it. We came home and I got real sick in the night and they had to take me to the Doctor. Dr. Hayes came and I was having such a time vomiting that he said I'd been poisoned by the green stuff that was on the dipper that was used to dip the ice cream. This illness went on for several days and the doctor said that I had vomited some of the lining of my stomach. He visited me several times a day and on one day, I was screaming for water, the doctor had told them not to give me water. Mama said, "Can't I give her just a little water and the doctor said, "Yes, go ahead because she'll be dead by evening." So Mama gave me almost a gallon of water and I went to sleep and woke up three hours later and I was feeling much better. The doctor came that evening and said, "Bernice, what did you do, she's better?" Dr. Hayes said, "Well it must have been the water." It took me three weeks to get better and I'm sure glad of it.

Mr. Hogue, up the valley, had a team of oxen and he would go to town a couple times a week. He usually walked beside them. He had lines and reins on them. They walked very nicely and very slow. There was a two-wheeled cart that they were hitched to which carried his supplies home. They were very beautiful and quite a novelty to the children, all of us kids along the road would always race out to the road to watch these beautiful animals. In the west these animals were quite common. This fact made them quite the thing for us.

In the wintertime when the farmers on Buckhorn were not so busy, everyone would go to one of the farm homes on Friday night just to be friendly and to find out what was going on in the valley. There was no phones and "shanks ponies" or horseback got you there. They came to our house a good bit because it was one of the biggest houses around. The men would sit in the kitchen and talk about the crops and the ladies would be in the living room talking about their sewing and quilting and their canning. Later in the evening, they would make candy, taffy or popcorn. The kids went upstairs to play. One of their favorite things to do was to get needles and thread and sew one fellow's coat sleeve to another man's coat sleeve or just plain sew the sleeves shut. They would mix up the over-shoes and tie the ladies scarfs and shawls together. When going home time came everything was in a mess, but mamas and papas always seemed to hold their tempers. It was just a whole lot of fun.

When I started to school, I rode with the five MacMillan kids in the "hack". The old horse was named Mack. We went down to Bridge St. and Mack was put in an old barn at Montgomery's. The horse was kept warm with our blankets. Sometimes Mack would stomp around and get the covers off and stomp them down in the hole in the barn floor. At times it would be as late as 5 p.m. before all the riders were ready to head home, so some of us would have to keep Mack company until the driver, Hugh MacMillan, would be ready to drive the hack home. Some days we would go across the street to the ice cream shop for a treat. He sold bananas and some bread and a few groceries. If bananas would become too ripe he would toss them in an old barrel along with the trash. We kept a close watch on his trash barrel and would especially watch for the bananas. Our mothers heard about this and were pretty upset.

Another time we were at the barn and we saw one of the girls that was in our room at school and we got involved in a game of tag. After a while she went home and we came home too. When we got to school the next morning Professor Smock was waiting for Christina MacMillan and I. He took us to his office and told us to sit down. Early that morning the girl's mother had visited the professor and told him that Christina and I had torn her daughter's shawl. She wanted us to pay for it or she wanted us paddled. The consequences was that professor Smock would get to the bottom of the problem. He pulled me up in front of him and he said, "Did you tear her shawl?" I said, "No sir I did not." He said, "Are you sure" and I said, "I'm sure I didn't tear it." He said, "Go get that big stick." I did as he told me. He said, "Now tell me the truth." I stuck to my story. "Well," he said, "Sit in that chair." He had Christina go through the same thing. Her answers were the same as mine so he determined that since our answers were the same we must be telling the truth, so we were sent to our classes. That evening, Mr. MacMillan came to our house and asked my Mother if she was going to the school and talk with the professor about the problem. She said, "No, I believe my daughter and I don't want to stir up a mess down there." Mr. MacMillan went to school and talked with the professor. He said, "I don't appreciate your treatment of the girls." Christina was a nervous type and she was sick and upset for several days. The other girl's mother had a habit of stirring things up. But, thank goodness Chris and I were cleared and we were treated well after that.

Sept. 26, 1992

I am here alone and thinking about the book that I am dictating to Iris Fruchey. We have jumped around so much I think I will talk about Chester and myself.

The part about how we met when our Junior Class was entering the Senior Class in May of 1921 is on page 30. When "Chester" said he was going to marry me. He asked Margaret Beers to bring him to my home to meet me. They came after school was out. He was very nice and asked me to go out with him to a movie.

Carl was very upset, thinking that I had been going with Chester. I had not seen Chester until the night of the dinner. We went together three weeks and he asked me to marry him, but I did not want to marry anyone until I was thru school. Chester took me to Roscoe to meet his mother. "Chet" had purchased me an engagement ring and also a wedding ring with our initials cut on it.

We went together two years. We always had a nice time. He had a one seat ford to go places. I had a job in Raines Department Store on Main Street. There were several girls working there. It was getting close to Nov. 1924 and Chester said, "I have your ring dated for 1924 so we will have to get married before January 1, 1925." I said that I would marry him on December 17, 1924. The wedding was on Thursday at the parsonage of the Methodist Protestant Church at 5:30 p.m. by the Rev. Momburg. Chester's brother Harold Randles and his girlfriend, Rachel Emig were our attendants.

It was raining and sleeting, a very bad day. My dress was black velvet trimmed in gray fox fur around the neck, sleeves, and skirt. I had a black velvet hat with a black plume on it, black suede shoes, silk gloves, and a lovely corsage of white roses. Rachel's dress was like mine except hers was a pretty brown. The men wore black suits with a white rose in their coat lapel. After the ceremony, we went back to Mother and Dad's home for a lovely dinner. My Grandma Gardner baked our wedding cake. Her wedding was on Dec. 18th, 1884. The cake was a marble (chocolate and vanilla) cake.

Chester had to go back to Dennison at 10 P.M. on the train because he had to work on Friday. The Ohio Power Co. would not allow anyone to be away from their work at Christmas time. He left and so did all the other people. I had to go to work on Saturday. (You will see, in another part, about Chester's burn on April 1, 1925).

After Chester was well enough to get around, we went back to grandma and grandpa's home. We lived there the rest of the 57 years. He had several nervous breakdowns and strokes. He never talked about the burn by the 33,000 volts of electricity. He was a member of the Methodist Church all of his life, a 32 degree Mason for 55 years, Scottish Right Club for 54 years, Elks for 47 years, Grange member for 65 years and a charter member of the Tri-County Sportsman's League and a CIO member for many years.

In 1935, his doctor sent him to Wisconsin to live in the woods and get away from people to get his nerves calmed down. The doctor also told him to stay away from bunches of people that were always asking him about his burn. He liked to be out of doors and to play golf. After he retired we took a three month trip in our truck. It was fixed very comfortable. We slept, cooked, had bathroom facility, music, anything we needed. We were in all the states but three and Canada. We saw a lot of friends too. Chester had fourteen years after he retired. The last three he was not well but he never complained.

After I joined the Grange in 1927, I served as lecturer and Master. We built a new Grange Hall and at one time we had over 400 members.

In 1933, I joined the Oriental Chapter #106 Order of Eastern Stars. I was appointed Electa for 1934. I served for 36 years in different chairs. In 1939, I was Worthy Matron. I served as treasurer two years then 19 years as Secretary. During this same time, I held offices in District #14. Those offices were: 1943, Grand Pagel, 1954 Secretary to Marjorie Bean, again, I served her as secretary and was Grand Representative to Florida in 1956 and 1957. In 1973, I was elected the Right Worthy Grand Matron of the General Grand Chapter of the world for 3 years. Marjorie Bean was appointed Right Worthy Grand Ruth and she too served 3 years. The General Grand Chapter was held in Cleveland in 1972. There were seven members from our Chapter selected for offices. It was a beautiful meeting and lasted for a week. The ones from our Chapter were Marjorie Bean, Natalie Bean McFarland, Marilyn Bean Haver, Martha and Ralph Tilton, Jen Eva Raine, and myself.

The General Grand Chapter was held in the large Memorial Hall in Cleveland in October of 1976. It was very beautiful. Eastern Star members came from all over the world. I wish I could describe it to you in all the splendor. It would take me several hours.

In 1886, Grandpa and Grandma Martha moved to Lick Run and in 1891 they moved back to Buckhorn Creek (my present home). They bought this farm from J. Rodney. There was a log house up in the orchard and a log barn below the road. Mother was born on May 21, 1887. It was a very rainy night and grandpa rode into town on a horse and got Dr. Beers to come and deliver the baby. Grandpa sat out on the fence while Dr. Beers delivered the baby.

Grandpa and Grandma drove over to Everals church services each Sunday morning and evening. Rev. Oliver was the pastor. Then when mama was around 3 years old, the minister would motion for her to come up front. He would give her a seat close by and then give her a pink lozenger to eat while he gave the message. She said she felt like a queen.

In 1900, they built their barn and in 1902, they built their home (my present home). All the wood for the house was cut and cured on the farm. The stones used for the basement were also cut on the farm. Wood for the trim was taken to a Dover mill for finishing. Grandpa and Mama walked to New Philadelphia and back while the wood was being finished and the horses rested.

When they started home, the wood in the wagon made so much noise that the horses got scared and ran all the way home.

The carpenter work was done by Harvey Maus and the three Winkler boys who lived near Stonecreek.



MARJORIE'S HOUSE (Built 1902)



THRASHING YEARS AGO (1900)

Grandpa bought a few cows and started a milk route. Grandma Gardner drove the wagon through the streets of Newcomerstown selling milk. She carried with her a tin quart measure and sold milk by the half-pint to any amount the customer might want.

Upon her return to the farm, the remaining milk was left in the big ten gallon can, and put through the separator and made into ice cream. On the evening route, there were many customers who were very happy to purchase the ice cream, and the children were especially happy.

One Saturday the hired girl got her nose stung by a bee and it was really swelled. She had a date who was to pick her up for the dance, but she thought her nose was too swollen and she told our nephew, who resided here at the farm, to tell her boyfriend to go on to the dance. When the boyfriend arrived, Bill said, "She is back in the kitchen." She talked to him for a while and then told him to go on to the dance and she would see him next Saturday night. When the boyfriend drove away, she grabbed the broom and started after Bill. He started running and there was two big trees with a wire clothesline stretched between them. He hit the wire and fell back on the ground and he was unconscious but that didn't stop the girl. She continued to pound him. Grandpa ran off the porch and grabbed her broom and told her not to pound him to pieces. They got water and revived him and he never tried that trick again.

Mama's Birthday

* Mama's birthday was May 21, 1915 and a bunch of her friends and neighbors decided they would have a surprise party for her. It was house cleaning time and the carpets were all up and furniture was in one room so they thought a dance would be just fine.

Grandpa was working a big tract of land on the other side of the upper river bridge and he would leave the team of horses over there in a barn sometimes, so this evening he said, "Come on Bernice, I have to go back to the "Bottom Barn" to feed the horses, I forgot to do that."

She had worked all day, she was tired and her dress was soiled. She said, "Wait till I get a clean dress," Grandpa said, "Come on, its going to rain." We had a Ford automobile and Mama did all of the driving so away they went.

After they got there, he said that there was some work to do yet. He was taking plenty of time so everyone would have time to get to our home for the party.

Time passed and they were on their way home and as they neared the farm she saw all of the horses and buggies and riding horses, it dawned on her what was going on. She got out of the ford, and started to run up the hill. She said that she would not come into the house, but some of the young people ran down to meet her and brought her into the house. The fiddler and the piano player was

sure busy and everyone had a lovely time. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Burrier and Mr. Heskett Lackard furnished the music. The food was delicious and Bernice received many lovely gifts. Fifty neighbors and friends attended the party

1886

Grandpa Gardner told the story about going to the United Brethern Communion Service. Everyone sipped from the cup as given by the minister except one elderly gentleman. He grasped the cup with both hands and said, "I'll drink ever drop for my Lord Jesus."

Grandpa's Home - May 12, 1882

They lived in a log house up near Port Washington. It was on the west side of the Tuscarawas River. The house was along the field near a jog in the river.

When the first four children were small, my Grandfather's Father Isaac took the big wagon and fixed it up like the people had when they went west. He took Grandma Jane and the children and went to Indiana to see if he could find a good place to farm. They found a place and stayed there all Summer but did not do well. He told me that all they had to eat was mush, cornpone, and cornbread. They had no stock or chickens and very little furniture. Then Grandma Jane got sick so they loaded up the wagon and came back to Port Washington. He farmed where they had farmed before going West.

It was Spring and time to plant the corn. Grandpa Isaac told the older children that there was a man going to preach at the church on Sunday and that one side of his face was black. "Now", he said "if you will help me plant corn on Saturday, I'll take you to church on Sunday." The children were pleased and said that they would help plant the corn. The land where they would plant the corn was on an island and they would have to cross thru the river to get to it.

Saturday came and the team of horses was hitched to the wagon, the seed corn and necessary farm tools, the four girls and my Grandpa Gardner were in the wagon and they drove down into the river. They started through and my grandfather Isaac stopped and told my Grandpa to walk out on the wagon tongue and undo the bridles on the horses so they could get a drink. The horses got their drink and the old horse shook her bridle and it hit the young horse and it reared back on the tongue of the wagon and turned over the wagon and everything went into the river. The girls screamed and my Grandpa Isaac tried to get one of the girls but the water was swift and he and one girl went down the river. My Grandpa got hold of two of the girls and started to swim to shore, but Eliza was holding onto Grandpa and the other girl let go and she too went down the river and the other two went under. The boy, Joe, was on a third horse and he could not get to any of the persons. By the time people in the neighborhood heard the screams and arrived at the scene, Anna Virginia -13. Lydia Elizabeth - 19. and Sally Catherine - 11. were gone

down the river with Great Grandpa Isaac - 49, being swept on down stream. People came from town and everyplace around when they heard the noise. My Great Grandma Jane came down to the river with her little girl but the people took her back to the house. They found the girls down among the bushes the next day. This happened on May 12, 1882. Grandpa Isaac was not found until the 4th of July. His body was found down by the bayou below Newcomerstown. The only way they could identify him was by his red woolen underwear.



Gardner-Redick Reunion (held in 1940)

A year later, on May 12, Grandma Jane sent for Mrs. Cappel to come down to her home. She came riding on her horse. When she got there Grandma Jane asked Mrs. Cappel if she would take baby Lillie Belle. Grandma Jane had caught a cold on the day of the tragedy and it had developed into "consumption" and she was going to die and there was no one to take care of the little girl. Mrs. Cappel had had a baby girl and it died. She was very happy to take Lillie Belle and raise her in the Cappel's home. That night Grandma Jane passed away. That left Lillie Belle-3, Joseph-16, Elizabeth Ellen-10, Emma Mae-6, and John Wilson-21.

Joseph went to a family named Gray; John went with the Stockers for one summer then came to Wolf and worked at the Glasco Mine and stayed in Wolf Station for a couple of years then got a job on the John Chapman farm. He had met Martha Addy that lived beyond the Everals Church. After their courtship, they married December 18, 1884. They went to housekeeping in a two roomed house on the Chapman land. The house was across the road and up on the hill. My, to be grandparents took on the farm and Flora Chapman, wife of John. Martha's mother gave her a cow and twelve chickens for a wedding gift. Mr. Chapman allowed

them to put their cow to pasture with his cows and also let them build a chicken house for their chickens. Martha cleaned the Chapman home, did the laundry, baking, canning and anything that was necessary. She was allowed to bake enough bread for both families.

Grandpa was paid \$125.00 a year but he had to wait for his pay until the sheep were sheared in April.

When they were married, he had a dime and he told grandma that they might as well spend it and start from scratch. He asked what they should buy and she said lets buy some soup beans. They went to the store and they bought a half bushel for that little old dime.

Grandma often talked to me about their early married life. She said they got along fine. They had plenty to eat, and they had clothing she made when needed. After Grandpa had the first pay in April, they felt they were rich!

On May 21, 1887, they had a little baby girl. She had dark curly hair and they named her Jessie Bernice after female relatives of Tom Brown that lived up Lick Run on a very nice farm. My Grandma had to do sewing for Mrs. Brown so she thought her little girl should be named after them.

Mary Margaret and Grandpa Gathering Coal

Mary Margaret and Grandpa were sent to the field to find the milk cow one evening. They found the cow and started home. The children had seen an old coal bank and noticed some broken wheelbarrows and some coal laying nearby. It was in October and the nights were cold and they did not have any coal so they thought they could fix one of the old wheelbarrows, pick up some coal and put it in old sacks and wheel them home so they could have a fire in the grate. They started and in a short time the wheelbarrow fell apart. They stopped and put it together again and went on again. The wheelbarrow fell apart several times and each time they would put it together again. It was getting late but the kids kept on in their effort to get the coal to the house. All at once there was a horrible scream. Mary Margaret let loose of one side of the wheelbarrow and John let loose of the other side and they headed for the house. Mary M. fell down at her mother's feet and John was not far behind. The cow had come home and after the kids did not come with the cow, their father went to find them. He saw what the kids were doing so he gave a loud scream and then gathered up the sack of coal and brought it home. The night turned out to be a happy one because they built a fire in the grate and roasted chestnuts.

1899

The next door neighbors had two girls and four boys, they walked to school and my Mama went down the road and walked with them.

One evening after school one of the boys ran and snatched her dinner bucket out of her hands and spilled everything out and then filled it with horse manure.

Mama picked up a stone and threw it at the boy (Clell). It hit his nose and the blood splattered all over his face. He ran home and Mama gathered up the spoon and cup, emptied her bucket and went on home.

She was changing her school dress and here came the boy and his mother. Grandma invited her in but she said, "Where is that awful kid of yours?" Grandma said that she was upstairs changing her dress and asked her what she wanted with her. The mother said, "She hit my son with a stone and I want you to give her a licking." Grandma said that we will have to see what happened first. Grandma said to Mama, "Did you do that?" Mama said "Yes" and Grandma asked, "Why?" And then Mama told them about what he did. The boy's mother said, "Did you do that?" He did not answer and she asked him again and said, "If you did, I will give you a licking." He owned up to his prank and his mother was so angry she whipped him pretty hard right there. She had been humiliated in front of Grandma.

Hay-making - My Birthday

It was hay-making time and Mr. Frank McCormick was helping us. I was getting dinner in the summer kitchen and I looked out of the window and saw the two horses hitched to the big hay wagon 'flying' across the field across the creek. I knew there was trouble.

I set the things off the stove, ran out of the door and over to the garage, backed out the car and went to the field to see what happened. When I arrived the wagon was broken to pieces. The horses had broken all of their harnesses and the bales of hay that had been on the wagon were scattered everywhere.

Grandpa was thrown off the wagon and Mr. McCormick was coming as fast as he could on foot to the creek where the wheels of the wagon were deep in mud.

I helped Grandpa catch the horses and the men lead the horses over to the barn and I drove the car home and finished up our dinner.

Grandpa said get ready and take me to Gnadenuhthen to the wagon maker, all that is left is the wheels and a few metal pieces. We found the Blacksmith at the shop. Grandpa told him what happened and asked if he could build him another wagon. He said it would take four or five days. He came and got the wheels to use as they were not damaged. That was quite a day. It was my Birthday. "What a day!"

Ice House

According to Grandpa Gardner, the Buckhorn Valley farmers joined together in the hall and built a 40 x 60 log building, using 12 inch thick logs and cemented them together with mud. The only opening was a heavy plank door on one end which was large enough to permit a team of horses to pull a sled of ice into the building.

While one group of farmers took their ice saws and cut ice blocks from the Buckhorn creek, the other farmers went to the sawmill and got sawdust. Then the work began, as blocks of ice and sawdust were layered in this building. The building was completely filled and tightly sealed.

When Spring came, those farmers who helped with the project were welcome to come and make use of the ice. The ice supply from the ice house would last nearly all summer.

Mom and Dad's Wedding - December 24, 1902

While helping Grandpa build the barn here at the farm, Harvey Maus fell in love with Bernice (my mother) and he asked for her hand in marriage. The home wedding was planned for Dec. 24, 1902 at 5:30 p.m. The groom's folks came from Dover on the train and the brides relatives gathered at the home. Rev. Oliver performed the marriage ceremony.

The young couple resided here at the farm. My dad worked at the brickyard at the north end of Newcomerstown. After about 5 years, Dad built a frame house on N. College St. and lived there until the MacMillan and Shaw families arrived from Scotland. The Shaws bought dad and mom's house and the MacMillan family bought a farm just north of our farm. My dad and mom moved back to the farm and later dad built a brick house next to the one on College Street. Both of the College Street homes have changed owners several times.



HARVEY MAUS
(Marjorie's Dad)



BERNICE GARDNER MAUS - Wedding Day
(Marjorie's Mother)

Early Antics/Cake Baking - 1906

Mama's good friend, Bess Evans came out to visit one pretty afternoon. Mama was busy mixing up a cake, when Bess drove her horse and buggy up into the yard. Mama went out to talk to her and left me in the kitchen. While she was gone, I thought I'd stir up the cake. After their visit, she came into the kitchen and gave the cake a couple of stirs and put it in the pan and into the oven. About 15 minutes later, she looked in the oven, and there was cake everywhere. She ran for the baking powder can and it was empty. Mama's little girl had really fixed that cake.

Snake and Cow

Here is another cow "tale". It was time for Mary Margaret and John to get the cow. The last few days when she came in she had already been milked so their father told them to go easy and see what was going on. The children went real slow and easy so they could find the thief. They heard the cow bawl and they saw her going up under a cherry tree. She bawled again and looked up into the tree. Then came a big black snake crawling down the limb and stood so it could drink milk from the cow's udder. John got a club while Mary Margaret chased the cow away and John killed the snake. She came back and bawled but in a few days she quit nursing her unusual baby!

Halloween

Grandpa asked his dad if he could go halloweening with other boys. Grandpa was given permission to go if he would take his little brother Joe with him. All the kids in the neighborhood gathered as soon as it was dark. They got corn and tomatoes out of the garden. There was an elderly couple who didn't like kids very well so the kids decided to give them a visit. They were busy tossing tomatoes at the house and all of a sudden, the woman opened the door just in time to get a rotten tomato in the face. The kids took off up the road with an angry husband chasing them. Little Joe was lagging behind and Grandpa came back to get Joe. This gave the angry man a chance to find out that Grandpa was one of the older kids or you might call him a "ring leader". The next day when grandpa came home from school, his dad was waiting for him and said, "The neighbor man had called the sheriff and I'm afraid you are going to have to go to jail." Grandpa was really scared. They talked about it for a while and finally his dad said, "If you will go down and apologize to those people, I'm sure they will be satisfied." Grandpa was one happy boy.

Mary Margaret and John at the Dance

Mary Margaret and John liked to dance but their parents, especially dad, were against it. There was a dance one night and the kids knew it was no use to ask if they could attend because he would say "No".

The family had supper and had settled in for the evening. John said, "I'm pretty tired but I think I'll go check the horses and turn in for the night - so he went out to the barn, checked the horses, and brought the big ladder to the house and leaned it against the upstairs window. Then came in the house and sat down a bit and a little later said, "I guess I'll go to bed." In order to get up to the second story, you had to climp up a ladder on the wall. The two boys slept on one end of the second floor and the four girls slept on the other end of the second floor.

Mary Margaret said, "I'm tired too" so all the girls went to bed. After the younger kids were asleep, John and Mary M. climbed down the outside ladder and got one of the horses and they were off to the dance.

When it was over, John and Mary M. came home, put the horse in the barn climbed up the outside ladder and got into their beds. When it was about time for the family to get up and start their chores, John climbed down the inside ladder and went out the kitchen door, took the old ladder to the barn, fed the horses, and returned to the house for breakfast. No one was the wiser - "mission accomplished."

Sleigh Ride

The children in the neighborhood liked to play together and one winter day the snow was great for them to go sledding on the hill, but they did not have money to buy a sled, but country kids are and were good at improvising.

There was an old sawmill where there was some boards with the end turned up, just fine to use for a sled. The neighbors joined in and they all went sledding down the hill. It was a beautiful moonlight night and they all had a ball. It was getting late and they had been told to be home by 9 p.m. None of them had a watch and they did not know the time.

They all came down the hill together and in front was a big object wavings it's wings and moaning. All of the kids started to scream and run, Grandpa was so close to the "monster" that he lifted up his homemade sleigh and hit the "thing" on its head. Grandpa heard "don't hit me John, I'm your dad" - Grandpa said, "I just lifted up my sled and hit him again, because he had scared us so badly."

Grandpa Worked All Summmer

After the accident, he worked for an elderly gentleman. He helped with the planting and harvesting and everything to get ready for winter. The man said, "Well Johnny, I guess I owe you \$7.50 for the summer's work and he said, I'm not going to pay you right now and if I never pay you, you'll have \$7.50 in heaven." Grandpa was so disappointed because he thought he was going to have money for school clothes.

This is one of the many stories that Grandpa told me when I was just a little girl. This one stands out in my mind because two days before he passed away, I had just finished decorating our family's Christmas tree when Grandpa repeated this story and he was not feeling well. He said, "Do you suppose that \$7.50 will be waiting for me?" On Dec. 24, 1945, he had a stroke and passed away.



JOHN W. GARDNER (Marjorie's Grandfather)

Spelling Bee

There were several one-roomed school houses in the county and the children were involved in a good many spelling bees. The people all loved to attend them and the school houses were full at these events.

An old gentleman was sitting way down in front one evening and he felt nature calling him and he asked some of the men if they would open a window and take hold of his arm and let him down on the ground. Just as they went to drop him he said, "Too late now boys, pull me back."

Grandpa - Janitor at the Church

Centenary Church, near Port Washington, hired my Grandpa to be their janitor. He kept it clean, built the fires in winter, and all the other duties that go with the job. He said the men rubbed snuff and would spit on the floors. When he swept the floor it made him sneeze. He filled the oil lamps. This work went on for quite some time. Grandpa was furnishing the oil and the coal and the labor, and was supposed to be paid but they didn't come up with the pay so he went to see a lawyer friend. He said, "I have no money but I have this problem." The friend said,

"I don't need money to listen to your problem, John." So Grandpa told him how much work he had done and how much he owed for oil and coal. The friend said, "Next Sunday, you do your work, light the lamps and start the fire and then come out and lock the door. When people come for church, don't open the door until they pay you." Grandpa carried out this advice and the people arrived for church and found grandpa standing on the church steps, the door locked and grandpa refused to open the door. He said, "Pay me and I'll unlock the door."

The men were angry but some dear soul dug into his pocket and paid grandpa.

Gypsies

Back in the late 1800's and early 1900's there was lots of Gypsies roaming over the country in big wagons. They lived in tents and lived off the land. They told fortunes, and picked up things they could see as they drove along.

People would watch and if they would see them coming the country people would inform their neighbors so that they could get their things out of site. People also watched their children, so the wonderers did not take the children.

The grown-up people did not like them to come around but the local children were fascinated due to the way they dressed and acted, but they also were afraid they might be taken away by them.

Dad Randles Birthday - July 20th

It was Dad's birthday and the family members were having a little party for him at his home. We had cake and ice cream and spent time talking about "Good old Days."

My mama lived with us and she, Chester, and I drove out of our drive about six o'clock. When we drove onto the highway there was two 18 year old boys sitting on the fence along the road. We wondered about them and Chester said, "They are just going up the road."

We enjoyed our visit and left for home around 9 p.m. When Chester drove up to the garage he said, "I saw some one turn out the light in the summer kitchen, I will leave the car lights on so we can see and you go and open the back door and call the police and then bring me the rifle while I put the car in the garage." I told Mama to stay in the car. Chester walked across the back porch and said, "Whoever is in the building open the door slow and come out with your hands up. Keep them up or you might get shot."

By this time, the police chief had called the sheriff for permission to come. (We live outside the town corporation line so we have to use sheriff.) The police chief arrived. He ordered the two persons to turn around and put their hands on the side of the building and to spread their legs. Then the policeman frisked each one of them. They had knives in their pockets.

Chester went in to see what they had done. They had opened the deep freeze and carried a lot of food out into the lawn. There was some thick bushes and had fixed a place where they hid the food, 7-Up, milk, etc. They had made several trips and hid the food. They had gone thru the other car in the garage and took things out of the glove compartment. They broke the wooden door on the back of the house.

The sheriff came down and took the men up to the New Philadelphia jail. The next day the sheriff investigated the men. They were two young men who had just been dismissed from the army in disgrace. One had just been let out of jail. They were kept in jail all summer. There was a trial and their people paid their fine and took them back to West Virginia, where they lived. When they were released they told us they would be back and get us, but we never saw them again.

We have been robbed several times. Our home is close to the road and this makes it easy for thieves to escape.

The Hired Hand - 1942

The second world war was on and help was very hard to get. Grandpa and I were over at the corn field. The fence had to have some repair. It was a very hot day and it was just about dinner time. Mother was getting the things ready and taking care of Grandma Gardner. She was still bedfast and unable to talk or move.

There was a husky looking man that came up the road with a bike and he came to the back door. He asked mother if we could use a hired man. She said, "Yes we can, you just sit down there on the porch, my father and daughter are over in the field fixing the fence and will be here in a little while."

We came soon and Grandpa talked to him about work. He told the man he could stay and what he would pay him. The man was pleased and said he could start right away. We ate our dinner and the man, I will call him "Brian", asked Grandpa if he would advance him some money and let him go to town on his bike to buy some clean clothes. Grandpa said, "Give him \$20." He was back shortly and mother showed him the bathroom so he could take a bath. He was soon bathed and ready to go to work.

He was a good worker but rather odd. He would not sleep in the house, he put a clean blanket on the hat and slept in the barn. In the evening he would sit down in the cow yard and play an accordion to them. They loved to listen.

One day, I was in the summer kitchen doing some canning and my back was to the door. He wore tennis shoes and I did not hear him come up behind me, he had the big corn cutter in his hand and put the end of it in the middle of my back and said, "I will cut you into ribbons." I turned around pretty fast and said, "Well who the devil will you get to help you?" He laughed and backed away. He liked to frighten people.

The summer was about over but he still wanted to stay. He was good help with the cows. One Saturday evening he went to town for a while but came back and slept in the barn.

In the morning he was gone. In a couple of days there was two policemen who came and gave us a description of him and we said that a man of that description was here but he had left a couple of days ago. The police told us that they had been looking for him for several months. He had escaped from a chain gang in Georgia. He had killed a black man and was in prison. They had taken him to work on the roads and the watchman had let him get away. The police went on up the road and in a few days they found him. They took him back to Georgia and since the war was on and men were needed, they gave him a choice, the prison or the army. He chose the army. He had his training and was sent across to England. The next and last time we ever saw him, he came to our home. He was in his army clothes and he told us he had given his life to God, he was preaching and going to stay in the army. He sat beside Grandma (still alive but not able to move or talk) and he prayed the most beautiful prayer that I have ever heard. We have never seen or heard from him since.

The Depression

There was very little work and people had very little to eat. People in town would come out here and actually beg for a days work for a dollar. We had some women who would come and ask for a dime for a loaf of bread.

We had a hired man that lived down the road. He came to work at 7 a.m. and worked until 5 p.m. He ate his dinner here at the farm and he was paid one dollar and a gallon of fresh milk a day.

There was a family living in the little house out the road. The father could not find much work. They had 5 children. We had milk cows and Mr. Riggle came in the morning at 5:30 and in the evening at 5 o'clock to get the milk and take it down to his dairy to bottle and deliver it.

The little children were nice and I told them to come each day and bring some large vessels with lids and I would fill them with milk. You should have seen their faces light up. You can bet your bottom they were always here on time.

Grandma and Mama were at Mrs. Browns house doing some sewing for the girls for school. They had been busy and did not go to the kitchen for some food for Mr. Brown's lunch. He came into the kitchen and Mama got quite upset and said to Mrs. Brown, "What will Mr. Brown do if there is nothing for him to eat." She said he won't say anything. He will set down and rest.

Mr. Brown loved to tease her and he said, "What would your father say?" Mama said, "He would say, what the hell is wrong, twelve o'clock, no dinner and two women in the house!"

He teased her for years about her answer.

One Short

My cousin Russell Redick was in the First World War in 1918. He was across sea and fought in one of the battles. He was telling me about one of them that had been very bad and many men were killed. After it was over the medical men came to gather up the unjured and the dead. He said the dead were gathered together and a large place was prepared for them to be buried. He said they were layed together like you would stack posts. Then they had a large shovel and they would cover them with dirt. Russell said he had been shot in his chest and had been placed on top of the last layer as dead. The man using the machine noticed Russell move. He removed him from the heap and took him back behind the lines of battle.

Russell recovered and when the war was over he came home and lived to be an old man.

Train — 1890-1911

Years ago there was trains from Marietta to Cleveland. It came down in the morning at 6 a.m. Grandma Maus and some of the children would come on Sundays. If they were on the train she would get a seat on this side and wave at some of the people down at the barn and then someone here would hitch up the buggy and go down to the station and bring them out here to spend the day.

One Sunday Grandma Gardner heard the train coming and she walked to the barn to watch for Grandma Maus. She stepped out of the door where the cows were getting milked and waved, just then the big Guernsey bull ran toward grandma with his head down and stuck her in the groin and through her over his head and out in the barn yard.

She screamed, Grandpa ran to see what was wrong. The bull had turned to hit her again but just then our big shepherd dog grabbed the bull's nose and hung on to it and the bull and dog where going around and around. Grandpa ran and picked up Grandma and took her to the house. Mama got Grandma up stairs, undressed her, bathed her, and cleaned the wounds. The dog saved Grandma's life.

Grandpa put the bull in his stall and cut off his horns. The bull was never turned out at milking time again. Grandma got well in a couple of weeks.

1887

Grandpa and Grandma lived in a log house where the Apple Orchard is located. Then people did not have screen doors and just opened the door when it was very hot.

Mama was a little baby. She had a trundle bed that was pushed under the big bed where the "big folks" slept. One evening when Grandma pulled out the trundle bed to put Mama in bed to sleep there laid a great big black snake. They stopped opening the door even if it meant that they would "roast".

Insane Escapee - 1908

It was the Fall of the year and Mama and Grandma were getting ready to make apple butter the next day. As usual, I was right there (helping)!

They were paring apples and getting the glass cans, sugar, and something that would be quick to get for dinner the next day and here came an old man to the door and asked for something to eat. Grandma told him to sit down and she would get him his dinner. She fixed a plate of food and some coffee and gave it to him.

He ate it all and brought the dishes to the door and sat down on the porch again. He still stayed on the porch so grandma went and told him to go on. He said, "No, I'm going to stay here." It upset her and she told me to go upstairs to my bedroom and close the door and lock it.

Then she told my mother to watch down the road until someone came up the road then to go out the front door and ask them to stop at Robert Chapman's (they lived next door and he had a big dog named Sandy and a big horse). And tell Mr. Chapman to come down, ride up to the back door and tell the man to go. In a little while, Mr. Cline came along with his mules and wagon. Mama told him what Grandma wanted him to do. He hurried and in a little while, Mr. Chapman rode his horses up to the kitchen and he had "Sandy" with him. He told the man to go. The man said, "I'm staying here, I like it here." Mr. Chapman said, "I'm the "boss" and you go right now." The man informed Mr. Chapman that he was going to stay. Mr. Chapman said that he better get moving or he would sic his dog on him. After another round, Mr. Chapman said, "Get him Sandy" and the dog started at the man and the man started away in a hurry. It was a couple hours later when two men came down the road and stopped and asked if we had seen a man walking past. Grandma told them about the man that was here. They said that the man had escaped from the Massillon Insane Home. They went on to town and found him and took him back to the mental hospital.

Case Family - 1916

. When I was about 12 years old I would walk to school when the weather was nice and I had to go down the little hill past the Case Mansion. It was a very large house surrounded with a beautiful lawn and their was a six foot high Iron fence around the lawn. The big gate was always locked.

Mrs. Case had lived there a long time. It was told that there was places that would hide persons that were escaping from the south. It was called an "Underground Railroad" colored people and slaves would be helped by the Northern people to get away so they could be free.

Mrs. Case was a nice little lady and she had a hat store on the Main Street just across the railroad. She had one lady to help run the store. My grandma and Mrs. Case were friends and distant relatives. She had a son in Cleveland with two sons

and a daughter. The granddaughter was my age and she liked to come to her grandma's home in the summer. She would come and stay with Grandma Case.

I liked the girl (I can't remember her name) and we played together sometimes at my home and other times at the mansion. When we were there we would look in the places where people were hidden years ago. In 1888, Grandma and Mrs. Case would talk about Case Western Reserve which is still in Cleveland.

The girl grew up and did not come back very often. I do not know if she (Mrs. Case) passed away or if she went to live with her family.

The mansion was sold and the fence was taken away. The big house was cut in two and one part was moved to another street. I don't know what happened to the other part.

I do remember the lovely hats Mrs. Case made. Mama would buy her hats and mine and Grandma Gardner's at Mrs. Case's store. Back then you wore a hat and a pair of gloves to church. (Plus your clothes!)

Buckhorn Grange

In the late 1800's, Wolf Station was a thriving little village located along the busy railroad. There was a general store, operated by John and Robert Shaw, a church, school, railroad station and about 20 homes. They would meet at the store and enjoy the company of one another.

One day a gentleman came into the store and was talking about an organization called "The Grange." People listened and decided to organize the Buckhorn Grange. It was a family project. Meetings were held in a large two story home on the Main Street. In 1920, the membership had greatly increased. They enjoyed putting on plays, suppers and spelling bees. The plays drew a lot of people from Newcomerstown and surrounding communities.

One Saturday evening during the presentation of a play, some of the members noticed that the stove pipe was pulling away from the large coal stove and the chimney and flames could be seen. They talked about the danger involved and decided they needed a new building. It wasn't long after that, that plans for the present building were underway. Men and women gave of their time and money. Soon the building was completed. We needed money for the electric and the Arth boys gave two lovely lambs, a butcher dressed and boned them. A town baker roasted them and the grange women prepared vegetables, homemade bread, other special dishes, cakes, and pies. Tickets were sold for the lamb dinner. Thus, our electric problems were solved.

The members took an active part in the County fairs.

My Grandparents were charter members. My Grandparents and I worked very hard on the grange building project and other programs and projects.

Barnyard Medicine - 1908

This is another affair with horses. We had a big apple orchard here on the north side of the house. Grandpa hitched up the horses to mow the orchard before we had to pick the fruit. The mower was a big iron machine with a big 6 ft. cutter that stuck out on the right side. He was mowing along watching the limbs instead of the ground and one of the wheels went down in a big hole and then up real fast. Grandpa's body bounced up and when he came down he hit the big iron seat with his butt. It hurt pretty bad but he kept mowing until he had finished.

He said to Grandma, "That sure hurts where I landed." He kept working a few days but the bump got worse and Grandma called the doctor. He came and made Grandpa go to bed so he could examine him. The place was very black and blue and swollen. The doctor said, "I'm afraid that you are badly bruised and you are going to have a pretty bad carbuncle." The doctor came every day to check him. The carbuncle got bigger and Grandpa continued to hurt. One evening Mr. Muma, who lived at the next farm, came to see Grandpa. He was a little fellow and a good friend and he said to Mama, "Bernice, I'll tell you what to do to make that get well." She said, "Tell us and we'll do it." He said, "Now you get a nice clean bucket, a clean shovel and go down in the barn lot and look around until you see a cow laying down, you poke her with a stick and make her get up. Now you know the first thing she does is stretch and then lift up her tail and empty her bowels. You put your shovel under her tail, catch that in your shovel and put it in the bucket then bring it up here and put in on that place and let him sleep on it and in the morning the core will come out of that pesky thing." Mama did not want to do it but Grandpa said, "Well, if it will help it, go ahead." She did what Mr. Muma said and when the "medicine" was up by the bed Grandpa's company had gone home. Grandma and Mama took the covers and rolled Grandpa to one side of the bed and put down a piece of oilcloth then a couple of blankets folded up then a white sheet then one of Grandma's white aprons was put on the top of the sheets then a big white cloth was covered with the "green warm poultice" and apron was tied around his waist. Then he was covered so he could sleep. When the sun came up everyone else was up too. How did the poultice do? I was allowed to see too.

The covers were taken off, the apron untied and put down and Grandma and Mama rolled Grandpa on his side. The warm green poultice had dried from the heat of his body and as they turned him, the poultice stuck to the white cloth and the core from the carbuncle came out as easy as could be. The core was a pretty good size. Grandma was a very good nurse. She bathed the places needed and a nice clean bed was soon prepared.

The doctor came about 9 a.m. to see if he could "open it". But when he saw what had been done he had a screaming fit about what Mr. Muma had told them

to do. I could hear him yelling, "You will kill him, you will kill him. Are you crazy?" In a few days Grandpa was up and back to work. I don't know what happened to the doctor!

Circus - 1908

I was 4 years old when Grandma and Grandpa took me to the circus. There was a stand where they sold ice cream and Grandpa bought me a big ice cream cone. After the circus, we came home and a little later, I became awful sick. Grandpa rode his horse into town and got Dr. Hayes to come and see me. The doctor gave me a good examination and said that the way I was acting, he was sure that I was suffering from food poisoning. I was sick for several days and had vomited until I had lost the lining of my stomach. Dr. Hayes came out several times a day and night. One afternoon when he was here, I was screaming for water. He had taken water away from me. Mother said, "She has cried so hard for water, can't I give her just a little bit." Dr. Hayes said, "Well she is going to die anyway so let her drink all she wants." Mama said I must have drank a gallon of water then I went to sleep and slept for 3 hours. Dr. Hayes returned in the evening and he said, "She is better, what did you do for her?" Mama said, "I gave her all the water she could drink." Dr. Hayes said, "Well she is better." He checked on me for several days but it took me 3 or 4 weeks before I really felt good.

4th Grade Christmas Orange

It was Christmas and oranges were a very special gift. I got one for Christmas and I saved it for the first day back at school. At recess time I started to eat it and didn't have time to finish it so I took the remaining part into the classroom. I put my head down behind my desk to finish my orange and the teacher came by and pulled my shoulders up and asked what I was doing and I said, "I'm finishing my orange." She said, "We don't eat during school time." She sent me to the hall. The janitor came by and asked what the matter was and I told him so he took me to the furnace room and got me a seat. He went about his chores and returned at the end of the afternoon so I could go home with the rest of the kids.

That evening, the teacher saw my mother at the Rebecca meeting and told her that she had to correct me at school that day. She was a good friend to my mother and she said that she hated to do it but she had to because of the other kids. "I can't play favorites" she said. When mother came home, she asked me what I had done at school that day. I said, "Who told you?" "A little bird," Mama said. I told her what happened and she told me that I shouldn't do that anymore. I took her word for it and didn't try that again.

5th Grade

Probably the most memorable experience in the 5th grade was when I lost my bloomers. In winter we wore long stockings and we wore our bloomers over them. We were lined up on the stairway waiting our turn to leave the building when

I felt the elastic brake on my bloomers and fell to my knees and a couple more steps and they were around my ankles. I stopped and let the rest of my class go on. I stepped out of the bloomers and rushed out the door.

For days afterwards, kids teased me. They kept asking, "Isn't it cold walking home without pants?"

Seventh Grade

In the seventh grade, we had a "Bird Club." Each member made a bird house. After school was out, we were permitted to take the bird houses home and put them out in our yard. A number of birds made use of my bird house.

Dramatic Club, Glee Club and Basketball

On the 4th Friday of each month, during high school years, the dramatic club held meetings. The classes took turns making refreshments and putting on a program.

We also had a glee club that performed at various high school programs.

I was also a member of the girls basketball team. We played on the third floor of the high school building. The game that I remember most was when we played the team from Bakersville. The boys also had a team. We didn't have cheerleaders but did our share of cheering.

1912 Music Teacher

Mama wanted me to learn to play the piano. She hired a teacher from Bakersville. He was a man and could come once a week in the afternoons to give me my lessons.

One day he came and mother called me to come for my lesson. She called and called, no answer, the teacher got upset and left. After I heard the buggy go down the road I came out of the hay field.

Mother said, "Why did you do that?" I said, "I didn't like that man. He hurts my fingers. When I make a mistake, he hits my fingers with that ruler with the sharp thing on its edge and it hurts. I don't want him to come anymore."

She said, "Well if that is the trouble, I will write and tell him not to come again." That was the end of my music career!

July 4th at Uncle Walters

Uncle Walter liked to have fun and Nellie and John West, Chester and I, went to Niles Michigan on the 3rd of July to spend the 4th and when they told us that we would all sleep in the big room upstairs we were a little surprised but we took our turn at the bathroom and then went to bed. We went to sleep and it was about midnight and we were sound asleep and at 4 a.m. you never heard such a racket. Uncle Walter had filled a small tin bucket with little fire crackers, opened the

bedroom door and set the bucket in the room and shut the door again. We all jumped out of bed. John hid in the clothes closet, Nellie covered up her head and tried to get under the bed. "Chet" grabbed his clothes and tried to get out the door and I just stood there with my eyes closed.

You never heard any one laugh so hard. It was the 4th of July O.K.

Grandma, a quiet person

Grandma was part English lady. She enjoyed herself but she was a quiet person. When Grandpa would go to kiss her she would say, "Now keep your tallow fingers off of me." Grandpa was part Irish and he had a beautiful voice and could sing very nice. He could dance, he liked to kiss all of us. He really liked a good joke. My Mama was like Grandpa. She could play the organ and piano, sing, dance and was the first woman in town (1908) to drive an automobile (A ford). My father was Swiss and German, a stern person and when said, "Don't do that" that meant it. He was not a kisser. Mama and I were kissers and I still do!



1922 - Great Grandma Addy, Grandma Gardner, Bernice Maus and Marjorie Maus

October 18, 1940

Grandma had a very bad stroke. We called Dr. Kistler and he came at once but when he examined her, he said make her comfortable she will be gone in two days. We did as he said. She could not talk, move or do one thing for herself. We took turns to be with her night and day. We had 20 cows at the time and the new road was being built and that made more for us because of the dust and noise on the road. Do any of you remember the saying "God will provide." He did for us. Grandpa's sister Lillie was working in town and she fell and broke her arm. She lived alone. we went and brought her here and she insisted that she sit

with Grandma at night and sleep in the day time. She said, "God just wanted to give me a rest!" She stayed with us a long time.

Mother would feed grandma, she could not feed herself. She was completely immobile. Grandma lived until Dec. 18, 1944 her 60th Wedding Anniversary (50 months). Her friends had sent her beautiful flowers in the morning and at 5:30 p.m. she went to be with her mother and sisters. Grandpa left us on Dec. 24th, 1945. He wanted to be with Grandma.



Grandma & Grandpa Gardner

Christmas - 1908

It was a lovely snowy day between Christmas and New Years. Grandpa decided that we would do the butchering the next day. The neighbors were told and invited to come and they all said they would be here.

Grandpa hitched up the horses to the big flat sled and hauled a big load of wood for the fire so that water could be heated to scald the pigs. He brought the big barrels to use, the tripods to hang the pigs to cool and everything to work with, to the back of the summer kitchen. He worked all afternoon.

Grandma and Mama were busy in the kitchen preparing lots of good things for the dinner and fixing the big table in the dinning room.

Our beautiful Christmas tree was setting in front of the big windows. My cousin Faye was here to visit a few days and we were there admiring the tree. It was decorated with pretty things. Grandma had put a small rug under the tree and then a layer of white cotton. Santa Claus had brought me a set of tin play dishes. Faye and I looked at these nice things and decided it would be nice to get some matches light them and hold them over the little tin plates and melt the candles.

We got the matches lit and held them over the little plates until they began to burn our fingers and we let them fall in the cotton. Bang! cotton, pine tree, curtains -- we screamed and Mama came running. Grandma never stopped she grabbed the tree trunk, ran out of the room thru the kitchen, and out of the door. The rug had caught fire and Mama rolled all of our presents into it and ran out the door too. The curtain and window blind had burned too. Grandma and Mama cleaned up all of the mess. They went upstairs in the big room and brought down the blind and curtain and another rug and fixed up the room, aired the room, and took what was left of our gifts upstairs.

When Grandpa came in after he finished up the work he was doing, he came in the living room and said, "Oh, why did you take down the tree?" Grandma said, "Oh, we thought there will be alot of people here so we figured we would get it out of the way." Grandpa had never seen the fire or the commotion. No one told him either. He would have whipped us if he had seen what had happened. Grandma's hair and eye brows were scorched and most of the gifts were gone. Grandpa went to his grave many years after that without knowing about that disaster.

Uncle Joe's - 1914

I was 10 years old and my Grandpa's brother and his wife would come down from Dennison to visit. Aunt Annie always wanted me to go home with them to visit a few days. I did not want to go and they would come again and again, but I guess I must have been afraid. My mother said, "Why don't you go with Aunt Annie and Uncle Joe? They like you and want you to visit them." In a couple of weeks they came again so Mama said, "Go with them this time." She put my nightgown and slippers and clothes in my valise and away we went.

They wanted to show me a lot of places that day and after we had supper and talked a while, Aunt Annie went to the great big thing, I thought it was a clothes closet and started to pull on the front of it and the thing came down and I saw that it was a folding bed. She fixed the bedding ready to sleep on and said, "Get your clothes off, it is time to go to bed." I did not like the looks of it, but I had to do what she said. I put on my night gown and got in that monster. She kissed me good night and turned out the light and left me alone.

They lived close to the railroad. It was not very long until a big train came along and the "monster" started to shake, then it quickly folded up with me standing on my head. I screamed but she could not hear me, but Uncle Joe said to Aunt Annie, "did you fasten that bed down?" Aunt Annie said she would check and see. She wasn't very slow when she saw what had happened. She fixed it so it could not fly up again. I did not sleep very well and in the morning I told her I wanted to go home. She never invited me back.

1934 Grandpa Mowing

Grandpa had fine horses and good machinery, but the hills were bad to work on and he wondered if he could buy some hillside plows and wagons that would set level on the hill. There were several times the horse would slip or step in a groundhog hole and fall.

One Monday morning Grandpa took the team up on the hill to mow hay. They were going along well and just then one of the horses on the lower side of the mower fell flat. Grandpa jumped on her head and held it so she would not try to get up and upset the mower and the other horse was tangled in its harness. He tried to call me to come and bring a knife to cut the horse loose from the harness but it was Monday and I was in the basement doing the laundry. I thought I heard someone yelling at the top of their voice. I ran out the celler door and could see what had happened so I ran into the summer kitchen and grabbed a butcher knife and started to run up the hill. I finally got there and Grandpa said, "Cut the harness and anything you can and then jump back. I'll jump off the horses head and get out of the way before they can get up." I did what he said and we both got away without getting hurt. The horses were so frightened that they ran down the hill and up the road. We caught them about a 1/2 mile up the road. By that time they had settled down and were busy eating grass.

We brought the horses home and put them in the barn. Then we had to gather up the pieces of the harnesses and take them to the harness man to fix. The horses had a vacation that day and Grandpa and I wished we could fly like the birds!

Neighbors and Cousins

When I was just a kid the Palmers, McMullens, Hogues, Mumas, Carneys, Chapmans, and some that I cannot remember their names were my friends and we had nice times together.

I had a lot of cousins and they came too. There are some Mauses a little past sixty. We hear from them once in a while. We sure talk fast about good times remembered. Grandma Maus and her big family lived just a little bit above Dover.

They had a large two story house and eleven children. I loved to go there to visit. Grandma had a big outdoor oven to bake bread, cake and cookies and lots of other things. One time my Mama took her horse and buggy and me, and drove to Grandma's. It took three hours. We stayed all night. The next day Mama took Grandma to Strasburg to the biggest grocery store anyplace (according to the sign on the front of it). She bought lots of groceries and other things she needed for all of the children. They were gone all day. Us kids did not let any time be lost. We got the sugar and everything we needed and made candy and cookies. Boy what a day. When Grandma and Mama saw what we had done we all received

a scolding. The sugar was all gone, flour was spilled on the floor and the kids were pretty much filled up. Mama had to take Grandma back to the story (Garver's). Mama and I had to stay another day before we came home. When you read this just close your eyes and picture 16 people at the table at one time.

Hired Hands

We have had many kinds of hired hands. Some would listen when Grandpa told them what they would do that day. They would go right to work. Some had to change his clothing and some could only remember what it was a few minutes later. Some had to get a drink of water every little bit. One wanted Grandpa to get some red satin ribbon to put on the horses tail so they would look pretty.

We hired a boy that was never on a farm. It was hay time and at this time hay was pitched up on the wagon and another man on the wagon would spread it and level it out so it would stay on the wagon. When you worked in hay, the seeds and chaff would get down your shirt and make you itch. This fellow would go up to the house and go upstairs and take a bath after every load of hay. He only worked one day!

I have had several "spirits" to visit me. They are my "Guardian Angels." They are true and welcome to me.

Meeting Chester

In 1921, the Junior Class had a lovely dinner and then a play in honor of the Senior Class. It was up on the third floor of the Neighbor Building. The mothers of the class prepared and served it. It was lovely. Each one in our class was permitted to take a guest.

I invited my friend Carl Stocker and Verna Arth invited Chester Randles. We were seated together. They play was after the dinner. It was time for the people in the play to leave our places and go get ready for our parts in the play. Verna and I were in the play. After we left the table, Carl and Chester turned their chairs around to watch the performance. They were sitting side by side.

Verna was the rich lady in her part and I was the Sweedish kitchen cook. My hair was parted and each side had a piece of wire in it which stood out and had a ribbon on the end of it. They had blacked out my front teeth. I wore a fancy dress and blue and white striped stockings. I spoke in a very Sweedish tongue.

The play started and Chester turned to Carl and asked, "Who is the Sweedish girl?" Carl answered, "Marjorie Maus, why?" Chester answered, "That is the girl I am going to marry." Carl hit the ceiling. Carl and I were engaged. I had a beautiful blood ruby ring from Carl. Well he was pretty upset and he said I was not true to him. Well, I had never seen Chester before, until that night. To make a long story short, Carl and I broke up. Chester asked Margaret Beers to

introduce me to him. She brought him to my home. In three weeks, he asked me to marry him. I did not want to marry yet. I wanted to finish school. He gave me a lovely ring but we did not marry until Dec. 17, 1924. Rachel Emic and Harold Randles were our attendants at 5:30 p.m. Rev. Momburg officiated. Mother had a lovely dinner and my Grandma made a marble cake. Her 40th anniversary was the next day. Rachel and Harold went back to Roscoe.

The day was Thursday and Chester had to go to Uhrichsville on the 10 o'clock train as he was working there. Chet worked for Ohio Power. Mother and I washed the dishes and we went to bed. That had been a very busy day. Chet came home Friday afternoon. I was working for Mr. Raine's Department Store and it was a busy day. People were doing their Christmas shopping. I had to work from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. Chester came and met me after work and we went across the street to the Ern Carr Restaurant and got our supper. I still remember what we had to eat: hamburger sandwich, the best baked beans I ever ate, and a piece of apple pie.

1917

Grandpa Gardner got on his horse and went to the bank to cash a check. When he got home he gave the money to Grandma and she discovered he had \$10.00 too much, so he got on his horse and went back to the bank to return the \$10.00. The teller told Grandpa to leave that they didn't make mistakes so he went home with the extra \$10.00. That teller did not stay in that bank very long.

1924

I went to the drug store in my work (farm) clothes to get a compact for some loose powder that I wanted to take to a nice gathering that evening. The clerk said he wouldn't even get them out to show me because I wouldn't have the money to pay for one. I asked if I might see one and he said no I don't show products when people can't pay. I never went back for years but the clerk met me on the street a couple years later and apologized.

1908

It was Saturday afternoon and Mama had gone to town for groceries and Grandma wanted to get two nice chickens and dress them for Sunday dinner so she filled the big tea kettle full of water and put it on the stove and put some coal in the stove so the water would boil and left me alone while she went to the chicken house for the chickens.

I did not know what to get into so I got the yardstick and stuck it in the spout of the tea kettle. Then I got an umbrella, opened it up and started to have a parade. The umbrella hooked on the yard stick, it upset the kettle on my legs. It was boiling hot and I was scalded from my knees down. I was screaming and just then

Grandma came with the chickens. She grabbed me and pulled off my stockings, opened a gallon crock of apple butter and covered my legs from my knees to the tips of the toes. Mama soon came home. She took me to the doctor in town. When he saw my legs with all of that apple butter on me he tried to get it off, but the flesh came off too.

To make a long story short, my legs were burned to the bone, I was several weeks getting well and I learned not to open an umbrella in the house.

Corn Picking Dog - 1945

Summer time and the sweet corn was ready to can and I went to the garden on the south side and picked two bushels and took them to the kitchen. Our dog "Lady" always went with me wherever I went. She had gone with me and had returned to the back porch where she always liked to rest.

I went on with my corn, cleaned it and had it in the steamer when Chester came home. He came in the door and said, "Why did you put so much corn over the back porch. There must be two or three bushels of it."

Lady had seen me pick corn so she did her part! It still had the husks on and so I had three more hours to can Lady's corn.



Chester and "Lady" resting after a walk up on the hill. They loved to go walking together.

Eva Radcliff

Back in June 23, 1925, I joined the Rebekah Lodge #224, I took an active part in the work and served as Noble Grand several times. We had good people as members and nice times together and we did things for our members and any one that needed help.

In 1962, I was the Noble Grand and I received a letter from the Secretary of the Lodge in Massillon that one of their members had moved to Newcomerstown and she was asking me to go and visit the lady and make her welcome here.

I asked Lena Miller, one of our good members, to go with me the next day. We went to her home in the afternoon and when she invited us into her home we told her who and why we came to see her. We visited with her and she said, "I think I have seen you before." I told her that we would be very happy to have her bring her membership to our lodge. She said she would like to come. Her name was Eva Radcliff. She had a nice husband, Attley and two daughters, Doretta and Viola.

She was a fine person and we all loved her. She always did her part. She had been a Register nurse for years and still held her certificate.

In ca. 1980's she became ill. She was in the hospital several times. Doretta, who was also a R.N. and her husband came to take care of Eva. I went to see her often in the last days of her life. Her husband and my husband had passed away and we would talk about them and the Rebekahs. She was prepared to leave this world. I was there the afternoon when she took a turn for the worst. I talked to her and left. The members of her family came to be with her that evening. The next afternoon at 4 P.M. her daughter called and told me that her mother was almost gone and did I want to come and be with her. She had always called me her sister.

I thought a few minutes and then told Doretta, No, I was with her yesterday and we had such a nice talk, and that their families were there with her, and that I will see her in heaven.

In about ten minutes Doretta called and told me that her mother was gone. I said a prayer for her and thought what a beautiful friend I had lost. About seven o'clock, I thought I would call Dolly Lantz about Eva. I called and Dolly answered and I said, "I want to tell you we have lost a good neighbor this afternoon about 4:10." She said, "Tell me that again." I repeated it and she said, "Marjorie, at that time there was a great big ball of silver light that hovered over your home for at least five minutes then just went away." When she had first seen it she called for John to come and see the light and he called the Akron Observatory to see if there was anything in the sky like what they had seen, and he said, "No the sky is clear." Dolly asked me what it was and I said, "I am sure it was Eva's spirit there, I had not gone to her, so she stayed to tell me goodbye. Glory to God in the highest."

1942

It was October and the outside work was all done. Grandpa had gone up to sit with Grandma (she was in her bed and could not talk or move and we always had someone with her). Chester had just come from town and I was washing the dishes and mother had taken some towels off the clothes line to fold them. She just finished and walked to the end of the back porch and looked down the road. She said a man was walking north in front of the driveway and she just walked

across the back porch to see if he was going up the road and she saw him walk down to the machine shed and corn crib, he had a little suitcase in his hand. He tossed it in under the wagon in the shed. Mama watched for him to go up the road but he did not come out of the shed.

Mama called, "Chet" and said that the man did not come out of the shed. "You better go down and see about him." Chet said, "Oh, you didn't see him." Mama insisted that the man did not come out and finally, Chet said, "Just to make you happy I will go down and see." He went down and looked around, came back and said, "There isn't anyone there and the corn crib is locked." Mama said, "I know what I am talking about, I'll go and look myself." Chet was getting a little upset and he said, "I'll go get the flashlight and look again if it will make you happy. Chet took the key to the corncrib door and the flashlight and went to the corncrib door and opened it. He said he almost fainted, the crib was better than half full, and standing on top of the corn with a long rope around his neck was a large black man. He had put the top over one of the large timbers. Chester said, "What do you think you are doing?" The man said, "I am sick and have no family and no place to stay and I am going to hang myself." Chet said, "You get that rope down and get out of here. You are not going to hang yourself here. Just get off of that pile of corn. I will take you to town to the police and they will see to it that you get a place to stay. Chester gave the police money for food and medicine that the man may need during his stay." Chester also told the police to tell the man that he should head South after his release. He scared him bad enough that he doesn't want to see him again.

1942

The Second War was on and there was some German soldiers over this side of Cambridge in a prison. There were guards there but the men were not locked up.

One Sunday afternoon Grandpa was sitting on the front porch. There was three very nice looking young men come up the road. They turned and came up our front steps and on to the front porch and said, "Grandpa would you give us some water and something to eat." Grandpa said, "Sure, we never turn away a person. Marjorie, get these boys something to eat." He told the boys to just go into the kitchen and she will give you some food. They came in and I fixed them some sandwiches and a piece of cake and some coffee. They ate it all and thanked me and started to go through the front room and they saw the piano. One asked if someone played it. I said, "My mother does." They asked if she would play something and I told them that she was not home and I also said that there was a lady that was ill upstairs (Grandma). The one man asked if he could play one piece and I said that he could. He sat down and I don't think I have ever heard any nicer music.

Grandpa asked them where they were going and they said to Canton. He said "You better get going because that is a long way to go especially if you expect

to get there before dark. They left and about an hour later here came the guards from the prison. The young men knew they would be caught but they had a ball during their Sunday walk.

July 23, 1942

It was Saturday evening about 7:30 in the "Good old Summertime." My Grandmother was ill and had been for several weeks. Mother had gone to town for groceries and Chet had gone fishing. I was up in the room with Grandma and Grandpa was on the front porch. All at once Grandpa yelled, "Marjorie come quick, the bull is out and headed toward Shaws." I ran downstairs and to the front porch. Grandpa hollered, "Hurry that bull is headed up the road. Get ahead of him and start him back home." He was a big jersey bull and very cross too. I was afraid of him, but I had never let him know it so he minded what I said to him. It was just dusk and there was a lot of traffic. I always wore an apron with a pocket in it and I always carried one of Chet's white hankies in it for emergency use. I knew I'd have to flag some of the traffic down so I pulled out the hankie and started flagging the traffic coming behind me.

The first car slowed up to a stop and the next "smart-aleck" hollered, "Get the heck out of the road" and struck the back of the first car and caved in his own engine. I kept on running behind the bull and headed him down toward the barn where Grandpa had opened the gate. We got him in his stall and I returned to the house to check on Grandma.

I had been there only a few minutes when I heard a rap on the front door. I came down to find a highway patrolman. He said, "Are you the lady whose cow caused an accident?" I replied, "It wasn't a cow it was a bull and I suppose you would say it was the bull's fault, but it wasn't. It was the man in the second car because he wasn't watching where he was going." The patrolman said, "Well is was getting dark, you should have had a light on the bull." It flashed thru my mind, where would you have a light, so I said, "They are piped for water and gas but they are not wired for electricity." He never said a word to me. He just turned and went down the steps and down to D.B. Moore's filling station at the corner of Canal & College St. He asked Mr. Moore, "Who is the lady that usually wears a pink dress and lives up Buckhorn Rd." Mr. Moore said, "Oh, that is our Marjorie, what has she done now?" The patrolman told him about the accident and what I'd said to him and Mr. Moore told different people about the incident and in turn the people tormented the patrolman until he asked to be transferred. He was transferred to the western part of the state of Ohio.

That is what happened on a mid Summer's night with a love sick bull.

This is another interesting happening in the life of Marjorie Randles.

George Fenton and the Heifer - 1950

We had a nice heifer but she would not stay in the field. She jumped the fence and went over to Fenton's field with their cattle. Almost every day we had to go and get her.

This one evening we went and all of the cattle were at the back of the big field. We had to go and get her there. Chester and I started down the lane and little George Fenton asked if he could go along. He was about three years old. Chester said, "Yes." We did not walk very far before George said, "I'm tired." Chet stooped down and said to George, "Get up on my shoulders." Chet raised up and George was holding Chester's hair with his hands and Chester had his hands on George's feet. They started on and in a few minutes George said to Chester, "Your shoulders are bigger than our old mare's shoulders!"

1942

One very cold evening, Mother, Chester and I were sitting at the kitchen table playing Flinch. The front door bell rang and Chet answered it. There was two men and they pushed their way into the room. They were very cold and had been drinking. They wanted to stay all night.

Chester told them he would call a taxi and they could get a place in town. They did not want to go to town. Chester did not want them here and neither did Mother and I.

Chester called the police office and told them what was going on and the Chief of Police told Chester to call a taxi and have the men brought down to the office. Chester called the taxi and he helped the driver get the men into the car. Chester gave the taxi driver money for the men's supper and beds.

In the morning we were called by the police to tell us that the men had stolen a car over at Cambridge, had robbed a soldier of his money and a few other things. They had gone to our neighbors, the Truex family, and broken in to get food before they came here. The Truex family had gone away for the evening.

Stealing Salesman

We had so many people along the road, selling most anything. One day a young man came to the front door selling books. He said he was selling them so he could go to college. Grandma said she would buy some. Her pocket book was in the desk to the left of the door and she went to get the money to pay him. He gave her the receipt for it and he went down the porch steps and started up toward Wolf Station. Grandma hooked the screen door and went out to the Summer Kitchen. She just got there and she looked down the road. She saw a man running that, she thought looked like the salesman. She ran over to the house to see if he had broken in. He had cut the screen on the door and went in and took Grandma's pocketbook.

We did not have a telephone at the time, so Grandma started to run down to Muma's and told Mr. Muma what had happened. She called the police and told them. One of the police officers was at the depot and a passenger train was loading, the policeman ran to the train as it started, he saw a man get on the train and he called on ahead to Columbus. The police caught him there. We never heard what they did to him.

Bill and Marjorie's Wedding - March 17, 1947

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Goettge and our family were good friends and we went places together and they would come to our home and visit in the evening. The Second World War started and their son William (Bill) joined the Marines. The war was getting worse, and his ship was sent over to the Islands.

During that time women in our country were filling the place of men taken for war duty.

Margaret (Marge) Hinson was sent to Newcomerstown to work at the tower (railroad) for the Pittsburgh-Columbus trains. Grover worked at the Pittsburgh tower and he told Marge that she could live with him and his wife during the war. Their son was home for a few days before he was sent to the island and he met Marge. They wrote to each other and liked each other.

Helen Goettge, (Bill's mother) and Marge were here one evening. We were talking about the war and a telegram came here for Helen.

Her son Bill was injured in the battle of Iwo Jima. It was a very sad time. He was finally returned to the States and back home to recover. Marge and Bill fell in love. He went back to his ship until the war was over.

One evening Margaret and Helen were here and Marge said, "I wish I could come down that curved stairway when we get married." I said, "You surely can."

When March 17th, 1947 rolled around, the wedding time was here. Rev. Foust was the minister. Susan and Parker Burge decorated the stairs with Ivy and white satin bows. There was an arch in front of the Bay window, and a white satin runner on the floor leading to the arch. Marge's gown was beautiful. It was made of white satin with lace trim. It had a long flowing train. Marge's sisters were bridesmaids. Ernie Vierheller was the best man. Robert Lee was the usher and Chester Randles gave the bride away. Sixty guests enjoyed a reception in our home.

The bride and groom cut the cake and we toasted the couple. They left on their honeymoon after the reception.

We did not have rice to throw but I got my dry soup beans to throw and I know there must have been beans around the house for two years. The next Spring there was beans coming up in the yard. That was a pleasant reminder of a beautiful wedding.

My Valentine - 1946

On February 14, 1946, Chester bought me three registered Heifers (Angus calves). I had seen them at Earl Carruthers home and they were so nice I wanted some of them.

We brought them home and fixed places for them to eat and sleep. We took good care of them. The next year, we had three little calves, that called for more work for us and feed for them. It went on like that for several years. We joined the Angus Cattle Association and that called for more work and extra help at times. It went on until May 22, 1956 at 6 a.m. there was an awful noise and it was lightening that struck the barn. It was on fire all over. The firemen came and worked hard to put it out but it was not possible to do so. The barn, our hay and straw was gone. Some machinery and small tools were gone too. We were able to get all the livestock out. We kept the cows until October and had a sale up at the fairgrounds. It was well attended and the stock sold good. We decided to quit being "cowboys and girls"!



Chet and some of the cattle 1956 (barn in background burned down)

1952

This was about the cow in the swamp. One of the cows was due to drop her calf and I had to go to town for groceries etc. Mother told me to dress up this time. I went to town and returned with my supplies, drove in the driveway just in time to see the cow drop her calf. I drove the car into the garage, jumped out of the car and ran to the barn yard, scaled the rail fence, ran down the railroad track to where the calf had fallen into the swamp, picked up the little calf and got it out on solid ground and carried it up a little hill to the barn yard. The mother would not accept the calf. I rubbed the calf clean but still the mother wouldn't

take it. I contacted the vet and told her what happened. The vet was not home, I talked to his wife, and she said she would send him as soon as he returned. I returned to the barn and in the meantime all the cows had gathered but the calf smelled and they wouldn't touch it. I asked mother to try for the vet again because I was getting unnerved. The vet answered the phone and was on his way. She asked if there was anything we could do until he could get here. He said to give it a drink of whiskey to give it strength. Mother said, "Would it be OK for me to drink the whiskey and wait for him to come." He said, "Well OK, I'll be there in a few minutes." He arrived and brought fresh milk from another cow who had just had a calf. That milk gets them started and we fed it. The mother never did accept the calf. A gentleman came by and asked to take the calf. Chet told him he could have it and he sold it for \$2.00. We later found out that it had survived.

Mother and Father

My Mother and Father lived together for 35 years. They were incompatible and they talked it over and agreed to get a divorce. My Dad moved to Uhrichsville and Mother went to Lancaster to work as a governess for a girl 12 and a boy 13 years old. They were children of the city manager. Their mother was very active in civic affairs. Mother worked for them until Grandma fell ill with a stroke. She came home to help care for Grandma and stayed until after Grandma died. She returned to her job and later married Clyde Little. As a result of the marriage, I gained two sisters, Ruth Wise and Cora Engel and four brothers, Raymond, Wayne, Clarence, and Ralph Little. All of them were very nice to Chester and me. We got along like one big happy family.

My Stepfather passed away in a few years and Mother came back and made her home with Chester and I.

The Truex Family

The Truex family came here from Smithfield a long time ago. Annie and Sam Truex along with his brother Robert and their son Bud and wife and children Lucille, Raymond, Alice, Betty and Patty.

Chester and I were very good friends with all of them. When we would be making a trip to New Philadelphia sometimes the kids would go with us.

The Truex family had 120 holstein cattle and we had 43 black angus cows. We raised a lot of hay and worked together at harvest time. I rode the tractor and truck and Mrs. Truex stacked the bales. The three Truex men tossed up the bales. It took a lot of hay to feed all those animals. We shared other farm tasks during the year. Time goes on and the older ones are gone. The younger ones are busy with their own families.

The Carl Cutshalls

The Cutshalls had two boys, Kevin and Rick, and they used to enjoy coming to our home. Chester helped Kevin with his little steer. He took it to the fair. Our families have been friends a long time. Now the boys are bringing their sons to visit me.

Mrs. Cutshall (Shirley) will serve as Worthy Matron of the Eastern Stars in 1993. We have had an ongoing friendship for many years.

Linda and Dan Tice

It was a rainy night, dark and cold when there came a knock at the front door and I opened the door and there stood a beautiful lady wringing wet and she asked to use my phone. The lady was Linda Tice, wife of Dan Tice. She and her children were on their way to town when her car stalled and she had to call her husband for help. I gave her a towel and Chester's raincoat and she went down the road to the car to wait with her children until her husband could come and take them to town. We have been close friends ever since that day. The Tice children, Raelyn and Eric became very good friends and they named me "Grandma Buckhorn." I've known them for over 14 years and enjoy their company along with their Grandpa Cunningham.

1981

Chester had been gone a couple of weeks and one of the young boys of our church was killed in an accident. The funeral was Sunday afternoon and the women of the church prepared a nice dinner at the church for the family and friends after the service and internment. They needed another woman to help and they called me and asked if I could come and help. I said I could help them. The people came about 3 p.m. from the cemetery, had refreshments and talked together as they sat at the tables.

I was in the kitchen washing dishes. It started to get dark outdoors and one of the women said, "Marjorie, you better go now its dark and we don't want you to go in your house alone. If anyone is around, just drive on past the house." I started home, when I came up the little place in the road I saw a car going real slow and turned down the lane to the right side of the road, drive up to the barn and turn out the lights on the car. I drove faster and then drove up to the back porch and turned off the engine but left the lights on the car, unpacked my car and went in the house and called Carl Cutshalls home. Shirley answered. I asked if any of the men were there. I said a car with two men had driven down to the barn and I would like to have someone come over to my house. All three of the men came in their car. By that time the two men were on the front porch. They kept their heads down. I talked thru the door and by that time Cutshalls were up on the porch. I opened the door. Mr. Cutshall asked the men what they were doing

down at the barn and turning off their lights. One of them said that they got lost and thought they would drive down there and turn around. Mr. Cutshall said, "I think you are not just telling the whole truth. Now get your car and get on up the road and don't ever come here again or you will be charged with trespassing.

The men left. They were persons we had heard, that liked to borrow gasoline without asking.

Mama and the Goat

While Grandma, Grandpa and Mama lived on Lick Run there was a field right beside of their backyard where Mr. Brown kept a billy goat. It was cross and you had to watch or it would run and knock you down.

There was a picket fence around the field and one of them was loose and could be pushed to one side and Mama liked to push it aside and go sit on a big flat stone in the field. Grandma had told her not to go into the field that the goat would run and hit her if he saw her there. It was Monday morning and Grandma had her wash tubs and benches that she put the tubs on when she did the laundry out. She saw Mama push the post over and crawl through and go to sit on the stone. Grandpa kept watching for Billy. Pretty soon she saw him coming down the hill toward Mama. Grandma yelled, "Here comes Billy, get back thru the fence." Mama started but she could not see the picket it had fallen back in place. Mama was screaming and running along the fence and Billy was pretty close. Grandma called, "Come to me" and she got a hold of Mama and lifted her over the fence just as Billy got there. While Mama was running and screaming she was saying "My God, Matt where is the hole?"

Big Tooth - 1981

Chester had been gone about five months. I had to go to New Philadelphia to talk to my lawyer. It was a nice winter day and Martha and Ralph drove my car and away we went. After we finished the business, we did a little shopping and came home.

I read the newspaper, ate a lunch, and went to bed about 11 p.m. I woke up about 4 a.m. and my throat hurt so bad I did not know what to do. It was swollen and I never had pain like it. I walked the floor, rubbed by neck, everything I could do until 5 a.m. then I called the doctor and told him about the problem and asked him to come and look at my neck. He said he would have to get dressed and would be there as soon as he could.

When I hung up, I called the Tiltons and told them and they came right away. It had snowed and Ralph cleared the drive so the doctor could drive up to the back door. The doctor arrived and he looked at my throat and said, "Mrs. Randles your throat is very swollen and purple, I want you in the hospital as soon as possible. He called Dr. Ray a specialist for throat and ears and explained what it looked

like. Dr. Ray could not take me for three days. Mr. and Mrs. Tilton said they would take me on Monday and I was to bring necessary clothing. There was nothing the doctor could do except give me pain pills. By this time the Tiltons and the doctor had returned to their homes.

I had nothing to eat since the night before and could not swallow so I looked in the cupboard and saw a can of pea soup. I opened it up and heated it and drank some of it. It was hot and in a few minutes there was a lump behind my lower front teeth. I went upstairs to see if I could see it in my hand mirror. I saw a white "something" about the size of a pea. I called Martha and told her. She asked if I wanted the doctor again. I said no I'll wait a little while and see what happens. I drank some more of the soup, looked in my mouth again and the lump was bigger. I washed my hands again and reached in and took hold of the white "pea". I held on and pulled. There was a bone that looked like a parsnip about 1 ½ inches long. It tapered down to a point then came out of my mouth. The swelling soon went down and the pain went away. I called the doctor and he said I should go to see a doctor in Zanesville to see what it was.

On Monday, Marth and Ralph took me to Zanesville to the doctor. I was called into the office and seated in the chair for examination. The doctor looked at the "something" and started to laugh. He said it is a tooth and the biggest one I have ever seen. It could have been in your jaw for fifty years. He took a picture and an article about this appeared in the American Medical Journal about it.

The doctor told me I have saved myself \$10,000 by removing it. His fee would have been \$3,000 and the hospital bill \$7,000 if it would have been operated on by the doctor.

I was surely a very happy person.

Look Twice Before You Write!

In 1987 I had been having pain in my stomach and it was getting worse. I went to Dr. Shah. He took x-rays and other examinations and told me that I had gallstones. He thought I should have them removed but he suggest I wait two or three weeks to build up some resistance in my body. I came home and in a couple of days I was coming down the stairs and fell and broke my right ankle. I was then taken back to the hospital and he said, Well we will fix your ankle and then remove your gallbladder then you will be fine when both heal." I was in two hospitals and three nursing homes. I did real good and was to be dismissed on September 19th.

I as returned to my home that day. I improved well and people would come to see me in the afternoons.

October arrived and it was time for my Social Security check. That afternoon several people came to see me and Mr. Ralph Tilton went to the mailbox to get the mail. When my mail was brought to me I asked, "Where is my Check?" The

check was not there. We called the Post Office and when the postman answered he said, "It was sent back, Mrs. Randles is dead." Everyone laughed but it was not very funny to me. We called the New Philadelphia office and it was verified that my check had been returned to headquarters. I was questioned about illness and the lady in charge said she would have to see me before she could do anything. She told me to come up Monday morning. Mr. Tilton took me up to the office. After questioning and several calls to the top office they said they would try to get it back for me.

My mail was addressed to the estate of Marjorie Randles.

Finally on Jan. 31, 1988 I received a check. The others followed a couple of weeks later. I was very thankful to Mrs. Levingood for her work in returning my check. The nursing home had evidently sent word to the post office that I had passed away.

Guardian Angels, North

"Chet" always said, "If Grandpa and I did not have Guardian Angels we would have died early." I sure keep my Guardian Angels busy. I'll jot down some of the rest of them around here: The Ralph Tiltons; The Don & George Fenton families; The Craig Wilkins; all of the Truex family; The John Lantz; The Bob McCutcheons, The "Dick" Schwarms; The Paul Bakers; The Carl and "Rick" Cutshall families; The Springs; The Lahmers, Rosemary and her husband; Ray and Doretta Seese; Linda and Dan Tice and family; the Corbetts; and a very special friend, Ray Cunningham, 101 years young on Oct. 23, 1992, and the Bill Lawrence family.

There are quite a few to the South too!

Our Trip West - 1971

Our trip was great. We slept in the truck. It was O.K. We saw the beautiful country. We were gone from home for over three months. While we were away, Lottie and Harvey Reger and Lena and "Ed" Miller took care of our home. We saw so many beautiful animals, large ranches, scenary and met a lot of travelers like us.

It would take a week to tell you about it and show the pictures we took. One night we stopped at the fort where the Indian Chief had lived after the war. There were several men that were stationed there from Ohio. They saw the license place on the truck and came to see if we lived close to their homes. Once in a while someone would find that we were pretty close and it sure made them smile. No matter where you travel to, you find some nice people.

The Turkey

It was Thanksgiving time and Chester met Dave Fletcher downtown and he asked "Chet" if he would like to buy a nice turkey. He said they were nice big ones. "Chet" asked if they were dressed. "No," Dave said, "but it is not hard to do that." They talked a few minutes and Dave said, "Do take one for your Thanksgiving dinner." "Oh, all right, pick out a nice one and bring it out to the house."

The next day Dave came with a big 38 pound one. We put it down in the empty chicken house. Everyday someone went down and fed and watered the turkey. We did not have time to dress the turkey. Grandmother had a bad stroke on Oct. 18th and could not talk, move or do anything for herself and some of us had to be with her all of the time.

Time went on, everyday the turkey was fed. This went on each day. The turkey grew larger and larger.

The last of March there was a nice day and Grandma was asleep so Mother and I decided to kill the turkey.

I went down to the basement and brought up the big tub and filled it with water. I had set it on the stove where there was four burners to heat the water.

Mama put on the pair of overalls that Chester wears when he went to feed the cattle. They were too big for her, but she rolled up the legs and the crotch was down to her knees. I was in my regular barn clothes. We went to the barn and I got an old corn cutter and a gunny sack with holes in it and then we went to get the turkey. There was a large block of wood in the chicken yard that we were going to chop the turkey's head on.

We had been told if you put its head in a large feed sack, pull out its neck, tie its legs at the top of the sack that there was nothing to killing it. We went in the chicken house, caught the turkey and came out and put the head into the sack and tied the sack around its feet. We laid its head on the block and pulled its neck and laid it down and hit the turkey's neck. It bounced up in the air and the turkey flopped its wings, the sack tore and Mama grabbed the turkey wings just as the turkey spread them to fly away. Mama grabbed it just where its wings fastened on its body, and laid down on the turkey.

We kept hitting its neck until I beat it to death. Mama rode the turkey around in the yard at every jump.

We took it up to the back porch. Then we took the large tub full of boiling water out on the porch, scalded the turkey and plucked it.

When Chester came home we had just finished getting the feathers all off. "Chet" said, "Oh, I see you cleaned the turkey today!"

My reply, "Yes, we did, Mama rode it around the yard while I beat it to death and if you ever bring another one like that around here I will beat you to death too."

Barn Fire

May 22nd, 1956, there was a very bad storm at six o'clock in the morning. My Mother, Chester and I were in bed when a man pounded on the front door and called out, "Your barn is on fire, come quick!" We all jumped up. I put on my robe over my night gown and put on my slippers and ran downstairs and put Chester's rain coat, my boots and sun bonnet on and ran down and opened the big barn doors, got on the tractor and backed it out of the barn.

Chet had put on his pants, shirt and shoes and called the fire department. There was 43 Angus cows and calves in the barn and it was up to "Chet" and I to get them out of the barn and the barnyard.

There was two 5 gallon buckets full of feed that had been set on the tractor the night before and Chester got on the tractor and started to call the cows and drive out into the field. The cows were used to doing that every morning and they responded to Chet's call.

In the meantime, I saw the man that had stopped his truck to call us. I asked him if he knew how to close a western gate, he said yes and I asked him to go down and close the two gates at the barnyard so the cows could not get back into the barnyard. In several minutes the gates were closed. Chet had put the feed into the trough. The feed was soon gone and cows headed back to the barn. The barn was entirely engulfed in flames by then. The firemen were here and kept the big machine and corn crib that were north of the barn and the big chicken house to the south from burning.

The water on the farm was soon used up and they went to town for more but they could not get the barn fire extinguished.

The men from the Ohio Power Company came and helped but nothing could be done so when the sides of the barn fell out the men took big poles and pushed them into the fire.

We stayed up all night as the fire would blaze and we were afraid it would spread to the other buildings. The ambers burned until Sunday and then a good rain came and put out the fire.

There was a lot of people that did nice things. Dale Johnson and his little daughter brought us a lovely pie for our dinner. When she went home she said, "Mama, why was Mrs. Randles not crying?" Her mother said, "Why was she supposed too?" She said her barn was burning, and her Mother told her that no one was hurt or dead and Mrs. Randles was happy for that. Things we use can be replaced but people that get killed can not be replaced.

Later when I was attending the meeting of our District Inspection I used the quotation, "Why was I not crying?" The answer, "There was no one hurt and all the cows and calves were saved. Our dog and the kittens were safe and our

home was saved. The barn, hay, straw, and machinery could be replaced. None of our loved ones were hurt or killed. God was kind and good to us again.

Chester and I worked there all summer to get things cleaned up so we could build a new barn. We had the calves up above the road and we had built a corral and troughs to feed the cows. We sold the cattle in October.

After the ground was cleaned, we talked about building a new wood barn. One thing was sure, we needed a place to store the new tractor and other pieces of machinery that we had to replace. The Ohio Power boys said they would help. One evening we were coming home from town and as we came down Canal Street we noticed a new big cement building that was just finished. We went and looked it over and decided we would hunt the person that had built it. It was the Cramlet men. They talked a while and said they would come to our house the next day and talk about what we wanted and they would tell us how much it would cost. The next day, they came and talked it all over and gave us a price. It was satisfactory and we shook hands on the deal. The workmen came in three days. The cement building was completed in three weeks and they gave us the key and we gave them the money in full. They started the building on my birthday, July 17, 1957

High School

I did not have to walk to school in the winter but when good weather came, I walked on nice days. There was 7 girls and 7 boys that came to our home every Friday evening. My mother would let us play games and she taught us to dance. She was a very happy person and all of the kids loved her. The kids walked up the railroad and when they came up below the cow barn, they climbed over the fence.

When the cows heard the kids coming they would go down to meet them. Some of the girls were afraid of them but they soon got used to the cows.

“The High Jinks and the By Jinks” was the name of our club.

We had Guernsey cows and they had good cream. The kids enjoyed the milk and fresh bread and butter and apple butter for their lunch before they went home.

When it was moonlight, we would go up on the hill at the point above the town, and have cook-outs. The town would look like a big round dish. Mother always went with us to see that we did not get the hill on fire.

Years ago the Indians lived around the town and if you know about the Indian and the White Woman. It is a very interesting story and people interested in Indians came to hunt things left by the Indians. My father used to hunt arrows etc. here on the farm. In the Spring, after the fields were plowed and then a good rain came, it was the best time for looking for such things. He found some very nice ones but we have given away most of them.

Clyde Barthalow - Favorite Son

Four of his classmates were seated at the head table to share in this celebration.

It was “all aboard” for a tour back through the life, work and experiences that qualified Clyde Barthalow for the honor of becoming Newcomerstown’s Favorite Son.

Train tickets were handed to the conductresses for this journey. Authentic railroad hats and the familiar red handkerchiefs marked the places “in the diner.”

Forty-seven years of administrator’s duties, English, History and railroading was shared with the many guests. Along the route, reports were heard from:

GORDON DeMARCO: When he read history, it came alive. One year, he collected 27 water pistols from the 7th and 8th grade students. I remember the sharp creases in his trousers.

DEBBIE LOWER: One of his favorite phrases was “Can’t die in the cornfield.”

MARJORIE RANGLES: We started in the 1st grade together. She displayed some pictures of those early days. She said, “The elevator to success is not running, one must take the stairs, one step at a time.” We had varnished chairs at graduation. We took our chairs with us. Pigeons came to hear the music. If we would have had mortar boards, the pigeons would have had a place to land. I’m so glad cows don’t fly.

FRANK GUALT: My great Grandfather was in Barthalow’s 7th grade class! Congratulations you left an impression on my life. You are a true friend and I’ll always cherish your friendship.

FARRELL SHARROCK: We went to enlist in the army. I weighed 5 pounds more than James Madison.

JOHN HELLER: I remember two things very well, he spent considerable time shining his gold tooth and he gave me my first paddling. I’m happy to be his neighbor and I want to thank him for all he has done for our community.

TOM LITTLE: He asked me to help in setting up a Clyde B. scholarship fund. Thus far, 3 students have benefited from this fund. Students must want to be a teacher and a graduate of Newcomerstown High School.

CHARLES PICKENS, Maple Heights: Clyde is a gentleman and he recently retired from teaching in the Maples Heights school system.

DAVID WONSETLER, Guidance Counselor at Maple Heights: John Henry Newman recently wrote a 471 page essay that could well have been written about Clyde. He is “Mr. Gentility,” truly an educated gentleman.

CHERYL DUNKLE, Niece: He dedicated his life to others. He’s been my second father.

ED HAMPSHER: He influenced so many. He is a “class” person. He knows how to inspire persons. He put his life and soul into this community.

GENE RIFFLE: He made an art of public speaking. He influenced my life. He started me in model railroading. We have gone on alot of railroad trips together.

CLYDE: Charles Pickens could make you think the sky was full of pie, any kind you like. "The mind can only absorb what the seat can endure." I am happy to be in Newcomerstown again. I enjoyed the 21 years of teaching. I had top teachers to work with and outstanding superintendents and one of the greatest privileges was that of knowing Joe Carlisle of Buckeye J.V.S. and seeing many of my former students. Had Mondale come to Newcomerstown, he would have chosen Dolly Hall for his running mate, Geraldine would not have had a chance. Clyde gave us some quotes from the late Supt. W.W. Hayes.

He concluded his remarks by saying that he would always have this night and the fine people of Newcomerstown to carry him through.

Clyde's four classmates present were: Marjorie Randles, Helen Neff, Gladys Downs, and Lois Craig.

Neighbors - Old and Young

THEN — (early 1900's) our neighbors were always on hand if any of them needed help. In our neighborhood were: The Biglow Millers, Duncan McMillen, Howard Hogue, John Chapman, Frank Palmer, Walter Fenton, Earnest Carney, Brodey McKinsey, Elmer Schwarm, Theodore Muma, John Gardner and many others.

Summer was a busy time. There was hay to make, corn to plant and when it was ripe, it had to be cut and picked and put into the corn crib.

The people all joined together. It was fun to work any time. The horses were strong and were used to prepare the ground and then they helped to store the oats, corn wheat and hay.

After all that was finished, there was apples, potatoes and other garden items to be put away for use in the winter. There were several kinds of nut trees and they were gathered for winter use. Then came the preparing of the buildings for the animals. They had to have straw to sleep on and then Thanksgiving time came and then there was butchering to be done.

There was no telephones in the early 1900's so horses were used to get someplace in a hurry. We used oil lamps and wood and coal had to be stored in the coal house or basement.

NOW — (1950-present) The people are different, they have electricity and use it to do a lot of things. They have tractors, electric washers and driers, telephones, and automobiles. Many men work at another place, some wives work away from home. We buy our eggs, milk, butter and already canned things, there is no coal or kindling to bring in. However, if there is anyone that needs help or there is some trouble everyone is there to help. People do not visit very often. I think TV has helped to keep us home because we don't want to miss that next film!

Sayings

You can't put an old head on a young body.

Chickens always come home to roost.

Curiosity killed the cat.

Hunger knows no stale bread and cold knows no old coat.

Don't upset the apple cart.

Good ridence of bad rubbage

Once a man twice a child.

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

In the country of the blind a one eyed man would be King.

You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink.

Make a dog king and soon the whole world will be snarling.

Firm and fully packed.

Full steam ahead and take no prisoners.

Little pond but the big fish don't swim with the little ones.

Handy as a pocket in your shirt.

The first 100 years are the hardest.

You might as well be dead as out of style.

Love makes the world go' round.

Come my friend and walk with me, the best is yet to be.

Getting old is no walk in the park.

A still tongue makes a wise head.

A stitch in time saves nine.

No skin off of my butt.

Not worth a pigs sty.

I'm so hungry I could eat a horse.

Did your mother ever run out from under the stove and bite you?

God's clock keeps perfect time.

Like Mother like child or daughter.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Whistling girls and crowing hens always come to bad ends.

Beauty is only skin deep.

Don't put all of your eggs in one basket.

Too many cooks spoil the soup.

A watched pot never boils.

Talk of an angel you will hear their ways.

Rain on Easter Sunday, rain seven Sundays will follow.

As long as a snow ball in Hell.

There is a sucker born every minute.
It's a long lane without a turn.
A blind pig finds an acorn once in a while.
As the twig is bent so grows the tree.
You can't make a purse out of a sow's ear.
There is none so blind as he who won't see.
If the shoe fits wear it.
Never look a gift horse in the mouth.
Vote for me and I'll show you.
You have ridden more winners than Willie Shoemaker.
I look like the mother of a Golden Girl dancer.
My pants are so tight they cut off the circulation to my feet.
Going to hell in a handcar.
Never start anything on Sunday.
Carry coats to New Castle.
Changes mind as much as his underwear.
You can bet your bottom dollar.
Snug as a bug in a rug.
Not through by a long shot.
Take your mind out of your stomach.
It's just like a fruit farm!
Put that in your pipe and smoke it.
Lickin' their chops.
Black as coalies Butt.
The grass is greener on the other side of the fence.
The kettle calling the pot black.
So hungry I could eat a sow and ten pigs and chase the boar a mile.
Just mad in the face.
Get the lead out of your pants.
With friends like that who needs enemies.
Going to do it if I have to go thru hell and high water.
Here is mud in your eye.
Not on your old tin type.
Going to the dogs.
Sunday angel and everyday devil.
Got him where the hair is short.
Talked a good job.
Laugh and the world laughs with you, Cry and you cry alone.
Only two things we have to do, death and pay taxes.

Worth his weight in wild cats.
Dutch as sauerkraut.
A bakers Dozen.
Hot as a little red wagon.
As sweet as sugar candy.
Tighter than paper on the wall.
Smart as a whip.
Hungry as a hound dog.
Wouldn't that frost your cake.
A smiling face doesn't mean a happy heart.
One picture is worth a thousand words.
Give us a run for our money.
Not worth a thousand words.
Not worth a bag of beans.
Hell is paved with good intentions.
She is like melting butter.
The more they get the more they want.
Up to snuff.
When ignorance is bliss tis folly to be wise.
A new broom sweeps clean.
The wheel that squeaks gets the grease.
A day late and a dollar short.
A face only a mother could love.
Stubborn as a Missouri mule.
Crooked as a dog's hindleg.
Hell to pave and not pitch hot.
More money than Carter his pills.
If you ain't the lead dog the scenery never changes.
In a hundred years you will never know the difference.
Knock on wood.
This world and then Steubenville.
This world and then the fireworks.
Jack of all trades and master of none.
Hop, skip and a jump.
Dream of the dead and hear from the living.
Cross as a bear with a sore toe.
Got a burr under her tale (or saddle).
It is a long road that doesn't have a turn.

Re-arrange the dust.
 Barking dogs don't bite.
 A hill to pave and no pitch hot.
 I feel like a penny waiting for change.
 She has a shape like a sack full of door knobs.
 He walks like a yard of pump water.
 You look like death warmed over.
 Sock it to them.
 Butter 'em up.
 A run for their money.
 Run out of steam.
 Will you pay if you bet?
 Hide the cheese, I smell a rat.
 I did it my way.
 Their pickling geese in Ireland.
 Eat anything that lays still on my plate.

A poem sent to me for Christmas 1991

*It's the hand we clasp with an honest grip,
 That gives us a hearty thrill.*
*It's the good we pour into others lives,
 That comes back our own to fill.*
*It's the days we drain from another's cup,
 That makes our own seem sweet.*
*And the hours we give to another's need,
 That makes our cup complete.*
*It's the burdens we help another bear,
 That makes our own so light.*
*It's the danger seen for another's feet
 That shows us the path to right.*
*It is the good we do each passing day,
 With a heart sincere and true.*
*It is giving the world your very best,
 It's best will return to you.*

Yes, there is a serious part of me. This is my prayer:

Lord, we ask you to bless our gathering today, as we join our hearts and souls, yes, our very spirits let us be lifted up to Thee, for it is from Thee that all blessings cometh. Keep us ever mindful of our dependence upon Thee, for without Thee our efforts are but nought.

We pray for thy divine guidance as we travel the highways of life. We pray for more courage, more faith and above all we pray for more love.

Father, we call Thee Father, because we love Thee. We are glad to be called Thy children, and to dedicate our lives to the service that extends through willing hearts and hands to the betterment of all mankind. We pray for people of all races, creeds, classes, and colors the world over and pray that peace, joy, fellowship and brotherhood may circle the world.

We know the world is filled with trouble and discord. Help us Father to so unite our efforts that all people may join in peace and brotherhood, justice and equality. Direct us O Lord, in all our doings with Thy gracious favor and help that in all our work will be begin, continued and ended in Thee. May we glorify Thy holy name and finally by Thy mercy obtain everlasting life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Good Morning, God

You are ushering in another day
 untouched and freshly new,
 so here I come to ask You God
 if You'll renew me too?

Forgive the many errors, that
 I made yesterday, and let me try
 again dear God.
 to walk closer in Thy way.

But Father, I am well aware
 I can't make it on my own.
 So take my hand and hold it tight
 for I can't walk alone.

— Helen Steiner Rice

Goodnight, Dear God

The sun has gone down from the sky
 And peace of night is drawing nigh.
 I pray, Dear God, my soul You'll keep
 While in Your loving arms I sleep.

Forgive the things I did today
 When from Your glorious path I'd stray.
 And as I slumber through the night
 Please take my hand and hold it tight.

And when I awake to a bright new morn,
 Restored, refreshed, renewed, reborn.
 I'll try again, Dear God to be
 The person You would hope of me.

Thoughts and Verses that Mean ALOT to Me

Friendship is a chain of God - shaped in God's all perfect mold - each link a smile, a laugh, a tear - a grip of the hand - a word of cheer - steadfast as the ages roll, binding closer soul to soul. No matter how far or heavy the load. Sweet is the journey on friendship's road.

Our friends are among the choicest possessions life has bestowed upon us, and we should use the greatest possible care in preserving them. It is our duty to expect every effort to retain old friends and to make new one. Someone has truly said that great is the fellowship along that highway of life known as friendship's road.



He has passed to the realm above out of a world of strife. To receive through our Father's infinite love the reward of a well spent life.



The covers of Life's Book are closed for one we loved so well,
But kindly tales of years well spent are what the pages tell,
Each Chapter in it leaves a thought as lovely as can be,
For us to keep within our hearts enshrined in memory.



The Master once some precious jewels lent;
To gladden earth, these from Heaven sent.
But needing them in realms to us unknown,
He sent His messenger to call them home.



When those we love have slipped across the threshold of God's door, they leave behind those memories which makes us love them more.



God saw the ways was getting rough
The hills were hard to climb
He gently closed his eyes
And whispered, "Peace Be Thine".



The voice that was loved is silent now,
And stilled is the helpful hand.
But we know that God will use them both.
In that wonderful heavenly land
Though we say "He is dead" he still lives on
In memories tender and true
And the cadence of his voice still rings
Our faith and love to renew.

GARDNER FAMILY

	BORN	DIED
Mary Margaret	Nov. 19, 1859	Jan. 23, 1875
Lydia Elizabeth	Sept. 10, 1863	May 12, 1882
John Wilson	Oct. 1861	Dec. 24, 1945
Joseph W.	Nov. 10, 1866	July 16, 1951
Anna Virginia	Jan. 25, 1869	May 14 , 1882 12 th
Sally Catherine	Mar. 28, 1871	May 14 , 1882 12 th
Eliza Ellen	Dec. 17, 1872	July 14, 1949
Emma Mae	Feb. 14, 1876	Jan. 21, 1964
Lilly Belle	Aug. 25, 1879	May 16, 1979
Parents:		
Isaac Gardner	Nov. 30, 1833	May 12, 1882
Jane Patterson	Oct. 6, 1841	May 12, 1883
Grandma Gardner's Family:		
John Addy	Oct. 31, 1847	1881
Mary Ann Mackey Addy	May 18, 1845	Apr. 4, 1926
Children:		
Alta Carrie	??	??
Lydia	July 14, 1875	Apr. 10, 1940
Martha	Feb. 10, 1867	Dec. 18, 1944
Jessie Bernice Gardner Maus-Little	May 21, 1887	Mar. 10, 1944
Harvey Nicholis Maus	Apr. 17, 1878	Mar. 17, 1969

RANGLES - MILLIGAN

Anderson Milligan (Chester's Grandfather)] MARRIED Oct. 22, 1874	
Born Oct. 13, 1851		
Isabel B. Decker (Chester's Grandmother)]	
Born Sept. 17, 1856		
Children:		
	BORN	DIED
Charles O. Milligan	Nov. 30, 1875	??
Sadie Milligan	Dec. 26, 1879	1920
Lloyd Milligan	Aug. 16, 1883	1926
Walter Milligan	July 15, 1889	1935
Nora Milligan	Nov. 29, 1877	March 14, 1949
Marcia Milligan	Jan. 20, 1891	
Chester's Parents:		
Charles N. Rangles] MARRIED Sept. 19, 1895	
Born July 20, 1869; Died Sept. 12, 1964		
Nora Milligan]	
Born Nov. 20, 1877; Died Mar. 14, 1940		

	BORN	DIED
Chester's Brothers and Sister:		
(Charles) Harold	Apr. 24, 1897	Oct. 21, 1965
Earl Chester	May 21, 1903	Nov. 3, 1981
(Ruth) Isabel	Mar. 7, 1905	
(Decker) William	Aug. 9, 1910	Feb. 13, 1972
(Norman) Arthur	Jan. 6, 1913	Nov. 4, 1975

Maus Family

	BORN	DIED
Lewis Henry	June 20, 1875	Sept. 1930
George W.	May 27, 1877	May 25, 1927
Harvey Nicholis	Apr. 17, 1879	Mar. 17, 1969
Cyrus Edward	Mar. 14, 1881	Apr. 19, 1963
Simon Ellsworth	June 10, 1883	Dec. 4, 1946
Mandy	Sept. 30, 1885	died as baby
Calvin Phillip	Sept. 4, 1887	Dec. 28, 1953
Edwin	Feb. 13, 1890	Sept. 26, 1979
Irene Lydia	Sept. 5, 1892	1990
Arthur Daniel Asa	Jan. 19, 1897	Oct. 5, 1982
Dewey Sylvester	Oct. 5, 1898	Jan. 15, 1979
Parents (both born in Germany)		
John George Maus	Apr. 16, 1854	May 1924
Mary Ann Winkler (Maus)	Apr. 12, 1856	Dec. 12, 1938
Grandparents (born in Germany)		
Daniel Maus	Oct. 13, 1803	
Marie Denice Maus	Jan. 7, 1815	
Nickoles Winkler		
Maria Fox Winkler	(Both born in Switzerland)	

My great grandfather John Addy had a twin brother, James. Born Oct. 31, 1847; Died Oct. 1919. His wife Mary Jane was born 1841; died May 17, 1901. (She was 59 years, 6 months and 19 days old.)

They were the grandparents of Florence Julien (my cousin).

The Maus Family

The Maus Family fled from Germany about 1830. Their home was the ancestral castle, the Maus Tower on the Rhine, province of Hesse-Darmstadt. The father was a Lutheran Bishop. Son Frederick was also studying for the ministry and had been to Munich and absorbed revolutionary ideas. The duke of the province was in the habit of coming personally to the village on the Maus estate to gather taxes. On one occasion he encountered Frederick on the street and the young man stubbornly refused to lift his hat to the duke. The duke lifted his cane and knocked

the hat off. Frederick seized the cane, whacked the duke on the head and threw the cane beside him on the ground. It was dusk, and people of the village had gone into their homes for the night, so there was no witness to the scene. Frederick immediately hastened up the hill to the castle to tell his family what he had done. The table was set and the family was ready to sit down to the evening meal. Instead, however, they hastily gathered whatever valuables they could carry, mounted horses, crossed the Rhine, and escaped into France under cover of darkness. Three year old Christopher remembered years later the clatter of the horses hooves on the castle bridge as he sat in the saddle in front of Frederick as the family cavacade rode away towards freedom in America.

They went first to Pennsylvania, to Ohio, and from there they branched off to Maryland, Missouri, Nebraska and California.

Christopher went by way of Panama to California during the gold rush of 1849. He returned to join Charles and Frederick in Missouri. Charles owned the old Jefferson House Hotel on the riverfront in Jefferson City. Christopher built a house nearby, doing much of the work of construction himself. (This house now stands on the grounds of the governor's mansion in Jefferson City. It has been restored as a historical landmark.) He was a master craftsman in wood and stone. He lived in this house near the Missouri River and operated a ferry. There was no bridge at Jefferson City at this time and there was much travel across the river at this point.

During the Civil War, Christopher and Charles were Unionists, Jake was a Confederate.

About 1870, Christopher bought a track of land in western Missouri near the proposed route of the MK&T Railroad. The town of Schell City later became the nearest settlement.

As each child married, he gave them a farm and a family Bible.

Christopher married Margaret Raithel. Seven of their twelve children lived to adulthood.

Ralph and Martha

We have been friends for many years. In 1939, I was Worthy Matron of Oriental Chapter in Newcomerstown. Arbutus Chapter at Port Washington had invited our Chapter members to come to help them celebrate the Anniversary. Our Chapter was the Mother Chapter for them and there was 52 went from Newcomerstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis were there and I talked to them, and Mr. Davis asked me if I knew the Tiltens. I said I did not know them very well.

Several years passed and we heard that our cousin June Swigert was going to marry Edwin Tilton II. June and her brother were very close to us. Chester and I would take the children with us when we would go to Cleveland, Canton, or New Philadelphia. We enjoyed them and they loved to go.



Ralph and Martha Tilton

• When the wedding day was selected, June came and asked Mother and I to take care of the reception at the Lutheran Church. We were very happy to do it. It was very beautiful. They will soon have their 50th anniversary. Martha, Ralph and I have worked together in Eastern Stars for many years. They have been kind and helpful and they call me every morning to see if I am alright and to see if there is anything I need or if there is any place that I need to go. They have two sweet daughters, Janet and Barbara and three grandchildren and a fine son-in-law.

When Chester passed away they stood by me and so did Ed and June, my cousins. May God Bless them, I love them all.

Voting - Oct. 27, 1992

It is voting time again. It has been so long and so much mud slinging, I will be glad when it is over.

In think back to the year when President Franklin D. Roosevelt was running for his 3rd term, during the depression. Women had been allowed to vote and Mrs. Max (Rosalee) Oldt and I were the first women to work on the Oxford Township Election Board.

There were four gentlemen that had worked on the board for many years. Mr. Frank Schlupp, Mr. Treat, and Mr. George, and Mrs. Oldt and myself.

It was when the two tellers marked all names (with a pencil) on the large ledger and handed each ballet to the tellers, they called out to Mrs. Oldt and Mr. George. They read it loud so the two clerks could hear and mark them down. They were counted out in groups of five. The tellers checked each page. The first time I worked it was 4 o'clock in the morning when we were finished. Then the two clerks had to go to New Philadelphia to turn in the books and the flags, pencils and anything that was left.

I'm not sure but I think they paid us \$20 each.

Now there are machines to count them and I believe the pay is over \$50. I worked on the board twenty years. In 1981 Chester asked me not to work. He did not feel very well and wanted me to stay home. He must have had a premonition, he passed away election day at 12:30 p.m., November 3rd, 1981.

Dan & Flo Froelich

I had never heard of Dan Froelich until 1985 when my cousin, Florence Julien, told me about him working for her redoing her house inside. He was painting the woodwork, papering and whatever was needed indoors and outside.

Several times I called her home and Dan answered the phone. I asked for Florence but he said she had gone some place.

She would call me when she came home and we would talk a while. I asked her whom I had talked to and she told me about the work and said he was a fine workman and you could trust him.

He had gone to school with Florence's son Marshall and they were good friends. He had been in the war and stationed in Japan a few years. There were several people that he worked for and they all liked him and his work. I asked Florence to tell him that I needed someone to paint my kitchen and if he would come to my house I would like to talk to him.



Dan Froelich



Dan & Flo Froelich & Mariorie - 1992

He had finished her house that day. In the afternoon he came and told me who he was. I invited him in and he told me about his work and life.

I hired him and he still works for me part time. He brought his wife Florence and children Deana and Denny to meet me. We have been friends since Oct. 1985. Dan is a trustworthy man and are like my own family and I love them dearly.

John & Dolly Lantz



Lantz Family

Another bright spot in my life was when John and Dolly Lantz moved into the Buckhorn community. That was some 25 years ago. They were good friends of Frank and Thelma Wier. They and their three daughters, the twins, Sue and Joan and daughter Doris have been real close friends. They have been very nice to me. The girls are all married and John and Dolly love to travel.

Life has been wonderful to me and this could not be true without all the lovely people in the neighborhood, Newcomerstown, and the members of my church family.



Doris' 40th Birthday 1988 - Marjorie, John, Dolly, Doris, Sue and Joan.

Ray Cunningham

In October, 1991 a very fine gentleman celebrated his 100th birthday. Mr. Ray Cunningham lived in the home this side of Wolf. He is a kind and compassionate person.

When my cousin Faye Daniels Chance was in her teens, she lived with Grandma and Grandpa during the summer. Ray liked her and he had a nice horse and buggy and would come on Saturday evening and they would go to a party or dance. They would be back home by eleven o'clock.

This one evening they came home a little early and she invited him in to visit a while. They sat down and went to sleep. Grandpa always got up at 4 a.m. to get the cows into the barn. When he started downstairs he awakened Ray and he jumped up and went running to the front door. It was open and the screen door was unlocked. Ray hit it running and Grandpa yelled, "Don't get afraid, I was a young fellow once too!"

Ray died November 5, 1992 at 5 a.m.

1992

I came home in 1987. People were very good to me. My cousin Florence Julien and Helen Vierheller came every evening to see about my supper. I started preparing the food and they came and finished it, served it, and did the dishes. Helen stayed until 9 a.m. and Florence stayed overnight and Helen came every morning about 10 a.m. everyday. They came from Oct. to Easter.

Gladys Neal came to be with me the day Chester passed away (Nov. 3, 1981) and stayed with me until July. I am thankful for the things she has done for me.

Chester's cousin, Joe Milligan helped to prepare some of the pictures for me, for this book. I also appreciate the many things they have done for us.

Chester had a nervous breakdown and the doctor said it would be good for him to get away for a while. The doctor made arrangements for him to go to a secluded spot in Wisconsin. Chester loaded up his car and trailer and took off for a lake area in Wisconsin. After several days there, Joe and Uncle Walter started to pay him a visit every week or so. On one occasion, Uncle Walter said, "I feel uneasy about Chester." He called Joe and they went to visit Chester. When they got to the camp, they found Chester in bed and very ill. They took him to the hospital. It was a real blessing because that trip really saved his life.

I used to go to the Silkworm and I became very good friends with the girls that worked there. On my 78th birthday, they made arrangements for all of us to go to dinner at the Dutch Valley Restaurant over in Amish Country. At the party was Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cramlet, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Gadd, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kopp, Mr. and Mrs. Junior Deardorff and Susan Burge. After a lovely dinner,

we returned to the Cramlet home for an evening of lovely conversation. Mrs. Kopp and I became good friends and we discovered that we were 4th cousins and she comes to visit and helps me with some of my household chores.

“Iris” and “Virg” Fruchey

The first time we ever saw “Virg” was when he was hunting a place to live. He was going to get married and he had seen the upper porch at our home on Buckhorn Road. It is about one mile from town and “Virg” thought it would be a nice place to live. We told him that it was the porch we used to sit on in summer when we are upstairs, hang out clothes, etc. it was in use all summer and in cold weather we would hang meat and things we wanted to keep frozen.

The Bethel twins, Iris and Doris worked at the 5 and 10¢ Store a while and I would see them once in a while. Time went on and they married and had children. Later Iris started to work at the Newcomerstown News.

I was involved with different things, the church, grange, Rebekahs, Eastern Star, and several other things that I was one to report the things going on and I got acquainted with Iris. She talked with me several times each week. I liked her and I felt like I had always known her. Chester also knew Iris and Virg. They would come and visit us and we had nice times together.



Iris and Virgil Fruchey - Wedding Picture

Chester liked to talk about the war and his brothers and Virg's ordeal. Chet's brother Harold had been gassed, Bill was with Blood & Guts Patten in Africa, Arthur Randles was a major and trained men at Aberdeen and was not sent overseas. Chester was between the First and Second wars. Mother Randles was a wonderful woman and she worked hard to help whatever way she could.

Oct. 31, 1981, Chester was ill but would not go to the doctor. It was Saturday and we were having company on Sunday and he said I'll go to bed and rest and I'll be all right in the morning. At 7 o'clock, he awakened me and said, "I'm so sick." He got out of bed and fell on my bed. I could not lift him and I called Christ United Methodist Church to see if Dr. McCulley was there. The person that answered me was "Virg". He knew my voice and said "What's wrong, Marjorie?" I said Chet is very ill and I need help. He said, "Go back to Chet. There is no doctor here but we will have the ambulance there right away." Virg and Iris were here before the ambulance. It took some time to get Chester to Cambridge. He had a heart attack. He passed away on Nov. 3, 1981.

Iris and Virg have helped me ever since. My operation, my broken wrist, my broken ankle, when I need help, they are here. They have gone that second mile and quite a few more.

Iris has typed all of the Book, comes to my home and helps in anyway, drives to the book store etc. My right hand doesn't work very well and my writing is hard to read but she just smiles and says, "can you read this?"

They have two lovely daughters and four grandchildren. Iris was secretary at Christ United Methodist Church for over 20 years and still helps out there.

Chester and I did not have children but God is good, He has given us many foster sons and daughters.

My Cousin Eulalia

I am five years older than she was and she was at our home a lot of times. My Aunt and Uncle would go to Columbus to visit some friends on weekends and they would bring Eulalia and her older brother to stay with my Mother and Dad.

I was allowed to go to the movies with kids my age and go to the ice cream store but Mama was afraid Eulalia would get hurt or someone else might hurt her so she did not let her go, so we did not get along because she had to stay with Mama.

I had a big doll and it had a porcelain head, she broke it and hid it in my bed. I had a bicycle and she borrowed it and then laid it down along the curb and someone ran over it and smashed it.

Then they moved to New Philadelphia and we did not see each other very often. Time went on and she helped Aunt Josephine take care of June and Robert (very small cousins whose mother had died). She had a good job at the court house,

married Harvey Kaester and they moved to Sky Line Dr. and bought a store. They were there several years and then sold the store and moved to Falls Church. Eulalia got a good job in the Federal Court House and worked a long time.

After she retired they came back to Ohio and bought a lovely home in Sugar-creek. They lived there several years and her husband died. She then bought a lovely home in Dover. She became ill and after several years she passed away.

She came to our home after they came back to Ohio and when she was alone, she came to be with me many weekends and holidays and when I was ill in 1987, she came to help me a lot. I miss her, she was a nice person. Well educated, sedate, and talented in many ways. She was well fixed financially, at her death she left money for several churches and donations for children to get an education. I miss her.

1970's

Chester played golf with a lot of friends. His legs were giving out so I bought him a nice golf cart for his birthday. He left it down at Riverside Golf Course. He won two trophies. One was the "Champion 1961 Season" at Sugarceek and the other one was "Ohio Power 1970 Runner Up" I was happy for him. There had been so many things that were against him.

Time went so fast that I could see that his strength was going down hill. He would sit on the front porch and call me to come and sit with him and let the work go. He would say that there will be work to be done when we are gone. He would go down to the cement building and open the big doors and sit there and when people went past and waved it would please him. Jack Baker was one of the men that would wave and stop to talk to him. They talked about alot of things and got to be good friends. Chester would sit on the porch to wave at Jack when he was going home from work. "Chet's" heart got to acting up and we had to take him to the hospital several times, then he had a series of little strokes and he had to have an operation. He would get home a while then go back to the hospital.

Jack would wave at Chet or if Chet was down at the cement building he would stop and visit a little while. Jack would see what should be done around the yard and he would come and do the work and never take a cent. He mowed the grass and fixed things that needed fixed. Chester wanted to pay him but he said, "I'm doing this because we are neighbors and I will not take money."

One afternoon "Chet" had a heart attack. The ambulance was here and Jack had just come to mow, when I came home from the hospital that evening, the work was all done. Chester said, "I love Jack like a brother, he is so good and when I'm gone if you need help ask him, I know he will help you." We had given Ellen and Jack one of those Texas Manor cakes before "Chet" was so ill and Chet said, "Don't ever forget the cake for Ellep and Jack and their kids."

The cake is here at Thanksgiving, the outyards are mowed and so are the fields. Ellen is a dear friend so are the girls, Jody and Rhonda and their son Mike. I know that Chester knows that all is well with his "Brother Jack".

Taxes - 1983

I went out to get the mail and I had received a letter addressed to Chester. I felt that being next of kin I should open it. It said that Chester was two years behind in his payments to the Internal Revenue and if he did not pay he would be put in jail. I didn't know what to do because Chester had passed way in 1981 and here it is 1983 and he's getting a notice of passed due taxes!

I asked the lawyer if he had a good sharp shovel because we have to dig him up. He said, "Holy smoke, nobody would think of that but you." He said that we would not have to dig him up, that he would call the IRS and have it changed. We never heard any further about it.

Marlatt Family

Back in 1930 there was a nice family on Little Buckhorn, Mr. and Mrs. James Marlatt and four sons. The boys went to school and graduated from high school.

Then the war came and Earl enlisted and served in Panama and Europe. The war was over and Earl returned home. They owned a large farm and Earl helped his father on the farm. Earl is a person that loves the outdoors, flowers, birds and animals. My husband and Earl got to be good friends and they would talk together in the evenings. As they got older Chester would call the Marlatt's about 10 p.m. in the evening to see if they were alright. Mr. Marlatt had passed away and Earl and his mother were alone. Mrs. Marlatt passed way in August 1981 and my husband died on Nov. 3, 1981. Earl has been kind to me and checks my home by phone ever since I have been alone.

Earl raises beautiful Gladiolas and he sends them to people that are old, shut-in, alone or ill. He is a very special person.



**Bernice Gardner Maus
(Marjorie's Mother)**



Calves in Barnyard - 1914



Bernice Maus



Wanda Evans, Sophie Norman and Bernice Maus



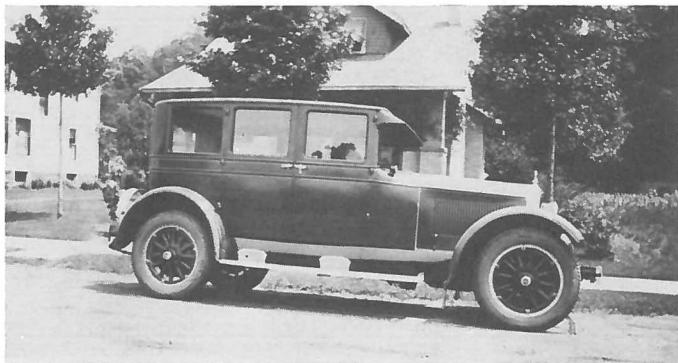
**Joe, Trudy and Pat Milligan and Bernice Maus
(Joe Milligan - Chester's cousin)**



**Charles Randles &
Nora Milligan Randles
(Chester's Parents)**



Ford for hunting.



Grandpa Gardner's Enterstate



**Chet and Maureen (niece)
Summer of 1949 at Chet and Marjorie's farm**



**Chet's - New Dodge Truck placed in service Aug. 3, 1949.
Chet worked for Ohio Power**



Chet & Marjorie - Summer of 1954

**Chet & Marjorie's 50th Wedding Anniversary
December 17, 1974**



"The Whole Gang"



Marjorie's 88th Birthday - July 17, 1992



**Marjorie's 88th Birthday
Louella Taylor, Roy Taylor, Flo Froelich & Marjorie**

here are so many things to talk about. Grandma and Chester, my Dad and Mother, Dad and Mother Randles, Chester's brothers and sisters, neices and nephews, and cousins that I'm having trouble trying to squeeze all of this into a book along with the many stories and experiences, so if some of you want to write Book #2 - hop on it!

Food For Thought

The sex of a bee is hard to see
But he can see and so can she,
The queen is quite a busy soul.
She doesn't have time for birth control
And that is why in times like these
There are so many sons of bees.

These are my memories. As I talked to Iris, she wrote down my thoughts and later typed and assembled them. This book is "Bits and Pieces" of my recollections.

— MARJORIE